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(CARL MULLER.)

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TO MARY IMMACULATE.

In many climes, through many lands,
With fervent hearts and eager hands,
Our love has wreathed this flowery crown,
At Mary's feet we lay it down.

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A Pure White Rose.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

O SWEET, sweet rose!
Thou art too bright and beautiful to rest
One moment on this sinful human breast,
Weighted by years,
Freighted with tears;—
Fresh from God's hand, thou seem'st to heaven too close
Thus poorly to repose.

O rose most fair!
My hand shall bear thee to a better place,
Lit by the shining of a Mother's face;
Rest, Mary's flower,
In Mary's bower,
Breathing for one I love in that sweet air
A blessing and a prayer.

Liberal Education and the Church.*

BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

FATHER EDWARD SORIN! Meet and just it is that on this blessed morning thy name be the first word which my lips pronounce.

We celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame. It has lived its first half century. We assemble to recall the memories of years which have passed, and to receive inspirations for action during years which are to come. But Notre Dame is Father Edward Sorin,—the thought of his mind and the love of his heart. Into Notre Dame he poured all the riches of his great soul; in Notre Dame he externized his whole self. To tell the story of Notre Dame is, in a pre-eminent degree, to tell the story of Father Edward Sorin.

Father Sorin, we are sure thy immortal spirit returns this morning from Heaven to Notre Dame to preside over the festivities of its Golden Jubilee. To thee our salute and our welcome!

There are jubilees of men and of institutions which have no meaning, save that they mark the rapid flight of years. They repeat no high deeds of virtue or valor; they awaken no noble ambitions. How different is the Jubilee of Notre Dame!

The Notre Dame of the present day is well known,—regal in its stately palaces, opulent in its treasures of art and science, glorious in its brilliant array of studious youths and illustrious masters. From this Notre Dame, I pray you, travel back in fancy to the Notre Dame of fifty or more years ago.

On the twenty-sixth day of November in the year 1842 Father Edward Sorin, weary and footsore from long and tedious journeyings, rested on the shores of St.

* Sermon preached at Notre Dame, Indiana, on the first day of the Golden Jubilee of the University, Tuesday, June 11.

Mary's Lake; and, surveying with anxious eye the limited acres of clearing which surrounded it and the dense forests beyond, marked these grounds as the home of the future Notre Dame. He had lately come from France. He knew but little of the language of the country; he was unfamiliar with American manners and methods of life. As companions he had a few Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of which he himself was one of the first members. His store of wealth exceeded but little the sum of one thousand dollars. For further resources of men and money he relied on a young and weak religious Order in France, the charity of indigent pioneer settlers, and the blessing of a propitious Providence.

The Pottawattamie, the Miami and the Ottawa roamed in savage liberty through the forests of Indiana and Michigan and over the prairies of Illinois. White people were few, dwelling in sparse colonies, battling amid strange difficulties with untamed nature for a livelihood. The great cities of to-day—Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago—were infant villages. There were no railroads, no telegraph lines. The western region of America, it was believed, was destined to grow, but by gradual and slow stages. None dreamed of the magical development which was to come upon it within the near future.

The young priest in 1842, on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, planning to build up and maintain a school of high learning! Standing by his side, would you have put faith in his project? Would you not rather have called it an idle dream? Whence were to come money, pupils, masters? Who cared for a liberal education? What ends, indeed, could it serve in a wild, untenanted region?

The young priest himself did not then for a moment hope to see the Notre Dame which it was his blessed lot to gaze upon before the Supreme Judge called him to his reward, a half century later. But he believed in America and in the West; he believed in the Catholic Church of America; he was deeply convinced that if country and Church were to be great and powerful, schools must at once be built and manned,—the primary school for all the children of the people, and the college and the university for those whom talent and ambition would impel to higher intellectual development. And with the high-mindedness which clearly perceives the future and its needs, and the daring courage of heart which makes possible seemingly desperate impossibilities, his great soul gave being to Notre Dame.

Before the close of the year 1843 a modest edifice was under roof, and in it boys, white and red—sons of Caucasian and of American Indian,—were conjugating Latin verbs. In 1844 the new institution was honored by the Legislature of Indiana with a university charter,—a testimony of the greatness to which it aspired. Year by year it grew in strength and fame, until it attained its present proportions.

Honor and praise where honor and praise are due. We render thanks to the great and good Lord of the universe, who inspired and blessed the enterprise of Father Sorin, and by His grace gave fruitfulness to a work which was begun in His name, and which had from its founder the mission to bring glory to God by bringing intelligence and virtue to men.

We proclaim our gratitude to America, whose resources, energies, and liberal institutions made possible the growth of Notre Dame. America provided the opportunities which Father Sorin and his co-laborers turned to profit. America, by her own wondrous material evolution, challenged the builders of Notre Dame to put forth in their enterprise all the forces of their minds and hearts. America, in the vastness of the freedom which she allows her sons, permitted the University of Notre Dame to enlarge its work and to expand its life to fullest and fairest form, with-

out danger of opposition or repression.

American Catholics have reason to rejoice, and do rejoice, in the unparalleled development of Holy Church, and of the numberless institutions which she fosters. Let them be ever ready to proclaim their deep indebtedness to America herself, on whose soil alone this development could have taken place. We thank thee, America, for all thy favors, chiefly for thy sweet liberties, which never check but ever encourage native effort and growth in individual men and in institutions! The Catholic Church grows in America, and largely so; because America allows the Church to do her best, and to be all that she professes herself capable of being.

Finally, we praise Father Sorin and his associates for their quickness in perceiving opportunities, and in profiting by them; for their ceaseless energy, and the wisdom of their counsels. In their own sphere of labor, they kept pace with the onward march of the country; and to say this of men in America is greatest praise. God is willing to bless the good projects of all His children. America opens up the same opportunities to all her citizens; but not all Catholics in America, whether priests or laymen, have multiplied the talents confided to them as did Father Sorin and his co-laborers. Honor to the makers of Notre Dame! They were brave and wise men; they merited success and they obtained it. Notre Dame deserves its Jubilee, and its Jubilee teaches precious lessons.

Father Sorin's work repeats history. Seeing this noble priest building up an institution of higher learning in the early days of the far West, we are reminded of deeds of other times and other regions. The scene at St. Mary's Lake recalls the monks of Ireland, France and Italy in the sixth and seventh centuries, distributing to sparse populations, which hardly had emerged from barbarism, the intellectual lore of ancient Rome and Athens; and training them, in their first stages of material progress, to prize above wealth of earth and comfort of body the treasures and the refinements of the higher life of the mind. The scenes around St. Mary's Lake conjure up from the memories of the past a memorable feat in our American history — the establishment of Harvard University in New England. The Puritan pilgrims, poor, unable to wrest more than the scantiest provision for life from their stony plains, did not allow a quarter of a century to pass from the date of their landing on Plymouth Rock before they sought for their children in America the intellectual privileges of the Cambridge and the Oxford of their older English homes.

Catholic monks, Puritan pilgrims, our own Sorin, read well the needs of country and of religion, and the requirements of humanity's progression on the upward road of civilization. They understood the vital importance of liberal instruction, and they desired that in the very infancy of the social organism measures be taken to secure it. Their wisdom and their foresight are above all praise. The conditions in which they lived would naturally suggest that efforts be confined to the immediately useful. They, however, looked into the future; they had faith in it, and they were ready to work toward remote results. Their penetrating minds gave them that keen insight into things which led them to the conviction that liberal instruction is the great power in the making of men and of peoples. I am not sure that all Americans agree with what I am now saying, although of late years the advance of public opinion in this direction is very pronounced and most hopeful.

Give us, some say, an instruction which is at once serviceable, which prepares directly our youths for business or for the professions,—which brings without delay pecuniary remuneration. Reading, writing, arithmetic, must, of course, be had; but these the common school gives.

If anything be added to the lessons of the common school, let it be the technics of the trade or of the profession to which our sons are to be devoted. But do take away from us—away from this busy, practical world of ours—the college and the university, whose programmes tell of ancient languages, of refinements of literature, of theories of philosophy, of ornamental arts and sciences. What need have we of these things, and of all such comprised under the term "liberal education"?

Americans are a practical people, but at times they incline to be too practical for their true ulterior good, or even for the immediate purposes which they have in view. The fault is not without its excuse, which we find in the newness of the country, and the feverish struggle with matter which this newness imposes. Though time of itself will bring the cure, we who recognize the fault should strive to hasten the correction.

The self-made men of America, who, with the merest elementary education, have risen to prominence and proved themselves most valuable citizens and statesmen, are often summoned as witnesses against a liberal education. The answer is near at hand. They are men of exceptional natural talent, who unaided have attained to culture and power which ordinarily come from education; whose elevation of mind, however, would often have been higher had their rich natures received the kindly aid of well-directed art.

The great thing in man, and in all the works of man, is mind. It is by mind that man is primarily constituted the image and the likeness of God; it is by mind that he rules the material universe, and makes of it a stepping stone upon which he rises in his self-aggrandizement even to the skies.

In the raising up of man and of humanity, give to mind growth and grandeur, and man will be great and all things else will come to him. Mind for the mind's own sake is the object of a liberal education. The subjects upon which this education touches, and the methods it employs, are chosen with a view to develop and enrich the mind, independently, for the time being, of all considerations of the mere useful, or of the needs of special callings in practical life. The very word "liberal" indicates the scope of the studies pursued in the search of a liberal education.

Truth—that which is, God and the works of His creative power, and the manifestations of His supreme beauty and majesty—is the light and the life of the human mind: truth seen in its own splendor and desired for its own loveliness. Mind feeding upon truth, converting truth into its own fibre, takes unto itself the elevation, the largeness, the sweetness of truth, grows upward and expands, and makes man live his truest and noblest life.

When liberally educated, a man is a power in whatever work he may engage his energies. A liberal education, I said, must not propose the useful as its immediate aim. Yet the useful finds thereby its profit, and a hundredfold more than if it had been sought out directly for its own sake. For the mind has grown in strength and versatility. Power has been gained. Use this power as you will: in whatever direction you turn it, quick and full action will follow.

Whatever be its employment, an educated mind will not be limited in its vision or its grasp to the specific measure of its work, as is so often the case with uneducated minds. The educated man will not be one-sided and narrow; he will not be oppressed by prejudices or disposed to take partial views of things. The labor, or the instruments of labor, through which an educated mind energizes itself may be rough and unattractive; but the mind retains its own charm and communicates it to its surroundings. An educated mind means elevation of ideals and purposes, and refinement of thought

and manner. The studies which ordinarily are the sbuject matter of a liberal education are well named "the humanities."

It is the educated mind that in all ages has advanced humanity, lifted it above sordid aims, brought to it pure and ennobling enjoyment, prompted its highest ambitions by holding before it grand ideals, elevated and civilized it. The life of humanity is not material bread; the glory of humanity is not stones wrought into palatial forms, nor military conquests. Its life and its glory are ideas,—scintillations from the throne of the Infinite, which are caught up by elevated minds and diffused by them among the masses of men. It is not to be expected that the masses will receive a liberal education, but in a hundred ways they enjoy blessings which come from a liberal education in the few.

An objection may be made that this liberal education in the few creates an aristocracy, which, in this land of equal rights and equal freedom, should not be desired or encouraged. Be it so; whatever her democracy of political institutions and social conditions, America and all mankind will ever gladly bow in obeisance to this double sovereignty—the aristocracy of mind and the aristocracy of heart,—to learning and virtue.

In the persons of Father Sorin and his co-laborers, the Catholic Church comes forward as the friend and the patron of liberal education. The most sacred principles of the Catholic Church impel her to an alliance with liberal education. She is the Church of the living God, having the mission to make Him known to men. The knowledge of truth is the knowledge of God. Hence it is, and it must necessarily be, the wish of the Church that men seek after truth in all directions, from all sources, and through all instrumentalities. Her first charge is, indeed, revealed truth; but God is no less in natural than in revealed truth; and, in her loyalty to Him, she follows Him wherever His footprints are seen, and delights in bringing men to Him wherever He is.

The Catholic Church is the Church of the soul. In her eyes the soul is, of all created things, the best, the most precious. Whatever ministers to the growth of the soul is valued by the Church. Moreover, the soul made capable of higher flights by liberal education is more fitted to understand and appreciate the Church's own supernatural teachings. The Church is, indeed, the Church of all the children of men. For the simple and ignorant she has the tender whisperings of a mother's love; she breaks gently for them the Bread of Life, feeding them in measures proportioned to the limits of their capacity. But as brighter and more elevated minds open to her teaching, she gives out her truths in more generous profusion; and she rejoices in the deification of soul in her hearers, which results from their wider comprehension of divine faith. The Catholic Church yearns for the educated listener, for she can unfold to him more readily her intellectual treasures. An age of intellectual light is the one in which the Church revels, and in which she is best understood.

The Catholic Church is the Church of humanity, which she loves as God loves it. All that ennobles, elevates humanity, she blesses and aids. What has been her history during those nineteen hundred years but the history of sympathy with men and of labor for their souls and their bodies? Did she not always lead in whatever made for progress and civilization? Was not the civilization of Europe her own work? Education, which is so potent a factor in the elevation of humanity, has been in all ages certain of receiving the Church's choicest blessings.

The Catholic Church throughout her history made liberal education one of her most cherished works. While cruelly persecuted by Roman emperors, she opened

a Christian school of high philosophy in Alexandria, where an Origen, a Clement, a Catherine allowed no intellectual precedence to the most learned masters of the academies of reigning paganism. When peace and prosperity came to her, schools were built by her as early as monasteries and basilicas. Monte Casino spread its light over Italy; Lerins gathered scholars from Gaul and Germany; under Patrick's magic hand Ireland was the isle of schools. Shall I mention the illustrious universities of medieval Europe? O Church Catholic, thou art surely the mother, the queen of liberal learning! Salerno, Padua and Bologna; Paris, Montpellier and Salamanca; Louvain, Leipsic, Fribourg and Tübingen; Oxford, Cambridge and Glasgow,—I am naming great schools, rich founts of European learning and civilization, the glories of the Middle Ages; I am counting pearls which history gratefully places in thy chaplet of honor: they were thy schools, often founded, always blessed, by thy popes and bishops.

In America the state builds schools, colleges, and universities, and is lavish in its expenditure for their support. The question is put: Why does not the Church leave the work of education to the state, which commands for the purpose wealth and power that the former can not hope to possess? This question calls for a brief answer.

I have no quarrel with the educational work of the state. I admire, I am proud of my country in this matter as in so many others. America understands the importance of education; she has always prized primary education, and to-day she aims at being the peer of all other nations in liberal education. I admire the generosity of the state to primary and to superior education.

The schools and colleges of the state do not include religion in their programmes. My ideal school, as I will presently say, is the Christian school, where secular knowledge and religion are wedded in inseparable union. Yet I do not blame the state. What can the state do, in view of all the circumstances of the country, but leave out religion, and in this matter try to make schools as neutral as schools can be? The state does the best it can. Let us be just to it, praising it for the good it does, and admitting the force of the reasons for its shortcomings. Where they are unavoidable, our practical duty is to make up for these shortcomings by extraordinary efforts in other ways. To anathematize the state for its schools and colleges is a wrong and a folly. Would you have the state close its schools and colleges? In what other manner could the masses receive an education? Moreover, the state will not close its schools and colleges, and the millions will and must continue to frequent them. Large numbers of Catholic children will be among their pupils. You have not the school-buildings to-day to accommodate all your children, nor the masters to teach them. Will you, despite all this, censure those who attend state institutions, and in anger withdraw from them all spiritual care? By so doing, some will reply, we show our special predilection for the pupils of Catholic institutions. But, I ask, will you dare neglect unto death the two-thirds of your children in order to save more easily the other third?

I will speak my full thought. I would work with double energy to make up for a necessary exclusion of religion from the programmes of state institutions by doing all in my power to bring, in some other manner, the pupils who frequent such schools under religious influences. And while so doing I would build up—but not in angry protest against the state school—the Christian school; and I would say to parents and to children: "Thrice blessed are those whose daily mental nutriment is secular and religious knowledge united!"

The Christian school and the Christian college or university! In them secular knowledge and religion find mutual profit. That knowledge of things is deficient which does not lead back to their author, God, and does not show them fitting into the general workings of the universe under the guidance of a supreme Providence. God has always lived in the world—by His invisible government, by the Incarnation of the Word, by the Church which continues the Incarnation. At every step human society touches upon God, upon Christ and upon the Church. Take from schools God, Christ and the Church: human society and all matters connected with it—science, art, history, literature—are wrenched from their surroundings, and only partial, truncated studies can be made of them.

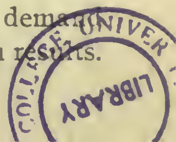
In the Christian school the youth receives a complete education,—one that prepares him for all his duties, secular and religious; for all the purposes of his being through time and throughout eternity. It is asked: "Can not this education be obtained with school and Church working separately, each one on its own ground? And have you yourself not said that where circumstances do not allow school and Church to work together, the Church must put forth her efforts in her own sphere to form the mind and the heart of youth, and make up for the shortcomings of the school?" I reply that the work of education is never so good and so thorough when school and Church are separated as when they go hand in hand.

So great is the importance of religion in the formation of character, the strengthening of morals, the preparation for the life that is to come, that it ought to be taught as a daily lesson, and with all the force and diligence which the most skilled masters possess. It ought so to be taught as to connect it indissolubly with other affairs of life, and to sink it so deeply into the souls of pupils as to make it part of their very nature. Religion is no accident in man's career; it is no veneering in his manners; it is no secondary business in his journeying from the cradle to the grave. It is all-essential as his motive power of action and as the determination of his whole existence, and consequently it must be considered the vital factor in his education. In the teaching of religion removed from the school or college, where the youth spends the six-sevenths of his working time, the peril is great that this teaching will not be sufficient and that its effects will not be enduring. The Catholic school and the Catholic college have their own place and their own work in America. They are the ideal homes of learning, and Catholics should have them wherever they are possible.

From schools and colleges where religion commingles with secular learning we are led to expect ideal results. Without such results Catholic schools and colleges do not justify themselves to the country. Let me speak in a special manner of the mission of Catholic higher schools or colleges. Their mission, I take it, is to provide leaders to the Catholic laity.

The laity are the Church on the battlefield of the world. They are seen; they represent the Church; they are the first who must meet attacks upon her, and the first who must make advance in her defence. It is through the laity that the action of the Church is brought to bear upon the world, and it is from their doings that the power and the usefulness of this action are estimated. The clergy have their lines of duty in the formation and the direction of the laity; but for the everyday battle the clergy are, and can not but be, in the background.

Does the Church wish to prove herself to America? Then let the Catholic laity be marked by intelligence and virtue. No people so much as the American demand results, and base their judgment on results.



They give literal application to the Gospel rule: "By their fruits you shall know them." All arguments in favor of the Church drawn from the story of the past fall with little effect upon the ears of Americans. The one argument to which they consent to listen is the manner of life of Catholics.

What magnificent opportunities are now before the Catholic laity! It is a sad period of doctrinal disintegration, and of consequent weakening of morals; it is a period of great social changes, which disturb principles and awaken passions. Thoughtful men are casting around for forces by which society is to be preserved. Such forces the Catholic Church possesses in that rich abundance with which they came to her from her Divine Founder; and if Catholics are true to their Church, she will be hailed as the savior of men and society. But to this end they must live true Catholic lives, and by their fruits give public evidence of the principles of their faith.

In the fulfilment of their mission, the chief need of the Catholic laity is leaders—men of *élite*, well trained in faith and morals, resolute and reliable, who, themselves model men, will shape after their own character the mass of their fellow-Catholics, and be their standard-bearers before the country in all movements for truth and moral goodness. Model men, assuredly, must they be who are the standard-bearers of the armies of the Church. Be they second to none in the power and the accomplishments of a superior education. Authority and influence, which nothing else supplies, issue forth from a rich and well-developed mind. Wherever intelligence is in active employment, in literature, in scientific inquiry, in the management of large enterprises, in statesmanship, there must those Catholics occupy distinguished places. In conduct be they stainless and above reproach; the most honest and the most honorable of citizens; marked unmistakably by sobriety and purity in private life, strictest probity in dealings with their fellowmen, unswerving loyalty to duty in civic and political affairs.

Whence will come Catholics of *élite*, fit to be models and leaders? I answer from Catholic colleges and universities. If from them such Catholics do not come, and in large numbers, then our colleges and universities will have failed in their work.

The mission which awaits them indicates the lines upon which the pupils of Catholic colleges should be educated. Their intellectual formation should be the best in the country. We do them an injustice, as we do country and Church an injustice, if we send them out into the world a whit inferior in intellectual equipment to pupils from state or other non-Catholic institutions. We have no right to label with the name of religion an inferior instruction and expect it to pass current among Catholics. And here let me refer to what I have said on the subject of liberal education. The useful can not be neglected in the programme of our Catholic institutions. However, the importance assigned to it must not be such as to impede the main purpose of education — the direct development of mind for mind's own sake, without which colleges serve as places of apprenticeship to trades of professions, and not as schools for the formation of superior men.

There must be in Catholic colleges fullest dogmatic teaching, which not only enunciates principles, but explains all the objections raised against them, and the answers to these objections. Fierce attacks are made to-day upon the Christian faith from all quarters—from geology, biology, paleontology, history. It is not when they are already in the arena that our soldiers should hear of those attacks: it is while they are preparing for the strife, so that when the conflict does come they may be found ready. The catechism, occasional

sermons, the reading of pious legends, do not suffice: there should be in every Catholic college a thorough course of Christian apologetics.

The training in Catholic life given in colleges should aim at endowing the pupils with a robust, manly piety, which suits strong minds and is likely to keep its hold on the men of our period and of our country. Too often we rear our youths in religious hot-houses, feeding them overmuch on the accidents and luxuries of religion, which they mistake for the essentials, and with which they are afterward tempted to lay aside all religious practices. Give them the bone and the sinew and the strong, living flesh of religion. The piety made up of such stuff will last, and the *alumni* of our colleges will never cease through life to be practical Catholics.

In morals, the highest ideals of private and civic duty must be continuously held out before the pupils. There should be no question of the minimum of Christian duty—the mere avoidance of mortal sin. We are not at work in a college as in the confessional—to temper the law to the weak and the ignorant, and to open to as many as possible the gates of divine mercy. We are forming soldiers and leaders, and the highest deeds of valor must be recounted to them, and their best efforts stimulated.

Notre Dame, when I tell the conditions in which the youths of Catholic colleges are to be educated, I tell thy works and thy methods. Nobly hast thou done during the half century which has gone by. The Catholic Church of America praises and thanks thee on this day of thy Jubilee. More nobly yet wilt thou do in the half century which is to come. Fifty years hence another Jubilee of thine will be celebrated; another speaker will rehearse thy deeds. I do not believe that he who will take my place in thy chapel-pulpit will speak of greater virtues than those of which I speak when I recall the lives of thy founder and thy early masters. Well will it be for thee if their heroic traits reappear in their successors. But the preacher of thy future Jubilee will speak of greater feats and greater triumphs in the service of Church and country; for greater will have been thy opportunities and greater thy power.

The future! The twentieth century! America during the twentieth century! The Catholic Church in America during the twentieth century! The twentieth century! It stands out on history's pages unparalleled for its agitations of mighty religious and social problems. Intellectual life grows more intense; no limitations of knowledge are recognized. The human mind, in the success of its inquiries into the phenomena of nature, becomes maddened into the belief of its absolute self-sufficiency, and bids reckless defiance to all existing intellectual authorities, even to Christ and to His Church. The defender of Christ is compelled to follow the adversary through all lines of natural knowledge, to show that there is no argument against supernatural truth; to follow him even to the farthest frontiers of nature, to prove that there is a beyond, of which revelation brings to us fuller tidings; and then he must unveil the foundations upon which rests the structure of religion, and prove that they are fixed, immovable, upon the earth.

Humanity is in throes as never before to give birth to new forms of social and political life. "All things must be made new!" is the universal cry going up to the heavens. Revolutions are upon us, in which, if wisdom and righteousness do not prevail, chaos and death will hold sovereign sway.

America in the twentieth century! Those mighty problems, religious and social, which press upon all the world will be agitated with special fierceness, and will move toward a solution with

special rapidity, in our own country. Men in America are more impatient for results than elsewhere, and their liberty provokes more readily discussions and changes.

The Catholic Church in America during the twentieth century! O Church of ages and of nations! was there ever opened before thee an opportunity so glorious, so worthy of thy power and majesty? To thee, to reign queen of Truth! Wherever seekers after truth journey, be thou their leader, illumining their way with thy light, and crowning their conquests with thy own supernal revelation. To thee, to reign queen of humanity! Proclaim in a voice that none can fail to hear the supreme principles of moral virtue, of social order and liberty, of duties and rights of men, which Christ's Gospel has taught thee. Proclaim them with high authority of thy mission, and win to them the obedience of men by thy Christlike zeal and thy Christlike love. Reign in knowledge and in grace; reign to the glory of thy Christ; and the twentieth century will serve Him with all the intensity of its intellect and all the aspirations of its heart. The greatest of centuries will be the most loyal to Christ; and, as ever before, will He reign in glory over the world—"Christ yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow."

The glory to be, during the twentieth century in America, the soldiers of the Church! Blessed are the men to whom God reserves this glory! Blessed are the homes of learning and of religion whose mission it is to form the soldiers of the new century!

Notre Dame, I hail thee this morning! I hail thy future work and thy future triumphs. Gird thyself well; put forth all thy energies; be the peer of the best. During the coming great century many thousands of names will be inscribed on honor's roll as the worthiest sons of country and of Church: among them on highest lines be the names of pupils of Notre Dame.

A Frivolous Wife.

I.

"PLEASE bear in mind, Alfred, that you have told me no news since you came. Is there nothing going on in town?" said the young wife, with a half-petulant intonation and a decided frown. She further emphasized her remark by pausing in her ascent of the rocky promontory which she and her husband were climbing together. He also paused, with brow slightly clouded as he replied:

"But, my dear Charlotte, what time has there been for telling news, if I had had any to communicate? I arrived only last evening at six, to be rushed off to a tiresome dinner party. As is natural, of course, we were placed at opposite extremities of the table. You danced all the evening, and returned home too tired to say a word. It is only this moment, one might say, that I have had a chance to speak to you; for you never talk at breakfast."

There was a sort of protest in his voice, which his wife was not slow to observe, as she answered, still more petulantly than before:

"O Alfred! I beg of you not to be disagreeable again. Was it my fault that we were invited to that dinner party, which you call tiresome, but which, I can assure you, scores of people in the place, who were not invited, were dying to attend? And is it a crime to go to a dinner party?"

"No," replied her husband, "it is not," and there was a note of sadness in his voice as he said it. "But to all of those people I am indifferent, as you know, and toward some of them I feel a positive antipathy. I do not see how you can endure them, Charlotte."

"Now, Alfred, there you are again!" said his wife, seating herself on a flat rock at the side of the pathway, flecking

off the tips of the daisies which grew all about with the point of her parasol, while she talked. "Not content with hauling me up this horrid cliff, when you know I hate climbing above all things, you make yourself as unamiable as possible, just because we happen to be invited out occasionally. I call it both mean and cruel."

Her husband looked at her in some surprise, then he said quietly:

"I did not know you disliked climbing, Charlotte. I remember five years ago you thought nothing more delightful than the view from the light-house; it was with the thought of that in my mind that I proposed this walk."

"Five years ago—yes," she said, impatiently. "Then it was different."

"Yes, you are right," he replied; "it *was* different. We had just been married then. When you are sufficiently rested, we will go back,—the sun is very hot."

Seating himself beside her, he began fanning her flushed cheeks with the large palm-leaf fan he had been carrying for her. But she opened her parasol once more, averting her face, and he drew back. For a while there was silence, which he was the first to break.

"Charlotte," he said, and there was a caress in his voice, "I was a little hasty just now. Forgive me, dear! I do not wish to be harsh or unreasonable,—indeed I do not."

"Why, then," she replied, turning on him quickly,—"why, then, do you find fault with everything I do—with my friends, my amusements,—everything? I am old enough and discreet enough, I fancy, to be treated as a woman, to be allowed some liberty. Why should I be a drudge or a nurse, such as you wish me to be?"

"*I* wish you to be a drudge! I can not imagine what you mean."

"But did you not find fault with me lately for not following the nurse and the children all over the beach when they went for a walk? Did you not say that it behooved me to know their whereabouts at every moment of the day?"

"What I said was that it would be wiser to have a more responsible person than that young girl, whom I found once or twice walking along the beach with one of the bathing-house men."

"Alfred, one would think you were never young. It is only natural that Martha should like to chat a little with a friend now and then."

"At the proper time—yes," said her husband. "But not when it interferes with her duties to the children."

"Don't be a molly-coddle," was the rejoinder. "I like Martha; she never grumbles, no matter how late I am out in the evenings. Do let her manage the affairs of the household, at least. How I wish you would be nice as you used to be!"

He looked up. Disarmed by the coaxing smile that irradiated her face, he took her hand and said:

"I will be *nice*, as you call it,—I wish to be nice always. But sometimes I fancy you do not care, and then I am miserable."

"Poor Alfred!" she answered. "You both vex and amuse me. But how is your mother?"

"Much better—entirely out of danger," he replied, not allowing himself to dwell on the thought that this was the first time his wife had alluded to the illness of his mother, who had been a second mother to her also. He was about to say more on a subject so near his heart, but his wife interrupted him.

"O Alfred!" she exclaimed, "did you forget the gloves?"

"No," he answered, stifling a sigh as he spoke. "They are in my valise,—three pairs. I think you will find them right."

"Thanks!" she said. "I do not know what I should do without a new pair of grey *mousquetaires* to-day; for we are going over to Mellin's Point to lunch."

"Who are going?" he inquired.

"Why, you and I and the Burtons and some of their friends," she replied, adding hurriedly: "Oh, I believe I haven't said anything of them! They are charming people, from Dallas. They have rented the old Prospect Cottage that has been vacant so long, and I have been with them almost constantly since we came down. The older daughter is a musician, the younger an artist, and the mother writes verses. I am sure you will enjoy being with them, you are so literary. There is always some celebrity in their train."

"And must we go there to-day, Charlotte?" he demurred. "You know I am obliged to return to town to-morrow, and I thought to spend this one day with you and the babies."

"Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "I have accepted for you, of course. I want you to meet those people. What will they think if, after I have spent almost the entire time with them for the last ten days, you will not even pay them the compliment of joining their party on the only day you have leisure to spend with me here? I declare you are too—too—unmanageable altogether!"

Alfred certainly looked refractory at this moment. Two longitudinal lines between the eyes were very much in evidence. He bit his lip, gnawed his mustache, then stood on his feet with a vigorous shake of the whole body.

"Charlotte," he said, not looking at his wife, but far out upon the blue, rippling waves beginning to dance and sparkle under the morning breeze, "if you can not spend one day in two or three weeks alone with your husband, whom you have not seen during that time, there must certainly be something lacking in him or you. That is all I have to say—except that I fancy your friends will find me anything but a charming companion should I join them, which I have not yet decided to do."

"As you please," she retorted, now thoroughly piqued. "For my part, I am going to the luncheon. I shall have to invent some excuse for you, of course,—a bad headache or something of the kind. If you choose to be a fossil, I do not; and I wish you to understand that I do not mean to retire from society simply because you are a tyrant. You will see that you can not order my movements as though I were an infant."

Her husband made no answer. They were now retracing their steps, the young wife in the lead. For a few moments they walked on in silence. Suddenly Charlotte turned about, saying in the tone of a spoiled child, her blue eyes tearful, her red under lip pouting:

"Do, do come with me, Alfred! You are so clever. I am so anxious for those smart people to know what a bright husband such an empty head as I am have to be proud of. Do come, Alfred! I am sorry that I was cross,—indeed I am."

The frown began to disappear from his forehead; something very near akin to a smile hovered about the lips which had been compressed with displeasure and wounded feeling. He was about to speak when, moved by a sudden thought, she added:

"Davenant the poet will be there, Alfred. They say he is the lion of literary circles in New York at present. You would like to meet *him*, I know. He has been the guest of the Burtons ever since they came down."

Alfred stopped short in the narrow, slippery path.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "Davenant, who loudly proclaims himself 'the poet of the flesh'! Davenant, the defamer of women, the mocker of all that is high and holy! Have you met him, and do you ask me to meet him? This is even worse than I thought."

For answer he received a scornful little laugh.

"Now you are silly," she said, contin-

uing the descent of the path, looking backward as she spoke. "You know I never read, so I have not had the same opportunity as yourself to become acquainted with the style of literature to which you allude. From what I have seen of the gentleman, he does not answer to your description of him. I think you must confound him with some one else. If he were what you claim, I scarcely think he would be an honored guest in the house of such wealthy and distinguished people as the Burtons."

"Wealth has nothing to do with it," he replied, in an angry voice. "And as for distinction, I fancy that if the genealogy of your 'Burtons' were sifted, it would be similar to that of many others of the mushroom families of America."

"Now you are ungentlemanly," said his wife; "and that is because you have lost your temper. You are also what one might call behind the times. And, Alfred, I will just say in passing that Mr. Davenant, whatever be his faults, could give you a lesson in politeness."

They were now on the beach. Her husband strode rapidly on. She could scarcely keep up with him. She had never before seen him so angry.

"Charlotte!" he cried, "you disgrace yourself and me by such language, by such a championship. I forbid you to attend that luncheon party. I forbid you to speak to that man."

"Forbid *me!*" she exclaimed, in a tone in which surprise seemed to be the principal feature. "I think you forget yourself. I am not a servant, to come and go at your beck and call. I bid you good-morning, sir!"

With a cool, steady glance, which swept him from head to foot, she retraced her steps in the direction of the bathing-houses; while he, without once turning his head in her direction, pursued his way along the beach.

Five years before these two young people had cast their lot together, full of love and hope; with more than a moderate share of this world's goods; blessed with youth, health, and an unbounded confidence in themselves and each other. Charlotte was demonstrative and enthusiastic; her husband quiet and self-restrained, but capable of an amount of affection of which her soul, careless and untried, had no conception. His tastes were domestic, she fond of society; nothing pleased him better than an evening spent by his own fireside, or a few hours passed at an interesting lecture, in hearing fine music, or attending the representation of a first-class drama. Charlotte liked to dance, to plan and wear pretty dresses, to flit from one amusement to another; to sip first the sweets of this flower, then of that, like the human butterfly that she was.

At first her husband went about with her in a very good grace, hoping she would soon weary of this round of frivolous pleasures; but ere long he discovered his mistake. Even motherhood, with its claims and charms, did not change her. She was fond of her children, but left them almost entirely to the care of servants. Still she was so amiable withal, at heart such a child, so free from artifice and coquetry of every kind, that her more thoughtful husband, who was deeply attached to her, could not find it in his heart to reproach her. But as time passed, and the horizon of their wedded happiness grew more clouded, he lost courage; for she either made light of his remonstrances or twitted him with what she thought his own shortcomings, which, from her point of view, were as real as hers. He sometimes questioned whether there was any depth to a nature so superficial, sighing bitterly to himself when he reflected how different his dreams of happiness had been from the sober, disappointing reality in which he now lived from day to day.

His wife, in her turn, began to perceive a bitterness of feeling toward him, who

had sworn to love her, but who now seemed to thwart her at every turn. She was proud of her handsome husband,—proud of his noble character, of the esteem in which he was held by his friends; proud of the cleverness which, while she could not fully appreciate it, she was intelligent enough to see placed him head and shoulders above most of the men he knew. But when she began to feel that she was losing his love—for it had come to that at last,—and when he began to doubt that she had ever loved him, or was capable of love, things were at a sorry pass indeed.

Resolved on making a final effort to win her to his old ideals, he had rented a beautiful house at a quiet watering-place for the summer; and, for a wonder, she had not opposed it. She had not been feeling well, and for the time being the idea of a comparative solitude was agreeable. Delighted to see how readily his wife had fallen in with his plans, he determined to leave nothing undone which would add to her comfort and happiness while at the sea-shore, and she had been both grateful and appreciative. Everything looked bright for a happy summer, when his mother was suddenly taken very ill, and his business partner received an imperative summons from his wife in Europe, where their daughter was dying.

In twenty-four hours all was changed. Charlotte and the children were sent with the servants to the sea-shore. Alfred remained in town to take charge of the business, which could not be left without a head, and to minister to a mother whose only son and idol he had always been. With a pang he reflected, on the first night he sat alone by his mother's sick-bed, that Charlotte had not offered to remain, as he had hoped she would have done. But the thought had never occurred to her; she had yet to learn unselfishness in the bitter but purifying school of sorrow. And so it had happened that her husband's sojourn at the sea-shore was necessarily restricted to an occasional visit from Saturday to Monday.

It can not be denied, under the circumstances, that he had some grounds for his disappointment, and excuse for the conviction, now well borne upon him, that the wife whom he so dearly loved entertained for him but a pretence of affection. To this was added a feeling of hot anger and indignation that she should have utterly ignored his wishes and defied his authority. His thoughts were very bitter as he walked rapidly along the beach toward a group of nurse-maids and children, among whom he recognized his own.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Visitation.*

FROM THE GERMAN, BY GEORGE R. WOODWARD.

OUR LADY took the road
To Zachary's abode;
O'er mountain, vale and lea,
Full many a league sped she
Toward Hebron's holy hill,
By God's command and will.
Full light did Mary make
Of trouble for His sake.
God's very Son of yore
Within her breast she bore;
And angel hosts unseen
Her fellows were, I ween.
She, ere she took her way,
Her orisons would say,
That God her steps might tend
Safe to their journey's end;
And there, in manner meet,
Her cousin she gan greet.
Elizabeth full fain
Eft bowed her head again;
She wist 'twas God's own Bride,
As, worshipful, she cried:
O Lady, full of grace!

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* This translation will, it is hoped, form a portion of the Second Series of "Carmina Mariana," in course of compilation by Orby Shipley, M. A.

Whence do I see thy face?
O house and home of bliss,
O earthly Paradis,—
Nay, Heaven itself on ground
Wherein the Lord is found,
The Lord of glory bright,
In goodness great and might,—
Clean Maiden thou that art,
Come visit this my heart;
And bring me chief my Good,
God's Son in Flesh and Blood;
Bless body, soul; and bide
Forever by my side.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

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

XXX.—A RAT IN THE TRAP.

ARTHUR BODKIN felt enormously elated at the thought of having Mazazo in his power, while Rody was literally wild with excitement.

"Masther Arthur," he cried, "you're too soft and aisy wid such varmint. Won't ye lave him to me? I want for to bate him black in the mornin' and blue at night, the murdherin' villyan!"

"Wait till we catch him, Rody."

"Faix, we must do that same, bad cess to it! But this luks like a good vacancy, any ways."

Mary O'Flynn had been duly received by Arthur's friend, and had made an instant and a charming impression.

"Bedad, sir, I wisht it was wid somebody of me own station that Mary was put to. Sargeant Biddeman's wife, or that dayçint faymale that luks afther the washin',—the wan wid a name as long as the Naas Road. Sorra a chance the likes of me will have of spaking to her whin she's in the hoight of society. Not but she's fit for it, sir,—fit for Dublin Castle, no less."

"Rody, you are not the boy I take you for if you don't make your way to your *colleen's* side.".

"Begob, I'll make an offer at it, anyhow," said Rody, with a grin.

Armed to the teeth, Arthur and Rody repaired to the O'Flynn house about half-past ten o'clock; three picked men having preceded them, while two arrived later, and a guard of fifty had orders to stand at arms under the arcade of the Portales Mercatores. At a given signal this guard was to come on at the double and enter the house. Arthur stationed his five men in the little back den, while he himself, with Rody, took the stairs.

The old usurer was fearfully agitated, and shook like one stricken with the palsy.

"If we fail, *señor*, I am a dead man. Mazazo's vengeance will follow me like light. He is as relentless as he is cruel. O gentlemen," he implored, "kill him at once,—kill him before he can open his mouth to whistle or shout, or pull out his pistol! Kill him, kill him, as ye would a tiger!"

O'Flynn paced the floor in paroxysms of agitation, gesticulating wildly, and muttering alternately in Spanish, English, and Irish.

"Arrah, hould yer whisht!" said Rody in Irish. "It's bringin' disgrace on the ould counthry ye are wid yer talk. Spake in Mexico, if ye will, but don't let a cowardly word in Irish cross yer lips. What are ye afeared of? Isn't Masther Bodkin of Ballyboden and me here for to difind ye agin a thousand Mexicos? Take a sup! Get up some Dutch courage, if yer Irish has gone home. Give us all a dhrink. It won't harm us, and will warm up the cockles of yer heart that's as hard as Stonybatther."

The old man produced a flask, at which he took a very long pull, and handed it to Arthur, who declined. Rody, however, exclaiming "*Shlantha!*" was quite equal to the occasion, as were the other troopers.

Then came a pause, during which Arthur issued his instructions.

"Mr. O'Flynn will open the door for Mazazo and permit him to enter. The moment he is in, the door will be shut; we will seize our man and pinion him. If he should be enabled to shout or whistle, the guard shall be called by two shots from the roof. This will be your duty, Arnhein," addressing one of the men.

"Won't ye let me lep on him, sir?" eagerly demanded Rody. "I'll give him the Connemara grip, and he'll never get out of it till the rattles is in his troath."

"You can pin him down, Rody; but look out for his knife. A Mexican can use his knife in fifty different ways. There is this to be considered also. Mazazo may not enter first, and Mr. O'Flynn here is in such a nervous condition that he may fail to recognize him."

"I'd know him in ten thousand, Mr. Bodkin. I'll go bail for *that*," said the old man, fiercely.

"But if Mazazo is not first man, what then?"

"Let the first, second, and third in, if necessary. I have some old dollar bags in this closet that we can clap over their heads as they come in." And he proceeded to produce the bags, made of the fibres of the maguey plant.

"He's as cute as a pet fox," observed Rody, admiringly. "We can bag the villyans wan be wan, till we ketch the right wan; and it'll be good sport into the bargain. The more of these varmint we ketch, the betther for all of us."

Finally, the last stroke of twelve rang out from the clock of the old cathedral. Almost ere the sound had died on the ear, a soft, muffled knock was heard at the door,—the preconcerted signal. The old usurer stood ready to open the door, and Rody behind him, every muscle in tension. The door was opened, and a man swiftly entered. In a second the door was shut to, and the man in the vise-like grip of Rody O'Flynn. The man did not struggle and made no outcry.

"This is not Mazazo, Masther Arthur. There's no fight in him. Give us a light, sir, quick!"

Arthur flashed a lantern in the man's face. It was not Mazazo, but as ill-visaged a ruffian as ever spurred across the Rio Grande.

"Where is your leader?" demanded Arthur.

"What leader?" said the man, sullenly. "Let me go. I have done nothing. You have no right to use me in this way. I came with a letter. I was to get a package in exchange for the letter."

"Where is your letter?"

"If this tiger will let me go, I'll give it to *you*, sir," addressing the usurer.

"Rody, loose him; but be on your guard," said Arthur in Irish.

Rody, still clutching the man's arm, permitted him to insert a hand in a pocket, and to produce a letter, which old O'Flynn eagerly pounced upon.

"Speak Irish," said Arthur,—"they can not understand us."

"It's a letter to say that he is unexpectedly detained, but sends this man for the money, and with him notes payable in thirty days. Oh, I'm lost! lost! *lost!*" groaned O'Flynn. "This hound of hell will run me into the earth. I must fly,—not a minute's to be lost!"

"Arrah, be aisy wid yer flyin'. Hould yer jaw, and listen to raison. What's for to be done, Masther Arthur?"

"We have missed it this time, Rody. The fellow was too cunning for us. It is quite evident that he recognized us to-day, and took precaution accordingly."

"Couldn't we frighten the sowle out of this villyan, sir?"

"To what end, Rody? He would only lie to us. Depend on it, he is faithful to his leader—unless, perhaps, we could bribe him. Let me try him." And, turning to the man: "Where is your leader?"

"I have no leader."

"Where is the man who wrote this letter?"

"I do not know."

"Were you not to bring him a package?"

"Yes."

"To where?"

"I forget."

"Oh, you forget! Could your memory be refreshed—say by ten thousand *pesos?*"

"No, nor by ten million *pesos.*" And the ill-favored wretch's face actually became for a moment handsome in its exaltation of loyalty.

"'Pon my honor you are right," cried Arthur; "and I respect you. Let him go, Rody."

"Ain't I to wallop him, sir?"

"No."

"Not a little taste?"

"Not a touch. He's only obeying orders, and is faithful to them."

And as the man passed, Arthur he half whispered:

"I may be able to do *you* a good turn yet, sir."

XXXI.—"Grim-Visaged War."

I must leave the city of Mexico for a brief span, and repair unto Queretaro, which was destined to prove a "bloody and memorable spot on earth's fair face." Maximilian, who had many of the qualities that make up a great captain, lacked experience,—lacked that military training without which even the great Napoleon would have dismally failed. He possessed the general idea of war—those vague outlines which are but cobwebs to be brushed away when the fearful and fateful game has to be played in grim and cruel earnest. His generals, though he did not know it, were absolutely ignorant and untrustworthy,—with few exceptions, such as Miramon, Mejia, and Vidaurri. They were brave, but of what account is an army of lions led by asses?

In a letter which I have seen, bearing the date Queretaro, March 2, 1867, the Emperor wrote:

"I have communicated personally with the chiefs who pretend to fight in the name of liberty and of the principles of progress, to induce them to submit themselves, as I have the intention of doing, to the national vote. What has been the result of these negotiations? Those men who invoke progress have not wished, or have not dared, to accept that judgment. They have responded to me by ordering loyal and distinguished citizens to be executed; they have repulsed the fraternal hand which was extended; they have worked as blind partisans who know no other means of governing but the sword.

"Where, then, is the national will? On the side of whom exists the desire of true liberty? Their only excuse is in their blindness.

"It is impossible for us to rely on such men; and our duty is to work with the greatest energy to restore the liberty of the people, so that they may express voluntarily their will.

"This is the reason why I have hastened to come here: in order to try all means to establish order, peace, and to prevent another and more terrible foreign intervention in this country. The French bayonets have marched; it is necessary, then, to impede the action of every influence which, directly or indirectly, might threaten our independence and the integrity of our territory.

"In this moment our country is for sale at public auction."

The Emperor, being in consultation with his generals, prepared to defend Queretaro at all and any cost,—strengthened every loophole, and raised well-armed batteries where the defences were weakest. Escobedo, who commanded the Liberals, sent vaunting and taunting words inside the lines, declaring that he would take the city by assault on the 14th of March; and, true to his boast, upon that date he began an attack with nearly thirty thousand men, while the Imperialists numbered but nine thousand. The Emperor upon this occasion displayed a gallantry that won the admiration of the oldest veteran. He was here, there, everywhere; exposing himself where the fire was hottest, and cheering by his presence troops that quailed before the storm of Liberal bullets. He seemed to lead a charmed life; for although his staff, right and left of him, were wounded, he never received a scratch; while the leathern flap of his saddle was shot away and his

tol holster cut clear off. An Austrian officer who was in that fight told me that he forgot everything in his unqualified admiration of the coolness of the Emperor. "It was something sublime," he said.

After this engagement Maximilian moved his quarters to a building adjoining the Church of La Cruz. Here he lived in a single room, his body servant occupying another. The furniture of the Emperor's room consisted of a camp-bed, two common tables, and six chairs. "I will share with my men all their hardships and privations," he was heard to remark.

On the 22d of March General Marquez left Queretaro, by order of the Emperor, at the head of a thousand mounted troopers. The object of this movement was a march upon the city of Mexico, there to obtain reinforcements of men, procure munitions of war, and with the strictest orders to *return within fifteen days.*

"If," said the Emperor to Marquez,—"if there are not men enough to hold the city of Mexico, abandon the capital, and come back here to reinforce our garrison. Raise every man you can. It is here the last stand *must* be made."

That the Emperor's command was a wise one is corroborated by the opinions of historians; for if Marquez had only executed it, such a concentration of the imperial forces at Queretaro would have saved the Emperor and destroyed the army of Escobedo.

It is asserted that Maximilian on this occasion conferred upon Marquez the title of "Lugarteniente," or Lieutenant-General. His Majesty deemed it absolutely necessary to place unlimited power in the hands of Marquez, in order to the success of his plan of campaign. That this was a most unhappy selection the sequel proves, and has been fairly cited as an instance of Maximilian's ill-fated selections of the men in whom he confided.

When Marquez arrived at the capital he showed his authority, and one of the first to disbelieve in it was Arthur Bodkin.

"I do not believe that this is genuine," he said to Baron Bergheim.

"But, hey! hey! it has his Majesty's signature. You can't go behind that, hey!"

"His Majesty is not insane, and to give this man a power equal to his own is simply insanity."

"But, hey! I saw the signature. I know the Emperor's signature as well as I know my own. Hey! I could forge it. Here it is."

And the Baron wrote the imperial autograph with a boldness of imitation and a dexterity that, while it won the admiration of Arthur, only confirmed the idea that the signature to the commission of "Lugarteniente" was a counterfeit. As a matter of fact, whether the document was genuine or not, Marquez vilely disabused his power, and went beyond the limits of justice and of honor. Instead of raising recruits to return to Queretaro and annihilate Escobedo, Marquez increased his forces to four thousand, and advanced in the most leisurely way upon Puebla, which was being besieged by Diaz and gallantly held by about three thousand imperial troops.

It is due, however, to Marquez to state that he hoped for an engagement with Diaz, who was notoriously short of the munitions of war,—an engagement which would relieve the Imperialists within the walls of Puebla. But Diaz was a born captain, and, seeing that the critical moment had now arrived, and being pressed by Marquez, ordered an assault upon the city on the morning of the 2d of April,—an assault, which, if successful, was won after the most desperate and valiant fighting on the part of the besieged.

"We could have held out for two months," said General Rodriguez, "and have kept Diaz busy every day of them, if Marquez had not spoiled the entire programme by his ill-timed march."

(To be continued.)

A Curé who Became a Cardinal.

ABOUT the year 1827 a young priest of the diocese of Lyons was appointed to a parish beautifully situated in the middle of a deep valley. In a short time he succeeded in winning the love and veneration of all. Meek and gentle in manner, sympathetic and self-sacrificing, he was ever ready to help those in distress of mind and body, sharing generously his modest income with the poor. No wonder that he became the closest friend and counsellor of all his parishioners.

One morning, soon after daybreak, the violent ringing of the church bells warned the villagers that some danger threatened. A reservoir, swollen by heavy rains, had burst its dams, and the torrent swept down the valley toward the village, forcing its way into the houses, and marking its path by destruction. The good priest, who had been spending the night at the bedside of a dying man, was the first to organize a plan of rescue; and his calm demeanor and presence of mind restored courage and confidence to the frightened villagers.

Suddenly a heart-rending scream was heard from afar. The flood had dashed with overwhelming force against a cottage standing at the extreme end of the village; and already the waters had risen to the roof, upon which a woman, with two small children, had taken refuge. The torrent surged round the walls of the hut, which threatened every moment to give way and bury mother and children in the flood. How was assistance to reach them? Every heart was paralyzed with fear. Anxiety had risen to the highest pitch, when the *curé* was seen plunging into the torrent, mounted on a horse hastily borrowed from a neighbor. It seemed as if the waters would overwhelm both horse and rider. But the brave priest's courage never failed: he kept his seat, and with skilful hand guided the struggling animal to the cottage. Taking the children in his arms, he plunged again into the flood, and soon deposited his burthen in safety. Once more the noble priest stemmed the wild torrent, in spite of the entreaties of his flock, who implored him not to expose himself to certain death. "Pray for me!" he answered, as he turned again into the flood. Men and women fell on their knees, imploring the assistance of Heaven in behalf of their beloved pastor. When he reached the cottage, an unearthly crash was heard. The structure had given way, but not before the priest had caught the woman and headed once more for the hills.

Henceforth the love and veneration of the villagers for their priest were boundless. In their eager desire to testify their gratitude, they conceived a strange and original method of expressing their feelings. A short time after the occurrence they assembled to elect the crew of a life-boat that was newly built. With one accord they named their *curé* as captain. In vain the latter objected, saying that a priest could not accept such a post. His flock refused to listen to his objections, declaring that the prefect had the affair in hand, and that their pastor should settle with him,—they would not relent. The matter was brought before the officers of the administration, but none of them would undertake to decide such a strange question. At last the Minister of the Interior was appealed to, and he considered the affair sufficiently novel and interesting to be laid before the King. Charles X. expressed a desire to know the priest who was so beloved by his people, and as a result the devoted clergyman was shortly afterward appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Nancy. In 1835 he became Archbishop of Bordeaux, and in 1852 was raised to the dignity of cardinal.

The priest to whom his flock thus testified their love and veneration was the late Cardinal Archbishop Donnet.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LII.

A TRULY remarkable account of what should be our relations to our fellow-creatures is given in chapter xlii of Book Third. It goes to the very root of the matter. What our author says applies not merely to the "likings" of others, but also to family affection, which is popularly accounted a merit. He lays it down that "placing one's peace" in any person, either for your own gratification or the sake of his society, will not "stand"; for it leads to being unsettled and entangled. Not that such affections are wrong, but they must be based on both being creatures of God. "In Me the love of thy friend ought to stand." And if it be so constituted "thou wilt not be greatly grieved if a friend forsake thee or die." Affection, as it were, should pass by or through the object straight to God.

In aid of this view it might be shown that all human affection and emotions—such as pity, sympathy, etc.,—that appear to concern others, have a personal basis and a selfish origin. Pity is certainly an unreal, fanciful thing, considered in the abstract; for it presumes that its object is suffering undeservedly; whereas, all things being in the hands of God, nothing can be suffered without His permission or direction. When we pity the case of some young creature cut off prematurely, we are apt to forget that in the next world there is no injustice or harshness; that the things we think "pitiful" are allowed for, and that to the residue strict justice is applied.

In fact, "so much the nearer doth a man approach to God as he withdraweth himself the farther from all earthly consolation. So much the higher also doth he ascend to God as he withdraweth himself the farther from all earthly consolation." And thus the saints and other holy persons, who have been reputed hard and harsh and indifferent, are really exhibiting true logical affection in consulting what are the interests of the Almighty and the beings He has made. "When thou lookest toward creatures," our author tells us, "the sight of the Creator is withdrawn from thee." And further: "How little soever it be, if anything be inordinately loved and regarded, it keepeth thee back from the Sovereign Good and corrupteth the soul." It would seem that this sagacious monitor is not speaking of sins or failings, but of tendencies and influences; and most of his teachings refer to this important point of what "keeps us back from the Sovereign Good and corrupts the soul."

(To be continued.)

Let the Curfew Ring!

FROM time to time obscure items in the daily papers have mentioned the fact that this or that community was the only town in the United States where the custom of ringing the curfew bell survived. More recently we read that the fashion of ringing a bell at a certain hour in the evening to warn the young folk that it is time for them to seek the shelter of the home roof has been revived in some parts of the country.

If night were, as God intended, a holy time of rest and peace; if it came only to refresh the tired mind and bring the laborer new strength; if the stars always brought thoughts of heaven, and the stillness were a help to higher thought,—there would be scant need of safeguards such as this survival of the Norman curfew; but, sad to say, the devil stalks abroad most boldly when the lights come out in the sky.

Disguised in alluring and deceptive trappings, decked in tinsel which to young eyes shines as gold, uttering false words which to youthful ears are like the summer wind for sweetness, the adversary of souls finds his richest harvest in that darkness which men choose because their deeds are evil.

Many parents, who were reared at a period when society was less complex, and vice appeared the brazen thing it really is, have no idea of the seductive traps set to catch innocent feet in this vaunted end of the century. Odious things are no longer called by their real names. Parks and picnics, drives and moonlight excursions, band concerts and ice-cream parlors, are not everywhere what they used to be. Danger lurks where once no fear was felt. There are traps now where youth could one time walk in safety. There is law; but it is often hard to convict doers of evil deeds, or remove sources of corruption. Young profligates, if sufficiently gilded, are discreetly spoken of nowadays only as sowers of wild oats. The words in the criminal code have lost their original significance. The victims of vice are dishonored; the vicious can hold up their heads.

The streets of the cities are filled nightly with youths of both sexes who openly disregard the feebly expressed commands of timid parents or guardians. The results of this apathy are often known only to the officers of the law. The police records—and this is stated upon unquestionable authority—afford the most powerful arguments in favor of the curfew bell.

SUCH as every one is inwardly, so he judgeth outwardly.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

NOTHING resembles pride so much as discouragement.—*Amiel's Journal.*

GOD is not most pleased with us when we are most pleased with ourselves.

Notes and Remarks.

It is no longer good policy for Catholics to cry down the Public School system. Better let Protestants and indifferentists denounce it, as they are beginning to do everywhere. As Catholics, we know that religion must always have the first place; that unless it is supreme it is nothing; that to make it secondary in education is to deny it practically. We have many times heard the public schools berated as being godless, but it remained for an ex-detective of Chicago to call them "hotbeds of infamy,"—referring to the public schools of his own city. It may be worth while to put Mr. A. McCausland's opinion on record, considering that he ought to be a good judge of the results of irreligious education. It was expressed at a recent meeting of the Columbian College of Citizenship. These were his words as reported by one of the Chicago newspapers: "I have a son thirty years old whom I am proud of, and he was never in the public schools of Chicago sixty days. I have three boys; but if I had five hundred, not one of them would I educate in the Chicago public schools. I would not send my boy to the city schools, because I fear that he might go from there to the penitentiary. Two-thirds of the inmates of the Cook County jail come from the public schools. I know hundreds of cases of boys—and girls too—who have become absolutely demoralized by associations."

More than three hundred years ago Pope Gregory XIII. showed his love for the Catholics of England, by setting up pictures of fifty-four English martyrs, of the Reformation period, in a church in Rome. When in 1886 these witnesses to the faith were crowned with the glory of beatification, it was universally regretted that the names of certain indubitable martyrs were omitted from the list. That omission has now been supplied by a supplementary decree, which awards the honors of beatification to the three Benedictine abbots, Hugh Farringdon, Richard Whiting, and John Beche; to their companions, John Thorn, William Enyon, John Rugg, and Roger James; to Thomas Percy,

Earl of Northumberland; and to Adrian Fortescue, a Knight of St. John. It is worthy of note that the seven Benedictines named in the new decree are the first representatives of their Order among the beatified martyrs of the English Reformation. Remembering the great service they have rendered to the faith in all countries, Catholics will learn with pleasure that the sons of St. Benedict have now been placed on the Church's roll of honor with the martyred children of St. Bruno, St. Francis, and St. Ignatius.

Though not entirely faultless in logic, the address of Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, contained some good advice for the young divines who were recently graduated into the ministry from that institution. Referring to the chaotic condition of the Protestant mind regarding the Bible, he said:

"Understand that the integrity of the Bible does not depend upon the question as to whether Moses wrote an account of his own funeral, or Job lived before or after the Captivity. Its roots are deeper and run out wider than all that.... We are not to defend our Bible by hiding it away from the eye of the scholar. We guard it by light, not by darkness; by knowledge, not by ignorance; by faith, not by fears. If anything could harm the Scriptures it would be the fears and clamor of its mistaken friends. This is an age when men will critically study the Bible. You can not prevent it; and if you are wise you will not make the attempt. No attitude could be more inconsistent for a Protestant. It is the reversal of the principles of the Reformation. It is antagonism of the very foundation of Protestantism itself."

This declaration has at least the merit of consistency. Our separated brethren are unduly exercised over what they call the "vandalism of the Higher Criticism"; but, in any case, they can not reasonably protest. That Dr. Briggs is simply carrying Protestantism to its logical conclusion must surely be clear to the young men who look to Chancellor Day for light.

From Dublin comes the shocking news of an Irish Protestant refusing to allow a priest to visit and absolve his dying Catholic servant. That this lamentable spirit is the exception rather than the rule among our separated brethren has often been shown, and we are glad to meet this deplorable case with another which reveals a beautiful Christian spirit. In the course of an address by the Rev. Dr. Quint, one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*, the speaker told how once, when he was a chaplain in the late war, he had often prayed with a wounded soldier whom he had supposed to be a Protestant until some slight circumstance excited a doubt in his mind. Finally he asked, "Are you a Catholic?" and the answer came, "Yes." Dr. Quint then rode three miles to summon a priest, loaning him his horse for the return trip, while he himself walked back alone. On the arrival of the priest at the hospital, a blanket was hung around the soldier's cot and he made his confession. Dr. Quint, it is true, was severely censured for his manly Christian act; but he was evidently not influenced by his critics. A few days later he arranged to have regular services held for the Catholic soldiers, who, he declares, were among the bravest of the brave. All honor to the man who reads aright the first great lesson in the book of Christianity!

It is announced from Constantinople that the Sultan has accepted a plan of reform which will insure immunity of life and property to the Armenian Christians. The result of the investigation conducted by the European powers is most saddening. The horrors perpetrated against our Armenian brethren are atrocious in the extreme; that they should have gone so long without protest is a shocking commentary on the lethargy or heartlessness of the Christian nations that had power to suppress them. The Sultan has now promised to make reparation to the Armenians for all the losses sustained by them, and to appoint responsible governors over the oppressed provinces. The unspeakable Turk has at last been persuaded to see the error of his ways.

It is a pleasant coincidence that just when the question of Anglican orders is again agitated, the historical period upon which that question rests is becoming popularly understood. Within a lustrum we have heard the most eminent English scholars announce the reversal of their judgment by denouncing

such "historians" as Froude; now they complete their conversion by lauding the writers who present the "Catholic side" of the question. *The Athenæum*, speaking of Miss Allies' recent work, "History of the Church in England from the Reign of Henry VIII. to the Death of Queen Elizabeth," says: "It is scarcely possible to call this an impartial or dispassionate history, for the writer's feelings are strong and manifest. Yet, so far as matter of fact goes, there seems little that can be called in question; and the book may be commended to the attention of even Protestant readers who desire to know the strength of the case that can be fairly made out against the English Reformation. It is quite possible that many such readers will be staggered, or will be disposed to discredit facts which are pretty well authenticated."

The Ven. Curé of Ars, besides being a past-master in the art of directing souls, had decidedly sane opinions as to the requisites of a Catholic journal. To a French gentleman who was about to establish a newspaper, in 1848, the saintly Curé said: "You must have no false charity. Tell the truth, regardless of persons. There is a whole heap of falsehoods that you should sweep away, irrespective of those who stand before the broom. You must combat error even among Christians, for they have still less reason than others to profess it. Love your adversaries; pray for them; but don't pay them compliments. Do not seek to please everybody: endeavor to please God."

An interesting personage was the late Mgr. Leon Meurin, S.J., Archbishop of Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius. In the course of a long apostolic career as a missionary bishop in different countries he evinced his zeal and ability not less by the devotedness of his daily life than by the works of his powerful pen. Mgr. Meurin, in a volume entitled "Freemasonry, the Synagogue of Satan," was the first to prove the existence and reveal the true character of Palladism, and his book is still one of the few trustworthy accounts of that most horrible form of devil-worship. The Archbishop, who was in his seventieth year, was one of the most brilliant lights of the Church in the East, where his loss will be keenly felt. May he rest in peace!

The honors of solemn coronation have been decreed in favor of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. The ceremony will take place on the next feast of the shrine, and all the hierarchy of America—North, South and Central—have been invited to be present. The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, at Tepejac, will be consecrated on the same day. The Holy Father, it is said, has composed a Latin hymn which will be recited on the occasion, and Cardinal Gibbons is announced to perform the ceremony of coronation. The feast will be preceded by a solemn novena, on each day of which Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by a Mexican prelate.

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. Hippolytus Gorski, rector of St. Stanislaus' Church, Milwaukee, Wis., who piously yielded his soul to God on the 27th ult.

Sister Mary Stanislaus, of the Order of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.; Sister Mary Thomas, O.S.D., Port Elizabeth, S. Africa; Mother Mary Stanislaus, of the Sisters of Mercy, St. John's, N.F.; and Sister Mary Charles, Georgetown Convent W. Washington, D.C., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. James Goodwin, whose life closed peacefully on the 5th ult., at E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Paul W. Filz, who died at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 30th of May, strengthened by the Holy Sacraments.

Mr. Thomas Minaghan, who departed this life in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 3d ult.

Mrs. Mary E. McAtee, of Youngstown, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 11th ult.

Mr. Patrick Menton, of Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Michael O'Connor, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; Mrs. Ellen T. Gallagher, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Cormerton, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Mary E. Dolan, Charlestown, Mass.; and Mr. James O'Brien, S. Boston, Mass.

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

To Our Dear Mother.

DEAREST Mother, on thy feast-day,
This the prayer I make to thee:
Come in loving visitation,—
Come and bring thy Son to me.

Blessings thou didst bring the Baptist
Ere he saw the light of day;
Bring my soul, by sin-shades darkened,
Light of grace,—for this I pray.

Ah! my soul pours forth its praises,
God's great mercies to proclaim;
And His sweetest favors, Mother,
All have come in thy blest name.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIII.—MILEY'S REVENGE.

THE routine of school life went on as usual. It makes little difference to a boy whether he loses stamps or not, so far as Latin declensions are concerned. But for a day or two Faky was so preoccupied that he did not add even a line to his Latin ode; and Thanksgiving, the time for the receiving of boxes, was looming in the near distance.

As to Guy, the disappointment about the stamps made him ill; he was taken to the infirmary, where Mrs. Grigg looked after him carefully. He was not seriously ill; but, of course, Uncle Mike was obliged to prolong his visit.

Professor Grigg exacted hard work of his pupils, especially in Latin, by which everything in the school was graded. And every boy had the Christmas examinations before his eyes.

Jack and Miley had many consultations. Steve Osborne and Bob kept close together; Bob avoiding his former friends, and visiting Guy in the infirmary only when they were not there.

There was little shirking of tasks. Breaches of discipline were punished at once. Real idleness meant expulsion, and only very foolish or weak-minded boys cared to risk that. The school ran like a machine, except when Mrs. Grigg or Father Mirard could add a touch of homeliness to it; and the boys, occupied as they were, had time to long for freedom with a desire that grew almost frantic when Christmas came. As a rule, they found no pleasure in study. Professor Grigg said that study should be hard: nothing should be done to make it pleasant. There were few boys who liked the work: even the oldest boys studied without interest—simply to keep their places. They enjoyed the *congés* all the more because of the rigor of the discipline.

Bob did not speak to Steve Osborne of the loss of the stamps; he was very angry that Jack had dared to suggest that Steve had stolen them, and he passed him at recess with a cool nod.

"He is too stuck up to speak to the likes of us," Miley said; "but he takes up with a thief."

"A thief!" repeated Jack, startled by that awful word. "We don't *know* that Osborne took the stamps."

"Bosh!" said Miley. "Of course he took them. Who else?"

Jack made no reply; he wanted to believe Steve guilty, though his sense of justice revolted against accusing him without proof.

Jack and Miley were on their way to visit Guy. He was lying on a lounge near the window of the room devoted to boys who were improving.

"Bob never comes with you," Guy said, raising his eyes from his book. "I am afraid that you and he are not good friends, Jack."

"We are not, Guy. Bob likes Steve Osborne better."

"I thought you said that only girls were jealous," Guy answered.

"I'm *not* jealous," Jack said, hastily. "If Bob doesn't care for me, I'm sure I don't care for him. But I hate to see him a slave to Steve Osborne."

"I would never quarrel with anybody I liked," Guy went on.

"But suppose you couldn't help it,—suppose he did things to you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't notice them!"

"Suppose he said things behind your back?"

"Suppose you said things behind *his* back?"

"I never said—much," retorted Jack, growing very hot and uncomfortable.

"Somebody must have told you what he said. I would not believe *anything* a third person told me of a friend," said Guy.

"Oh, you're an angel!" put in Miley. "You can see by Bob's actions that he despises Jack."

"Miley, you should not make mischief," replied Guy. "When two friends quarrel, they are generally both to blame. The truth is, Jack is jealous of Steve Osborne, and Bob doesn't believe that Steve is a bad fellow. And I myself don't believe that Steve is a bad fellow,—that is, *altogether* bad."

"He's as bad as bad can be," said Miley. "He's a wicked chump; he blows and boasts, and looks down on people that are better than he is."

"You mean yourself," answered Guy, with a laugh.

Miley blushed.

"Maybe I do. He has no right to look down on me. Maybe I do look tough. I don't care if I do. I've got a mother that knows more in her little finger than anybody in Boston. She'd give him a piece of her mind, and his stuck-up aunt too, if she were here. I can afford to dress as well as anybody!" exclaimed Miley. "And if I wanted to put on style, I'd know how to do it. I'm from New York, I am. If I were Jack, I'd make Bob Bently feel that he couldn't talk about me behind my back,—that's all!"

Guy shook his head gravely.

"It is all bad," he said,—"very bad, and I am sorry."

"They're a mean lot, too. When we went for their boxes the other night, they'd emptied them. There wasn't a scrap of turkey or anything else left."

Guy smiled.

"All right!" said Miley. "All right! I'll be even. I heard the express man tell Steve Osborne that there was a box from Boston at the station; and Steve told him to bring it up quietly, and let nobody see it. The selfish brute! He wants to eat everything in it, and not give even the club a bite. But I'll be even with him."

Guy sighed. Jack was unhappy. He liked Bob Bently,—he could not help liking such an old friend. No matter what Bob had said of him, he could not help liking him. This gave added bitterness to his dislike for Osborne. He knew in his heart that if Bob came to him at any moment with a kind word, he would forgive him; but nothing could induce Jack to go with the kind word to Bob first.

Miley failed in his "Historia Sacra," and went all to pieces in the Class of Percentage; his mind was exclusively filled with the fact that Steve Osborne's box was down at the station.

"This is your first bad failure," the teacher of arithmetic told him. "I shall not reduce you in the class; but if you come near it again, you will take the full consequences."

Miley heard this threat as in a dream. He could think only of that box, and of the delightful revenge he would have. He spoke no more on the subject to Jack, and he felt that it would not be decent to drag the smaller boys into a scrape. Fortunately for him, he took all the questions in the later Latin "quiz" with great skill; he was complimented, and the marks against him balanced. The recess before supper came, and then Miley felt himself at liberty to think. It had rained all day, and nearly all the Seniors were in the barrack. Miley took "Fabiola," which had been given to him by his aunt, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and curled himself in one of the windows, which had a deep ledge. "Fabiola" did not keep his attention. How could he secure Steve Osborne's luxurious box? How? This question vexed his mind. How could he get even with the club for having emptied those boxes? The green baize curtain which hung across the window was drawn, so that only one of Miley's thick-soled shoes was perceptible from the inside of the room. Steve Osborne did not notice this. Miley heard him call to Timothy Grigg:

"Here, Tim!"

"Well?" Tim said.

"You're going to town in the buggy at half-past six to get some books for your father, ain't you?"

"Yes; and it's raining, and I've got my Mensuration to do. I wish papa wasn't in such a hurry for the books."

"Let me go."

"Will you?" asked Timothy, in a delighted tone. "I'll harness the horse, and you can come out of the refectory just after supper. I've the toothache, too. The buggy will be at the east side, near the walk, under the big apple-tree,—mind! But what do you want to go for? You'll have to tell the tutor, or he'll report you."

"I'd like to get a letter,—a private letter—"

"Oh, that's all right! You be there."

"Sure."

And Miley heard Steve Osborne move away.

"I wish he had volunteered to harness the horse too," said Timothy. "I'd go to the infirmary at once, if I hadn't that before me. The damp stable will not help my tooth."

Miley overheard this muttering.

"Helloo!" he said. "Helloo! What's the matter? Your jaw is swelled."

"It is better than having a swelled head, anyhow," Tim retorted; he was accustomed to look with suspicion on Miley Galligan.

"Oh!" Miley said, sweetly. "I just wanted to know whether I could be of any use to you. I heard you say something about harnessing a horse, and when a fellow has the toothache—"

"Yes," replied Tim, brightening, "it *is* hard. Steve Osborne will go to town for papa's books, but I don't know whether he can harness a horse or not."

"*I* can. I'll harness the horse for you."

"You will! You're a brick, Miley. I made up my mind to scrap with that young friend of yours, Faky Dillon; but I will not if you'll harness the horse, like a good fellow. Leave him on the east side of the refectory, under the apple-tree."

"And you'll explain to Mr. O'Conor?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Thanks!"

Timothy went off to get permission to go to the infirmary, to have his tooth treated.

Miley chuckled. He could hardly wait until the bell rang for supper. Before it

was over he went to Mr. O'Conor, and told him that he had been asked to harness Professor Grigg's horse. The rule of the school was that every boy's word was to be taken at once. If he were caught in a lie, it meant immediate expulsion. Mr. O'Conor nodded; and, in consequence, ten minutes later Miley was driving rapidly toward the town. He felt entirely safe. Timothy Grigg would say that he had asked him to harness the horse; and if he brought back the books, no questions would be asked; for Timothy would not find fault when the errand was done.

"Get up, Dick!" he chirruped, chuckling as he thought of Steve Osborne's disappointment. Through the drenched fields he drove, whistling as he went; and bursting into irrepressible laughter as he imagined the faces of the club when they should discover that the contents of Steve Osborne's box had disappeared. He imagined Osborne's boasts; he heard him asking his friends to wash down the cold turkey with the imported ginger-ale of which he boasted so often. And then—when Steve had excited their curiosity—the box would be opened! Miley burst into such laughter here that the old horse stopped, amazed. He shook the reins again, and they moved on.

Miley was jubilant.

The station-master was about to lock the door as Miley arrived. The train had just passed through; and he, fearing that the place would be tenanted by tramps, invariably took the precaution of making things tight when he went to supper.

"How do you do?" he said. "One of Professor Grigg's boys? There's a box here and a package of books. But, I say, I wish you'd keep house for me for an hour. I don't mind leaving the place alone for a while when things are all right; but the catch is broken on one of the windows, and, if you don't mind, I'll leave the keys with you. After supper, I'll get my tools to fix that catch. Telephone if you want me, in the meantime."

Miley had nodded several times during this speech. The man threw him the keys and was off; he made all the more haste as the scent of fried potatoes, from the negro cabin across the road, reached him.

Miley tied his horse, looked into the box of the buggy, and saw that it was a large one. Then he went back into the station-house. There stood the wooden ark of his hopes, and upon it was written, in a delicate hand: "Stephen Osborne, Colonnade House."

Miley chuckled. He went out again and returned with several big cobblestones. He went and returned again, until there was a large pile of stones on the floor; then he sat on the box and laughed.

(To be continued.)

The Light on Minot's Ledge.

If a record of all the brave deeds were kept, the names of those faithful men who tend the lights which warn vessels off dangerous rocks would deserve a prominent place. Sometimes women are light-house keepers, and there are instances where children have grown up and have never seen the shore except at a distance. Off the New England coast there is a dangerous ledge of rocks known as Minot's Ledge, and on that rocky promontory was placed the light-house now famous as the scene of the heroism of two humble men. The tower was supported on iron piles, which were driven far into the solid rock, and had endured hundreds of wild storms without harm. The piles were held together by braces, thought to be storm-proof.

On the 14th of April, 1851, a tempest came sweeping down from the east. The light-house keeper had gone on shore, leaving two assistants in charge,—one a

German, the other a Portuguese, whose very names are unknown to us. With them was a visitor who became frightened very soon, and signalled for a boat to come and take him ashore. So the two assistant keepers were left alone. What they did, how they suffered, how they struggled in their fight with death and in pursuit of duty, we know not; we can tell the story only from the position of an outsider; for after the visitor was rowed away, the brave fellows left behind never again spoke to mortal man, except to each other.

This was Monday, and with Tuesday came an increase in the gale. The wind was from the northeast, and seemed to have gathered strength in its journey over thousands of miles of water. It was now a hurricane. That night the light burned as usual, but on Wednesday the tower was so buried in waves that the question passed from mouth to mouth among the spectators on shore: "Will the light burn to-night?" The chief keeper of the light mingled with the crowd that paced the sands, beside himself with anxiety. At four in the afternoon a strange object was thrown upon the beach by the waves; this was a platform which had surrounded the tower.

It was the rule to light the light at sunset. Would it burn that night? All eyes strove to pierce the clouds of spray; and then, as they looked, a voice cried: "It burns! Thank God, it burns!" There was no sleep on shore. At nine o'clock the light gave forth a steady glow. At ten o'clock it was undimmed. Still they watched, hoping, fearing, praying; and then, at about one in the morning, the bell of the old light-house was heard coming over the mad sea. It was tolling. When it ceased a hush settled upon the frenzied crowd: they knew that the end had come for the light-keepers. After that there was neither sight nor sound from the famous light-house on Minot's Ledge.

As soon as the storm ceased men rowed out to the place where the tower had been so long a faithful beacon to misguided vessels. The iron piles had gradually been bent by the hurricane until they could no longer support the tower, and it had sunk into the sea, with the brave fellows who had trimmed and filled the light until the last.

What a lesson to us all is this tale that people still tell their children on that wild coast,—the story of the light-house on Minot's Ledge, and the men who were faithful unto death!

FRANCESCA.

What Each One Has to Do.

An old man once complained that he was weary.

"I don't see what tires you so," said one of his friends. "You have nothing in the world to do but to sit down and wait for night to come."

"That is where you are mistaken," answered the elder man. "I have a great deal to do each day. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"You are joking," said his friend.

"No, I am not joking: I am telling the very sober truth. The two falcons are my eyes, which I must carefully guard, lest they see things hurtful to my soul; the two hares, my feet, which I must hold back, lest they run in sinful paths; the two hawks are my hands, which must be trained to work, to provide for the necessities of others; the serpent is my tongue, which must be guarded against; the lion, my heart, with which I fight, so that pride may not fill it; the sick man, my body, which needs my constant care, because I have grown so old. So, you see, I am a very busy man, after all."

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

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Corpus Christi.

BY THE REV. MARTIN CARROLL.

ALONG the narrow street the slow procession went,
Beneath the shade of stately houses garlanded
With flowers. The kneeling multitude bowed low their heads
In silent adoration. In the calm June air
The children's singing took a softer, mellower tone,
As of a far-off song at dreamy eventide.
And from the swaying censers there went forth dense clouds
Of fragrant incense; and from many silent hearts
There went the sweeter incense of adoring prayer.
The Saviour who delights to be with men went forth
That day among His people. In the open square,
Around a wooden altar rudely carved, they knelt,
That He might bless them there. They knelt, some in the glow
And sunshine of life's early morn, some in the chill
And shadow of its eve. But they who knelt were all
His children, and with loving Heart He blessed them all.

LARGER measures of knowledge are a grave stewardship.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Child of Mary in the World.

REMARKABLE woman was the late Clare Mary Henrietta Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, who died recently in England at the early age of thirty-four. All the educational advantages that could develop and mature her fine natural powers she enjoyed in the fullest measure; but her influence for good, which was felt throughout her own country, was due not alone to her talents nor her exalted position, but to the perfect fulfilment of her ideal of the Christian life. A woman of high rank, a daily attendant at Mass and an almost daily communicant, a Child of Mary, who gave all her days to deeds of charity, and made her life beautiful and winsome to lead others to God, is an example which the world can ill spare. Fortunately, her ideal of the Child of Mary in the world has been preserved in an essay written about ten years ago. We feel that no higher tribute could be paid to Lady Clare Fielding's memory than to record the fact that her own life was the counterpart of the picture she paints in these admirable words:

It was once pointed out to me by a saintly old priest that the circumstances connected with the one solitary appearance of the Blessed Virgin in public, of

which the Gospels make mention, contain a beautiful lesson for those who, living in the world, would seek to model their lives after hers. It was with no chilling assumption of superiority, no affectation of extraordinary piety, that the Mother of Jesus took part in the simple festivities of the marriage at Cana in Galilee. Her gracious sympathy extended itself to the joys as well as to the sorrows of her neighbors; her active charity was on the lookout there, as always, for any act of kindness that might come in her way; and it was she who first perceived that the company had no wine. At first sight this might seem a strange thing for her, of all people, to notice; and many a philanthropic hobby-rider of the present day might argue that it would have been better to have left them without any. Not so Mary. It was no important question that was at stake: there was no crime to prevent, no sinner to convert: it was merely a question of the enjoyment of a few honest people. But rather than that their simple hospitality should be troubled, or a cloud come over their gayety, she caused her Son to anticipate His "hour," and to alter, so to speak, the eternal decrees of Divine Providence. And as the presence of Mary brought joy to the marriage guests at Cana, so should the Child of Mary be the joy-bringer of the circle in which she moves.

A French writer has said, in the graceful way in which French people know how to utter profound truths: "One of our principal duties here below is to be charming; and one of the great missions of woman especially is to plant joys in order that virtues may spring up. It is God's own prerogative to convert people by means of sorrow; it is our privilege to win hearts to Him through happiness." This is lightly said, but it is not lightly done; and I think that to put this little maxim faithfully into practice would lead many a soul more surely to perfection, through the disinterested spirit, the daily and hourly self-sacrifice that it would entail, than many a more high-sounding doctrine. Let us look a moment at what it implies.

In order to make other people happy, the first requisite is to be happy one's self; and by this I do not mean happiness as the world means it, but rather such happiness as comes from "the peace that the world can not give,"—the happiness of a heart at one with God's will; a heart that, far from flying the troubles and crosses of life, is ready to encounter them bravely and serenely, armed with the knowledge of the power and the mercy of our God; a heart that is not too stern to be tender, nor too tender to be strong; but that understands the "sorrow with joy of the Holy Ghost," of which St. Paul speaks, and the resignation that springs, not from hopelessness, but from confidence.

Happiness does not necessarily mean immunity from pain, and the deepest and truest happiness has, more often than not, its root in some past sorrow. But it is the magic power of extracting the gold of divine peace and happiness out of even the most fiery of earth's trials that should be the special dowry of a Child of Mary. And to do this is no easy task. If we are to twine flowers round the cross of life, the cross must be very near to ourselves. And maybe the points and the nails will at times tear our hands and pierce our bosom; yet the flowers need be none the less fragrant because the hands are bleeding that twined them.

But this is not all. It is not enough to sympathize with the sorrows of others: a Child of Mary living in the world must know how to share their joys as well. Is it not time that people learned that in order to be good it is not absolutely necessary to be a bore? And is it not often the fault of the good souls, who make piety so terribly unattractive, that more people do not follow in their footsteps? "Rejoice in

the Lord always," says St. Paul; "again I say rejoice." And, as my French author has it: "The presence of God in the soul ought to be like sunshine in a room."

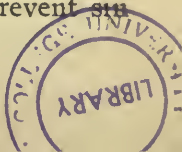
A woman who really wishes to make her influence for good felt in the souls of those with whom she lives must know how to make herself the centre of their lives,—how to share their interests, take part in their pleasures, identify herself with their aims and pursuits. A woman's influence is of necessity an indirect one: its very secret lies in its unseen and unsuspected working. And the wife or sister who knows how to make herself the centre of a bright and happy home, whose love for God shows itself in daily acts of tenderness and thoughtfulness for others—which is the practical translation of love for one's neighbor,—who knows how to radiate the peace which fills her own heart to the hearts of those with whom she comes in contact, is more likely to prevent sin and to draw souls to God than one whose scruples and preoccupations prevent her from joining in the innocent amusements which are the very safeguard of home life.

I have often heard it urged against good people that their company is so unutterably dull; their conversation the most trivial ecclesiastical gossip; their dress so dowdy; their entertainments so tiresome; their indifference to any but exclusively religious matters so provoking. Now, it is this unfortunate prejudice, only too often justified by the facts, that the Child of Mary might set herself to dissipate. St. Francis of Sales would have his *dêvote* the best dressed woman of her society; and I would even go further and say that it is the duty of every woman who has not vowed herself to a life of penance and solitude to make herself, her home and her surroundings as attractive as possible. That this can be done without detriment to the duties of religion—indeed that such endeavors, if actuated by high motives and a pure intention, can be sanctified and elevated almost into the sphere of religious duties,—is amply shown in the lives of some of the most charming and intellectual, as well as the most saintly, women of our own and past ages.

Beauty and intellect have too long been associated with, and used as the tools of, sin and shame. Can it not be proved that beauty is, in truth, what in the beginning it was surely intended to be—the helpmate of and the stepping-stone to virtue? Can not Catholic women and girls show that they are no whit behind others in the possession of those talents and accomplishments which, if properly used, make home life so happy and society so charming? Nay, their very religion itself, the high standard of excellence it inculcates and the exalted aims it puts before them, should incite them to cultivate to the utmost those powers and talents which were bestowed on them, not to be stowed away even in the purest and most spotless of napkins, but to be turned to account for their own merit and for the greater glory of God.

. . . .

Such was the ideal which Lady Clare Fielding set before herself, and it was lived up to in a way to excite the admiration of all with whom she came in contact. As was well said of her in a sermon preached at her obsequies: 'She was the centre of joy and happiness in every circle wherein she moved: in her home; in society, of which she was an ornament; among the poor, to whom she was a sister; amid all the world that knew her. And all can bear witness that they were the better as well as the happier for knowing her. The grace of her person, the charm of her manner, her sunny smile, her powers of conversation, the quiet dignity and maidenly modesty of her bearing, her winsomeness, absolutely artless and natural, were all employed to prevent sin and to draw souls to God.'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Nuestra Señora

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

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

XXXII.—STIRRING EVENTS.

ON the 4th of April Diaz dispatched three thousand cavalry under General Toro to attack Marquez. On the 6th Toro's corps came up with the Imperialists at the Hacienda de San Diego de Notario, about fifteen miles from Apizaco. Toro, instead of harassing the enemy, offered him battle, with the result of defeat,—General Leva saving utter disaster by a brilliant attack on the left flank of Marquez, compelling the latter to draw off and to retreat in the direction of Apizaco.

General Leva felt his way very thoroughly; and, forming three thousand cavalry in lines of battle on the crest of a hill, he awaited Marquez. The Imperialist General ordered his men to dismount, and, charging up the hill on foot, drove the Liberals before him; the latter retreating to Piedra Negras, about seven leagues, where they encamped for the night.

General Diaz arrived next day with twelve thousand men, and at Apam prepared to give the Imperialist forces battle. Diaz placed an infantry soldier behind each cavalry man. Six thousand men thus mounted advanced slowly, for the roads were wet and in a wretched condition. The light munition pieces were placed on the backs of mules. About six o'clock Diaz prepared for action; and, with four pieces of artillery, dashed at Marquez' right flank, carrying the position. Then he formed his line of battle around the Hacienda San Lorenzo, the men sleeping on their arms.

Marquez, under cover of the night, retreated; and in the morning, when Diaz expected battle, the enemy was out of sight. Not to be balked, however, Diaz ordered his cavalry in pursuit, at a gallop, and came up with Marquez at a bridge spanning a ravine, into which the latter ran his artillery there abandoning it. The Emperor's troops, who held the post of honor, the rear-guard, stood their ground. A few hundred yards beyond the bridge was a narrow pass, where Marquez could have held the enemy in check, and have retrieved perhaps the losses of the day; but this miserable coward, selecting a small but well-mounted escort, fled back to the capital, his command arriving a few days afterward.

It was when Marquez returned to the city of Mexico that Arthur Bodkin saw that the city was virtually given up to the Liberals. Surrender was in the air. Gloom was upon the visage of every foreigner, while sly smilings and confident struttings denoted the feelings of at least ninety per cent of the Mexicans.

"I want your leave, sir, to join the Emperor," said Arthur to Baron Bergheim the morning that Marquez told a lying story of his defeat.

"I shall come with you, Herr Bodkin. Prepare to start to-morrow. Hey! this is no place for honest men. If we have to die, let us die fighting for Maximilian."

When Rody O'Flynn received orders to march, his first thought was for the lady of his love.

"Couldn't we smuggle her wid us, sir? She won't be safe here, I'm afeard. They're all bloody villyans. I wouldn't thrust a Mexico farther nor I'd throw a bull be the tail, and that's not far."

"She will be quite safe with the Von Steins, under the Austrian flag."

"I suppose so, Masther Arthur; but I'd rayther have her wid us. They say the ould man is only fit for Swifts. He's shut up in the house below, and won't let man nor mortal inside the dure. I wint down there yestherday, and I knocked until me knuckles were wore off. At last he kem

to a top windy. 'Who's that?' sez he. 'It's me,' sez I. 'Who are ye?' sez he. 'Rody,' sez I. 'I wish the divil had ye,' sez he. 'For what?' sez I. 'If it wasn't for ye and yer colloguerin' I'd be safe and sound,' sez he; 'but I'm suppin' sorra, no less. Be off wid ye!' Well, sir, I thried for to arguey wid him, but he wouldn't hear raison. 'Have ye any message for Mary?' sez I. 'I have,' sez he, 'for yer betthers!' And he ups and he shuts the windy. Mebbe ye could get at the soft side of him, Masther Arthur."

"I'll have a try for your sake, Rody."

"God bless ye, sir!"

It was after nightfall when our hero, alone, visited the house in the Calle San Francisco, Rody awaiting him in the Portales Mercatores. After considerable banging at the door, the old man hailed Arthur from an upper window; and, upon learning who it was, descended to the ground-floor, unbarred the shutters of the store, or counting-house, which were defended, as is usual in Mexico, with enormous iron bars.

"Did you send the papers to your friend Talbot, to the mine?" asked the usurer, eagerly.

"Yes, of course,—at once."

"Didn't you get a receipt?"

"Certainly."

"Have you got it?"

"I have,—here it is."

"Are you mad, man? Keep it—for her! They're after me. Mazazo's devils are watching me; but I can hold out in this old fort, I tell you. I have plenty of victuals, and my old *criada* comes to the window when nobody is about, and leaves me fresh food. What is going to be done? I hear that Marquez ran for his life."

"We are going to Queretaro."

"Who's *we?*"

"Rody and myself."

"Oh, that's bad,—infernally bad! Rats deserting the ship."

"We are no rats," laughed Arthur: "we are true men. Our Emperor is at Queretaro, and it is under his command that we want to be."

"Where's Mary?"

"Your daughter is perfectly safe with the Baroness von Stein."

"That sounds grand, but you know she's an Alvarado. You're not married, Mr. Bodkin?"

"No."

"Well, sir, I'm as good as a dead man"—here he shuddered,—"and, in any case, I haven't long to remain. She's a good girl,—as good as gold, as good as gold. I'll give her to you, and all her fortune." And the old man's knuckles gleamed white on the great rusty bars of the window.

"I am immensely obliged to you, Mr. O'Flynn, but—"

"Oh, don't say no, sir! I never did a dishonorable action. I've done sharp things, *very* sharp things. I've been hard, hard, *hard;* but no one can tell my child I was dishonorable. Take her, Mr. Bodkin. She'll make a royal wife, and think of her *fortune!*" dropping the last word to a keen whisper.

"I am really very much obliged for your confidence, Mr. O'Flynn; but I can marry only one woman, and that woman is not your daughter."

The old man tried to shake the bars, while he groaned: "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

"But I have reason to know," said Arthur, "that as noble a man, as brave, as loyal, as truthful a man as ever walked in God's sunlight is in love with her, and—"

"Who is he? Who? Who? *Who?*"

"Your kinsman, Rody."

"Bah!" yelled the old man, as he swiftly banged the wooden shutters to, and proceeded to put up the bars.

Arthur, seeing that it was useless to endeavor to regain the old man's ear, returned to the Portales Mercatores.

"So he said 'Bah,' sir! Begob he meant for to say 'Yah,' and that manes yis. It's

all right, and God be good to ye, Masther Arthur. If ever I get her, mebbe the ould chap's goold won't rowl at Ballyboden!" muttered Rody. "A quarther will do for us, no less; and the rest will go to wan of the finest ould families in all Ireland. Whoo! Whoop!"

XXXIII.—In the Throes.

Arthur Bodkin received a number of letters from home almost as he was about to put his foot in the stirrup to join the Emperor. His mother and sisters wrote long epistles, giving him all the local gossip, which is always so precious when we are away from the domestic hearth. And Father Edward, who never missed sending the *Weekly Vindicator*, also wrote.

"I have been told," said the good priest, "that *your* Miss Nugent is with the poor Empress, and that she is the greatest comfort to her. Lady Oranmore, whose husband is Ambassador at Vienna, informed your good mother, who told me. I offer Mass every morning for your safety, and for that decent boy, Rody O'Flynn, and also for the restoration of the poor Empress to her reason. We see all sorts of things in the papers, but I don't believe anything unless it comes from you. There are too many rockets in Rody's letters,—fireworks of all sorts.

"Mr. Mike Ffrench, of Loughnagarrawn, is a little out of his head, and is after me to take a trip with him to the South of France. His family are pressing me hard—very hard. Of course he will have Pat Dempsey, his own man, with him, in case he gets too crazy; so I would be safe. I am going to ask the advice of my dear parishioners next Sunday at last Mass. I can't realize going farther than the Tulburny crossroads north, or Cahir-na-Corin south. If I *do* go, I'll go and see Miss Nugent, and—well, I'll go bail she'll talk freely with me."

This was the only tale or tidings that Arthur had of the lady of his love since that glorious July evening at Rio Frio; and, small as the crumb was, the poor fellow made a hearty meal on it. Alice was safe and well. That was reassuring. Did she ever think of him? Did her thoughts return to the land of Montezuma? Did she wonder what he was doing, and if he was with Maximilian? And did she know of the crisis, and the desperate game that was being played by desperate men against desperate odds?

When Arthur Bodkin arrived at Queretaro, not without considerable risk, he found the Emperor and staff in the very best of spirits; for on the previous day a sortie in force had been made, in which nineteen guns and six hundred prisoners had been captured from the enemy; and the moral effect upon the Liberals was very marked.

The Emperor, as soon as he saw Arthur, advanced toward him, exclaiming:

"What tidings of Marquez?"

Arthur told him all that he had learned.

"This is bad," said the Emperor; and, turning to Prince Salm-Salm, he entered into a prolonged and animated discussion, gesticulating violently—a thing very unusual with him,—and slapping Salm-Salm on the breast by way of emphasizing his words.

Later in the day Prince Salm-Salm came to Arthur.

"The Emperor is full of grim misgivings as to the loyalty of Marquez," he said, "and has ordered me to leave for Mexico to-night. I am to order Marquez to come here with his entire force; and in the event of refusal I am to arrest him. I am to take five hundred troopers—the Hussars. Would you like to come with me?"

"It is what I would have asked, Prince."

"Then be ready at midnight. We leave by the Cerro Gordo road, and may drop into some fighting."

"I am blue-moulded for it, as they say in Ireland," laughed Bodkin.

At midnight the smart little force emerged from Queretaro; but instead of striking the Cerro Gordo road, the Prince swung round by Buena Vista, as the enemy was concentrated in force at the former. After riding a couple of miles a brisk fire was opened upon them on the right, while in front dark masses of the enemy in course of formation told Salm-Salm that to proceed would prove disastrous. Calling a halt, he rapidly explained the situation.

"We must retire," he said; adding, "besides, I am hit."

He had been shot, slightly though, in the left foot, and the wound was becoming exceedingly painful.

It was with a heavy heart that Arthur rode back into Queretaro; for his Irish blood was up, and he was for dashing through the enemy, spurring hard to Mexico, arresting Marquez, and returning in force.

Arthur saw a great deal of the Emperor during the next few days. His Majesty, who rose at daybreak, visited the outposts on foot. He inspected every battery himself, and sighted every gun; then he would repair to the hospital to minister to his wounded soldiers. His attire was a broad-brimmed, richly-laced *sombrero*, high military boots, and a white blouse. For one hour each morning, after hearing Mass, he would walk in the square before the Church of La Cruz; at sunset he would walk for exactly one hour in the same place. It was here that Arthur strolled with him. He liked the young Irishman, his earnestness, his enthusiasm, and his truthfulness. Arthur spoke as freely to Maximilian as he would to Trafford, and told him what he thought of Lopez and the whole affair of Mazazo.

"We shall deal with Mazazo, Bodkin," the Emperor said. "As regards Lopez, your judgment is in error. He is true as steel."

The tower of the Church of La Cruz was the Emperor's observatory until it became too hot to hold him; for Escobedo's guns were posted opposite, and some of them within six hundred feet. One morning Maximilian and his staff, Arthur being with them, ascended the tower. The Bodkins of Ballyboden were ever remarkable for wondrous powers of vision, being accredited by the county people with being able to see in the dark; and as Arthur was passing a loophole, he perceived Escobedo, field-glass in hand, directing the position of a masked cannon. Darting up the steps, he yelled:

"Have a care, sire! Escobedo is training a gun upon you. Down! down!"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips ere a shell burst over their heads, scattering bricks and mortar, and wounding the Count Ehrich Gratzberg.

"This is a little too near to be pleasant, gentlemen. Let us descend," laughed the Emperor, ordering the stairway to be closed.

About the 1st of May came ominous whisperings of a scarcity of food, and of terrible suffering on the part of the poor. The Emperor issued an order that all persons possessing a stock of edibles should sell at a reasonable rate, and he personally organized a staff to see that the poorer citizens were at least secure from utter destitution; while the army was reduced to rations of horse and mule flesh. Although the Emperor had in his suite half a dozen cooks of the highest skill—one of whom, by the way, at this hour of writing is *maître d'hôtel* at the Iturbide,—he fared exactly as did the commonest private soldier; and, save for an occasional glass of rich old wine, coffee was his daily beverage.

It were profitless to tell in detail the story of the siege, with its horrors and distress, its heroism and cowardice, its achievements and its sacrifices. There were, all told, but nine thousand men in the imperial army to withstand forty thousand Liberals. Brilliant feats in war-

fare, sortie, and repulse; the dashing charge of Prince Salm-Salm with his cuirassiers; the rascally desertion of Marquez; the gallant defence of the Cruz; the attempt to break through the lines; the councils of war; the overtures to the enemy; the final surrender through treachery,—all these have passed into history.

As the siege neared its termination, when it was known that vengeance was the dominant sentiment of Mexico, and that Maximilian's life was to be the price of satisfaction, the Emperor was entreated to take the cavalry, force his way to the capital, and leave the remainder of the troops to continue the defence.

"I do not deceive myself," he said; "I know if they get me they will shoot me. But while I can fight I will not run away: I would rather die. It is against my honor to leave the army. What would become of this city, so faithful to us? And our wounded we can not take with us. It is simply impossible what you propose."

So marked, even among the veterans of so many fields, was the bravery of their chief that they bestowed upon him the bronze medal for valor; upon one side of which was the head of Maximilian, on the other, "*Al Merito Militar.*" Upon one memorable day, when some officers and men who had won this eagerly coveted distinction were paraded to receive it, General Miramon stepped forward and presented the medal to the Emperor himself, with these eloquent and soldierly words:

"Your Majesty has decorated your officers and soldiers as an acknowledgment of their bravery, faithfulness, and devotion. In the name of your Majesty's army, I take the liberty of awarding this mark of valor and honor to the bravest of all, who was always at our side in all dangers and hardships, giving us the most august and brilliant example,—a distinction your Majesty deserves before any other man."

Upon the 11th of May Maximilian by decree created a regency, and upon the morning of the 14th preparations were made for the evacuation of Queretaro. This was the sixty-seventh day of the siege and the fifty-second since Marquez left for Mexico for reinforcements and money, and he made no sign. Food and forage were nearly exhausted, the garrison was on the verge of famine,—ruin stared every man in the face. A council of war was held, and it was decided that the whole army should move out at midnight and pierce its way through the Liberal lines.

(To be continued.)

An Anniversary.

TEN years,
O best and truest friend,
Since you smiled: "This is the end!"
Since in the holy place
I looked upon your face
For the last time that day
When they gave you to the clay.
Ten years, and my eyes are dim with tears.

Ten years!
Beside me breaks the wave;
But I see a distant grave,
And I hear the branches sighing
Where long you have been lying.
Oh, that my brow might rest
On the earth above your breast!
Ten years, but my cheek is wet with tears.

Ten years,
And to the altar-stone
That once we called our own,
To-day the others came
And softly named your name,
And left bright flowers there,
And breathed and craved a prayer.
Ten years, but their thoughts were full of tears.

Ten years!
And though my lips have quaffed
Full many a bitter draught,
No day has been so drear
That I did not feel you near.
O kindest, truest friend,
Leave me not till the end!
Ten years, and my eyes are dim with tears.

The Story of Father Anthony O'Toole.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

ON the wall of the island chapel there is a tablet which strangers read curiously. The inscription runs: "Father Anthony O'Toole. For thirty years the shepherd of this people. Died December 10, 1812. Aged eighty years. 'He will avenge the blood of His servants, and will be merciful unto His land and to His people.'"

Many and many a time has a summer visitor asked me the meaning of the Old-Testament words on the memorial tablet of a life that in all probability passed so quietly. Any child in the island will tell you the story of Father Anthony O'Toole. Here and there a very old man or woman will remember to have seen him, and will describe him—tall, despite his great age; with the frost on his head, but never in his heart; stepping down the cobbles of the village street, leaning on his gold-headed cane, and greeting his spiritual children with such a courtesy as had once been well in place at Versailles or the Little Trianon. Plainly, he never ceased to be the finest of fine gentlemen; though a less inbred courtesy might well mist in the isolation of thirty years. Yet he seems to have been no less the humblest and simplest of priests. Old Peter Devine will tell you his childish memory of the venerable priest sitting by the turf fire in the fisherman's cottage, listening to the eternal complaint of the winds and waters that had destroyed the fishing and washed the potato gardens out to sea; and pausing in his words of counsel and sympathy to take delicately a pinch of the finest snuff,—snuff that had never demeaned itself by paying duty to King George.

But that was in the quite peaceful days, when the country over there beyond the shallow water lay in the apathy of exhaustion, helpless and hopeless. That was years after Father Anthony had flashed out as a man of war in the midst of his quiet pastoral days; and, like any Old-Testament hero, had taken the sword and smitten his enemies in the name of the Lord.

Father Anthony was the grandson of one of those Irish soldiers of fortune who, after the downfall of the Jacobite cause in Ireland, had taken service in the French and Austrian armies. In Ireland they called them the Wild Geese. He had risen to high honor in the armies of King Louis, and had been wounded at Malplaquet. His son followed in his father's footsteps, and was among the slain at Fontenoy. Father Anthony, too, became a soldier, saw service at Minden, and carried away from it a wound in the thigh, which made necessary the use of that gold-headed cane. They said that, soldier as he was, he was a fine courtier in his day. One could well believe it, looking at him in his old age. From his father he had inherited the dashing bravery and gay wit of which even yet he carried traces; from his French mother he had the delicate courtesy and *finesse* which would be well in place in the atmosphere of a court.

However, in full prime of manhood and reputation, Father Anthony, for some reason or other, shook the dust of courts off his feet, and became a humble aspirant after the priesthood at the missionary College of St. Omer. He had always a great desire to be sent to the land of his fathers,—the land of faith and hope, of which he had heard from many an Irish refugee; and in due time his desire was fulfilled. He reached the island one wintry day, flung up out of the teeth of storms; and was in the island thirty years, till the *reveille* of his Master called him to the muster of the heavenly host.

Father Anthony seems to have been innocently ready to talk over his days of

fighting. He was not at all averse to fight his battles over again for these simple children of his, who were every day in battle with the elements and death. Peter Devine remembers to have squatted, burning his shins by the turf, and watching with fascination the lines in the turf ashes which represented the entrenchments and the guns, and the troops of King Frederick, and the French line, as Father Anthony played the war-game for old Corney Devine, whose grass-grown grave is under the gable of the island chapel.

Now and again a fisherman was admitted, by special favor, to look upon the magnificent clothing which Father Anthony had worn as a colonel of French Horse. The things were laid away in lavender, as a bride might keep her wedding-dress. There were the gold-laced coat, and the breeches with the sword-slash in them; the sash, the belt, the plumed hat, the high boots, the pistols, and glittering among them all the sword. That chest of Father Anthony's and its contents were something of a fairy tale to the boys of the island, and each of them dreamed of a day when he too might behold them. The chest, securely locked and clamped, stood in the sacristy; and Father Anthony would have seen nothing incongruous in its neighborhood to the sacred vessels and vestments. He generally displayed the things when he had been talking over old fighting days,—to the island men mostly, but occasionally to a French captain who, with a cargo (often contraband) of wines and cigars, would run into the island harbor for shelter. Then there were courtesies given and exchanged; and Father Anthony's guest at parting would make an offering of light wines, much of which would find its way to sick and infirm island men and women in the days that followed.

Father Anthony had been many placid years on the island when there began to be rumors of trouble on the mainland. Just at first the United Irish Society had been quite the fashion, and held no more rebellions than the great Volunteer movement of a dozen years earlier. But as time went by things became more serious. Moderate and fearful men fell away from the Society, and the union between Northern Protestants and Southern Catholics, which had been a matter of much concern to the government of the day, was met by a policy of goading the leaders on to rebellion. By and by this and that idol of the populace was flung into prison. Wolfe Tone was in France, praying, storming, commanding, forcing an expedition to act in unison with a rising on Irish soil. Father Anthony was excited in those days. The France of the Republic was not *his* France, and the stain of the blood of the Lord's anointed was upon her; but, for all that, the news of that expedition from Brest set his blood coursing so rapidly and his pulses beating that he was fain to calm with much praying the old turbulent spirit of war which possessed him.

Many of the young island fishermen had left the island and were on the mainland, drilling in secrecy. There were few left, save the old and women and children, when the blow fell. The government, abundantly informed of what went on in the councils of the United Irishmen, knew the moment to strike and took it. The rebellion broke out in various parts of the country; but already the leaders were in prison. Calamity followed calamity. Heroic courage availed nothing. In a short time Wolfe Tone lay dead in the provost marshal's prison of Dublin, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was dying of his wounds. In Dublin dragoonings, hangings, pitch-capping and flogging set up a reign of terror. Out of the first sudden silence terrible tidings came to the island.

At that time there was no communication with the mainland except by the fishermen's boats or at low water. The

island was very much out of the world; and the echoes of what went on in the world came vaguely, as from a distance, to the ears of the island people. They were like enough to be safe, though there was blood and fire and torture on the mainland. They were all old and helpless people, and they might well be safe from the soldiery. There was no yeomanry within many miles of the island; and it was the yeomanry, tales of whose doings made the islanders' blood run cold. Not the foreign soldiers—oh, no! They were often merciful, and found this kind of warfare bitterly distasteful. But it might well be that the yeomanry, being so busy, would never think of the island.

Father Anthony prayed that it might be so, and the elements conspired to help him. There were many storms and high tides, that set the island riding in safety. Father Anthony went up and down, comforting those whose husbands, sons, and brothers were in the Inferno over yonder. The roses in his old cheeks withered, and his blue eyes were faded with many tears for his country and his people. He prayed incessantly that the agony of the land might cease, and that his own most helpless flock might be protected from the butchery that had been the fate of many as innocent and helpless.

The little church of gray stone stands as the vanguard of the village, a little nearer to the mainland and the spit of sand that runs out toward it. You ascend to it by a hill, and a wide stretch of greensward lies before the door. The gray-stone presbytery joins the church and communicates with it. A ragged *boreen*, or bit of lane, between rough stone-walls, zigzags from the gate, ever open, that leads to the church, and wanders away to the left, to the village on the rocks above the sea. Everything is just the same to-day as on that morning when Father Anthony, looking across to the mainland from the high gable window of his bedroom, saw on the sands something that made him dash the tears from his old eyes and go hastily in search of the telescope, which had been a present from one of those wandering sea-captains. As he set his glass to his eye that morning the lassitude of age and grief seemed to have left him. For a few minutes he gazed at the objects crossing the sands—for it was low water—in an attitude tense and eager. At last he lowered the glass and closed it. He had seen enough. Four yeomen on their horses were crossing to the island.

He was alone in the house; and, as he bustled downstairs and made doors and windows fast, he was rejoiced it should be so. Down below, the village was calm and quiet. The morning had a touch of spring, and the water was lazily lapping against the sands. The people were within doors; of that he was pretty well assured, for the island was in a state of terror and depression. There was no sign of life down there, except now and again the barking of a dog or the cackling of a hen. Unconsciously, the little homes waited the death and outrage that were coming to them as fast as four strong horses could carry them. "Strengthen Thou mine arm," cried Father Anthony aloud, "that the wicked prevail not! Keep Thou Thy sheep that Thou hast confided to my keeping. Lo! the wolves are upon them." And as he spoke his voice rang out through the silent house. The fire of battle was in his eyes, his nostrils smelt blood, and the man seemed exalted to twice his natural size. Father Anthony went swiftly and barred his church doors, and then turned into the presbytery. He flashed his sword till it caught the light and gleamed and glanced. "For this,—for this hour, friend," he said, "I have polished thee and kept thee keen. Hail, sword of the justice of God!"

There came a thundering at the oaken door of the church. "Open, son of Belial!" cried a coarse voice, and then there

followed a shower of blasphemies. The men had lit down from their horses, which they had picketed below, and had come on foot, vomiting oaths, to the church door. Father Anthony took down the fastenings one by one. Before he removed the last he looked toward the little altar. "Now," he said, "defend Thyself, All-powerful!" and he let the bar fall.

The door swung open so suddenly that three of the men fell back. The fourth, who had been calling his blasphemies through the keyhole of the door, remained yet on his knees. In the doorway, where they had looked to find an infirm old man, stood a French colonel in his battle-array, the gleaming sword in his hand. The apparition was so sudden, so unexpected, that they stood for the moment terror-stricken. Did they think it something supernatural?—as well they might; for to their astonished eyes this splendid martial figure seemed to grow and grow, and fill the doorway. Or, perhaps, they thought they had fallen into an ambush.

Before they could recover, the sword swung in air, and the head of the fellow kneeling rolled on the threshold of the church. The others turned and fled. One man fell; the others, with a curse, stumbled over him, recovered themselves, and sped on. Father Anthony, as you might spit a cockroach with a long pin, drove his sword in the fallen man's back, and left it quivering. The dying scream rang in his ears as he drew his pistols. He muttered to himself: "If one be spared he will return with seven worse devils. No: they must die, that the innocent may go safe." And on the track of the flying wretches he shot one in the head as he ran, and the other he pierced as he would have dragged himself into the stirrups.

In the broad sunlight, as the villagers, alarmed by the sound of shooting, came timidly creeping toward the presbytery to see if harm had befallen the priest, they found Father Anthony standing on the greensward, wiping his sword and looking about him at the dead men. The fury of battle had gone out of his face, and he looked gentle as ever, but greatly troubled.

"It had to be," he said; "though, God knows, I would have spared them to repent of their sins. Take them," he said, "to the Devil's Chimney, and drop them down; so that if their comrades come seeking them, there may be no trace of them."

The Devil's Chimney is a strange, natural *oubliette* of the island, whose depth none has fathomed; though far below, you may hear a subterranean waterfall roaring.

One of the dead men's horses set up a frightened whinnying.

"But the poor beasts!" said Father Anthony, who had ever a kindness for animals. "They must want for nothing. Stable them in McOra's Cave till the trouble goes by, and see that they are well fed and watered."

An hour later, except for some disturbance of the grass, you would have come upon no trace of these happenings. I have never heard that they cast any shade upon Father Anthony's spirit, or that he was less serene and cheerful when peace had come back than he had been before. No hue-and-cry after the dead yeomen ever came to the island, and the troubles of '98 spent themselves without crossing again to the island. After a time, when peace was restored, the yeomen's horses were used for drawing the island fish to the market, or for carrying loads of sea-weed to the potatoes, and many other purposes for which human labor had hitherto served.

But Father Anthony O'Toole was dead many a year before that tablet was set up to his memory. And the strange thing was that Mr. Hill, the rector, who, having no flock to speak of, is pretty free to devote himself to the antiquities of the island, his favorite study, was a prime mover in this commemoration of Father Anthony O'Toole, and himself selected the text to go upon the tablet.

A Frivolous Wife.

II.

AN hour later Alfred opened the gate of the little garden surrounding the house, to find the porch occupied by several gaily dressed young ladies and their escorts, in the midst of whom sat Charlotte, who, though she had been laughing as he approached, as his eye rested upon her for a moment, became ill at ease. Depressed as she had been but a short time before, the arrival of her lively acquaintances had almost dissipated both melancholy and ill-humor. She hoped to persuade her husband to accompany the party, anticipating his mood by her own. But the first sight of his grave face made her fear that, unlike her, he had not endeavored to banish the unpleasant effect produced by their disagreement on the beach; and the knowledge made her feel irritable once more.

Silence fell upon the group as he approached. With some embarrassment, entirely different from her usual manner, Charlotte introduced her handsome, grave-looking husband to her new friends.

"What a serious fellow!" whispered Miss Burton to her companion—an artist, with an attenuated mustache, and long, neglected hair, surmounted by an immense straw-hat, which he had forgotten to remove in the presence of the ladies.

"Evidently a chump," was the happy reply of that unconventional personage to his fair friend.

Although Alfred was unaware of being the subject of their remarks, the quick, searching, and not entirely complimentary glance which flashed upon them from his large dark eyes seemed, as it were, to disconcert them; and, edging back from the outside of the group, they relapsed into silence.

At this juncture Mrs. Burton, a stout, florid woman of about forty-five, very much overdressed, in a style far too youthful for her age, turned airily to Alfred, saying:

"So happy that you are here at last, Mr. Delaplaine! Your dear little wife has been worrying about you; her pleasure would have been quite spoiled to-day without you."

Mr. Delaplaine bowed. Mrs. Burton continued:

"We are due at Newport day after to-morrow. Some friends of ours—the Boldewings—he is the famous shirt man, you know,—have rented a villa there for the summer, and are having a series of house-parties. We shall return here in a fortnight, unless we go to Saratoga."

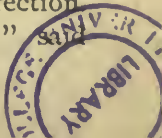
Mr. Delaplaine bowed again, but did not speak.

"But what I wanted to say was this. We were to have given a ball next Thursday, had it not been for the Newport invitation. But now I have decided on a *bal champêtre* instead. I have just discovered three charming Hungarian musicians, whom we will take with us to Mellin's Point, where the old pavilion is, you know. And after lunch we shall dance all the afternoon, and as far into the night as the young people wish. The moon does not rise till late, and it will be delightful coming home. We have only been awaiting your arrival."

"Many thanks for your kind invitation," replied Mr. Delaplaine; "but I fear I must decline it. I never dance; besides, I shall be obliged to return to the city on the ten o'clock train to-night, in order to be in time for a pressing engagement to-morrow morning. But my wife, no doubt, will be pleased to accompany you."

His tones were polite; he had striven to make them so, and he hoped they had betrayed nothing of the bitterness which filled his heart. He ventured to glance at his wife. She did not look in his direction.

"Too bad! *So* disappointed!" said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Mrs. Burton, in a tone into which she endeavored to infuse an appearance of regret for the deprivation of his company.

"But what will you do with yourself all day?" she continued. "You will be horribly bored."

"And he deserves to be," said another of the gay crowd, with what was meant for a fascinating smile. "But, Mrs. Delaplaine, *you* are not going to desert us?" she added, turning to Charlotte.

"*I!* No, indeed!" replied that young woman, with a defiant toss of the head. "My husband does not propose keeping me a prisoner here."

"No, my dear," he said, turning toward her with a gentle courtesy. But she avoided his eyes. Then, addressing himself once more to Mrs. Burton, he continued: "Again I beg that you will excuse me. I have been very much occupied during the week, and came down for a quiet Sunday; and I shall enjoy a sail on the water very much. I shall take a boat this afternoon and go out for a couple of hours."

"The sea is very rough to-day," said the man with the flowing locks. "But perhaps you are a good sailor?"

"Moderately good," was the reply. As a matter of fact, he was entirely at home on the water.

"It is past eleven!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, looking at her watch. "Time we were on our way, if we expect to take luncheon at one. Jack has already gone ahead with the hampers."

A general uprising ensued. The ladies shook out their skirts. Mrs. Burton led the way, and the rest followed. Charlotte lingered for a moment behind, hoping that her husband would say some special word. He stood, hat in hand, looking toward the sea. As the ladies filed by, he saluted each with a courteous bow and smile. He did not look her way, and there was nothing left but to follow the party.

"Good-bye, Alfred!" she said timidly, hoping for something she knew not what.

"*Au revoir*, Charlotte!" he said pleasantly; and, running up the steps, he closed the door.

"So he closes his heart against me!" was the mental reflection of Mrs. Delaplaine as she followed her friends. "And, not content to thwart me at every step, he has chosen to humiliate me before these comparative strangers. At a look, a smile from him, I would have remained at home; for the prospect of the day's outing has become wearisome to me. But he never once sought my eye, never once addressed me particularly. The dullest dullard must have noticed his serious, not to say sullen, manner. He does not love me,—he *never* did love me, or he could not have mortified me thus."

Filled with these bitter thoughts, she hastened to join Mabel Burton, who was waiting with her attendant swain — the Bohemian already referred to—at the end of the path overlooking the beach. As she reached them she caught sight of a figure advancing from the direction of the hotel. It was Davenant the poet, of whom her husband had spoken so severely in the morning. After saluting the party, he remarked:

"But where is your husband, Mrs. Delaplaine? Was he not to have joined us to-day? Detained in town by pressing business perhaps?"

There was a sarcasm in his tone which did not escape her, but she pretended not to notice it as she replied:

"Mr. Delaplaine is not feeling well, and prefers a sail, which always invigorates him. For my part, the least motion of the water makes me ill. As he does not care to dance, and, I fear, has conscientious scruples against that frivolous amusement on Sunday, we have agreed—"

"To disagree," said Mr. Davenant, now walking beside her in the rear of the other two. "Well, it is somewhat of an innovation—dancing on Sunday; but Mrs. Burton is nothing if not *fin de siècle*."

A deep flush overspread Mrs. Delaplaine's countenance. She had actually forgotten the day.

"Surely Mrs. Burton must not have considered when she arranged the programme for the afternoon and evening," she said. "Not that there is any great harm in dancing on Sunday in itself, but it is against all custom—in our country, at least; and I do not think it wise to set *les convenances* at defiance."

"Is this a little Puritan?" he thought, while he said: "Independence is the order of the day, Mrs. Delaplaine. In Europe, you know, they do it—at least in some Catholic countries."

"Among the peasantry, perhaps," she replied promptly. "But I do not think it is customary with refined people."

"You have been abroad?" he interrogated. "If so, you know something of the license which exists in the so-called Catholic countries?"

"I have never been out of my own country," she answered. "But, as a Catholic, I can not altogether believe that all travellers' tales of the low state of morality in Europe can be true. I have naturally heard a great deal on the other side."

"Beg pardon!" he said quickly. "Meant nothing offensive, I assure you. Wonder you are not at the services in Ponatwak this morning. I have been told the Bishop is there."

With a pang of shame, she remembered that it had been her intention at the beginning of the week to suggest to her husband that they drive over to the village where Mass was to be said that day. Usually there were no religious services in that neighborhood. With the thought came a wave of resentment, and a new access of pain at the grievances, real and imaginary, which had characterized the experiences of the morning. Then, reflecting that her companion might think her silence rude, she said, in reply to his remark:

"I had forgotten that the Bishop was coming, and my husband knew nothing of it. I am afraid you will not think me a very staunch Catholic," she continued, smiling brightly up at him.

But he had seen the troubled look on her countenance a moment before, had heard the stifled sigh of which she herself had not been aware, and at once classified her as a neglected wife.

"I think you simply charming," he replied, with a confidence that overreached itself, as he advanced a step closer to her side.

Mrs. Delaplaine was no coquette.

"I beg that you will not forget yourself, sir," she said, with a proud movement of the head, changing her parasol as she spoke from the right hand to the left, so as to place a sort of barrier between them. But this "poet of the decadence," as he was pleased to term himself, in his egotism misinterpreting her directness for an allurement of coquetry, smiled softly as he bent his head almost to a level with her face, and replied in what he meant to be the most tender of accents:

"And thus you are still more charming."

At this moment Mabel Burton looked back, saying:

"Mrs. Delaplaine, do you see your husband? He is just going out."

Glad of any diversion from the unpleasant situation in which she found herself, Mrs. Delaplaine looked seaward, hastening her steps meanwhile in the direction of the others. Yes, it was Alfred: she knew his graceful little craft. She longed for a glance, a wave of the hand,—something which might indicate that he saw her and was not displeased with her. But he did not once turn his eyes in their direction, as, with sails full spread to the breeze, he shot swiftly out to sea.

Davenant seemed to interpret her thoughts, though she studiously averted her eyes.

"He does not vouchsafe even a glance,

Mrs. Delaplaine," he said, in a low voice.

Leaving him abruptly, she joined the group in advance.

It was a very gay affair, that luncheon; some might have thought too gay, for wine and champagne flowed freely. Neither were they despised by the ladies, who became as lively as the merriest could desire. Mrs. Delaplaine alone, complaining slightly of a headache, did not indulge. After the Hungarian musicians had partaken of the relics of the feast, they were bidden by Mrs. Burton to arrange themselves on the large platform, which had originally been designed and formerly occupied by a famous sea-shore orchestra. The effect was to make them appear like pigmies, or like isolated remnants of a band of minstrels lost in a wilderness of space. So, too, with the music, which could scarcely be heard in the great, barn-like structure. But the hostess, always equal to the occasion, suggested that the party betake themselves again to the dining-room, there, amid the *débris* of their own and departed feasts, to pursue their Terpsichorean way. But this also proved a failure, as that portion of the building, being directly exposed to the afternoon sun, soon became insufferably warm.

After this they wandered off in couples and groups, seeking a shady spot, it having been generally agreed to defer the dancing until evening. And now the fun grew fast and furious; so much so that Mrs. Delaplaine, who had been vainly trying to understand a joke Mrs. Burton had been telling, with interruptions of idiotic laughter for which her listener could not see the slightest excuse, at length contrived to slip away. She longed to be alone. She would have given much to be at home with her little ones. The society in which she had found so much pleasure during the past fortnight had suddenly become distasteful to her.

Leaving the pavilion, she walked slowly toward an abandoned summer-house, from which she could obtain a view of the point of rocks and the distant light-house, which had been her and her husband's objective point that morning before the unfortunate quarrel which had spoiled her day. She was glad now that he had not accompanied her: she would not have had him see the vulgarity of those whom she had designated by the title of friends. Her cheeks burned with shame that she could have had so little penetration. The memory of Davenant's impertinence haunted her. She could not help contrasting the bearing and conduct of the other men of the party with that of her husband, whose presence, she went so far as to think, must have been a restraint upon them. And yet she felt a certain irritation against him, as though it had been his fault that she now found herself in an uncongenial situation, of which his presence could at least have spared her some disagreeable features.

Taking out her watch, she saw that it was four o'clock. Only four, and they could hardly reach home before eleven! Oh, if she might tear herself away with some show of propriety! Alfred would be just about returning. The children, pure and fresh in their afternoon dresses, would run to meet him; he would give a hand to each, and, whatever his mood toward her, his joy and affection with them would be perfect and unrestrained. Yes, he was a most tender and loving father. For the first time the thought struck her (and it pierced her like a knife) that he seemed fonder of them than she did; they were certainly more happy to be with him than alone with her. But when was she ever alone with them save at night, when there was nothing more to be done but sleep? Seldom, she reflected; and again the pang smote her.

Mrs. Delaplaine entered the summer-house and sat down, looking out upon the sparkling waves, which were very much agitated. For a long time she sat motion-

less, her head slightly bent forward, her hands loosely clasped in her lap. She grew positively homesick, with the longing of one who had been absent for a length of time from her best-beloved. Always the vision of the happy, white-robed children dancing beside their father as they walked up and down the beach, was before her. She felt as one shut out, cut off from happiness; as though some great calamity had befallen, or was about to befall, her. What if some accident had happened to the boy, so like his father that she had always playfully called him, "Alfred the Second?" Or to the two-year baby girl, the delight of her father's heart? Once her husband had said to her, speaking of the child: "Charlotte, her laugh is exactly like your own. I think it is the sweetest thing in the world." She had not minded it then; it touched so deeply now that the tears sprang to her eyes,—no she would not repress them: let them come; they relieved her heavy heart.

Suddenly she remembered that her husband was returning to the city on the late train; that she would not see him again for a fortnight. A spasm of regret for her conduct that day convulsed her soul, as she reflected on all it must have meant to him. But again that feeling of irritation against him for having gone after his own devices seized her; it seemed to her, after the disillusion of the day, even more cruel than at first. She hastily wiped the tears from her eyes. Some one sighed behind her. Looking up quickly, she saw the "poet of the decadence" standing at her side. She did not attempt to conceal the impatience which his presence caused her. She bit her lip and frowned. Of this he apparently took no notice; saying in a soft, modulated voice, which he meant to be very expressive:

"Is it permitted, Mrs. Delaplaine, that one may break in upon your sweet day-dreams,—for sweet I know they must have been? Yet stay! Methinks I see a tear."

"I was *not* dreaming," she answered, coldly; "merely resting a little, and seriously considering the question of returning home."

"Why wish to tear yourself away from us in this manner?" he said, seating himself on the bench opposite her; adding with a sigh: "You, who are in truth the queen of the feast, should not desert your subjects, one of whom at least will be utterly inconsolable."

"What nonsense you dare to talk, Mr. Davenant!" she said, with an impatient contraction of the forehead.

"Oh, do not frown!" he went on. "Your frowns wound me, but your sighs hurt me still more. That you should repulse me is not so hard or so painful as to know that some secret sorrow renders you unhappy."

"Unhappy! What do you mean? *Why* should I be unhappy?" she exclaimed.

"Why indeed?" he said. "I know not, unless it be that your beauty and sweetness are unappreciated where they should be most cherished. It is the province of the poet to penetrate the mask which to ordinary souls appears to be the real 'thou.' The tones of your voice, the turn of your head, all betray some secret sorrow, which if it might be my privilege to alleviate, to dispel, would—"

"I fear the champagne which you enjoyed so greatly has gone to your head, Mr. Davenant," she retorted, hastily rising from her seat. "Allow me to pass, if you please!"

"Sweet one, do not be coy; do not leave me thus," said the poet, barring the way with his extended foot, at the same time endeavoring to seize her hand.

"Silence! Let me pass!" she cried, rushing from the place, to encounter Mabel Burton and her inseparable admirer, the Bohemian, on the pavilion.

"Mabel," said Mrs. Delaplaine, "I must beg you to excuse me to your mother. I

do not feel well and must return home."

Finding expostulation of no avail, they allowed her to proceed, continuing their walk. A moment later she heard loud screams of laughter from the summer-house, and felt instinctively that Davenant was rehearsing the late scene with his congenial friends, no doubt with additions of his own. Her feelings outraged, her pride humiliated, she stumbled rather than walked along the hot, sandy beach.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LIII.

WITH all the devices for making piety, or religion, easy and agreeable, there is no blinking the necessary and most disagreeable of all processes, and that is self-conquest. Thus we go on delightfully; for a time everything is smooth; we seem to ourselves to be getting better and riper for heaven every day—when of a sudden comes some little contradiction or check. Instantly the "old man" himself seizes on us, and the whole fabric gives way. Old humors burst out; it is like a madness,—we yield in all directions; are worse than ever. Extraordinary this, but our Thomas à Kempis explains it all:

"The inward man has not been laid waste." It is like a sickness that has been wrongly treated,—that is, not treated at all. "There is not," he goes on, "a more troublesome or worse enemy to the soul than thou thyself art when not well agreeing with the spirit. Thou must in good earnest conceive a true contempt of thyself, if thou wilt prevail against flesh and blood. Because thou lovest thyself as yet too inordinately, therefore dost thou fear to resign thyself wholly to the will of others. But what great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and a mere nothing, submit thyself to man for God's sake, when I, the Almighty and the Most High, who created all things out of nothing, have for thy sake humbly subjected Myself to man?... Learn, O dust, to obey! Earth and clay that thou art, learn to humble thyself, and to bow down under the feet of all. Learn to break thine own will and to yield thyself up to all subjection.... What hast thou, vain man, to complain of? What answer, wretched sinner, canst thou make to those that reproach thee,—thou who hast so often offended God and so many times deserved hell?"

The argument here is, in truth, irresistible and unanswerable; and what a fine eloquence in the passage "Learn, O dust, to obey," etc.! But the whole is summed up, "pressed down, running over," in the notable paragraph where it is asked, "Where shall we find a man who serves God disinterestedly?" The more we turn this over in our mind and meditate on it, the more shall we see all that it comprises. After telling us that if a man give his whole substance, or do great penance, "it is nothing; and if he attain to all knowledge, he is far off still; and if he have great virtue and very fervent devotion, *there is still much wanting to him.*" A smile comes on the face of our pietist. "Not so much, after all," he will say. "What is that?" asks Thomas. Hear: "That having left all things else, he leave also himself." Epigrammatic this! "And when he shall have done all things he knows he ought to do, let him think he has done nothing." Was there ever anything so compactly practical! How it puts "in a nutshell" the distinction between the world's "goodness" and that which God requires! "Leave also thyself.... Think thou hast done nothing." Thus the personal is put aside; the only positive is "God's service."

LIV.

One of the arts of our author is the constantly "reminding" us of many obvious and even conventional things. Thus he tells us "to bear the cross, to love the cross; to chastise the body and bring it under subjection; to fly honors, to love to suffer insults; to despise one's self and to wish to be despised; to bear all adversities and losses, and to desire no prosperity in this world." These things, he frankly says, we—ordinary persons—can hardly attempt. "Of yourself you can do nothing of this; but if you confide in the Lord, strength will be given, and the world and the flesh shall be made subject to you."

(To be continued.)

A New Danger.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IT should surely be far from the intention of any reasonable being to deprecate any innocent practice which tends to take people out of doors, and to be of benefit to health and spirits. All athletic exercises, which make the body more sound ordinarily improve the mind as well. But in the history of any craze there usually comes a time to call a halt. Such a time has arrived for the present extraordinary rage for bicycle riding.

The bicyle has its praiseworthy uses. It is a convenience for many who could afford no other method of transportation; it permits workingmen to dwell outside the dingy town in which they must toil; it lures the pale student from his books, and takes him to the wholesome fragrance of field and wood. There are, in short, many things to be said in favor of the poor man's patient steed, which eats nothing and requires so little care.

But there is another and a serious side to the question. Sunday has come to mean to the majority of wheelmen a day for a race, or one in which to prove the respective merits of this or that route for a "spin." Complaint comes from non-Catholic clergymen everywhere that Sunday bicycling is interfering with church attendance. The streets upon that sacred day are filled with flitting creatures in grotesque garb, in lines or in crowds; hurrying out, perchance, for trials of speed where money changes hands, and into which jealousy and anger enter.

And this is not all. Among the cherished prerogatives of the "new woman" the right to wear men's garments and to ride a wheel ranks high. In the cities she is as much in evidence in this respect as is her brother. Here the law of moderation comes in again. Now, a modest woman, properly costumed and behaving with dignity, is not necessarily an objectionable object when flying along upon the end-of-the-century substitute for the horse. But there are influences at work which make the thoughtful shudder. With bicycle riding comes a wonderful development of good-comradeship. The girl wheeling along the highway—or worse, the byway—is on terms of jolly intimacy with any strange bicycler who overtakes her. Distances are obliterated by this new and magic mode of travel; and the maiden soon finds herself far from home, often with lawless companions who know no bounds of propriety. Young women are permitted to ride off after nightfall where no mother's eye can follow, and dismay and shame enter, too late, many a happy household. The chaperon, so far as heard from, does not ride a bicycle.

If more evidence of this new danger is needed it is to be found in the fact that the Woman's Rescue League of Boston calls upon the good people of the land to discourage the practice of bicycle riding by girls, and says: "Thirty per cent of the girls that have come to the Rescue League for aid were bicycle riders at one time."

Notes and Remarks.

Catholic France is preparing to celebrate the fourteenth centenary of her baptism. On Christmas Day, A. D. 496, Clovis and his Franks, fresh from their victories, found the true faith; and that date really fixes the birth of the generous nation who for so long a period held the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church and Champion of the Cause of God. The celebration of the centenary will take place at Rheims, the city where Clovis was baptized by St. Remi. The indications are that the commemoration of the event will prove a magnificent religious and patriotic festival, and one whose lessons, it may be hoped, will make for an amelioration in the condition of the Church and her children in the French Republic.

A Chicago paper tells a story of a family of Italian immigrants which, if not true, is beautifully invented. They were weary and dusty, having just arrived in the great Western city. The father carried a large bundle, and the mother, similarly burdened, carried also a small child in her arms; while three other children tottered along under large parcels altogether disproportioned to their sizes. One of them, a boy of eight years, saw a familiar print of the Madonna in a neighboring store; and, dropping his bundle, he touched his father's arm. The man turned, with a smile on his careworn face, and in an instant parents and children were kneeling bareheaded in the street, and for the time being they forgot that they were wanderers on a foreign strand. For a while they knelt in prayer to the Child and His Mother; then, crossing themselves, they gathered up their bundles, and with fresh hearts and joyous faces resumed their march through the busy street.

Dr. Fitch, of San Francisco, who has been having a lively discussion with the "new woman," is evidently determined not to give her the last word. He quotes the census of 1890 to prove that forty-five per cent of the male population are unmarried at thirty years of age; and this condition is due, he says, to the unloveliness and intrusiveness of the shrieking sisterhood. "With the new woman in the field," he declares, "men can no longer afford to marry, from the fact that they can not longer earn a living for their families. The women are down town taking the places of men,—not because they are as capable of filling those places, but because their services can be had cheaper; and when these women do marry—well, twenty-five per cent of the marriages in this State, at least, terminate in the divorce courts. Marriage to-day, in a very large proportion of cases, is just a legalized partnership, because parenthood is neglected."

Whatever may be thought of the theory proposed by Dr. Fitch, his figures are as significant as they are indisputable. There are some evolutions which do not "evolve"; and, to most unprejudiced observers, the advent of the new woman means the abolition of the old-fashioned idea of marriage. She is an incontestable proof that Max Nordau's theory of "Degeneration" is not altogether a nightmare.

There is a special pleasure in hearing good reports of the Church in missionary countries. The reports are not always clear and are sometimes contradictory, but it is pretty safe to credit favorable news when it happens to be reported by a non-Catholic. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, referring to the town of Hsi-ying-tzu, in the diocese of Mgr. Bex, paints this pretty picture of a Catholic community in North China:

"There are now about three thousand Christians in the diocese, organized in village communities, under the direction of headmen receiving their appointments from the Bishop. Litigations are almost invariably settled without recourse to the native authorities,—the Fathers and the Bishops being practically the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of their flocks. The Christians contribute two per cent of their crops for the support of the church; and this, together with the heavy taxes due the government, absorbs about ten or twelve per cent of their receipts; notwithstanding which they enjoy—thanks to the protection that the priests can grant them from the exactions of native officials which weigh so severely on all Chinese—a comparatively high degree of material welfare....

"To illustrate the perfect control under which the Christians are held by their spiritual fathers, it will suffice to mention that the former Bishop

of this diocese forbade the practice of compressing female infants' feet; and, in spite of the social ostracism which this non-observance of a most cherished custom must forever bring upon them, everyone obeyed. The authority which the carrying out of such a measure implied may be conceived when it is known that K'ang-hsi, the most powerful Emperor of this dynasty, was obliged to repeal a decree he had issued forbidding binding women's feet, after trying for four years to have it enforced."

There is surely no note of hopelessness in this "unsolicited testimonial." With a few accidental changes, this mission of the Belgian priests might serve as a modern copy of the famous Reductions of Paraguay.

The so-called benighted era of the Middle Ages was, after all, not so bad a period for the laboring class. A Belgian exchange furnishes some interesting details relative to the economic condition of the working people during the fifteenth century. In Saxe a day-laborer's weekly wages amounted to the value of four sheep. Harvest laborers boarded by their employers were furnished with four dishes at dinner and supper. It is cited as a case of remarkable economy that Bavarian housekeepers during this same period served their domestics at supper with only two dishes of meat, besides soup. In Austria a mason received as his weekly wage the value of sixty pounds of beef. In England the acts of Parliament testify that beef, pork, veal, and mutton were regarded as the ordinary food of the poorer classes. On the whole, the laboring man fared passably well in the Dark Ages, on whose deplorable condition so much senseless indignation has been expended.

The honor of ministering to the lepers of Molokai having been attributed to the Anglican Church by some ill-informed writer, the Anglican Bishop of Honolulu has written a manly letter to one of the Hawaiian papers, in which he disclaims "any participation in the honor of contributing to the settlement on Molokai any of those who are devoting their lives to the service of the lepers." The really important thing is that the unfortunate lepers are well cared for, thanks to the heroic example of the sainted Father Damien. If it were possible for Bishop Willis and his clergymen to do for them what Catholic priests have it in their power to do, we would rejoice that the credit should redound to the Anglican Church. But Bishop Willis holds to the motto, "Honor to whom honor is due"; and honor is due to him for his very manly letter.

The antiquarian has already fallen foul of Mexico, and there is the usual harvest of sensational "discoveries" in consequence. Dr. le Plongeon claims to have found in our sister republic the cradle of the human race. Egypt, he says, was colonized from Yucatan, and the Greek alphabet is simply a Yucatanese version of the lost Atlantis. The momentous issue of these discoveries is thus happily hit off by the American *Review of Reviews:*

"If the daring conclusions of the veteran explorer could be verified to the satisfaction of all scholars, we might well begin an agitation for the absorption of Mexico into the territory of the United States, in order to free ourselves from the reproach of possessing no antiquities. Unquestionably, the cultured element of our citizenship has chafed considerably against the newness and rawness of everything in our own country. To be able to claim the tomb of Abel, and to add the original Garden of Eden to our series of national parks along with the Yellowstone and the rest,—that would certainly be antiquity enough to satisfy the most exacting."

What faith can the simple-minded novice place in specialists with preconceived theories in view of such statements as these? Is it possible that the New World is the older, after all? There is, however, one good result to follow from Dr. le Plongeon's researches: they will help to call attention to a country which has been comparativly ignored by American travellers.

It is seldom that a religious has so eventful a career as that of the late Brother Julian (Dr. J. S. Shaw), professor of chemistry in Rock Hill College. Born in 1839, he passed rapidly through school and college courses, winning his medical degree with honor from the University of Louisiana. When the war broke out he enlisted with the famous "Louisiana Tigers"; and, after a severe engagement, was left for dead on the battle-field. He recovered, however, and, being

captured by the Union troops, was sent to Little Rock, where he directed the Federal army dispensary. Escaping thence with two companions, he lived for a while in the woods, eating only acorns, until he could pass again through the Northern lines. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of medicine until 1867, when he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers, exchanging the cure of the body for the benefaction of souls. His life was not less edifying than eventful. May he rest in peace!

A type-setting machine which, if it realizes the hopes which scientific men have formed of it, is destined to revolutionize the art of printing, has just been invented by Father Calendoli, a Sicilian Dominican. An expert compositor can "set up" about three thousand letters an hour; the swiftest machine thus far employed brings the figure up to fourteen thousand; but the device, a very simple one, invented by Father Calendoli, enables the operator to place fifty thousand letters in position in an hour, besides affording numerous other advantages which will be highly useful to publishers. There is a certain grim irony in the circumstance that the press, which has always had a weakness for sneering at religious orders, should find its greatest modern benefactor in a humble Dominican friar.

To our mind, the most interesting portion of the unfortunate Father Hyacinthe's "Last Testament" is the letter addressed to him by Cardinal Newman in 1870. This communication from the great English convert, who had "suffered like things" himself, is not the least of the graces lost on the apostate of Notre Dame; but it may benefit other weak brethren to whom "imperious acts" are oftentimes a trial of faith. We give Cardinal Newman's letter entire:

"MY DEAR FATHER HYACINTHE:—I am always glad to hear from you and of you. It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the one true fold of Christ, and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation. I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you as well as others have received in the ecclesiastical events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the one Church. There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus:

'Beware of dangerous steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.'

"Let us be patient. The turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and a stern Nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us. The Church is the mother of high and low, of the rulers as well as of the ruled. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* If she declares by her various voices that the Pope is infallible in certain matters, in those matters infallible he is. What bishops and people say all over the earth, that is the truth, whatever complaint we may have against certain ecclesiastical proceedings. Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal voice. God bless you and keep you!"

It is particularly gratifying to us to learn that the venerable Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, is in the enjoyment of excellent health; and we heartily join with his friends and spiritual children in the hope that the beloved prelate may be spared many more years. We have observed that those who have had the rare distinction of reading obituaries of themselves seem to get a new lease of life; and we trust that the estimable Archbishop of Tuam, who was referred to in a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA" as "the late Mgr. MacEvilly," may be no exception.

There is one industry which certainly does not flourish in Catholic countries—the divorce-factory. In Canada, recently, nearly all the members of the Senate Divorce Committee resigned, because their efforts for the popularization of divorce, through legislative enactment, were not appreciated. The defunct committee complain that their report was often rejected as a whole, and often without being read. This will be sorrowful news for the decadents, but it is a gratifying proof that the feeling in favor of divorce is making no progress in Catholic countries. Honest Protestants, who have at heart the welfare of the race and the preservation of morality, will eventually ally themselves with the one power which holds and enforces the saving doctrine that marriage is a Sacrament, not a simple contract to be dissolved after thirty days' notice.

Washington's "Rules of Civility."

BY M. E. KELLEY.

IN one of the celebrated museums of our country there is preserved a quaint, old-fashioned copy-book, the leaves fast turning yellow and the ink growing brown. Its pages are closely covered in a neat and rather stiff handwriting. It is just what you would imagine it must be—the copy-book of a very careful, well-trained school-boy. The boy who wrote those dignified sentences has long since been dust, but his is one of the few names that will never be forgotten. School-boys, especially American school-boys, repeat it with admiration.

Now you know who the boy was, of course. He was George Washington, "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; and the book contains the rules by which he meant to guide his life. It is known as Washington's "Rules of Civility"; and it has been shown clearly that these rules are based on "Maxims" of the French Jesuits, which were imported to this country by one James Marge, who taught Washington at Fredericksburg, Va., where he established a school, from which three Presidents went forth—Washington, Madison, and Monroe. Marge himself was educated by the Jesuit Fathers of Rouen. It is pleasant to think that Catholic priests had so much to do in forming the character of George Washington.

Perhaps some of the boys of to-day—and the girls too, for that matter—may like to know what these rules were. They are just as good and helpful to-day as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, when George Washington wrote them down for his own guidance. The language sounds somewhat stiff to our modern ears; but when the Father of his Country was a boy people were, as a rule, slower and more dignified in their speech than they are nowadays.

Here are a few of the most important of those quaint old rules. Boys and girls of the present might well consider them carefully, stately language and all:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

"Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.

"Turn not your back to others, especially when speaking.

"Read no letters, books or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

"Show not yourself glad at the misfortunes of another, though he be your enemy.

"Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

"In writing or speaking give to every person his due title, according to his degree or the custom of the place.

"When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

"Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting; and if you deliver anything witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

"Play not the peacock, looking anywhere about you to see if you be well decked,—if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly and clothes handsomely.

"Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table speak of melancholy things, as death and wounds; and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discussion.

"Speak not injurious words either in jest or in earnest; scoff at none, though they give occasion.

"Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute; hear and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

"Reprehend not the imperfections of others; for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

"Gaze not on the marks and blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend deliver not before others.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"When another speaks, be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not nor answer him till his speech is ended.

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach those that speak in private.

"Speak no evil of the absent; for it is unjust.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not: put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers; for good-humor makes one dish a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

There are fifty-four of those rules, every one of them as serious and sensible as those I have given. Perhaps the very best of the lot, however, is the last:

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIV.—A Lesson.

Miley chuckled as he looked at the box. His revenge would be complete in a few moments. All the luscious contents would repose in the buggy with Professor Grigg's package of books; and when Steve Osborne would open his box in the presence of the club, he would find only stones. Miley chuckled. He felt that nothing he could do would be too bad for Steve Osborne. Nothing!

Miley was not in the habit of examining his conscience after the manner of the scrupulous Jack. Jack's hatred for Steve Osborne was a temptation, which arose out of his heart every now and then. He struggled against it, he prayed against it; and he could not tell what was just indignation against Steve's boastfulness and insolence, and what was dislike and jealousy of Steve personally. Jack suffered as much from the pangs of his conscience as from the pain which

Bob's preference for Steve had given him.

Miley had hitherto always hit back when anybody struck him. He thought it was a duty to love his friends and to maltreat his enemies. He held that everything was fair in war—and he made war on everybody who was, as he termed it, "nasty" to him. If you were "nasty" to Miley you were bad, and no affliction was too great for you. Miley always forgave every enemy that he could not catch. He was a typical school-boy, but by no means a typical Christian school-boy. He believed in a fair fight and in fair play; but if your enemy did not believe in fair play, your duty was to attempt any trick in your power on him.

Miley was manly enough, but his motto was "give and take." You gave your enemy back, and with a vengeance, all the strokes he gave you. At the same time Miley had a stringent code of honor, the rules of which, however, were few.

He had intended to bring a chisel with him. In fact, he had picked up one that a carpenter had left in the refectory corridor, but mislaid it in some way. As he looked round for something with which to open the box, he laughed over Steve Osborne's speeches of the day before. Miley had been in the act of taking off his football suit when Steve had come into the barrack with some members of the club. They had seated themselves on the stools and talked, and Miley had listened and ground his teeth.

"School is a bore," Steve had said. "I was used to a great deal of freedom at home. I had a suite of rooms in my aunt's house,—the old lady just adores me, you know. Why, money is no object to her,—no object at all. She would shower cash on me here, if there was any way of spending it, you know."

At this point Miley had been tempted to ask why Steve has not paid back the dollar he had borrowed from John Betts, and which John made the subject of constant grumbling to his intimate friends. But he restrained himself.

"My aunt," continued Steve, "doesn't often send me a box, but when she does it is a corker. She may not send me one this year at all, but when I get home she will make up for it. If she sends a box there will be quail in it, and I shouldn't wonder if the turkey were stuffed with Italian chestnuts. She never spares any expense. Last year—you remember last year—"

"Yes," said one of Steve's admirers. "Your aunt's box came, but it was so warm that week that everything was spoiled, except a bottle of olives. I remember you told us how sorry you were when you saw that canvas-back duck entirely spoiled. You had promised us a great feed, you know."

"It was an awful disappointment," said Steve. "I shall never forget how I felt when I saw that brace of duck and a big salmon and a monstrous turkey lying there, packed in frilled paper, entirely spoiled and unfit to eat. There was nothing left but some boxes of sardines and the olives."

"But they were good olives," said his admirer, looking about for a challenge.

"They were Boston olives," answered Steve, modestly.

"How about the champagne in the last box?" asked the admirer. "You must have felt bad when you found the bottles broken?"

"Yes," said Steve, sadly; "I never felt so bad in my life. And I was afraid that some of it had run out of the box, and that old Grigg might have smelled it. You see, the weather was so warm that the champagne, jostled in the car, had fermented and burst the bottles. It was an awful disappointment. There were three bottles, and they cost five dollars and thirty-three cents a piece. I saw the bill."

There followed a silence of admiration. What an aunt to have! What riches! What glory was Steve's!

"This time I hope things may not be spoiled," said the admirer. "We could have a boss meeting of the club if your aunt's box came all right, couldn't we?"

"It is very warm," said Steve; "and the old lady *will* send the most expensive things in hot weather. Bless you! what does *she* care! 'Steve,' she always writes, 'if your box is ever spoiled, I'll send you another.' But I'd rather have the money. If it wasn't for you fellows, I'd never care to have a box at all."

His companions felt that this was a beautiful sentiment, and applauded it.

This dialogue ran through Miley's mind as he looked for a sharp instrument; and he laughed and he laughed again. And when he had found a strong, pointed piece of slate, which had fallen on the railroad track from the coal cars, he laughed again. He locked himself in the station and began to pry open the box. The light from the kerosene lamp fastened to the wall above his head showed the broad and expectant grin on his face. Ah, the canvas-back duck! He had never tasted canvas-back duck; and he thought of the turkey stuffed with Italian chestnuts. How Faky Dillon would enjoy turkey stuffed with Italian chestnuts! Miley did not think he would care for it himself—he preferred onions and sage,—but probably Faky might like it. And the champagne! He had heard of champagne. He remembered that when his father had spoken of better days he had often alluded to champagne. As Miley plied the hard, thin, pointed piece of slate with a skilful fist, he had to stop to laugh again.

The club and its box of stones! Already he heard Steve talking, while the club, in its secret haunt, awaited the opening of the box. Already he heard Steve's coterie saying all sorts of flattering things, while their mouths watered at the thought of the canvas-back duck. In his mind, he saw Bob Bently, with his imagination full of mince-pie, watching while Steve drew the nails out of the box. He laughed so much at this picture that he had to throw himself back against the wall to roar—actually to *roar*.

A tramp, who was outside, tried the knob of the door; and, being a good-natured tramp, he was forced to join in Miley's infectious laughter.

This echo brought Miley to a sense of the important duty that lay before him. He went to work at the box. The lid was lifted off at last; for Miley, though greatly tempted, devoted no more valuable time to laughter; for the station-master might return at any moment.

Miley hastily removed the upper layer of thick brown paper. Would the turkey or the duck or the champagne appear first? He held his breath. Could his vision withstand the glories he was about to see?

Underneath the brown paper there was a package of stockings, and below this another of winter underclothing; a small pocket-book, a little picture of Shakspere drawn with a pen on yellow wood, varnished; a box of biscuits and several boxes of sardines. Yes, there was a large bottle of catchup, too,—but no other bottle.

Miley looked at the lid of the box. It was directed to Stephen Osborne. It was certainly *the* box. He tossed everything out on the floor. He opened the pocket-book: it contained five dollars in silver.

The kerosene lamp shone no longer on a broad grin: Miley's face was grave. He was oppressed by the thought that he might have opened the wrong box. Where was the canvas-back duck? Where was the champagne? He thrust his hand to the bottom of the box, in the hope of finding even a solitary quail. He was not sure that he would know a quail if he saw it; he knew, however, that the pocket-

book was not a quail,—he was sure of that.

He tossed the things back into the box. What did Steve Osborne's aunt mean? Miley grew indignant at her. What kind of an old lady could she be, to treat her nephew in this manner? An old lady living in Boston, too, the home of champagne and quail and all the good things of life! An old lady with millions, too! What business had she to send a pocket-book with five silver dollars in it? Miley was disgusted.

"Old curmudgeon!" he said. "I'm glad she's not *my* aunt. Aunt Esther wouldn't treat me that way; and though mother says Aunt Mary is a crank, I'm sure she wouldn't be so mean.

Miley concluded that there was nothing to do but nail up the box, and this filled him with regret. As he picked up the lid he noticed on the floor an envelope, unsealed. It was directed to "Mr. S. Osborne." Perhaps this letter held the explanation of the means of Steve's aunt. He picked the envelope up. Should he read the letter within it or not? He held it in his hand, and reflected seriously. It was Steve Osborne's letter. He disliked Osborne. Maybe there was a secret in this letter which would make Steve Osborne afraid of him. It was wrong to read another person's letter; it was dishonorable. His mother had often told him that it was a sin. He was alone: who would ever know it? Who? God and his own conscience.

There was the letter, in its white envelope, unsealed. In that letter, perhaps, lay the reason why Steve Osborne had been deprived of his customary ration of quail, canvas-back duck, and champagne. It would be "great" to know it; it would be "immense." To know it and to feel that he could tell whenever he felt like it; to be able to fill Steve with terror whenever he saw him putting on airs; to be able to confide the secret to the club and to draw its members away from Steve! He twirled the letter in his hands.

The temptation was great. Miley knew that he ought to say an "Our Father." He knew that if he said the "Our Father" he would not open the letter. But he wanted to open it, and he did not say the "Our Father."

He looked about him, feeling like a sneak. No one could see him,—he knew that; yet the kerosene lamp in front of its rusty reflector seemed to be an eye. He knew he was a sneak to think for a moment of opening that letter. But he wanted to know what was in it, and there it lay in the palm of his hand. Nobody would ever think that a manly boy like Miley Galligan could open another person's letter, and he would like to hear anybody say he would do such a thing!

He slipped the letter from the envelope and opened it, crushing back all qualms. The letter was written in an old-fashioned hand, and ran thus:

DEAR STEVE:—I send you what I can. It is not much. Your bill has been paid, and this is all I shall have to spare for two months. Take good care of it. Keep up appearances as well as you can. I am sure, from what I hear, that nobody at the school suspects that you are the son of Philip Phillips, the forger, now serving his term. Above all, keep up appearances; but do not tell lies. I want you to have such an education as will take you out of the reach of everybody your father ever knew; and you will always bear my name, Osborne. Your father loves you and repents; he grieves day and night for the shame he brought on his only son. He sends you this little picture, done in his leisure hours. He begs you to keep it, and forgive him if you can; though he asks you to forget that he is your father. I put this in the box, because Professor Grigg sometimes opens boys' letters. It is his right.

Your loving,

AUNT FANNY.

Miley put the letter back, sealing it first. He went to work and nailed the lid on the box. He was not laughing now. When he had driven in the last nail with the aid of a big stone, he sat on the box and said to himself:

"You're a sneak, Miley Galligan,—you're a sneak! God's ashamed of you."

He knew that he was a sneak, and he despised himself. A great pity for Steve Osborne and a thorough contempt for himself took possession of him. He sat on the box, wondering if he could ever look an honest boy in the face again. He began to cry, and he cried until he heard the station-man outside. It seemed to him as if he had lost something he could never regain, and this was his own good opinion of himself.

"You've been a good boy," said the station-man, as he opened the door.

"I'm as mean as dirt," answered Miley, averting his face.

The box and the books were stowed in the buggy. Miley drove rapidly toward the school. As he passed Father Mirard's church he did not dare to lift his hat as usual. It would be a mockery,—God must despise him; so he drove on, heartily despising himself.

(To be continued.)

"Be Steadfast, Brother!"

BY AUNT ANNA.

During the terrible days of the Indian mutiny a young English ensign, while bearing his colors at the front, fell a victim of the Sepoys. He was but sixteen years old, had been tenderly reared by loving parents in a quiet country home in England, and now lay dying alone, without one friendly face to look upon, or one kind voice to say farewell. He could not raise a hand to drive away the swarms of insects; and high in air birds of prey were circling, waiting for their prize. He knew that death could not be far off, and said the prayers his mother had taught him, and waited calmly for the end. As he was lapsing into the forgetfulness which often precedes death he heard terrific shouts, and soon there came trooping along a fierce band of Sepoys, dragging with them a young native convert, whom the ensign recognized.

"Give up your Christian God," they shouted, "or we will deal with you worse than we do with the English!"

The wounded ensign saw, with sorrow, that the dark-faced catechist showed some signs of yielding; so, raising himself upon his elbow, and making one supreme effort, he called:

"Brother, brother, be steadfast! Do not lose your place in heaven for a little place here."

Then he died, but his noble words had done their work. The convert regained his courage, and said, firmly:

"I will *not* renounce the Christian God."

At that moment a troop of white horsemen came clattering up, scattering the Hindoos, and rescued the catechist, who never afterward ceased to testify how the dying words of the poor lad kept him in the true faith.

There is not one of us, however humble, who can not say by voice or example, "Be steadfast!" to some fainting brother who is tormented by enemies more cruel even than the Sepoys.

BRING together all the children of the universe, you will see nothing in them but innocence, gentleness, and fear. Were they born wicked, spiteful and cruel, some signs of it would come from them; as little snakes strive to bite and little tigers to tear. But nature having been as sparing of offensive weapons to man as to pigeons and rabbits, it can not have given them an instinct to mischief and destruction.

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

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Night Prayer.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

UNDER thy tender hands of rose and snows
Keep us, Queen Mary;
All in a love-lit shadow like a rose,
Guard with thy hands above
Our little lamp of love
From every wind of sin and death that blows.

Under thy sweetest palms of ivory
Shadow my father;
That wheresoe'er he goes there still shall be
Thy saving hands outspread
Ever upon his head,
Guiding him homeward to thy Son and thee.

Yea, turn our hearts to service of thy Son,
Sweetest Queen Mary;
Whatso thou willest shall it not be done?
Order our lives that they
Shall please Him every day,
Till in His kingdom we shall leap and run.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

PREFACE.*

HERE are few examples in the history of mankind more worthy of admiration and profound respect than those of the Catholic missionaries in America"; "nor is there a more touching and romantic page in our country's history than that which records their labors and sufferings." "In these Western wilds they were the earliest pioneers of civilization and the faith." "The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French or Spanish conquest"; for "not a cape was turned or a river entered but a missionary led the way."

Sons of the mild and seraph-raptured Francis, sons of the ardent yet gentle Dominic, sons of the high and intellectual Loyola,—all mingled in the strife. From Padilla, who died on the prairies of New Mexico before a European colonist had pitched his first rude cabin on our shores, to Rale, who fell amid the remnant of a tribe hemmed in by the nation-like colonies that had grown up around, what a glorious line of heroes! "Every tradition bears testimony to their worth." "With a singleness of heart, a self-sacrifice and constancy of purpose to which a parallel can scarcely be found; casting behind them the comforts of civilized life; deprived of the solaces of society and the sympathy of friends, and surrounded by dangers and discouragements on every side, they exhausted their energies in a work for which they could not hope for any other reward than the consciousness of having done a great duty approved in the sight of God, as designed to enlighten the moral

* Drawn from various Protestant writers.

and mental darkness of a degraded race of human beings."

The missionary of Spain first entered our territory. Scarce was Mexico in the hands of the Catholic sovereign when the proto-herald of the faith had fallen a victim to his zeal, a thousand miles away from his countrymen, on the high plains of New Mexico. Florida was next bedewed with the sweat and blood of these heroic men; then on the Pacific they plunged into the primeval forests, and were the first to explore the unknown realm of California and Oregon.

Another Catholic nation now began to colonize America. New France arose, almost entirely upheld by the missionaries and their efforts, amid the neglect of the court. In a few years these missionaries had visited and instructed every tribe from the Kennebec to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and along that mighty river and its giant lakes, till Superior spread before them her cold and glassy sheet. Here they paused in their line of conquest. A new field opened before them; a Jesuit crowned the labors of his Order and his time by the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi. The valley of the great river of the West and its mighty branches was a new and untrod field; its numerous tribes were visited and converted where the heralds of the faith did not die in the attempt.

The oppressed Catholics of England were not insensible to the call of the benighted savage. Maryland numbered four zealous Jesuits among the pilgrims who first landed in the Chesapeake Bay. They rushed to the conquest of souls, and soon fell, dying under their excessive toil. Others pressed on; but the fair prospect of an Indian Christendom was to fade away like the mirage that dazzles the desert wanderer. The unsuspecting sons of Maryland had unwisely opened their doors to men dead to every generous feeling. The serpent which they pressed to their bosom stung them, and again and again with its vemon wounded and weakened its kind benefactors. Catholicity became enslaved; its ministers the object of persecution, its children subjected to every petty torture which the penal laws afforded. Yet the Indian missions had not been altogether fruitless: they blend harmoniously in the great whole, and complete the circuit of our empire.

In this vast expanse of country visited by the missionaries many tribes became entirely Christian: the Montagnais, the Algonquins, the Attikamegues, the Hurons and Petuns in Canada,—all of whom have been swept away by pestilence or the wars of the Iroquois. The Abnakis, too, more happy in the field, became fervent Catholics; while to crown the triumphs of the French Jesuits in Canada they could number thousands of converts in the very lodges of the Iroquois, the bitterest enemies of the faith. Nor were the Franciscans in Florida or the Jesuits in Maryland idle in the field: while the Ottawas, Winnebagoes, and Sacs all gathered around the altars of their new faith in the North-west, the Patuxents and Piscataways had bowed to the Cross by their native rivers; and the Christian tribes of the Illinois, Yazoo and Arkansas could rival but not surpass the fervent Apalache and Yamassee in Florida.

"It was, however, only by sufferings and trials that these early laborers won their triumphs." "Mighty forests were to be threaded on foot, and the great lakes and dangerous rivers traversed in the feeble bark canoe or over the quaking ice. Hunger and cold and disease were to be encountered"; while each missionary on the way was in constant danger of death or torture and captivity at the hands of the prowling enemies of his wandering neophytes. "Each sedentary mission was a special point of attack to hostile tribes, each therefore liable to the horrors of an Indian massacre"; while those who

wintered with the wandering hunter had to endure the rigor of a Canadian winter, the food, the filth, the torturing smoke of an Indian cabin.

"Few of their number died the common death of all men," or slept at last in ground which the Church had consecrated. "Some, like the youthful Marquette, 'the discoverer of a world,' sinking beneath years of toil, fell asleep in the wilderness; and their sorrowing companions dug their graves in the green turf, where for many years the forest ranger stopped to invoke their names and bow in prayer before the cross that marked the spot." Some dragged to the settlement a frame exhausted by labor and misery and disease, to sink in death at the very threshold, or to expire on the vessel that was to bear them back to Europe. Some, like Turgis and Dablon, died by the bedside of the sick, victims of their charity.

Many won a more glorious crown of martyrdom. "Some, like Jogues and Corpa and Souel, sank beneath the blows of the infuriated savages." Some were cut off by treachery, like Chabanel, Ribourde and Segura. Some perished in the wilderness, alone, unseen by mortal eye, with none to receive their parting sigh; and "their bodies were left to feed the vulture whose shriek, as he flapped his wings above them, had been their only Requiem. Others like Brebeuf, Lalemant and Senat, died at the stake, and their ashes flew no marble tells us whither; while the dusky sons of the forest stood around, and mingled their wild yells of triumph with the martyr's dying prayer."

"But did these things stop the progress of the missionaries? Not a moment: they never retreated; their lives were made up of fearless devotedness and heroic self-sacrifice." "And as in a brave army new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the Cross." "Each felt that he was baptized for the dead"; and that his blood, poured out in the mighty forests of the West, would bring down perhaps greater blessings on those for whom he died than he could win for them by the labors of a life. "We can not hope," says one, "that our projects against the empire of Satan will bear their fruit till they are watered by the blood of some more martyrs."

"But how little is known of these men!" How few Catholics know even by name those glories of the American Church, those holy martyrs of the faith, who planted the Cross from one extreme of the continent to the other,—from the snows of Hudson's Bay to the snow-white magnolia of our most Southern shore; from the stately Potomac to the rapid Columbia; in spots which are now the sites of crowded cities busy with the hum of thousands; in spots which still know no denizen but the red-man and the game he pursues! How few are acquainted with the history of men whose eulogy we have thus far given from the mouths of Protestants,—of men who could draw from unimpassioned and impartial Sparks words such as these: "Humanity can claim no higher honor than that such examples have existed."

It has been a labor of love, though a labor of years, to collect the materials on which the following lives were written. Religious respect for those servants of God, and a desire to make them known, impelled me to the work. With all its faults, I dedicate it to them and the Angel of the American Church. To my Catholic countrymen I present it with confidence, convinced that my labors will be rewarded with their approval, for supplying, even imperfectly, a want which many must have felt.

FATHER JOHN DE PADILLA AND BROTHER JOHN DE LA CRUZ.

Father Padilla was killed at Quivira in New Mexico in 1543. Thus early does our list begin. Fifty years had not elapsed from

the day when the world-seeking Genoese loosed from the quays of Palos, before the soil of our Republic was reddened with the blood of missionaries,—self-devoted men, who laid down their lives as cheerfully as they had desired to employ them in bestowing on their murderers blessings which they were unworthy to conceive or to enjoy. The scene of their death—Quivira—recalls at once a host of dreams and fables of early writers, and demands some words of explanation.*

Of all the realms which now constitute our Republic, the first which caught the Spanish eye as a field for civil and religious conquest was Florida. But Florida was not then, as now, the sandy peninsula which bars the entrance of the Mexican Gulf: it was a vast region, which the St. Lawrence bounded on the north and the unknown ocean on the west; so that we may rather say it was our whole territory; the lower part, however, was more especially so called. It was supposed to rival Peru and Mexico in mineral riches; and, though in our days wealth more dazzling still has been found, every search for gold then proved hopeless. The Spanish adventurers, thus disappointed, despised what was far better—a fertile and productive soil, which in other hands has proved a surer and better means of national wealth than Potosi or Zacatecas. The inroads of the successive leaders from Ponce down to the time of Melendez left no trace but the bitter hate of the natives; and their narratives are scarcely of any utility, from the confusion of names successively given by each new visitant.

The expedition of Narvaez has, like all the rest, its romantic interest. Striking westward from Florida of our days, he saw his party dwindle to a scanty band, and sank under his toils. The survivors turned their faces to the setting sun and resolutely pushed on. After months of toil and privation, dangers by flood and field, from hunger and disease, Cabeza de Vaca, afterward famous in the Spanish main, with only one more Spaniard and a negro, reached the Pacific, and, turning southward, came to the settlements of his countrymen on the Gulf of California,—the Mar Bermejo of the time, so called from its resemblance in form to the Red Sea.

Cabeza de Vaca was soon engaged in new adventures. The negro Estevanico (*i. e.*, Little Steve) entered the service of some Franciscans, and told, with probably all a traveller's license, his wondrous tale. On nothing, however, did he dwell more earnestly than on the rich and densely peopled land of Cibolo, before whose great monarch bowed many a dependent king; whose cotton looms and cultivated realms made it a home of peace and plenty. Excited by his account, Father Mark de Niza set out from St. Michael's in Culiacan in the month of March, 1539, accompanied by Estevanico, intending to visit Cibolo and conquer it to the Cross.

After traversing two desert wastes he halted, and sent on Estevanico to Cibolo, with a part of his Indians, loaded with presents for the King. That monarch refused them, and, attacking the embassy, killed and wounded many, the faithful Estevanico among the rest. Father Mark, thus deprived of his guide, ventured near enough to reconnoitre the place; and, finding it impossible to proceed, returned with such information as he had received from the Indians.*

Vague as his accounts were, they excited the spirit of adventure, and the Viceroy Mendoza set on foot an expedition for

* Authorities: Castañeda de Nagera; Relacion du Voyage de Cibolo: Paris Bertrand, 1838, pp. 57–213. (Collection de Ternans Compan.) Torquemada, Monarquia Indiana, Vol. III., p. 610. Herrera, Vol. III. p. 207. La quatrieme partie des Chroniques des Frères Mineurs, 1500–1609: Paris, 1609, p. 356. Ensayo Cronologico, p. 21. Venegas. Hist. Naturelle et Civile de la Californie: Paris, 1766, p. 191.

* His journal is in the "Expedition to Cibolo of Castañeda."

Cibolo and the newly talked-of kingdom of Quivira, which lay to the east. Vasquez de Coronado commanded the expedition, and soon after his departure reached Cibolo. Here he found nothing to repay his toil, and accordingly pushed on in his career. Five Franciscans accompanied him. Father Padilla, being the most hardy, from having borne arms in his youth, was now detached with a party to reconnoitre Tusapan, while the main body of the force advanced on Tiguex, a town forty leagues north of Cibolo. Father Padilla and his party were attacked; but, encouraged by him, the little band cut their way through and rejoined the commander.

In 1542 Coronado was before Tiguex, but it refused him entrance or a passage: it was accordingly taken by storm. As it proved no enriching conquest, however, he set out again. Cicuyé, another town thirty leagues to the northeast, was reached in five days; and the Spaniards were well received. Cicuyé lay in a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains, covered with pines, and well watered by numerous streams abounding in trout. The houses, all of stone, were several stories high, and the town was well fortified.

This place, too, was soon left; and four days later they reached a broad and deep river, which arrested their progress, and which, though they supposed it a branch of the great river of De Soto—the Mississippi,—was evidently the Rio Grande. Four days were spent in constructing a bridge across this river; which done, Coronado for ten days more led on his troops, through the wilderness, to the northeast; and now for the first time he came upon a new race. The Indians whom he had hitherto found lived in houses: he was now among the Querechos,* whom Castañeda calls the Arabs of America,—men who lived on the vast plains which spread before them, subsisting by the chase of the bison, and pitching their tent of hides as convenience required,—during the hunting season, on the prairie; then descending to the towns on the river, to trade their hides for the commodities which their less errant neighbors possessed.

Quivira was now the object of all hope; and, after a long and painful march of eight and forty days, they reached the great city and its salt marshes.* Here Coronado was received by the naked King Tartadax, whose only wealth was a copper plate which hung around his neck. Now all delusion vanished from the mind of Coronado. Before him lay the Western prairie waving like a sea. The immense herds of bison were there; the wild tenant of the wilderness was there; the rudely grouped tents were there; but he looked in vain for gold or signs of wealth. Baffled and dejected, he planted a cross, and then retraced his steps toward the main body of his force, which he had left not far from Cicuyé. A fall from his horse, and a superstitious fear founded on the prediction of an astrologer, made him now resolve to put an end to the expedition, which had already lasted two years.

Father Padilla, however, resolved to remain and endeavor to convert the Indians, who seemed to be disposed to listen to the truth. He was a man full of zeal, who had joined the expedition, as he had come to America, to labor in converting the Indians. He had been the first guardian of the convent of Tulantrenco, but governed that of Tzaporlan when he at last saw his wishes realized, and was chosen by his provincial as one of the five who were to accompany the expedition. He was not now alone in his determination to remain: a lay-brother also joined him, together with a Portuguese named Ocampo, two of the Franciscan *donnés*,

* The Apaches Vaqueros of later historians.

* This seems to identify the Quivira of Coronado with the ruins of Gran Quivira, although it was put down at 40° north.

and some Christian Indians of Mechoacan. As to the name of the lay-brother, it is differently stated. Castañeda, with the historians of Florida, gives him the name of Louis Escalona; while by the historians of his Order he is called Brother John of the Cross (*de la Cruz*). The former, then, seems to be his family name; the latter, that which he assumed on taking the habit of St. Francis. He wished to labor at Cicuyé, and Coronado gave him guides to lead him there.

Father Padilla and his party took the road for Quivira, with sheep, mules and live stock, to begin a little settlement. According to some, the zealous Father intended to push on to a nation distant three months' march, who were described to him as peaceful and humane. But he never reached Quivira: not far from it the whole party was attacked by the wild Indians of the plains. Seeing the imminent danger of all, Father Padilla fell on his knees, and, urging his companions to fly with all speed, recollected his mind in prayer. They all escaped. Ocampo, after many adventures, reached Tampico; and the two *donnês*, Sebastian and Luke, with the other Indians, made their way to Mechoacan. Father Padillo was thus left alone, exposed to the fury of the savages. He was soon bristling with the arrows discharged at him from all sides, and breathed his last thanking Almighty God for the greatness of the favors bestowed upon him.

Such was the glorious end of Father John de Padilla, an Andalusian who had enrolled himself among the sons of St. Francis in the province of Granada. He was eminent for his piety and zeal, and had contributed greatly during the expedition to keep the soldiers in the path of duty, and prevent the many disorders which so often grow up in a camp.

As to the fate of his companion, who was left at Cicuyé, nothing certain is known. His humility, patience and charity had gained him the respect of the commander, who manifested it in the honors paid him. Nor had these qualities been less respected by the Indians. They bowed to them and to his fervent eloquence. It can scarcely be, then, that he was killed by the people of Cicuyé. If he fell, it was probably by the hands of the roving tribes, like his comrade, Father Padilla.

Nuestra Señora.

A Story of Maximilian and Mexico.

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

XXXIII.—(Continued.)

A TRAITOR'S name should turn to gall on the tongue. I have to speak of a traitor of traitors,—a man whom Maximilian took into his closest confidence,—a vile, despicable wretch, who betrayed his true, loyal and honest friend; a traitor, a coward—Miguel Lopez. This wretch was a cavalry officer in the Mexican army, and had attracted the Emperor's attention by his fine face and bearing. He was given the governship of the Castle of Chapultepec; and, being promoted step by step, was finally honored with the command of the Empress' regiment,—the most valued of all the commissions in the service, and for which Arthur Bodkin would have given ten years of his life.

This traitor Lopez was granted many gifts in money and articles. The Emperor stood godfather to one of his children, and he was gazetted Commander of the Imperial Guard,—a guard created for the personal protection of the Emperor. Bazaine decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and at the opening of the siege he had been selected as the most fitted to take charge of the key to

the position—the Convent of La Cruz. And this was the man who, while loud-mouthed in his demonstrations of loyalty and affection, opened negotiations with the enemy, and sold his friend and benefactor to—death. And the pitiful price of the foul dishonor was two thousand gold ounces, and a guarantee of his own personal safety!

I have had the satisfaction, small though it may be, of seeing the grass growing on the steps of the entrance to the mansion purchased by this Judas' gold; and of hearing one of Mexico's best citizens say, as he pointed out the significance of the bright green grass, "Traitor! traitor!" while he literally spat between the bars of the gates.

The name of Lopez has unfortunately to be coupled with that of Maximilian; but it is as the serpent and the lion, the miscreant and the man of honor.

It was upon the morning of the 14th that Baron Bergheim informed Arthur that the Emperor wanted to see him.

"Hey!" cried the Baron, who was smoking his beloved china-bowled pipe. "His Majesty has had a bad quarter of an hour. Hey! he doesn't believe any more in his Kismet. He seems to think that the black shadow is descending upon him, and the *atra cura* is awaiting him. I have done my best to rally him, but he was grave and preoccupied and silent. I tell you all this, Bodkin, to prepare you. Hey! hey!"

"Have you any idea of what he wants of me?"

"Not an idea in the world. I asked Prince Salm-Salm, and he couldn't guess. Bodkin, stand by the Emperor whatever it may be."

"To death!" said Arthur, solemnly.

Arthur Bodkin found the Emperor in a small room, Prince Salm-Salm being with him. Maximilian strode forward and took our hero's hand. This was very unusual with the Emperor, who was diffident with his nobles, and, though scrupulously courteous, always distant with the outer set. Maximilian was a man with whom it would be simply impossible to take a liberty.

"Herr Bodkin," he said, "you have done us—I mean my wife and myself—brave service, and—"

"O sire!" burst in Arthur.

"*I* am sensible of it, and shall always be so, whether my stay on earth be long or short,—but," he added, reverently, "that lies with God Almighty. Now, sir, I want a service done me."

"You have but to command, sire," said Arthur.

"It is not *from* you, but *through* you,—your orderly—that countryman of yours."

"O'Flynn?"

"Yes. I want to use him in a dangerous and difficult service. He is, I feel assured, devoted to you, and honest—"

"As the sun, sire."

"Just as I imagined, Herr Bodkin. I have no faith in the idea of cutting our way out of Queretaro, although Prince Salm-Salm has."

"It *can* be done, sire!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Yes, if we had not treachery to deal with. Mendez is a traitor, and there are others whom I suspect."

"Name them, sire!" cried Salm-Salm; "and leave me to deal with them."

"A short shrift Prince!" laughed the Emperor; then, turning to Bodkin, went on: "I have some secret dispatches that I would send to Austria. I would send them by your countryman. He is brave, faithful, honest, and strong as a Nemean lion. I have selected him because he has proved himself. May I use him, Herr Bodkin?"

"Sire, it is an honor he never could have anticipated."

"I shall want *you*, sir, or I might have asked this favor of *you;* but in asking your countryman I feel that I have chosen the right man. Will you kindly prime

and load him," laughed Maximilian, "and I will send him off?"

Rody looked very glum when Arthur informed him of the Emperor's wishes.

"And I'll have for to lave ye, sir?" he began, dolefully.

"Yes."

"And the fightin'?"

"Yes; but you may have a little on your own account, Rody."

"Masther Arthur, I want for to get even wid Mazazo. Is there no way I could get at that afore I lave, sir?"

"I don't know when you are to leave, Rody."

"Well, sir, if it's all the same to his Highness, I'd raythei let it stand for a while; but sure I must obey ordhers. I wondher if I'll see Mary afore I go to furrin parts?"

"Who knows? If the Emperor sends you to the capital, I rather imagine that you *will* see her."

"Ye may dipind on *that*, sir!" said Rody, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

It was very late when Rody returned after his interview with the Emperor.

"It's all up wid me, Masther Arthur!" he groaned. "I'll have for to lave in an hour, no less. The Baron—good luck to him wherever he goes!—axed me in. Sure enough, there was the Imperor wid the Prince wid the double knocker of a name. 'Rody,' sez he, 'I've got an iligant kar-*ac*ther of ye from Herr Bodkin'—for which I'm thankful, Masther Arthur, as *you* know.—'And,' sez he, 'I want ye for to do *me*'—laynin' hard on the word, d'ye mind, sir?—'do *me* a rale good turn,' sez he. 'I'll do it, yer Royal Majesty,' says I, 'wid all the cockles of me heart.' Well, sir, he ups and axes me what a cockle was, and divil resave the Jarmin word for it; and I do believe, Masther Arthur, that the both of thim thinks it's a codfish. The *omadhauns*, not for to know the differ betune a cockle and a cod! His Majesty thin tould me that I was goin' into danger. 'Bedad, yer Royalty,' sez I, 'that's where the O'Flynns comes out sthrong intirely.' And I riz an iligant laugh out of him and the Prince. Well, Masther Arthur, he thin tould me he had dispatches for me, and letters that I was for to deliver to no wan else but into the heel of the fist of the Imperor of Austhria, no less; and that I was to make me way to the coast, and get out to say as soon as I could, boat or no boat; and to land when I could, land or no land. He said that all the money I wanted was ready for me in goold. And—and—Masther Arthur dear, I'm goin' to part wid you in an hour."

And here the poor, honest, whole-hearted man—aye, every inch of him a man—fairly burst into tears.

XXXIV.—Betrayed.

It was decided that the sortie should be made on the west side of the city, where the forces of General Corona were stationed; and orders were issued by General Castillo to the various commanding officers to be in readiness. No fires were allowed, and the strictest silence was imperative. The men were ordered not to burden themselves with anything not absolutely necessary, as the forced march was to be made through the rocky defiles and mountain gorges of the Sierra Gordo. General Mejia had armed twelve hundred citizens, who were to remain behind for the protection of the city, and to surrender to General Escobedo, at discretion, twenty-four hours after the evacuation.

Having arranged for every contingency, the Emperor retired about one in the morning; Prince Salm-Salm and Arthur Bodkin remaining at work arranging the imperial papers, which, when sorted, were placed in small maguey bags, ready to be strapped to the escort saddles.

Between one and two o'clock the traitor Lopez, who, Judas-like, had previously made his terms for betraying his master,

silently threaded his way through the dark and narrow streets to the quarters of Escobedo. He joined hands with Colonel Garza, who was in command of the advance-guard of the enemy, who led him to General Veliz; and the latter, with Lopez, repaired to the room of Escobedo. After an interview of some ten minutes, Veliz turned over his command to Garza, ordering him to follow Lopez, who was officer of the day. Lopez led the way to a break in the wall close to the Church of La Cruz. Veliz remained here, ordering Garza with his command to enter the city through the break,—Lopez to lead. The command passed through; and, upon arriving at the first guard of the imperial forces, Lopez asked the officer on duty if there was anything new. Receiving a reply in the negative, he ordered the Imperial Guard to march to a distant portion of the city, posting Garza's in its stead. Lopez, with an increased guard, marched from post to post, replacing the Imperialists by Liberals; and, being officer of the day, his orders were instantly and implicitly obeyed.

As lights were forbidden, Prince Salm-Salm and Bodkin did their packing—the sorting having been completed early in the night—by the light of their cigarettes, aided by an occasional match.

"My last match!" cried the Prince.

"My last cigarette!" said Bodkin. "One moment,—I'll run over to my quarters for a fresh bundle."

"Good!"

As Arthur was crossing the narrow street he perceived Lopez—for it was now dawn,—and heard him issue an order removing the guard. At the end of the street he saw a regiment stealthily creeping, not marching, in the direction of the Casa Blanca. Something in the uniform of the regiment struck him, and he darted swiftly and as noiselessly as possible down an alley, which enabled him to intercept it.

One glance.

"Betrayed!" cried Arthur, as he rushed back to warn the Emperor; yelling, as he ran, at the top of his lungs: "To arms! to arms! We are betrayed!" Bounding up the stairs, Arthur rushed into the room of Don José Blasio, the Emperor's secretary, crying: "Up! up! The enemy is in the garden!" Then he leaped into the apartment where Prince Salm-Salm was awaiting him. "We are betrayed by Lopez!"

"The dog!" cried the Prince, as he strode into the Emperor.

Just then General Castillo, Colonel Guzman and Colonel Pradillo arrived, breathless.

"The enemy has occupied the convent, sire," hoarsely panted Pradillo; "and he has posted a number of guns in the Plaza."

The Emperor spoke not, but calmly taking up two revolvers, handed Pradillo one, and, retaining the other, moved to the door, followed by Pradillo and the others. They crossed the corridor and passed down to the stairs, at the bottom of which a sentry stood at "Present."

"Let them pass!" cried Colonel Rincon. "They are citizens."

They traversed the Plaza, making for the quarters of the Emperor's Corps d'Élite, the Hussars—the regiment of the Empress. Here they were met by an armed guard of the enemy, who ordered them to halt. Again Colonel Rincon exclaimed:

"Let them pass! They are citizens."

"Good God! was that Lopez whom I saw with the enemy—a prisoner?" cried Maximilian.

"It was, sire!" cried Arthur Bodkin. "Not a prisoner, but—"

"But what, sir?" asked the Emperor, excitedly.

"A traitor, sire."

"Is this true?" and he gazed helplessly around him.

"I saw him and heard him removing our guard not ten minutes ago, sire."

At this moment Lopez rode up; and Arthur, with the agility of a panther, sprang up at him, dealing him a terrible blow in the face, crying:

"Traitor!"

Half a dozen of the staff rushed in as Lopez was about to cut Bodkin down, compelling the latter to go with them in the direction of El Cerro de las Campanas. The Emperor absolutely refused to mount his horse, as the others were on foot. At El Cerro they found about one hundred and fifty of their men, and in a few minutes the Hussars rode up.

"Where is Miramon?" was the anxious cry of Maximilian.

Dense columns of infantry surrounded the position; several batteries opened a murderous fire, and but a handful of the Imperialists reached the top of the hill.

Suddenly the bells of the convent—bells that were wont to ring for prayer—now rang out, proclaiming that the treachery of Lopez was successful.

Miramon, for whom the Emperor still kept calling, awakened by the bells, rushed into the street, among troops which he mistook for his own.

"I am General Miramon!" he cried. "Follow me! To the rescue of your Emperor!"

A shot fired at him lodged a ball in his cheek. A running fight ensued. Miramon, fighting like a lion, sought refuge in a house the door of which was open. Here he was made prisoner, tied down and dragged to the Convent of the Terrecitas. For fully half an hour after the arrival of the Emperor and his small but devoted force at El Cerro de las Campanas, two batteries played upon them in a fearful cross-fire,—one from San Gregorio, the other from the *garita* of San Celaza. During a pause in the hottest of the fire, Maximilian cried, piteously:

"O Salm, if it was the will of God, how gladly I would welcome a friendly shell!"

Colonel Gonzales rode up, announcing that Miramon was wounded and a prisoner. The Emperor, stepping aside with Castillo and Mejia, asked if it were possible to break through the lines of the enemy. Mejia, as cool as if on parade, deliberately lifted his field-glass and surveyed the position.

"Sire," he answered, "it is *impossible*. But if your Majesty order it, we will try it. I am ready to die."

Maximilian for one instant swept the position; then, clutching Pradillo by the arm, said:

"I must decide quickly, in order to avoid more bloodshed. Run up the white flag."

"Are we not to make one stroke for life and liberty, Prince?" demanded Arthur of Salm-Salm.

"It is too late," returned the other, pointing to the flag of truce now floating from the fort in the breeze of the summer morn.

A messenger was sent with a flag of truce, to treat for terms of surrender. A squadron of cavalry came up at a gallop, and the Emperor surrendered to General Echegary.

"If you should demand a life," said Maximilian, "take mine, but do not harm my officers. I am willing to die, if you should require it; but I want to see General Escobedo, in order to obtain his promise to save the life of my officers."

The Emperor and his officers, being provided with horses, and surrounded by a strong escort, descended the hill to Escobedo's headquarters. At the city gate they delivered up their swords; and, after a brief interview between Maximilian and Escobedo, an order was given for a return to El Cerro. On their arrival, at Escobedo's request they entered one of the tents, accompanied only by Salm-Salm, Bodkin, and Miraferentes; and, after a few minutes' silence, the Emperor proceeded to make three requests: that if more blood must be shed, it might be only his own; that all who had served in the Imperial army should be spared; and that all

persons of his household, who wished, might be granted safe escort to the coast to sail for Europe. Escobedo could answer for nothing, merely stating that all should be treated as prisoners of war.

Then Escobedo delivered the Emperor, Generals Mejia and Castillo, and Prince Salm-Salm into the hands of General Riva Palacio, who conducted them to the Convent of La Cruz, where each was assigned a room, a sentinel at each door, and a double guard at each approach.

. . . .

And at the moment of her husband's capture, the unhappy Empress, who was leaning over the terrace wall at Miramar and gazing into the blue waters of the Gulf, had a lucid interval. Staring out across sea and land, Carlotta suddenly exclaimed in heart-rending accents, never, never to be forgotten by those who heard them:

"*They will kill him! I know the Mexicans.*"

(To be continued.)

Where Desert Was.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

UNDER the peach and prune
And lofty locust plumes,
When May draws near to June
The red rose wakes and blooms,

Beneath the tremulous trees
A flush of fragrant fire;
And there the low heart's-ease
Has woven hues of Tyre.

Blessed be God for the stream
And for the faithful hand,
That made my garden-dream
Arise from barren sand!

And blessed for rich increase
Where thorn and poison grew,
Be He whose steps of peace
Judea's mountains knew!

Glimpses of Catholicity in Samoa.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

UNDER the title of "In Stevenson's Samoa," Miss Marie Fraser, a Scotch lady, has lately published in London some notes on a short residence near Apia during the last year of the great novelist's life. To most readers the book will have a special interest for its vivid picture of the life led in his island home by "Tusitala" (the "teller of tales"), as his Samoan friends called him. But the book has a further interest for Catholics, on account of the glimpses we get in its pages of the progress which our holy faith is making among the islanders

First, before turning over Miss Fraser's pleasant pages, we consult Father Werner's "Atlas of Catholic Missions," from which we learn that Samoa is an apostolic vicariate, under the care of the missionaries of the Society of Mary. Father Werner's statistics are not very recent, but they show that as long ago as 1884 out of a native population of about 35,000 there were some 6,500 Catholics, very few of the native Christians being Protestants. There were then twenty chapels and churches of stone in the Samoan group of islands, besides ten wooden chapels, and there were in all seventeen missionaries. There was a convent at Apia, and a seminary for the training of native catechists at Vaea. Now let our lady traveller tell us something of the results of the efforts of our missionaries. We have the first glimpse of the missions as the steamer approaches the beach at Apia.

"From among the trees on the mountain above Apia," writes Miss Fraser, "gleamed the white walls of the Catholic college, characteristically placed on one of the most beautiful spots imaginable, and commanding a magnificent view; for

where are there more picturesque sites than those chosen by the Fathers in days gone by for their abbeys, priories, and monasteries?"

Not the least charming chapter in the book is that which tells how Christmas—or *Kisilimasi*, as the natives call it—was spent in Samoa. In the southern climate of the islands Christmas has no wintry associations. Hear what our traveller has to say of the December sunrise among the hills above Apia:

"The following morning [Christmas Day] the horses were brought round, and we rode away to be present at six o'clock Mass in the Catholic cathedral on the beach. It was an exquisite morning. The white fleecy clouds which crowned the mountains gradually dissolved, and a rosy light crept up the horizon, causing the deep blue overhead to fade to turquoise, and then the sun blazed in sight. Every leaf and blade of grass was glittering with dew; the great, feathery-branched palms on the mountains above gleaming like polished silver, and those nearer sparkling in the golden light as if they were powdered with diamonds; and always, as the sun rose higher and the heat increased, the brilliant-hued birds and butterflies crossed our track."

And the following is part of the striking description of the scene which takes place at the church:

"Arriving at the gates of the cathedral, we met groups of natives, all in their gayest attire; and on entering a wonderful spectacle presented itself. The great building was a mass of brilliant coloring, and completely filled in every corner with human beings. The beautiful decorations were very unlike what is generally associated with Christmas in our northern minds,—the walls and columns being almost entirely covered with scarlet and cream-colored *hibiscus* blossom, and ropes of jessamine and moss. From the ceiling were suspended innumerable devices, executed in many colored strips of thin bark, pink and cream predominating. Then the vast mass of humanity, many clad in native *tapa*, the color of which harmonizes so pleasantly with their polished brown skins; several of the women decked in gaudy calicoes and velveteens—introduced by the traders—purple, sky-blue, green and red. And then conspicuous amidst this kaleidoscopic throng were the chiefs of the surrounding villages in their pure white *lava-lavas* (native robes). Thank Heaven! the Samoans have not yet adopted European dress; and the atrocious velveteens can be pardoned, on account of the quaint and picturesque cut to which they are subjected.... It was an impressive sight, the intense earnestness of those islanders reverently attending the Mass. There was no half-heartedness: they all joined in the function with right good-will. When it was over, and everyone flocked out into the blazing sunshine, the good Sisters and the Mother Superior of the convent of Savalolo were surrounded by smiling natives, and all greeting one another with happy *Kisilimasi* wishes."

And here, finally, is a word-picture of the hard-working community of nuns at Savalolo:

"At last the time drew near when we must part from our friends in Samoa, and to none did we feel it sadder to say good-bye than to the Mother Superior and the good Sisters at the Visitation Convent at Savalolo. During our residence in the island we had many opportunities of witnessing the salutary effects of their unselfish devotion to the work of education among the native girls. On the morning of our departure, as we passed through the gateway into the convent grounds, groups of little ones were playing in the shade of palms and bread-fruit trees. In the school-rooms the different classes were being taught; and in the pretty little chapel one of the Sisters, who had a

special talent for music, was teaching the choir the anthem for the following Sunday; and the sound of their sweet, tuneful young voices came to us as we sat talking with the Mother Superior. In an out-building a few of the elder girls, almost grown women, were being trained in laundry work; while in the kitchen lessons in simple cookery were being given. Sewing was carefully taught to all; and the young Samoans seemed to take kindly to their needlework, and were proud to show us the garments made by themselves. All seemed cheerful and happy; and it was a pleasure to observe the great amount of confidence and love that so evidently existed between the children and the Mother Superior—a gracious, kindly French lady,—and the Sisters, who had willingly exiled themselves from their homes in France, England and Germany, to carry their civilizing and refining influence among those young islanders."

Such is the work the Church is doing in those far-off islands of the Pacific. To judge by what Miss Fraser says of them, the Samoans are excellent material for missionary effort. She warns her readers that the people are not to be judged by the accounts of travellers who have only landed for a few hours from the steamer, and, as specimens of the natives, have seen only the hangers-on of the white settlement "on the beach."

To the Precious Blood.

OUR hearts are dry and parched, dear God,
Like summer fields
That long for cooling showers
And dew, night's mystery.

Oh, may the Blood of Thy dear Son
Refresh our souls,
That virtues' fruits and flowers
Therein may grow for Thee!

A Frivolous Wife.

III.

AS the first intense feeling of indignation subsided, Mrs. Delaplaine became conscious of but one wish, one ardent desire—that of being able to take refuge in her husband's love, to be protected and guarded by him; to show him that she recognized and appreciated to the fullest extent how absolutely true and loyal he was to the principles by which he had guided his life and had endeavored to direct hers. For the first time she realized that the blame had been almost entirely her own, and she longed to tell him so,—to assure him that she would be more serious and less of a butterfly than she had been.

With these and kindred thoughts uppermost in her mind, she traversed the two miles of beach which lay between the scene of the late luncheon and home. As she approached the group of bathing-houses, she saw that the beach, usually solitary at this hour, was black with people.

"What is the matter?" she asked of a fisherman who was going in the direction of the hotel with a string of fresh bass.

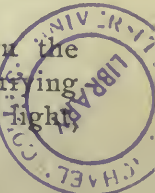
"A little boat has just drifted in with the tide," he said. "They are afraid some one has been drowned."

Her heart beat wildly; she had not the courage to ask another question. Quickening her steps, she turned her course upward, by the rocky path, out of the way of the crowd, fearful they might tell her something she had not strength to bear. In ten minutes she reached her own cottage.

"Where is Mr. Delaplaine?" she asked of the servant who opened the door.

"He has not yet returned, ma'am," was the reply.

Without a word she flew down the walk, and was soon on the beach, hurrying in the direction of the crowd. A light



shapely little boat lay stranded on the shingle. She recognized it at once, and, with a wild, piercing cry, fell senseless to the ground. It was her husband's boat, and it was empty.

When Mrs. Delaplaine recovered consciousness she found herself on the sofa in her own house, surrounded by her sympathizing servants, all weeping and wringing their hands.

"Do not give up yet, Mrs. Delaplaine," observed Martha, the nurse. "There is nothing certain."

"Nothing but that he is drowned—*drowned!*" she replied, in a tone of conviction which caused those around her to redouble their tears and lamentations.

At this moment the doctor entered, and dismissed the wailing group, with the exception of the cook, an elderly German woman, who was more composed than the others. He prescribed a soothing draught, which Mrs. Delaplaine refused to take.

"You wish to put me to sleep," she said, "only to make it the more terrible for me on awaking. No! no! Let me stay here, with wide-open eyes and bleeding heart, till I know all—till they find—"

She burst into tears, which the doctor did not try to restrain, knowing they would relieve her anguish.

When the violence of her grief had somewhat subsided, he said:

"Is there no one, Mrs. Delaplaine,—no friend whom I could summon to remain with you during the night?"

"I want no one," she answered. "It would be agony for me to have a stranger beside me now. Only to be alone with my little children,—quite alone with them. That is all I wish."

The children were brought; and at sight of them the mother—for the first time a *real* mother—dried her tears, not to alarm their little hearts. The doctor took his leave; she sent the cook away, and would not permit Martha to help her with the children.

"Do not come up either of you," she said, "until I ring,—unless—unless there should be news."

Taking the baby in her arms, little Alfred clinging to her skirts, she ascended to her own room. The clock struck seven: it was the children's bedtime. They slept in a small room opening out of her own. Her eyes were hot and dry; the fountain of tears seemed exhausted: she felt as though she could never cry again. The little ones sat playing on the floor. The boy looked up at her; he knew something was wrong, and vaguely connected it with his father.

"Mamma, where is papa?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Papa will be home after a while," she answered; and, hoping against hope, the poor mother believed the words while she uttered them.

Mechanically she began to prepare them for bed: going from closet to drawer, and from drawer to closet, looking for their night clothes. As she realized that she did not know where they were kept—she, their mother,—a fierce dislike, a contempt for herself, seized her, dominating every other feeling for the moment. A sort of dumb recognition of the fact that she deserved punishment followed.

At last she found the garments, and tenderly undressed the children, rubbing their soft little limbs, and kissing them from head to foot over and over. Laying each in its tiny bed, she made the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads,—she could not have borne to listen to the childish prayers they had been accustomed to say at their father's knee, not hers. Then, drawing a rocking-chair forward, she sat between the two white cribs, a hand in the hand of each little one, and softly sang them to sleep.

Eight o'clock sounded from the dining-room below. She got up from the chair, gently releasing the small, soft hands, lest she should wake the sleepers, and went to

the window. It was dark—the moon had not yet risen,—but she could hear the plash of the waves on the beach. It was low tide. And he would be carried farther and farther out, farther and farther away from her, before morning. Perhaps on some remote beach she knew not of he would rest at last; and strangers would find him, and, not knowing him, would lay him in a lonely, distant grave. Or perhaps it would be on some rocky shore that the poor bruised and buffeted body would cease its enforced wandering, there to lie unburied and undiscovered until the birds of the air should find it. She shuddered at the thought. Or, more likely, it would drift away and away—no, she could dwell on that hideous thought no longer, or she must go mad. Yet she was not impatient in her anguish and despair, but conscious, through the terrible strain of waiting, that hours must necessarily elapse before she could have any news.

She left the window, went to the wardrobe, and, taking out a white wrapper, removed her dress and combed out her long, beautiful hair, plaiting it in two long braids,—thinking all the while that her husband had liked this girlish way of wearing it. She put on the wrapper and lay down on the sofa near the window, listening to the boom of the surf heralding the rising tide.

Nine o'clock. The tension about her heart seemed to grow tighter: she could scarcely breathe. Her lips were parched and dry, her throat burned, her eyes seemed two balls of fire.

Some one softly opened the door. It was Martha.

"I could not stay away any longer, ma'am," she said. "I have brought you a cup of tea. You must drink it; it will do you good."

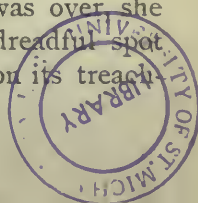
She sat up and drank the tea, which refreshed her. She did not utter a word, but looked steadily at the girl with questioning eyes.

"They have gone down the beach in squads," said Martha; "though, ma'am, I heard some of them say there is no chance until—"

"Until high tide," she said, finishing the sentence with a tearless sob, deep and terrible. And they looked at each other,—the mistress with dry, glassy eyes, those of the girl swimming in tears; for they knew what it might fetch home—that pitiless high tide! Then Martha went away, and she was again alone.

Ten o'clock. If she could but pray! Pray for what? To receive that which would mean for her a memory terrible and everlasting? To ask God to send her husband back to her, drowned, dead? In her place, would he have prayed? Yes, she knew he would. Perhaps God would help her to bear it if she asked Him. Perhaps the Mother of Sorrows would save her from the despair tightening about her heart.

A beautiful picture of the Madonna and Child hung above the mantel. Taking a wax-candle from the bureau drawer, she lit it and placed it in front of the painting. For a while she stood looking up into that tender face, leaning on the mantel, her head upon her hand. Suddenly her breath came thick and fast, the floodgates of sorrow were loosened, and, falling on her knees, she wept and prayed, prayed and wept, until exhausted nature could no longer endure the fearful strain. As she staggered to her feet the clock struck eleven. It seemed to her now that the tears flowed in rivers down her cold cheeks. Cold? Yes; and her hands were cold, though the night was sultry. The moon had risen; the sparkling water danced and glimmered in the glorious light. She could not look at the sea,—she never wanted to look upon it again; she wondered how, after all was over, she might be able to leave that dreadful spot without casting her eyes upon its treacherous slime.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Once more she sought the little room where her children slept. She wanted to be near some human thing that loved her, some human thing she loved. Her courage was beginning to give way. She felt herself to be alone, utterly alone. They were all she had in the world now, these little children. For the first time she thought of his mother, and her heart felt a new pang. She, too, would suffer. He was her only one, her all. "Poor mother! poor mother!" she moaned. She threw herself into the chair again, feeling for the little hands. Having found them, she leaned back wearily, the soft cushions comforting and resting her aching limbs. "Oh, I am so tired, so tired!" she murmured. And almost before the words were uttered she was asleep.

Twelve o'clock. With a sudden start, awakened to the full measure of her desolation in the first flash of thought, she opened her eyes. Some one was leaning over her, touching her hair.

"Alfred!" she cried. "Oh, thank God! thank God!" as her husband clasped her to his breast.

"Hardly had I left you," he said, after the first joy of reunion was passed,—"or, rather, scarcely had you left me, when I began to feel that I had been too severe. My conscience smote me for the manner in which I had behaved toward you. I realized that the engagement having been made for me, I should have accepted, if only to spare you some mortification. Therefore I resolved to skim along shore (instead of putting out to sea, as I had at first intended), with the intention of joining you at Mellin's Point early in the afternoon. With this in mind, I put into Pierre's Cove about one, to have a bite; for I had begun to feel hungry, and wanted a smoke. You know how delightfully cool the caves are thereabouts. Well, I lay down in the shadow of one, smoked a couple of cigars, and fell asleep. When I awoke it was three o'clock, the tide fast rising and the boat gone. There was nothing to do but crouch as far back in the cave as I could get; even then I was wet almost to the knees. It was impossible to get away until the tide turned; and after that, knowing I was in for a long tramp, I stopped at a fisherman's on the shore, got a bit of supper, had another smoke, asked him to look out for the boat, and walked leisurely along in the moonlight, a good twelve miles. When I arrived it was to learn that searching parties were out looking for my body, and to be welcomed as one from the dead. And then I hurried home, to find you almost dead with the night's terrible experience."

Then she told him the story of the day, accusing herself unsparingly and without mercy of the frivolity and selfishness that might have ended in a disaster from which God had mercifully preserved her. Far into the night, or rather into the first dawn of morning, they sat talking, each vowing to bear and forbear with the other in the new future opening before them; renewing the vows of affection and fidelity to their mutual duties which had once seemed so easy and delightful, but which had begun to grow to the one irksome, and to the other saddening. And then, with hands clasped above their sleeping children, he said:

"God helping us, Charlotte, little wife, we will begin over again."

And she answered:

"I believe, Alfred, that we are really going to be happy."

(The End.)

Affection is the stepping-stone to God. The heart is our only measure of infinitude. The mind tires with greatness; the heart—never. Thought is worried and weakened in its flight through the immensity of space; but love soars around the throne of the Highest with added blessing and strength.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LV.

"ALL things pass away, and you, too, along with them." We can thus fancy some one saying this complacently, as it is said so often, as from a secure standpoint. But our author retorts, "And *you, too*, along with them"; which somehow makes the situation different. "When thou art troubled and afflicted, then is the time of merit,"—that is to say, the time of reality, when spiritual things appear to take living shape and substance.

"If thou perfectly overcomest thyself, thou shalt more easily subdue all things else. The perfect victory is to triumph over one's self. For whosoever keepeth himself in subjection, so that sensuality obeyeth reason, and reason in all things is obedient to Me, he is indeed a conqueror of himself and lord of the world. If thou longest to climb this eminence, thou must begin manfully, and lay the axe to the root, in order to pluck out and destroy secret and inordinate inclination to thyself and to every private and material good. From this vice, that man loveth self too inordinately, depends almost all, whatsoever must be radically overcome; which being vanquished and brought under, a great peace and tranquillity will immediately ensue. But because few labor to die perfectly to themselves, or fully to aim out of themselves, therefore do they remain entangled in themselves, nor can they be elevated in spirit above themselves."

LVI.

A very vivid picture of the world and its troubles. "Alas! what kind of life is this, where afflictions and miseries are never wanting? Yea, and while the first conflict still lasts, many others come on, and those unexpected.... How even can it be called life which generates so many deaths and plagues? And yet it is loved, and many seek their delight in it. The pains and miseries which justly follow these things breed a hatred and loathing of it."

It seems an extraordinary thing, therefore, that so many should cling to the world. But our author explains it thus: "Evil delights prevail over a heart that is given to the world; under thorns she imagines there are delights." And why is this? "Because she has neither seen nor tasted the sweetness of God, nor the internal pleasure of virtue"; which leads on to this fine prayer:

"Give me, O most sweet and loving Jesus! to repose in Thee above all things created; above all health and beauty; above all glory and honor; above all power and dignity; above all knowledge and subtlety; above all riches and arts; above all joy and gladness; above all fame and praise; above all sweetness and consolation; above all hope and promise; above all merit and desire; above all gifts and presents that Thou canst give and infuse; above all joy and jubilation that the mind can contain or feel; in fine, above all angels and archangels and all the host of heaven; above all things visible and invisible; and above all that is not Thee, my God!"

Here he puts the attractions of heaven in the fairest, almost poetical, light. He adds even: "Above all gifts and presents that Thou canst infuse"; thus placing even piety itself and its results below the love of God, which is often insisted upon throughout the Book.

(To be continued.)

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that man can contract in this life.—*Madame de Staël.*

A Portuguese Legend.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

IN the old Dominican Convent at Santarem, Portugal, there hangs a nameless picture by a nameless artist of the thirteenth century. The drawing is true, the coloring brilliant, and the scene beautiful:—a corner of a ruined chapel; a troop of sunbeams stealing through its broken, ivy-patched roof, past a stone-carved Madonna above the door—a Holy Mother, empty-armed,—to crown with all their golden glory the Child, who, seated between two dark-haired boys, in whose faces and attitudes joy and adoration find expression, seems about to partake of the frugal repast spread upon a broad white stone. But hear the legend which the picture commemorates:

Padre Bernardo was one of the most devout of his community. Of his manifold duties assigned and self-imposed, he loved best the teaching of his dear acolytes. Every morning, after Mass, he would gather them together in a ruined chapel at the end of the convent garden; and in that good and holy place, far from the world and its turmoil, instruct them in good and holy things. To each he strove to give equally of his care and tenderness; but it happened that two among them found the shortest path to his great heart, and made themselves a home in its warmest corner.

Not only were Manuel and Carlos the youngest and most docile, but it was easy to foresee their holy vocation. They did not say, like other boys, "When I'm a man, I shall do this or that"; but "When I'm a priest, like dear Padre Bernardo." And so the good monk called them his "little novice brothers."

When all the other children, rejoicing to leave their tasks, had gone, these two often remained to pass the day in the old chapel, studying for the morrow, singing with the birds, safe and happy at their work and their play, watched over by the Madonna from her niche above the door. Ah, yes! that dear Mother! And how dear she was to those little orphans! How often to her sweet face, breathing love through the stone, they lifted their innocent eyes! And what joy when, possessors of a *centesimo* between them, they could spend it for a taper to burn at her feet! And that Holy Child Jesus, who leaned so graciously from her arms, with both His own outstretched, as though asking for the heart of every passer! Carlos and Manuel had given Him theirs.

One evening, as they laid their supper on the marble stone that served them for table, Manuel looked wistfully up.

"If only the Holy Child would come down and eat with us!" he said. "Thou, Carlos, hast such a nice tartine, and I such a beautiful apple. 'Tis a supper fit for a king. Let us ask Him."

And, kneeling, he offered his invitation in the form of a prayer; feeling no surprise when, in answer, the little Jesus bounded from His Mother's unrestraining arms and took His place between them.

The repast ended, a doubt mingled with the joy of the elder host. *Was* it a supper fit for a king? Which the Child Jesus perceiving, said:

"That which you had, you gave with your whole heart. In return for your hospitality, I bid you, as My guests, to a feast on Ascension Day in the house of My Father."

That night the children confided their news to Padre Bernardo. He looked into their shining faces and wept. He understood, and envied them their happiness.

"Return to the chapel," he said, "and ask the Holy Child if old Bernardo, who adores Him and who loves you so well, may not be also bidden to this feast."

When they had repeated these words, kneeling before the miraculous statue, out

of the darkness came the voice of Jesus:

"Tell this faithful servant he, too, is bidden. Let him make ready. I will welcome you all three on Thursday to the house of My Father."

On the morning of Ascension Day it was permitted to Padre Bernardo to say Mass, attended by his two acolytes. After service the three knelt before the altar, so long remaining there that a Brother softly approached them. They were dead—all dead,—and in heaven. He knew it by the exaltation, the beatitude of their faces.

They buried them in the ruined chapel, soon restored and named the "Chapel of the Child Jesus." Before the miraculous statue above its door tapers are always burning, and the faithful always praying,—the young for a happy life, the old for a happy death.

Merciful Jesus, grant both to us all!

An Outworn Philosophy.

A MOST significant and encouraging sign of the times is the number of skilled and authoritative writers who have taken up what may, perhaps, be called the "Catholic view" of the modern scientific movement. For years the Church stood alone in maintaining that no conflict between true religion and real science could ever become possible; that wherever such conflict *seemed* to exist, it was because either religion or science was not properly understood.

Prof. Huxley, the high-priest of agnosticism, whose death occurred recently, was one of the leaders of that little army which sought to make capital for science by reviling religion. He was not a very old man, but he had lived too long; for he had survived his influence. In rapid succession he had seen the defection of many of those whom he had counted among his adherents. Romanes openly repudiated his teachings,—even Spencer has given signs of weakening; and Balfour, Mallock, and other able non-Catholics of eminence, have vigorously opposed his doctrine. One of the ablest of those who have placed themselves in conflict with the great agnostic is President Schurman, of Cornell University, one of the most eminent of educators, who says in the *Philosophical Review:*

"Agnosticism is only a transitional and temporary phase of thought. The human mind can no more surrender its belief in God than its belief in a world or in a self. Contemporary agnosticism, strange as it may sound, is in part due to the great advance which knowledge has made during the last half century; it is blindness from excess of light."

In an article in the *Forum*, the same able writer points out the gratifying change which is coming over modern thought:

"The agnostic fever has burned itself out. Ever since the appearance of 'The Origin of Species,' religious thought has been terrified and paralyzed alike by the shadow of scepticism and the substance of science. But it has finally wrought its delivery from the house of bondage. Reflection has taught us that the new evolutionary hypothesis, with all its legitimate consequences, may be woven into the pattern of our ancient faiths. A new spirit, therefore, animates contemporary writers on philosophy. They see that, not only in religion, but in science and in practical life as well, man walks by faith and not by sight. Their attitude toward religious problems is entirely different from that of twenty years ago. Of this change there is perhaps no better illustration than the fact that the refutation of that sceptical work, 'A Candid Examination of Theism,' written by Romanes in 1874, will be found in 'A Candid Examination of Religion,' which the distinguished biologist himself composed shortly before his lamented death in 1894. The last generation, in opposing ranks, shouted for *either* science *or* theology, *either* naturalism *or* supernaturalism. Ours will accept both and on equal terms."

Mr. Huxley's influence "rose like a rocket and fell like a stick." He was a little candle that has been snuffed out; while the Church, the great sun of truth, lives on gloriously, gathering lustre as it goes. But, notwithstanding this fact, which could be supplemented by many others equally striking, Dr. Andrew White, of "Warfare" fame, still sounds his noisy clarion in the not over-scrupulous pages of the *Popular Science Monthly.*

Notes and Remarks.

African missionaries relate that they have seen whole villages succumb to the ravages of the small-pox; and that disease is said to carry off full one-half the children in Pekin, to say nothing of adults who are its victims. Vaccination being not always practicable in missionary countries, in consequence of the want of vaccine in some cases and the opposition of the natives in others, a physician has contributed to *Les Missions Catholiques* a cure for the small-pox which is as simple as it is said to be effective. It consists in a mere hygienic precaution—the exclusion from the sick chamber of all solar light during the full period of the sickness. The room is lighted by lamps or candles, or any other light save that of the sun. This hygienic treatment was discovered by two English doctors some years ago, and has been successfully tried in Paris and Lyons. No remedies are administered; but the physicians emphasize the fact that the exclusion of sunlight should be total and uninterrupted. The cure is simple enough to incline one at the outset to believe in its efficacy.

Every Catholic knowing aught of the beautiful soul of the late Christina Rossetti—of her holy life and her deeply spiritual character—must feel a lasting regret that she never found entrance into the one Church which could have strengthened and nourished all the spiritual resources of her rich nature. Her poems breathe a true Catholic spirit, which came from many centuries of Catholic ancestry. One of her friends publishes some reminiscences of her in the *Atlantic Monthly*, from which we quote:

"The circumstance that a clergyman came regularly to talk and pray with her—to be, in fact, her confessor—is no doubt responsible for the assertion sometimes made that in later life she was a Roman Catholic. This was not so. From her girlhood to her death she was strictly a member of the Anglican Church. Naturally, she had much sympathy with the Church of Rome, and had a great admiration for its ordered majesty of organization; but, strangely enough, the rock which she took to be a beacon of wreck was Mariolatry. This, at all times, seemed to her the most cardinal error in Roman Catholicism. It is interesting to note that Gabriel Rossetti was more attracted by the spiritual and human significance of the worship of Mary than by any other dogma of Rome. He told me once that the world would come to see that the lasting grit in the Romish faith—'a grit which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects'—was based upon this idealization of humanity, through the mother-idea, in the person of Mary; and that, whatever potent development the Protestant sects might have, 'they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music wherein all can join.'"

Christina Rossetti, it is well known, was the model for her brother's famous painting, "The Girlhood of Mary"; but the obstinacy of this gentle and cultured woman in clinging to the absurd notion of "Mariolatry" proves how tenacious and unreasonable religious prejudice can be.

We are indebted to a valued friend in England for this account of a beautiful and well-authenticated incident illustrating the merciful intervention of the Blessed Virgin in behalf of a favorite client. A boy about fifteen years of age was out sailing with his father, off the coast of Devonshire, in a small pleasure-yacht. Suddenly a large vessel was seen to be bearing down upon the yacht in such a manner as to render a collision inevitable. A few seconds later the smaller bark was literally cut in two. But before going down with the little craft and her crew, the father seized his son, and, with a great effort, threw him into the sea. The boy could not swim; but the strings of his Scapular (which, on perceiving the imminent danger, he had devoutly kissed) spread themselves out upon the surface of the water, and buoyed him up until he was picked up by a passing vessel and brought to land.

After a long and painful illness, borne with heroic fortitude, the Rt. Rev. Patrick Moran passed away in his cathedral city of Dunedin, New Zealand, at the ripe age of seventy-two. Had he lived two years longer, he would have celebrated the golden jubilee of a priesthood specially rich in merits for himself and in graces for his flock. The cosmopolitan character of Dr. Moran's career is a striking illustration of the catholicity and unity of the Church. His first pastoral

charge, which extended over nine years, was a town near Dublin; in 1856, at the age of thirty-three, he was sent as Vicar-Apostolic to South Africa; and fourteen years later was appointed first Bishop of Dunedin. But on whatever continent he labored, his characteristics were ever the same—great learning, rare humility, and consuming zeal. He was a staunch friend of Catholic education, and charged his clergy as their first duty to erect schools, even before churches. Not less marked was his faith in the Catholic press, which he manifested in a practical way by founding and assisting with pen and purse the *New Zealand Tablet*, a journal which has proved an able defender and exponent of Catholic truth. Bishop Moran's life was particularly full of labor, and his desire to escape popular applause had the effect of endearing him in a special way to Catholics and Protestants alike. *R. I. P.*

That notable book "Is Life Worth Living?" has taught English readers to expect great things when Mr. Mallock "takes his pen in hand." His latest work, an attack on "Modern Superstitions," is no disappointment. There is the old-time epigram, the pointed, pithy expression, and an abundance of such well-aimed thrusts as this: "No feature in the history of modern thought is more instructive than the contrast between the scepticism of science in its attack on Christianity, and its abject credulity in constructing a futile substitute." But Mr. Mallock's brilliant philosophy lacks, as yet, the ballast of Catholic truth; hence it is not surprising that he should fall into one very serious error, which is thus happily described in the *Tablet:*

"While Mr. Mallock's utterances are, up to a certain point, such as might befit a champion of Catholic orthodoxy, he writes, when he comes to the question of marriage, that touchstone of creeds, as the veriest pagan of the new fraternity of ethical revolutionaries. Like the lunatic who can argue with perfect sanity on every subject save the one involving his particular delusion, he here betrays the flaw in his logical armory by the wild incoherence of his reasoning. The uncompromising attitude of the Church on this, the hinge and pivot of all social morality, has been a stumbling-block to many who do not question her doctrines, since the founder of the English Reformation made it the ground-stone of his revolt from her authority. The subsequent debasement of the national conscience on the subject is shown not only in the arguments of irresponsible free-lances of debate like Mr. Mallock, but in the inconsequent and illogical position taken up by the Anglican party in the Church of England in the recent controversy as to the remarriage of those legally divorced."

There is one phase of the school question which has not received sufficient attention from Catholic writers and speakers. It is the lamentable necessity which forces some of our boys—robust in morals, mind and *physique*—to exchange the school for the factory before they have acquired even an elementary education. We Catholics unceasingly proclaim and honestly believe that religion and education are to be the salvation of our country and the triumph of holy Church; yet every year thousands of our most promising Catholic boys are allowed to go out after traffic instead of knowledge; and our schools and colleges are left, as a rule, to the children of the well-to-do classes, who have more money and, not unfrequently, smaller mental endowment than the children of the working classes. The priests and wealthy laymen would do well to look through the parish carefully for the promising boys, and provide for their education. In this way they can improve the condition of our people, hasten the triumph of the Church, and show themselves in reality as well as in profession the true friends of education.

An event of historical importance in the history of the Church in Ireland, and of interest to Catholics the world over, was the celebration of the centenary of Maynooth College, which was recently solemnized with becoming splendor. Very appropriate, too, was the presence of so many prelates from foreign countries; for Maynooth has not only been, with All Hallows, the nursery of the Irish priesthood: it has furnished unnumbered missionaries for distant lands as well. For the people of Ireland, however, the centenary of this great ecclesiastical College, with its six hundred seminarians, is of peculiar importance; for it is a matter of international knowledge that, with the possible exception of the Poles, there is no people so thoroughly

influenced by their clergy as the Irish. When Maynooth was founded the memory of the great wrongs they had suffered was still fresh in the memory of the people, who naturally looked to their priests for guidance even in matters political. In the century of its existence the College of Maynooth and the priests who have been trained in its shadow have led the people successfully through many important movements. There is still, however, much to be done; and our greeting to the College on the occasion of its centenary is the hope that its prosperity and influence may increase in the years to come.

The need of the hour is for a philosopher who will construct a scientific formula for the "new woman," and carefully elaborate the points upon which she differs from the ancient woman. Many self-constituted representatives have uttered themselves on this theme, but we are loath to believe statements so damaging to even a small coterie of the sex. One type, for instance, states that all idea of love, all instinct of fidelity, all faith in man, and all tolerance for marriage, has been completely eliminated from the "new woman." This is a shameless libel upon womanhood. Womanly character has not changed, despite the frantic incoherencies of the "shrieking sisterhood"; however, if certain unnecessary discussions of delicate questions now running in our newspapers be not closed with a bang, it soon *will* change, and students of history will no longer have cause for surprise at the freedom of speech and of morals which characterized the age of "the good Queen Bess."

A gratifying feature of the newspaper accounts of the loss of the Pacific Mail steamship *Colima*, noticed by the *Arrow*, was the true Christianity exhibited by the inhabitants of the coast where the steamer was wrecked, and of the towns farther back where the survivors were carried. Our Anglican contemporary adds: "Yet we are told to support a much-needed Protestant Episcopal reform movement in the Republic of Mexico! It does not appear to us that Protestant Episcopalianism is needed in a country of which the following paragraph can be written:

"'The survivors have received nothing but kindness from the whole population, from the highest to the lowest. Every craft for miles along the coast is out looking for survivors, and bringing in the bodies which are being washed ashore. In this, perhaps, the frantic good-will of the people here is shown best: not a body has been found that was not instantly surrounded by natives, who toiled for hours in the hope of resuscitation, no matter how hopeless the task. Masses were said in rapid succession in all the Catholic churches this morning, from five o'clock until noon, for the success of the searching parties and for the repose of the souls of the dead. Thousands who attended these services were constantly offering their aid in the work of succor.'"

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. J. J. Flanagan, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, who departed this life some weeks ago.

Mr. Michael Russell, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 6th inst.

Mr. Thomas B. Cook, whose life closed peacefully on the 23d ult., in Detroit, Mich.

The Hon. J. J. Doolan, of Savannah, Ga., who passed away on the 19th ult.

Mr. Joseph Ennis, who breathed his last in peace on the 25th ult., in New York city.

Miss Mary D. Allgaier, of Reading, Pa., who died a holy death on the 23d ult.

Mr. Michael Parker, of Dubuque, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Kierns and Mrs. —— McMahon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Norris, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James McNamee, Mr. Michael Farley, and James Cleary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Anne Meehan, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary A. Kelly, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Michael Quinn, Geneva, Minn.; Mrs. —— Melaney, Parnell, Iowa; Mr. Timothy Riordan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Miss Josephine F. Callaghan, Lynn, Mass.; Miss M. Murphy, Windsor, Victoria; Mr. John McCauley, Danville, Cal.; Miss Julia Murphy, Watsonville, Cal.; Misses Ellen and Margaret Byrne, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Bridget Lane, Mr. Patrick Perrott, Mrs. Ellen Dyer, and Mr. Edward O'Connors,—all of Bay City, Mich.

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

Dora's Happy Day.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

IT was a cloudy day in July, a dreary day of rain; and Dorothy Lilly Whiteford, a little colored girl who lived in Baltimore, felt miserable. It was not the weather that was troubling her, although that was dispiriting; nor the fact that she lived in Baltimore, although that city in summer is sometimes hot enough almost to suffocate any one used to the wide avenues of Washington, the breezy suburbs of Chicago, or the sweet air of the country. But Dora—for so everyone that knew her called her—cared nothing for the rain, and had never been outside of the Monumental City in all the fourteen years of her life.

What, then, was amiss with her? She must have been reading some trashy novel of English life, with its heroine of leisure, its *boudoir*, its parties, its fine demesne, and all the other things that we often hear about but very seldom see; for she was in a discontented mood, and all morning had been brooding in a sort of sullen silence that was unusual for her.

Her mother noticed her dejection and asked:

"What's a matter wid yo', chile?"

Dora did not answer promptly. Instead, she hung her head and pursed out her lower lip in a way that was characteristic of her when she was "out of sorts."

"Why, what fer yo' ac' dis a way, Dora Whiteford?" continued the mother. "Is yo' sick, chile?"

"No, m'm."

"Di'n't yo' hab enough breakfus'?"

"Yassum."

"Ain't yo' been to school ebery day dis week until dis yere Sat'day?"

"Yassum."

"Has I ast yo' to min' de baby dis mawnin'?"

"No, m'm."

"Den what on de face ob de yert am yo' a-mopin' an' a-gropin' about?"

Again no answer.

"Yo' hear me, Dorothy Lilly Whiteford? What yo' a-grievin' for?"

"I's black!" whimpered Dora, burying her face in her hands and beginning to cry.

"Well, for de good Lawd's sake, chile, is yo' a-worryin' ober dat? Why, ef yo' go on a-mopin' an' a-gropin' ober dat till doomsday yo' can't change de color ob yo' skin; an', 'sides, yo' wouldn't be yo' fadder's an' mudder's chile ef yo's *not* black; an', den again, de Lawd He wanted yo' to be cullud. An' yo' might ha' been some por white trash baby, humly an' 'seased, 'stead o' bein' a nice, clean, healt'y girl, wid a good home an' a 'spectable parents, eben ef dey is por."

"An' we live in dis yere neighborhood!" continued Dora, unburthening herself of another grief.

Mrs. Whiteford put down her iron on its stand to get a better look at her daughter, and to be free to take a deep breath of bewilderment; then she said:

"Land's sake, chile, what *es* de matter

wid yo'! Is yo' want to lib on Charles Street er Eutaw Place?"

"An' I ain't got no nice clothes like de udder girls!"

"What udder girls?" asked the mother. And, without waiting for an answer, she went on—ironing at the same time at a furious rate: "Dora, ain't yo' got dat satteen dress what Mrs. Wentworth give me? An' dat white dress what I bought in Bernheimer's? An' dat challie dat I made ober fer yo' off'n me own back? What more does yo' want?"

Again no answer.

"Does yo' want a silk, an' a glassy mohair, an' a sillyen, an' a graypun, while yo' por fadder carries a hod o' mortar all day long, an' yo' mudder takes in washin'?"

Still no answer.

"Dora Whiteford, yo's got a tech o' spring feber, er else yo' got yo' head stuffed wid nonsense by de girls at school, er by dem novel books what yo's a-readin' fum Mrs. Crooke. Ef yo' want to be happy in dis yere world, yo' don't want to be discontented wid things yo' can't help; yo' want to make de best o' what yo' *kin* hab; an', 'stead o' mopin' an' a-gropin' about yo'self, yo' want to look around yo', an' see what yo' can do; an' do yo' duty; an' hunt out er kindness to do to some one else. Dis world always looks dark to dissatisfied an' selfish pussons, eben when de sun's a-shinin'. *Yo'* don't want to set in darkness, do yo'?"

"No, m'm."

"Den don't set a-mopin' an' a-gropin', er de sun'll neber come out'n behind de clouds fer yo'. Yo' go take dat washboard down to Mrs. Yancy,—yo' hear me?"

"Yassum."

Probably if you had been in Dora's place, or lived in the same circumstances, you would not have blamed her for being tempted to complain. Her home was half of one of those little brick houses, with high wooden "stoops," in a squalid part of South Baltimore, on one of those narrow streets that the trains of the B. & O. Railroad cut across bias on their way to and from Washington. The furniture of the three rooms was of the poorest and scantiest; the fire that had to be kept up for laundry purposes made them stifling; and there was no place of refuge but the street—the hot street, crowded with ragged and boisterous children, black and white,—the street from the gutters of which arose a dozen foul odors.

Then, truly, in these days of craze for extravagant dress, Dora's wardrobe was limited and shabby. The three summer gowns which it contained were of cheap material and pretty well worn. Nor was there likelihood of an addition to them; for the daughter of a day-laborer and washerwoman is not apt to have many new dresses every season. And you, my dear miss, would probably turn up your dainty nose at the best of them, if it were yours, and your mother were to tell you to wear it once more, even around the house, instead of throwing it into the rag-bag.

As to the hue of her skin, you would not have reproached her for grieving over it, if you had had that cross placed upon you, and had experienced the humiliations to which it subjects those who have it, and had felt the hindrance that it is to ambition and to achievement. It causes prejudice; it stands in the way of employment; it is an obstacle to almost all the high prizes of life. So, without passing judgment on little Dora for what her mother called "a fit o' the grumps," let us go on with the story.

Mrs. Whiteford sent Dora to Mrs. Yancy's for a double purpose—to keep a promise to lend the washboard to that poor woman, and to let the messenger see a much more dismal home than her own; so that the contrast might show her that, hard as her lot was, it might still be worse.

The Yancys lived at the end of Hanover Street. As Dora walked over that way

what her mother had said to her occupied her mind, and concentrated itself into the thought: If you want to live in the sunshine, don't mope over self, but be of use to others. "Would the rule work?" she asked herself.

When Dora arrived at her destination, although it was after nine o'clock, she found Mr. Yancy still in bed in one of the two close rooms that were the family's home,—for he was in the third stage of consumption; the five children of the household gathered around the table having their breakfast of dry bread, and tea with sugar but without milk, the materials for which had just been brought in by the mother with the proceeds of some washing that she had taken home; and Mrs. Yancy hovering over the stove, cooking a couple of slices of liver as a treat for the invalid and herself.

After the greetings were exchanged, Dora said:

"Mother sent yo' de washboard."

"Oh, yo' mammy's a dear good woman, Dora!" replied Mrs. Yancy. "She always a-helpin' some por body lak me. No wonder folks love 'er. Tell 'er I brung hit back a Tchuesday mawnin', well yo'?"

"Yassum," said Dora.

Then she said good-bye and went out. She was glad to find herself again in the open air; for the heat and the smell of the room were oppressive. The sick man coughed and expectorated unpleasantly, and she had had to sit on a broken-bottom cane-chair that two of the children had risen from to give her. She had noticed, too, that Sylvia Yancy, who was about her own age, had only a tattered calico dress; and that the other young ones—two boys and two girls—were clothed in rags that hardly held together.

"I wouldn't like to live there," thought Dora. "Why, we're rich to them! We have a bright oil-cloth cover, but their table's bare. An' how he do spit! Ugh!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXV.—The Box.

Miley drove back in an abject state of mind. He had done a mean thing, and he had done it willingly. There was no excuse for it. He had walked deliberately into the mud, and now he felt as if he needed a good bath. He had deliberately opened a letter not intended for him; he had read it deliberately. He was in possession of Steve Osborne's secret. He could humiliate him,—he could burst the bubble of his arrogance with a word. And Miley, even in the midst of his compunction, wanted to do this. But he could not do it without adding a more dishonorable act to the one he had just committed. He despised himself; he felt that he could never look himself in the face again. And yet he wanted, with all his heart, to drag Steve Osborne in the dust. Still, when he thought of the poor aunt working away to keep the son of the forger respectable and above the reach of shame, he relented, and the tears came to his eyes.

He felt that he ought to stop at Father Mirard's and get himself clear again. He was not sure whether he had committed a mortal sin or not; but he *was* sure that he felt very nasty, and that he would like to go to confession. It was too late for that, however.

As he approached the road that led to the entrance avenue of the school, a figure appeared from behind a clump of trees, dragging a bicycle.

"Hello!" Steve Osborne's voice said. "Who are you?"

"Miles Galligan," answered Miley, briefly and in a subdued voice,—all his usual fire had gone out of him.

"Well, I just want to say this, Mr. Miles Galligan," Osborne went on, in his most insolent tone. "The next time you

interfere in my business I'll appeal to higher authority. You had no business to run off with the buggy."

"Maybe not, maybe not," said Miley; "but I have done you a favor, nevertheless. I've brought the box you've been looking for on the sly of late. Here it is. Take it!" And Miley pitched the box into the road. "Take it up as best you can. I hope that I haven't broken any bottles. And if you want to return the compliment, you can give back those stamps you stole the other night. Get up!" Miley said impatiently to the horse. "*Get* up!"

Steve picked up the box with a sigh of relief. At least it was safe in his hands from prying eyes. He had expected to find it on the night of Father Mirard's little party, as he presumed that his aunt had sent it. And ever since he had, at every opportunity, gone beyond bounds on his bicycle, at great risk. The box had come at last! He balanced it in front of him and started toward the school. He would have no difficulty in getting it into the barrack unseen,—he could make a dozen excuses for its non-arrival afterward. He determined, however, to get even with Miley for daring to cast it so insolently into the road. He put forth all his strength and skill, and passed Miley just as he entered the avenue.

Miley whipped the horse, forgetting that Steve's wheel must give him an advantage; he was filled with a desire to beat Steve. His unreasonable haste, however, defeated itself: a buckle in the harness broke, and he was forced to get down to bore another hole in a strap. He looked for his penknife—always Miley's faithful friend,—and could not find it. It was gone. He remembered that he had used it as a help to the sharp stone in opening Steve's box. It had disappeared; and, as he had no penknife, he had to drive slowly up the avenue, with the broken harness. He was irritated to see Steve Osborne turn the corner of the main building, with the box in his arms. Steve had put his bicycle away, but found that the door of the barrack was closed. Steve was happy to have that box in his own hands, and happier that he had managed to get it into the school without being observed by the club. As he passed Miley, he saw the broken harness.

"Ho, Galligan!" he said. "You'll get into trouble. The Prof will swear that you've been driving that horse to death."

"Oh, yes, I know I shall!" answered Miley; "but if I had a penknife I could fix it all right. I guess you're mighty glad to see me in a scrape."

Whether it was that Steve's box and its escape had put him into a good-humor, or that he preferred to bully his enemies publicly, not privately, it is hard to say. He laid down his box, whipped out his penknife and put a hole through the strap.

"Now," he said, buckling it, "you're all right!"

Miley was so amazed that he did not thank him in words. He did so in acts, however; for from the corner of the main building appeared John Betts, Timothy Grigg, and the Cuban, Juan Estaferro, who detested Osborne because he occasionally saluted him as "Greaser." They were about to pounce on Steve's box, when Miley jumped down and flung it into the buggy.

"Grip it!" cried Juan. "That's Steve's box. It has come at last."

Steve's heart sank. He did not know what was in the box, but he *did* know that the opening of it would ruin all his pretensions.

Miley was quick. With the box in the buggy, he drove straight to the stable, and locked the door.

"Oh, it was only Professor Grigg's package of books!" remarked Juan, in a disappointed voice. "If it had been your box, Steve, Miley would have been the first to open it. Hey?"

Steve said nothing. In a few moments

the bell for the last hour of study would ring, and he must secure the box.

"Well, Osborne," said Juan, "if that had been your box, your friends of the club would not have got much of it,—I can tell you that!—sure! Carramba!"

"Don't swear," said John Betts. "I'd like to see some of the champagne Steve talks about. If the bottles in the new box are spoiled, we'll begin to think that his rich aunt is a very stingy woman."

Steve Osborne said nothing. He made a vow in his heart that if that box could be saved from Miley's hands he would never tell a lie again. He was sick of lying, and he knew—as all liars do—that he could not be believed for any length of time. He had begun by boasting, to cover the real state of affairs; and he had kept it up, increasing his boasts until he was forced to invent new tales of his aunt's splendor, day by day, to prevent the foolishness of his former boasts from being discovered. Steve did not know yet that it is very hard to deceive boys: they have a way of discovering the truth by intuition. The older a boy grows, the more easily he is deceived; but the little ones have a way of finding out things. And John Betts and Timothy Grigg had long ago made up their minds that Steve was not "square."

The bell rang, and Osborne was left alone, heavy-hearted and fearful. He ran to the stable as fast as he could. Miley was waiting for him.

"Here's your box," Miley said.

"Thank you!" replied Steve, briefly.

"I want to ask a question," continued Miley. "I don't pretend that I'm a friend of yours, or ever will be,—I don't pretend that. But I've done you a favor, and I want one in return. What did you do with the Mauritius stamps you took the other night?"

Steve looked Miley in the face, and answered, without any resentment:

"I didn't take any stamps."

"Sure?" asked Miley.

"Sure."

"By Jiminy!" Miley said, "who did?"

"Look here, Galligan!" Steve went on, regaining his superb manner and his West Point waist. "Look here! You've done me a favor, and I'll overlook your insult. If I wanted to steal, I wouldn't steal two stamps. What were they like?"

"Mauritius."

"Yes,—why, yes!" said Steve, really grateful for the danger he had escaped, "I did see them, and I can tell you where they are. One night, during the week I was captain in the dormitory, an envelope blew from under Jack Chumleigh's pillow, before Mr. O'Conor came up. I put the envelope back, but threw the stamps into the tin box on Jack's washstand. They must be there yet. If you find the stamps,' he added, "we'll consider ourselves quits. I don't want to be a friend of yours, Galligan; and you're the last man to whom I want to owe a favor."

"If I find the stamps," said Miley, "you can be as nasty as you like. But you must expect me to get back at you every time."

Steve made the military salute and marched away with his box under one arm.

"If he only knew, how he would despise me!" said Miley to himself. "If my Aunt Mary knew that I had opened another boy's letter! Oh, dear, how I do despise myself! A fellow can take a bath when he falls into the mud, but when your mind does a dishonorable thing you can't get clean so easily. I *must* see Father Mirard to-morrow."

Nevertheless, before he went to bed, Miley began to regret that he had not discovered Steve's secret in some legitimate way. He remembered his haughty air, even when Miley had gone out of his way to oblige him; and, tucked under the blanket, he was devising schemes for the humiliation of Osborne. The boys were marched in ranks into the dormitory under

the charge of the captain of the night. Silence was the rule; and, after the captain had made his rounds, the tutor came in, and there was no chance for Miley to speak to Jack.

The necessity of praying that the stamps might still be in the box drove all thought of vengeance out of Miley's head. He was one of those young Christians who are always very good when they want anything; so, while he prayed earnestly that the stamps might be in the tin box, he tried hard to make God and himself believe that he would forgive the arrogant offender.

The next morning was a busy one. Steve Osborne was sullen and moody. He was devoured with anxiety about his box: he had not had a chance to open it yet. He had hidden it in the straw in the stable, and he intended to remove it to his recess in the barrack on the first opportunity.

Miley, too, was devoured with anxiety about the stamps. At the first recess he spoke to Jack.

"When you can get to the dormitory, look into the tin box on your washstand."

"What tin box?" asked Jack.

"Why, the one on your washstand, of course,—stupid!" Miley answered.

"Oh!" said Jack, who was thinking of his algebra. "Oh, yes. What did you say? Tin box? I gave it to Faky yesterday for his bait. He wants to go fishing next Thursday."

Miley gripped Jack's arm hard.

"Where is Faky?"

"Over in the Juniors'."

"Can you see him?"

"No. Professor Grigg says there is too much running from campus to campus. He has stopped it, except at the after-dinner recess, by special permission."

"The stamps were in that box, Jack. Uncle Mike is saved, if we can find it."

"We'll have to wait for the noon recess. O Miley! if Faky has not opened the box, the stamps must be in it. If I ever wanted anything, I want those stamps. I say, Miley, we'll have to pray."

"It's no use," replied Miley, sadly. "I prayed last night, and I believe my prayers are likely to *hqodoo* the whole thing. In the first place, I feel that I ought not to ask God for anything until I can punch Steve Osborne's head or forgive him. In the second place, I did a mean thing last night,—so mean a thing that I can't mention it to anybody, though I would like to tell."

"Miley," said Jack, surprised, "you'd better go to confession. There is something wrong with you. I'm sure I'd like to be even with Steve Osborne. I thought last night," Jack continued, in a low and solemn voice, "that I'd like to be even with Steve and not be a Catholic just for an hour or so. If I could be a pagan just for a little while and then repent, it would suit me. But, as you're a Catholic, you've got to forgive your enemies; and," he added, with a groan, "I can forgive everybody but Steve Osborne."

"I feel the same, too," said Miley. "I'm glad you are as bad as I am. I didn't think anybody could be as bad as I am. It is a great pleasure to find that you're quite as bad,—though you could never, never be so mean."

"I don't think that I'm much worse than most people," said Jack, somewhat offended.

"*I* am," replied Miley. "I'm *that* mean that if a turtle got to first base before me, I couldn't feel meaner. And the worst of it is that I have got a chance of being still meaner, and I want to be mean. The religious life," said Miley, with a groan, "is dreadfully hard."

"We'd better go to confession. I think," answered Jack. "In the meantime let's find out what Faky Dillon has done with the box."

(To be continued.)

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

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To Mary Magdalen.

I CAN NOT picture thee, dear Magdalen,
An alien unto love.
I see thee ever at the Master's feet;
And what more meet
Than love should blossom there,
And, like a flower rare,
Within thy heart-deeps find a place,—
Kept fresh by tears—
A fragrant-hearted rose within a ruby vase!

I love to think of thee, dear Magdalen,
Not bowed in sin and shame,
But in the radiance of thy love-won grace;
Thy eager face
Reflecting thy great heart,
Which gave no smallest part
To vain remembrance of the past;
But which in love,
All things within the ocean of Love's mercy cast.

CASCIA.

A Modern Crusader.

GIULIO WATTS-RUSSELL.

"Anima mia, anima mia,
Ama Dio e tira via."*

THIS was the motto of one, of whose young, beautiful life we are about to present a short sketch to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA."

He was the son of that Rev. Michael Watts-Russell, the intimate friend of Father Faber, who, resigning his living in Northamptonshire, entered the Catholic Church with that celebrated convert, and preserved for him a friendship unbroken until death. For many years after, both during the life of his wife and subsequent to her death, he lived in the world the life of a saint, bringing up his beautiful and interesting family in a manner worthy the piety of the early Christians. Finally, when already far advanced in years, he at last had it in his power to realize his earnest desire of becoming a priest; and for seven years, until his death, he enjoyed the privilege of offering daily the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. His intense love for the Blessed Virgin determined him to make Lourdes his home, though his duties to his children caused him to leave the blessed sanctuary from time to time. He, however, had the happiness of dying at his favorite shrine, after a short illness,—indeed so short that his son, Father Michael—a Passionist,—could not reach Lourdes in time to see him alive. So great was the humility of this good man that he insisted on being laid on the floor to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. His name was so venerated in the little town of Lourdes that two thousand people followed his remains to the grave.

The wife of this estimable man and the mother of the boy-hero of our sketch was a worthy companion of her fervent

* My soul, my soul, love God and go thy way.

and unworldly husband. The writer* of Giulio's biography says truly that it will not be a vain conjecture if we attribute her having been blessed with so noble a son to the piety of her life and the many prayers which she offered previous to his birth, which took place on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1850, in the city of Florence. A pious nun, by whose advice the child was named Julian—afterward softened in the endearing Italian manner to Giulio,—wrote respecting this event as follows:

"St. Julian, the martyr of Antioch, combined a simple wisdom with purity and courage,—virtues so much to be longed for in these sad days, and which I ardently desire for my little Julian.... So it will not be wonderful if God in His own time grants him the grace, as He did to St. Julian, to follow in practices of virtue that innumerable company of holy souls who, like him, did not fear to give their lives for the defence of our holy religion."

In the light of subsequent events, these words seem almost prophetic. The life of Mrs. Watts-Russell was devoted to God, her family, and the poor. She was beloved by all; for the grace and charm of her manner went straight to all hearts, especially to those of the poverty-stricken, who revered her. While living at the Baths of Lucca, she used every Thursday to have four of the oldest poor men of the place dine at her house, serving them herself, assisted only by her two little girls. And this she did with such an absence of false shame that what in another might have seemed strange and unnatural appeared in her to flow without effort from a heart enkindled by divine grace.

Her death may be said to have been due to her own imprudent zeal. On the 30th of January, 1851, she wished to fulfil her long-cherished desire of performing the devotion of the Scala Santa with her husband and her little children, consisting of two girls and three boys,—Giulio an infant of a year old, whom she carried in her arms as she ascended the Holy Stairs on her knees. The weather was cold, and she was obliged to kneel long in a draught. This was the beginning of her last illness. Consumption developed from a severe cold then and there contracted, and she died at Venice, nine months later, a death so holy that, to use the expression of the two priests who assisted at it, "she seemed to see an angel who was eagerly waiting to conduct her into the presence of God."

Such were the parents of Giulio Watts-Russell; such was the family into which he had the privilege of having been born, the glimpses of whose inner life seem to us almost as beautiful as the glory of his early death. Piety was their daily bread, honor and truth their natural heritage; sacrifice had for them the zest which indulgence never knows.

Although having lost his mother's care while yet an infant, Giulio was not deprived of the good and pious education she would have directed and controlled. He was a particularly gentle boy, full of good and tender feelings; and his beauty of person, joined to his intelligence and winning manners, attracted all who met him. He had the happiness, while yet very young, to have Father Faber for a confessor; and the three boys spent many hours in the shadow of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. A tutor who had them in charge for three years thus writes of Giulio:

"One of the most beautiful traits in the character of Giulio Watts-Russell was the rapidity with which, when he had committed a fault, he rushed at reparation. I have seen him, after a moment's irritation, plunged in such quick sorrow that he seemed scarcely to have time to change rebellion for repentance. The natural swiftness of his mind and heart would make him see an error before he had brought it to completion; and the goodness which he had, by grace and

* The late Most Rev. Valerian Cardella, S.J.

education, rendered him much more edifying in his weakness than most people in their virtue and constraint. I am writing with the remembrance of the time when I had the privilege to be his tutor; and I often thought when contemplating both his merits and defects: 'Of such must those be who are destined to be saints.' Without the least attempt at panegyric, I should boldly say that, from nine years old to seventeen, Giulio was a type of Catholic youth."

Nevertheless, he was a boy like other boys,—full of spirits, fond of play, and occasionally getting into "scrapes" as others do. On one occasion, while at Ushaw College, he wrote a romantic naval adventure, in which he describes himself as a hero who sailed to Australia in a little boat. This exploit so worked upon his young imagination that, with another boy not as old as himself, he resolved to run away to sea. The culprits were brought back after they had gone about four miles, and received punishment in accordance with their fault. Giulio was at this time about twelve years old.

The last years of Giulio's life were spent in Italy, principally in Rome, with some sojourns in France and in Corsica. At Ajaccio he made the acquaintance of a Franciscan monk, to whom he made a general confession; and about this time he began to practise little mortifications—so quietly, in fact, that they would have escaped the notice of all save those who knew him well. His devotion to the poor was also quite unusual; and he developed such a spirit of piety that it was a subject of remark between his father and older sister.

When it became evident that a storm was about to burst forth against Rome, Wilfrid and Giulio Watts-Russell were in England with their father. The two generous brothers at once resolved to enlist in the Papal army. Giulio was about seventeen, Wilfrid a little older. From this time until the death of Giulio a period of five months elapsed.

In this army, which for many of them might truly be called a religious military order, the short life of Giulio was like a novitiate. In their barrack room, on first waking in the morning, he and his brother continued to the last their old habit of greeting each other with the words, "Praised be Jesus and Mary!" to which the other answered, "Now and forever." And to so good a beginning responded the whole day, which they ended by reciting together their evening prayers. One who was Giulio's companion at this time has thus written:

"As long as I knew Giulio—which was nearly four months—I never heard from him anything approaching an irreverent word. Whenever by chance any one said anything bad before him, he would immediately ask him to stop; and if he did not, he would walk away. As a rule, when we were passing a church he would ask us to go in and pray for a short time. Always, while he was at the depot with me, he would say his Rosary every evening, however tired he was, and whatever hard work he had been doing during the day. Every morning that he possibly could he used to go to Mass, and stay in the church some time afterward. He used to go to confession often and very regularly; and whatever he had to do, however pleasant and agreeable, he would not put *that* off. A sergeant told me that he used to go every day between drill hours to a little chapel close to the depot; and that one day, happening to pass that way, he saw him kneeling so devoutly at the foot of the large cross there, he also went up, and both kissed the feet of the crucifix. Everyone who knew him has the same opinion of him, and says that he never met even those he disliked with coldness, but shook hands with everyone, and treated all in the same kind and pleasing manner."

The following letter written by Giulio to his father is of interest, as describing some events of the campaign, as also his mode of life with the Papal army:

"MY DEAR PAPA:—We came back four days ago. Six days before that we started in the train to Monte-Rotondo; from thence we marched to the town, and there we slept on the straw, with our sacks for pillows. Next morning at half-past four we marched off to Monte Libretti—a nine hours' march. The morning after, at six, we started for Nerola, where we heard that 1,200 Garibaldians were fortified. We arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, and began the attack. Our company was complimented on its gallantry. Numbers of balls were whizzing about us; but, thanks to our Blessed Lady, we were not touched. We got into some houses, and shot away at the Garibaldians from the windows. In about one hour and a half there were as many as seven flags of truce hanging out of the windows, and the order was given to cease firing. The cannon knocked down the flag at the third shot, and then the Pope's flag was put on top of the fort, and everybody shouted '*Viva Pio Nono!*' It was grand. We slept at Nerola in the same room with a dead soldier; we said a *De Profundis* over him. First the Dutchmen said public prayers before going to sleep, and then the English,—there were five of us altogether. When we took the prisoners there were only one hundred and thirty-seven; the rest had got off the night before. Next morning we marched from Nerola to Monte-Rotondo—a march of sixteen hours—with our sacks on our backs. At Nerola we ate the Colonel's [De Charette] horse, which was killed; it was very good; there was nothing else to eat the whole day of that long march—fifteen hours. Pray for us, dear papa and Ellen. We often say prayers for you when out against those brutes of Garibaldians."

In the interval between the battle of Nerola and that of Mentana the Papal soldiers were on the *qui vive* continually, waiting for marching orders. At last the order was given in the Castle of Sant' Angelo on the night of November 2. Wilfrid Watts-Russell, who was suffering from the effects of a fever, being unable to join his company, recommended his brother Giulio to the care of a brother Zouave named Cary, and together they repeated the last prayers they were to recite in unison on earth. The Chevalier Genesti, an intimate friend of the Watts-Russell family, and the one who received the body of the brave young soldier after his death, has given some touching particulars of his last day in Rome. He says:

"At the time when Wilfrid and Giulio joined the Pontifical army I lived in the Via Quattro Fontane, my house being surrounded by a garden. Our young volunteers were fond of coming there whenever they were at liberty. It was a real pleasure to see them amusing themselves there; Julian especially was quite remarkable for his childlike gayety. I can not remember ever to have seen him depressed or uneasy; and indeed the beautiful motto he had adopted clearly proves that he had only one thing at heart—namely, to love God:

> 'Anima mia, anima mia,
> Ama Dio e tira via.'

I remember also having heard him several times express himself thus: 'I can not understand what pleasure men find in offending God.'

"On the eve of the battle of Mentana, in 1867, young Julian came to me in the morning. Saluting me, he said: 'Good-day, Monsieur Genesti! I have come to take dinner with you for the last time.'—'How is that?' I asked. 'Do my dinners no longer please you?'—'Oh, no!' he answered, 'it is not that; but I mean to say that to-morrow I shall be one of the first killed, and shall go to heaven.' He then commissioned me to tell the news to

his father. On my saying in reply to this, 'The Lord save me from having to deliver such news to him!' he went on: 'What! Do you think papa will grieve so much? On the contrary, he will thank God. Ellen [his sister] will cry a little, but Our Lord will comfort her.' And, in very truth, the tears shed for Julian were rather tears of consolation than sorrow. The dinner hour having come, he insisted on seating himself at the table betwen my little son, aged four years, and my daughter, two and a half years old. He kissed them on the forehead several times, saying to them in Italian: 'Keep yourselves pure and innocent, my little friends, and we shall meet in heaven; for I am going there to-morrow.'

"After dinner he took leave of us, saying he would meet us again in heaven. Madame de Genesti and children, in order to see him longer, climbed up to the top of a wall which faced the Via Quattro Fontane.... He then gave them another salute with his hand, and, pointing to heaven a last time, disappeared."

It was believed by the troops that the issue of the battle would be at Monte-Rotondo rather than Mentana; and it was agreed upon by Giulio and a few friends that they would meet in the public square of that place after the victory, which they counted on as certain to be theirs. Once during the march a friend, seeing him absorbed in prayer, said to him: "Giulio, what do you desire?" The boy answered calmly: "To have a priest near me to-day."

From the first he was in the hottest of the fight, his personal bravery amounting to recklessness. Near the Villa Santucci, his cap was knocked off by a ball. It was remarked that to see him, with fixed bayonet, bareheaded, he looked like "an angel of vengeance." And the comparison was not unworthy; for while he threw his whole soul into the cause for which he was so soon to die, his thoughts were at the same time most angelic. And, says his biographer, "whenever he fired, he said an *Ave Maria* for the poor soul whom his shot might send into eternity,—a practice worthy a Crusader of the age of St. Louis, combining the holy indignation and the charity of the Christian soldier; or, to follow out the same idea, emulating at once the zeal of an angel of vengeance and the tenderness of an angel guardian."

It was under the walls of Mentana that he was shot from a window, a ball passing through his uncovered head; and he fell, one of the bravest soldiers and the youngest martyr on the field, being only in his eighteenth year. The body was at first placed in the cemetery of Monte-Rotondo; but when Chevalier Genesti arrived it was disinterred and taken to Rome, to the house of the Chevalier, where it lay for several days, visited by crowds of people, who venerated the remains as those of a martyr. The funeral was celebrated in the English College, and the body afterward taken to San Lorenzo.

After having read the following letters, written at the time by the sister and father of Giulio, one does not wonder at the fervor and spirit of sacrifice which animated the soul of the young hero of Mentana. Such admirable fortitude, such Christian resignation, so foreign to the keynote of the nineteenth century, is enough to rekindle dying faith and revive the spirit of hope in the hearts of the most despondent,—such hearts as a materialistic world has put out of touch with the sublime consolations of true spirituality. Giulio Watts-Russell could scarcely have been other than he was, with the blood of such a father in his veins, his teachings and example a part of every breath he drew.

Miss Russell writes from Lourdes to a religious in England:

"MY DEAREST SISTER N.:—I do not know how to thank you for your most dear letter; it gave me such pleasure. We have felt more joy than sorrow at Giulio's

death. We can not mourn: death has been a triumph. The first notice we saw of it was in a French newspaper. We almost expected *one* to be taken—I do not know why,—and we anxiously examined every paper to find a list of the dead; but they would not publish the list. We found, however, his death spoken of before the list appeared. That was on the 13th, at Marseilles. We had taken our places on board the express steamer, which was leaving for Civita Vecchia, as we found it impossible to get a comfortable apartment in Spain, and the prices were extravagant. We were anxious to see the brothers, after all they had gone through. I was rejoicing at the pleasure of giving them a surprise, as we had not written to tell them of our arrival, when dear Giulio's death changed, for a while, our joy into grief. I felt his death just at first; still even then it was mingled with joy. But my joy has been wonderfully increased at seeing, once more, the precious body in Rome, twenty days after his death. The Cardinal Vicar gave permission. (This was Father Cardella's doing; papa would not have asked such a favor.) Giulio's body was disinterred and brought to the church, where Mass was celebrated. We all went to Holy Communion. After Mass the *Libera* was said. The body was then taken back to be buried,—papa, Wilfrid, and two nuns carrying torches. The priest began the *Te Deum.* He said the *Gloria Patri* instead of the *Requiem.* It was a glorious funeral.

"It was most consoling to see the state of the body. I could not have believed the suppleness of the limbs had I not seen it; you could not realize that he was dead. His hands, every joint of his fingers, bent like those of a person in life; his head moved about with the slightest touch. Many were present, among others five nuns. They all said, on seeing the Father take up his hand: 'Let us kiss it.' But he said, 'No.' So that, though I wished to kiss his hand, I did not do so, as the priest had said 'No' to the nuns. I touched my beads to his face. His face was a little discolored, and his eye, which was open, was rather sunken; but there were beauty and innocence in that face. We all felt so happy. In Rome he is regarded as a saint. Numbers ask for a souvenir of him,—the Cardinal Vicar, the General of the Passionists, numbers of Jesuits, and monks and nuns of other Orders. The Cardinal Vicar requested Monsieur Genesti to draw up a statement of the many little feats, which he would give to the Holy Father to read...."

The following letter, dated Lourdes, December 1, 1867, was written to the same religious by Mr. Watts-Russell:

"DEAR SISTER N.:—I must myself thank you for your more than kind letter of sympathy; but indeed I have no need to be consoled. I confess that my feelings are all happiness and exultation whenever I think of the signal grace which God has bestowed upon my noble boy. I do not think I can answer your kindness in a manner more acceptable than by relating to you one or two things which will show you that Giulio's heroic death has a very particular relation to your holy community at Darlington. You may remember how you were good enough to lend me the MSS. of prayers of Mother Margaret Mostyn, from which I made copious extracts; and Giulio copied into his book some of these prayers—the prayer to the Guardian Angel, the prayer to Our Lady for the conversion of England, ending with the words, 'England, thy Dowry, that was lost, is brought back to thee again.' These he used daily, also the long 'protestation of homage to the Blessed Virgin Mary,' which contains particular petitions to be delivered from temptations at the hour of death; a promise of sundry acts of devotion to our Blessed Lady, especially that he would say this prayer every Saturday on his knees; a resolution to carry this protestation about his person

both living and dying, and a request that it might be *buried* with him, as a testimony of defiance against the devil. On looking over his prayer-book last summer, and asking him about this prayer, which is *very* long, I was astonished to hear that he said it every day, and the way in which the pages are soiled testifies to the truth of it.

"See how literally all his petitions have been answered! His death must have been instantaneous, for he was shot through the brain; so that temptations had no opportunity of disturbing his soul. The book was found on the field, where it had dropped from him, or been cast aside by the wretched people who stole from his person all that they thought worth taking. When I came to Rome the book was put into my hands. He had already been buried many days; but Our Lady so arranged that, by an extraordinary permission of the Cardinal Vicar, the coffin was again opened, and I had an opportunity of placing a copy of this prayer on his breast.* Thus you see you may almost claim Giulio as a brother, for his soul was nurtured on the same sweet devotion as yours and your sisters in religion.

"P. S.—We were charmed with the long extract you gave Ellen from Mr. Burke's letter. There is one from his old tutor, Arthur Marshall, the author of a book which is now making a sensation, 'The Comedy of Convocation':—'My sorrow is almost as great as your own; for if I had lost my own son I could hardly have felt it more. When I first read of it in the newspaper, it seemed to me impossible. Let me grieve with you. I do not feel the joy I ought to feel at another martyr being added to the roll of saints; for I am much too human to be comforted by great thoughts. What I do feel is that the best boy that ever lived, and one whom I loved with as much affection as I ever felt for any human being, is gone from you and me. I knew him almost as well as you did, and I look upon his death as the sacrifice of a choice victim required by God for some purpose of mercy to those who survive."

Giulio Watts-Russell was laid in the Campo Verano; but his heart, which was removed during the process of embalming his body, was buried on the battlefield of Mentana, where a small monument was erected to his memory some time after his death. The following description of the ceremony, which must have been most impressive, is given by the Rev. Giuseppe Franco, S. J., who was present at it:

"Meanwhile the population of Mentana

* Prayer composed by Mother Margaret Mostyn, a saintly Carmelite nun of the time of Cromwell:

O thou most glorious, most immaculate, and perpetual Virgin Mary, the Mother of my God, I vow myself to continue thy most humble and devoted servant.... I promise that I will frequently reverence thee, and ever love and invoke thee; and I will rejoice that I may serve thee, from this instant till the last hour and moment of my death. *Control, then, at that time all those wicked spirits* which may be breeding idle fancies in my head or preparing dangerous snares for my feet; that, by thy intercession and protection—which can never be wanting when it is sought,—I may one day and forever adore the God of Majesty in His holy court of heaven, under thy mantle and at thy feet. And for the present I have the purpose, and raise it so far as to be a promise, that I will daily ask thy blessing more than once; and it shall be my first act in the morning and my last in the evening; and, if I may without note, I will also kiss the ground at the same time. I will give every day some little alms—either corporal, to some poor distressed creature; or spiritual, to the souls in purgatory—in memory and in honor of thee, to the end that at my death thou mayst give me the goodness of an eternal happy life at thy feet. And I will procure to carry this protestation about me, both living and dying, *so that it will be found about my person; and I desire also that it may be buried with me*, as a testimony of defiance against all the devils in hell, and of the hearty hope that I have, and will ever have, in thy prayers and protection, O thou Holy Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God and of me! In the meantime every Saturday I will read upon my knees the copy of this protestation; that so I may be often renewing the memory of thy presence and that, as I am joyed in meditating diligently upon thee, thou mayst also be pleased to take continual care of my poor soul.

were attracted to the spot, including several Zouaves of the neighboring garrison. The workmen had dug up the earth: nothing remained but to perform the ceremony. Several priests were present, but the honor of officiating fell to an elderly man—a newly-ordained priest. *It was Giulio's father.* Wilfrid, brother and fellow-soldier of Giulio, Mr. Vausettart, lately come to take the place of his deceased friend, and all of us pressed our lips to the metal case which enclosed the innocent and generous heart of the child Crusader, and then it was deposited in the place prepared for it. Those affectionate kisses; those brotherly hands engaged in their office of piety and love; the right hand of the father, recently consecrated with chrismatic oil, stretched out without trembling or hesitation over the remains of a beloved son, will never be effaced from our memory. We turned away feeling we had committed to earth the body of a martyr."

This monument, with that of others, was overturned by the Garibaldians a year and a half later; it was afterward restored. The heart, which had been preserved from desecration, and hidden for some time by Signor Pietro Santucci, was not reinterred at Mentana, but sent to England, where it now reposes under the statue of Our Lady in the nuns' choir at Darlington, where Ellen Russell had taken the veil as a Carmelite. His grave in the Campo Verano, bearing a simple headstone and surrounded by a coping of white marble, should be an object of veneration to all Catholics who visit Rome.

The study of such a life and death as his is the best argument in favor of religion that faith and virtue could advance. He threw himself into the struggle between good and evil with all the ardor of a young, innocent, unspoiled soul; and his death was the crowning act of a faithful service in God's cause, the reward of a generous sacrifice.

Twenty-eight years have passed since Giulio Watts-Russell sealed his devotion to the cause of religion and its representative on earth by shedding his blood on the battlefield of Mentana. But the situation is the same now as it was then: the usurper still holds the rightful possessions of Peter. To the mind of any right-thinking, practical Catholic there can be but one opinion on this all-important subject. In the apposite words of Giulio's biographer:

"To uphold in any way such a state of things is to place one's self in opposition to God's own cause,—in other words, to oppose God Himself. To be indifferent about it is hardly better; compromise is treachery. Our Lord Himself said: 'He that is not with Me is against Me,'—words pregnant with meaning. There is no middle camp: not to be under Christ's standard is to be under Lucifer's."

Nuestra Señora.

A Story of Maximilian and Mexico.

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

XXXV.—"The Veiled Lady."

THE Emperor was allotted the room which he had previously occupied in the convent. He requested that the officers of his household be permitted to have quarters in the convent and in his immediate vicinity. These officers were Prince Salm-Salm, Colonels Guzman and Pradillo, Baron Bergheim, Minister Aguirre, Arthur Bodkin, Doctor Basch, and Don José Blasio, his secretary. I may state here that his Majesty and staff remained in the Convent of La Cruz for four days, when they were removed to the convent of the Terrecitas, occupying this building for seven days; and then they were transferred to the convent of the Capuchinas, where

were also imprisoned all the generals of the Imperial Army. The Emperor and his household occupied the first floor of the Capuchinas for three days; and on the fourth he and Generals Miramon and Mejia were changed to the second or upper floor, where they remained until ordered out to be executed.

Arthur Bodkin was placed in a cell in the Convent of La Cruz. This cell was next to that occupied by Baron Bergheim, and the corridor was free to the entire household; a strong guard being stationed at either end, and a sentinel at every window. The *patio* was filled with picked troops.

On the morning after the surrender Mendez was taken out, placed with his back to a wall—an old sun-kissed wall, covered with a creeper whose blossoms were as sparkling rubies,—and shot.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Arthur, who was engaged in discussing the situation with Baron Bergheim, was beckoned from the apartment by an officer, who requested him to follow him, leading the way down the stone stairs across the *patio*, through a dark passage into a smaller *patio*. Stopping opposite an open door with the number 5 written in white chalk, the officer requested Arthur to enter. The cell was of stone, narrow, and lighted by a slit in the solid masonry. Some straw was heaped in a corner, and this constituted the furniture.

"What does this mean, sir?" demanded our hero.

"This is your cell."

"But why am I separated from my Emperor?"

"I have my orders."

"General Escobedo ordered that the Emperor's household should occupy the same floor in the same building with him. Are you aware of that, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Then why am *I* here? Why am I to be made an exception of?"

"For the assault committed on Colonel Lopez."

"Oh! Would that I had the hanging of the traitorous villain!"

The officer put his finger to his lips.

"Walls have ears," he half whispered.

"I care not. Of all the vile traitors the world ever saw, this cur Lopez is the foulest. My Emperor trusted him, took him to his heart, promoted him, covered him with favors, and—"

At this instant two man darkened the doorway. One was Lopez, the other Mazazo.

"That is *my* man," coolly observed the latter; adding: "The cards are in my hands now. You can not escape this time—you—dog!" And he spat in Bodkin's face.

Arthur sprang at him; but the officer, putting out his foot, tripped him up. Bodkin, however, was not yet done with Mazazo; for catching him and Lopez by their respective ankles, he gave them a twist which sent both men on their faces, and in an instant he was raining blows as heavy and as hard as Connemara marble on the handsome visage of the traitor Lopez.

Arthur, in his wild passion, was seeking the throat of the Judas; and if he had but once got his knuckles on the villain's windpipe, Lopez was a dead man. But a blow on the back of the head caused Bodkin to let go his hold; and a second, which seemed to crash into his skull, knocked him senseless. When he recovered consciousness he was lying stretched on straw in the corner of the cell, a fearful and agonizing pain shooting through his head. On feeling the back of the skull, he found the hair clotted with blood, some of it still fresh.

It was now dark, and everything was silent, save for the occasional challenge of a sentinel, or the melancholy whistle of a *sereno*, or watchman, within the city.

"I am left here to die!" thought Arthur. "Well, if it is God's will my time has

come." And he fell to repeating the Litany of the ever-blessed Mother of God. "I shall call upon Her," he thought, "so long as reason remains."

While he was thus solemnly and devoutly engaged, the door of his cell opened and a human form entered. Fearing assassination, Arthur, although fearfully weak from loss of blood, backed up against the wall, resolving to struggle to the very last; for oh, how sweet is life to the young!

A man's voice addressed him:

"Hush! Silence for the love of God. I am a friend. You are to be shot at day-break. I want to save you if I can."

"Who are you?"

"The man you treated as a *gentleman* in old O'Flynn's house."

"What man?"

"The man who would not betray his master for silver."

"I recollect you, and—I trust you."

"You can. Are you able to stand?"

So precious and invigorating is the thought of liberty that Arthur literally sprang to his feet.

"I have some *tequila* here and a sponge. I must sponge your head. I saw it after you were knocked senseless. Steady!" And the man proceeded to apply the spirit to the wound, and sponge it with the gentleness of a woman. "Now I shall leave you till they change guards. That will be in about fifteen minutes. Be ready when I return."

That bad quarter of an hour will ever be remembered by Arthur Bodkin as brimful of agony. It appeared a century. In about five minutes after the man had left the guards were changed, and the new sentry peered into the cell, holding a lamp over Bodkin's closed eyes,—for he feigned sleep. When the allotted time had come and gone, Bodkin's friend entered.

"Put these on," he said, placing a wide-brimmed *sombrero* on Arthur's head and a flowing *serape* over his shoulders. "Keep the brim of the hat well over your eyes; bring your *serape* up to the chin, and partly on the chin,—so."

"How can I ever hope to repay you?" asked Arthur.

"We are not safe yet. Besides," he added, "there's another helping you."

"Who?"

"You will see presently. Hush *now!*"

They emerged from the cell, the man closing the door; then he led the way through half a dozen dark, cold stone-paved passages to a door. He darted across a small alley, and traversed another set of passages.

"Wait a moment!" he whispered, as he placed a knife in Arthur's hand; "and if anybody comes, the word is '*Tiene.*' Don't be taken alive!"

Our hero stood, his back against the wall, his teeth set. The passage was narrow and dark as Erebus. The walls were cold and clammy.

A sound—a something living,—and a dog dashed past him with a fierce howl. Arthur's heart had leaped into his mouth. Footsteps — slow, cautious, almost noiseless. Arthur Bodkin clutched the *machete.*

"Come on!"

It was the voice of his friend. Retracing his steps, the man turned sharply to the left, then into an alley, and through a garden to a gate giving upon a highway. At this gate stood a carriage.

"Get in—quick! Not a word! God save you!" And the man pushed Arthur into the vehicle, closing the door.

In a second the mules were clattering at high speed along the road.

Arthur was not alone. It was the low, sweet, tender voice of a woman that addressed him:

"We meet again, Señor Bodkin."

And in a flash Arthur knew that he was seated beside the mysterious woman whom he had fetched from Puebla to Orizaba at the command of Maréchal Bazaine.

XXXVI.—El Cerro de las Campanas.

"Where am I?"

And Arthur Bodkin gazed around him with that gaze of wonder which fills the eyes of a waking child.

"You are safe," replied the sweet, low voice of the woman.

"Safe!"

"Yes."

"But—"

"Keep quiet! Ask no questions until you are better."

But Arthur was not the man to be put off as a child.

"I am well enough," he said sternly, albeit in a weak tone. "Where are the Emperor and Salm-Salm?"

"Be quiet, and I will tell you everything that happened since you escaped from the house in Queretaro until we arrived on this ship."

"Ship!"

A ship it was, and she was rolling gently but speeding onward on a summer sea. Bodkin saw that he was reclining in a berth in a small cabin. Opposite was an old-fashioned mahogany locker, with brass handles all over it; a tarnished mirror hung above it. This, together with a camp-chair, formed the furniture. Then he turned his eyes to the right, and beheld the woman who had rescued him,—the woman whom he had conveyed from Puebla to Orizaba.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a tone that brooked no denial; for he owed this woman almost bitter hatred for coming between him and Alice Nugent, even though all so innocently.

"I am the Señora Pillar Rosita Gonzalez," she answered.

"That tells me nothing, and you know it," said Arthur.

"Well, I am the wife of the man whom you tried to kill,—whom you knew as Mazazo."

Poor Arthur fell back in wild astonishment. The wife of his deadliest foe,—the wife of the man who seemingly thirsted for his life! And this woman risked everything to save him! Why? What was the mystery? What did it all mean? The tool of Bazaine,—the wife of Mazazo!

"Señora," said Arthur, "tell me why Maréchal Bazaine selected me to fetch you to him."

"He selected you, Señor, because you knew *nothing* and could tell *nothing*. You could not speak a word of Spanish, and you were an honorable gentleman. My husband was intriguing with Bazaine to place the Maréchal on the throne. I was their tool,—the tool of both. With my husband I have done forever. I helped you to escape, because I knew that he would imagine I was in love with you, and that we left as—lovers. For such vengeance," and her voice trembled, "I am willing to die ten thousand times. Carjaval, the man who spoke so well of you, helped me. I gave him ten thousand *pesos*, which my husband had stolen from the Irishman in the capital."

"O'Flynn?"

"Yes, after he had murdered the old man—"

"Murdered!—merciful Heaven!"

"Yes, murdered him. He robbed him of thrice that sum."

Murdered! Then the old miser had been called to his account with a lie in his throat; and Arthur remembered his words when he declared he had but a few hundred dollars in the house. What of the thousands up at the mine in the care of Harvey Talbot?

"I, Señor, am not in love with you, or you with *me*. I know where your heart is. I am going to follow up the Maréchal; for I hold such compromising letters as will, if he does not silence me by their purchase,—as will cost him his *baton* and more. You are on board the *Ethel*—a brig; and, if the wind holds good, we are due in New Orleans in three days."

"The *Ethel*,—a brig—New Orleans!" he gasped.

"Yes; this is how it happened. You recollect that you got knocked on the head, a cruel, cowardly blow? You recollect—or how much *do* you recollect?"

There was a pause.

"We passed through a gate to a carriage. You were in the carriage. My head was paining me awfully. I don't remember anything more."

"I thought as much," she said. "That carriage carried us to a *hacienda* near Santa Rosita, to relatives of mine, where we were perfectly safe. There you got a sort of brain fever, and remained for a time in a comatose condition. My cousin learned that they were on our track; so, bad as you were, we had to put you in a carriage, and we jolted for two days and three nights, my cousin driving, until we reached the coast. Luckily this brig was about to sail, and we got on board. This is the whole story. And now go to sleep,—not another word." And she glided from the cabin.

Arthur Bodkin lay on his back gazing at the deck so close to his face, and wondering,—wondering at his escape; wondering at the story of this revengeful woman; wondering at the anger of Mazazo; wondering if the Emperor and Prince Salm-Salm had missed him; wondering if the court-martial were over, and if the Emperor and Bergheim and Count Nugent, and all, were on the Gulf of Mexico *en route* to Miramar; wondering if dear Rody were still in Austria; wondering if Father Edward had seen Alice; wondering if Alice ever cast a thought toward him.

And the ship sailed on, and every hour gave strength to Arthur Bodkin; his fine old Irish constitution standing by him right royally.

He found the companionship of Señora Gonzalez very fascinating, especially when she referred to Alice, which, woman-like, she did very, very often indeed, and at times very irrelevantly. And the summer days and summer nights passed away, and the good ship *Ethel* entered the Mississippi, and sailed the hundred miles up to the Crescent City, where Arthur bade the Señora adieu,—endeavoring to utter words of gratitude whose roots were deep down in his honest heart, and could hardly be torn up.

"We shall meet again, Señor Arthur Bodkin; for I have kinsfolk in Ireland—at a place near Gal—Gal—"

"Galway?"

"Yes, yes! But you shall not see me until I have made Bazaine disgorge."

Arthur repaired to the St. Charles' Hotel, and "lay off" for about a week, writing home and writing to Bergheim and Salm-Salm.

In the hands of a very skilful surgeon the wound healed.

"It was a near touch," said the doctor; "and the inflammation that evidently supervened must have been of the fiercest description."

As well it might after the bumping and jolting and shaking in the mule carriage on the awful cross-roads from Orizaba to the coast.

By sheer good luck, Arthur had with him Austrian bank-notes for a good round sum, also some English gold. Señora Gonzalez placed this money in his hands so soon as he was on his legs. This strange woman had carefully stowed it away for him.

From New Orleans our hero started for New York, putting up at the New York hotel. Should he go to Miramar or to Ballyboden? He resolved to await the news from Mexico. Perhaps the imperial party would return *via* the United States, in which case he would join it. Never for a single instant did he imagine the awful tragedy of El Cerro de las Campanas.

(To be continued.)

The Peace of God.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

WE stood together in the cloistered way,
The nun and I—from out another world,—
Looking abroad upon the waning day,
Its flaunting banners by the night slow furled.

Cold was the sky and bleak the winter wind;
The sodden fields stretched chilly, wide and low;
Far in the west the sighing woods defined
Their tangled branchings 'gainst the sunset glow.

"In yonder corner," said the nun's low voice,
"We'll make our graves: already one is there.
She left us all too soon. Yet we rejoice
So soon to have in Paradise our share.

"She was so fervent, she so yearned to give
Her all to our dear Lord ere she depart,
We hastened, when we found she could not live,
The blessed day which sealed her His apart.

"Her glad profession made, she passed away
In perfect faith and hope without alloy.
Now, while we labor, watching as we pray,
She praises for us in the Courts of Joy."

I marked her words, I marked her lovely face.
Stillness and sweetness, steadfast strength and power,
A deeper knowledge and a fuller grace,
Parted her from me in that twilight hour.

Ah, yes! I felt it as an arrow keen
Piercing my soul, a fiery shaft of Truth.
Hers *is* the better part, and I have seen,
Clear-eyed, the beauty of Eternal Youth.

She lives upon the heights, and I—ah, me!
I walk in valleys and in darkness rest.
She cast all earth behind her, and is free
To mount with angels, while I lag, opprest.

Amid the lilies of Christ's love she dwells,
Feeds on the Bread of Life, Its dregless Wine;
Sleeps 'neath the sunlight of His smile, and tells
Her days' swift passage unto realms divine.

My heart was heavy as a home-sick child's,
Turning reluctant from the convent door,
Fixing my gaze upon the desert wilds,
The endless conflict and the death-dark shore.

Yet, as a star will sometimes draw on high
Our weary glance, and soothe, we know not how,
Thoughts of that nun upon my spirit lie,
Soft as the starbeams on a troubled brow.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER DE SANTA MARIA, FATHER LOPEZ, AND BROTHER RODRIGUEZ, O. S. F.

THE subjects of this memoir are not the next in chronological order who fell as witnesses to the Faith in the United States. But as they succeeded Father Padilla in the path which he had opened to the territory on the banks of the Rio Grande, we prefer to anticipate the order of time in order to preserve unity of place.

Augustine Rodriguez, though but a lay-brother, was the projector of this expedition. He was a native of Niebla, near Seville, and had come, like many others, to seek a fortune in the New World. Fortune, however, did not smile upon him; and, convinced at last of the emptiness of the bubble which he had sought, he resolved to renounce the world and entered a Franciscan convent in Mexico. From this moment he thought only of his own perfection and his neighbor's salvation. His penances and austerities, even to an advanced age, were indeed extraordinary; his prayer was unremitting; and, though cased in haircloth, he daily scourged himself with chains. His zeal had often

prompted him to seek an Indian mission; and he never showed a more lively satisfaction than when employed in catechizing or instructing the benighted savage, as he did with fruit among the Chichimecas and at Zacatecas.

But he longed to go to those tribes which knew not God; and, being at last placed in a convent in the valley of St. Bartholomew, he heard of provinces and cities lying far beyond the Passagates, realms which the Spaniards had never reached. His zeal was kindled anew, and his representations were now successful. Two Fathers were named to conduct the new mission, and the Viceroy gave them a small party of soldiers to escort them on their way. These Fathers were John de Santa Maria, a Catalan, who had in the bloom of youth embraced the religious life, and had just completed his studies, eminent alike for virtue and learning; and Francis Lopez, another young priest of a noble family at Seville, who had entered a Franciscan convent at Xerez de la Frontera, at the age of seventeen; and, young though he was, a worthy companion of Rodriguez in mortification.

In 1580 Brother Rodriguez, now at the summit of his hopes, set out with the Fathers, accompanied by ten soldiers and six Indians; and, after travelling two hundred and fifty leagues north of St. Barbara, they found themselves among the Tiguex in New Mexico,—in all probability the Tiguex whose town Coronado had taken forty years before. No hostility, however, was shown, nor did anything evince a remembrance of that Spanish inroad. The Fathers were now eager to advance in the way they had begun. Not so the soldiers; Spaniards though they were, they lost heart, and told the religious that if they were resolved to advance they must do so alone: their own path should be homeward. Unappalled by the dangers to which they exposed themselves, the generous friars bade them return if their courage had fled; and when they departed, continued their march a hundred and fifty leagues farther.

The people of the various towns constantly testified the greatest affection and good-will; but as the missionaries now heard them speak of fierce, wild tribes beyond, they resolved to go no farther, but to plant the cross and begin a mission. The field seemed so vast and the prospect so full of promise that they deemed themselves too few to reap the rich harvest alone. It was accordingly determined that one of them should return to announce the peaceful state of the country, and call upon their brethren to come to their assistance. The choice devolved on Father de Santa Maria; for he was vigorous and bold, and so skilled in the knowledge of the starry heavens that he had acquired fame as an astronomer. Trusting to the stars as his guide, he set out by a new road bearing directly on the valley of St. Bartholomew, hoping to reach it in far less time than that which had elapsed since their departure from it. On the third day, being weary of the way, he lay down in the shade to sleep. Some hostile Indians passed, and, seeing him thus defenceless, seized a huge stone, and, silently drawing near, dashed it upon his head, which was instantly crushed.

Meanwhile the others who had remained were carrying on their good work; but one day, while they were catechising the children, an affray arose between the people of the village and those of a neighboring tribe. Father Francis hurried to the spot, endeavoring by his exhortations to produce a calm, but in vain. Deaf to his voice, the assailants turned their rage on him; and, as their violence increased, Father Francis knelt, and soon fell dead, pierced through and through by the arrows which came from all around.

Brother Augustine was now left alone. His age and gentle ways saved him for a time; but as the Indians found in him a

stern censor of their many shocking vices, they were not long in coming to the resolution to destroy him also. A feeble old man could offer no resistance: he was easily butchered, and his murderers then deemed their work only half done till they had killed the Christian Indians who had accompanied the missionaries.

When the soldiers returned, the Provincial of the Franciscans, alarmed by their account and anxious for the safety of his three religious, used every endeavor to raise a party for their rescue. This was no easy matter; for the faint-hearted soldiers had given so terrible a description of the land that none were found daring enough to attempt to reach it. It was not till two years after that Anthony de Espejo, of Cordova, a brave and energetic man, from motives of piety offered himself and all he possessed to go in search of the missionaries. He set out in the month of November, 1582, traversed the territory of the Conchos, Passagates, Toboses, Yumames, or Patarabuyas—who dwelt in stone houses four stories high,—and at last reached the Tiguex. As they entered one of the towns of that tribe—for there were sixteen—the people fled; and here they learned that the two missionaries had perished.

Anthony de Espejo endeavored to overtake the fugitives, in order to punish them for their cruelty; but was unable to do so. Then he advanced some distance into the country to explore it—for he had not come to conquer; and, having convinced himself that no force was preparing to attack him, began his homeward route, able only to announce to the Fathers of St. Francis that their brethren had already won their crown.

THE message of a good book is like a breeze of truth fresh-blown from heavenly fields, and should sweep the heart-strings of the world.—*Helen Van Anderson.*

On Pictures.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

IT is said, not without truth, that Gabriel Max strives after sensational effect; but on a stairway of the New National Gallery in Berlin there is one of his pictures, "Christ Healing a Sick Child," which is not uninteresting. A young Jewish mother is kneeling by the wayside near a blank wall, and the heavy braids of her black hair fall down almost to the dust upon the stones. Her babe, with closed eyes and drooping head, is held against her breast. The child is wan but not emaciated,—suddenly stricken, it may be, with an infectious disease. Its little life is ebbing out rapidly, and the great fear has gone into the mother,—that suffocating anguish which is not an assent but an overpowering obsession distinct from us, and a fierce hope that is all our own. No one believes in the possibility of miracles so thoroughly as a man or woman in the face of a great fear. The tiny life was running out, and the mother caught the child up from the couch and sought the Master. There was a wise woman! She knelt on the stones, and looked up in her dumb pleading into His eyes. She knew herself to be stronger than God; she was certain that God had the weakest mother-heart in the whole village. Those learned men, the theologians, say He is Almighty, but she had seen a child talk to Him and bend Him like wax. This mother said never a word. He laid His hand upon the child.

There is the picture. It is not a valuable picture from the technical point of view. Our Lord is bareheaded under that Syrian sun, and there is no reason for this. The men of His class (even He belonged to a class) wore upon the head a *keffiyeh*, like a modern bernouse. In the picture His cloak drags upon the ground,

so that Mr. Max may get a drapery effect, and He is made very neat. Yet was He one whose feet the sandal-thongs chafed and the dust and grime besmirched as He followed the sheep; yes, and the salt sweat ran into His eyes and dripped from His beard every summer day; and His tunic was not always dapper. Nevertheless, although the painting might not take a medal in the *salon*, it is valuable, and, "like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself,—and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort."

You know the remainder of the story. Instantly the babe's closed lids parted, the rose was set again in either cheek, and the reddened lips smiled past the mother up to Him. Then the mother that was strong grew weak, and presently the pent tears gushed out. When she took thought to look up He had passed on, with sad eyes straight set. She bent down and kissed the print His sandal had made.

In the same Gallery they have "The Procession of Death," by Spangenberg. There is a long road across a level country, a North-German plain, and a line of ravens flap against the twilight. A multitude that can not be told in numbers is marching into the night with Death. Mitre and cowl and helmet, ermine and rags, crown and mob-cap, youth and eld, crowd on together in the endless host. Beside the way two lovers cling and hold back in vain; and on the other side an old mother, who has buried all her heart, sits, with yearning arms outstretched to Death; but he never heeds her. And before the van, with wide, wondering eyes, march Spangenberg's own two babes long gone from him.

A fault in this picture is that Death is made hideous and without dignity, whereas he is very beautiful. It is wrong to fancy Death as an angel. He is Christ Himself. Our dread of him comes from the animal in us, which recoils from the annihilation of animal death; or it comes from a conscience that is unclean. Saints and those who can see through the corpse to which we are bound love Death, and these have the right to beckon to him if their work be ended.

I remember another picture that had to do with Death. One June day I went along the Street of the Lilies in Prague to the Gallery in the Rudolphinum. The halls were deserted, and the old Bohemian paintings, that are so exquisitely beautiful and so utterly unknown, were a delight in the morning sun. I wandered on, bee-wise, from picture to picture, and at last I came before one by Shickaneder; and suddenly the sunlight went out, and the sweet, murmurous humming of the river beyond the open windows was forgotten. It was a gray March afternoon, and the brown flood was up over the meadows to the roadside. The trees looked as if they never would bud again. A few broken boughs lay rotting in the mud where the wind had flung them, and even the dead leaves were gone that might recall the summer. An old horse dragged a heavy cart along the road; and plodding onward at the horse's head was a peasant lad, bent with the pain of cold and frequent hungering. On the cart sat the boy's mother, her wood-shod feet dangling just above the mud; her dazed, heavy face, drawn with hopeless agony, was upturned toward the sky; and she was not praying. Beside her was her husband's coffin. That woman and the boy—alone, remember!—were taking their dead to the Friedhof. It was the cruelest funeral I ever saw; and Shickaneder must have seen it in reality, because even Dante could not have imagined anything so terrible.

Another picture was little more than a dramatic contrast, and it has not yet been put on canvas. There is a mortuary chapel down near the Tiber in Rome nearly opposite the Janiculum; a grim Italian fantasy, where the walls are decorated with arabesques made up of human *vertebræ* and ribs, and there are altars

built of bleached skulls. One evening from a deep window of this chapel—

> "I saw far off the dark top of a pine
> Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
> That bound it to its native earth—poised high
> 'Mid evening hues along the horizon line."

This was a pine of Monte Mario, and the evening hues were molten topaz and faint green. Within the "sanctuary" of the chapel sat a gigantic skeleton tricked out with scythe and hour-glass to represent Death. Everyone had left the place, because the uncanny evening shadows were creeping in. I heard a light footfall, and, looking away from the sunset, I saw a child, less than three years of age, coming in from the street. Black clusters of curls tumbled about the little brown face, and the eyes were like those of a fawn. She was not afraid of skeletons. She went over to King Death and knelt at his knee; then she made the Sign of the Cross as she had seen her mother make it; and, after a moment of imitation prayer, she flitted out, unsteady as babies run; and the *Ave Maria* began to chime over Rome. *There* was a composition which would have pleased Gabriel Max, and the critics would call it melodramatic.

These pictures are all too "literary" to please the wise men that judge art. I do not defend the artists who are responsible for them—I merely describe them.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LVII.

THAT is a charming passage which tells us: "A devout man everywhere carries about with him Jesus his Consoler, and says to Him: 'Be with me, O Lord Jesus, in all places and at all times!'" This notion of companionship, of constant protection, is very pleasing, and as practical as it is pleasing. And what better and more useful prayer could there be? "Be with me in all places and at all times." It embodies the spirit of a genuinely pious life. But it will scarcely be understood by those who affect the "compartment" system,—that is, those who leave their piety at the chapel door until they return to pick it up. "The intermittent current system," as the electricians have it, which they distinguish from the "constant" system. "Be with me, O Jesus, in all places and at all times!" In every little check or difficulty or cross this ejaculation will bring support and comfort.

Then here are three main principles: 1. "Ever keep in mind thine end, and that time lost returneth no more." 2. "Without care and diligence thou shalt never acquire virtues." 3. "If once thou beginnest to grow lukewarm, thou beginnest to be in a bad state." Beginnest—that is, it is a danger signal. Too often we are content with routine. Another note of decay is the not "shunning small defects," as we know these lead on to great ones. "Watch over thyself, stir up thyself, admonish thyself,"—these are the remedies. "And," our author adds in his quaint way, "whatever may become of others, neglect not thyself." For here he points out that delusive mending of others,—"doing good," in short; which so many think is better than mending themselves, because it is so much easier.

LVIII.

One of the most beautiful, stimulating, and even poetical passages sets the whole meaning of the journey here below before us in the most engaging way. Hearken:

"It is not long thou hast to labor here. Wait a little, and thou shalt see a speedy end of suffering. The hour cometh when all labor and trouble shall be no more. All is little and short which passeth away with time. Mind what thou art about. Write, read, sing, lament, keep silence, pray, bear adversities manfully. Eternal

life is worth all these, and greater combats. Peace shall come on one day, which is known to the Lord. And it will not be day or night, such as it is at present; but light everlasting, infinite brightness, steadfast peace, and safe repose. Oh, if thou couldst see the everlasting crowns of the saints in heaven, and in how great glory they now triumph who appeared contemptible heretofore to this world, and as it were even unworthy of life, doubtless thou wouldst immediately cast thyself down to the very earth. Oh, if thou didst but relish these things, did they penetrate deep into thy heart, how wouldst thou dare so much as once to complain! Ought not all painful labors to be endured for everlasting life? It is no small matter to lose or gain the kingdom of God."

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Statue.

THE statement recently made in these pages that the people of Lyons are remarkable for their devotion to the Mother of God, has induced an esteemed correspondent in England to favor us with the following corroborative incident. The narrative is well authenticated, though we believe it has never before been published in English.

In one of the oldest churches of Lyons there had been from time immemorial an image of Our Lady known as Notre Dame du Port. No one could tell when or whence it had come; but it had been the means of various miracles, and, in consequence, was duly valued and venerated. One day this image, which was of black wood and somewhat defaced by time, but adorned with many jewels, mysteriously disappeared from its niche in the shrine. Search was made throughout the city, but no trace could be found of the venerated image. Novenas were made in the churches and prayers offered for its recovery, but all in vain. Some years later the clergy of Lyons were summoned to meet at the Bishop's palace, when it was announced to them that Notre Dame du Port was found. Under cover of night, his Lordship stated, an individual—he would not even say whether it was a man or a woman—came to him carrying a burden which proved to be the treasured image. This the bearer desired to restore, on condition that no attempt should be made to discover and punish the culprits.

It had been stolen, as was surmised at the time of the theft, because of the jewels that were hung about it, and had been concealed in the roof of an old house,—the thieves intending to leave it there until the jewels might be disposed of with greater facility. A series of misfortunes had overtaken those who were guilty of the sacrilegious act; they were reduced to great destitution; yet they feared lest if they offered the gems for sale, it would lead to the discovery of their guilt. At length they took the image from its hiding-place, and were about to detach some of the jewels, when, to their astonishment, they saw tears fill the eyes of the Blessed Virgin and roll slowly down her cheeks. The sight of this wonder struck them with compunction. With profound sorrow and promises of amendment they acknowledged their guilt to the Bishop, only begging him to spare them the disgrace of public exposure. The joyful news spread through the city; and on an appointed day a procession of clergy solemnly carried the wonderful image back to the church, and reinstated it in the place it had occupied so many years.

IF it be true that diseases, whether of mind or body, are the fruits of our follies and our vices, sympathy and affection are also the rewards of our having done our duty.—*Emile Souvestre.*

The Warning in the Market-Place.

IN the last century such a striking and awful incident took place in a certain little town in Wiltshire, England, that the inhabitants erected a monument in the market-place, so that he who saw it might keep in mind that visitation of God.

It was market-day, and the folk from the country had displayed their poultry and vegetables, and the people in the town had gathered to make their choice and carry away the necessary supplies for their tables. One countrywoman was sitting at her stall, when a customer came up, purchased what she needed, paid the price, and then stopped for a friendly gossip, the two being old acquaintances. Finally the town woman said:

"Now I must really be going."

"But," said the huckster woman, "you have forgotten to pay for the things you bought."

"Why, I paid!" said the other, amazed. "Don't you remember? I gave you a half-crown, a new shilling, and a fourpenny piece."

"How can I remember what never happened? Here,—I turn my purse upside-down. You see for yourself there is no half-crown in it."

"Purse or no purse," exclaimed the customer, "I counted out the money into your own hand!"

"Where is it, then, I ask? Wouldn't I have it if you had paid it? You never paid it, and you are trying to cheat me out of my just dues."

"And I say that paying once is enough. A bright new shilling, a worn fourpenny piece and a half-crown,—that was what I gave you. And I never want anything more to do with you."

By this time a number of persons had gathered, and were deeply interested.

"You are a miserable cheat," said the market-woman. "Not a cent did you pay me. May God strike me dead if you did!"

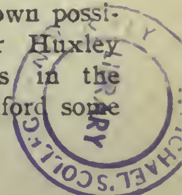
The crowd started back with cries of horror; for no sooner were those words uttered than the old woman fell dead upon the floor of the market-place. And clutched fast in her left hand were the half-crown, the new shilling, and the worn fourpenny piece.

So that is why the inhabitants of the little town in Wiltshire erected, as a warning to all who might come after, the monument in the market-place.

Notes and Remarks.

The activity and all-embracing zeal of the venerable Father of Christendom may well strike the enemies of our holy faith with amazement. Despite his advanced age, he watches over the interests of the whole Church with a vigilance that never flags. His letters to the Oriental Catholics, to America and to England followed one another in quick succession; and hardly had the ink dried on these great documents when he addressed himself to the Copts, among whom there is now a great movement toward the Church. The unwearied zeal of the Holy Father for the union of Christendom is a perpetual grace to those without the Fold, and emphasizes better than argument could do the endless and hopeless divisions of Protestantism. Bismarck has retired, Gladstone was forced to withdraw from active life, but Leo XIII. still labors on with the freshness and courage of youth.

One of the most satisfactory criticisms of the late prophet of agnosticism is that of the London *Tablet*. "The evolutionary hypothesis," it declares, "is no longer held by its votaries, as it formerly was, to be the master-key to all the riddles of creation, and the solution of many of the problems raised by it must be looked for in directions far outside the limited range of its own possibilities of explanation. Professor Huxley himself practically admitted this in the celebrated Romanes Lecture at Oxford some



two years ago, when he explicitly declared that *the ethical side of man's nature could never have been produced by any process of animal evolution*, since it not only gave no assistance to the organic development resulting from the struggle for existence, but was actually a hindrance and impediment to it. To acknowledge that the entire set of moral faculties which differentiate humanity from the rest of creation must have had some source external to the physical causes working to the perfection of the organic structure, would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the whole theory of the Descent of Man, so closely identified in popular estimation with the energetic advocacy of the philosopher himself. Professor Huxley, however, remained stationary at this stage of partial recantation, and never pushed the views thus formulated to their logical results. There could be no stronger proof of the obscuration of the reasoning faculties induced by a long course of scientific partisanship than such a refusal of the mind to follow a clue of which it has already grasped the initial section."

Like the other agnostic mentioned in the Bible, Mr. Huxley said in his *heart:* "There is no God."

If appearances count for anything, a most gratifying change is working among the French people. On the octave of Corpus Christi, for instance, public, enthusiastic processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament were held in the principal provincial towns, and a movement is already on foot to organize similar processions for next year in every city and town of France without exception. At last there are serious signs of a general awakening from the unaccountable lethargy which has so long enslaved French Catholics.

There are many signs of increased strength among the Catholics of England, one of which is the new Cathedral of Westminster, whose corner-stone was recently laid with due solemnity. The new temple, when completed, will be worthy of the world's metropolis, a monument of Cardinal Vaughan's courage and of the generosity of his flock. But the Cathedral is interesting to the Catholics of our day for another reason, which is thus presented by the ablest Catholic journal in the English language:

"Cardinal Logue, in the opening sentences of his excellent speech, spoke of the building of our Cathedral as 'a profession of faith.' And it is well that this aspect of the great work should be insisted on. One of the strongest tendencies of the time is to treat what is called the service of man as though it could become a sufficient substitute for the service of God. Much of the literature of the period is saturated with the feeling that it is a waste to spend upon a cathedral money which might have been used to provide new wash-houses for the people. There is a subtle undercurrent of thought abroad which would identify religion exclusively with the corporal works of mercy: which would require piety always to express itself in terms of sanitation, and would regard a system of successful sewage as the most acceptable form of worship. To those belonging to this school, to build to the glory of God, and to spend vast sums for the beauty of His house, must indeed seem a foolishness and a vain thing. And it is precisely because it is so—precisely because the building of a magnificent cathedral is so alien to much of the thought that is around us, a rebuke to those who would narrow down what we mean by religion until it is indistinguishable from philanthropy, — that the ceremony of last Saturday becomes what Cardinal Logue well described it, a great profession of faith."

We rejoice that our Catholic brethren over the water are now enabled to construct a worthy mother-church without, however, neglecting that active and practical charity which, as Our Lord said, is "religion pure and undefiled."

After the eminent ability of certain heterodox writers is frankly acknowledged, it still remains true that a large share of their reputation is derived from simple folk who mistake obscurity for depth and mental gymnastics for original reasoning. Mr. Balfour was recently overwhelmed with reproach because he undertook to confute the prophets of agnosticism as he understood their teaching. Whereupon Father Findlay, S. J., asks in the *New Ireland Review:* "Is it not strange that it should be so difficult to grasp the precise import of the several systems represented by these writers? Professor Huxley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mr. Herbert Spencer have devoted the energies of long lives and the resources of distinguished literary faculties to the exposition of the

tenets which they hold in philosophy. And Mr. Balfour is a man of exceptional logical acuteness and of comprehensive literary sympathies. Yet they have not been able to convey to him what it is they really mean; nor has he, in the judgment of these unexceptional authorities, been able to perceive what it really was which they were endeavoring to state. We have heard of the German professor who complained that there was only one of his many pupils who understood him, and that this brilliant exception to a distressing rule *mis*understood him. It looks as if a similar difficulty were about to afflict the teachers of philosophy nearer home."

The simple reader may well conclude that since it is so difficult for the prophets of the new philosophy to understand one another there is small chance that minds innocent of logic can judge the merits of the controversy. But it is characteristic of prophets to veil their messages.

A brother of Julian Watts-Russell, the modern Crusader of whom we give a sketch in our present number, is now the esteemed superior of the Passionist community in Paris. His father was an intimate friend of the illustrious Oratorian, Father Faber,—Mr. Watts-Russell and himself having been received into the Church together, their theological doubts vanishing like smoke the moment they had resolved to abandon their rich and pleasant benefices in the Church of England. Some time after the death of his wife, the elder Mr. Watts-Russell was elevated to the priesthood by Cardinal Manning. He served the first Mass of his priestly son, offered in Rome, and officiated as a priest himself at the reinterment of his other son, who gave his life for the cause of the Pope's temporal power.

The late Mgr. Lagrange, Bishop of Chartres, who died last month after a long and painful illness, was one of the most distinguished members of the French hierarchy. At a remarkably early age he was chosen by the great Mgr. Dupanloup to be Vicar-General of the diocese of Orleans; however, his arduous duties did not prevent him from contributing numerous articles of very special merit to religious periodicals. To the literary world at large Bishop Lagrange was best known as the biographer of his friend, Mgr. Dupanloup, whose broad policy he admired and continued when appointed to the See of Chartres in 1889. His career in the episcopacy was short, but it was long enough to bring into bold relief his great qualities of heart and mind. *R. I. P.*

Pilgrims to Lourdes will henceforth miss the familiar features of Dr. Boissarie, who died recently. For many years he presided over the Medical Bureau established at the famous shrine, to which he was very devoted. Dr. Boissarie, who stood in the first rank of his profession, frequently had cause to raise his voice in defence of Lourdes when it was assailed by intolerant unbelievers, and his "Medical History" of the shrine is one of the most valuable works published in recent years. To eminent learning he united a beautiful spirit of piety, which made him a worthy defender of the spot which the Blessed Virgin has chosen for her own. 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. William J. Smith, of Fort Edward, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 30th ult.

Sister Mary Bernard, Presentation Convent, Limerick, Ireland, whose holy life closed peacefully some time ago.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Van Dyke, who was called to the reward of a beautiful Christian life on the 10th inst., in Detroit, Mich.

Miss Julia Halpin, of Binghamton, N. Y., who passed away on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Margaret O'Keefe, whose noble Christian life was crowned with a precious death in Chicago, Ill., some time ago.

Miss Margaret Sullivan, who departed this life on the 28th ult., at Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Teresa Weidt, of Newark, N. J., whose life closed peacefully on the 16th ult.

Mrs. —— Hernaghan, of Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Charles Hagarty, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary Murphy, Cheyenne, Wyo.; and Mrs. —— O'Connell, Garrinacole, Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

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

A Vacation Lesson.

"THE hardest thing vacation brings,"
Said wilful little May,
"Is washing dishes when I'd like
To run about and play."

"Why, washing dishes is just fun!"
Said Tom, with rueful face.
"'Tis getting kindling that's the worst,—
You wouldn't want *my* place."

But mamma heard, and gently smiled:
A remedy she knew.
"Now, children, for a week," she said,
"There's nothing you need do."

But ere the week was past they found,
These children wise if small,
That doing nothing all the time
Is the hardest work of all.

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVI.—The River Bank.

WHEN Faky discovered what that tin box contained, he was in great distress. Faky, like most poets, was absent-minded. Thanksgiving drew nearer every day, and he felt the necessity of completing the Latin ode. He had serious thoughts on the subject. That ode, if sent in time, would, he knew, make a vast difference in the contents of the box from home.

"*O rosa rosarum!*" he went on, until he had used up nearly all the nouns of the first declension. Miley had suggested "*O regina servorum!*" But Faky had his doubts; for, although Susan often laughed scornfully at the pretensions of American domestics, she always described herself as a "help." Consequently Faky's delicate taste recoiled before "*servorum*"; besides, he had certain grammatical doubts.

It was the thought of this ode that caused him to lose the tin box. He had determined to devote it to worms,—all he could remember now was that he had left it somewhere.

"What's the use of genius?" Baby Maguire said, when he heard this confession. "I'd rather have common-sense."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Faky retorted, sarcastically. "Why don't you try for some of it, then? Here I am, working and slaving for you fellows. Do you think it is for myself I'm trying to make poetry in a language that is dead and ought to be buried? Not much! It's for all of you. *I* know Susan. If a black cat jumps on the fence on any day before Thanksgiving, she'll think it's bad luck to send the box. Besides, if she thinks that cook is going to send a box, *she* will not send any; because as she's out with the cook, she'll do nothing the cook does. Now, Jack's sure of a box, anyhow, because the cook wrote him a letter the other day. She thinks *he* is just right; but we're not sure of *anything*. And if I don't get an ode of some sort to her before Thanksgiving, there may be no box but Jack's,—that's all."

"I'd rather do without a box than 'work' people in that way," said Miley.

"Oh, you would, would you?" replied Faky. "You're too high-toned for this crowd. I suppose you'd consider it mean to open one of those club boxes if you had a chance. You're too high-toned!"

Miley's face flushed. Faky's careless words brought the memory of his shame back to him; he made no reply, and Thomas Jefferson and Baby Maguire looked at him in amazement.

"I'm not 'working' anybody," Faky Dillon went on, in an aggrieved tone. "I'm only paying a tribute to Susan in the Latin language, because she likes it; and if it makes the box bigger, so much the better."

"I am not saying anything, am I?" demanded Miley.

"But all this talk will not bring back the tin box," observed Thomas Jefferson. "There are a lot of punishments to-day. Everything seems to go wrong. The idea of sending Steve Osborne into our 'quiz'! The tutors know we dislike him."

"He is clever," said Faky. "There is no denying that."

"He was in our 'quiz,' too," said Miley, his brow contracting. "I think these 'quizes' are foolish. You have to work hard for the weekly test, and here they go and add every two weeks a 'quiz' at which some Senior is the boss. It is bad enough for you Juniors, but it is awful for the lower-class Seniors."

"Did Steve rattle you?" asked Baby Maguire. "Was it decimals?"

"Decimals!" echoed Miley, in contempt. "It was algebra. And he was nasty!"

In fact, Steve Osborne had repented of his amiability to Miley. There are boys who never seem to forgive a kindness. So crooked have their natures become that they see in every courtesy an attempt to gain something from them in return. They are greatly to be pitied. And Steve Osborne was one of these. He made up his mind that Miley must have had some object in helping him in the matter of the box; and in conducting the hour's 'quiz'—a duty which fell upon one of the Senior class every two weeks—he had done his utmost to put Miley's ignorance of algebra in as strong a light as possible. Steve had determined to show him that he need expect no favors.

As Thomas Jefferson had remarked, no amount of talk would bring back the tin box; so Miley, with a sigh, proceeded on his errand, which was to carry a message from a tutor in the Seniors' campus to one in the Juniors'.

On returning to the Seniors', he saw that a group had gathered around Steve Osborne; and Bob Bently called to Miley, who found that a dozen boys were arranging for a game of football between the two departments.

"It's too bad," Steve said, hiding a cigarette in his sleeve as a tutor passed, "that Professor Grigg won't allow visiting teams to come here. He is behind the times."

"We've got to have a game, anyhow," said the Cuban, who hated football, and, to avoid playing, had got himself made manager of the team. "Miley Galligan here can play. Make him full back. I've seen him practise in the Juniors'."

Steve looked into Miley's face with a cool stare. Now that the tutor had passed, he puffed at his cigarette.

"Has any fellow an Egyptian?" he asked, looking around in the aristocratic manner so much admired by his friends. "I can't stand these American cigarettes. My Aunt Fanny always kept me supplied with Egyptians,—a dollar a package. But you can't get anything like that out here. How do, Galligan?" he added. "Why don't you get some buttermilk and wash the freckles off your face? They look bigger every time I see you. I guess your system must be full of iron; there must be enough in it to make an iron-clad."

The group, even Bob Bently, roared at this exquisite joke. Miley's freckles were hidden in the rush of crimson blood to his face. The boys laughed again. Steve's wit was so fine, and his rich aunt might appear in splendor at any moment. How Miley despised them all, but especially Bob! He was about to retort with crushing sarcasm when he recalled the fact that *he* could not call them "mean," as he intended to; in his heart he felt that he was meaner than anybody there.

"You'd not be likely to meet Miley at one of your aunt's parties, would you?" laughed one of the club, pointing to a big hole in Miley's "sweater."

"Steve Osborne's aunt—" Miley began, with a sneer. Then he stopped. To say what he was about to say would make him appear in his own eyes the vilest of boys.

"What about Steve Osborne's aunt?" demanded Osborne. "What have *you* got to say about Steve Osborne's aunt, I'd like to know?"

"Steve Osborne's aunt," Miley continued, changing his words, "may be the richest woman in Boston, but she doesn't run this school. The question is, who is to be full back on the Seniors' team?"

"You're not,—that's certain," replied Osborne. "My aunt may not run the school, but you'll find out that *I* run a good part of it, old boy."

"At the meeting the other day I was put on the Seniors' team," said Miley; "and you can't put me off it."

"Can't I? We'll see. Boys," Osborne went on, "you're all on the executive committee. Shall we turn Miley Galligan down or not? All in favor of dropping him say 'Aye!'"

Everybody except Bently said, "Aye!" There was an appealing and disappointed look in Miley's eye that touched Bob's heart. It was a dream of Miley's—a cherished dream—to play full back on this team.

"I say, Osborne," Bob ventured, "that's rather hard."

"Discipline is discipline, and we can not afford to have a tad like this—the cousin of Jack Chumleigh's mother's servant-girl, I've heard,—come lording it over us," Osborne said, puffing again at his cigarette.

Miley closed his lips hard; he began to say an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" rapidly. He felt that the devil was at his elbow; that he must answer Steve back or choke with anger.

But Bob Bently spoke again,—he was indignant:

"Miley Galligan's cousin may be a servant—I don't say she isn't,—but I want to tell you that she is a friend of mine, and a good friend too. I don't mind a joke, Steve; but that sort of talk is what I call hitting below the belt. Miley Galligan ought to be proud to be the cousin of any lady, whether she is a servant or not. And it's a mean thing for any boy brought up among nice people, as you've been, Osborne, to say a thing like that."

Instead of answering Bob, Osborne gave an excellent imitation of his tone of voice; for Bob, when excited, spoke somewhat through his nose.

Bob turned away.

"Never mind!" Steve called out to his admirers. "He's a 'softy,'—I can bring him back when I want him."

"Why didn't you speak up?" asked Bob, indignantly. "You're glib enough usually with your tongue."

"I couldn't,—I couldn't," answered Miley; "that is, I could if I wanted—to. If you—" but Miley checked himself; in another minute he would have suggested too much.

The mail had come in; the boys commissioned for that purpose distributed it. Steve Osborne read his short note—it was from his aunt,—and tore it into small pieces. Bob Bently walked to the shade

of the apple orchard with Miley, and read his paper.

"Failure of Pacific Bank!" he cried, after he had scanned the column of baseball news, and looked for the beginnings of football. "That's father's bank," he said; "and Mr. Chumleigh is a big stockholder. I'm afraid they are pretty blue at home, if this is true."

Miley could only say that he hoped it was not true. The duties of the day began, but Miley learned nothing. He was wild with anger against Steve Osborne; he could think of nothing but him,—of nothing. At times he felt that he would shame him before the whole school, and take the consequences. Even good Father Mirard would have to admit that the temptation was very great. He went into a delightful dream over his map-drawing, in which he saw himself the centre of a group which listened with howls of derision to his version of Steve Osborne's aunt's letter; while Steve slunk away, humiliated, despised,—a liar and boaster found out. Oh, how Miley revelled in the thought! But suddenly he awoke, and said the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" again.

The note received by Steve Osborne had run thus:

MY DEAR STEVE:—I forgot to seal a most important letter which I put into your box. Look after it when you open the box; I am very nervous.

AUNT FANNY.

Miley's class record was not good that day; he fought with temptation all day long. Steve's insolent words seemed to be written in acid on his heart.

In the meantime, spurred on by his aunt's note, Osborne had contrived to get his box into his closet in the barrack. He sighed with relief when he found that the letter was safe. If Miley had seen his pale face as he read that letter, he would have forgiven him. All the bravado, the boastfulness was gone; and, as he read his aunt's words, Steve Osborne looked very wretched. He took up the rude picture of Shakspere, and kissed it, and kissed it again.

"O father!" he groaned,—"O father! why did you do it?"

He was alone in the barrack, and the sobs that shook him and made the calico curtain of his closet tremble could not be heard. He picked up the letter again. His aunt had said that it was not sealed: he looked at it closely. The flap had been glued, and pressed down by a very muddy hand, certainly not his aunt's. He looked into the box. What was that? Surely Miley Galligan's big claspknife,—the name burned into the bone handle! Steve Osborne shivered; cold perspiration came out on his forehead. Did Miley know?—did Miley, his enemy, know? He examined the lid of the box. It was plain, from the appearance of the box, that it had been opened. Steve could not stand up: he sat on his stool, and chewed the letter into small pieces, which he swallowed.

He must see Miley Galligan—he must know the truth. He was feverish; he could not eat at supper; he moved about as if he were a machine.

Miley went to the river bank during the evening "recreation" to dig for worms; filled, too, with some hope that he might find the tin box; for Faky had confessed that he thought he had left it somewhere near the river.

Steve caught sight of Miley, and went to him, grateful that the meeting would take place in the shadow of the trees.

Miley stopped digging, and looked up sullenly.

"Well," he said, "what do you want of me? You're twice my size, but I'd like nothing better than to have a fair fight with you."

"Did you drop that into a box?" Steve asked, tossing the claspknife to Miley.

Miley caught it,—he turned red.

"I dropped it somewhere."

"Do you remember that envelope?"

Miley looked at the envelope, with the mark of his muddy thumb on it.

"Yes," he replied, "I do."

"And you read—" began Steve, in a half-choked voice.

"Yes," said Miley, hanging his head. "And I am sorry for it from my heart."

Osborne leaned against a knotted apple-tree, faint and weak.

"Well," he muttered, "you will tell, of course."

"No," said Miley, "I will not. You are a bully and a coward, and"—he caught sight of Steve's white face, and stopped. "You can be as nasty as you like; you can say what you like, but I'll play fair. What I've read is as dead as a door-nail."

Steve kicked hard at an object that lay in the dried grass,—he did not know what he was doing. He kicked again, and dislodged the object.

"Galligan," he said, in a low voice, "I believe you. You're the first boy that ever lived that wouldn't have blurted out the truth to-day when I said what I did. It makes me shiver to think of it. Let us be friends."

Osborne held out his hands.

Miley turned his back to him.

"No: schoolmates,—that's all."

"If I can do anything for you, Galligan—" Steve advanced toward Miley.

"Don't lie,—that's all," Miley retorted.

"And don't *you* open other people's letters!" responded Osborne.

Miley made no answer. He picked up the object which Steve had kicked. It was the tin box. He opened it with trembling hands,—the stamps were in it, safe!

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTUS III., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, paid 17,000 ducats for the Raffaelle now in the Dresden Gallery, called the Madonna del Siste,—a sum equal to $42,500.

Dora's Happy Day.

BY L. W. REILLY.

II.

Dora remembered that she had a cent in her pocket, given to her by her father the night before. To part with it was a struggle; but the sight of a banana on a stand near the corner of the street caught her fancy, and the exchange was soon made of money for fruit. She was about to eat it when she remembered what her mother had said: "Ef yo' want to be happy, hunt out er kindness to do to some one else." To give up the banana was harder than to part with her cent. It was a fierce battle between her taste and her longing for sunshine of the heart. Finally, the latter won. Its victory brought her a strange peace.

Retracing her steps, she again knocked at the Yancy door; and when it was opened, not trusting herself to go in, she said to Sylvia: "Here's a banana for yo' pap." Then she hurried off.

The thought of the invalid eating the delicacy perfumed Dora's way. She felt a sweeter taste in her mouth than ever came from fruit. The dawn was breaking for her. If she could have seen the consumptive deny himself the gift that she had brought him, to distribute it among his five children, with the biggest piece for Baby May, she would have learned another lesson in self-denial.

As the rain had now stopped, Dora resolved that she would go home by the long way around the Hanover Market. She liked to see the loaded stalls, the fruits, the cakes and candies, and all the other good things collected there. The little girl's imagination was vivid, and enabled her to enjoy a Barmecide feast of all she saw.

After wandering all through the market, she was going down Camden Street, when,

just as she passed a flower-stand near the sidewalk, a grocer's wagon bumped gently against it, and was about to knock it off its props. As quickly as she could, she caught the stand and steadied it until the wagon had passed on. The woman who owned the flowers came rushing toward her from a store door in which she had been standing, crying:

"*Och, Himmel!* you save my flower! *Och, dot geschlechte Knabe! Och, meine kleine Mädchen*, Ich bin all of a tremble! *Och, meine Kind*, take dot." Saying which she handed Dora a pot containing a little rose-bush with three buds in bloom.

"O thank yo'! thank yo'!" cried Dora, in an ecstasy of delight.

Hardly believing that it was true that she had the flower as her very own, hugging it tightly in her arms, and looking down tenderly at the plant every few steps she took, Dora hastened homeward. "Better than a-mopin' an' a-gropin' is lookin' to see what can be done," thought Dora.

Just as she turned West Street from Eutaw, she met a little white boy of nine or ten, who had often called her names, but who was now crying because his finger was bleeding, where he had cut it with a bit of glass.

"Why, what's the matter, Johnnie?" she inquired.

"I cut—me finger—wid a broken bottle!" he sobbed.

"That's too bad! Let me tie it up for yo'," she said.

She put the flower down carefully on the ground. Next tearing off a strip of muslin from a torn tuck in her skirt, the girl wound it around the injured finger, and then tied the bandage on with a narrower bit of goods. When she got through, Johnnie, seeing that the wound had stopped bleeding, felt comforted, and said.

"Dora, ye're a daisy, an' I won't call you nigger no more!"

"All right, Johnnie," was all she said. But the sunlight was streaming into her heart, and she could have danced for joy. She had done another kindness that day, and her happiness seemed to be increasing in a geometrical progression.

Soon she was at home, and her mother saw with pleasure that the "doldrums" had passed away. She related all her adventures, and showed the beautiful rose-bush in confirmation of the second canto of her epic.

The baby was now awake, and Dora sat down on the floor beside him to amuse him. Then, noticing that there was still a big basket of clothes to be ironed, and that it was time to get dinner, she did not wait to be told; but, giving little Ferdie—who was named after Baltimore's perennial mayor—some playthings, she began the simple preparations for the midday meal.

After dinner Dora washed the dishes, crooned the baby to sleep again, and then helped her mother by making another ironing-board, and smoothing out the stockings, napkins, towels, and similar unstarched pieces.

Mrs. Whiteford, who was a sensible woman in spite of her lack of book-learning, and a tender mother notwithstanding her brusk ways, was delighted with the change in her daughter,—wrought partly by her talk to her that morning, and partly by the girl's experience during the day of the blessedness of contentment, kindness, and duty. She chatted with her all the long afternoon, as they toiled side by side, more as an equal than she had ever talked to her before. She was always fond of Dora, especially as she was the only surviving child of six that had come to her before Baby Ferdinand,—all the others having died in infancy from the hardships that she herself had endured, and from maladies common to their age and class. But now she felt more than ever affectionate toward

her, because of her recognition of some of the trials of race and condition that were opening out before her maidenhood, and because of the good-will that she had manifested to accept correction.

Late in the afternoon the baby became very cross, and Dora took him out for a walk. When she came back she set the table for supper. While she and her mother were waiting for the father to come home Mrs. Whiteford said:

"Dora, yo' been a good girl to-day, an' no mistake."

It was unsual for praise to be spoken out loud in that household, as it is unfortunately in some others, where the giving of loving credit would cast a spell of radiance around; and Dora was touched to the heart.

"Yo' help yo' por mudder, yo' been kine to de baby, yo' busy all day long. Ef we could, me an' yo' fadder'd clothe yo' in Chinee silks, an' feed yo' on terrapin an' ice-cream, an' gi'e yo' a big house to live in; but we kaint do it,—we kaint do it, chile; an' de Lawd He don't want us to, er He'd gi'e us de means. So we do what we can. Now, ef yo' does what yo' can to be content an' to help along, for de good Lawd's sake, den yo' bring de sunshine in de heart, an' the Lawd He put it all down in de Book o' Life. Yo' hear me?"

"Yassum."

"Well, is yo' made up yo' mind to go a-mopin' an' a-gropin' about fine clothes an' sich; er is yo' a-goin' to do what yo' hand fines to do to keep de sunshine o' de heart, for de good Lawd's sake?"

"I'm a-goin' to be good, mammy, always an' forever."

"Den yo' is my own chile!" And she took her in her arms and strained her to her heart.

Soon the father came home, and the story of the rose-bush had to be told over to him. After supper mother and daughter cleared off the table, working together like mates, each thoughtful of the other.

Then Mr. Whiteford sat on a chair out on the pavement near the door, smoking his pipe, while his wife nursed the baby, and Dora played with the other girls of the neighborhood of her age. Toward nine o'clock they retired; for the man had to be up at five, so as to be at his work near Druid Hill Park by seven. Before going to sleep, Dora overheard her mother telling her father of her fit of discontent, and of how bravely she had taken the advice that had been given to her to battle against it by action. In conclusion Mrs. Whiteford said:

"She's a sensible girl, an' yo' can talk to her ez ef she was grown. She's a great comfort to us."

"'Deed is she!" said her father.

"She's got a nice disposition, an' is more biddable than any girl of her age I know."

"'Deed is she!" said her father.

"She's a pretty girl, too, eben ef she is black."

"'Deed is she!" said her father.

"Ef she'd only quit a-readin' o' them old novels by the Duchess, an' sich foolish books ez she gets from that flighty Mrs. Crooke."

Dora could not hear what her father said to this, as it required a variation from his previous comments; but she herself said:

"'Deed I'll do it!"

And then she heard no more, except a confused murmur, which may have been the fancy of a dream. But before she really went to sleep she thought of her long walk to the Yancys, with the wash-board, of the banana, of the meeting with the florist woman, of Johnnie's cut finger, of the long and hot ironing, of the cross baby, of her mother's praise of her; and she said:

"This was indeed a happy day."

(The End.)

L. TANTY, del!
déposé.
Propriété des Missionnaires d'Ars.
je prierai bon Dieu pour ceux qui m'aideront
à bâtir une belle église à Ste philomène
Jean m B Vianney curé d'Ars

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

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On a Picture of the Curé of Ars.

THOSE wondrous eyes! Awed by their piercing gaze,
The trembling soul shrinks backward in amaze;
Yet, by their pity drawn, it still returns
To the calm shining of the light that burns
In their strange depths. When but a trusting child
I loved to look upon those lips, which smiled
(In happy days that long have been no more),
Methought, as human lips ne'er smiled before.
Kind face! dear face! through many a toilsome road
Thou hast been near me; many a weary load
Thou hast borne with me,—or I felt it so.
Therefore the thought is sweet; and I do know
That when poor World and all its cares shall be
Naught but a memory and a dream for me,—
If, all my frailties done and faults forgiven,
It were appointed me to enter heaven,
'Scaped from the chrysalis, afraid, unknown,
A timid wanderer sent forth alone,—
These eyes would seek and find amid the stars,
To guide my flight, the gentle saint of Ars.

M. E. M.

OUGHT not every human life to be to us like a vessel that we accompany with our prayers for a happy voyage? It is not enough that men do not harm one another: they must also help and love one another.—"*Attic Philosopher.*"

Our Lady of Good Help.

SEVERAL centuries ago the pious hand of one whose name has been forgotten placed a little statue of the ever-blessed Virgin on the trunk of an oak which separated the two forests of Condé and Blaton, on the Franco-Belgian frontier. Oftentimes in that solitude, whose silence was undisturbed save by the chirping of birds, the unknown client knelt there in fervent prayer, receiving many striking proofs of Our Lady's favor.

The example of this humble servant of Mary was followed by some wood-cutters who were working in the forest, and the Blessed Virgin lent a gracious ear to their requests. Having told of these favors, others came to honor Our Lady before the holy image, which was henceforth known as "Our Lady of the Oak between the Two Woods."

Later on Father Le Brun, pastor of Peruwels, having been informed by one of his old parishioners of marvels that had taken place at this forest shrine, set himself at work to discover the whereabouts of the oak. The tree had fallen into decrepitude; one branch alone bore foliage, and on it could still be seen the little niche where formerly had rested the statue of Our Lady. This branch was supported by a beech, growing so close to the oak

that the two trees seemed to form but one. At the foot of the oak were a number of flat stones, which the people in times past had gathered to serve as kneeling stools. Father Le Brun formed of these stones a little pyramid in which he arranged three niches.

In 1606 he placed in the middle niche one of two statues of the Blessed Virgin, which he had had made of the oak branch that had survived the ravages of time. In the other two niches were placed the statue of St. Quentin, protector of the parish of Peruwels; and that of St. Martin, patron of the pastor. The central statue, according to all probability, was the miraculous statue now venerated in the sanctuary of Bonsecours. Meantime the concourse of pilgrims to the forest shrine went on increasing.

In 1636 an epidemic decimated the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The Peruwelsians, justly terrified, proceeded in solemn procession to the wooded mountain dedicated to the Mother of the Afflicted, and were preserved through her intercession from the scourge which menaced them. Desiring to offer to their protectress a testimonial of gratitude, they replaced the modest pyramid constructed by Father Le Brun by an oratory, where from that period she was honored under the title of Notre Dame de Bonsecours (Our Lady of Good Help).

The continuous throngs of pilgrims soon became so great that the first sanctuary had to give way to one of much larger proportions. This second building was finished about the close of the year 1646. It remained in constant use until January, 1878, when it was abandoned for a provisory church recently constructed.

The long period, however, during which this second oratory served as the only sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Help must not be taken as an indication that devotion to her did not steadily increase, or that the number of pilgrims did not grow with the passing years. On the contrary, a very short time after its construction it was found to be entirely too small to accommodate those who visited it. The annals of the pilgrimages relate that on the Feast of Pentecost, 1652, a number of persons were suffocated by the pressure of the crowd that flocked within its wall. This fatal accident left a deep and painful impression on the minds of all, and caused designs to be formed for the prevention of a similar casualty. There were plans laid for enlarging the chapel; but nothing definite was settled until some years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, when a prince of the house of Croy drew up specific designs for its enlargement. The political events that followed so soon prevented their execution.

The question of increasing the size of the oratory slept for some thirty years, when different projects were put forward, but only to be rejected one after the other. Finally, in 1860, the Commission of Monuments, having been consulted on the matter, decided that, while the chapel of the hamlet of Bonsecours was no longer proportioned to the size of the congregation, there should be no enlargement of that chapel; and this was recommended to prevent the proportions and the character of the oratory from being destroyed.

Thenceforth all idea of enlarging was abandoned; and there was question of either building on another site a larger church for the parochial offices or of rebuilding on the same site. The objection to the first of these plans was the probability that pilgrims and parishioners would desert the new church for the old chapel; while a fatal obstacle to the carrying out of the second was the contention of the State that, in case of reconstruction, the building would have to be set back about one hundred feet farther from the frontier line.

At length, after a multiplicity of inter-

views and negotiations, matters were arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and in 1885 the demolition of the old chapel was begun. On its site was erected the magnificent granite temple that was completed not many months ago. The plans of the new church were drawn by the eminent Flemish architect, Backelmans, of Antwerp, and the edifice is a triumph of architectural skill. The whole construction and embellishment of the church has been paid for by the offerings of pilgrims, the spontaneous charity of the pious and grateful clients of Mary.

The solemn inauguration of the new sanctuary, which took place on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, was the occasion of a magnificent religious celebration. On the eve of the festival, the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Good Help was carried in solemn procession from the provisory church of the mountain hamlet of Bonsecours to the parish church of Peruwels. At eight o'clock, when the torch-light procession set out, the whole village was illuminated,—the sick and infirm who were unable to follow the crowd holding lamps and candles as it passed along.

The statue, surmounted by a handsome dome, which was decorated with white plumes and golden bells, was carried by young girls robed in blue and white. The guard of honor was composed of children, the clergy of Peruwels, and the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. Following these came a multitude numbering not fewer than ten thousand persons, each carrying a lighted torch.

As the procession slowly wended its way down the mountain side, chanting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and reciting the Rosary, it formed a scene to dwell in the memory forever. Viewed from the heights of Bonsecours, it was a veritable fairy spectacle. The immense crowd of men, women, and children, all recollected and devout; the multitude of torches flashing their radiance athwart the shadows of night; the canticles that rose from the long ranks up to the open heavens; the escort winding its way through two rows of trees, whose agitated foliage seemed to be whispering their homage in concert with that of men,—all tended to produce a poetic effect that could not but impress all hearts.

The weather on the feast itself was too stormy to permit of the carrying out of the original program; but the sanctuary was filled with devout worshippers when the statue, borne back from Peruwels, was placed in its future home. A Dominican Father delivered the sermon on the occasion. After recalling the history of the devotion to Our Lady of Good Help from the oak of the forest to the granite temple, he added that there was something stronger and more indestructible than either oak or granite,—the love of the human heart, the love of all true Christians for the Virgin Mother of Christ. This love has certainly accomplished marvels, and has been rewarded by still other marvels.

The recent honors shown to our Heavenly Mother in this sanctuary of her predilection give good ground for hope that henceforward she will prove still more gracious, not only to the pilgrims to Bonsecours, but to all who invoke her under the charming title, Our Lady of Good Help.

THERE is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity,—namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.—*More.*

WHEN we have done all we can do for one set of people, we have to interest ourselves in a new set; sowing the good seed in other fields, and leaving the old fields to the Lord of the harvest.

Nuestra Señora.

A Story of Maximilian and Mexico.

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

XXXVII.—"Requiescant in Pace."

ON the 8th of June an order was issued for the trial, by court-martial, of Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia. This court was held in the Iturbide Theatre, the judges occupying the stage. Maximilian was not present, owing to serious illness. Miramon and Mejia were called to plead in person. The judge advocate was Aspiroz, a man of subtle resource and fiery eloquence. The council for the defence were the eminent lawyers, Palacio, De la Torre, Vasquez, and Ortega. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Only necessary formalities were observed in the proceedings. A verdict of guilty was rendered with indecent haste, and the prisoners sentenced to be shot,—a sentence that was confirmed by Juarez and his council on the day it was announced, the execution being fixed for the 16th of June.

The representatives of the various powers nobly offered every consideration: pledges that Maximilian would leave the country, and never interfere in its affairs; of alliance and assistance from those powers; of full indemnity for damages and wrongs inflicted by the Empire; and, finally, threats of fierce vengeance if the execution took place. All failed. Blood was demanded; and blood the government must have, let the consequences be what they might.

An heroic American woman, wife of Prince Salm-Salm, made preparations for the Emperor's assured escape,—having bribed his guards and every officer whom it was necessary to silence. But Maximilian decided that his honor compelled him to remain and share the fate of his Generals.

Maximilian, and Miramon and Mejia, who were to die with him, were permitted to spend a part of their last night together, under guard, in a spacious room once used as a hospital by the French garrison. Father Soria, faithful to his trust—as is every priest of God,—remained with them; and spoke those words of consolation that our Holy Mother the Church utters when her children are in direst extremity, and which never fail to nurture the white blossom of Hope.

The Emperor wrote several letters,—to his legal advisers, to Juarez; to his brother, the Emperor of Austria; to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia; and to his wife.

The surest witness to his real nobility of character, and which he has left to history, is his letter to Juarez, the man in whose power it lay to give him "sweet, precious life":

"About to suffer death for having wished to prove whether new political institutions could succeed in putting an end to the bloody civil war which has devastated this unfortunate country for so many years, I shall lose my life with pleasure, if that sacrifice can contribute to its peace and prosperity. Fully persuaded that nothing solid can be founded on a soil drenched in blood and shaken by revolutions, I conjure you in the most solemn manner, and with the true sincerity of the moments in which I find myself, that my blood may be the last to be shed; that the same perseverance which I was pleased to recognize and esteem in the midst of prosperity—that with which you have defended the cause which has just triumphed—may consecrate that blood to the most noble task of reconciling the minds of the people, and in founding in a stable and durable manner the peace and tranquillity of this unhappy country."

Toward four o'clock the Emperor, who had been striding up and down the room, suddenly wheeled round, and with a dry sob wrote the following letter to his dearly loved wife:

My Beloved Carlotta:—If God permit that your health be restored, and you should read these few lines, you will learn the cruelty with which Fate has stricken me since your departure for Europe. You took with you, not only my heart, but my good fortune. Why did I not give heed to your voice?

So many untoward events! Alas! so many sudden blows have shattered all my hopes; so that death is but a happy deliverance, not an agony to me. I shall die gloriously like a soldier, like a monarch, vanquished but not dishonored. If your sufferings are too great, and God shall call you soon to join me, I shall bless His divine hand which has weighed so heavily upon us. Adieu! adieu!

Your poor MAXIMILIAN.

At 6.30 on the morning of the 19th of June (a three days' reprieve having been gained by the Princess Salm-Salm) three dust-stained, dingy hack-carriages were drawn up at the entrance to the convent. Into the first of these vehicles entered Maximilian, after him Father Soria. The Emperor, pale, composed, dignified, wore a black frock-coat closely buttoned, and a wide-brimmed *sombrero*. From Maximilian's unruffled demeanor a stranger might have readily imagined that he was about to drive to the cathedral to assist at early Mass. At four o'clock Mass had been celebrated and the Holy Viaticum administered. Dr. Basch, the Emperor's private physician, was to have attended; and, missing him, Maximilian sent for him. But the good physician, who could not bear to see his master done to death, was, at the moment the messenger arrived, prostrated in an agony of grief.

General Miramon, with a *padre*, occupied the second carriage; and General Mejia, also with a *padre*, the third. The military escort was enormously strong; for the Emperor Maximilian was dearly loved, and fear of attempted rescue caused the guard to be out in force. The grim procession was formed thus: five mounted men marched in advance; then followed a company of infantry, composed of eighty men belonging to a regiment known as the Supreme Powers; next came the three carriages containing the victims, escorted by a battalion of Nuevo Leon Infantry; and in the rear a guard of two hundred and fifty mounted men — Cazadores de Galeana (or Sharp-Shooters of Galeana).

As the *cortége* advanced to El Cerro de las Campanas (The Hill of the Bells), the place selected for the work of death, crowds accompanied it,—many shedding tears, many offering up prayers, the large majority holding crucifixes aloft.

About twenty minutes brought the victims to the spot where they were to cast their last glances at God's gracious sunlight. Maximilian stepped lightly out of the carriage, and, removing his *sombrero*, handed it to his faithful body-servant. He wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and directed that hat and handkerchief should be given to his mother. He then stroked his straw-colored beard, and, twisting it a little, thrust it into the breast of his coat, buttoning the coat over it. Then he proudly walked to the spot where he was to be executed, three crosses having been erected to mark the positions to be taken by the condemned. Miramon and Mejia calmly took their places beside him, the Emperor moving Miramon into the place of honor, saying: "Brave men are respected by sovereigns. Permit me to give you the place of honor."

There was an awful silence. Maximilian looked very earnestly about him; then he waved his hand, and in a clear voice, sweet as a bell on the summer air, exclaimed:

"Mexicans! persons of my rank and birth are brought into the world either to insure the welfare of the people or to die as martyrs. I did not come to Mexico from motives of ambition: I came at the earnest entreaty of those who desired the welfare of our country. Mexicans! I pray that my blood may be the last to be shed for our unhappy country; and may it insure the happiness of the nation! Mexicans! long live Mexico!"

Miramon made a short, soldierly appeal to his old comrades in arms; but Mejia, with the stoicism of his race, said nothing.

Three thousand men formed the square. The firing party — consisting of three officers, and three platoons of seven men each — now came into position, at the distance of a few paces.

The Emperor stepped forward, and, handing a gold piece to each soldier, said: "Men, aim well at my heart!" And to the officer who begged forgiveness: "Courage! No forgiveness is necessary. You must obey orders."

The final moment had come. Maximilian's lips moved in prayer. A deathlike silence, a ringing order, and eighteen guns are fired simultaneously — six at each victim.

Miramon and Mejia were instantly killed. Maximilian first received four balls—three in the left breast and one in the right; three passing through the body, coming out at the shoulder.

The Emperor fell on his right side, and as he fell he cried out: "*Hombre! Hombre!*" (O man! O man!) Seeing that he still lived, a ball was sent through his heart, and this was the end. *R. I. P.*

XXXVIII.—Homeward.

The ghastly tidings of the execution of Maximilian came to Arthur Bodkin in New York, and almost drove him crazy. For hours he sat motionless, as though his heart had stopped beating; then he burst into a whirlwind of anger, and then into a torrent of tears. His first thought was to return to Mexico and challenge Benito Juarez; and after slaying him, tackle Lerdo de Tejada.

It was several days ere he calmed down to the resolve of repairing to Vienna, if not Miramar, there to learn the details of the grim tragedy, and to rejoin his friends Baron Bergheim and Prince Salm-Salm, and perhaps—meet Alice.

A lovely afternoon in August found our hero in Vienna, and traversing one of the picturesque and narrow streets that led to the Imperial Palace. Arthur's first inquiry was for Rody O'Flynn. The honest fellow had duly arrived, had delivered his dispatches into the "heel of the fist" of the Emperor, and had disappeared.

Arthur bewailed his own stupidity for not telegraphing his arrival at Havre, as, by comparison of dates, he could have held Rody in Vienna. All effort to trace his faithful follower proved fruitless. Could he have returned to Mexico and fallen into the hands of Mazazo? It is needless to say that Bodkin felt anxious, miserable, and worried.

Here Arthur learned that Baron Bergheim was daily, hourly expected; but that Prince Salm-Salm was awaiting the delivery of the late Emperor's body, which the Mexican Government, in a spirit of malignant meanness, still detained.

He also learned from one of the chamberlains that the poor Empress was hopelessly insane, and that she would allow no one near her but her mother and one confidential servant.

"Servant! Miss Nugent?"

"I said *servant.* Miss Nugent is now *en congé.*"

"Is—is—she in Vienna?"

"Oh, dear, no! She left for England some weeks ago."

"Or Ireland, perhaps?"

"It might be."

This news disappointed Arthur, who had hoped, with an aching hope, to find Alice if not in Vienna, at Miramar.

The chamberlain informed Arthur that it would be necessary to report his arrival to the Emperor, who was feverishly thirsting for details in connection with the hideous tragedy.

"In fact," said this functionary, "it will be necessary for you to accompany me to Schönbrunn at once."

"I am ready now."

In a few minutes Arthur found himself beside the chamberlain, and whirling down to the palace from whence Napoleon had dictated terms to all Continental Europe.

The Emperor received Arthur with emotion, bade him be seated; and as Bodkin told his tale interrupted him with many questions.

"You stood nobly, sir, by the late

Emperor," said Francis Joseph. "What is your rank?"

The Emperor made a note of Bodkin's reply, and added:

"Do you intend to remain in our army?"

"I have not quite made up my mind, sire. I—I want to go home first—to Ireland."

"An Irishman? I thought so. Be kind enough to leave your address in Ireland with the aid-de-camp on duty. God bless you for what you have done for—" and the Emperor waved Bodkin away.

A telegram from Paris, from Baron Bergheim, caused Arthur to start that night; and thirty hours later found the two men literally hugging each other in the courtyard of the Hotel du Louvre.

"Hey! but I'm a broken-hearted old man!" cried the honest Baron,—"broken-hearted. I'll never lift my head again. Such a noble fellow! Such honor! Such truth! My God, I heard the guns that murdered him! I hear them every morning; I shall hear them in my coffin. Arthur, we must avenge him!"

Arthur saw the Baron off to Vienna with a sorrowful heart, and prepared to leave Paris. Never did the city look so beautiful, so attractive, so glittering. It was during the height of the Exhibition, and Lutetia was overflowing from the Tuileries to the Trocadero, from Montmartre to Mont Valérien. The Empire was Peace, and Napoleon III. was entertaining his royal brother of Prussia, who within three short years was to receive his sword at the surrender of Sedan. Arthur caught one glance of Maréchal Bazaine, in gorgeous uniform, riding down the Rue de Rivoli *en route* for the Exhibition. He thought of the fair fiend who was tracking the Maréchal, and wondered if she had yet had speech of him.

Arthur Bodkin telegraphed to Ballyboden, announcing his home-coming, and demanding tidings of Rody O'Flynn.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Faithful Shepherd.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"WHERE art Thou going, O Christ my King?
Whither so late art Thou journeying?
The forest is deep and the night it is cold:
Hark to the wind as it sweeps o'er the wold!
Thin are Thy garments, uncovered Thy head."
"I am seeking a poor lost lamb," He said.

"Why dost Thou follow it, Christ my King?
'Tis but a vagrant, a foolish thing,
The night it is dark and the wolves they are bold,
There are ninety and nine in the sheltered fold."
Low to the storm wind He bent His head.
"I yearn for the hundredth one," He said.

Morn rose clear in the tranquil sky,
Gaily the song-birds poised on high,
Swift came the Shepherd over the plain.
"Out of the tempest and blinding rain,
In the sunshine of Love to be warmed and fed,
I have brought the lamb that was strayed,"
He said.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER LOUIS CANCER DE BARBASTRO, O. P.

OF these earlier martyrs little is to be found but the meagre narrative of their last labors. Their former lives, spent in the quiet of the cloister, or in the unobserved discharge of their spiritual duties, found no chronicler on earth, unless perhaps the convents of our sister Republic contain the memorial of some brother friar long since forgotten.

The next of those heroic men whom we find enriching the kingdom of Christ with their blood was Father Cancer,

the Apostle of Florida. The children of St. Francis led the way, and none were more worthy to follow than the sons of St. Dominic, the mild yet energetic and fearless opponents of error. The Dominicans above all signalize themselves in our annals as the patrons and defenders of the Indian. Their theologians had proclaimed the equality of the red race with the white; their apostolic men had toiled to save their souls and bodies; and, above all, there was the warm and perhaps too enthusiastic Las Casas, who in the Council of Charles V. laid down the proposition that "all nations are equally free, and it is not lawful for one to injure the liberty of others"; and whose zeal in behalf of the natives won him the glorious title of "Protector-General of the Indians."

As the Spaniards sometimes inflicted cruelties and death on the Americans, the Dominicans and other religious were impelled to offer themselves as an atonement to the most savage tribes; willing to undergo all torments and death itself for Christ's sake, to bring them within His fold; and to avert, by the sacrifice of their lives, the judgments of Heaven on their countrymen. Such we actually know to have been the feelings of the subject of our present narrative.

Louis Cancer de Barbastro was a native of Saragossa. Entering the Dominican Order, he soon acquired the reputation of an apostolic man and an eminent preacher. The Indian missions were, however, his desire; and the nomination of Father de Casillas as Provincial of Guatemala and Chiapa enabled him to gratify his long-cherished desire of crossing the Atlantic.

The first scenes of his labors were the cities of Vera Paz and Mexico, but ere long his thoughts were turned to Florida. Florida, then a land of wild romance, of splendid enterprises, of chivalric daring, but also of dark reverse and gloomy disaster, still bears a halo of the unreal, which makes its early history seem rather a fairy tale than sober truth.

Ponce had sought in vain, if fame be true, his fountain of youth; while Narvaez and De Soto pushed on amid a thousand difficulties in pursuit of gorgeous cities and empires, which, like the baseless fabric of a vision, lured them on to ruin. These expeditions, however, spread on all sides tales of Florida; and Father Cancer, among others, hearkened with lively attention to the narrative of many who had visited the land,—perhaps of one of the priests who survived De Soto's fatal attempt.* All concurred in extolling the beauty of the climate, and in depicting in fearful colors the fierceness of the native tribes. But seeing that that fierceness was engendered, toward his countrymen at least, by their own cruelty, he upbraided them for justifying it on the ground of the vices or paganism of the natives; and, denouncing with a holy anger their pretended zeal to make Christians by cruelty, he determined to use, like the illustrious founder of his Order, "no other arms than patience, prayer, and instruction."

Filled with the desire of extending the faith in that country, he communicated his design to Father Gregory de Beteta and Father John Garcia, who, with similar feelings, had already proposed to enter Florida by land. Father Cancer's heart overflowed with joy to find them ready to undertake with him the spiritual conquest of the kingdom; for of its possibility he had no doubt, convinced of the docility of the natives by the conduct of some who had followed Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca. When they had definitely resolved to undertake it, they consulted some grave religious of their Order; and it was finally agreed that Cancer, on obtaining the leave of his superiors, should proceed

* Twelve had attended his expedition, of whom nine perished on the way.

to Spain to procure the assistance they needed, and to prevent their being thwarted in their project by the delays or indifference of petty officials in the colonies.

He took advantage of the first fleet, and sailed from San Juan de Ulloa early in 1547. The passage was one of consolation. The same vessel bore the great Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, and his two fellow-laborers and faithful friends, Fathers Ladrada and Piamonte,—all, like himself, Dominicans. A common cause at heart, no less than the common habit they wore, cemented a lasting friendship between the Bishop of Chiapa and the Apostle of Florida; and during their pleasant voyage across the Atlantic the latter was freely aided by the counsels of his new friends.

They reached Seville in April, and all proceeded to Valladolid, where the court then was. Here Father Cancer was introduced and supported by Las Casas; so that when his memorial was presented, the Council of the Indies and Prince Philip at once determined to give him the assistance he might need to carry out his noble plan. And the King, with whose piety such an effort well accorded—for Philip was not, after all, the monster which religious prejudice and national hate have painted him,—granted his request, directing the officers of the Chamber of Commerce (*Casade Contratacion*) in Seville to furnish Father Cancer and the religious who should accompany him with all that they might need for their voyage or intended mission; authorizing Father Cancer, in case he should so prefer, to procure all he might require in New Spain. This proposal accorded with the views of the latter, who expected to meet full encouragement and not opposition from the zealous Viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza.

Father Cancer was also the bearer of a royal decree—dated at Alcalà de Henares, December 28, 1547,—to the Licentiate, Alonzo Lopez Serrato, directing that all the natives of Florida taken by De Soto and held as slaves, who were dispersed through Guatemala and Chiapa, should be freed and sent home. It was, however, ineffectual. Most of those in Chiapa were already freed, and the few found were unwilling to return.

The good priest now bade a last farewell to his native land, and set out for Mexico, where he was joyfully received by Father de Beteta, and they forthwith began their preparations. They easily obtained from Mendoza all the requisites for the mission; and, together with Father Diego de Tolosa (or de Peñalosa), and Father John Garcia, they sailed soon after from Vera Cruz. Having been unable to obtain any Floridian, they stopped at Havana, and there took one on board—a woman who had been baptized by the name of Magdalen. They now sailed on their heroic enterprise,—one of expiation, of peace, and of love.

On the eve of Ascension Day they reached the coast of Florida, near what is now called Tampa Bay. On the following day a boat was sent to reconnoitre; but, terrified at the sight of Indians, they hastily returned. Father de Beteta would have landed here, but was prevented. Their destination was Espiritu Santo Bay (Appalachicola Bay); and, after some days lost in coasting, Cancer and Garcia went on shore, though the ship was six leagues off; they even ascended a rising ground, and, in spite of the danger, slept on an island, and examined the shore the next day. Finding no port for vessels, they returned to the ship, which now put back to Tampa Bay. Here the Fathers, who were anxious to disembark and begin the labors to which they had devoted themselves, asked to go; and Father de Tolosa at last went on shore. No sooner had he landed and climbed a tree to reconnoitre, than the Indians crowded around him in such numbers as to induce Father Cancer

to hasten to him, with a good man named Fuentes, and Magdalen, their interpreter.

After gaining the good-will of the Indians by some trifling presents, Father Cancer and his companions knelt and, reciting a litany, recommended their enterprise to God. They then explained the object of their mission to the Indians, who had been looking on in wonder, and some of whom had even knelt to imitate the newcomers. Discovering that Espiritu Santo Bay was distant only about eighteen hours' sail, the mate who had charge of the boat insisted on returning; and Father Cancer accordingly, after giving some new presents, prepared to depart. Father de Tolosa, it was agreed, should remain with Magdalen and Fuentes, while the rest proceeded to the vessel and thence to the Bay. The mission was now begun; and the receding boat watched with envious eye the little band who stood, "in much peace and a great desire to serve God," amid the friendly natives.

On reaching the ship, the sails were at once set and the bow turned to the Bay, which, however, they did not reach till Corpus Christi. On that day the remaining missionaries landed and said Mass on shore. Here, too, they found the Indians friendly; for during the celebration of the mysteries a curious crowd had gathered near. One advanced bearing a staff adorned at the top with feathers, and exclaimed in broken Spanish: "Friends, friends, you are good; come here no sword." Presents were given and received, and the Fathers returned to the vessel.

Meanwhile a canoe had stolen out and reached the vessel. The solitary voyager climbed on board, and began to speak to them in Spanish; but so uncouth were both his language and his mien that the Spaniards were far from recognizing in him a countryman. He was, however, he told them, a survivor of De Soto's fatal expedition; a slave since then of the savages; and now used to their life, and so unused to his native tongue that he could scarce use it. Interrupting their curious questions, he bade them beware of the Indians, and by no means trust their show of friendship; and astounded them all by declaring that neither Father de Tolosa nor Fuentes was any longer among the living: both had been put to death immediately after the departure of the vessel. Those in the ship could not credit this, as the people had seemed so peaceful; and those in the Bay had already begun friendly relations with the missionaries, and promised to bring Magdalen and the two Spaniards to the ship. Their interpreter had actually been seen, and she had declared that the missionary and his companion were in the Cacique's hut.

Father Cancer, above all, refused to credit his account. Prepossessed in favor of the Indians, he could not believe such guile existed in their hearts. The shallop again approached the shore; and as it was from motives of prudence kept at a distance, he sprang into the water and waded to the shore. He was well received by the Indians; but they opposed his remaining, and renewed their promise to bring his two companions if he returned to the ship.

On his return to the vessel he found the sailors clamoring to go back to New Spain; and even his associate, Father de Beteta, was opposed to any further effort. Father Garcia, indeed, still showed himself ready to follow Father Cancer in any danger; but was somewhat shaken by Father de Beteta, who had on the previous day prevented his following Father Cancer.

The position of the missionary was delicate. He had projected the expedition; in an unarmed vessel he had approached the Florida shore; and now his comrades forsook him, and the ship's company were resolved not to remain. All hope of a mission now rested on his decision; the danger seemed indeed imminent; but as a ray of hope still lingered in his mind that good Father de Tolosa might yet be

alive, he resolved to join him if alive, or share his fate.

A slight incident determined him to remain. An Indian came out and asked for a cross, which on receiving he kissed with great reverence, and on reaching the shore handed to Magdalen. The Spaniards thus recognized their interpreter; for, as she had the Indian dress, she had escaped them till then. On being questioned, she repeated that her two companions were still alive,—a falsehood doubtless inspired by fear.

On June the 25th Father Cancer, after spending the preceding day in writing letters, bade farewell to his brethren; and to all their efforts to dissuade him he merely replied: "This work is not to be accomplished without blood." The boat, however, could not reach the shore: a sudden storm drove them back to the ship, and his fellow-religious again besought him to forego his design. But his resolution was taken; and, with some trifling articles for presents, he again on the following day proceeded in the boat toward the shore. The sailors stopped near the land, from which they prudently kept off, and Father Cancer leaped into the water; but before reaching the shore he missed his crucifix, and begged them to bring it to him. No one was willing to do so. The natives were ill disposed; Magdalen was not there, and they demanded their slave. The men in the boat entreated Father Cancer to return, but he refused; and when the soldier who had escaped taunted the Indians with the murder of the two Spaniards, Father Cancer rebuked him and waded to the land. As he advanced up the declivity on the bank he was met and embraced by an Indian; but he was instantly surrounded, his hat torn off, and, rushing on him, the savages scalped him and killed him with many blows, while a shower of arrows drove off the boat's crew. When attacked, Father Cancer knelt in prayer, and before expiring uttered aloud the words: "O my God!" His scalp and that of his fellow-sufferer, Father de Tolosa, were hung up in the temple of the tribe, while the savages feasted on their bodies.

We may, perhaps, reproach Father Cancer with want of prudence; but his was a heart that knew no guile, and, prepossessed in the Indians' favor, he confided where cooler men saw reason to distrust. His zeal, his generosity, his detachment, and desire of self-immolation to atone for the cruelties of his countrymen, can not but win our admiration.

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

I.—The Flower of Drury Lane.

BECAUSE of the religion which makes all nations kin, I think it will interest you to hear something true of the daily lives of our London poor, from one who has lived among them, drinking what they drank, eating what they ate, sleeping where they slept. And I tell you with this intention: that if you have an "AVE" that you don't know what to do with, it may come floating over here, and, like a sweet perfume, bring pleasure and peace to our tempted Catholic girls.

I don't know how it is with you in your large towns, but in London thousands and thousands earn their living in the streets, by selling flowers, water-cress, muffins, and the like. Few in that class can choose their path in life. They may be the eldest of a family of six or more, with an ailing mother and a father who drinks. The children have to be fed, the rent has to be paid, and street-selling requires no apprenticeship. Or some have weak eyes, and can not take to dress-making; some have a deformed foot, and can not work a machine. Some can not

learn a trade, some will not learn one; so a floating crowd, mostly of children, are surging to and fro in the streets,—a crowd that wander and are never still; a crowd among whom the good Sisters find it hard to mingle to rescue the lambs of Christ's flock; a crowd which, as a rule, keep the priest outside their hearts and their homes.

Among such as these I cast my lot; and before I tell you details which read like the wildest romance in their pathos and their tragedy, I must give you a brief survey of the homes and the surroundings of these luckless street girls.

A great colony of them live in Drury Lane or the neighborhood; and to a thinking mind there is nothing so sad as the contrast that is to be seen nightly outside the huge theatre, where carriage after carriage rolls up bearing ladies in satins and jewels; and watching the gay throng are the hungry eyes of their wretched, half-starved sisters, who dare come out only at night because of their tattered rags.

In an unsavory side street I took up my abode. Rat-fanciers and guinea-pig venders displayed their live stock in the shops; sellers of stale vegetables also drove a thriving trade here, to judge from the vigor of their voices; gin palaces and tripe booths lent their aid to swell the fascinations of the place; and one decrepit Italian tried to make a living out of plaster casts and images.

Inside, the atmosphere was not more appetizing. Up a flight of rickety and filthy stairs dwelt an ancient rag-picker; four shillings a week she paid for her domicile, the floor of which she never scoured, nor its broken windows did she ever try to clean. When rag-picking was slack she made a mite by minding the babies of mothers who went out to "char." With an infant on her lap and a gin bottle by her side, she passed many a day smoking a short black pipe.

Next door to her dwelt a girl of twenty, the mother of ailing twins. Her husband (even younger) was in prison for thieving. She suffered from bronchitis, but sold flowers when she was able to drag herself along. Above lived a couple of girls, street-sellers also. Their furniture was but a bed with a gaudy quilt, two chairs and a table. The mantle-shelf held pawn-tickets that told where the rest had gone. A curious, carved cupboard hid their broken crockery-ware, and a few gay pictures strove to conceal the bareness of the walls.

Their great friend lodged on the same floor. She was large and heavy; always ready for a fight, but good-natured when people were ill. She must have been past fifty, though she wore her grey hair down her back; and, as she generally had a black eye or a bruised lip, her appearance was by no means prepossessing. Her language was dreadful; yet she was called Mother Honey.

On one side of me was a family more squalid than all the rest. There were seven children, and not one of them had ever seen shoes or stockings. The father "fetched and carried" at Covent Garden Market, but he drank his earnings away. The mother was a machinist, coarse and slatternly; she could only gossip, and quarrel with her children. They stormed and screamed all day at one another, and when the father came home he swore and beat the whole lot of them. They had no furniture but two shabby rush-bottomed chairs; everything else had gone to the pawnshop,—there was nothing more to pawn. They ate off the floor, they slept on the floor, and they sat on it, if ever they were two minutes still. They called themselves Catholics, but insulted the priest when he visited them or passed by.

The children would have been pretty if clean, with their great, saucy blue eyes and mops of gold-red hair; and it was the looks of the two eldest girls that

saved the family from the mire when they were deepest in. The eldest, fourteen years of age, revolted at her father's brutality, and left her home, saying that she would earn her own living, her own way. Managers were preparing for the Christmas pantomimes, and she called on one, declaring she could dance. He was struck at her Dantesque wildness, and told her she might come and bring any more of the "same sort." She took a sister as companion, and they were drilled with the other juvenile performers, and soon were earning a weekly salary of six shillings each.

About a dozen other flower-girls came in and out of our place, staying for a night or two; running in to visit a "pal," to have a meal, wire their flowers, or tell a bit of news; but their homelessness struck me much when first I went among them. A great wave has come over England in this respect during the last ten years. There is not the same love of home,—families do not hang together as they used to do. Girls fear less and have more independence, so they scatter in search of a living; and if they can not make it in one place, they move to another, putting up anywhere for a bed and breakfast. This makes it much harder for priests to keep sight of them; they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. So our Flower-Girl Clubs and Shelters can not do all the good their founders intended.

Of the men who called us "neighbors" I need say but little. Coster-mongers, organ-grinders, hawkers, and the like, adorned their proper sphere with a native grace it requires a special education to appreciate. Many are honest and hard working, but the grind of a sweating existence wears them out; will and conscience seem erased from most of them after years of unhealthy toil, and still more unhealthy diversion.

With houses that steam of humanity, with draughts and dirt and darkness (for many a flower-girl can not afford a lamp), the street seems the natural place for an evening's amusement and fun; so into the street they go. The odor from greasy cook-shops has a dainty attraction for them; and the faded finery that flaps against their shoulders from third-rate "old clo'" shops is a sight they never tire of gazing upon. Yes, the glitter and the glare of the gas-flaring thoroughfare is livelier than the fireless garret. The eye is entertained by watching the gaudily decorated females side by side with the famished, ill-clad women, who hang around the butcher's stall bargaining for their two-pennyworth of unsweet meat-refuse; the ear is quickened by the sound of the grinding organ, the coarse laugh of the reeling man, the vapid joke of the idle youth lolling against the rails. And at first aimlessly they begin to hang about those human slaughter-houses, where gin is cheap and burning; where the swing-doors let out puffs of spirituous fumes, and let in also a glimpse to the panting girl of warm, flushed faces and the sound of mirthful song. To loiter long means an invitation to enter; and when they are once inside, I think their Guardian Angel stays out. Poor children! so many have their girlhood crushed out of them that they are old woman before they are even young ones.

. . . .

It was a hot evening in June. The air was full of a sultry, sulphurous heat; the streets reeked with malodorous vapors. I had been selling roses all day, and could hardly stand for fatigue. Flower-girls, as no doubt you know, when dusk comes, go home and tidy up themselves, and refresh their flowers for night, which is the most paying time, as it is the time most full of temptation. I took this opportunity to steal into the devotional little church in Maiden Lane, where the Month of the Sacred Heart was being celebrated.

After the short service, I was passing

along a by-street, as a short cut to my present destination, when my attention was attracted to a girl in front of me. She was slight and very tall; a quantity of the palest gold hair fell untidily from beneath her shabby black hat. She was poorly clad, but something about her made one notice her in spite of her poverty-stricken appearance. I hurried past, getting one glimpse of a waxen white face bent low as she reeled along. God forgive me if I gathered from her gait she had gone the way so many go! I had not walked many yards before I heard a muffled scream; and, turning round, I saw the girl throw up her arms and fall on the steps of a public-house which she was entering. A crowd collected at once; and who are so kind as the penniless, broken-down roughs of our London slums and alleys?

She was dragged into the doorway of the very building I called "home"; and there, propped up against the wall, they tried to bring her to. She had a bad wound on the temple, where her head struck the stone. It was bleeding profusely, while she lay like one dead,—fair with the fairness of a corpse, her long gold eyelashes veiling the closed, white-veined lids. A policeman came and wanted to carry her straight off to the "lock up." But hearing that the parish doctor was attending to the mother of the twins upstairs, I begged he might see her first and try to stop the bleeding.

He came at my summons, and bent over her; then his eye met mine.

"Bad case," he said, as he motioned the people farther away.

"Drink?" I queried, anxiously.

"No: starvation," he replied, shortly. "But I can not attend to her among this bawling mob."

"Bring her to my room," I said, and led the way.

He took her up himself and laid her gently on the couch. She moaned as he stitched the wound and deftly applied the bandages. A little later she opened her eyes and gave a faint cry.

"Father!" she called, feebly, several times. "Bring a Father! I want a Father."

"Did any one see a man with her?" questioned Dr. B——.

But I had knelt down, and drawn from her neck a blue ribbon I had noticed when I was smoothing her long, loose hair. To it was attached a "miraculous medal."

"It is a Catholic priest she wants," I said, rising. "Mother Honey, will you stay with the Doctor while I fetch one?"

(To be continued.)

An "Ave Maria."

BY HAROLD DIJON.

It was fearfully hot in the narrow, shabby street in the French Quarter of New Orleans that afternoon in the last days of August. Not a soul was to be seen sitting in the balconies before the upper windows of the houses. The faded awnings hung listless over the sidewalk; and the old vender of second-hand books, seated in the shadow of a pile of ancient tomes, puffed drowsily at his cigarette.

Raoul marched up the deserted street, erect and broad-shouldered; his clear, piercing eyes reading the oft-repeated signs bearing the inscription in French—some in heavy black print, others in thready Gallio script—of "Furnished Apartments to Let." Pausing before a house that bore one of these inscriptions, he ascended the pair of low steps before the door, and, raising the iron knocker, gave a rap that echoed up and down the street, with many reverberations amongst the floors of the balconies. The old vender of books looked up, and, having muttered "Good fortune for Madame Forgue," let his cigarette fall,

and proclaimed to the neighborhood by his stertorous breathing that he was now indeed occupied with his *siesta*.

It was Madame Forgue herself, stout and plying vigorously an enormous palmleaf fan, who opened the door for Raoul. To the question he put as to the price of her rooms, she replied, after her jolly black eyes had taken in his natty and well-groomed appearance, that she had just the apartments suitable for Monsieur.

Raoul interrupted what promised to be an interminable speech by a demand to know her rents, and that demand being responded to, he paid for a room for a month; and then made a further demand, this time somewhat peremptorily, to be shown upstairs. "I have been travelling, and do not wish to be disturbed until to-morrow," he said, when he had been shown to his room. Then he shut and locked the door in his landlady's face.

However tired Raoul may have been, he did not go to bed, but strode up and down the room, his head bent, his lips puckered and emitting a doleful whistle. Presently the whistle was brought to an abrupt conclusion; and seizing the back of a chair, Raoul dragged it out onto the balcony, and planted it in a corner adjoining the window of the next house. From there he could see a broad white line in the sun—the Mississippi coursing its way to the Gulf.

A smile of sad reflection passed over his face as he looked on the waters so familiar to him in happy days gone by. In a house that overlooked the river he had been born; in a garden and fields that stretched down to where the wavelets lapped the shore he had played when a child; on its bosom had been uplifted the craft that carried him away to the wars, leaving his mother and sister to wait his return. After a year had passed he did not hear from home; then after three more years he returned, to find the house gone, his people disappeared. He made a long and diligent but unsuccessful search for them; and, the spot having but sorrowful remembrances for him, he went to the North, and there he prospered. But always with him had been recollections of home and mother and sister; and now he had returned, drawn by that strong magnet—sickness for home.

He was thinking of these things as he sat on the balcony,—thinking of the comfort he might have been to his mother and to Marie, his sister, had they lived. And he thought, too, of the comfort they would have been to him. Indeed, of this last, being not only of a pure heart, but of a mind that set little esteem on self, he thought most. Marie would now be twenty; and the mother—why, she would not be a very old woman. The south wind, that almost always blows in New Orleans, had again sprung up, and Raoul wiped away the dust that a sudden spurt had blown in his eyes.

Of what use was his money to him? he thought. He was going to buy back the place where he was born, but he doubted his ability to live there; for would not the past crowd on him and crush his spirit? Now that he had gone so far as New Orleans, he began to doubt the wisdom of his leaving the North country, where, if he had made no ties, he had contracted warm and hearty friendships. Was not the land he left his real home, where he was known, where genial companions made life easy and pleasant; a land looking ever forward, and that held in its hands a promise,—and not this land to which he had returned, where all things spoke of a past; where there was not, at least for him, a promise held out; where his dear ones were forgotten, and he a stranger on a sorry pilgrimage?

His thoughts bore him down till he acknowledged, in the loneliness that possessed him, that his sickness for home had befooled him; that he was out of place

at home; that if he could not content himself elsewhere than here, he must be a man without a home. He would return the morrow, he said to himself, unless a night's sleep made a great change in his spirits.

Giving himself a shake to throw off the gloom that oppressed him, he was about to rise from his chair, when a voice at his elbow—a woman's voice proceeding from the open window of the adjoining house—pronounced the words of the Salutation of the Angel. His lips, as much by force of habit as anything else, silently joined in the words, and he inwardly uttered the prayer for his mother.

The prayer ended, the voice went on to say:

"Do you know why I said that '*Ave Maria*'?"

A younger, fresher voice replied:

"Because you are good, *maman*."

"Tut, tut, little flatterer! But of a certainty my soul was enveloped in one great thought of Raoul, and I said it for him," the older voice went on.

Raoul's head was cocked, and he lived only to attend to what the voices would say next.

"To-day is the anniversary of the day he was killed; that is why you think so much," said the younger, fresher voice.

Poor Raoul beat his hands together in a muffled gesture of agony.

There was a silence of a moment, and then the younger voice continued:

"If he had but lived, we would now be at home in Charenton, and you would not be fatigued always with the laundry."

The face of Raoul was now turned up appealingly to the sky, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"You were so little when he went away," continued the older voice. "But, ah, me! I do not regret. Raoul has gone to God: he was always a good boy—"

With a cry Raoul sprang to his feet, and onto the railing of the balcony; and, with a leap and another cry of "Mother! mother!" was in at the window of the adjoining house.

. . . .

It was only on the evening of the following day that Madame Forgue, much alarmed at the long repose of the tenant of her upper room, learned that her neighbors had gained a son and a brother; her lodger of an hour, a home.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LIX.

BY one of our favorite delusions, our service of God is thought to be a complimentary exertion, for which we are entitled to credit. Pious persons thus seem to others to deserve much praise for their efforts. How effectively does our author set the thing in its true light!

"Is it much that I should serve Thee, whom the whole creation is bound to serve? It ought not to seem much to me to serve Thee; but this rather doth appear great and wonderful to me, that Thou vouchsafest to receive for Thy servant one so wretched and unworthy, and to associate him with Thy beloved servants. Behold all things are Thine which I have, and with which I serve Thee. And yet, contrariwise, Thou rather servest me than I Thee. Lo! heaven and earth, which Thou hast created for the service of man, stand ready before Thee, and daily perform whatsoever Thou hast commanded. It is a great honor, a great glory, to serve Thee, and to despise all things for Thee. But what transcendeth all this is that Thou Thyself hast vouchsafed to serve man, and hast promised that Thou wilt give him Thyself. Would that I were able, were it but for one day, to serve Thee worthily!"

LX.

Plenty of good common-sense and persuasiveness are found in the teachings of "The Imitation." We often listen rather ruefully as we are told that we must suffer, deny ourselves, and be indifferent to the world. But our author shows, in his logical way, how these are necessary incidents of the programme, and why they should be so. He supplies little tests by which we may know our state; for instance: "He that seeks no outward testimony for himself shows plainly that he has committed himself to God." And the logic of the thing is in this: "He who longs after true and everlasting glory cares not for temporal; and he that seeks temporal glory, or does not from his soul despise it, shows himself to have little love for that which is heavenly." It will be noted that there is a judicious reserve here; for he does not proscribe the seeking of temporal glory, but the thinking it of any importance. We may, therefore, be most religious in the popular sense; but if we look within and take stock of ourselves, we may have reasonable certainty that "we have little [real] love for that which is heavenly."

Then, as to the "outward testimony" of men, whether it be bad or good; he shows that there is but One who can really praise or blame. "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 sees thee." A really noble and comprehensive utterance, and as true as it is fine. Then, as to the blame of men, it can have little reality; for "man looks on the face, but God sees into the heart. Man considers the actions, but God weighs the intention."

LXI.

His analysis of the workings of the mind is very subtle and goes deep indeed. Thus we often would be guides to ourselves, and seek even good objects, because we have settled that they are good. Now, this is all so much delusion, and will lead us astray. See how À Kempis works it out. "Commit thy cause to Me," he makes the Saviour say; "await My disposal, and thou shalt find it is for thy advantage. Oftentimes a man pursues something which he desires; but when he has obtained it what results? He begins to be of another mind."

This shows that we do not know what we want, or even that we *do* want it. Our affections pass rapidly from one thing to another. This leads to the conclusion that "it is therefore no small matter, even in things the most trifling, to relinquish self." In other words, that we shall fail in what we have set before us, and that we are but bad guides for ourselves. "Man's true progress consists in denying himself, and the man of self-denial is very much at liberty, and secure besides." In which simple sentence there is a whole sermon, packed close and running over. It applies equally well to the ordinary order of things; for the man of self-control is not only free, but master of others and of "things" also.

(To be continued.)

A Form of Agnosticism.

STUDENTS of current literature note as the distinctive characteristic of this age the growing indifference to religious formulas. We are constantly hearing of a "creedless gospel," of "eclectic believers"; and in the magazines and reviews, the chief vehicles of modern thought, it is commonly affirmed, or at least assumed, that all religions—Christianity, Buddhism, and Mahomedanism—are equally to be cherished, because "each holds a kernel of truth encased in an overcrust of error." The Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, unfortunately strengthened this impression, chiefly among young non-

Catholics; and the friendly attitude of the Protestant ministry toward the "creedless gospel" has swelled the flood. So seldom is a voice of protest heard outside the Church that we have special pleasure in quoting this paragraph from a recent article in the *North American Review*, by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the most influential public men of New York:

"The religious element in our development is that on which Mr. Kidd most strongly dwells, entitling it 'the central feature of human history.' A very startling feature of his treatment is that in religious matters he seemingly sets no value on the difference between truth and falsehood; for he groups all religions together. In a would-be teacher of ethics such an attitude warrants severe rebuke, for it is essentially dishonest and immoral. Throughout his book he treats all religious beliefs from the same standpoint, as if they were all substantially similar and substantially of the same value; whereas it is, of course, a mere truism to say that most of them are mutually destructive. Not only has he no idea of differentiating the true from the false, but he seems not to understand that the truth of a particular belief is of any moment. Thus he says, in speaking of the future survival of religious beliefs in general, that the most notable result of the scientific revolution begun by Darwin must be 'to establish them on a foundation as broad, deep, and lasting as any the theologians ever dreamed of.' If this sentence means anything it means that all these religious beliefs will be established on the same foundation. It hardly seems necessary to point out that this can not be the fact. If the God of the Christians be in very truth the one God, and if the belief in Him be established, as Christians believe it will, then the foundation for the religious belief in Mumbo Jumbo can not be either broad, deep, or lasting."

The mental disease which Mr. Roosevelt thus combats in his able review of Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" is really a mild form of agnosticism. It is, essentially, disbelief in revealed religion,—the conviction that man is as free to construct his own form of faith as he is to choose the place of his summer residence. It is a mental condition generated by feeling, not thought; for no theory could be more repugnant to reason. As Mr. Roosevelt says, Christianity is inevitably hostile to Buddhism, because truth is inevitably hostile to error. Truth must be intolerant in this sense.

Notes and Remarks.

A zealous priest in charge of a parish at one of the summer resorts expresses grief and shame at the conduct of many Catholics who flock to it from the great cities and inland towns. They seem to be under the impression that the obligation of living up to their religion and edifying their neighbor does not bind during the outing season. Few visitors frequent the Sacraments, and hardly any of the pleasure-seekers attend Mass save on days of obligation. Their time is wholly devoted to rest, enjoyment, and the care of health. Young people are witnesses of or participators in actions which under other circumstances would cause them to blush for shame; and many an innocent mind is sullied and many a pure heart inclined to evil through the folly of "doing as other people do." Most fashionable resorts are parade grounds of vanity, and life at them is a constant round of dissipation. Sober thought and serious occupation have no place with the majority. But practical Catholics are not supposed to drift with the current; and there is no time when one is exempt from religious obligations, or when occasions of sin are not to be avoided.

Although the old-time denunciations of "Popish tyranny" have gone the way of all life's little lunacies, it is still true that many superficial persons are deterred from entering the Church through love of intellectual liberty, which, they fancy, they must resign at its threshold. If these persons would only read books written by Catholics, they would doubtless be astonished to learn how narrow are the lines which enclose Revealed Truth. Coventry Patmore has referred to our faith as the "Church of the short creed"; and our separated brethren who read Dr. Mivart's article on "Science in Fetters," in the current *Dublin Review*, will have little cause to quarrel with Mr. Patmore's characterization. We quote:

"It is becoming clearer every day that God did not intend to give us *critical history* as we write it now. Plainly, it did not enter into the divine purpose to give us a complete and exact history of the whole human race from the beginning, nor even a

critically accurate history of the tribe of Semites chosen by Him. It is, we have been well assured, a sufficient account of the scope and purpose of the Scriptures to say that their object was to communicate certain truths and facts as a necessary antecedent for the Incarnation and the institution of the Church.

"It is truly wonderful what freedom remains to Catholics after Trent, the Vatican, and the recent Encyclical, which latter has not really gone beyond what those Councils had previously laid down. The Pope has not, as I have been given to understand, laid down anything as to authorship, dates, etc., which at all conflicts with the duly ascertained results of modern criticism. He has not taught and does not teach us 'Biblical criticism.' The office of the Church is not to teach science, whether physical or historical. The Pope speaks not as a critic, but as a ruler, whose duty is to watch over the welfare, not of science, but of souls. Had the office of the Church been to teach science, she would have failed indeed. But as long as we hold there is a moral Ruler above us, and that our deliberate actions in this initial sphere of our existence have everlasting consequences, the Church's action is abundantly justified. All the errors of science, physical or historical, do not weigh in the balance, even infinitesimally, compared with the everlasting destiny of one human soul."

That "the world do move" is shown by the fact that now, more than in any preceding age, the intellectual and moral power of the race is in close sympathy with the workman in his struggle for living wages. The attitude of the Church toward this problem is well known, and her clergy have always been outspoken enough; but even they have seldom made such large demands as those put forward by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B., in a recent pamphlet on "Fair Treatment for Honest Work." The Benedictine prelate rightly contends that *fair treatment* is the right rule for employers. Explaining this phrase, he says:

"A machine, a carriage or a horse receives fair treatment where everything is done that is needful for its preservation and efficient use. The treatment in each case may vary according to the nature of the thing. In estimating the fair treatment of a workman we must consider his nature and efficient working, his physical, mental, and moral qualities; and must remember that he is a being with reason and an immortal soul; that he is liable to sickness and to grow old; that he is a Christian, with hopes of a better life hereafter. Hence fair treatment should provide whatever is necessary to preserve his body and mind; to keep his physical, mental and moral qualities in working order; and—since when disabled he can not be broken up like a machine, nor be shot like a horse—to make provision for incapacity and old age.... He is clearly entitled to protection during his work, so that he may suffer as little detriment as possible. The workrooms should be healthy, well ventilated, heated or cooled; he should not be liable to be maimed or injured by imperfect appliances, ill-regulated machinery, or defective materials; and he should be preserved against accident by all reasonable precautions. His tools or implements should be serviceable, so as not to hamper his work. To prevent exhaustion of strength, one man should not be forced to do the work of a man and a half, nor the hours be so prolonged as to overtax the energies. Then a host of moral conditions enter into *fair treatment.* The workman should have fitting technical instruction, and due encouragement for well doing, without favoritism or bullying; he should not be railed or sworn at as if he were a beast of burden; nor have his moral or religious sense wounded by ribaldry, profanity or obscenity. The granting of any of these points does not imply any generous impulse on the part of the employer, but ordinary fair treatment such as a man may expect from a man."

The need of such counsel as this is especially felt in those large factories where young men and women are promiscuously crowded, without precaution against physical and moral injury. There is, perhaps, no better illustration of conspicuous *ill* treatment of working people than most factories where both sexes and children are employed.

The Rev. Nelson Ayers, a recent convert from Episcopalianism, in a letter of resignation addressed to the "Bishop of Mississippi," declares that he has "at last seen the folly of trying to be a Catholic and a Protestant at the same time." For more than twenty years Mr. Ayers had struggled with doubts "hard to suppress and distressing to entertain." He says that had he regarded more the actual facts of the world, and less the theories of the narrow school of theologians with which he was identified, he would have recognized long ago the "city seated on a mountain, which can not be hid."

They who affect to believe that the doctrine of Divine Providence is incompatible with human experience would doubtless find in their own lives, did they but seek it, the confutation of their folly. Incidents incapable of a natural explanation are daily happening around us; and most persons of middle age have experienced even more striking proofs

of divine protection than that which led to the conversion of a cultured English gentleman, who, though not a Catholic, never interfered with the religious duties of his wife and children. One day he was driving in an open chaise across a bleak part of the country, when a violent storm of rain suddenly came on. There was not a bank, not a tree, to afford him any kind of shelter; and there seemed no alternative but to drive on through the blinding down-pour, and be soaked to the skin. In this emergency he invoked the Blessed Virgin for the first time in his life. Relating the circumstance later to his wife, he said: "I had often heard you speaking to the children of Our Lady's power and the efficacy of her protection in time of need, and it suddenly occurred to me to call upon her. It seemed strange, and I hardly knew how to set about it; but I did call upon her as best I could. Scarcely had I invoked her aid when I perceived, close to the road, a small, well-built shed, by the side of which I gladly pulled up my horse. I quickly alighted, and stood within its shelter until the rain was quite over. On recommencing my journey, I turned my head to look once more at the shed which had afforded me so welcome a refuge, and where I had been standing but a moment before. It was gone! No trace of any building could be seen: for miles round the country was quite bare." Needless to say, the gentleman is now a devout Catholic, and has a special devotion to the Mother of God.

Those who take an interest in the Missionary Work of Mary Immaculate, and who contribute to its support by collecting cancelled postage-stamps, will be glad to hear the result of their combined efforts in the good cause. The last consignment of stamps forwarded to Paris by Brother Valerian, C.S.C., numbered 2,225,000, making a grand total of 4,295,000. We are assured that the value of so many stamps is considerable, and that the amount easily realized from their sale is sufficient to support many important missionary enterprises. The widespread and growing interest in the work of collecting cancelled stamps may be judged from the fact that they are sent to Notre Dame from every part of the United States and Canada. All classes of persons are represented among the collectors—from eminent prelates to little children. It is emphatically a work in which every little helps, and one in which almost every one can take part. Many who could not otherwise contribute to the support of foreign missions are thus enabled to do a great deal of good by taking very little trouble.

A half century of noble work for the consolation of the sick and the education of the young was gloriously closed last month when St. Xavier's Academy, near Latrobe, Pa., celebrated its Golden Jubilee. It is said that in early missionary times a savage chieftain, jealous of the influence of the "black-robes," slew an Indian maiden who attended the mission church; whereupon one of the Fathers prophesied the growth of a religious order of women who should devote their lives to the cause of mercy, and rest in death beside the martyred maiden. Whether or not the prophecy was genuine, it has at least been literally fulfilled; for St. Xavier's is one of the most efficient academies consecrated to the education of our Catholic young women. Singularly, too, the marble cross reared over the grave of the Indian girl stands in the midst of the little cemetery of the Sisters of Mercy.

The situation at the Ursuline Indian mission at St. Peter's, Montana, is such as to touch the hardest heart. We like to believe that if Catholics realized the needs of this mission, and knew what the self-sacrificing religious endure to maintain it, purse-strings would be opened everywhere. The facts of the case may be briefly stated. Our government, though it invoked the aid of Catholic missionaries for the Indians, has reduced the contract for St. Peter's Mission to 72, whereas the number of children cared for is 150. There are reasons why the Sisters can not send away the Indian girls who flock to them. Of certain government schools and camps, the least said in connection with defenceless young women the better. There will soon be greater suffering at St. Peter's than ever before, if charitably disposed persons do not

come to the rescue. The potatoes which the nuns planted this year with their own hands, hoping to provide food for their charges, were ruined by frost, and there is nothing to supply for the loss. December snows fell in June, necessitating the consumption of firewood in reserve for the coming winter. The supply of warm clothing is always inadequate. And much else might be told. God knows what the Sisters suffer personally. We trust that many who read these lines will agree with us that some portion of the money spent so freely at this season on luxuries ought to go to the aid of the heroic Ursulines of Montana.

In "Glimpses of Some Vanished Celebrities" the current number of *Blackwood's* gives some interesting bits of biography, and among them a recollection of Mr. Gladstone's only sister of whom the writer says: "She was a tall, fair-haired lady, with very winning manners; and by that time she had become a Roman Catholic, and was a most ardent convert. Her whole conversation was on that subject, and it was her great desire to make proselytes. I went with her once to see a beautiful life-sized picture of the Madonna and Child by an old master, and she fell into a sort of trance in contemplation of it, from which we had difficulty in rousing her. She passed away several years later in a convent abroad, where, I believe, she was living only as a boarder, and not as a nun."

Notable New Books.

A MEMOIR OF MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL, O. S. D. (Augusta Theodosia Drane.) Edited by the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O. P. Longmans, Green & Co.

In a letter to a friend, the subject of this delightful memoir once wrote: "Don't you believe if we could get the real history of any life and the real unveiling of any soul, it would have a charm no other sort of book ever has?... Whenever you get the real history of a soul you come in contact with God and His dealings with it; so that, however ordinary the soul, you always meet with the divine." And when one considers the beauty and rare gifts of Mother Raphael's soul, portrayed in these pages, the interest of the book may be judged. In reading the life of this gifted woman one feels that the revelation of character is genuine, which can not be said of many biographical sketches; and it is with a personal interest that we follow her career.

The story of her childhood is charmingly told by herself, and one sees therein the promise of the strength, the earnestness which marked her after life. Bishop Ullathorne, whose Memoirs and Letters Mother Drane edited, described her as "one of those many-sided characters who can write a book, draw a picture, rule an Order, guide other souls, superintend a building, lay out grounds, or give wise and practical advice, with equal facility and success."

Mother Francis Raphael is best known to the world through her literary work; and, whether historical, religious or poetical, it ever bore the stamp of true art. In her community the beauty of her soul eclipsed the high endowments of her mind, much as they were prized; and she was revered as a devoted and zealous daughter of the great St. Dominic, whose life she so beautifully portrayed in writing as well as in her own career.

Father Wilberforce has most gracefully filled the office of editor, showing a sympathy which must commend his work to the many friends and admirers of his friend, Mother Francis Raphael.

THE PRICE OF THE PEARL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Baroness Pauline von Hügel. The Catholic Truth Society.

The tale which gives its name to this collection of short but interesting stories is the most dramatic of the group, and deals with the times when England, ceasing to be Catholic, by means of base pursuivants, persecuted with Satanic zeal adherents of the ancient faith. A strong situation is that in which the heroine, given her choice as to whether she will rescue from their toils the husband of her idolized young cousin or her own betrothed lover, after a heart-rending struggle, decides in favor of the former. The style of the story is in keeping with the speech of the age it depicts; and the quaint,

Shakspearean phraseology with which it abounds must win it a ready acceptance from admirers of the immortal bard as well as story-readers.

ARMY BOYS AND GIRLS. By Mary G. Bonesteel. John Murphy & Co.

Our young readers, especially those who are interested in things military, will enjoy perusing the tales that make up this volume, inasmuch as they touch upon the small joys and sorrows of the lives of our little ones born and bred in those outposts that guard Uncle Sam's wide domain. The author handles her subject like one to the manner born; and we have frequent references to "guard monut," "taps," "officer of the day," and "dress parade," with much else that pertains to life at a fort. The little heroes and heroines of these stories are patriotic and brave, as befits those who dwell in daily sight of the Stars and Stripes; while the influence of Catholic faith and practices directs their thoughts to higher things. To our thinking, the best of these tales are "Tramp," Company G, and "Teddy's Trip to the Fair,"—the latter a pathetic story of kidnapping and ultimate restoration to parental arms.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL. Translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

The rapidity and completeness of the success won by Sienkiewicz in the field of romance is one of the most notable events in the literary history of the past decade. He came in as a king, ascending his throne without protest, and his influence has been steadily on the increase.

The power which the novels of Sienkiewicz reveal is strikingly original. He manages the short story as successfully as Kipling, and his longer novels show all the strength and dramatic force of Scott. His latest work belongs to the same class as his admirable historical series; in form particularly it resembles "Pan Michael." The "Children of the Soil" are a dozen strongly-drawn characters, whose lives and loves are the whole interest of the volume. Of great incident there is absolutely nothing,—the greatness is in the art of the novelist, and in his power to excite sympathy and interest.

Sienkiewicz has frequently been likened unto Scott, and with good reason; for no other novelist has the "Wizard's" gift of crowding the canvas without blurring the picture. His mastery of detail, and especially his all-comprehending imagination and knowledge of the human heart, place him head and shoulders above all other modern story-tellers. No other could have led us by so slender a string through almost seven hundred octavo pages of slight incident, from which even the traditional crisis is absent.

The work of translation has been done with Mr. Curtin's usual power and attractiveness, but we regret that he has not "adapted" certain passages for English readers. No doubt Sienkiewicz's motive was the highest; and, as compared with many modern novels, his work is positively pious. But a Catholic novelist should set an example of the highest delicacy, and Sienkiewicz's genius could easily have dispensed with a certain raciness of detail which ought to have been toned down in translation. The book is handsomely 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. Theodore Hauser, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 21st ult., in Columbus, Ohio.

Sister Mary Anita, Villa Maria Convent, West Chester, Pa.; and Sister Mary Clare, Limerick, Ireland, whose consecrated lives were lately crowned with a precious death.

Mr. Matthew Hart, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Anna Bowling, who died suddenly on the 6th of June, at Montgomery, Ind.

Lieut.-Col. A. J. Dallas, who passed to the reward of a fervent Christian life in Washington, D. C., on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Mary Keough, who departed this life on the 26th of June, at Wilmington, Del.

Mr. John Kiniry and Ellen C. Meagher, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. Daniel Rielly, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Hugh J. Dever and Miss Mary Gill, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. William E. Kelley, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Rose Martin, Talley Cavey, Pa.; and Mrs. Joseph McGuire, Essex, Ill.

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

Our Lady of Snow.

ANNA had read of "Our Lady of Snow,"
A title that pleased her young heart;
And, filled with true zeal, to grandma she went,
Her wonderful lore to impart.

"O grandma, one day a long time ago—
Oh, no! I mean 'twas the night—
In the heat of the summer there came a snow-storm,
And the ground, though in August, was white,

"On only one spot in the city of Rome.
And my! it was such a surprise!
But, grandma, 'twas Mary who sent the pure flakes,
To raise people's thoughts to the skies.

"And they built in her honor a beautiful church,
And they named it 'Our Lady of Snow';
And when I grow up and travel abroad,
That's one of the places I'll go.

"But wasn't it lovely the children of Rome
Had such a great privilege given—
To play in the snow in the hot summer time?
And, snow, that was sent straight from heaven!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS were established in every parish of the vast diocese of Milan by St. Charles Borromeo,—Sunday-schools which we of the present age complacently imagine are an invention of our own, and which Protestants would fain believe to be an invention of theirs.—*Father Haskins.*

Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVII.—THE END.

UNCLE MIKE was about to take his departure from Colonnade House. Nearly all the Juniors had learned to love him very much. The smaller ones hung about him in season and out of season. There was a question, however, as to whether his influence was quite in a line of which Professor Grigg would have approved.

"Uncle Mike," observed Teddy Martin, a chubby lad, "knows so much without having studied, that I think I'll just try to grow up like him. Oh, Ireland's the place for fun!" he went on. "There is no spot in the world like it. What with *leprechauns* and banshees, you are never lonesome in Ireland."

"And Orangemen," said Baby Maguire. "Uncle Mike knows more about Orangemen than any living creature. Why, if he wasn't a Christian, he'd have killed hundreds of them. But he's too good a Christian for that."

"He says there are people in the moon," continued Teddy. "He's a dandy for knowing things,—a regular dandy. If a man can get such an education without books, I don't see the use of all this geography and stuff."

Guy listened to all this with a pleased face. It was delightful to hear Uncle

Mike praised. But his heart was heavy. The time was at hand when Uncle Mike and his wife would be without a roof over their heads, and Guy lay awake for hours wondering how he could help them. He went to sleep, after long reflections on the subject, leaving it all to St. Joseph, his unfailing friend in every distress.

Uncle Mike's departure had been postponed, at Guy's request, so long that at last he had to tear himself away. Guy tried to keep back the tears, but could not. Uncle Mike was not only going away, but going to poverty,—going to begin life over again.

In the meantime the recovered stamps had been sent by Jack, through Father Mirard, to the great stamp store in New York; and, as the Mauritius—the most important Mauritius—was genuine, a cheque came on the second day, made payable to Father Mirard. And if any of my young readers will look into the stamp catalogues, they will find the amount of its value recorded; and that was what Uncle Mike received from Jack just as he was going away. The envelope containing it was thrust into his hands, and the amount was more than enough to pay off the mortgage.

Guy did not hear of this until Uncle Mike's wife told him a week later. He thanked God and the dear St. Joseph. Now he could study with all his heart; for he felt truly happy.

Thanksgiving came, but with it no box. There was an ominous silence. No word had come from the cook or Susan, though Rebecca sent her respects through Mrs. Chumleigh. Faky's ode was sent, and Mrs. Chumleigh said that she had seen Susan weeping over it. Baby Maguire received a box of bananas and guava jelly from his father's agent in Cuba; Miley's aunts united in sending him a turkey, and mince-pies that melted in the mouth; Faky Dillon and Bob Bently had boxes,—everybody, in fact, except Thomas Jefferson and Jack. And Faky cared nothing for his home box: it contained delicacies far inferior to those prepared by Susan. He wondered and wondered; for Susan had always admired his poetry very much, and he fancied that Latin poetry would be doubly effective. But, for all that, no box came.

The Pacific Bank failure interested both the Chumleigh and Bently families, but the boys at school soon forgot it. Steve Osborne had ceased to boast, and some of his friends became so bold as to ask him whether his Aunt Fanny had lost her money. He made no answer. Only at times did he resume his swaggering air; and it was remarked that, though he was occasionally "nasty" to Miley, he went out of his way to do him little favors. Altogether, Professor Grigg's school suddenly became very quiet. Steve seldom ordered club meetings, and the tutors said that they had never known so serene a session.

One afternoon Steve met Miley on the river bank. Miley had just pulled up his fishing line,—it was a *congé* day.

"What made you do it?" asked Steve, suddenly, looking closely into Miley's face. "You could not have expected to get anything out of me."

"What made me do it!" cried Miley, exasperated. "The Old Boy, I guess,—the Old Boy! And I felt so mean that I wouldn't even say a prayer. I say, Steve Osborne, you can trample on me, if you like,—yes, *trample* on me. If you were a hundred times cheekier than you used to be, I wouldn't answer back. I'm wilted. Father Mirard walked into me when I told him, but I am muddy all over with meanness yet."

"I don't mind your reading the letter," continued Osborne, impatiently; "*any* boy would have done that—"

"No gentleman would have done it," interrupted Miley, blushing. "Jack Chumleigh wouldn't have done it."

"No," admitted Steve.

"Bob Bently would not have done it."

"I don't know about *that*," said Steve.

"You think because Bob's a friend of yours that he is mean," returned Miley, hotly. "Well, he is not. I can tell you that, Osborne."

"Well, let it go! I want to know *why* you let me down so easily. It's more than I can understand."

"If the fight had been fair," said Miley, "I'd have made you suffer. It wasn't fair, so you had the advantage. You can chuck me into the river, if you want to, Steve Osborne; but, depend upon it, I'd no more mention what I read than I'd let Teddy Martin do me."

"Who brought you up?" asked Osborne.

"My mother."

"She must be a mighty good woman."

"She *is*," said Miley.

"Well," answered Steve, "you're the first boy I've met that could do a thing like that. If you had been as bad to me as I was to you, and I'd found—no matter what—I'd have crushed you."

Miley shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't suppose you have known many good people in your life," he said. "But *I* have."

"I haven't, with the exception of Aunt Fanny," Steve replied.

"She *is* a good woman," Miley went on,—"a kind woman. But, if I were you, I'd go to work for her instead of letting her work for me."

"You would, would you?" said Steve, frowning. "Work! Why, when father was with me I never even studied. Miley Galligan," he whispered, putting his hand on Miley's arm, "I'm glad you've found me out,—I can talk to you about what has happened. Some days in this school I've felt that I *must* speak—or die. I wanted to ask somebody, 'Was there ever any other boy like me, with his father in prison?' Of course I know there was. But I wouldn't have any other father,—don't you go and think that. I love him more every day, if he did forge that cheque,—no, I don't believe he did it."

Miley blinked his eyes.

"I know," he said; "I know. Just as I felt toward my father, only my father was an angel. You needn't talk any more."

He went to Osborne and gave him his hand; he wanted to say something tender and consoling, but what he did say was:

"Don't you lie, Steve Osborne."

And Steve pressed his hand and said in a tone whose softness belied the words:

"And don't you go and open other people's letters."

Steve turned away, a better boy at heart. And Miley, waiting until he was out of sight, sat at the foot of the apple-tree and blubbered as if his heart would break.

The failure of the famous Pacific Bank made a great change in the lives of Jack Chumleigh and his friends. At Christmas Jack, Thomas Jefferson, and Bob Bently left Colonnade House. Their fathers could not afford to keep them at school, and so they went back to Philadelphia; Guy, Faky Dillon, and Baby Maguire returning to Professor Grigg's after the holidays.

Jack found things apparently about the same at home. In January, Thomas Jefferson went to the Christian Brothers' school, with Bob Bently. But Jack was put temporarily in his father's office.

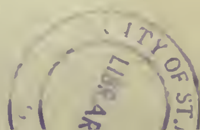
Susan and the cook were on good terms again, but Rebecca had gone. They were very much subdued.

Susan kissed her young friends on both cheeks as they entered the kitchen, with a delightful feeling of "old timeness" in their heads.

"'Tis the beautifullest thing I ever read," she said to Faky. "A boy that goes to Latin school—he lives in Fourth Street—translated it for me. When I die it'll be read at my wake."

Faky was gratified. He was too delicate to ask about the box.

Susan continued:


ITY OF ST.

"It was no time for turkey and cake when the family was in such affliction over the Bank. And any kind of excitement do make the cook's hand heavy with pastry. 'Susan,' she says to me—for the sorrow made us friends again,—says she, 'I can't put any heart in the mince-pies, with the mistress looking like a ghost; and it's not the like of me that would run the risk of sending heavy pie-crust to be criticised by the like of *her*,'—meaning Mrs. Grigg. The night before the bank failed I heard the banshee say 'Susan' three different times; and," she lowered her voice, "the death-tick was in all the furniture."

A little of the old chill went through Faky's blood; but he wished that Susan had sent the box, all the same.

"Is it looking for Rebecca you are?" Susan said. "We don't mention her name. Mrs. Chumleigh wanted cook and me to get places, because she couldn't pay our wages after Christmas. 'I knew it would come,' says I to cook; 'for my left ear burned all night.' But we just told her that we didn't blame her, for misfortunes do be upsetting to the mind; but we'd stay without wages till things came right. As for Rebecca, she's gone."

And so we leave our friends, living their lives in sunlight and shadow; Jack, and Bob and Thomas Jefferson none the less happy for being poor.

"Our hoards are little," as Faky said, quoting another poet, "but our hearts are great." These words occurred in his last letter to Jack. He put them in, he said, because he had no time to write anything better.

(The End.)

BAD LUCK is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good Luck is a man of pluck, to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

"The Child of the Temple."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

A short time ago, at the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, a Solemn Mass was celebrated, by request of the Duc d'Orléans, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of the dauphin, Louis XVII., of France, known as "the Child of the Temple."

Louis Charles, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born March 27, 1785, and lived but to pass his tenth birthday. He bore the title of sovereign merely a short time, and reigned only within the thatched homes of La Vendée and the tents of an exiled nobility. During the earliest years of his life, however, the engaging little lad was petted and caressed as the future hope of his country. There is still treasured a miniature of him which the queen-mother always wore. It represents a pleasing face, with large blue eyes, that, as they peer forth from the quaint locket, lose their pensive expression and almost twinkle with humor. His hair was dark chestnut in color, and fell in thick curls upon his shoulders.

Monsieur Hue, a gentleman of the court, says of him: "He possessed a frank and lovable nature. There was in his manner a certain distinction; while his sweet smile, his thoughtfulness for others, and his artless sallies won all hearts." He was not a faultless little fellow, though; and we are further informed that "he ill endured the rule of the women attendants who had charge of him, and objected strenuously to the custom established as to the hours of his rising or going to rest." Nevertheless, his indocility always at once disappeared upon the approach of his mother.

Marie Antoinette was devotedly attached to her children, and counted those hours

the happiest which she spent with them. Her authority, though gentle, was unquestioned. It was she who taught little Louis (or Charles as he was oftener called) to read, making his task attractive by selecting interesting anecdotes of the noble men of ancient times, or stories of his ancestors. On these occasions the dauphin had many original questions to ask, many ingenuous reflections to make. Afterward the Queen would play upon the piano or harp, or sing to him.

One evening she sang this plaintive lullaby:

> "Sleep, my child! Thine eyelids close,
> Thy cries do rend my soul.
> Sleep, my child! Light are thy woes
> To thy poor mother's dole."

The words "thy poor mother's dole," repeated with exquisite expression, touched the heart of the boy, who sat silent and motionless in his small arm-chair. His aunt, Madame Elizabeth, surprised to see him so quiet, cried laughingly: "My faith, there's Charles asleep!" But, at once raising his head, he protested, exclaiming: "Ah, who could sleep when mamma is singing!"

His first tutor was the Abbé Devaux, who also instructed his sister, Marie Thérèse; but the King as well as the Queen continued to supervise the education of their children. The dauphin proved an apt scholar, and often excited amusement by his readiness in repartee. One day while studying his lessons he began to hiss; and upon being reproved by his mother, replied: "Mamma, I was saying my lesson so ill that I hissed myself."

Another time, in the garden of Bagatelle, he was about to dash through a hedge of rose-bushes. Monsieur Hue sprang forward and caught him, crying: "Monseigneur, those thorns will hurt your face." "Still," laughed the child, turning round with an intrepid air, "thorny ways lead to glory."

Hearing of this answer, the Queen said: "My son, to imperil one's life to save another's may be called glory, but what you were going to do was simply heedlessness. Before you talk of glory, dear, read the histories of Du Guesclin, Bayard, Turenne, and many others, who have defended France and our crown at the price of their blood." The tender rebuke impressed the child, and, throwing his arms about his mother's neck, he cried impulsively: "Well, mamma, it shall be my glory to remember what you tell me and to love you."

Louis had a garden-plot upon the terrace of Versailles, which he cultivated entirely himself. "But," he would say, "I am only the farmer,—the produce is for mamma." One day a courtier, seeing him digging with such energy that the perspiration rolled down his cheeks, said: "Monseigneur, you are very simple to fatigue yourself thus. One of the gardeners would finish that work for you in a few minutes."—"Perhaps so," was the brief response. "But mamma would not like the flowers so well if they were taken care of by any one else."

Every morning the affectionate little son would run to gather a bouquet, which he would place upon the Queen's dressing-table. When stormy weather prevented him from going out for the flowers, he would exclaim, with vexation: "I am displeased with myself! To-day I have not earned mamma's first kiss."

"To-morrow will be your mother's birthday," said Louis XVI. to him on one occasion. "You must compose a pretty compliment to accompany your bouquet." "Papa," he replied, after a few moments' reflection, "I have an immortelle in my garden. It will be both my compliment and my gift. In presenting it I shall say: 'May mamma resemble this flower!'"

His first premonition of the approaching sorrows of his family was read in the gravity of his father's countenance and the

tears that often dimmed the eyes of his beautiful mamma. Having once abstractedly put some *soucis** into his bouquet, he noticed them when about to present it, and cast them aside, saying: "Ah, mamma, you have already enough of those!"

A poor woman one day made her way to him as he was weeding his plot, and entreated him to ask a favor for her. "Monseigneur," said she, "if I were to obtain this request, I should be as happy as a queen." The little prince, who had stooped to pick some china-asters, rose, and, looking at her very sadly, repeated: "'Happy as a queen!' I know a Queen who does nothing but weep." The next day when she returned he greeted her joyfully, crying: "I have an answer for you. This is from mamma,"—drawing from his pocket a piece of gold wrapped in the petition duly endorsed. "And this is *my* present,"—giving her a bunch of his choicest blossoms.

The companion of his sports was a frolicsome little dog named Moufflet, and together, alas! they sometimes got into mischief. The dauphin once roguishly carried off the flute of a page and hid it in a tree. Moufflet was with him; but when the search for the flute began, the spaniel did not, by so much as a wag of his tail, betray his playfellow. The Queen, however, decided to punish the culprit through his accomplice, as she persisted in considering poor Moufflet, who was accordingly shut up in a dark cupboard, where he began to whine piteously. "Mamma dear," expostulated his young master, "it was not Moufflet who did wrong: it was I. Let me take his place." The entreaty was granted; and, when released, Louis went of his own accord and restored the flute to its owner.

He and his sister were accustomed to put away a part of a certain sum of money, allowed for their amusements, to give in charity. The boy kept his savings in a small bronze coffer, or box. One day the King, who was not in the secret, found him counting crowns and arranging them in rows. "What! my son," he said, "are you hoarding like the misers?" Little Louis colored and looked down; then, recovering himself, he rejoined: "Yes, papa, I *am* a miser, but it is for the poor orphans. Ah, if you were to see them! They are truly to be pitied."—"In that case," said the father, with an affectionate embrace, "I will help you to fill your coffer."

Soon came the terrible night when the royal family were forced to leave Versailles, and were escorted by the hooting Parisian mob to the Tuileries. The King and Queen still strove to appear calm before their children. Deprived now of his walks and rides, the little prince was taught, for exercise, the military drill, dancing, and tennis. He was always high-spirited and manly. Once, after practising the manual of arms, he was about to carry off his musket. "Monseigneur," interposed the officer on duty, "as you are going out, surrender your musket." The dauphin imperiously refused, however; and upon being taken to task for this asperity, he replied: "If the gentleman had said, 'Give me your musket,' that would have been very well; but 'surrender' it—*never!*"

In the garden of the Tuileries a small angle of ground was assigned to him as a flower-plot, but when he visited it he was usually accompanied by a detachment of the National Guard.

(To be continued.)

Some people's religion is just like a wooden leg. There is neither warmth nor life in it; and, although it helps you to hobble along, it never becomes a part of you, but has to be strapped on every morning.

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* Marigolds. The word also means cares, anxieties.

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

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Thabor and Calvary.

"TELL not this vision till the Son of Man
Be risen from the dead,"
The Master said;
And Calvary's shadow fell upon the hill
Of Thabor, where, with rapturous joy athrill,
The three disciples felt,
As prone they knelt,
The glory of the Lord around them shed.

O Thabor, thou of Esdrelon, with thee
Our hearts have learned to know
That deepest woe,
Like Calvary's shadow, comes with earth's delight.
The joy-transfigured soul feels sorrow's night
That falls, as 'twere a rain
Of chastening pain,
In cold and darkness on our life's warm glow.

The Valiant Woman.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WE can not conclude our consideration of a few of the many types of our Blessed Lady which abound in the Old Testament, the various personages and appropriate symbols whereby she is foreshadowed and prefigured, without mention of the Valiant Woman whom Solomon depicts in glowing colors in the Book of Proverbs. It is no real, living individual of whom the royal sage speaks, but a figure fashioned by his own imagination—the impersonification of all the qualities he deems most valuable, most estimable, most attractive in a daughter of Eve. He portrays a modest woman, a perfect woman; one adorned with heroic fortitude, consummate prudence, admirable wisdom, and withal a modesty and gentleness truly feminine. The beautiful description he gives of the virtues of the Valiant Woman can apply to none other than our Blessed Lady. He does but hold a mirror, wherein we behold reflected the glorious features of our Immaculate Mother. That such is the case is very positively declared by St. Bernard * when speaking of the defeat of the enemy of mankind as foretold in the words, "She shall crush thy head."

"For whom else," he asks, "is this victory over the serpent reserved but for Mary? For whom else would Solomon be inquiring when he said: 'Who shall find a valiant woman?' For this wise man knew the infirmity, the frail body, the changeful mind, of this sex; and yet he had read that God had promised, and he saw it himself to be most fit, that he who had conquered by a woman should be conquered by one. And this is the reason why he exclaims, in great amazement: 'Who shall find a valiant woman?' As if he would say: 'If the salvation of us

* Hom. 2 De Laud. Virg. Mariæ, 5.

all, the restitution of our innocence, the conquest of the enemy, depends upon a woman's hand, it is certainly necessary to find a strong, a valiant woman.' And, lest it should be thought that he despaired of finding one, he goes on to prophesy that such a one shall be found: 'Far, and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.' That is, the price of this Valiant Woman is not paltry or small or ordinary; not indeed of earth, it is from heaven; not from near, but from afar—from the highest heaven; for she is the daughter of the Eternal Father, the chief, the crowning work of the Most High God, beyond all price and all value. It may be affirmed that, independently of her divine maternity, Mary was more precious to God than all the rest of men."

"She is like the merchant's ship,—she bringeth her bread from afar." The Blessed Virgin is compared, under the figure of the Valiant Woman, to a vessel laden with precious treasures from distant climes. These are the rare graces and privileges wherewith she was endowed,—her surpassing merits, her transcendent virtues. She is herself a spiritual vessel, a vessel of honor, created to hold that which is above all precious and honorable—the Word Incarnate. This is the Bread, the supersubstantial Bread, which she brings to her children—the children of the Church; for of her we receive Him who has said: "I am the Bread of life."

"She hath risen in the night." The night of paganism was long and dark; the nations were shrouded in ignorance and vice; but the Sun of Justice was to arise and scatter the darkness, changing the gloom into a brilliant day. And as when the sun is soon to appear above the horizon, the morning star, shining with a light derived indeed from him, but nevertheless shining bright and clear before he appears, gives the signal of his approach, so the Holy Mother of God, dawning upon the world, anticipated His incarnation, and made the world more beautiful in God's sight. She is the *Stella Matutina*, the Morning Star, heralding the break of day. "The morning star, rising in the night, is still clearly visible when all other stars have been extinguished by the light of the rising sun. Mary has a brilliancy so great that the brightness of all other saints fades into nothing in comparison with hers. If this be the case even in comparison with the glory of St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, the patriarch Abraham; Job, the model of patience; Daniel, the beloved of God; what must her glory be!"

"Her lamp shall not be put out in the night." When the night of sadness and sorrow closed in after the death of our Divine Lord, when even the Apostles despaired of His resurrection, the light of love, of faith, of hope, was not put out in Mary's heart. "Thus when the twelve lights are extinguished in Holy Week, one is reserved. The faith of the twelve Apostles fades and expires, but that in Holy Mary's breast burns bright and resplendent still. She believed that He would rise from the dead on the third day. Her lamp went not out in the night."* Her light is also a lamp guiding us through the darkness of this world, the night of our earthly pilgrimage; a star shining from on high. "Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day."

The beauty of Mary is beyond all praise. Dionysius the Areopagite, beholding her, would have worshipped her as a goddess on account of it, had he not been enlightened by the true faith. And her consummate loveliness is the consequence of there being nothing of her own. All is God's; no admiration of self in her motives, in her actions, in her feelings. Therefore in the latter day, at the end of her life, her passage from earth was a joyous one; ecstatic was her entrance into

* Cf. "Mary Star of the Sea," p. 103.

the courts of heaven. We are told that her death was caused by love and desire to be reunited to her Son. "Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband and he praised her." The children of Mary, the faithful in all ages, never cease calling her Blessed. Continually they repeat the words: "Blessed art thou among women." And the Holy Ghost, her Spouse, ever inspires the doctors and the saints of the Church to announce her greatness and her glory; to utter fresh praises of our Immaculate Mother. "Many daughters have gathered together riches; thou hast surpassed them all." What can compare with the incomprehensible dignity, the exceeding sweetness, of Mary?

Besides the mystical meaning which attaches to this description of the Valiant Woman, a practical lesson of great importance may be learned from it. It is not intended so much to enhance our appreciation of the greatness of Our Lady as to represent her as a pattern to her sex. We must not merely regard her as the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the Mother of the Eternal Word, the Queen of Angels, but also as a simple woman, fulfilling punctually and perfectly the domestic duties which fall to the lot of a wife and mother, the mistress of a household. We are apt to overlook the virtue that lies hidden under a commonplace exterior. A life on the surface of which there is nothing brilliant, nothing striking, has little attraction for us. Yet such was the life of our Blessed Lady upon earth; and from her we may learn that the daily round of ordinary duties and humble occupations may be in truth a life of sublime perfection.

We should learn to respect those who labor with their hands, since in the service of the Most High no task is mean, no duty is dishonorable. We fancy sometimes that holiness consists in giving all one's time to prayer and spiritual employments; but we should do better to remember that the way to sanctify one's self is to do one's work in the most perfect way possible, as Mary did at Nazareth. Her thoughts were indeed always in heaven, but that did not interfere with her ordinary domestic employments and household work. "She hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands," says King Solomon; and again: "Her fingers have taken hold of the spindle." Here we behold the Valiant Woman, who was able to "put out her hand to strong things," applying herself to essentially feminine pursuits. The industry of the hands, sewing and spinning, are encouraged by the example of one whose virtue and wisdom render her worthy of all praise. Every moment of her time is usefully employed. "She hath not eaten her bread idle"; for idleness is the source of innumerable evils.

One more point must be touched upon which ranks among the highest excellences of this exemplary woman. We are told: "She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor." The necessitous and those who are in humble circumstances are her especial care; she is ever ready to relieve their wants, to help them to bear their trials. She does not scorn them on account of their impoverished state; she is not impatient of their appeals for aid. God has appointed Mary to be the Help of Christians; therefore we, poor banished children of Eve, cry unto her from this vale of tears, invoking her assistance in times of adversity and distress.

"Whoever thou art," exclaims her glorious servant, St. Bernard, "who dost feel the need of light, of comfort, of succor, look up to Mary, call upon Mary. Trust in Mary, and thou wilt not fall into despair; follow her, and thou wilt not stray; let her hand protect thee, and thou wilt have nothing to fear; let her be thy guide, and thou wilt infallibly arrive at the haven of thy salvation."

A Mess of Pottage.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

IN a pleasant, neatly furnished room of a small cottage on the banks of the Shannon, a young and beautiful woman lay dying. Her age could not have been more than thirty, yet she was the widowed mother of the two handsome, weeping boys who stood beside her bed. A servant knelt at the foot, silently telling her beads. The dying woman had scarcely spoken since early morning, save now and then to ask for a sip of water. The clock struck ten,—she opened her eyes.

"Hannah," she said, in a voice of surprising sweetness, "I think I could take a new-laid egg beaten in a drop of sherry. It will give me strength to speak to the children; for my time is not long."

The old woman sprang to her feet with alacrity, and went into the kitchen to prepare the drink. Meanwhile the boys sat on the bed, on either side of their mother, both now weeping audibly.

"Don't cry, children,—don't cry!" she said, taking a hand of each. The words had the effect of causing them to break into loud sobbing.

The old woman returned; and, placing her hand behind the head of her mistress, already well supported by pillows, put the cup to her lips. She drained it to the last drop.

"Ah, that was refreshing!" she murmured, smiling gratefully into the eyes of the faithful servant, overflowing with tears, which she hastily brushed away with her disengaged hand.

"Get down from the bed, boys," said the old woman, somewhat gruffly, to hide her emotion. "You are bothering your poor mother. Draw chairs to the bedside, and you can see her as well."

The children, who never thought of disobeying Hannah, did as she bade them. But the mother said:

"Come to this side, children; and kneel there, where I can see you. What I have to say I want you both to remember as long as you live. It is the last counsel I shall ever give you, so heed it well."

A fresh burst of weeping from the boys and a suppressed wail from Hannah followed this speech; but the poor mother, fingering a small black rosary which had been wound about her slender wrist, looked heavenward, with clear, wide-open, tearless eyes, waiting for the violence of their grief to subside. After a time two curly heads were lifted from the bedclothes, and two pairs of dark brown eyes looked sorrowfully into hers.

"Maurice," the dying woman went on, with a tender, sad smile, as her hand sought that of the elder boy, "you know that I am leaving you, and that you must always love and care for your brother, my delicate, fair little Owen. I know there is no need to tell you this: you were always good to him, and fond of him and of me. When I am gone there will be no place for you but America. I have written to your Uncle Maurice, and he will take care of my boys. Be fond of your prayers, my child; in that way you've always been a trifle careless, and it has made me fear for you sometimes. Have great devotion to our Blessed Mother, in whose holy keeping I am leaving you, and she will protect you."

"Mother, I *will!*" sobbed the boy, once more burying his head in the bedclothes.

But the tears had dried in the eyes of little Owen, and a dull throbbing in his head had sent a flush to his soft cheeks, which rendered the likeness between him and his dying mother most remarkable. She gently patted his hand.

"Maurice is his father's boy, Owney," she said,—"big, brave, and strong; but you are like me—delicate and small. Maurice will take good care of his little brother always,—I have no fear of that.

But Owen can be Maurice's Good Angel, as he has always been. Will you not, Owen?"

"What is it you mean, mother?" asked the boy.

"You'll coax him if he wants to go bird's-nesting in place of to school; and you'll never, never be vexed with him, but only coax him again if he lingers on the way to the chapel."

Maurice lifted his head.

"Owen is always good, mother," he cried. "And he has reason to be vexed sometimes when I linger on the way to Mass. And he nearly always coaxes me,—he's seldom vexed."

"That's my good boy, Maurice!" said his mother, and her eyes were now filled with tears.

Owen drew nearer to his brother.

"There's no one like Maurice, mother," he sobbed,—"no one at all! He never gave me a cross word yet. It's because he's so full of life that he likes bird's-nesting and all that."

"There are no other two brothers like them in all Ireland!" wailed Hannah from the foot of the bed. "They're the loveliest and the kindest and the prettiest. *Ochone! ochone!* that I wasn't let die before I parted the three of you!"

Then, not wishing to agitate her mistress by the grief which she now felt to be uncontrollable, the old servant left the room, and the boys were alone with their dying mother. She put her hand under her pillow and drew forth another rosary similar to the one she held in her hand.

"Take this, Maurice," she whispered, "and never part with it. They were your father's beads."

The boy arose from his knees, came nearer and took the rosary.

"I'll never, *never* part with it, mother," he said, brushing away his tears.

"I'll not ask you to say it every day—I'll not ask the promise of you,—but I'd like you would."

"I wouldn't promise, mother dear," he replied; "I'm so careless that way. But I'll try it, anyhow."

"I like that better than a promise that might be soon broken," said his mother, pressing his hand. Then, turning to the younger boy, she continued: "Owen, you have my mother's face; you are my baby too. When I am gone, take these beads that I have in my hand, and keep them in memory of your mother."

"O mother, don't talk like that!" cried the child, covering her face with kisses, as they mingled their tears.

"I am very tired," she said at length. "Come nearer, Maurice, and give me your hand."

Clasping it in that of his brother, she folded her own over both; then, turning her face to the wall, she spoke no more.

II.

"Well, Maurice!"

"Dear Owen!"

The pale, worn figure on the bed contrasted pitifully with that of the strong, stalwart young man who had just entered, and, bending over the pillow, kissed his brother on the forehead.

"Why, you look every inch a soldier, Maurice!" said the sick boy, with a smile.

"I wish you could have been one, Owen!" answered his brother. "It might have been different with you, if you had so chosen. Fresh air and exercise are wonderful vitalizers."

"I had not the *physique*, to begin with," was the reply; "but, in any case, I should never have chosen it. I preferred enlisting in another army."

"And when you were not able to keep up with the ranks they turned you out on the road to die," said Maurice, bitterly.

"Ah, do not say that, Maurice dear!" responded the other, quickly. "I could have remained in the novitiate, but it was only of you I thought when I heard the *fiat* as to the result of my illness. There you could not have been with me; here we may be together till the end."

"You were always unselfish, Owen," continued Maurice. "Tell the truth now: would you not have preferred to remain on at Florisant?"

"If you will have the truth, yes," replied Owen; "but there was a reason, a strong reason, why I wished you to be with me at the end: I wanted to—to talk with you, Maurice."

A flush passed over the face of the young Lieutenant as he answered:

"Do not speak like that, Owen. I mean to have you well and strong again. If I can only get my leave extended, I will take you to the Bermudas. Poor Uncle Maurice's little hoard comes in very well now."

The sick boy smiled sadly.

"Maurice," he said, "unless you can understand how very dear Florisant was to me, you will not be able to comprehend how much dearer you and your interests are. It was to be close to you daily, to study you, to watch what changes time and separation had made in you, that I begged my dismissal from that spot I love best in all the world. I can not say all that is in my heart, but there is only one thing troubling it, Maurice. You know what that is?"

"Don't bother, Owen!" said Maurice, once more flushing crimson. "I am all right, and I won't listen to such gloomy talk. Of course I know what you mean, but we'll speak of that when you are feeling better."

"Dear Maurice," pleaded the boy, "won't you, can't you, see that I shall never get well? Oh, let me say what is on my heart!"

The elder brother shook his head, lifting a warning finger.

"You look tired," he said. "Rest now; and this afternoon, if you feel able, I'll have you up, and we'll take a drive."

"Maurice—" began the other, but a fit of coughing interrupted him; and when he drew the white handkerchief from his pallid lips it was dyed crimson with his life-blood. "Go for the priest!" he implored, in a feeble voice, as his brother bent over him; and, obeying his behest, Maurice hastened from the room.

Late that afternoon he sat at the bedside, realizing at last that the brother whom he had loved and cherished as his dearest and only earthly possession was fast fading from earth. The doctor had announced the end as inevitable and very near; the priest had come and gone, and come and gone again; and the two were alone.

"Maurice, come sit beside me here on the bed," pleaded the dying boy.

His brother obeyed his request, taking the thin white hand in his own.

"You remember," Owen continued, in a feeble voice, "how we sat on our dear mother's bed when she was dying, and how she told us to kneel down beside her while she spoke to us her last words?"

"Of course I remember," answered Maurice. "It is as plain to me now as it was on that day."

"And what she said to us?"

"Yes, Owen, yes! Oh, I have loved you, my boy,—you know that."

"Never was such a good brother,—never. Father, mother, brother, all in one. Brave, noble, perfect, but for one—"

He hesitated, seeming not to know how best to say what was troubling the last moments of his life.

The elder brother quickly dashed the tears from his eyes.

"What is it now, dear, dear Owen?" he asked.

"Maurice, how long since you were last at confession?"

"Three years," was the reply. "At West Point, you know, it is not easy sometimes."

"And Mass? Did you go always?"

"Seldom, Owen," answered the young Lieutenant, who, to spare his dying brother pain, might have lied to him; but, whatever were his faults, could never have stooped to such dishonor.

"And your rosary? Surely you say that sometimes, Maurice!"

"Never, Owen," replied his brother, in a broken voice.

"O Maurice!. Maurice dearest! what shall I tell our mother when I meet her? How can I tell her that you have so fallen away from her teachings and example!"

"She knows it already," said the other, gravely. "I believe the departed see all we do. I can not help it, Owen. I have not your faith,—I never had."

"The good old Irish faith of our forefathers,—it is a grand heritage."

"Owen, I will be frank with you. In my blood, how inherited I know not, there is some strain in which you do not share. What you call faith seems to me but superstition. I try to do what is right,—to lead a clean, upright and honorable life. I believe in God, I fear God, I try to love Him; but I can not pray. I feel that He knows our hearts without that. Forms are irksome to me."

"When did you leave off praying, Maurice?" asked his brother.

"Owen, I *never* prayed as you did. It was always purely mechanical with me. Don't you remember how when Father Morgan gave us each a prayer-book on our First Communion day, yours was in tatters, while mine was yet comparatively new, and that you finished it as well as your own?"

"Poor Maurice!" murmured the dying boy. "Poor, poor Maurice! But so honest! God will remember that."

"One thing more, Owen," said Maurice, "now that I am in for it. I am not proud of being Irish, as you are. I never was. I think our countrymen are envious, small, jealous, vindicative. I have but little sympathy with them."

"O Maurice!" cried Owen. "Dear, dear Maurice! It is all because you have been letting the faith slip away from you,—because you do not pray."

"Owen," said the other, "it was always thus with me. You know the old tradition of the 'black Sassenach' woman that married one of our ancestors? Her spirit must be reproduced in me."

"But the tradition says also that she became afterward a defender of the faith."

"Then there must be hope for me," said Maurice, with a wan smile, which presently merged into a look of anxiety as he saw his brother's beautiful eyes close languidly.

"How weak he must be!" he thought, watching him carefully until satisfied that he had fallen asleep.

The young moon was smiling, a pale crescent, in the sky when the boy awoke.

"Still here, Maurice?" he murmured. "I seem to have slept long."

"And so you have, Owen," said his brother. "Now for your wine!"

As he went toward the table where the bottle and glass stood, the sick boy called him back.

"No, Maurice," he implored. "Do not leave me any more. I can not take the wine now."

Returning quickly, Maurice saw that a great change was taking place. He fell upon his knees for the first time in many years; and as he did so the dying boy slowly unwound the rosary from about his fingers, as their mother had done years before, and said, gently:

"You have our father's beads still, Maurice?"

"I have never been without them for a single day," was the reply.

"Take these also. Keep them; treasure them; and, O Maurice, use them sometimes, I beseech you!"

Bowing his head over the trembling, chilling hand, Maurice took the beads.

"Shall I say them now, little brother?" he asked, in a voice that was scarcely audible for tears.

"Do, do!" was the faint reply. "Say them aloud, and I will answer them while strength is left me."

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty," began the elder brother, thrusting aside his grief; and his voice rang clear and strong through the stillness of the early night. "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church," responded the younger, in a whisper, faint, tremulous, ominous, but with a new joy and a new hope in his fading eyes. And so on to the beginning of the fifth decade; then his voice failed.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Benedictine Legend.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

A YOUTH in years, in sin an aged wight,
Drench'd with the storm which on a winter night
Rent the dark bosom of a boundless wood,
Praying shelter, amidst the solitude,
Before the entrance of a dwelling stood.
Through the lock'd door one sternly answer'd, "No!
Here dwelleth Justice; from her precincts go:
Thou art not just." On sadly then he strode,
To knock ere long upon a new abode.
To his call return'd a silvery voice:
"My name is Truth; dost thou in truth rejoice?
Here, Unbeliever, thou mayst enter not."
With grievous sigh he turn'd him from the spot;
At another gate, "Succor," feebly cried:
"Behold the house of Peace!" A maid replied:
"Peace there's none for him who is stain'd with sin,
So take thee hence,—thou canst not come within."
Faint, despairing, shivering in the blast,
Near to another door he drew at last.
Scarce on the latch his trembling hand was laid
When swiftly back the unbarr'd portal sway'd;
And the waiting Angel said: "Cease to fear!
Lo! I am Mercy,—sinner, enter here!"

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER PEDRO MARTINEZ, S. J.

A FEW years after the death of Father Cancer the soil of Florida was watered by the blood of another herald of the faith—namely, Father Martinez, of the Society of Jesus.

This new Order had from its cradle at Montmartre rushed to the holy conquest of souls in all quarters of the globe; its members mingling their sweat and blood with those of their venerable predecessors, the sons of St. Francis and of St. Dominic. At the period when it began its missions within our territories, St. Francis Borgia had just been elected the third General of the Society. A man of two lives, and great in each, he was one of the most eminent characters of the age in which he lived, whether considered as the Duke, the Viceroy, the friend of Charles V., or as the forsaker of honors, the humble Jesuit, the Commissary of the Missions, the General, and the Saint.

Florida being still a point to which the adventurous spirits turned, the King of Spain, favoring the choice of Melendez, solicited from St. Francis Borgia twenty-four members of his Order to establish and direct missions in that country, which it was now purposed to colonize. The General of the Society, unable to detach so many for this service, sent out with Melendez three Jesuits—two priests of great learning and solid virtue, Pedro Martinez and John Rogel; with a lay-brother, Francis of Villareal. Rogel was a native of Pampeluna. Martinez, the subject of this notice, was born on the 15th of October, 1533, at the little town of Celda, in Teruel, in the diocese of Saragossa.

Early in life Martinez bound himself by vow to the observance of chastity, and

proposed to fit himself for the ecclesiastical state. His success in his studies—for at his twentieth year he had attained the degree of Master of Philosophy,—and his near connection with the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, opened to him an alluring vista of ecclesiastical preferment. Happening, however, to become a fellow-traveller of four of his classmates going to Valencia to seek admission into the Society of Jesus, he took the same resolution; and, strangely indeed, was the only one of the five accepted. He was received by Father Jerome Nadal, then Visitor in Spain, in the autumn of the year 1553.

In the Society he continued his theological course; and, being already a deacon, he preached frequently at Valencia. This might seem a sufficient charge for one so young, but we find that he was at the same time minister of the house. At Vallisoleta, where he was next rector, his employments were no less various, but not beyond his strength and zeal; "for," said he, "I am ready, not only for two, but for two hundred offices, whenever obedience shall impose them."

After a Lenten retreat near Valencia, in which his care of the poor and children, and his ardent love of holy poverty, were eminently displayed, he was chosen, with Father Peter Domeneccus and a lay-brother, to attend a Spanish fleet then preparing against Africa. Martin Cordova, Count of Alcandeda, the commander of the expedition, had requested some Fathers for the spiritual care of his troops; and the priests chosen repaired without delay to Murcia in 1558. While awaiting the departure of the fleet, their time was busily employed.

The fleet finally sailed; but on reaching Oran the hospitals were crowded with sick soldiers; and, much against their will, the Fathers were ordered by the Count to remain with the sick. The army marched on to Mostaganem, where they were surrounded and cut to pieces by the enemy; the few who escaped having been made prisoners. When news of this disaster reached Spain, the Fathers were supposed to have perished, and the usual suffrages were offered for the repose of their souls.

Father Martinez, meanwhile, with his companions, was night and day rendering the occupants of the hospitals not only the cares peculiar to his ministry, but all others also; for he had an exceeding aptness for all, even the most menial duties of a household.

On his return from Africa he was sent to Toledo, and preached the Lenten sermons at Escalonilla, and afterward at Concha. In all these places he was most successful. His assiduous catechetical instructions for children and the ignorant, his impressive eloquence, his extraordinary austerities,—all made him irresistible. As a repose after these labors he was now, at his own request, sent to Alcala to serve in the kitchen, in order to form himself to any life, and ground himself in humility.

How well he had succeeded is to be seen in his last letter to St. Francis Borgia on the eve of his departure for Florida. Amid the joy which filled his soul at the prospect of being soon able to "undergo some hardship in a distant land for Him who underwent for us a bloody sweat and bitter death," he regretted that he was no longer to be under an immediate superior; and humbly expressed the anguish which he felt at the sight of the little progress which he seemed to have made after so many years spent in the religious state, amid so many helps to sanctification.

Such was the leader of the little band of missionaries who sailed from San Lucar on the 29th* of May, 1566, in a small Flemish vessel attached to the fleet. Their passage across was undisturbed till they came almost in sight of Florida. A storm

* According to Alegambe; but my Spanish authorities give me July 28, apparently nearer the truth.

then scattered the fleet; and while the rest of the vessels steered southward, the little bark of the missionaries, less manageable than the heavy Spanish vessels, was driven in the opposite direction.

On the 24th* of September they found themselves about ten leagues from the shore, without knowing where they were. They had, it seems, no chart (having trusted entirely to the other vessels), and had now no means of ascertaining their situation. It consequently became necessary to send a party on shore to obtain information, if any could be had, of the Spanish settlements. But when the moment came all held back: none dared to venture in a land which had so often proved fatal to the Spaniards.

Finally, some Flemings agreed to make the attempt, if Father Martinez would accompany them. He immediately leaped into the boat, and with one Florez, a Spaniard, put off with the Flemings for the shore. This they soon reached; but had scarcely had time to reconnoitre the place when the sky was suddenly overcast, and another storm came on, driving them to seek shelter where they might. When it had passed they looked in vain for the bark: it had been forced to sea, and, unable to return, had put into Cuba.

All were overwhelmed at this. Death stared them in the face; they had left the bark without food or compass, or any means of trading with the natives, if they should find any,—but as yet they had not seen a living soul. Father Martinez alone was superior to misfortune. He cheered his companions with hopes of the speedy reappearance of the vessel, and instantly set to work to gather roots and herbs to stay at least the cravings of hunger.

After ten days thus spent in torturing hope, they sank in despair, and resolved to set out in their boat to seek some means of safety. They ascended the neighboring river for some distance; but, finding no living creature, again descended to the sea and coasted along to a second river. Here their boat got fast; and before they could get it off night overtook them, and they spent it on the shore. When morning came they set out to examine the place, and in a neighboring pine grove found several huts; but only one person was to be seen, and he fled at their approach.

They entered a hut, however; and finding a large fish, took half, leaving some articles in exchange, to convince the natives of their friendly disposition. Then, preceded by Father Martinez bearing a crucifix aloft—for thus they had hitherto advanced,—they returned to their boat, and for the first time since the loss of the vessel were a little refreshed. The next day they were visited by the natives, who, understanding by their signs that they were suffering from hunger, immediately returned with a supply of fish, which Father Martinez paid for as best he could with some little pictures which he made.

They again reached the sea, and began to coast along; convinced, from the good dispositions of the natives, that they could not now be far from the Spanish settlements. Their feeling of security increased as they found a kindly welcome wherever they stopped. At last they learned from a very old Indian, whose patriarchal brow seemed whitened by more than a hundred winters, that the object of their search—the stone cabins of their countrymen—lay just beyond the third river from his village.

Elated with hope, the little party joyfully launched again; and, passing two small rivers and the villages at their mouths, came to the little island of Tacatucuru. Here they found four men fishing; one immediately ran away, and Father Martinez thought it imprudent to land. The Flemings, however, would not listen to his counsel: they landed, leaving him in the boat. His eye was anxiously turned toward the spot where the Indian had

* Also Alegambe's date, but September 14 according to Spanish authorities.

vanished. In a few moments his fears were realized: a band of forty Indians, armed with bows and arrows, came rushing to the shore. "Father," cried Florez, his faithful comrade,—"Father, these are no friendly signs. We had better push on at once."

Life was not, however, so dear to the missionary. He saw his danger, but he saw that those on shore were in still greater peril. He called to them, and waited till all were in the boat; they then pushed off, but it was too late. Twelve Indians sprang into the boat, and, clasping Father Martinez and two of his companions in their arms, dragged them into the water and thence to the shore. The rest escaped amid a shower of arrows. When out of reach, they witnessed, to their grief, the butchery of Father Martinez, caused by their disobedience. When that holy man reached the shore, almost lifeless from the violence done him, he collected all his strength, and, throwing himself on his knees, raised his hands to heaven. While in this attitude of prayer a blow of a heavy club on the head stretched him lifeless on the shore, and his brave, beautiful soul fled to the Master whom he had served so well.

It was only a few hours later that his sorrowing companions fell in with the party of Melendez, whose regret was not less than that of those whom the missionary died endeavoring to save. The accident was the more distressing as it occurred within five leagues of San Mateo, the site of the present St. Augustine.

The date of the death of Father Martinez is unknown, but the Menology of his Order commemorates his martyrdom on the 28th of September, 1566. He was the first Jesuit who entered the territory of the United States, and a nobler pioneer could not have been chosen. Austere to himself, kind and gentle to all; ever seeking the humblest employments and meanest duties, though a professed member of his Order and fitted to be raised to the highest stations by his talents and virtue; a lover of sufferings and the Cross; actuated by so earnest a desire of martyrdom that almost his last words to the celebrated and holy Franciscan, Father Lobo, at Seville, were: "O Father Lobo, what a desire I have to shed my blood at the hands of the savages in defence of the faith, and to bathe with it the shores of Florida!" Such were the virtues of this apostolic man.

Nuestra Señora.

A Story of Maximilian and Mexico.

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

XXXIX.—"Ballyboden Aboo!"

THE sun was setting behind the Dublin mountains, and throwing up the glorious purple of the heather on Bray Head and the Sugar Loaves, as the steamer *Connaught* spun round the East Pier at Kingstown, and gracefully came alongside her jetty in the harbor. The first passenger to leap from the gangway was Arthur Bodkin, and right into the arms of—Rody, who fairly hugged him like a bear and literally howled for joy, to the astonishment and amusement of the people on the jetty. Bodkin, having tipped the guard, got Rody into the compartment of a first-class carriage, which the railway official duly locked; and for the seven miles to the city the willing and enraptured Rody "discoorsed" to his heart's content; his amiable master bursting in occasionally with ejaculations of joy and uttermost satisfaction.

"Bedad I was heart-scalded intirely the night I left, sir; but a sojer must obey ordhers, and it's not often a sojer gets ordhers from an imperor. I got a packet like a lot of letthers in wan big invelope.

And, begob, I sewed the invelope on to the sthring of me Scapular—the wan that Father Edward gev me, that was blessed be the Pope himself—glory to him!—in Room, no less. I knew that no wan could take it from there, if I was *alive.*—Murdher! but it bates Banagher for to see ye ag'in, sir!—Well, I had as fine a mount as if ould Casey, Sir Miles Burke's thrainer, put me up on him; and, more betoken, an ordher on the Threasury of Vienna for money, and a belt wid goold in it. So I set out wid every eye in me head wide open; for spies were as thick as pays round Queretaro, and hungry as hawks.—Blessed Vergin! but it raises the cockles off me heart for to see ye, Masther Arthur *avic!*—Well, sir, I rid all night, and had only wan shot at me—of coorse from behind a bush, sir. 'Fire away, *ma bouchal!*' I sez to meself as I rid on, the iligant baste undher me actin' like a rale intelligent little man. Me insthructions were for to make for the say—to Vera Cruz, or any other place where there was a ship. So I held on me coorse all the night, and kem to a soart of sheebeen, where I put up, rested, and fed the little baste and meself, shleepin' wid wan eye open. The same thing that night, and the next, and the next, till I kem to Vera Cruz, to the house of a gintleman thrue to the Imperor, who tuk care of me and the baste, until he put us aboord the steamboat that was sailing to Marseilles, in France, no less—"

"Put *us!*"

"Yis, sir: sure—sure, the little baste and meself."

"The horse?"

"Yis, sir. Sure, Masther Arthur dear, I wasn't going for to lave such a horse to thim Mexicos."

"And where is the animal now?—where did you leave him?"

"Bedad he's safe and sound, sir, wid his stomach full of iligant oats, in wan of the loose boxes at Ballyboden."

"Ballyboden, Rody,—at home?" gasped Arthur.

"At home, sure enough, glory be to God, Masther Arthur!"

"And you have been at Ballyboden,—do you mean it?"

"Bedad I was, sir. I—I had for to run across, sir, and just for a couple of hours. And the leddies is iligant,—your darlint mother and the young leddies. And I seen Father Edward and got his blessin'. He's lukkin' like a two-year ould. His Riverence was all over Europe, and he seen Miss Nugent, Masther Arthur."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in Roosia or Proosia, sir; but sure he'll tell ye himself.—*Musha, musha*, but I feel like leppin' into the say, sir, for to see ye ag'in! The sight left me whin I saw ye."

Honest Rody did not tell his master that he had rushed over to Ballyboden to place the sum of two thousand pounds—the amount of the order on the Imperial Treasury given him by the Emperor Maximilian, who never did anything by halves—in the hands of the *châtelaine*, assuring the delighted lady that it was prize-money taken from the enemy by her son; and the only cloud on his present happiness was as to how he should excuse himself to his master for taking such a liberty and telling such a "whopper."

So anxious was Arthur to get home that he took the midnight train from the Broadstone terminus, dining at Burton Bindon's, for the sake of Rody's company, and killing the rest of the time at the Stephen's Green Club, where he encountered "Tom" Nedley, "Charlie" Barry, and a few genial spirits,—all of whom were delighted to see him, and listened with bated breath to his description of the stirring scenes in the land of the Montezumas.

Bodkin found his mother and sisters awaiting him at the station; also Father Edward, who solemnly blessed him on his

return; and the entire population of about three baronies, including the lame, the halt and the blind. A thundering cheer went up as he stepped from the carriage, repeated at intervals, the many-headed taking "time" from Barney Branigan, whose leathern lungs were the admiration and envy of the whole country.

When the house party were seated in the conveyance, Father Edward included, with Rody O'Flynn on the box, the horses were unharnessed, and the "boys," cheering and whooping and laughing, drew the vehicle up the avenue and to the hall-door at Ballyboden.

Here Peter McCoy, acknowledged to be the most powerful performer on the cornopean the Galway side of the Shannon, nearly burst his lungs, and the instrument too, with the blowing of "Home, Sweet Home!" followed by "I have Roamed through Many Lands"; winding up amid thunders of applause, again and again repeated, with "Killarney." Then Tom Casey, who had delivered the address on Arthur's departure outdid himself on the address of welcome home,—his allusions to the direful tragedy in which Bodkin played a part being in exquisite taste, and replete with honest feeling. Arthur's reply was simply a rush of words from his heart.

There was a grand spread in the old yew-shaded yard, where everybody sat down on benches; and, to the intense astonishment and unbounded delight of all present, Father Edward sang "The Wedding of Ballyporeen," in a sweet, sympathetic tenor. When his Reverence came to the words, "The priest pinned the snipe," the laughter caused the rooks to caw in rough but ready chorus.

"Well, that prize-money came in very handily," laughed Lady Emily Bodkin to her son.

"What prize-money, mother?"

"The money you sent over by Rody."

Arthur wondered very much; and, fearing complication, simply answered:

"Oh!"

"I towld Father Edward, Masther Arthur,—I did, sir, and he absolved me. Sure I daren't touch so much money: it would burn me. Besides, if I *did* earn any of it, wasn't it for the ould place, not for the likes of me?"

Arthur on the first opportunity drew Father Edward aside.

"You met Miss Nugent, Father?"

"I did, Arthur; and, my dear, dear son, she is yours."

A wave of joy passed through Bodkin's heart, almost stopping its beating.

"Did she say so, Father?"

Here the good priest smilingly wagged his forefinger at him, exclaiming, with a smile:

"We do not tell secrets, do we?"

"And where did you meet her, Father?"

"At Aix-les-Bains. The dear child was very much run down by her ceaseless care of the poor afflicted Empress."

"And is she still at Aix?" demanded Arthur, visions of mail-trains, channel boats, and expresses flashing across his mind's eye.

"No: she left before we did, and I do not know in what direction."

Father Edward's words lit up the face of Arthur with a radiance that was scarcely of the earth earthy. He would seek her at once—the next day—and learn his fate.

It was during dinner that a note was handed to one of the Misses Bodkin.

"It is for you, Arthur, and is from Kiltiernan."

"I suppose it's an invitation from the Marchioness," observed his mother. "Is anybody waiting for an answer?"

"Yes, me Lady," replied the servant. "The boy's on the horse at the hall-dure."

"And why didn't you ask him in and to have something?"

"Sure I did, me Lady; but his orders was not to dismount, but ride back at wanst."

"It's nine miles from here to the house," said Miss Bodkin.

"Why, it's nearer twenty," retorted her sister; "and—"

Arthur had opened the letter, glanced at its contents, clutched it, read it as if he would swallow every word; and, bounding to his feet, rushed down to the hall-door, where the messenger from Kiltiernan awaited the reply.

"Say," he breathlessly exclaimed,—"say that I shall be over in half an hour! Here." And he handed the astonished lad half a crown. "Fly!"

Can my readers guess why Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden was so fearfully agitated upon the receipt of a lavender-colored note from Kiltiernan Castle? His mother could not; his sisters were dumfounded.

Here is the letter that caused our hero to bound from the table as if he had been shot, to rush down the stairs three at a time, to recklessly exploit half a crown when sixpence would have done, and to order Rody to saddle a horse as though to join a sortie:

KILTIERNAN CASTLE,
Tuesday.

DEAR ARTHUR:—Come over as soon as possible, and tell me *all*. O my God, what a terrible *finale!* Such a man! Such a woman! Such a fate!

Your old friend,

ALICE NUGENT.

P. S.—I arrived last night, and only one minute ago learned that you were at home.

. . . .

Merrily rang the wedding-bells on the glorious September morning that Father Edward united Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden to Alice Nugent. She came to her lover richly dowered; for "Count Nugent and I," Father Edward laughed, "saw to that." The Emperor and Empress of Austria sent presents fit for a reigning prince and princess. Baron Bergheim did not forget them, nor did the Prince and Princess Salm-Salm; while the ladies of the court, from Carlotta's mother, literally showered gifts on the ill-fated Empress' favorite Maid of Honor. In addition, the Imperial Austrian Treasury forwarded to Arthur, at the order of the Emperor, the sum of twenty thousand pounds—"for distinguished and unflagging services rendered to the Emperor and Empress of Mexico."

"Well, Rody, what about marrying your cousin?" asked Arthur one day of his faithful friend.

"Begob, sir, I'm just thinkin' she's half a Mexico, and that would spile an angel. No, sir. I'd rayther have Norah Brady, of Tuppertown beyant, if it goes to that. But sure, sir, I want for to keep lukkin' at thim in winther, and for to take many a summer out of meself."

Strange to say, Harvey Talbot married Mary O'Flynn, having been brought into communication with her on account of her father's property in the mine. Talbot is a very wealthy man; but, although Irish to the backbone and a Nationalist up to the hilt, has never revisited his native land.

Of Mazazo never a word was heard; but of the Señora, his wife, quite too many; as she became a noted person in Paris; and, following Bazaine, was taken prisoner on the disgraceful surrender of Metz.

A beautiful altar of Mexican onyx was erected in Father Edward's chapel by Mr. and Mrs. Bodkin, and in the exquisite stained-glass window over it shine out in brightest radiance:

NUESTRA SEÑORA.

(The End.)

THE most wholesome results are likely to be secured by the fastening of our attention prevailingly on what is true and fair and blessed in our fellow-beings. For, while it is the spontaneous movement of a mean nature to contract and swoop, a generous nature prefers to expand and soar.—*W. R. Alger.*

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

II.

IT is one of the common mistakes of literature that people at the point of death make long and succinct revelations. My experience has taught me very different: they can but gasp a few words, or utter some indistinct whispers. They have neither breath nor brain for more.

It was days before I even knew my young invalid's name. As the good priest was leaving on the night I brought him he merely said: "You will be kind to the poor child. She will need all your care." And the doctor, when paying his second visit, asked: "Do you wish her to be moved to the hospital? It will be a long case." I think he was pleased when I said I would keep her; and indeed it would have hurt me to let her go.

For two days she lay white and still, though I saw her crying sometimes; then she became restless at night, and raved of a ship, and a scarlet cloak she had pawned, and "a long good-bye to Terence"; and she would throw out her arms and wail piteously for her dead mother to forgive her.

They were all kind to her in their way. Two Irish girls in the neighborhood would bring tomatoes or a cup of tea as they passed the door; they never forgot to inquire how she was from Mother Honey, and I have found them sobbing in the passage as the old woman vividly related the girl's wanderings. The old rag-picker offered to take her turn at nursing, if I had "no objection to the pipe"; and the mother of seven scolded her children even more vehemently than usual, to prevent them from making noise.

But the oddest mark of sympathy was from the bow-legged statue-seller downstairs. He hopped up one night about half-past eleven and tremblingly knocked at the door. With many shivers and shakes, he managed to explain that he had waited till the coast was clear to present me with a portion of his stock to amuse the sick young lady. With this he brought forth from under a very dirty apron an enormous white plaster satyr, so hideous in its ugliness I almost let it drop. "To make the young lady laugh," he said, with the old quaver in his voice that always sounded as if he were on the verge of tears. I thanked him warmly; and, sure enough, many a laugh had Norah and I, later, over the grotesque old thing.

But not yet: there were still hours of anxiety, days of ceaseless watching, before my patient even smiled. Her system had been drained through grief and want of food; and long after the fever had left her, and the doctor had discontinued his visits, she hung about languid and listless, unable to fix her attention upon anything for long. We tried to get her into a convalescent home in the country, but she cried so much at leaving me that the doctor thought it unwise to force her.

Her tale, as bit by bit she told me, was a pitiful one. Her home was in Ireland, near a large town, where Norah worked in a factory. They were poor, but she was blessed with pious parents; and life was blithe till she met a sailor, her first and only sweetheart. Her parents disapproved of the match; he was a "rolling stone," not too sober, and they bade her give him up. At first she yielded, but on his starting on a voyage he persuaded her into an "unblessed marriage"; and two days before he sailed she made a pretext of staying with a friend in town, and they signed themselves man and wife at a registrar's office. The secret weighed heavily on Norah's mind; she had to give up her Communions with the Children of Mary, and the first deceit led to many

more. She lost her health and high spirits; and the mother, guessing that she fretted for Terence, as she would not look at her many other suitors, let her child's trouble sink into her own heart; and when the poor old woman lay on her death-bed, six months later, she made the girl repeat after her a solemn vow that she would never bind herself to Terence.

Scared and stricken with fear, the girl took the vow; and during the days that followed her mother's death she was too distraught in mind to realize how one downward step involved another. It was a relief when in the summer her father announced he was going to England with the haymakers, as he wanted "a bit of a change." He made arrangements for her to live with her cousin near her work; but this was her opportunity, and she took it, with the same weak, wild wilfulness that characterized all her actions. Learning from a paper that her husband's ship was at Southampton, she crossed to Liverpool alone, went on to London, thence to Southampton, to find it had sailed again the day before she arrived.

Prostrate and penniless, it was a workingman at the docks who befriended her, took her home to his wife; and advised her, if she absolutely refused to go back home, to seek for work in London, where her appearance and height might get her into a "bar." They even gave her the money for her fare—six shillings and sixpence,—and the address of a relative in Islington, who "might or might not be living." Then they comfortably washed their hands of her, feeling they had done enough.

But the strain had been too much for Norah; the brain disturbance had begun before Waterloo was reached. She lost the Islington address, and did not know her way. Some one showed her how to pawn her cloak and boots. But the ways of London bewildered her; and, terrified, confused, and wandering in her wits, the child pulled through an awful week, housing in unholy holes, and shrinking from what she saw and heard. Only those who know the utter innocence of an Irish home can realize what Norah felt and suffered. She sat and starved rather than face the freedom of the streets; and it was only in a fit of sheer desperation she had ventured out the night of her accident, scarce knowing what she did.

What to do with her was the question. The poor creature looked too frail to be taken on at any trade or manufacture, and she was no hand at needle-work. Besides, her illness had decidedly marred her mind. She was fitful and moody, and no employer would have kept her unless he had an unusual share of patience and forbearance. So the good priest and I agreed that, until we heard from her relatives, she had better adopt my calling of flower-girl, and live with me. That was just what she wanted.

With all her waywardness, there never was a more winning, more charming companion than Norah. We all loved her, and she made her refining influence felt on everyone with whom she came in contact. She coaxed Mother Honey to Mass; she begged a plaster image of Our Lady from the Italian, and brought in the barefooted bairnies next door and taught them to say prayers in her honor.

We went together at five o'clock each morning to buy our flowers at Covent Garden; and there again she was a favorite with the sellers, which meant many an extra bit of green or larger piece of moss which never was charged for. Even at that early hour the place was crammed by a hustling, haggling crew of purchasers, both men and women. It requires much experience to know what to buy. It is no use investing in mauve flowers if pink are what "catches on"; and to mount them is not so easy as it sounds. Our buying over, we went home to our breakfast of tea and bread; then we set to work

to wire and glue the flowers. The dead petals were smoothed out, and drooping buds skilfully pierced and placed just half concealed; then we made our bed, dusted, put on clean aprons and neat shoulder-shawls, and sallied forth to try our luck, with the wares neatly arranged on an inverse basket lid. Our stand was, with many others, outside a bustling terminus, and our earnings varied from one to two shillings each day.

I soon noticed that the fresh air brightened pretty Norah's cheeks, and her spirits became gay as a child's. I also noticed that soon every night a half-crown appeared amongst her copper coins. She would blush and lower her long-lashed blue eyes when rallied on the subject; but she was slow in giving her confidence, and I felt it behooved me to watch.

I was not long before I discovered him: a beardless youth, well dressed and perfect style. Journalists know most celebrities by sight; and his mother, a lady of title, I knew as a leader in society. That night I spoke to Norah as she shyly showed me a silver brooch. At first she pouted and hung her head like a sulky child; then she suddenly flung herself on her knees by my side, and, laying her head on my lap, gave way to a terrible fit of sobbing.

"I can't help it!" she gasped. "It is not the admiration I want; but if he chooses to give half a crown for a rose, why should I stop him? I want the money. I get so tired of being hungry; it is starving, starving, day after day." Then she pushed the hair from her throbbing brow and put both her hands in mine. "Don't be angry with me," she went on, entreatingly; "but my life is more than I can bear sometimes. It is work, work, work; and then to come home to this!"

She was right. The room was dull, our windows looked out on a whitewashed wall; we could afford neither a flower nor a bird. There was a pump in the court below, where women wrangled and children made a tumult; the musty smell of stale heat choked every breath we drew. And she was weak and worn out with all she had gone through, hardly fit to fight her own battles, and thus appealing all the more for help to those who could fight them for her.

This relief to her pent-up feelings had already done her good; and as I fanned and bathed her temples she confessed how the silence of her family was eating into her heart. Father D—— had persuaded her, as she did not know her father's address, to write to the cousin and tell her all. He had written also, but no answer had come; and now the child was fretting herself into the belief that they were keeping her husband's letters from her.

"I know I deserve it for my sins," she said, the slow tears falling down her face. "I was so very weak before; and I know that, unless you take care of me, I shall be so very weak again."

"You are weak in another way," I said, smiling cheerfully. "You are pining for country air; and, as you won't take it without me, we must go together. Suppose we go hop-picking in the hop gardens of Kent? The work is easy and the country is lovely. I will leave our address with Father D——, and he will forward any letters that may come. Would you like it, little one?"

She took my hands and kissed them many times. "Our Lady gave me to you," she whispered; and she fell asleep, with a smile on her face, though there were tears still undried on the fair, wan cheek.

(To be continued.)

TEMPTATIONS are the raw material of salvation; to overcome them is as grand a work as the management of an empire, requiring a vigilance incessant as universal; a vigilance also that must work in silence and alone.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXII.

HERE is the true estimate of all our gifts and merits, of everything we have and of all we do: "Depend not upon thyself, but place thy hope in God." It may be thought that this, for the purposes of practical life, may fetter our energies; but we are told: "Do what thou canst, and God will be with thy good will." "Trust not in thine own knowledge, nor in the cunning of any man living; but rather in the grace of God, who helpeth the humble, and humbleth them that presume upon themselves. Glory not in riches, if thou hast them, nor in friends because they are powerful; but in God, who giveth all things, and desireth to give Himself above all things. Boast not thyself of thy stature or beauty of body, which with a little sickness is spoiled and disfigured. Be not proud of thy abilities or thy talents, lest thou offend God, to whom appertaineth whatever good thou mayst naturally have. Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man. Be not proud of thine own good works; for the judgments of God are other than those of men, and what pleaseth men oftentimes displeaseth Him. If thou hast any good in thee, believe still better things of others, that thou mayst preserve humility." This is all forcible and original, and eke true. It will be noted that for all and every one of these precepts a sound reason is given.

LXIII.

In this matter of religion and the world there are some good persons who have hit on the device of laying out their day in "compartments," as it were. They have a compartment for piety; and when this is done with, there is the rest of the time free for mundane things. This system is a false one, as our author shows, and practically makes the mundane element predominant. Religion should be infused into and color everything.

LXIV.

One of his deepest, most sagacious remarks, though it appears not to have been exactly his own, is this: "As often as I have been amongst men, said one, I have returned less a man. This we too often experience when we talk long." The slightest reflection and retrospection will show us the truth of this. Even with the greatest guard and care, something is always lost or dropped in talk. There is a wish to be dramatic, and this dramatic feeling leads to exaggeration, or sacrifice of something.

Talking is, in fact, an exhibition of some kind. Where our talk is received with pleasure, vanity begins unconsciously to take its share. Reserve, it will be noted, excites respect. But in the case of the regular "chatterers," at this work every day and hour, what a *tremendous* accumulation of responsibility! The mischief can not be appreciated. They go piling up indiscretions, offences against charity, mendacities, exaggeration,—and all without thought, check, or hesitation.

LXV.

There are passages of shrewd, half-sarcastic significance, which are very effective, and show a knowledge of human weaknesses. Such, for instance, as: "Better is it to lie hid and take diligent care of thyself, than, neglecting thyself, to work miracles." This is the pith and marrow of many warnings scattered through the Book. So with our author's variation of the proverb on the result of familiarity.

Wise people of the world have often given sensible warnings against being too intimate with others. "Open not thy heart," says À Kempis, "to every man,

but discuss thy business with one that is wise and feareth God." In the case of persons of evil life or evil opinions there is a sort of taint: we seem to sanction or recognize them, if we are familiar with them. At the best, it is but a foolish thing to "open our hearts to every man." "We should have charity to all men, but familiarity is not expedient." For this "familiarity" conveys a sort of liberty, or privilege, which is unreal: "Be rarely with young people and strangers," he goes on. "Fawn not upon the rich, and be not fond of appearing in the presence of the great. Keep company with the humble and the simple, with the devout and well ordered; and converse of such things as are edifying. Be not familiar with any woman, but in general commend all good women unto God. Desire to be intimate only with God and His holy angels, and shun the acquaintance of men."

Excellent rules all, notably that of being "rarely with young people and strangers." There is no reason for such alliances between the young and the old; and there is often compromise on the side of the elder; for it is but rarely that the young care for the old or elderly and their company; so that, to please, the old and elderly have to sacrifice something.

(To be continued.)

Favors of Our Queen.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

A PRIEST in Idaho has informed us of an incident of recent occurrence, which illustrates in a striking manner the tender love of the Blessed Virgin, and her readiness to hear prayers addressed to her with lively faith. The story is as true in every particular as it is remarkable and edifying.

Twenty years ago Joseph Fariello emigrated from Italy to the United States, finally settling at Pocatello, Idaho, where he keeps a store, and where our informant, the Rev. C. Van der Donckt, is stationed. Like many of his compatriots in this country, Mr. Fariello neglected the practice of his religion, and for some reason never communicated with his relatives after leaving Italy. His pious mother, however, never ceased to pray for her lost son, or ceased to hope that, sooner or later, she would hear from him. He has been found and converted in a way to bring joy to her heart, and to prove that the Blessed Virgin is indeed the Help of Christians and the Comforter of the Afflicted.

One night in the month of April Mr. Fariello was awakened from a dream which caused him a mysterious fright, and made a deep and lasting impression on his mind. He dreamed that he was in his father's house in far-off Italy, where in spirit he saw his venerable mother standing apart and gazing at him in an attitude of profound grief. Cut to the heart by her silence and sorrow, he exclaimed: "Mother, don't you know me? I am your son." Greatly disturbed by the vividness of the scene which had passed in his mind, Mr. Fariello arose from his bed, and, after shedding tears for his long neglect of his devoted parents, resolved to write to them without delay. The next day a letter was on its way to Italy, in which reference was made to the dream which had prompted it. It soon brought the following reply, which, with Mr. Fariello's permission, we give entire,—a beautiful effusion of a mother's affectionate and faithful heart:

META, Naples, May 18, '95.

OUR BELOVED AND BLESSED SON AND BROTHER:

Your letter of the 29th ult. came to hand the 15th inst. It made us all frantic with joy. Though your name appeared stamped on the envelope, we could not believe our own eyes. We knew not whether it was a dream or a reality. We could not conceive how Heaven had made us worthy of so great a favor. And we fancied we were about to die with joy, not having strength to break the seal and read your writing. After this first excess of gladness, having opened the letter, we commenced to peruse it; but

soon we had to stop reading, as tears were streaming from our eyes; and all we could do was to kiss and kiss over and over your letter and your name. What an intense happiness these kisses were to us!

Dearest son, I do not remember the exact date, but I am certain it was on one of the last days of April that, as I had ever done, I turned with great faith to the Madonna, and said to her: "My Lady, the month of May is a month of graces. I will say a series of Rosaries in your honor, for I want two special favors. First, I desire the salvation of my soul; and then I want you to go to my son, wherever he may be, and you must rouse him. Go to him in a dream, and wake him and tell him to write to me."

Thus the Madonna has done me this favor, and I am so happy over it that words fail to express my feelings. To-morrow I will have the priest proclaim in the church this grace, granted to me after so many prayers, to have news of you.

Beloved son, I have always blessed you, and now as ever I bless you a thousand times. But I can not conceal from you that about fifteen years ago your father's soul went to God's bosom. From his death-bed he blessed you,—not once, but a hundred times. He died with the desire of hearing from you unfulfilled. And I also feared that I should have to carry to the tomb this same grief; but God has heard my prayer, and now I am happy. True, I have still another yearning, and I trust in the Blessed Virgin and in you that it will be satisfied before I shall go to render account to God. I long to embrace you, and to make you feel my blessing with a million of kisses, and a rain of tears on your brow. I feel confident that you will give me this great consolation. I am old, and my days are numbered; but I hope to live, beloved son, till you have come to my arms. Hasten, then, to your old and suffering mother. To see you is now our only desire.

Adieu, dear son! Kiss your wife and your children for me; kiss them also for your brothers and sisters. Accept my cordial and warm blessing. I have prayed for you all these years, and now I pray for and bless your wife—whom I trust is an excellent companion to you,—and your children, whose growth in age is, I hope, coupled with that of the fear of God.

Embracing and kissing you, I bless you again. And I am

Your most affectionate mother,

MARIA LAURA FARIELLO.

On receiving his mother's letter Mr. Fariello immediately resumed the practice of his religion, so long neglected. He is now making preparations for a visit to Italy, in the hope of seeing once more the mother to whom he owes so much, and whose fervent, persevering prayers obtained so signal a favor from the Mother of Our Lord.

Notes and Remarks.

The *American Ecclesiastical Review* contains an interesting and edifying paper in which the reverend editor shows that throughout Mexico Our Lady of Guadalupe is regarded as the Patroness of all North America. He remarks, however, that, "by a happy coincidence, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and that of the apparition of Guadalupe are one, both in point of time and in their liturgical significance. The miracle by which our Blessed Lady appeared to a Mexican child on the soil of the New World, as she had so often done to the afflicted and innocent children of the old Catholic lands in Europe, took place three times within the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.... It is quite fitting, therefore, that Our Lady of Guadalupe should be called by excellence Our Lady of America. And so she is regarded by many who come under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Council of Baltimore, and for whom the Immaculate Conception is the prime titulary feast."

The deep interest which American Catholics feel in the theory of evolution is hard to explain. Perhaps the recent death of Mr. Huxley may account for it. Many who write on this scientific hypothesis seem not to know that the author of it partially recanted his theory in a celebrated lecture at Oxford, when he explicitly declared that "the ethical side of man's nature could never have been produced by a process of animal evolution." The evolutionary hypothesis is no longer held by scientists to be the master-key to all the riddles of creation. Catholic publicists ought to be aware of this fact, and see that the whole theory of the descent of man, so energetically advocated by the late prophet of agnosticism, is likely to be speedily abandoned.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, whose authority is enforced by numerous scientific titles, has published an interesting study entitled, "What to Avoid in Cycling." The bicycle has come to be emphatically the

wheel of progress, and to attempt to turn it back were vain. Dr. Richardson has no desire to do so,—in fact, he is passionately addicted to the wheel himself; and frankly admits that, in his medical experience, "cycling has been useful in the cure of some diseases"; and that "it is always carried on with advantage, even where there is a marked disease." He deprecates, however, the use of the bicycle by persons under twenty-one years of age, as it deforms the body and injures the muscles of the young. The heart, too, is dangerously affected, as this organ is most exercised by the bicycle. "I have known the beats of the heart," he says, "to rise from 80 to 200 in the minute, in the first exercise of riding,—an increase which, for the time, more than doubles the amount of work done.... And I doubt whether in the young, after extreme exercise, such as that which arises from a prolonged race, the heart ever comes down to its natural beat for a period of less than three days devoted to repose." Another great evil of cycling, according to Dr. Richardson, is its destructive effect on the nervous system, which makes the rider prematurely old. If all these charges be true—and many others are made,—one wonders how Dr. Richardson can hail the bicycle as a new ally of medicine. Still, there are, doubtless, physical as well as moral dangers in excessive devotion to the wheel, and Americans have lived rapidly enough already.

The superior of the Jesuit Fathers in "priest-ridden" Austria has taught our Orange brethren in the United States a saving lesson, if they have the grace to learn it. In no country in Christendom is the feeling against the Jews so strong as in Austria. The storm that has been gathering for years burst during the last election, when the anti-Semetic candidates were returned in a large majority. The enemies of the Jews—it must be confessed there was strong local provocation—invoked the aid of press and rostrum, and an overzealous priest joined in the hue-and-cry. His superior suspended him from his sacred functions, saying in explanation of his course:

"I am thoroughly convinced that politics should have no place in the pulpit. The rights of the Church are certainly sacred to us, and we mean to defend them at all times; but I will always veto attempts to preach politics from the pulpit, because the priest should stand above all party movements. I also do not like to see Christians judge others on account of their race. To oppose any one because he is an Israelite or a heathen is altogether unchristian. A true Christian will respect the religious convictions of others. It is the duty of the priest and the Christian to assist earnest searchers after truth in their endeavors, but it is entirely against Christian principles to hurt the feelings of those who believe differently from us. Israelites and Christians believe in God, and can very well live side by side in peace."

Catholics themselves have suffered too much persecution to join in any propaganda of proscription. They who do so, whatever the provocation, know not of what spirit they are. The Declaration of Independence seems to be better understood in Austria than in some parts of the United States.

A romantic career was that of the late Antonio José Sucre, who was known throughout Venezuela as "the soldier-priest." He came of a military family, his uncle having been the principal lieutenant of General Bolivar, "the Washington of South America." Young Sucre was graduated with high honors from the military academy at Carácas, and sailed immediately for Colombia, where he bore a notable part in the capture of Obando, the assassin of his uncle. Soon after this he abandoned the brilliant prospects of his military career, and, to the surprise of his friends, became a soldier of the Cross. After his ordination he founded a religious journal, which he edited with great success for about ten years. Father Sucre labored for a time in Chili, and spent some years also in Europe, whence he was recalled to Venezuela and appointed Minister to Ecuador. Distinguished as soldier, priest, journalist and diplomat, he was a worthy kinsman of his illustrious uncle, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated last February throughout South America. May he rest in peace!

An interesting and, we may hope, instructive scene was enacted at the International Penitentiary Congress recently held in Paris. The delegates visited the new prison for the young at Montesson, and expressed astonish-

ment that no provision had been made for religious service or instruction. One of the French members explained that they could not encourage superstition, and had no desire to increase the number of fanatics. Whereupon the Russian delegate, a man of exceptional experience, rebuked him severely, saying that if he hoped to reform criminals without the aid of religion he was grossly mistaken,—a sentiment in which the other European and American delegates heartily concurred. Later on, at a meeting of the Congress, it was resolved that that body "recognized the influence of religious education on public morality, and strongly recommended recourse being had to it." Perhaps the French government may find the religious communities useful for other purposes than paying taxes, after all.

The new woman has already become a trite subject. But before dismissing it we should like to quote an opinion expressed by a sensible writer in *Le Couteulx Leader*. He holds that so far woman has not been equal to her opportunities even within the limits of her undisputed domain. "Catholic women, happily, very seldom talk of their rights; they simply take them, and no one hinders; and they do not parade their wrongs, if they suffer any. They know the remedy, even if not always able to apply it,—but the remedy is *not* universal suffrage. Women *do* suffer at the hands of men, but so do other men, and so do children; and conditions will improve only when men improve individually. We may add that since the influence of women—good or bad—is felt in every walk of life and at all ages, it behooves *good* women to see that *they* are in a large majority."

Two eminent Catholic names, one in the domain of scholarship, the other in politics, have recently been added to the necrology of Germany. Prof. Julius Zupitza, who at the time of his death was connected with the University of Vienna, ranked as the most eminent professor of English in Germany. He was president of several learned societies, and edited the old English classics with eminent success. Very different from the life of this great scholar was that of Herr Reichensperge, whose course lay in the stormy way of politics. The friend of Windthorst and Von Ketteler, his whole life was given in arduous service to the Catholic cause. He had attained distinction in literature as well as in law and politics. His "Thoughts on the Building of the Dome at Cologne" led to the formation of a society for the completion of that work, and the strength and versatility of his mind are shown by the variety and solidity of his writings. His last public appearance was at the German Catholic Congress of Cologne; and he died, singularly enough, on the day when the Windthorst Memorial was erected at Meppen. *R. I. P.*

The *Athenæum* announces a valuable discovery in the archæological museum of Constantinople by the learned Father Scheil. It consists of a basalt *stele* bearing a most important inscription in six columns relative to King Nabonid, who reigned in the middle of the sixth century B. C., recording amongst other historical events the destruction of Nineveh, hitherto found on no monument.

Obituary.

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

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

The Very Rev. Thomas Power, whose happy death took place at Centralia, Pa., some weeks ago.

Mr. Nicholas Bergan, who passed away on the 22d of May, at Peoria, Ill.

Mr. Morgan Dreelan, of New York, who died a holy death on the 19th ult.

Miss Rose Anne Reynolds, whose life closed peacefully on the 23d ult., at Duquesne, Pa.

Mr. Richard W. Nott, of Cambridge, Mass., who departed this life on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Maria Dunn, who piously breathed her last on the 15th ult., at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Luella M. Kennedy, of Boisé City, Idaho, a fervent Child of Mary, who passed to her reward on the 22d ult.

Mr. George Mattingly, of New Orleans, La.; Mr. Patrick Connor, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. William J. McNichol, Atlantic City, N. J.; and Mrs. Bridget Rodgers, Amsterdam, 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. *

Uncle Nathan's Lesson.

THREE letters for you, Lettie, and a postal for Teresa," said Uncle Nathan, as he looked over the mail which had just been brought into the breakfast-room, and began reading his own letters.

"I detest postal cards!" replied Teresa, reaching out for the card.

"They are better than nothing," said Lettie, scanning the postmark of each of her letters. "And, if I were postmaster, I don't know but what I'd like postals better than sealed messages."

"Yes," retorted Teresa, "I believe you are fond of general information. Butler has sent the tennis racket I ordered; the postal says it will come by express to-day.

A sudden exclamation from Lettie put the postal and its message from hand and mind.

"Teresa Harkins, what do you think? Anna Fargo has entered the novitiate at St. Joseph's!"

"Oh, it can not be! Who says so?" And Teresa rushed to her sister's side to read with her own eyes the startling announcement.

At this unusual excitement Uncle Nathan looked up from his reading, and asked mildly if they had heard any bad news.

"Yes, indeed, Uncle," began Lettie,—"well, no: not exactly *bad* news, Uncle; but Anna Fargo has gone to be a Sister. Isn't it dreadful?"

"I don't know but what it might be worse. Is it old Colonel Fargo's daughter?"

"Yes," answered Lettie: "Anna, the second daughter. Why, she is lovely, and it is a shame for her to shut herself up in a convent! She is so pretty and lively, too. She was the brightest girl in our class, and she took singing from a pupil of Malibran and dramatic art from Dvorak. Oh, I think it is a sin and a shame! And she only twenty-one!"

"She is old enough to know what she is doing," said Uncle Nathan, gathering up his letters and papers; "and I don't see that being handsome and bright, or lively either, for that matter, will make her unfit for the convent."

"Unfit!" exclaimed Teresa. "Why, Uncle, she was the greatest catch of the season! All the young men were after her. And she is rich, too. The idea of her going into a convent! I wouldn't mind if it were Kate Conry or Ethel Bonn; they are both homely, and Ethel is as quiet as a mouse. But who wrote the news, Lettie, and what does the letter say?"

"It is from Mary Gray, and she says Anna's parents objected at first, but finally yielded, and are fully satisfied now. Don't you remember, Sister Elizabeth always said Anna would be a Sister?"

"But she might have waited and had a good time first," answered Teresa. "Don't you think so, Uncle?"

"Girls, I'd be sorry to think you meant all you have just said, and I'll not say a word about my opinion of Miss Fargo's action until you come and tell me how mistaken your views were regarding

convent life, and those who should enter upon it."

And Uncle Nathan left the room before the girls, accustomed though they were to his eccentric ways, could recover from their astonishment at his words.

Deprived of a mother's and a father's loving care while yet mere children, they had been most of their life at boarding-school; the vacations alone having been spent either travelling or at their bachelor uncle's beautiful home, where they had come to reside after their graduation from St. Vincent's. Lettie naturally and quietly fell into the place of hostess; and the old housekeeper, fortunately for the girls, looked upon them as paragons of housewifely accomplishments. They were pious, good girls, and loved and revered the Sisters under whose direction so many happy years were spent; but they had unconsciously assumed a worldly attitude in viewing their school-companion's entrance upon the religious life.

Their thoughts were soon diverted from this occurrence by the approach of two important, though widely different, events,—namely, a grand flower festival as the inauguration of the State Fair; and the Forty Hours' Devotion at St. Mary's Church, of which they were members.

To Lettie and Teresa both these celebrations had a double interest; for Mr. Hart, their uncle, had the finest conservatory for miles around. True, he was not generous with his choice flowers, though most liberal in other respects; but he always gave with lavish hand, and cut the blossoms himself, when they were for the church. But for any other purpose, even for a corsage bouquet, the girls had to coax, and then sometimes without avail.

Well, the affairs were talked over at the table, and various hints were dropped before Uncle Nathan, in order that he might know what was expected of him; and Lettie's interest in matters horticultural even led her to inquire very tenderly after certain plants she had heard her uncle and the gardener discussing, and which they feared were delicate. But Mr. Hart gave no sign that he understood the hints; and Lettie and Teresa made ready for the flower festival, wondering what they could contribute to the decorations of the club to which they belonged.

The day finally arrived, and after luncheon Teresa carelessly said:

"Uncle dear, Lettie and I would like a few flowers to wear this evening, and also some to take with us. You know the club-drag and the grand stand at the tournament are to be decorated, and all are expected to help. And you are known to have such exquisite flowers."

"Very good, dear. I'll cut them now," answered Uncle Nathan, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, which was quite lost on the two girls, so delighted were they with his ready compliance with their request.

But they could scarcely credit their senses when the housekeeper asked them what color flowers would match their dresses, as their uncle wished to know. And when two bouquets of orchids appeared—one to match Lettie's lavender gown, and the other just suited to Teresa's mauve costume,—Lettie turned to her sister, and, with a comical expression of delight mingled with apprehension, whispered:

"Teresa, do you think there is anything wrong with Uncle Nathan?"

To which Teresa replied she had heard that some flowers exerted a sort of hypnotic influence, and no doubt this act of generosity must be due to something of the kind.

To their further astonishment, a huge basket of choicest flowers was ready for them on the porch; and beside it stood Uncle Nathan, who asked gravely if they were sure they had enough. Ecstatic bursts of delighted thanks silenced him; and both girls were in danger of crushing

the lovely orchids they wore, so demonstrative were they in bidding him good-bye before they drove to the club.

Three days later Teresa reminded her uncle that the Forty Hours' Devotion would begin next morning, so they would need some flowers for the altar; adding that Lettie and she had promised to arrange the sanctuary.

"I haven't very many flowers that I care to cut," Uncle Nathan said, slowly and thoughtfully; "but John can pick up some odds and ends in the yard. I think I saw some petunias and verbenas near the barn; then, those bright hollyhocks look nice in the distance—"

"You didn't understand, Uncle," broke in Lettie. "We want the flowers for the altar."

"Yes, I understood, niece; that is the reason I told you *anything* would do. I'll send some flowers up by John." And Mr. Hart left the hall.

"He is losing his mind as sure as the world!" exclaimed Lettie, as she sat down in a dejected attitude.

"It began the day he sent those flowers for the festival. Come to think of it, he hasn't looked the same since; and three or four times I have noticed such a strange smile on his face. Pass me that box of Huyler's, Lettie,—I really feel faint."

They were still discussing the matter when John the gardener deposited before them a basket of common flowers, grasses, etc., which both girls declared were not fit to take to the church. And as Mr. Hart entered the hall Teresa was saying:

"Why, I wouldn't offer such flowers to Our Lord, when He has given us lilies and roses and a hundred other lovely blossoms for His shrine!"

"What is wrong about them?" asked her uncle. "It is all right to wear flowers and let them give pleasure in society. I don't mind decorating the table with them, for they please people; and, then, at a flower festival they must be used, for they add to the beauty of the scene. What is lovely and fragrant is made for enjoyment. As for the altar, the old, wilted flowers will do. Our Lord loves flowers, and He made them; but any kind will please *Him*. There! I am sure that is your opinion, girls, is it not?"

As he spoke, a light broke upon Lettie's mind; and she threw her arms around her old uncle's neck, exclaiming:

"Uncle Nathan, you are not thinking of flowers at all: you are thinking of Anna Fargo! I see now how wrong we were. Yes, indeed, God should have the best and fairest and sweetest."

"How in the world did you think of that, Uncle?" asked Teresa. "That is why you gave us the orchids for the flower festival. Now you are going to give us some nice flowers for the altar; for you have shown us the right way of thinking; aren't you, Uncle Nathan?"

"Yes, my dear girls: as you have learned the lesson, you shall have the finest in the conservatory for our dear Lord. Get ready for church now, and I will have the flowers cut for you meantime."

"Well, Uncle, you can't deny that we made by the bargain," laughed Lettie. "We had the loveliest flowers at the club last week, we learned a good lesson, and now Our Lord is to have His share also."

"Yes, child," and Uncle Nathan looked very kindly at his nieces; "and if He wants my two fairest flowers, my two lilies, I hope you will not object."

"No, Uncle, we will not," whispered Teresa. "If He calls us, we are ready; but I don't believe He'll want hollyhocks."

True to his word, Uncle Nathan cut the finest flowers in the conservatory for the altar, and willing and loving hands arranged the repository for our Blessed Lord. Never had the sanctuary at St. Mary's looked more beautiful; and to at least two hearts the flowers had a new and a special meaning as they gave forth fragrance at the shrine of Love.

"The Child of the Temple."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

About this time was formed the Dauphin's Regiment—a battalion of little lads, many of whom belonged to wealthy families; others, however, were so poor that the prince often secretly relieved their wants. Their uniform was that of the French Guard in miniature, including the white gaiters and three-cornered hat. They frequently manœuvred in presence of the prince, and finally their leader asked: "Monseigneur, will you be our colonel?"—"Yes," he answered, gladly. "I like my garden grenadiers* very much, but I'd rather be at the head of these living grenadiers."—"Then good-bye to the flowers for your mamma," suggested an officer in attendance.—"Oh, no!" he returned. "Many of these young gentlemen have gardens also; they will love the Queen, after the example of their colonel; and mamma will have every day a whole regiment of bouquets."

The liliputian corps was permitted to occupy three posts of honor: the Tuileries, and the headquarters of the Mayor of Paris and of the commander-in-chief. Among the Revolutionists it received the nickname of "The Royal Bonbon." "They are fed with a spoon!" cried some.—"Out upon them, the little Maine Ducks!"† jeered others. The boy-battalion paraded with the troops, and had its diminutive sentry-box beside that of the National Guard. It demanded also to have its pass-words and order of the day, but this was out of the question. Soon after, the tumults in the streets becoming too serious for children to witness, the force of the dauphin was disbanded.

Upon the night of the flight of the royal family to Varenne, the little prince was awakened and disguised in the frock and bonnet of a little girl. "What do you think all this means?" whispered his sister.—"I think," responded, he "that we are going to play a comedy." It is well known how the unhappy fugitives were recognized, apprehended, and brought back to Paris. "O brother," exclaimed Marie Thérèse, as the affrighted children clung to each other, dismayed by the hopeless air of the King, the anguish of the Queen, the brutal faces and language of their captors,—"O brother, this is not a comedy, but a tragedy!"—"I saw that long ago," said the young prince, mournfully.

The sack of the Tuileries, the deposition of the King, and his imprisonment with his family in the tower of the Temple, followed. They were now so destitute that the dauphin owed the very garments he wore to the kindness of the wife of the English ambassador, who had sent him a suit of clothes belonging to her own little boy.

Despite their separation from all their friends, the insults heaped upon them, and the galling surveillance of their guards, the royal captives bore themselves with Christian fortitude, seeking consolation in prayer, and occupying themselves with loving duties to one another. Louis XVI. gave his son lessons in French, Latin, history, and geography; and the young pupil liked especially to draw maps. Marie Thérèse was taught principally by her mother.

Daily, if the weather was fine, the family were allowed to go to the Temple garden for an hour; the King and Queen purchasing this recreation for their children's sake at the price of much insolence to themselves. During these airings the prince played ball, quoits or other lively games. He was still sportive and gay, except when he saw tears in

* Pomegranate trees.

† The French Guard were called Ducks of the Maine, because in the last war they had, during a retreat, crossed the river Maine by swimming.

his mother's eyes; and even then his sallies often brought a smile to her lips.

A small recess in the wall, made by the King, and in which he had secreted important papers, having been discovered, the guards were constantly on the lookout for similar hiding-places. One day at dinner the dauphin, in a spirit of mischief, could not resist a roguish jest at their expense. There happened to be a little cake on the table which he very much wished for. "Look what a delicious cake, mamma!" he said. "I know of a cupboard where I would like to put it. It will be perfectly safe there, I assure you." The jailers glanced significantly at one another, and then carefully scrutinized the walls of the apartment. "I do not see the cupboard, my dear," answered the Queen.—"Mamma," he replied, laughing merrily and pointing to his mouth, "here it is!"

The child was accustomed to repeat his morning and evening prayers at his mother's side, when the guards were far enough away not to notice; otherwise he said them to himself,—religious teaching and exercises being forbidden by the Revolutionists. He always said a prayer for the Princess de Lambelle, remembered other friends also, and closed with the following invocation: "Almighty God, who created and redemed me, whom I adore, preserve the life of my father and my family. Preserve us from all our enemies. Grant to Madame de Tourzel * the strength of which she may stand in need to endure the ills she may suffer for us."

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth often sat up far into the night repairing the wardrobe of the family; this being necessary because of its scantiness,—the King, like his son, having but one suit of clothes. The illustrious prisoners were not furnished with even a sufficient supp'y of linen.

With an affectionate thoughtfulness remarkable in a little lad but seven and a half years old, Louis invariably refrained from the mention of everything that might still further sadden his parents or awaken painful memories. Once, when a man was putting some great locks on the door of the King's room, the dauphin having taken up some of the tools, Louis XVI. proceeded to show him how to use them, and began to work at the door. "When you leave here, sir," observed the locksmith, "you will be able to say you worked on your own prison."—"Yes," was the quiet response; "but *how* and *when* am I to leave?" At these words the young prince burst into tears and threw himself into his father's arms.

After the separation of the King from his family, the dauphin was withdrawn from the care of his mother; but he was permitted to remain with his father until the beginning of the mockery of a trial to which the latter was constrained to submit. The child was then sent back to the Queen for a brief interval.

On the eve of his execution Louis XVI. was granted a farewell interview with his wife, sister, and children. At its close the unhappy monarch, who, if he could not stem the torrent of the Revolution, knew how to meet his end with the majesty of a sovereign and a sublime Christian heroism, taking his son upon his knees, said to him: "My child, promise me you will never attempt to avenge my death." And, making him raise his hand, added: "Swear that you will obey the last wish of your father."

The next day, when the family were officially informed of the death of the King, and Marie Antoinette was prostrated with grief, little Louis Charles clung to her fondly, kissing her hands and bathing them with his tears. "Alas!" the afflicted mother exclaimed, aroused by his caresses, "these tears will never be dried."

On the 1st of July, at ten o'clock at night, six municipal officers intruded into the presence of the Queen, and roughly

* His former governess.

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." What flower is fairer, more beautiful than the lily? Its snowy whiteness, its stately form, its elegant shape, the delicious fragrance that exhales from it, give it the pre-eminence amongst the floral gems nature has scattered over our earth. It is considered as the symbol of purity and chastity, and the saints who have excelled in those virtues are represented as bearing a lily in their hand. Mary is herself the lily conspicuous for beauty, for brightness, for spotlessness, for fragrance. She is called "a lily among thorns," because of the contrast she presents to the fallen daughters of Adam. Not only does the earth bring forth, since the curse God passed upon it, thorns and thistles in a material sense, but also in a spiritual sense. The sins of mankind are thorns and thistles; the sin-stained sons and daughters of Adam are the thorns, barren and hideous, amongst which Mary stands fair and undefiled. She is, as the Beloved says, "all fair"; there is no blemish in her. She is, as the poet Wordsworth sings:

> "Woman above all women glorified,
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

"What purity," asks St. Bernard,* "even of the angelic spirits, dares compare with that virginity which was found worthy to become the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, the dwelling-place of the Son of God?" And if the angels can not compare with her in purity, how much less sinful, erring mortals? "Since the human race began, in this chosen one alone did God see a soul escape from His creative hands that was neither caught in the cords of Adam nor ensnared in the bonds of death. So from the Ark our father Noe sent forth at the Deluge the raven from his hands; but it joined the floating putrefactions, and nourished thereby a degraded life; whilst the dove returned into his bosom, and brought him in its innocent beak the olive-branch of peace."

* Archbishop Ullathorne, "Immaculate Conception," p. 114.

Frequently in the Canticle of Canticles is the bride addressed as a dove. "Open to Me," says the Beloved, "My sister, My love, My dove, My undefiled.... She is My dove, My perfect one." Extolling her beauty, He says: "Thine eyes are as those of doves.... Thy cheeks are beautiful as the turtle-dove's." And again: "My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall." Doves delight in solitude and retirement, and choose sequestered spots for their dwelling. At the age of three years Mary entered the seclusion of the Temple. Her whole life was one of retirement from the busy world; a hidden life, given to the contemplation of heavenly things. The clefts of the rock are said to symbolize the wounds of Christ; the hollow of the wall, the aperture made by the lance in His side. There the dove finds shelter, when the soul meditates on the sacred Passion. In these clefts Mary dwelt most faithfully, from the time that her heart was pierced as with a sword at the prophecy of Simeon until the hour when the redemption of mankind was consummated on the Cross.

It is also said of the Blessed Virgin in the Canticle: "My sister, My spouse, is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up. Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates with the fruits of the orchard; cyprus with spikenard; spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of Libanus; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief perfumes." The Jews, we know, were taught to consider every uncovered vessel unclean. From this they were to learn that the heart which keeps not itself free from contamination from without, while at the same time it suffers all the fervor of its devotion to be dissipated and lost, can never become a sacred vessel, a vessel of devotion. Do we not know that if a bottle of perfume be closed, the perfume becomes more intense;

whereas if we leave it long without the stopper, it loses its precious fragrance? Thus we read of Mary, the Vessel of Singular Devotion, that she was a garden enclosed, secure from injury, guarded from the foot of the intruder; that she was a fountain sealed up, whose clear and limpid water no enemy could disturb or poison. It is not without a deep meaning that we are told in Holy Scripture that Mary kept in her heart all the words she had heard. What must have been the holy meditations and communings of Mary's heart alone with her God!

She is compared to the aromatic spices, the sweet perfumes Eastern monarchs loved. "While the king was at his repose, my spikenard sent forth the odor thereof." This acceptable worship she continued with multiplied merit to present to the Eternal Father during the whole of her sojourn upon earth; and the sweet smell of her ointments was above all aromatical spices, because she was a garden enclosed; her heart was open for God alone, and closed to all the world. Mary's whole life was essentially a hidden life, but this was more especially the case from the moment that our Divine Lord came to dwell within her chaste womb. Her prayers had not then to be carried up by angels to the throne of the Most High, for God Himself was made one with her. From the instant of the Incarnation she could truly say: "My Beloved to me, and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies." Her divine maternity makes her more perfect in her likeness to the Beloved than is possible to any other creature; it raises her immeasurably above the highest Seraphim.

Christ's Blessed Mother was joined to Him in a more perfect union than ever existed; not only by her sacred maternity, in virtue of which He took flesh of her flesh, but by conformity to Him in the greatness of her love. Even on earth she loved God and was more closely united to Him than any of the saints have ever been. "Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples," she exclaims in the mystic language of the Canticle; "because I languish with love." She was also conformed to her Beloved by association in His sufferings, her soul being pierced by the lance that transfixed His side in the hour of His passion. Again and again He calls her "My sister, My spouse,"—"My sister," to mark the perfection of her resemblance to Himself; "My spouse," to indicate the closeness and intimacy of the bond that united her to Him.

We will mention one more of the beautiful comparisons wherewith this holy Canticle abounds. Every word of it is pregnant with meaning, and well rewards careful study; for in it is reflected as in a mirror the surpassing beauty and dignity of the Virgin Mother. Under what more glorious figure can she be typified than that of the aurora, dispelling the gloomy shades of night, brightening the heavens, heralding the advent of the dawn? "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?" Mary is the golden 'light of the morning, which, when the sun riseth, shineth in the morning without clouds.'* She rises free from the clouds of sin, free from the mists of error. She is "bright as the Sun;" for He shines in her shining; she derives from Him her brilliance and her beauty. "Happy art thou, O Blessed Virgin Mary!" sings the Church in her Office, "and worthy of all praise; for of thee is born the Sun of Justice, Christ our God." Before the coming of Christ, the earth was plunged in darkness; small indeed was the number of those who knew and served the true God. But 'the day breaks and the shadows retire.' The Woman foreseen in prophetic vision for four thousand years, foreshadowed in

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* II. Kings, xxiii, 4.

innumerable types, is born into the world. She has nothing in common with the enemy of mankind; immaculate from her conception, she has not dwelt in darkness and the shadow of death; she is to bring forth the Sun of Justice, the Light of all peoples.

"As the aurora shining brightly," to quote the words of St. Bernard, "thou didst enter into the world, O Mary! when hou didst precede the splendors of the true Sun with so great a brightness of holiness that one may truly say that thy charity was worthy to inaugurate the day of salvation, the day of reconciliation, the day which the Lord hath made. Happy aurora, thou wast the harbinger of a happy day! It was fitting that such a day should be preceded by such a morning. Thou hast rightly filled the office of aurora. The Sun of Justice, who was to proceed from thee, cast on thee the abundance of His resplendent rays, announcing His coming as by the light of morning. Thus illumined, thou didst drive away the gloom of darkness caused by Eve; thou didst bring into the world the Sun desired by all nations."

On the day of her glorious Assumption Mary went up from the desert "as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices, of myrrh and frankincense." She has found Him whom her soul loveth, and has "sat down under His shadow" upon the throne of glory prepared for her in the realms of bliss. And as nothing on earth surpasses the brightness of the "morning rising" save that of the risen sun, so there is no glory in heaven greater than that of Mary except the glory of the Eternal King Himself.

If we would but reflect that the perfection of the spiritual life consists, not in doing extraordinary things in an extraordinary manner, but in the performance of our common duties well, we should all soon become saints.

A Mess of Pottage.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

III.

"HAVE you heard the news?" asked one army man of another, in the corridor of the Gilsey House, one morning in the early autumn of 1887.

"No; what is it?" said his friend.

"Cullinan stricken with paralysis. There is no hope."

"Terrible! He seemed the picture of health. A fine fellow, and first in the line of promotion too. They say he was sure of a colonelcy next month."

"Yes, I believe he felt sure of it. He certainly deserved it."

"None better."

"He was a man who seemed to succeed in everything. A lucky fellow."

"Yes, and what a charming personality! His men adored him."

"Made a rich marriage, too, I believe."

"Yes: married old Kenton's daughter. Can't fancy any fellow ever having fallen in love with her. Frightfully cold woman, I always thought."

"Handsome, though, and ambitious."

"Yes, they were both that. I never saw a more ambitious fellow than Cullinan."

"I've heard it was on the cards to appoint him to command at Fort ——"

"Well, some other fellow will come in for his luck now. Good-day!"

"Good-day!"

And so they parted.

. . . .

Slowly the heavy curtains flapped to and fro in the cool, soft evening wind, in the luxurious room where, speechless and unconscious, Cullinan, of the ——th Cavalry, lay dying. Thus he had lain for eighteen hours, stricken down in the prime of life and hope and ambition. He had been home on leave, at the house of his father-in-law, when the dread sum-

mons came, unheralded and unexpected.

In a small ante-room, opening from the hall and into the bedroom, sat his wife, a beautiful, haughty-looking woman, of perhaps thirty-five years, who had loved him, after a fashion,—that is, as far as it was possible for one so utterly worldly and self-seeking to love. All things considered, she had been a good wife to him; and he had fully appreciated her worth. On her side, she had been very proud of her brilliant, handsome husband.

At intervals, stepping lightly across the carpet, she would lean over the bed, only to return again and again to her post disappointed. The physician had said that he might possibly recover consciousness before the end, but he feared otherwise. Mrs. Cullinan was not a religious woman, in the true sense of the word; but she was a faithful attendant at the highest of High Church sanctuaries in the metropolis. Although her husband had seldom accompanied her there, she had always felt hopeful of eventually persuading him to share her belief and practice. A good man, according to the world's estimation of goodness, he was; a Christian, such as she understood the word, she would fain know him to be before the final moment.

As she sat there, in the shadow of the *portières*, the sick man opened his eyes. For some moments he had been fully conscious, but had not moved or tried to move. At length he endeavored to lift his left hand, but it was powerless.

"Sara!" he called faintly.

At the first sound of his voice his wife rushed forward.

"Thank God, Maurice, you are yourself again!" she said, stooping over the bed and kissing him.

He smiled feebly.

"No," he replied,—"never again. This is the end."

"I hope not, dear!"

"How long have I been lying here?"

"Almost a day and a half."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, with a sharp, quick breath. "So long?"

"But you seem better now, Maurice," she added, hopefully.

"I am *not* better," he said. There was an interval of s lence, then he went on: "My affairs are all in order,—there is nothing to be done."

"Dear Maurice," she asked, "would you not like to see a clergyman? It will not make your danger any greater, and it would comfort—"

"You?" he interrupted, smiling again.

"Yes, and yourself," she said.

"No," he replied, slowly. "I want no clergyman."

"The bishop, Maurice? You have never been Confirmed, perhaps?"

"Yes, I *have* been Confirmed."

"By whom, Maurice? I never knew it."

"By a good man, Sara,—I and my brother."

"You have a brother, Maurice!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Where is he?"

"In heaven, years ago," he replied, sighing deeply.

His wife said no more for some moments, watching him as he lay with closed eyes; then she bethought her that he must need some nourishment, and, gently lifting his head, she gave him a taste of wine. It seemed to revive him. Again he looked at her and smiled.

"Sara," he whispered, "send Wimsey here. I want him."

"I will, Maurice," she answered, and went away.

Soon she returned, accompanied by her father, who sat down by the sick man's side.

"Wimsey is out, but he will be here presently," she said, resuming her position near the bed. She had sent him for the minister.

Cullinan opened his eyes, and, looking beyond his father-in-law into vacancy, he murmured as though to himself:

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and

His justice, aud all things else shall be added unto you."

"You have done that, Maurice, always," said the old man.

"No," answered Maurice, briefly; again relapsing into silence.

There was a slight noise in the ante-room. Mrs. Cullinan and her father arose. It was the minister. After a moment the sick man's wife returned. Leaning over her husband, she said:

"Maurice, Dr. Jameson is here. May he come in?"

The sick man did not seem to hear: his eyes were closed, his head turned away.

"Maurice," she repeated, "Dr. Jameson has kindly called to see you. Shall I bring him in?"

No answer.

She went back to the ante-room.

"He seems to be sleeping," she said,—"at least I can not make him understand. Will you come and try what you can do?"

"I will not disturb him," replied the minister. "We can pray here together."

Kneeling on the threshold of the sick chamber, he opened the Book of Common Prayer, and recited part of the service for the sick. When he had finished, Mrs. Cullinan went back to her husband's bedside, but his eyes were still closed as if in sleep. She bent her ear to his lips: he was faintly breathing.

Her father beckoned to her from the corridor, where he stood with the minister, and she softly followed him.

At the head of the stairs they met Wimsey, Major Cullinan's man.

"Go in, Wimsey," said Mrs. Cullinan. "I will return in a few moments."

"I will, ma'am," said the man,—a stalwart Irish fellow, with a fresh, good-natured face.

As he entered the room Major Cullinan opened his eyes.

"God bless me, sir! 'Tis I that am glad to see you awake ag'in. 'Twas a long sleep you had of it entirely, sir."

"Thank you, Wimsey!" said the Major. "I am about to take a longer one," he continued, with one of those smiles that men had always found pleasant, and women charming. "Wimsey, close and lock the door."

The man obeyed orders.

"In the top drawer of my bureau you will find a small box. Fetch it here."

Wimsey did as he was bid. It was a very small, curiously japanned box, old and dented. The man brought it to the bedside.

"This has been my companion since I was a little lad," said the Major. "Some years ago I had a peculiar lock made for it."

All this was said with pauses for breath, but distinctly and clearly enough, considering his weakness.

Putting his hand in the folds of his shirt, he drew out a string on which hung a key.

"Break this cord, Wimsey," he said, "and open the box."

Wimsey did so.

"Empty the contents here—close to my hand, so that I may see and touch them," he continued.

They fell out upon the white coverlet—a curl of hair, an old-fashioned picture of a sweet Irishwoman's face, a small photograph of a youth in a cassock, two rosaries, rusty and old; one had a brass crucifix, the other a silver one. The Major took the pictures in his hand, kissing them both, passionately, reverently.

"They are in heaven," he said. "Have you a match about you?"

"Here is one, sir," answered the man, stepping to the mantel.

"Burn these, Wimsey. Let me see you do it."

Together they watched the stiff bits of cardboard flame up and shrivel into ashes.

The Major lifted the curl, softly laying it against his cheek.

"Burn this now," he said.

The man again obeyed his order.

"These beads—these precious rosary beads," said the Major,—"you say them sometimes; I have seen you."

"Yes, sir: I say them daily. 'Tis an old custom I have from my mother,—God rest her!"

"Amen!" said the Major, reverently. "Take this pair," he continued, placing the smaller of the rosaries in Wimsey's hand. "They belonged to my father. Say them now and then for my—for me. Will you, Wimsey?"

"Indeed I will, sir!" said the man. "I will until my dying day."

"And these," said the Major, feebly handling the other pair,—"these, Wimsey, were my mother's beads. When I am dead lay them in my coffin; I want them buried with me. Wimsey, I charge you to do this, and never to say a word of it to any one."

"So help me God, I'll do yer biddin', sir!" said Wimsey, solemnly.

And now the dying man seemed almost exhausted. White as the pillows beneath his head, with grey shadows under his eyes, and a tremulous motion of the lips, he lay, scarcely breathing.

Wimsey leaned over him.

"O sir!" he implored, "before I call the Missus—for I *must* call her now,—will ye give me lave to go for the priest? Ye're growin' very wake, sir, and it would comfort ye greatly to have him; I'm sure it would."

The Major feebly moved his head. "No," he said, "not to-night, Wimsey,—not to-night,—perhaps—to-morrow."

The man fell on his knees.

"In the name of our Blessed Lady, I beg ye to let me go, Major dear! Missus or no Missus, I'll bring him to ye."

The Major felt for Wimsey's hand, and held it in a cold, limp grasp.

"The grand old Irish faith!" he murmured. "It is a good one,—the only one, after all." Then, turning his face to the wall, he spoke no more.

The next day but one, as the Major lay ready for the grave, with the flag he had served faithfully draped in silken folds above his head, Wimsey stole on tiptoe into the darkened parlor, and, gently unfastening a button of his uniform, laid the little rosary close to the silent heart. Two great tears coursed slowly down his cheeks as he murmured:

"He was a grand man,—a grand man altogether, but for the pride. Aye, it must have been the foolish pride that made him fall away! But it's not for mortial man to be the judge of mortial man. May the Lord of Heaven have mercy on his sowle this day, amin!"

(The End.)

The Penitent's Prayer to the Refuge of Sinners.

FROM THE FRENCH BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

OH, list to a penitent, weary
With straying on highways of sin,
And open thy mother-heart, Mary,
To let the lone wanderer in!
Sweet Refuge of Sinners, thy tender watch keeping,
Oh, soothe my soul's anguish; oh, check its wild weeping!

In the days of my peace-haunted childhood
I vowed thy true servant to be;
But, to seek the gay blooms of the wildwood,
I wander'd from virtue and thee.
Sweet Refuge of Sinners, thy tender watch keeping,
Oh, soothe my soul's anguish; oh, check its wild weeping!

I have tried in my false heart to smother
The love of my Father and God;
And, scorning His warnings, sweet Mother,
In the ways of His enemy trod.
Ah! Refuge of Sinners, still tender watch keeping,
Soothe, soothe my soul's anguish and check its wild weeping!

"O prodigal, homeward returning,
Yet pausing in fear at the gates,
Enter in, where thy Father's Heart, yearning
To welcome the wanderer, waits;
Where the Refuge of Sinners, her tender watch keeping,
Shall soothe all thine anguish and check its wild weeping."

I have risen. Earth's poisonous pleasures
Can charm and delude me no more;
And my birthright of heavenly treasures,
At thy pleading, my King shall restore.
O Refuge of Sinners, thy loving watch keeping,
Thou hast sooth'd my soul's anguish and still'd its wild weeping!

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D.

FATHERS SEGURA AND DE QUIROS, S. J.

THE preceding narrative showed us the first effort for a Jesuit mission prematurely frustrated by the death of Father Martinez. On that sad event his companions, Father Rogel and Brother Villareal, who had been forced into Havana, resolved to prepare for the mission by the study of the Indian language, until they should receive new orders from Europe. St. Francis Borgia was still bent on the spiritual conquest of Florida; and when Melendez next sailed to assume his new dignity of governor-general of Cuba, the General of the Society of Jesus sent out Father John Baptist de Segura as vice-provincial, with three others to undertake the work frustrated by the death of Martinez.

Father Segura was a native of Toledo, and had entered the Society at Alcalá, on the 9th of April, 1566, while still pursuing his course of divinity. He was well known to St. Francis, who entertained the highest esteem for his virtue, and on account of his personal merit chose him for the present undertaking,—he having already been rector of the College of Vallisoleta. He and his companions sailed from St. Lucar on March 13, 1568, and after a pleasant voyage reached the coast of Florida on the 19th of June. But Melendez, finding the settlement almost destroyed by the terrible vengeance of Gourges, sailed back to Havana. Father Segura accompanied him, having delayed only to visit the colony, proclaim the Jubilee, and leave Father Dominic Raez to assist the settlers; then, after a narrow escape from shipwreck, they reached Havana, to the great joy of Father Rogel.

A consultation of all the missionaries was now held, and it was resolved to open at Havana a school for Indian youth, under the direction of Father Rogel, aided by Brother Villareal, who had become highly esteemed by the Cubans. This being satisfactorily arranged, Father Segura and his companions returned to Florida, and entered on their missionary duties in the province of Carlos; they also preached in Tocobaga, and had a station in the province of Tequeste; but as they had to use interpreters they preached with no great fruit. In their efforts to learn the language new obstacles arose: the people were jealous, and so deceived them in their attempts to form vocabularies that they were forced to desist. At last, thinking that their proximity to the Spanish garrisons caused them to be eyed with suspicion by the natives, they resolved to leave the soldiers and disperse over the provinces before them.

Again they renewed their efforts, but with no sensible increase in the number of neophytes; yet they did not forsake the barren field. Plague and pestilence had wasted the land; food no longer abounded. The Fathers became dispensers of corn to the Indians, but even this effected no change. The missionaries

endeavored to persuade them to settle in villages and cultivate small farms; they supplied them with implements for their undertaking. But the natural fickleness of the Indian prevailed; as the stock of provisions diminished, they abandoned alike their teachers and their farms. They had listened only in hope of food; and when that hope was gone, their inclination to hear the words of truth departed with it.

Father Segura was now disheartened, and resolved to abandon this field for a season, and to devote himself to the education of the children, whom, happily, he had induced the natives to confide to his care. He accordingly returned to Havana, whither he recalled Father Rogel from Orita, or St. Helena, where he had been stationed; instructing him to bring to Havana the Indian boys whom he had collected at Saturibe and Tacatacuru.

Scarcely had they all come in from their several posts when they received letters from their General, St. Francis Borgia, directing them to persevere zealously in the Florida mission, even though their labors should at first meet with little success. To aid them in a new effort, an auxiliary of no common character presented himself in the person of Don Luis de Velasco, Lord of Vasallos, the pompous titles with which the brother of the chief of Axacan in Florida had been decorated. This chief had voluntarily accompanied some Dominicans from Florida to Mexico, where he was educated and instructed in the Christian religion. His talents and aptness for study made him so general a favorite that he was held over the baptismal font by the viceroy, whose name he consequently assumed. He revisited Florida in 1566 with some Dominicans, and thence passed through Spain with Melendez. He had as companions other Floridans; and, unless he was a consummate hypocrite in all that he had hitherto done, which was scarcely probable, seems to have conceived from their representations a hatred of the whites, which was to hurry him into the worst of crimes.

After a year's residence in Spain he solicited the permission of his Catholic Majesty to revisit his native soil; promising as an inducement to act the part of a good Christian, and aid as far as in him lay in the conversion of his own subjects, and indeed of all the tribes in that kingdom. St. Francis, still filled with a holy desire of converting that country, and relying on the promises of the Lord of Vasallos, chose as auxiliaries to those already sent on that mission Father Luis de Quiros, a native of Xeres de la Frontera, in Andalusia, with Brothers Gabriel Gomez, of Granada, and Sancho de Zevallos, of Medina de Rio Seco.

On their arrival the vice-provincial immediately set out once more for his mission, and reached Axacan in safety on the 13th of September, 1570, with Don Luis and Father Quiros and his companions. From those at Havana he took Brother Peter Linares and the novices, Gabriel de Solis, Christopher Redondo, and John Baptist Mendez, with some Indian youths educated at their seminary in Havana.

The country of Luis lay far inland, but they immediately began their march, unattended by troops; although the desolate state of the country, now wasted by a seven years' famine and the want of provisions, would have made a line of communication with a Spanish post a most prudent course. They desired, however, to keep themselves distinct from the settlers; and accordingly advanced through swamp and marsh toward the distant lodges of Don Luis, bearing their baggage on their shoulders. Their provisions soon failed, and Luis began to act in a manner to show a change of feeling. As they had for some time subsisted on roots and herbs in hopes of soon reaching a village,

he at last proposed to go on to a town but a day and a half distant to procure relief. This was only a short time after their departure. They were so far from the settlements that it was useless to think of returning; no alternative was left but to await the return of Don Luis, from whose coldness they anticipated at least delay.

A further prosecution of the journey without a guide was useless, and they accordingly erected a hut in the wilderness, and adorned as well as they could their temporary chapel. Their chief occupation was the search of food; and as this precarious sustenance seemed hardly to be relied on, they resolved, after awaiting several days, to send on to Luis to implore him to hasten to their relief. Their message was met by promises, but neither it nor a second one obtained what they sought. Constant prayers were offered up for his conversion; and, after a cruel anxiety of nearly four months, they resolved to send a third deputation to make a last effort to move his obdurate heart. Father Quiros was chosen by the vice-provincial, and Brothers de Solis and Mendez were assigned to him as companions. They set out, relying on the prayers of those they left behind; and soon reached the village, where they found Don Luis, who made many excuses for his delay, and still continued to beguile them by promises; but as they were about to return, with hearts bereft of hope, they were attacked by him and his countrymen in great fury, and murdered at the very gate of the town. Father Quiros fell first, pierced through the heart by an arrow; then his two companions. This occurred on Sunday, the 4th of February, 1571. Their bodies were at once stripped and mangled.

A cruel suspense meanwhile held the remainder of the little band. Four days later the apostate, with his brother and a large force, appeared. Don Luis knew that they had no means of defence except some axes for chopping wood; these he at once demanded and received, for Father Segura was far from any thought of resistance. Their death was not long delayed: at a signal from Luis, the Indians fell upon them, and of the whole party one alone escaped—Alonzo, one of the Indian boys. He was recognized and saved by one of Luis' brothers. The apostate, however, sought to destroy him; but his less cruel brother afforded him means of escape. He soon after reached the Spanish settlements, and his account is the only authority for the narrative of the death of these missionaries; but his attachment to the faith shows that he is entitled to our credit.

According to his report, the packages of the missionaries were at once opened, and bibles, breviaries, missals, and even the sacred vessels, treated with sacrilegious insult. But vengeance was near. As some pressed to seize a crucifix, on which, urged no doubt by the apostate, they designed to wreak their heathen fury, three of them were struck dead. Terrified at this signal visitation of Heaven, Luis hastily ordered a large grave to be dug, and in it interred his victims, placing a crucifix on the breast of each. It is to be regretted that so extraordinary a fact has not reached us in a more authentic form; but there is nothing in the chastisement at variance with that severity with which God even in our day has punished the profanation of His holy vessels.

Before Alonzo reached St. Helena, where Father Rogel was again with Father Sedeño, the latter, anxious to hear from the vice-provincial, whose silence seemed ominous, sent out a party to ascertain the state of the mission. Brother Gonzales, accompanied by some Spaniards, accordingly set out and soon reached the place. Luis tried to entrap them ashore by dressing some of his tribe in cassocks; but the Spaniards, distrusting the appearance, seized some who came up, and who,

being afterward recognized as leaders in the massacre, were put to death. Father Rogel sought to save them, but could only obtain a respite, in order to instruct and convert them. Luis escaped.

Of this band of missionaries we know nothing beyond the facts thus given as to Father Segura. Some were novices just beginning their religious life; others were Brothers; two alone were priests. The highest eulogy of them is, however, to say that this mission was one in which St. Francis Borgia took a very lively interest, and that all sent on it were chosen by him. And when we remember the care with which he selected missionaries for foreign lands, the earnest prayers by which he sought the direction of Heaven in a choice on which the eternal welfare of thousands might depend, we feel assured that the lives of these martyrs in their native land had been so spent as to deserve the illustrious rank to which they were called.

Their bodies were never recovered, though Father Rogel wished at all hazards to go in search of them, as soon as Alonzo had revealed the secret of their victory; but Melendez refused; and Father Rogel could procure only the crucifix already alluded to, which he placed in the Jesuit college of Guayala.

Father Rogel, so closely associated with these early missionary efforts, and the founder of the first Indian school in the United States, died long after at Vera Cruz, eminent for virtue and learning. Brother Villareal died at Mexico on January 8, 1599, conspicuous for prayer, penance, and his tender care of the sick Indians.

IN most cases, the first elements of humanity have yet to be studied by those who boast of their broad knowledge of human nature.

WE aspire through prayer, we respire through resignation.

Jeanne's Story.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

STRANGERS to that quiet village in the heart of French Canada were usually shown a grave in the churchyard, wherein lay buried a brave man who had laid down his life for another. Vines had grown over and around it, but the dates of the birth and death were quite clear, with the text placed there by Monsieur le Curé: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The story was a very simple one. The printed sign upon the post, "*Gare le Chemin de Fer*," had been unnoticed; the words, shouted by a score of voices, had come too late; and a child's life would have been sacrificed but for the heroism of a man. Gabriel Duvernay had taken but an instant to understand the situation. Springing forward, he had thrown the boy aside and fallen himself, struck by the up-going North Shore train to Quebec. He had been buried with simple pomp by the villagers; and Monsieur le Curé, having drawn the moral of his life, which had been a good and true one, proceeded to point out the lesson of his death, and had chosen the text given above.

The boy Adelard, as a remembrance of that dark day when a life had been given up for his, walked with a crutch, and was destined indeed to pass through life as a cripple. He lived at first with his widowed mother and a sister; but the former had died, cheered by the promise of the latter to care for the crippled boy with the utmost devotion of her nature. They lived together, in a pretty little grey stone house, with a garden attached, full of bright-hued flowers.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, my sister,—Jeanne, where art thou?" Adelard, in the shadow of the garden wall, enjoying the brightness of the afternoon sunshine, had become

impatient for the coming of his sister, who was busy with her household tasks. "Jeanne! Jeanne!"

There was a response at last. Jeanne emerged from the house, slender and graceful, with the dark eyes of her race, and a head fit for a Saxon princess. There was a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Didst thou call, Adelard?" she asked, laughing.

"Did I call! Oh, so many times!"

"How many, *chéri*,—how many?"

"It is not kind of thee, Jeanne."

Tears gathered in the blue eyes.

Jeanne was at his side in an instant, kneeling before him, with her arms thrown about him so as to envelop crutch and all.

"There now, *mon petit chien!* the poor Adelard! Jeanne would not tease thee."

"I wanted thee, sister," said Adelard, resting his head against her shoulder. "I *always* seem to want thee."

Softly she caressed his hair, so dark, unlike her own.

"But what is it now?"

"The birds over there. There was a humming-bird in the tree,—oh, so small and beautiful! And the wild canary, all black and gold, came and sang for me. I wanted some crumbs to throw to them."

"Was that all? Thou shalt have some."

Gently releasing the boy, she went into the house, returning in an instant with a cracked blue and white saucer, full of pieces. Adelard, clapping his hands, shrieked in a shrill, weak voice, which belied his fourteen years, and began to strew the crumbs upon the ground. As the birds, struggling and quarrelling amongst themselves, came to pick them up, Adelard danced for joy, in pitiful fashion, with his one good leg,—beating time the while with his crutch. Jeanne looked on and laughed her merry, ringing laugh, in which was a note of sadness. The crutch spoiled the picture for her.

"Bravo, Monsieur Adelard!" cried a voice from the other side of the wall. "*Bonjour*, Jeanne!"

"*Bonjour*, Ferdinand! *bonjour!*" replied Jeanne, turning slightly away from him, that he might not see the bright color in her cheeks caused by the suddenness of his approach.

"How well he is!" continued Ferdinand, nodding toward the lame boy.

"He will never be well," said Jeanne, in a low voice.

"Come, now, you are low-spirited! He will grow into a strong man yet."

The rude attempt at consolation was followed by an awkward pause.

"I won the prize last night at quoits, Jeanne," Ferdinand said presently.

"Is it true?"

"Yes," said the young man, brightening; "and they were all there, even Monsieur André."

Monsieur André was the seigneur's son.

"Oh, I am so glad, Ferdinand!" exclaimed Jeanne, turning and facing the young man, with a light in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

Ferdinand, confused, stood silently looking at her.

"Do you hear?—I am so glad!"

"It is good of you, Jeanne. You are *too* good."

"Must not a friend rejoice in the good that comes to a friend,—a little good as well as a great one?" said the girl, throwing back her head proudly.

"You are *my* friend, then, Jeanne?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I had hoped," began Ferdinand,—"I had hoped—" There was a dead pause. "No matter what I had hoped, Jeanne, you are an angel."

"Oh, no, no!" laughed Jeanne; adding somewhat hastily: "It grows late. The birds have ceased singing. I must take my precious boy indoors. Good-night, Ferdinand!"

She stooped to lift the boy, but Ferdinand was too quick for her. Darting in

at the gate by a swift movement, he said:

"Let me! You must not do it while I am here."

"What matters it, Ferdinand? My arms are strong, and I must carry my own burdens."

"Not while I am here," repeated the young man.

Laughing softly, Jeanne allowed herself to be gently pushed aside, while Ferdinand lightly but firmly seized Adelard, and carried him, a feather-weight, inside the door and to a great arm-chair.

"Good-night, Jeanne!" said Ferdinand, walking out at once to where the girl stood on the porch; for he knew she would not permit him to linger.

"Good-night, and thanks, Ferdinand! May you always win!"

"*Always?*"

"When God wills."

And with this enigmatical answer she shut him out, with the red sunset and the birds, who had gone to their nests.

For some time after, the same little scene was repeated at evening, until at last a village gossip, meeting Ferdinand coming forth after carrying Adelard indoors, remarked that if that young man wanted to marry Jeanne, he had better do so; and that Jeanne should not receive the visits of young men at nightfall.

The village, with which Jeanne was a favorite, silenced the gossip; and Ferdinand partially throttled a youth who repeated the whisper to him. But it hurt Ferdinand; he knew that an unwritten law of the village was with the sentiment of the gossip, and that he must not go any more in the long summer evenings, even though it were for that brief moment—unless—well, unless Jeanne would consent to marry him. He had never had courage to ask her, and he felt very hopeless about it. Jeanne was not like other girls. As for the other girls, he might have his choice. His father was the wealthiest farmer in the place, and a worthy man, who desired only that his son should marry a girl who was a good Catholic, pious and devout as she ought to be. He exacted no other conditions; though, no doubt, he would have been well pleased had Jeanne possessed a farm instead of a pretty garden and a straggling orchard. Still, Jeanne was a good girl. The Curé had once been heard to say that she was a little angel. Had he not baptized her, and heard her first confession, and prepared her for First Communion and Confirmation?

Now Jeanne, who had little time for going abroad, and did not know what the gossip had said, was puzzled that Ferdinand so suddenly ceased to come at evening to carry Adelard in. And Adelard, who was fond of that good-natured attendant, harped upon it with the unreasonable perversity of a sick child.

"He is very good," she murmured to herself a dozen times a day, while busy about her work. "He should choose a wife. He deserves to be happy."

But the thought filled her with sadness, and it hurt her that Ferdinand should so suddenly have deserted her. However, her duties were many, and she performed them all with her customary exactitude; and at nightfall, on the tenth day since Ferdinand's visits had ceased, she went out to sit a few moments beside Adelard. The boy, who had grown tired of watching his favorite companions, the birds, let his head rest on her shoulder, while she sang to him his best-loved song, "The Little Cabin-Boy."

"O my sister, I would so like to have been like him, the brave little cabin-boy, on a great ship, wearing a uniform with bright buttons!"

Adelard, with an effort, raised himself as he spoke; his eyes shining; his form, fragile and wasted, seeming to dilate. Jeanne, contrasting what his life was likely to be with these childish aspirations, called up by the song of the midshipman

drew Adelard toward her in a sudden embrace. Her loving arms, she felt, must be his shelter in the trials that would grow with his growth.

"Ah, little brother, rest here! Thou art well with me."

The child lay back in her arms, tired with his effort; and, stretching up his thin hand, caressed his sister's face, as he softly murmured over the words of his favorite song.

When Adelard was in bed that night Jeanne went quietly out in the star-shine. It had rained since sundown, and the damp, fresh smell of the grass and foliage fell on her senses. Jeanne stood silent in the darkness, looking upward. There was a great weight, as of physical pain, at her heart. She had little imagination, and her life had been narrow. The stars had no voice, no message for her, but she liked to look at them.

"He must always have me with him,—always, always!" she said at last, solemnly, as if she were registering a vow. "Holy Mary, pray for me!" she added, still looking up, as if her prayer must the more surely pierce the darkened heaven. "It is hard; but Monsieur le Curé says it is through what is hard we must reach heaven."

Next morning Jeanne passed through the short cut over the fields, home from milking the cow. She discovered that the stone fence which bounded her little territory was broken; the stones, piled together after the fashion of the country, had become loosened. Here her practical instinct asserted itself. She laid her milk-pail carefully aside, and began to lift and replace the stones. One was very heavy; she taxed all her strength, but could not stir it.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, it is a shame! You shall not."

It was Ferdinand's voice. He was beside her in a moment. She smiled a wan smile, the ghost of her happier ones.

"And who is to mend my fences if not myself?" she asked.

"Jeanne, this can not go on. You must not live alone. You have only to speak: it is I who will take care of you always."

Jeanne cast down her eyes. She made no pretence of not understanding. She was too sad at heart for any of the coquettish devices, harmless enough, which had once made people shake their heads at her as a flirt.

"You know this as well as I do," Ferdinand went on. "What is the need of words between us? You are far too good for a great, rough fellow like me; but I have always loved you, Jeanne. My father will be glad; the Curé will bless us."

Jeanne felt very joyful at hearing Ferdinand speak so; he had not deserted her, after all. But a great sadness followed.

"This thing you speak of, Ferdinand," she said, "can never be. My life is for Adelard. I have promised."

"But Adelard will have another to care for him when we are married. Is it not I who will be kinder to him than if he were my brother? He is fond of me now. You and I together will care for him."

Jeanne's face was very white. Her lips twitched.

"I know all you would say, Ferdinand, and I thank you from my heart; but I have thought and prayed. It can not be. As Adelard grows in years he will need all my care."

"You are wrong. You, the most beautiful girl in the village—the most beautiful in the world,—you be an old maid! But no: I see! It is that you love another."

It scarcely needed the quiet words that accompanied the reproachful look.

"You know that is *not* so, Ferdinand." Then, breaking into a half-suppressed cry, she added: "Never speak of it again, Ferdinand,—never, *never*, unless you want to break my heart. In time you will marry; you will be happy. And I—now leave me to mend my fence, or Mère

Boucher's cows will be in to trample my potatoes."

With angry energy, the young man seized stone after stone, piling them up in their places, and muttering as he did so:

"Ah, you are so hard—hard as these stones!" His face was set and stern; there were lines in it which Jeanne had never seen before. He did not once look at her, as she stood and watched him until the last stone had been placed. "Good-day, Jeanne!" he said abruptly, when this was done; and, leaping the newly erected barrier, he left her dumb, wretched and heartsore.

"Holy Mary, pray for me!" she repeated over and over, as, seizing her milk-pail, she walked briskly homeward. There was a brave smile on her lips when Adelard asked her if she would come and play a while.

"It is so lonely sitting here!" the boy said. "You were long away."

"I will play with you as soon as I put the potatoes on the fire," she replied, caressing his hair with both hands. "I will hide and you will spy me."

"No, no!" cried Adelard. "Let us play 'Three times pass me.'"

"But there are only two of us."

"Never mind; we will pretend."

So the potatoes were put on, and Jeanne joined in the game, Adelard laughing and shouting and singing. All at once he perceived Ferdinand passing on the other side of the road.

"Come, Ferdinand!" he called. "We are having so much fun! Jeanne is so droll to-day! Come and play."

"Not now, little one," said Ferdinand, passing on. His mind was full of hard thoughts against Jeanne, who could be so happy when she had broken his heart.

"Ferdinand looks just as dear mamma looked the day they carried me home," remarked Adelard. "I wonder if anybody belonging to him is hurt?"

"I am afraid it is himself," said Jeanne, half to herself; "and that is the hardest for me to bear."

"I will ask him when he comes," said Adelard, intent on his own thoughts.

That afternoon, while Adelard took a sleep, Jeanne strayed into the churchyard, and stood beside the grave of the village hero who had saved her brother's life. She read over, with the same genuine warmth of admiration which had ever filled her heart, that text which the Curé had placed there: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

III.

So to the hop-gardens of Kent we went. But the going was a wonderful experience, like nothing else I have read or heard of. From several of the London stations, special trains at reduced rates, for the hop-pickers' benefit, were starting at two, three, four, and five in the morning. Many of the workers had congregated the night before, and slept on their bundles under the covered roof of the stations.

The most motley crew arrived—hawkers, costermongers, "old clo'" men, organ-grinders; flower-girls in their best clothes, charwomen in their worst clothes; bent old crones, who looked as if their work on earth was done; children in arms, slung in shawls by barefoot women, or carried "pick-a-back" by their pinched-featured, undersized fathers; curly-headed toddlers, who ran from group to group in a happy, careless manner; and lame, deformed, and crippled juveniles, whose pathetic eyes were big with wonder at the health which the hallowed word "hops" was to give them. It seemed as if from

every slum and alley poured out the refuse of starved and starving humanity,—all panting, eager for this blessed chance of breathing real fresh air, and of seeing God's sun undimmed by fog and smoke.

When at starting time the gates of the departure platforms are flung open, the scrimmage and confusion can not be described. People rush, thrust themselves forward, clutching at one another, clinging to whatever comes to hand, catching hold of anybody's bundle or anybody's child, as they swing, surge, and sweep into carriage after carriage, piling them full to suffocation,—and all this to the accompaniment of an inharmonious rumble of sound which represents any emotion, according as your mind is attuned to its meaning.

I had been down with such a herd the previous year, and then wondered why people paid to see savages at exhibitions; for the unadulterated article was here in its most genuine form. My knowledge was of service now, and I piloted Norah along safely, till, letting ourselves go with the stream, we got squeezed into a compartment that was already full to overflowing. Then there was banging of doors, screaming of those left behind, shouting of those stowed inside, readjustment of property and children that had somehow drifted wrong, the shrill shriek of the whistle,—and at last we slowly steamed out of the dirt-begrimed town, and wound our sinuous route into daisied fields and buttercup meadows, with the lark trilling high in the blue heavens, and sunrise clouds, faintly tinged with pink, scarce veiling the first flush of dawn.

At many a wayside station a portion of our freight was disbanded; and ere long we came to the one at which we had to stop, with some twenty of our fellow-travellers. The sun was now shedding hot beams; but the dew lay light on the ground, fringing the grass on the roadside edge with pretty, pearly trimming. Some shouldered their bundles cheerily; others, slinging their old patched boots over their arms, waded in the brook which bubbled along our field path. Some sang, while many joined in the chorus of a low, music-hall ditty; and the words sounded strangely out of place, mingling with the rustling of the big trees overhead, and having for audience but the mild-eyed cows standing knee-deep in the verdant pastures.

There was a pause when the song was concluded; and Norah, with her fearless Irish faith, began to sing "Hail, Queen of Heaven!" Her voice was light and high, and the wind carried it among the waving corn, till it died away in a murmur where the wheel of a water-mill was softly whirring round. At the chorus two or three timidly joined in, and when they came to the last verse one half had raised their voice in Mary's praise.

I had taken the precaution to secure work, as I knew how precarious it was to arrive asking for "a job." When we reached the picturesque farm which was our destination, the "home-dwellers" were well under way; so we hurriedly gave our names, received our numbers from the overseer, and took the positions pointed out.

To my mind there is nothing so delicately graceful and restful to the eye as a hop garden in perfect bloom. Fancy acre after acre of vivid green festoons, climbing round the tall, slim poles; the tendrils clinging from one support to the other; while the tender green of the hops thickly clustered under the leaves, lighted up by the sunbeams dancing through and playing round, makes so lovely a combination of form and color that no wonder, year after year, artists come to learn from Nature herself what study could never teach.

The absolute work is simple and easy in the extreme. The men lower the hop-poles one by one, as they are wanted,

and the branches are stripped of the hops. Canvas bags (called bins) are slung under a pole, and into these the workers throw the hops. Six or eight can work at a bin; and when it is full, the measurers come and measure before your eyes, marking the contents in a book, and carrying the hops away in a cart that comes round periodically for the purpose. When the bugle sounds the work must close, though it may be at four o'clock in the afterooon. This is because they require only sufficient each day to fill the furnaces where they are dried. What is over only rots.

The home-dwellers are those who work all the year round on the farms, and preference is given to them in every way. The farmers are forced now to provide accommodation for those they employ. Formerly they housed in sheds and in barns, as best they could; and even now the provision made is of the scantiest. Brick or stone tenements are run up in a field through which flows a stream. Each building has two rooms, divided by a wooden partition, just like the stall of a horse. The floor is stone, and some straw is given for a bed. The light comes from a sloping pane in the roof. There is a nail in the wall, very high up, for the lamp, which has to be out by nine o'clock. You bring your own furniture, and are forbidden to cook in your own house. At the end of each tenement row is a cook-house with oven and range, and here one of the party generally cooks for all. Peddlers with packs roam about all day, selling miscellaneous articles from a frying-pan to a tooth-pick.

There was no Catholic church near, and Sunday would have been a dreary day if Norah, bonny and blithe, had not diligently collected all who would own themselves Catholics; and, kneeling down under the spreading foliage of a gorgeous chestnut, she made us say the Rosary, while the drowsy bumble-bee buzzed from foxglove to honeysuckle on the bank above. And in the evening she gathered the bare-legged, shock-headed lassies and laddies around her; and while we lay at a little distance, drinking in with ever-fresh pleasure the coming glory of the yellow-tinted harvest and the rich glow of the dappled sunset, Norah and the little ones sang hymn after hymn, till I saw some of the mothers furtively wipe away a tear, and the men suddenly seemed to find that their tobacco choked them.

Norah and I made fourteen shillings each the first week, and her light-heartedness had quite returned. Then came a summer cloud that chased away our brightness. Norah had a habit of drifting off at her work, and chatting first to one and then to another of our fellow-workers. They were of our own sex—women who had taken to her because of her pretty face and gentle ways. Her friends were always home-dwellers, but this had escaped our notice till an ugly rumor came to my ears.

The people from town insisted they were not fairly treated, and determined upon a strike. They invited me to one of their meetings, but refused to admit Norah, saying she curried favor with the home-dwellers and might "split." Norah became angry, and vehemently denied their accusations. The quarrel grew hot, and one of the flower-girls asserted that the overseer—who was young and good-looking—openly favored Norah, and gave her better weight than the others. The whole field took this up, and she was soon markedly "boycotted." Some gossip reported the matter to the overseer, who, sorry for the shamefaced looks of the indignant girl, unwisely began to take notice of her. Of course this made matters worse. Children were taught to call her names, decayed water was put in our milk-can, and various practical jokes played that taught me our true valor lay in flight.

So one night we were paid for our work and two hours later were on the tramp again. I had a letter of recommendation from the overseer in my pocket, and the second farm we called at took us on without demur. There Norah was more cautious, and kept more steadily to her work. There were many Irish girls among the hands, and Norah's medal and rosary soon showed them that she was one of their faith and country. The desecration of Sunday was a sore point with Norah. There was absolutely nothing for the men to do but drink the greater part of the Sabbath, and too often the women followed their example. The Salvationists had struck a tent at a neighboring farm; this put an idea into Norah's head. Could we not get a priest to come down and say Mass in some building lent for the occasion? Norah was indefatigable when she had set her heart upon anything, and she gave me no rest till I had written to the bishop of the diocese, whom I knew slightly. His answer was encouraging. If we could find fifty who would attend Mass, he would send a priest each Sunday. Norah's zeal overflowed.

Eighty Catholics—good, bad and indifferent—she made promise to come; and so elated was she at her success that she boldly ventured to ask our employer, a testy old man, but a steady church-going Protestant, if he would use his influence to obtain for us the one lecture hall the tiny village boasted.

"I can not do that," he said; "but I am with you in keeping them away from the public-house. If you like to hold a meeting in my barn, you are welcome to it, and the gentleman who comes shall have the best at my disposal."

So it was arranged; and with hearts beating high with joy we decorated an empty hayloft with sweet-smelling flowers and a mass of greenery. By the first train on Sunday the priest came; and dear old Farmer Joliffe was kind enough to send a conveyance for the portable altar and other sacred things.

By half-past nine the altar was adorned, the candles were lighted, and the red lamp burned before the Tabernacle. Norah, with an exquisite flush on her usually pale cheeks, was marshalling in the *bizarre* congregation. I was standing with Farmer Joliffe outside. He was strangely moved.

"There's summat in a religion that can bring that sort here," he remarked. "But you and Miss Norah have been working half the night. Won't you come and get a bit of breakfast first?"

"We are fasting because we are going to Holy Communion," I answered. "But after, if you will let us come, I shall be grateful, for Norah's sake; she is still far from strong."

Farmer Joliffe came with me inside, and watched, while under that humble roof, for the first time since the days of the Reformation, the spot was hallowed by Holy Mass; and prayers rose from hearts full of gratitude and love.

It was a happy day for Norah and me. We breakfasted with the priest, who spent the rest of the day in going among this straying flock; and here seems the place to mention that Farmer Joliffe could not make enough of the saintly man, and that a short time ago he entered the one true fold.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

It is repugnant to Christian feeling to think that the body of the Blessed Mother of Jesus should have become a prey to worms; that Jesus, who ascended into heaven in His human body, should suffer the flesh of His Mother to see corruption. The natural instinct of the Christian heart proclaims the Assumption,—that on the death of Our Lady, her Divine Son should have assumed her body and soul to His heavenly mansion.—*Baring Gould.*

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXVI.

THERE are simple little ways and means for improving ourselves; as, for instance, in "getting on with others," as it is called. We are often told of bearing and forbearing, of being good-tempered and good-humored. But this is rather general. "Thou must learn to overcome self in many things, if thou wouldst live in peace and concord with others." But how is this difficult thing to be learned and done? Simply by striving to persuade ourselves of this great truth—that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth; that our business is with things infinitely more important. Hence such contradictions and difficulties seem to us like the whims and fancies of children, and will affect us only as such things do.

Even if nothing more ambitious be attempted, it is a good and wholesome beginning. How practical this information: "Thou wilt never be interior and devout unless thou pass over in silence other men's concerns, and look specially to thyself." For God Almighty is the only one who really knows; and, as Dr. Johnson says, those who keep their eyes on the ground will see dirt. Our author further explains it: that this judging of others makes us overlook ourselves. And if we attend to ourselves and God, these things will not appear even to exist. "What thou seest abroad will affect thee little." "Where art thou when thou art not present to thyself?"

LXVII.

Even in the pious we find certain "fads" and partialities. There are persons who can see no merit save in particular writers. They are passionate, let us say, for Cardinal Newman or Father Faber, every sentence of whose writings has magical force; all which partisanship seems to be founded on self-love. These writings are in favor because *we* like them ourselves. They are, somehow, our own views. But let us hear À Kempis on this matter: "We ought to read devout and simple books as willingly as those that are high and profound. Let not the authority of the author offend thee, whether he be of little or great learning; but let love of simple truth lead thee to read. Inquire not who may have said a thing, but consider *what* is said. Men pass away, but the truth of the Lord abideth forever. God speaks to us in divers ways, without respect of persons."

LXVIII.

There are few that know how to be grateful to God, or even how to *say* they are grateful. Every day indeed we repeat the conventional prayers in the conventional, mechanical manner: "Thou hast created me out of nothing, redeemed me," etc. But to be grateful and thankful in the proper, genuine way is a gift in itself, and must be prayed for. How much to this purpose, how robust and business-like is the following:

"Give me to understand Thy will, and to commemorate with great reverence and diligent consideration all Thy benefits, as well in general as in particular; that so henceforward I may be able worthily to give Thee thanks for them. I know, and confess indeed, that I am not able to return Thee due thanks of praise, not even for the least.... All things that we have in soul and body, and whatsoever outwardly or inwardly, naturally or supernaturally, we possess, are Thy benefits, and celebrate Thy bounty, mercy, and goodness, from whom we have received all good. Although one hath received more, another less, yet all are Thine, and without Thee even the least can not be had. He who hath received greater things can not glory of his own merit, or extol

himself above others, nor insult over the lesser; because he is indeed greater and better who attributeth less to himself, and is more humble and devout in returning thanks. But he who hath received fewer ought not to be saddened, nor take it ill, nor envy him that is more enriched; but attend rather to Thee, and very much praise Thy goodness, for that Thou bestowest Thy gifts so plentifully, so freely and willingly, without respect of persons. All things are from Thee, and therefore Thou art to be praised in all. Thou knowest what is expedient to be given to each; and why this one hath less and the other more is not ours to decide, but Thine."

(To be continued.)

The Monthyon Prizes.

IN the year 1820 there died in France a good nobleman who was also a distinguished lawyer, by name the Baron de Monthyon. Instead of leaving his property to people who did not need or deserve it, as so many do, he directed in his will that each year four prizes, of 10,000 francs each, should be given from the income of his estate. The first was to be bestowed upon the person who invented a method of making any mechanical art less unhealthful; the second, to the one who made the most useful invention connected with medicine or surgery; the third, to the author of the most moral book; the fourth, to the poor French person who had during the year performed the most meritorious action. We believe that all these prizes continue to be given; but it is the latter, popularly known as the Prize of Virtue, which annually excites most interest.

During all this time the stories of those who have been recipients of the Monthyon prizes would fill many volumes. A little boy of six, who saved a baby from drowning, was thus honored; faithful servants who have supported whole families; peasant women who have lived on crusts and given their earnings to charity; heroic preservers of life; devoted daughters,—it is a long roll, this list of those to whom the French Academy has awarded the Prize of Virtue. The most careful pains is taken to be sure that it is properly bestowed. There must be certificates from the principal persons of the place where the candidate lives, and he or she must be present in person when the witnesses are questioned.

This year the prize went to the Abbé Theuret, a good priest of Loigny, who risked his life in saving from death a large number of wounded soldiers in the battle of Loigny, during the Franco-Prussian war; and afterward, unaided, collected 240,000 francs, with which he built an immense tomb, where 200 French soldiers who died at that time sleep the soldiers' sleep.

The sainted General de Sonis said of the Abbé Theuret:

"The devotion of this good priest has been above praise. Day and night in our ambulances he sacrificed himself, and saved the souls as well as the bodies of the soldiers."

It may seem strange to us to bestow money as a reward of merit; but when one remembers that the recipient is always a poor person, the wisdom of the noble-hearted Baron de Monthyon will not be questioned.

IT is little enough, after all, that we can do. Let us, at least, do what we can to make this world better, by helping to brighten and purify our own little corner of it.

NOTHING can come without our own consent between the *thought* of the mind and the *wish* of the heart.

Notes and Remarks.

Unusual interest attaches to the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America this year. It is now a quarter of a century since the Union began its crusade against intemperance, and all who know the great change wrought in public opinion during these twenty-five years must be deeply grateful to the organization. It is inevitable that in this work, as in every other reform policy, individuals should sometimes create a suspicion of overzeal, which is easily understood and forgiven in view of the evil effects of drunkenness in breaking hearts, wrecking fortunes, and dealing destruction to soul and body. They are noble men and women, these champions of temperance, and the Silver Jubilee of their work ought to fill them with joy. That the Union has won the admiration and support of clergy and laity alike was shown by the concourse of prelates, priests and prominent laymen who attended the recent convention in New York.

Those who find it hard to sever their connection with societies condemned by the Church, as well as their sympathizers, are thus properly rebuked by *The Frater*, the official organ of a secret society in Oregon. It says: "While there is nothing in a fraternal order, as far as we know, that conflicts with man's religious liberty, still, if we were a Roman Catholic, and had taken upon ourselves the sacred vows of the Church, we would consider them more binding upon us than secular or fraternal ones; and, having this view of the matter, we never condemn a Roman Catholic for remaining obedient to his Church's mandates." Enough said.

Catholics have been gratified by the admiration expressed by the non-Catholic world for the present illustrious Pontiff; but the idea that "his life is being miraculously prolonged" is a new one for a Protestant to express. Such is the sober declaration of a non-Catholic contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, whose work commends him as a man of unusual power and culture. He affirms an "unmistakable renewal in the strength and vitality of the Papacy," which, he says, is now "a greater power in shaping the destinies of the world than the Tsar, the Emperor William, or all the foreign secretaries who fret and fume through the length and breadth of Europe." He is astonished that the Pope, though still in captivity, should have attained in our sceptical time to a moral influence greater than the Holy See has exercised at any time since the "Reformation"; that, far from showing any signs of decay, the Church is making such strides as to threaten to overshadow all other creeds. On the other hand, "the Archbishop of Canterbury can no more compel the mildest curate to conform to his views than a bumboat woman alongside a man-of-war can cause the captain to swallow her flyblown pies." (The writer is a captain in the Royal Navy.)

No proof could show more strikingly the stupendous change in the attitude of Protestants toward the Holy See than this article in the *Fortnightly*. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible to write thus in one of the most widely circulated organs of English thought.

The educational problem is perennial. In no other department of human effort, perhaps, has so much advance been made in recent years; and upon few causes are so much conscientious earnestness and energy expended. This augurs well for the future of education, and it is pleasant to note a more widespread appreciation, not only of mental training, but also of the development of character and the moral sense. Dr. Andrews, whose position as President of Brown University lends weight to his words, expressed the prevailing tendency in an address delivered before a congress of teachers held last month in Portland, Me. The heads of schools, he declared, not only should be moral teachers, but also should have beauty and strength of character. He would have æsthetic influences surrounding the school. In fact, every schoolhouse, to his mind, should be a veritable palace,—not only with the best of ventilation and light and equable warmth, so that it would be comfortable to pupil and teacher, but also with statues and choice paintings.

"These buildings should be of great architectural attractiveness; and outside there should be an extended park, perfectly laid out, so as to give both playground and flower-gardens, with a conservatory to supply flowers to adorn the class-room in winter." If this plan were carried out, President Andrews feels sure that the result would be such an improvement in the pupils that in fourteen years the conception of what it is to live would be completely changed.

Foreseeing that opposition might be offered to this plan, on the ground that in such schools religion can not be taught, President Andrews would have different denominations establish their houses for religious instruction on the very edge of the park surrounding the school-house, and give doctrinal instruction to the children before and after school. He would prefer to make religious teaching part of the curriculum, but believes this impossible with so many different faiths. Dr. Thwing, another college president, who followed Dr. Andrews, also urged the necessity of religious teaching.

If Catholics would know "how it feels" to be without a firm, unchanging faith, they need only dip into those interminable discussions of the axioms of religion which occupy learned men outside the Church. One sage propounds a beautiful theory of life; and another, apparently for the mere sake of dialectic exercise, pounces on it and tears it to tatters. Professor Goldwin Smith, who has, on occasion, shown remarkable sanity, relieves himself of some "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" in the *North American Review*, and occupies twenty pages in executing a few long-deceased corpses. His reasons for taking up the "Riddle" at this late hour are these:

"Ominous symptoms already appear. Almost all the churches have trouble with heterodoxy and are trying clergymen for heresy. Quite as significant seems the growing tendency of the pulpit to concern itself less with religious dogma and more with the estate of man in his present world. It is needless to say what voices of unbelief outside the churches are heard, and how high are the intellectual quarters from which they come. Christian ethics still in part retain their hold. So does the church as a social centre and a reputed safeguard of social order. But faith in the dogmatic creed is waxing faint. Ritualism itself seems to betray the need of a new stimulus, and to be in some measure an æsthetic substitute for spiritual religion."

Professor Smith lays no claim to being a prophet: he is simply a watcher. He proclaims no new evangel, but declares that dogmatic religion must go. Professor Smith misses his "guess," in this case at least. In the Catholic Church there is no diminution of faith in dogmatic teaching, and the testimony of Protestant clergymen who preach everything except religion is of no value. The people are as loyal to dogmatic truth now as they ever were. It is Protestantism, not faith, which is dying.

Miss Florence Peacock, writing in the *Dublin Review*, thus speaks of one of many beautiful customs which were destroyed or mutilated beyond recognition at the rise of Protestantism: "In pre-Reformation times what is now usually termed the passing-bell, and rung an hour or two after death, was then really and truly a *passing-bell;* for it was rung when the soul appeared to be at the point of doffing the mortal for the immortal, but before death had actually taken place. Its object was to let people know by its solemn sound that one amongst them was *in extremis*, and to remind them that it was their duty to spare a few minutes from the cares of this world to pray that the soul so soon to be beyond earthly help might turn toward God and His saints. Then some time after death had taken place it was again rung; and this time it was known as the *soul-bell*, and was sounded to let all know that the time for earthly contrition had passed away, and to beg them to pray for the final repose of the departed."

The custom of ringing the passing-bell before the death of a parishioner will surely commend itself to the clergy, and could easily be restored, at least in towns and villages. It was a public act of faith and charity, as beautiful as it must have been helpful to the fleeting spirit.

Charitably disposed persons might do "a world of good" by supplying public institutions—hospitals, prisons, asylums, etc.,—with

Catholic magazines, papers and books. There is a great dearth of suitable reading for prisoners and patients; the supply is everywhere far short of the demand. Thousands of unfortunates might thus be benefited. Not to speak of patients in hospitals in need of something to occupy their minds, there are criminals serving long terms, whose after life might easily be rectified through the influence of good reading. A priest of our acquaintance, who, according to custom, after saying Mass at the Indiana penitentiary on a recent Sunday, distributed the papers which had been entrusted to him, was astonished at the eagerness of the prisoners to secure something to read; and the gratitude of men of all religions and of no religion on receiving a Catholic periodical made him realize the importance of his commission. Those who can not distribute Catholic literature in this way, and yet desire to have part in so meritorious a work, may contribute money or stamps. We are sending a packet of papers, etc., every week to a number of institutions in various parts of the country, and are anxious to extend our list.

The people of Michigan, irrespective of religious belief, are enthusiastic over the proposel to erect a monument over the grave of Father Marquette at St. Ignace. A memorial celebration on the 7th inst. drew together 15,000 persons from all parts of the State. There was a grand parade on the occasion, in which Governor Rich and other distinguished citizens took part. The line of march was adorned with numerous arches, and the stores and dwelling-houses were gorgeously decorated. Eloquent speeches were made by Congressman Weadock, Judge Springer, and others. Indians in costume were a feature of the parade.

The announcement of the reopening of the Collegium Sapientiæ at Freiburg, in Baden, a famous ecclesiastical educational institution founded in the fifteenth century, is another proof of the revival of sacred learning. The institution will afford special instruction to theological students in all branches. The faculty numbers some eminent professors.

Obituary.

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

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

The Very Rev. Father Victor, C. P., widely known in the United States, and formerly attached to the Passionist Monastery at W. Hoboken, N. J., whose death took place lately in Italy; the Very Rev. James Hughes, LL. D., the venerable Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hartford, who passed to his reward on the 7th inst.; the Rev. C. J. O'Callaghan, of Portsmouth, N. H., who died a holy death some weeks ago; and the Rev. John McMahon, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death in June.

Mr. Robert Cranitch, who departed this life on the 20th ult., at Newtonville, Mass.

Mr. John D. Hayes, of Freeland, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 5th of May.

Mrs. W Loughlin, who piously breathed her last on the 26th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Messrs. Lewis and Conrad Carl, of St. Augustine, Pa.; Mr. Daniel Cannigan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Francis Donahue, Mr. Michael Gilroy, and Miss Mary Mathews, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Lucy Sullivan, Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. —— Rowan, Wayland, Mass.; Mr. E. V. McMullen and Mrs. Alice Rooney, Altoona, Pa.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline Indian Mission, Montana:

A Friend, Cornwall, Pa., $10; Anna Dwyer, $2; A Friend, New York, $1; Mary C., $1; In honor of St. Anthony, 25 cts.; Mr. Lawrence Denneny, $3; M. M. R., $5; Mrs. John B., 50 cts.; A Friend, Idaho, $2; Maria Navarre, $1; Mrs. Jane Conwell, $20; J. A. D., $10.

The Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

The Rev. A. M. C., $1; Mrs. M. Spittel, 50 cts.; In honor of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, $1; M. G. R., 55 cts.; Ellen Gale, 20 cts.; A Client, New York, $5; D. Daly, $1; A Friend, Whitinsville, Mass., $1; For Sister M., 50 cts.; A Friend, Iowa City, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. C. Cook, 50 cts.

The Lepers of Japan:

In honor of St. Joseph, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. Fenelon, $5; Mr. Lawrence Denneny, $1; A Child of Mary, Georgetown, D. C., $5; N. N., 50 cts.

The Hospital of Kumamoto:

A Friend, New Haven, $2; L. R. Weatherley, $1; M. S., $1; the Rev. D. L. M., $4; E. J. M., $1; the Rev. J. S., $1; "A Poor Woman," 26 cts.

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Camp-Fire Stories.

The Dragon Slayer.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

WHEN, about New Year's Day, Uncle George promised the boys that, if all went well, and their lessons and deportment marks were up to a certain average, he would go into camp with them for two weeks in July or August, there went up a great shout of applause. And the effect of the proclamation was soon seen. Even Budge, the lazy one, applied himself to his arithmetic with such zeal as was never known before; and Tot, the naughty one, began to acquire a countenance which reminded Ellen the cook "of them little chaps Mr. Raphael painted, a-leaning their elbows on the mantelpiece."

Uncle George was as good as his word (and a little better; for Budge got very tired of studying in due time, and Tot cut up his mother's best napkins for sails to his boat), and the 1st of July found them very comfortably situated on the borders of a romantic lake, about thirty miles from home. The name of the lake meant, according to the Indians, Shining Water; but if I should tell you what it is called on the map, you would all be wanting to go camping there yourselves. And then it would get so fashionable that Uncle George, who is a shy man, would never go there again. His name is not Uncle George when it appears in the papers. It is something else, and it has a very big handle to it; for it is the name of a distinguished naval officer. But he is only Uncle George to the merry troop of boys and girls to whom he sends Chinese idols and jars of preserved ginger, and to whom he tells stories whenever he is not off on a cruise.

They were sitting around the camp fire, of aromatic hemlock, pine and spruce boughs, that crackled and snapped as if a thousand brownies were having a ball; and Uncle George was considering what story to tell. Bears, even grizzlies, had lost their charm; Indians had palled upon the taste; cowboys had grown very commonplace. He had gone over and over the stories of all the naval engagements he had seen, until the little fellows knew them even better than he did.

"What shall it be about?" he asked. "Budge may choose."

Budge lifted up his head from the cushion and said lazily:

"Sea-serpents."

"O Budge," answered his uncle, "you know all my sea-serpent yarns! Will a dragon do?"

"Yes," was the chorus. "If the dragon is fierce and terrible enough it will do."

So here is Uncle George's story:

Long ago the brethren of an Order called the Knights of St. John lived upon the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean Sea. The word Rhodes is said to mean, in the Phœnician language, a serpent. How well the island deserved its name you will testify. At first the good Knights were

monks, whose business it was to succor and care for all pilgrims on their way to and from the Holy Land; but after a while, there being great need of strong arms at times, the Pope permitted them to fight when occasion required, as well as to attend to duties strictly religious. They nursed the sick, as well; and so were priests, knights and nurses all at the same time. And all this they did for love of God and their fellow-man, not for reward or applause. Over the brilliant red surcoat and black mantle each wore an eight-pointed cross of white—the Maltese cross.

Suddenly there began to be strange rumors of a dreadful creature, half crocodile, half snake, that had appeared in a swamp about two miles from the city of Rhodes. Sheep and cattle, straying to the morass for water, were carried off and devoured; and even shepherd boys were beginning to disappear. The swamp was at the foot of Mount St. Stephen, on top of which was a church to which pilgrims as well as Knights were wont to repair, but the visits now were attended with great danger. One Knight after another sallied out to kill the monster; but, as they never came back, the Grand Master issued an order forbidding any more of these dangerous quests. The dragon was said to be covered with scales like chain armor, which no weapon could penetrate.

Most of the Knights obeyed their superior without remonstrance; but one of them, Dieudonné de Gozon, a young Frenchman, forgot his duty in his fierce desire to rid the people of the terrific creature that was making such havoc in the beautiful island of Rhodes. He went once in search of the monster, took a good look at him, and got away as speedily as possible without striking a blow. Then he asked for leave of absence, and went home to his father's castle. His next step was to get made a model of the dragon, and so well had he used his eyes when within sight of it that this was an easy task. He had noticed that there were no scales upon its breast, and so he caused that part of the model to be made hollow and filled with food, and trained two savage mastiffs to attack it. He also taught his horse, so that he became familiar with the model, and not afraid of it. Then he took dogs and horse and went back to Rhodes,—not reporting to the Grand Master, but going direct to the Church of St. Stephen, where he commended himself to God, and asked His help in his undertaking.

It is getting late, boys, and I will only say that the dragon came out to meet him, as he expected, and was killed after a short and sharp encounter. And when it was all over the Knight was picked up for dead, so fierce had been the struggle. The people who found him brought him back to consciousness, and bore him upon their own shoulders into the presence of the Grand Master. And how do you suppose he was received?

"Sir Knight," said the Grand Master, "you are a brave man, and have done great service to the Order and island; but answer this: What is the first duty of a Knight who bears the cross of Christ on his coat of mail?"

"It is to obey," said Dieudonné, covered with shame.

"My son," went on the Grand Master, "there is a deadlier foe in the breast of one who scorns to obey than this beast has been to man. It is greater to give up one's own will than to slay a dragon. Out of my sight, you who refuse to bear your Saviour's yoke!"

The people screamed, and each Knight fell upon his knees to ask forgiveness for his rash brother. As for Dieudonné, he bent and kissed the Grand Master's hand, then humbly left the room.

"Come back, my noble son!" exclaimed the Grand Master. "You have conquered yourself—the true conquest."

Although this event took place in the

fourteenth century, writers as late as the seventeenth profess to have seen the dragon's head where it was placed over the city's gates.

Dieudonné de Gozon became Grand Master himself in time, and everyone loved him, especially the poor. On his tomb were these words: "Here lies the Dragon Slayer."

. . . .

So ended Uncle George's first story, and the boys declared they should not sleep a wink. Indeed, when Fred's pony came strolling into the dormitory tent about midnight, the camp was aroused by wild cries of "T e dragon!" But everybody declared it a good story, after all; and was ready for another the next night.

"The Child of the Temple."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

Nominally placed in charge of a tutor, the dauphin, already recognized throughout Europe and in La Vendée as Louis XVII., was committed to the care of an ignorant cobbler named Simon. The wife of the latter, whom the child was obliged to obey also, was short, stout, and ugly.

Louis was given his father's room. He remained in a corner for a long time, weeping bitterly, and during two days took no food except a crust of bread. "By what law am I separated from my mother?" he finally demanded. "Show me the law." But Simon muttered fiercely: "Be silent, young Capet!" Then he would not speak at all. "Ha!" cried his master, "you are dumb? I will teach you the new ideas and to sing the 'Carmagnole.'"

A few days later Simon made his pupil a present of a jew's-harp, saying: "Your she-wolf of a mother and your aunt play on the harpsichord: you must accompany them on the jew's-harp. What a jolly clatter you will make of it!" Feeling that an insult was intended by the gift, the boy threw it away, at which the cruel man beat him unmercifully. Such, indeed, became his keeper's brutal practice. "You may punish me if I am at fault," protested the poor, helpless little fellow on one occasion; "but you must not beat me, sir. Do you hear?"—"I shall do as I please, you young animal!" shouted the cruel man.

Simon appealed to the Committee of Public Safety as to what should be done with the prince. "Is he to be slain?"—"No."—"Poisoned?"—"No."—"Well, what, then?"—"Get rid of him," was the laconic answer.

When the news of the success of the Austrian troops on the frontier reached Paris, Simon sprang upon the child, growling: "Cursed whelp! you are half Austrian. You deserve to be half killed." Upon the defeat of the Republican army at Saumur he again visited his anger upon his victim, taking him by the hair and knocking him about most cruelly. Big tears rolled down the child's cheeks, but not a cry escaped him. He did not wish his mother to know of the ill-treatment he received. His books were used to light Simon's pipe, his maps and pencils thrown away. From this tutor he could learn only Revolutionary songs, the horrible oaths then in vogue, and all evil.

When it became necessary for him to have new clothes, Simon had made for him a little coat and trousers of red cloth, in the style of the "Carmagnole," and a red cap, the badge of those who put his father to death. No amount of abuse could force him to put on the latter, however; and Simon's wife at length bade her husband to "Let him alone"; guaranteeing that he would not be so obstinate another time. Occasionally she would thus take his part; but she, too, made of him a little slave. "He is a nice, amiable child," she acknowledged to a person whose

servant she had once been. "He cleans my shoes, and brings the foot-stove to my bedside in the morning."

Simon's office was, however, not only to break the spirit and destroy the physical strength of the boy, but also to corrupt his heart and moral nature. With this object the wretched child was plied with wine, which he greatly disliked. When he was stupefied by it, his master's control over him was complete.

Sometimes he was taken to walk on the platform of the tower. This platform was divided by a partition, and the princesses were occasionally permitted to take the air on the other side. After much patient waiting, Marie Antoinette once managed to obtain a glimpse of her idolized son through a crevice of the boards. But what a sight it was! He wore the "red cap" and followed his jailer with a hangdog look. Besides, Simon, happening to be in a rage, vented it in execrations against the prince. Not long afterward the Queen was removed to the Conciergerie.

The brutal cobbler even tried to teach the lad the dreadful songs against his mother sung in the streets; and upon his refusal to repeat them, threw an andiron at him. Despite all this cruelty, when the victories of the Vendeans began to cause Simon some uneasiness and he asked, "Capet, if they should rescue you what would you do to me?" the child answered, sweetly, "I would pardon you."

Simon was relied upon to supply evidence to convict Marie Antoinette. Rendering his innocent little charge imbecile with liquor, and standing over him ready to fell him with a blow if he demurred, the wretch compelled him to answer the mayor and solicitor of the Commune as they wished, and to sign a paper of accusation against his mother, not knowing what he did. His signature to another paper inculpating his aunt was afterward obtained in the same manner. On the first occasion, Marie Thérèse was confronted with her brother. They were about to rush into each other's arms, but were prevented from doing so. When the charges were read to the young girl, she exclaimed, indignantly: "It is an infamy!" The unhappy boy had no recollection of the occurrence, and never knew of the execution of the Queen.

Notwithstanding his misery, he still remembered his mother's teachings, and would often, when he thought himself alone, join his hands and begin to say his prayers. Sometimes, too, while asleep he would get upon his knees and seem to be praying. One night Simon found him thus, and said to his wife: "Come and look at the little superstitious fool praying in his sleep!" Then taking a pail of water, he dashed it over him. Louis awoke, and without a cry threw himself down in his bed, chilled and dripping with water. But Simon caught and shook him violently, reiterating: "I'll teach you, young villain, to be muttering your *Pater Nosters*, and getting up at night to pray like a monk." And, seizing his own heavy shoe, he struck his hapless victim on the face. "What have I ever done that you should want to kill me?" sobbed the boy.

Yet even in these days the child made friends. A commissioner named Barelle tried to be kind to him in various small ways; and a good-natured turnkey named Monnier made him a present of several live canary birds. One of these was tamer than the rest; and the delighted little prince tied a bit of red ribbon to its leg, and played with his tiny feathered companion nearly the whole time. But, alas! when the inspecting commissioners saw his pet, one of them cried: "What! A bird with a decoration! An aristocrat! This can not be allowed." Poor Louis was deprived of his cheery playfellow, and the affair was spoken of as the Conspiracy of the Canaries.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Guzman the Good.

It was near the close of the thirteenth century, and the soldiers of Castile and Aragon had seen one Moorish city after another yield to their conquering arms. King Sancho had succeeded his father, the lamented Don Alonzo VI., upon the throne. Sancho's brother, Don Juan, filled with hatred and chagrin, had fled to the Portuguese court, taking in his train as page the little son of a knight known as Guzman el Bueno, or The Good, from his many fine qualities of head and heart.

Soon after the desertion of his brother, King Sancho laid siege to the queer old seaport of Tarifa, which he captured after six long and weary months. But how to hold it was another question. There seemed to be no way but to destroy it and forsake it; when the grand master of the military Order of Calatrava came to the rescue, saying that he and his Knights would hold the town for one year, if some one could be found to undertake the task at the end of that time.

"I will, by the help of God," cried Guzman the Good.

So the Knights of Calatrava held Tarifa for one year before Guzman's turn came.

But what about the little page, Guzman's eldest and best-beloved son, who was a captive in the train of Don Juan at the court of the King of Portugal? This King, by the way, was in a sad dilemma, not knowing what to do with his unwelcome guest and his great party of followers, among them the little lad. But a curt message from King Sancho gave him a way out of his embarrassing position; for the King sent word that the monarch who harbored his rebellious brother was no friend. So the King of Portugal asked Don Juan to take his people and depart.

The visitor was indignant, but helpless; however, he made a virtue of necessity.

"I will," he said, "help the Moors to take back Tarifa from my brother."

The Moorish leader, being in sad plight, was glad to have his help, and readily granted him the five thousand horsemen for which he asked, and at whose head he rode up to the gates of the city, demanding its surrender.

"I will not give up Tarifa to the infidel, or to a Christian apostate who helps the infidel!" went back the ringing answer from Guzman, who, with all his family, save his little son, had taken up his abode in the beleaguered city.

But the cruel Don Juan had other weapons than the swords of his troopers. He led the child of Guzman before the gates, and sent word within that he would kill him unless the city yielded.

Guzman the Good stood upon the wall. The boy held out his arms to the father whom he had not seen for a year. The father gazed upon him for a few moments, weeping bitterly; then he cried:

"I will not have my son made use of against my country. If you put him to death you will but confer honor on me, true life on my son, and on yourself eternal shame in this world and everlasting wrath in the world to come. I will not yield Tarifa or betray my trust; and if you need a knife for your cruel purpose, there it is!"

Then, casting his knife over the wall, he went into the castle. Soon a great tumult arose, and the people, both outside and within, shrieked in horror; for the mad fury of Don Juan had done its work, and the little boy was dead. The murderer, against whom even the Moors turned, became a despised wanderer, and the siege was abandoned.

Guzman lived long after that, and other sons succeeded him; and some of the proudest people in Spain count it as their chief honor that they are descended from one who kept his plighted word, although it cost him the dearest treasure he possessed.

FRANCESCA.

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

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The Lily-Heart.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE golden summer bows her queenly head
And fills the woods with her sweet, lang'rous breath.
The warm earth thrills with rapture. Nature's death
Seems far remote. In sunlight ruby-red
The inland lake displays its lily-bed—
Its glassy breast whereon the wild swan stirs.
By crystal dews and honeyed zephyrs fed,
August still lingers; Mary's Heart is hers.

On the deep, silent lake of that pure Heart,
Flush'd with the light of God's ecstatic love,
The virgin thoughts, like lilies, bloom apart:
Like snowy swans, the white-wing'd fancies move.
Queen of all nature, and the wealth thereof,
Mary! the Mistress of all grace thou art.

A Study in Dante.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in May, 1265, in Florence, at a time when Italy contained within its boundaries much of all that the world had of greatness or learning. He died at Ravenna on the Feast of the Uplifting of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1321, in his fifty-seventh year. His family was of the Florentine nobility, and moderately wealthy. While he was a child he met a certain Beatrice Portinari, a girl of his own age and rank, who enters as a very important character in the great poem. His love for her was earnest enough, but idealized, especially in his latter years, after the manner of mediæval chivalry. She married Simon de' Bardi, and died in 1290, in her early youth. Dante himself married Gemma dei Donati in 1293. She was of the powerful Florentine house, the Donati.

From the beginning of the thirteenth century two parties, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, kept Florence and the greater part of Tuscany and Lombardy in continual turmoil. The German Emperor took up the quarrel of these Ghibellines, and the adherents of the Pope sided with the Guelfs. Dante was by birth a Guelf, but after his banishment from Florence he became a Ghibelline; he never, however, degenerated into a mere partisan.

In 1300 he was chosen in the annual election as one of the six priors to govern Florence. During his administration a new outbreak of the Guelf-Ghibelline contest occurred, and Charles of Valois entered Italy to proclaim peace in the name of the Pope. The Florentines sent Dante and others to Rome to Boniface VIII. to protest against French interference, and during his absence on this mission Dante's enemies seized the gov-

ernment; his property was confiscated, and a decree was promulgated which condemned him to death by fire. Thus Dante was banished from Florence, the "*bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello*," never to return. He saw that there was to be no home for him on earth,—

> "Thou shalt relinquish everything of thee
> Beloved most dearly; this that arrow is
> Shot from the bow of exile first of all;
> And thou shalt prove how salt a savor hath
> The bread of others, and how hard a path
> To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs." *

During twenty-one bitter years of wandering he bent the whole force of his superhuman intellect to the task of composing the Divine Comedy, "the most remarkable of all modern books," as Carlyle with good reason calls it; and he compressed the entire mediæval world, material and spiritual, into his wonderful poem. With the words of the Prophet Isaiah in his mind, "I said in the midst of my days I shall go to the gates of hell," † Dante begins the *Commedia*. He was thirty-five years of age then, at the midway of life. Hell, according to his notion thereof, is a funnel-shaped abyss, reaching from the crust to the centre of the earth; and it was formed when Lucifer and his followers crushed into our planet after they were hurled from Paradise. It consists of a succession of gulfs, or terraces, called circles, which grow narrower as they descend. Leigh Hunt ‡ tells us that commentators calculate the uppermost diameter of the abyss to be three hundred and fifteen miles; and the lowermost, one quarter of a mile.

Dante distinguishes between sins of human frailty and sins of malice. The first are punished in the upper, the latter in the lower hell. Sins of malice, moreover, are committed by force or fraud; and since sins of fraud are greater than sins of violence, because they proceed from abuse of the intellect, man's highest gift, they are punished in the third, or lowest, division of the Inferno. Again, since treachery is the most heinous kind of fraud, this crime is atoned for in the uttermost depth of hell,—in the frozen lake, which is thus chilled because it is so far removed from the fire of God's charity. The poem opens with these words:

> "In the midway of this our mortal life,
> I found me in a gloomy wood astray,
> Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell
> It were no easy task, how savage wild
> That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
> Which to remember only, my dismay
> Renews, in bitterness not far from death."

On the night of Holy Thursday in the year 1300 he entered the gloomy wood; and, after anxious wandering, he reached the foot of a mountain on Good Friday, at "matin dawn in the sweet spring season." The mountain top was flooded with sunlight. Gladly Dante began the ascent of the slope, when lo! a panther sprang into the pathway. He did not greatly fear the panther; but straightway a lion, hunger-mad, came against him, and after it a ravening she-wolf. Thus, step by step, he was driven back toward the terrible wood. Then the spirit of the poet Virgil appeared to him, and delivered him from the lion and the she-wolf. Virgil offered himself as Dante's guide through hell and purgatory, up to that point where Beatrice, who had sent the Latin poet on this mission, would herself come to lead Dante through paradise. Virgil told him also that our Blessed Lady and St. Lucy were keeping special watch over him. Dante was thus encouraged to go forward.

The allegory so far means that the Florentine poet is the representative of the human race seeking to ascend the mountain to God, but he is driven back by the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf; which symbolize the concupiscence of the flesh, the pride of life, and the concupiscence of the eyes. The care of Our Lady means that through Mary we should go to God; St. Lucy symbolizes supernatural light;

* Inferno, x, 85. † Isaiah, xxxviii, 10.
‡ "Stories from the Italian Poets."

Beatrice is grace; and Virgil is nature and natural science.

On Good Friday, when the day was departing and the air was imbrowned with shadows, Dante and Virgil reached the gate of hell. Over the portals' lofty arch were graven the words:

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me Divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in." *

The canto of which these are the first words "begins in the original," as Longfellow remarked, "with a repetition of sounds like the tolling of a funeral bell—*dolente . . . dolore!*" They passed within the gates,—"*Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai.*"

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies." †

Yet these were not the souls of the utterly wicked. They were those who had lived without praise or blame,—the lukewarm, thinking only of themselves; cowards, indifferent. With them were the faint-hearted angels who fought neither for God nor against Him in the war with Satan.

". . . This the sect was of the caitiff wretches,
Hateful to God and to His enemies.
These miscreants, who never were alive,
Were naked, and were stung exceedingly
By gadflies and by hornets that were there.
These did their faces irrigate with blood,
Which with their tears commingled."

Among these souls, so numerous that Dante never thought Death so many had undone, and who forever rushed on after a whirling, restless flag, the two poets saw

"the shade of him
Who made through cowardice the great refusal."

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* Longfellow's translation. † Cary's translation.

This is generally believed to be Pope St. Celestine V., who abdicated the papal power in 1294. When the *Commedia* was written Celestine was not yet canonized, and the supernatural motive of the abdication was not known. He renounced the pontificate, which he felt was beyond his power; and he had a right to do so. His disinterestedness is praised by Petrarch as the act rather of an angel than of a man. Speaking of this place in the Inferno, Carlyle says of Dante himself:

"His scorn, his grief are as transcendent as his love; as, indeed, what are they but the inverse or converse of his love? *A Dio spiacenti ed á nemici sui*,—'Hateful to God and to the enemies of God': lofty scorn, inappeasable, silent reprobation, and aversion; '*non ragionam di lor*,' we will not speak of *them:* look only and pass. Or think of this: 'They have not the hope to die,'—*Non hanno speranza di morte!* One day it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante that he, wretched, never resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die;* that destiny itself could not doom him not to die. Such words are in the man."

Going forward, the poets reached the shore of the great flood Acheron; and there a multitude, which could not be told in numbers, was waiting on the bank. Then, coming swiftly in a boat they saw a man, "hoary with the hair of eld," crying:

"'Woe unto you, ye souls depraved!
Hope nevermore to look upon the heavens;
I come to lead you to the other shore,
To the eternal shades in heat and frost!'"

Then to Dante he shouted: "Get thee away from the dead, thou who standest there, live spirit!"

"Vex thee not, Charon," Virgil answered; "he hath leave to go on, beyond thy power to question."

"But all those souls who weary were and naked,
Their color changed and gnashed their teeth together
As soon as they had heard those cruel words."

They blasphemed God and their parents, the humankind and the hour of birth;

and all the while they were driven on, by a fear that became a desire, toward the banks of the dreadful flood.

The demon Charon gathered them together, striking the laggards pitilessly with his heavy oar. One by one they dropped into his boat, like leaves from a bough in autumn till all the bough is bare. Then came a terrible earthquake, and a whirlwind swept up through this land of tears, and over all was the scarlet glare of lightning. Thereat Dante lost consciousness for terror, and during his swoon he was swept over the flood. A crash of thunder broke his lethargy, and he found that he was upon the brink of an abysmal gulf, from which came up the gathered thunders of infinite wailings. He could see nothing down it, for the black, smoky clouds.

"'Let us descend now into the blind world,'
Began the poet, pallid utterly."

Dante made answer: "If even thou fearest, what is to become of me?"

"It is pity, not fear," replied Virgil, "that makes me change color."

With these words his guide led Dante down into the First Circle, the Limbo of the unbaptized,—the border-land, as the name denotes. They moved through "a forest of thick-crowded ghosts," of men, women, and children. There were no lamentations in this place, but a world of sighs that made tremble the eternal air; for the souls lived in sorrowing desire without hope.

Here, in a noble, seven-walled castle on a radiant hill, dwelt spirits of great dignity, apart from the rest. They were thus favored because of their honorable names upon earth. This was also Virgil's dwelling. As they approached the hill, Dante saw four mighty shades, grave of countenance, advancing toward them. Virgil said:

"'Him with the falchion in his hand behold,
Who comes before even as their lord.
That one is Homer, poet sovereign;
He who comes next is Horace the satirist;
The third is Ovid, and the last is Lucan.'"

Homer's sword is a symbol of his warlike epic. They honored Dante, and made him, he says, the sixth of their number. He met many heroes here and great philosophers, and then passed on into the darkness again.

They went down into the Second Circle. The demon Minos, the judge of hell, sits at the entrance, gnarling; and he intimates the circle into which each lost soul is to be plunged, by the number of folds into which he casts his tail round about himself. They succeeded in passing Minos, and they arrived at a place, "mute of all light," which bellowed with furious cross-winds like the sea in a tempest. This is the beginning of hell proper, the first place of torment, and the habitation of carnal sinners. The infernal hurricane, full of stifled voices, hurtled the spirits onward forever,—whirling them away to and fro through the air, and dashing them one against another; and they, wailing and shrieking, cried out against God.

Virgil pointed out many as they were swept along. Then comes the famous episode of Francesca da Rimini, which Leigh Hunt describes as standing in the Inferno here, "like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." Dante remarked a particular couple; he called them as they came near, and they were allowed to stop and tell their story. Francesca was the daughter of Count Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and her companion was Paolo Malatesta, her brother-in-law. They were both murdered by Francesca's husband, Gianciotto Malatesta, through jealousy. She told the poets how they had loved and how they died,—"*Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.*" An old story, like that of Tristram and Iseult, but not so full of guile.

"One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;

But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating."

Then through the stillness, just as their lips touched, behind them rose Gianciotto, and he stabbed twice and thrust them down to hell.

"Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai*," observes Carlyle. "Strange to think: Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father. Francesca herself may have sat upon the poet's knee as a bright, innocent little child. Infinite pity yet also infinite rigor of law.... What a paltry notion is that of his Divine Comedy's being a poor, splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigor, can not pity either."

The Third Circle of hell is a place of everlasting rain, darkness, and cold,—one heavy slush of hail and snow and mud all noisome. Here was the triple-headed monster Cerberus, baying savagely, and rushing over the wretches lying in the mud, tearing, flaying, and dismembering them; and they howled through the rain like dogs, and rolled about their sore and sodden bodies. These were the gluttons. Virgil threw lumps of clay into the mouths of Cerberus, and the poets passed on over the prostrate spirits.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" roared the demon Plutus as the poets were descending into the Fourth Circle.

"Peace, thou accursed wolf!" cried Virgil. "No one can hinder his coming down. God wills it!"

Whereat—

"As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop, suddenly collapsed, if the mast split,
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend."

The avaricious and the prodigal in vast multitudes are tormented in this circle. With frenzied strength they eternally rolled forward enormous weights, and dashed one against another with terrific violence, crying, "Why hoardest thou?" and, "Why squanderest?"

It was past midnight. Dante and his guide crossed the plain and descended through a gully along a dark torrent into the Fifth Circle, where lay a great morass. Out beyond this were the waves of the wide, dim Stygian Lake. They saw naked spirits, all mud-besprent, buried in the marsh; and these people, in everlasting rage, struck not with the hands alone, but with the head and breast and feet; tearing one another piecemeal with their fangs. They were those who had been given to anger on the earth. In the black pool rose up bubbles from those fastened in the slimy bottom, and out of the depths came a horrible chant:

"'We sullen were
In the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened,
Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;
Now we are sullen in this sable mire.'"

The poets approached a tower, where a signal-light was hung out; and across the murky waters, swifter than an arrow, came a boat ferried by the demon Phlegyas. He was forced to carry the poets across the lake. As they went, a lost soul uprose from the slime, and it cried out to Dante:

"Who art thou that comest before thy time?"

"Although I come I stay not," answered Dante. "And who art thou?"

"Thou seest I am one who weeps," said the soul.

"In mourning and in woe, curst spirit, tarry thou! I know thee well, even thus in filth disguised."

The wretch, in fury, laid hold on the boat; but Virgil thrust him back, crying: "Down with thee! Down among the other dogs!"

Then the souls about him seized this spirit and drenched him in the mire, crying: "Have at him! Have at Filippo Argenti!"

And the dark Florentine for fury ground his teeth into his own flesh.

Now a terrible lamentation came through the gloom; and, looking, Dante saw the moat and the red-hot iron walls and turrets of the city of Dis, or Satan. They went around the glowing battlements until they reached a gate, and there Phlegyas bade them debark. When the poets would enter the city, thousands of demons rushed out, angrily shouting:

> "Who is it that without death
> Goes through the kingdom of the people dead?"

Virgil went forward to parley with them, leaving Dante horror-stricken; but the demons would not let them pass, and then even Virgil grew disheartened. Suddenly three ghastly figures, raging and all covered with blood, rose above the mighty gates. Green hydras twisted about them; and on their heads were living snakes for hair.

"Look!" cried Virgil,—"the Furies!"

The three dire sisters stood there on high, tearing their own breasts and hideously shrieking. Seeing Dante, they shouted:

"Bring the Gorgon's head; change him to stone!"

"Turn away!" exclaimed Virgil. "If thou shouldst look at the Gorgon, never more wilt thou return upward."

At that moment Dante, clinging in terror to Virgil, heard coming across the dim waters a thunderous, crashing noise, like the roar of a hurricane through a forest when it splits and hurls away the trees; and he saw thousands of lost souls and demons scurrying away, like frogs at the coming of a serpent, before a single angel of God, who swept dry-shod over the waves, pushing the gross air from before his face. Virgil made a sign to Dante to be silent and to bow down. The angel, with face full of lofty scorn, came up and touched the massive gates with a wand, and they flew open.

"Outcasts of heaven," said the angel to the demons, "despicable race, whence this wild excess of insolence?" Then he turned swiftly and departed, not addressing a word to the two poets.

The two companions now entered the gates; and they beheld a broad plain full of graves, red-hot, from which burst rolling flames beside the open covers. This is the Sixth Circle, where the arch-heretics and their followers are tormented. As they went along between the lofty battlements and the burning tombs, a lost soul rose up half-way out of his sepulchre.

> "His breast and forehead there
> Erecting seemed as in high scorn he held
> E'en hell."

It was Farinata degli Uberti, a leader of the Florentine Ghibellines, doomed to this place in the City of Heretics because he had been an epicurean. He reminded the poets of his triumphs over Dante's ancestors, the Guelfs: how he drove them from Florence.

"If thou didst, they came back again each time," answered Dante,—"an art their enemies have never learned."

As they spoke another shade arose from the same grave, and showed its eager face above the brink. This was the Guelf Cavalcanti, the father of Dante's dear friend Guido. The ghost of Cavalcanti thinks, from a word let fall by Dante, that Guido, his son, is dead, and he falls back moaning into the fiery sepulchre. Here were the Ghibelline Farinata, whom Dante really respected, and Cavalcanti the Guelf, whom he loved, burning side by side. There is no partiality here.

The poets then went forward among the tombs, and began to descend toward the Seventh Circle through a precipitous chasm, full of jagged crags and loose rocks, shaken down by the earthquake which convulsed all hell when Our Lord descended into Limbo "to carry off from Dis the mighty spoil." At the summit of this terrible descent lay the Minotaur. When the monster saw them he gnawed

himself for rage; but the poets fled past him before he could recover enough from his madness to rush at them. The precipice here separates the first from the second division of hell.

At the foot of the laborious Alpine descent they came upon large bands of centaurs running, "with keen arrows armed," along the banks of a vast, bow-shaped river, the Phlegethon, that wound about the plain; and for water the river was filled with boiling blood. In this blood, more or less deep according to their crimes, and shrieking as they boiled, were the souls of the violent, freebooters, murderers, tyrants. If any of them rose up higher from the terrible stream than he had a right to rise, the centaurs drove him down by shooting barbed arrows at him.

When the guardians of this red moat saw the poets, three of them galloped forward; and Chiron, the centaur who instructed Achilles, pushing his beard from his mouth with the notch of an arrow, cried: "Look! he that is behind is not a spirit: he moveth the stones with his feet!" This is a touch of Dante's wonderful imagination; very simple *after* it is written, but only men like Dante and Homer think of such things. After some words, the centaur Nessus went with the poets to show them a ford across the river of blood.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

ALL creatures unite together, all help one another; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world; the work has been apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If in this apportionment errors are committed, if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole.—*Emile Souvestre.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

I.—Among the Banditti.

ON a pleasant April morning in the year 18— three young Englishmen, with their servants and guides, were traversing the road which lies between Athens and Corinth. He who rode first was Alfred, Earl of Kingscourt, a man of remarkable personal beauty. His regular features were almost severe in outline; but his dark brown eyes, friendly and fearless, softened the effect which might have been produced by the *contour* of his face. The owner of many rich acres in England and Scotland, which yielded him a princely income, he was the darling of society, angled for and coveted by numbers of aristocratic dowagers and their no less friendly daughters. So far his affections had remained entirely disengaged. Occupying himself with zeal in the various political and social questions of the day, his influence promised to make itself well and deeply felt. His companions were Bertin Rollis, also the younger son of an earl; and Captain Wilbraham, a distinguished officer of the —— Guards.

"We may be glad that we have escaped the attention of the brigands," said Bertin, as the three friends rode slightly in advance of the rest of the party. "Still, the apprehension of danger has given zest to our journey."

"A fig for such zest!" replied Captain Wilbraham. "Last year, on this very road, two Englishmen were taken prisoner by the rascals, and kept in durance six long months. One of them died of exposure; the other, after paying an enormous ransom, returned home, shattered both in body and mind."

"There is not much likelihood of danger," remarked Lord Kingscourt. "We have reliable guides; the Consul said we might trust them entirely."

"The guides and banditti are usually confederates," said Bertin.

"However that may be," returned Kingscourt, "I have little fear that ours will play us false, having been so strongly recommended and munificently paid."

At this moment the principal guide rode forward at a sharp trot. After he had passed them Kingscourt said:

"I admit that Paulos is not the owner of a very prepossessing countenance, but you can not deny that he is a picturesque-looking beggar."

The others were silent. Meanwhile Paulos rode on, peering from side to side into the underbrush which lined the road, and occasionally glancing backward.

"A lonely region," observed Captain Wilbraham at length.

They were entering a narrow defile, grown with wild orange trees and bushes of various kinds; above it high cliffs frowned menacingly down upon the travellers.

Suddenly the sharp notes of a whistle pierced the air. They drew rein quickly, hugging the rocky wall. At that instant a dozen men, in picturesque attire, sprang from the thick underbrush, barring the way. They were armed to the teeth. Pointing their pistols at the travellers, they shouted: "Do not touch your weapons!" While the leader cried out in good English: "If you offer any resistance, you will be shot down without mercy."

Paying no attention to the threat, Kingscourt reached for his revolver. Rollis and Wilbraham followed his example. A quick glance convinced the former that the guides had betrayed them. Two of the servants had already thrown themselves on their knees before the robbers, and were crying loudly for mercy. The third, that of Lord Kingscourt, standing close to his master, awaited his pleasure.

"Four against fifteen," said Kingscourt, allowing the hand which held the revolver to fall at his side. "The rogues are too many for us."

"You are wise, my Lord," rejoined the captain of the robbers, with a smile.

Incensed as he was, Lord Kingscourt could not but admire the carriage and bearing of the robber; his voice and manners showed intelligence and culture.

"You are Spiridion?" he asked.

"I am Spiridion," replied the other, coldly. "Be kind enough to surrender into my keeping your purses, jewels, watches, and everything of value you may have about you."

So saying he pulled off his cap, in which the travellers speedily, if reluctantly, deposited the required valuables.

"You have no more money?" inquired the robber.

"That is all," answered the trio with one accord.

"It is not satisfactory," continued the captain. "I shall therefore be obliged to retain Lord Kingscourt and Mr. Rollis. Wil—Wil—Wilbraham (barbaric name!) may go free."

"Why this discrimination?" asked Lord Kingscourt, angrily; although he knew the reason perfectly well.

"The Captain has but little money," replied the robber, without hesitation, "and we need a messenger. Let him go hence at once to Athens; and if matters can not be arranged there, proceed without delay to England, where he will say that Spiridion demands a ransom of twenty thousand pounds for Lord Kingscourt and five thousand for Mr. Rollis." Turning to Captain Wilbraham, he went on, gravely: "Perhaps my Lord will send through you a demand upon his bankers—"

"'My Lord' will do nothing of the kind!" cried the Earl, stepping forward. "I shall never be guilty of compounding a felony, even to save my life. Unless I am much mistaken, my government will take the matter in hand; and then, my good Spiridion, beware!"

Once more Spiridion smiled, and this time there was defiance in his smile.

"Behind these rocky barriers, from the depths of my mountain caves, I defy the world, my Lord," he answered; and his swarthy cheek, brown with the suns of many campaigns, took on a deeper hue. "Look you, gentlemen. I swear by all that is sacred to me, that if in three months' time the ransom I have demanded be not forthcoming, I will send an ear from each of your handsome heads as a reminder to your friends; and if at the expiration of another month no attention is paid to my claims, I will send the two remaining ears to rejoin their fellows, with a right hand of each to keep them company. So piece by piece shall you be returned to your English home. Do you understand?"

His voice was low, his tones unruffled; but the flush upon his cheek and the fire in his eye betrayed the depth of his resolve.

"Your words are air," said Lord Kingscourt, with a contemptuous wave of the hand. "Of such stuff as this are braggarts made. What say you, Rollis? Is it not so?"

But before Rollis could speak, Spiridion interrupted him, and now there was anger in his voice.

"Captain Wilbraham," he cried, "return as speedily as possible to Athens, there to await further instructions from me!"

Wilbraham looked at Lord Kingscourt, who slowly shook his head, but said nothing. Rollis, on the contrary, said, in a solicitous tone:

"Wilbraham, if nothing else can be done, follow the instructions of our Greek friend. He is undoubtedly in the ascendency here. For my part, I am anxious that when my ears return to England I may be able to accompany them."

"Trust me," replied Wilbraham, "to do all I can toward effecting your release."

"Enough!" Spiridion exclaimed, turning Wilbraham's horse in the direction of Athens. "Let me have a word with you in private, sir."

"Farewell!" cried the Captain, waving his hand.

"Stay!" said Kingscourt. "My servant must go with you."

"I will not leave you, my Lord!" cried Briggs. "Where you go, I go also. I beseech you do not send me away."

"Faithful servant!" said Spiridion, with a grim smile. "I promise you, as a reward for your fidelity, that if your master's ears are dispatched to England, your own shall bear them company." Then, turning to the Earl, he continued: "And now, my Lord, permit me to lead you to my humble retreat. I can boast neither ancestral castles nor the society of the great; but you will learn that I have the allegiance of stout hearts, whose fealty I would not exchange for all the honors of a king. Forward, comrades!"

Turning sharply as he spoke into a narrow path which led from the defile into the underbrush, they made a few steps onward, when Spiridion suddenly called:

"Halt, gentlemen! We find it necessary to blindfold your eyes; so that when your ransom is paid, you may not use your freedom to my detriment. Alessandro, Luigi, bind the eyes of the prisoners."

The work was speedily accomplished, after which the hands of the captives were bound behind their backs; and, thus rendered helpless, the ascent of the rocky path was begun. Not a word was spoken. At the end of three hours a halt was made; all dismounted and pursued their way on foot, still in silence. At the expiration of another half hour a growth of underbrush was pushed aside, and the robbers, one by one, passed through what appeared to be a crevice in the rock. The captives were pushed through by those in the rear. A few steps, and they entered a large cave, which led to another of still greater size. Then the bandages were removed from their eyes, the thongs from their hands, and, with a sigh of relief, they lifted their heads and looked about them.

"A true banditti's cave!" said Rollis to his friend, in a low voice.

Kingscourt made no reply, but gazed keenly around.

The cavern in which they found themselves was not only large, but also high and airy. Through an opening in the rear they could both see and hear the course of a tiny waterfall, which, tumbling over a large, irregular stone, disappeared into a crevice beneath, where it found an outlet. At the farthest end of the cave a cheerful fire was blazing, over which a huge kettle was steaming. Lanterns hung from the rocky roof, shedding a dull light, which gave a weird effect to the apartment.

"I wonder where the smoke finds exit?" said Rollis, looking upward to the vaulted arch above him.

"Wherever that may be," answered Kingscourt, speaking for the first time in many hours, "you may be sure there is a forest above it, so that all vestige of it may be lost."

"No doubt you are admiring your surroundings," remarked Spiridion, who had been occupied in the background, but who now came forward.

Neither of the young men made any reply.

"This apartment does not constitute our entire establishment," Spiridion went on. "Although not quite what you might desire, nor what you would enjoy at home, we are able to give you separate apartments. Nevertheless, we do not try to make them so comfortable as strangers might wish; otherwise they would no doubt become indifferent as to ransom. Luigi," he added, with a quick gesture of the hand, "conduct these gentlemen to their private apartments. They may desire to be alone."

"Come!" exclaimed the robber whom Spiridion had addressed.

They followed him in silence. After traversing the whole length of the larger chamber, they reached what appeared to be a hole in the solid rock, divided in two, and also separated from the outer hall by leathern curtains. But, unlike the large apartment, the walls were reeking with dampness. A couple of thick rugs lay upon the ground.

"Strangers," said the Greek, "here you will sleep; those rugs will serve to keep you warm."

"What! On the bare ground!" cried Rollis, indignantly.

"I would not put a dog in such a place," said Kingscourt, peering into the gloom.

"You need not remain here long, gentlemen," said the voice of Spiridion, who had followed in their rear. "The sooner you comply with my conditions, the sooner you may return to your beds of eider-down. As you will observe, the moisture of these walls might conduce toward the development of any rheumatic or consumptive tendency to which either of you might possibly be inclined. But," with a significant shrug of the shoulders, "what can I do? I give you the best I have—for strangers. What say you, gentlemen?"

Kingscourt turned from him with an impatient gesture, but made no reply.

"You are a courteous host!" observed Rollis, with a laugh. "I can but wish you similar quarters some day."

Spiridion laughed, turned on his heel and left them.

"You will be permitted to spend your waking hours in the hall," said Luigi. "Shall we return?"

"That at least is something, for which we should be thankful," retorted Rollis, with a gloomy visage; adding as they retraced their steps: "Kingscourt, I fear that, unless assistance comes to us speedily, the end of three months will find us either dead or insane."

The Earl made no reply.

(To be continued.)

Lament for Jerusalem.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.*

ONCE she was a sacred city,
Peopled from the chosen lands;
Now the wehrwolves and wild demons
Scour the desert where she stands.

Lo! I see the snakes and serpents
Coiling 'round her portals bare,
And the windows' airy arches,
Where the foxes find a lair.

Now and then an Arab pilgrim,
Listless, threads the sacred ground,
While his camels eat in pasture
Of the herbage all around.

On the storied heights of Zion,
Where of yore the revels' ring
Spoke the power of a kingdom,
And the glory of a king,

Noisome weeds and leaflets gather—
Wearing such a sombre mien
That you fancy they are weeping
For the splendor that hath been.

And 'tis said they weep in sorrow
On the ninth day of the Ab,
Through the cycle of the seasons,
O'er each desecrated slab.

Glitt'ring on the mighty ruins
Fell my tear-drops like the rain;
For mine eyes were overflowing,
And my heart was full of pain,

As I heard the lamentations,
In a sorrow half divine,
Pealing from the broken columns
Of each Oriental shrine.

* Adapted from Heinrich Heine.

GREAT weaknesses are often caused by temptations seemingly too slight to deserve notice.

OFTEN those faults which we encounter in ourselves are most insufferable to us in others.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHERS DE CORPA, DE MONTES, DE AUÑON, DE BADAJOZ, AND VELASCOLA, O. S. F.

THE sons of St. Dominic and St. Ignatius had bedewed the soil of Florida with their blood; and now the sons of St. Francis rushed to that field, to win on the Atlantic shore the palm already theirs in the West. They were called to that mission in 1592; and the commissary of the Indies, Father Bernardine of San Cebrian, moved at the desolate state of Florida, sent out Father John de Silva with twelve others, among whom was Father de Corpa. This mission was subject to a *custos*, generally the warden of St. Christopher's, Havana.

The priests thus sent seem to have found employment at once; for Father Silva returned, leaving Father Marron superior in Florida; and the next year he set sail from Spain with a new colony, consisting of ten priests and one lay-brother,—later, however, ordained. All the Fathers of whom we shall have occasion to speak came out in this company, which disembarked first at Havana, whence, after a short stay, they proceeded to their destination, and presented themselves to Father Marron, their superior. Florida was then in so distracted a state that their services were at once called into requisition. The Indians had in many parts become very hostile, so that the Spaniards were in a state of siege, shut up in their forts.

In order to quiet the province of Guale,* the *custos* sent Fathers Peter de Corpa ("a distinguished preacher and vicar of that doctrine"), Michael de Auñon, Francis de Velascola, and Blas de Montes, to begin

* Amelia Island.

missionary labors there; and these dauntless men ventured alone and unarmed amid the savages, when the Spaniard soldier dared not leave his fort. They had no arms but the Cross, no shield but their zeal. Still, they lived; and not only received no injury from the Indians, but even disposed them more favorably toward their countrymen. They labored here for two years and converted great numbers, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered in the superstitious and licentious life of the red-man.

Polygamy, there universally practised, was their greatest obstacle; and their effort to put a check to this shameful vice, though successful, drew on them the hatred of some, and led to the fearful scenes which we must soon detail. At first everything was encouraging. Some of the Indians, obedient to the voice of truth, proved their conviction by renouncing their wives and idols; the cross of the mission was soon planted in every village; and around it, till the chapel was built, the tribe would gather morning and evening to sing and pray or listen to the Fathers.

One of their first cares was the translation of the catechism; this task was done by Father Pareja,* who was long on the Florida mission. Undoubtedly it was the first work printed in the language of our Indians, as a similar work of the celebrated Father Brebeuf would be the first in the North. No mission hitherto attempted seemed better established than this. Some of the Yamassees settled near the Spanish, and some on land assigned to the missionaries; while the new colonists raised money to enable the Fathers to erect suitable chapels.

All went on thus cheeringly till September, 1597. Father de Corpa had converted, among others, the son of the chief of Tolemato,† but had the grief of seeing him soon relapse into his old disorders, to such a degree that he surpassed the very heathens around him. The missionary, after many efforts to reclaim him, publicly reprehended his infamous life. Enraged at this, the young chief left the town, and retired to a neighboring one, where he gathered a number of the disaffected; and, decking themselves out for a war party in paint and feathers, they returned at night to Tolemato, and stole silently up to the chapel. The weak doors offered but little resistance: they rushed in, and finding the priest at his devotions, slew him with an axe.

The murderers now awaited the day. When it broke, grief and terror filled all hearts when they saw their murdered pastor. But the young chief, calling the people together, addressed them in a very artful harangue. Appealing to their national pride, he told them that he had slain the friar for interfering with their ancient customs and superstitions; then, turning to their fears, he bade them prepare to meet the vengeance of the Spanish governor; that it was now too late to seek to appease him; and that, as his vengeance would be as great for this one monk as for a thousand, there was no alternative but to unite, massacre all the friars, and attack the settlements. Then indeed they would be free from the tyranny of these men, who restricted them to a single wife, who curtailed all their pleasures; who prevented their war-forays, so as to unman them; and whose voice was ever raised to rebuke.

This clever speech won for him a large following; and, after cutting off Father Corpa's head and fixing it on a spear over the gate, they flung his body in the fields and marched toward Topoqui, an Indian camp on the Cano de la Leche, near St. Augustine. Here Father Blas de Montes had erected his chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Leche. They arrived before he had heard of the outbreak, and, bursting into

* A Mexican, who died at his native city, January 25, 1628.

† Now the cemetery at St. Augustine.

the chapel, bade him prepare to die; saying that they had murdered Father Corpa, and were resolved to massacre them all. He endeavored to dissuade them by showing them the wickedness and folly of their design, and urged them to repent, promising to use all his efforts to obtain their pardon. All, however, was useless. A sullen silence pervaded the throng.

Father Blas then asked, as a favor, to be allowed to say Mass in order to prepare himself for death. Strange as it may seem, his words had so won them that they accorded this; and he robed himself to celebrate those mysteries which, awful in themselves, were now invested with a new awe from the circumstances in which they were offered. A doomed priest sacrificing for the last time the Lamb without spot, to become, when that Sacrifice was done, himself a victim!

Father Blas began his Mass amid his executioners, who were scattered around the chapel, so different from the fervent neophytes he had so often gathered there. They were terror-stricken, and dared not rescue him; so that the insurgents waited impatiently for the end of the Mass,—now rising hastily, now strutting from side to side, or preparing their weapons; still, true to their word, leaving the priest unharmed. But now he has done; he descends to the foot of the altar and kneels there. In a moment his brains are scattered over the shrine. Dragging his body out to a field, they left it, and hurried on to make up for the time which they had lost.

Their next point of attack was the island of Guale. While waiting at Topoqui, they sent word to the cacique of that island to put the friars to death, or be prepared to die himself. The chief dispatched the messenger back, and resolved to send the missionaries off, and trust to his own skill for his own safety. He accordingly sent a boy to Father Michael Auñon, who, with Father Antonio de Badajoz, directed the chapel in the town of Asopo;* he warned them of the danger, and offered them a boat, provisions, and a guide to lead them to the settlement. The boy, from some motive not clearly known, did not deliver the message; he returned and told his master that the Fathers would not believe it, but said that the Indians were too well disposed to kill them. The astonished chief sent again the next day and the next, but always received the same answer, as he supposed from the Fathers. The precious moments were thus lost.

On the third day the insurgents arrived; and, finding that the chief had not put the friars to death, were about to fulfil their threat. He succeeded, however, in satisfying them, and then hastened in person to the chapel. Meeting Father Auñon, he told him that, alas! all was now over; but that, had he followed his advice, he and his fellow-religious would now be in safety. The missionary in amazement asked him of what advice he spoke, and an explanation was soon given. When the good chief saw the truth he was inconsolable; but the Fathers told him not to grieve; that they must die since God so willed it, and that they were happy to die for Him and His holy Gospel. They asked him but one favor—to recover and bury their bodies. This he promised with tears; and, deeming himself the innocent cause of their death, he fled to the mountain to mourn, and to avoid being present at a crime which he could not prevent—the murder of two holy men whose prayers he now earnestly besought.

On his departure Father Auñon said Mass and communicated Father Badajoz. The Indians had not yet reached the chapel, so both knelt at the foot of the altar. But they had not been long in prayer when the murderers rushed in, and

* De Laet makes Asopo ten and a half leagues from St. Helena, 32° 30′ north. This would make it in all probability the present Ossebaw Island, Bryan Co., Georgia; but the Asopo here is a town in Guale island.

first struck down Father Badajoz with a club; then dispatched Father Auñon with two blows; and retired, leaving the bodies as they lay. The assassins did not linger long in the village; and on their departure the cacique returned, and with his people interred the martyrs at the foot of the high cross raised by Father Auñon in the fields. Here their bodies remained till 1605, when the Franciscans, returning to the island, took up the remains and reinterred them in a "decent place," says the chronicle.

On the death of Father Auñon the war party proceeded to the town of Asao, to put to death Father de Velascola. He was a native of Castra Urdiales, a perfect model of a good religious—learned, poor, and humble, yet endowed with great energy and firmess, which gave him an unusual influence among the Indians. When the murderers reached Asao, they found, to their disappointment, that he was absent. Considering him, however, as the real head of the mission, they determined to await his return, as his absence was to be but of short duration.

At the time when Father Velascola was expected a party was concealed in a canebrake, and soon after his canoe was seen approaching. When he landed, two or three went forward to meet him; and the good Father, unsuspicious of evil, hastened up to them, but was instantly seized; and the rest, with a fearful yell, sprang from their covert and discharged such a shower of blows with their clubs and axes on his defenceless person that in a moment his spirit was with God.

The station of Father Avila, at Ospe, was next attacked; but that missionary, hearing the irregular tramp of many men, suspected danger and attempted to escape. He was seized, however, and brought back. A little later, while they were plundering the chapel, he managed to elude them, and reached a canebrake, where he thought himself in safety. But the Indians pressed on in hot pursuit; and, discovering him by the light of the moon, discharged a volley of arrows at him, three of which took effect,—one piercing both his shoulders. All hope of escape was now at an end, and they were about to put him to death, when one of them entreated the rest not to do so, as he wished to keep his dress. The priest's worn and patched cassock saved his life. They now stripped him, and, binding him to a stake, carried him to a heathen village and sold him.

He suffered greatly from his wounds, of which no care was taken; so that, with ill treatment and scanty food, he was soon brought to the verge of the grave. As a slave, he was compelled to do all the drudgery of the cabin: cut the wood, dig the ground, prepare the food. In so forlorn a state he had no refuge but prayer, which however, alleviated all his torments, and prepared him for still greater trials; for after a year's slavery he was found a burthen, and they resolved to put him to death.

The day was fixed, the martyr was bound to the stake, the wood was piled around him, the tribe were all ready to dance in triumph about the victim, whose doom was now sealed; for he had rejected the last proffer of life—a boon offered on condition of his renouncing Christ, whom he never ceased to preach, and of professing their idolatry. This he indignantly rejected, as well as another condition—that of incorporating himself into the tribe by marriage.

All hope had now apparently vanished: the torch was about to be applied, when an old woman of great authority asked the cacique to spare his life. She had a son a prisoner in St. Augustine, and she wished the missionary spared, in order to exchange him. Her entreaty was seconded by many in whose hearts Father Avila's heroic patience and endurance had excited admiration and esteem. However, the cacique was very hostile to him, and it

required the most pressing entreaties to induce him to yield. Thus the innocent victim was again released from death; and after being detained some time longer he was sent to St. Augustine with a party to propose the exchange. This was immediately accepted; and Father Avila was once more amid his countrymen, but so altered by sufferings that not even his nearest friends recognized him.

After destroying Father Avila's chapel, the party which had taken him received a reinforcement, and, greatly elated, resolved to attack the Isle of St. Peter * with forty canoes, and to massacre the religious there, as well as the cacique, who was their enemy. But when they reached the island, exulting in their anticipated victory, they noticed a brig lying off the port. It was merely an unarmed vessel which had brought supplies to the missionaries; but its appearance filled them with consternation; and, while deliberating what course to adopt, the cacique of St. Peter's suddenly attacked and routed them with terrible slaughter, and returned in triumph to the religious whom he had saved.

* The present river St. Mary's was called St. Peter's, and the island is probably Cumberland Island.

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

IV.

BACK again to the city, which looked even more grimy than before. But we were not the girls we had been: we were bronzed with the sun and browned with the wind, and freshened and brightened all through. Our frames seemed more stalwart, and Norah's face had filled out, losing its careworn lines. She would not go back to the flower selling, but she took it into her head to earn her living by street singing. "I am always happy when I am singing," she said; "for I think of nothing else." So we had to let her have her own way; and, of course, I had to join her. Not that I could sing, but I played the banjo a little and collected the coppers.

It was a strange, vagrant life, yet not without its charm. We roamed through the streets at our own sweet will, choosing the quiet, respectable localities, meeting with little that was painful, and coming across a good deal that revealed the better side of human nature. Norah knew many songs of the simple, popular sort,—dear old Irish ballads set to quaint old Irish airs; and she sang in a fresh, lilting way, which might have provoked the criticism of a virtuoso, but seemed to suit the open air and the half-wild, half-pathetic look of the delicate, gentle singer. If it rained, we took refuge in a temperance coffee-house; or on very wet days we remained indoors, mended our frocks, and washed our clothes.

Sometimes the caretaker of an empty house would ask us inside, to 'cheer her a bit,' would give us a seat at her fire and a cup of tea, which we repaid by a little concert for her sole benefit. At other times we were invited into the "servants' hall" by a butler who had spied us from the window; and there we went through our *répertoire*, much to the delight of the domestics, who showed their gratitude by making us join in a substantial meal, as well as subscribing all round before we took our departure. Many a good-natured cook thrust into my hand a large parcel of scraps at leaving; and we were the recipients of other presents, some odd in the extreme. A lady's-maid presented me once with a last season's smart bonnet just thrown away by her mistress; and several pairs of white kid slippers were offered us by a retired lady costumer, who was touched to tears by Norah's rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Our takings were precarious. Some weeks we took as much as three or four pounds, others not more than fifteen shillings; but we seldom went our rounds at night. What Norah had seen in the hop-gardens of Kent, of the indifference of Catholics to their faith, had eaten into her very soul, and the success she met with in her first attempt had roused her to further ardor. So when we reached home, nothing satisfied her but to spend her evenings in finding out the girls of her own country who had neglected their religion. Nothing daunted her in her self-imposed task, and her influence was simply God-given. She begged, she coaxed, she scolded in her rich Celtic brogue; and where we stumbled or blundered through want of tact, she went straight to the heart, and took possession of it in her own wild, cordial way. Father D—— allowed her the use of one of his school-rooms two nights a week, where the girls met; and while some sang to an old harmonium, others chatted, others sewed; and the priest went among them, learning their wants and sowing the good seed. Occasionally some one read aloud to them, and this they enjoyed above all. Gradually he got outsiders to take an interest in "Norah's girls," and papers and magazines were lent, and a magic-lantern lecture on the Passion Play was a treat they never forgot.

"She is a little spasmodic in her energy," Father D—— once said to me, with an indulgent smile. "But God has given her many gifts; we must help her to make the best use of them."

"Our Lady's child," he would call her; and Norah would look at him with a sad, shy smile, thinking how little she had deserved that title; and then she would work even harder than before; for youth is the time of hope, and of faith in its own fair strength.

Meanwhile she had sent money home once or twice; and a neighbor had written a letter for her father, the purport of which was that she had chosen her own path in life, and, though he sent her his blessing, he was not to blame for whatever happened. While hay-making in England he had met a widow with a little money, and as soon as he could arrange to sell his "bit of a place" they would marry and sail for America. Still, he would always pray God that she might be happy in her marriage; and, though she had been an undutiful daughter, he would rejoice to hear she was doing well.

Norah laughed and cried over this strange epistle, but it was a relief to her; and, after the first feelings of indignation that he should so soon forget her mother had effervesced, she was glad that he would be taken care of.

"It shows that he is not fretting after me," she said, half sorrowfully, half glad; "so I can put him out of my mind with an easy heart, God be praised!"

Of her husband the news was worse. Father D—— had heard from her cousin that Terence had been dismissed from his ship for intemperance; had been at her house and got his wife's address, and was coming to London "to live upon her."

"He's an idle, lazy vagabond," said the letter; "and probably he will drink all his money away in London before he thinks of looking up Norah."

"Poor child! she has brought a heavy cross on herself," said the good priest as I returned him the letter. "I suppose she must know, but I fear the effect upon her easily unbalanced brain."

"Don't show her the letter," I suggested, "but leave me to tell her. I shall manage so that there will be no shock."

She took it very quietly, though the tears trickled down her cheeks.

"I hope it isn't wicked," she said, presently, "but do you know I never wish to see him again? The very thought of him brings back the pain of my mother's

death and all I suffered for my sin." Then she tightly clasped her hands together. "I did so want to live all my life like this!" she added, wistfully; "but I will pray to do what is right."

Then we said no more about the matter; for, with her many little wildnesses, there was something so spiritual about the girl that one realized the text: "He hath given His angels charge over thee."

She sang in the streets as usual, but a half-scared look would come into her eyes at times, as if she lived in perpetual dread. She slept badly, and the slightest thing made her nervous. But she strove against these feelings; and once, after a long talk with kind Father D——, she remarked, with a weary smile:

"Perhaps it's my mission in life to convert poor Terence. What strength the good God will have to give me,—poor little weak me!"

We did all we could to shorten her suspense. Her husband's name and a description of him were handed in to the police and at the principal hospitals, so that we might be informed at once if he fell into the hands of either. Yet three weeks, four weeks, five weeks passed, and not a sign was given of his existence. The shadow deepened on the girl's wan face, and there were dark lines under her eyes. Then, just as we were beginning to think perhaps he had never come to London at all, Father D—— had an intimation from the Charing Cross Hospital that a man of that name had been brought there the night before, having been accidentally wounded while drunk.

Father D—— went straightway to see him. He was not long away.

"The man is raving horribly," he said; "there is no sign of consciousness. Of course I can not say that he is Norah's husband; she will have to identify him. Is she strong enough to face the sight? He is a mass of wounds."

"I would rather go," she said, when I broke the news to her. "Anything is better than suspense."

So we went together. We traversed the clean, corridors in silence, hand in hand; and, following the attendant into the accident ward, were led to the bedside of a huge, gaunt man, whose face could hardly be seen for bandages. One look at the repressed pain on Norah's face, and I knew we gazed upon her husband. But he was unconscious of time or place. He rolled about in the restlessness of fever, muttering foul oaths from time to time; then he would shriek out some wild blasphemy, and fall back exhausted on the sheets. And she who always shrank from any coarseness had to hear and see it all. Her face was blanched to the very lips, but I knew from the way she had set her mouth that she would not give way.

"Will he last long?" I said to the nurse. She shook her head.

"Two days, we think,—not more. To-night they will give him morphia to deaden the pain."

It was no use staying, so I touched Norah's arm.

"Would you like to come again this evening, Miss?" said the nurse to her. "He will be quieter then."

"Yes; and will you get permission for me to stay all night? I am his wife," replied Norah, with a gentle dignity that became her well.

When we returned he was in a deep sleep; and the girl, with the same strange calmness, questioned the nurse as to his illness. Presently he stirred, groaned; and opening his eyes, they encountered the frightened gaze of his young wife.

"Norah!" he murmured, dreamily.

She went and knelt by the bedside, and laid her head on the pillow beside him.

"Yes," she said, softly. "I have come to nurse you, Terence dear."

A pleased light dawned in his eyes, and then he closed them again.

He lingered nearly a week, and Norah scarcely ever left him. But it took all her love and all her patience to make him turn to God.

"Terence, you must,—you *must!*" she prayed, locking her little fingers in his hard, horny ones. "I helped you to do wrong once; listen to me now, and let us pray together."

In the end she conquered; and he died with Our Lady's medal round his neck, and the holy name of Jesus on his lips.

. . . .

I have little more to tell. Norah still lives among her girls, chastened and subdued, but happier far than when she first made her home among us. Her sufferings have taught her to be of real use to many a child of misfortune, who but for her would falter and fall in the terrible Battle for Bread.

(The End.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXIX.

WHAT incisiveness in this: "Many are under obedience rather out of necessity than charity,"—*i. e.*, love of God. Again and again our author insists on the necessity of being "inwardly free"; which is not the world's freedom,—freedom from restraint of others, with the power of doing as we please. It is a freedom from the rule of things,—"Master of one's self, that all things be under thee, not thou under them." This is what the sons of God enjoy, of whom he gives this quaint description: "Who stand above things present, and contemplate the eternal; who with the left eye regard things passing, and with the right those of heaven." Such persons "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."

What a beautiful prayer: "Grant me grace to be strengthened in the inner man, and to cast out of my heart all unprofitable care and trouble; not to be drawn away with various desires of anything whatsoever, be it vile or precious; but to view all things as passing away, and myself also as passing with them.... Grant me, O Lord! heavenly wisdom, that I may learn above all things to seek Thee and find Thee; above all things to relish Thee and love Thee; and to understand all things as they are."

Here again we may note the practical view. In how many prayers are words and thoughts put into our mouths that we do not feel,—words of love, devotion, self-sacrifice, etc.! Our author recognizes this common dearth,—that we are indifferent and lovers of worldly things. So he, as it were, prays that he may pray properly: "That I may learn above all things to seek Thee." And indeed "to view all things as passing away, and myself also as passing with them," is a gift worth praying for.

LXX.

The art of true piety is not found, as so many fancy, in seeking our own personal interest; or in a devout *selfishness*, as it may be called. It is to the interests of another that we must look. "Jesus has many lovers of His heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of His Cross.... All desire to rejoice with Him, but few are willing to bear anything for His sake.... Many love Jesus so long as they meet with no adversity.... They that love Jesus for Jesus' sake, and not for some consolation of their own, bless Him no less in tribulation than in the greatest consolation." Then it is asked: "Do not they prove themselves to be rather lovers of themselves than of Christ who are always

thinking of their own profit and gain? When shall we find a man that is willing to serve God *gratis?* Seldom do we find any one so spiritual as to be stripped of all things."

What a painful surprise and disagreeable shock to many of the pious who have long been busy with their own whims, and are quite satisfied with themselves! All "on the wrong track"; all this time and trouble literally wasted. And what now, pray, may be the genuine method? "That having left all things else, *he leave also himself.*"

LXXI.

The worthlessness of the world's praise and opinion are thus forcibly shown: "How can he be puffed up with vain talk whose heart is subjected to God in truth? Neither will he be moved with the tongues of all that praise him, who hath settled his whole hope in God. For even they who speak, behold! they are all nothing; for they shall pass away with the sound of their words. But the truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

(To be continued.)

A Favorite Magazine.

ONE who knows where to look will find in the pages of the time-honored *Atlantic Monthly* spiritual and intellectual nuggets of fine gold which are absent from the illustrated and more popular periodicals. In the August number a Puritan of Puritans thus refers to Westminster Abbey:

> "We are shown by the verger through aisle and chapel, peopled only by the effigies of those who lie below; and we feel indignant that a building raised as a house of prayer should be treated so nearly as a museum of mediæval art. We think of the Westminster verger who roughly disturbed the devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, saying, 'Hif this sort of thing goes hon, we shall soon 'ave people praying hall hover the Habbey.'"

"A Poet's Yorkshire Haunts" is especially charming. To him who loves to delve in the history of that time when Christian England was slowly evolving from the shadows of paganism, the ruins of the cloisters at Whitby, in the north of England, have a peculiar charm. It was there, or near there, the author tells us, where the fragrance of the life of St. Hilda still lingers, that the poet James Russell Lowell loved best to spend his vacations. From his favorite window in the quiet cottage, now shown with reverent care to chance visitors, he looked out upon the cliffs, where the ruins of the Abbey are yet to be seen. One of his most cherished books is kept by the sisters—two shy Yorkshire women—who were his landladies. It is a history of the Abbey and the region about, and contains a little slip of paper, placed there, the sisters say, by the poet's own hands. The passage thus indicated is this:

> "The pious abbess [St. Hilda] not only labored to enlighten their minds, but to improve their hearts and regulate their conduct. She pressed upon them the exercise of every grace and the practice of every virtue; above all, she earnestly inculcated that true Christian love which excludes selfishness and is attended by humility and a contempt of the world. In her monastery, as in the primitive Church, there were none rich and none poor; for they had all things in common, and no one challenged anything as his own."

These sisters have nothing but high praise for the Yankee poet; and are fond of relating how, when his guests were telling by what they wished to be remembered, he himself said: "I think I should wish to be remembered by kindly acts and helpful deeds." Surely not a bad wish for any one to entertain.

IT is astonishing as well as sad how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to in a day. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all encumbrances, and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life: distinguish the necessary and the real.—*Thoreau.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most striking conversions of modern times is that of Miss Diana Vaughan, the high priestess of Luciferian Freemasonry. It is said that a French priest, zealous for her conversion, prayed that his life might be received as a sacrifice for her soul. The offering was accepted, and the holy priest was recently stricken with a fatal malady while making his thanksgiving after Mass. Miss Vaughan has already declared her intention of embracing the faith, and in proof of her sincerity is now most active in works of charity. She has forwarded a sum of money to an association in Paris to be used in sending poor cripples to Lourdes, and has arranged that three others be sent with the National Pilgrimage every year at her expense. Even before her conversion it was said that while, inconsistently enough, she served as priestess of the Luciferian cult, she steadfastly refused to be contaminated by the orgies of that blasphemous rite.

It is proposed to form a separate state of the northern peninsula of Michigan, and call it Marquette, in honor of the great Jesuit missionary who was the first to explore and evangelize the territory, and whose grave is in the little town of St. Ignace, situated at the extreme southern point of the northern peninsula. The proposal finds general favor with the inhabitants, who claim that the separation would be to their advantage, by securing them proper recognition from the general government.

The Hon. Senator Bland is a strong "silver man," but his words are sometimes golden. It was lately reported that the Senator is a Catholic; and an admirer, who thought it "a scheme to injure the cause of silver," wrote asking for the truth. Mr. Bland replied:

"I understand, from your letter asking information for one of your readers, that it is rumored in some parts that I am a Catholic; and he thinks this rumor is being used 'for all it is worth' to damage the silver cause by creating a prejudice against me personally. Let them use such rumor 'for all it is worth'; for if true, the rumor ought to be worthless, so far as any damage may be done by it to the silver cause. If a man's religion destroys his influence, then there is hardly freedom of conscience. I was born and raised a Protestant, am one yet, and am willing to die in that faith; yet I do not consider my chances for heaven any better than the chances of my good wife, who is a Catholic. Indeed, if true Christian virtues—charity, morality, and a life devotedly true to the teachings and precepts of our Saviour,—are to be the measure of our future happiness, I can not expect to reach that state of bliss she so richly deserves.

"I find it a difficult task to care for my own religion. When I reach perfection myself I may presume to criticise others. If all who profess Christianity would give all their precious time to the relief of the widow and the orphan—would give their substance for the care of poor, starving humanity all around them,—there would be no more pulling Christian ears, or stirring up strife among those who profess to be followers of the 'meek and lowly Jesus.'"

Senator Bland's wife is a convert, and his letter is equally an evidence of his own moral courage and the force of her good example. His manly words ought to win many personal, if not political, friends for Mr. Bland.

The church of San Francisco, in the city of Mexico, is acknowledged to be one of the most elegant and beautifully proportioned churches in the world. Its repurchase from the American Episcopal Mission, and reconsecration, caused rejoicing throughout the Republic. The iniquitous Government of Mexico confiscated this church, and disposed of it for $35,000, though it was valued at $200,000. But the church was an elephant on the hands of Bishop Riley; and when he fell into disfavor with the other American Episcopal bishops, the church reverted to its original owners. One hundred and fifty gentlemen and as many ladies (among them the wife of the President), of the Mexican aristocracy, stood sponsors at the reconsecration, which was attended with great solemnity.

The old tradition that poverty is the birthright of genius is by no means an obsolete story. Our poets and sages still ask in vain for bread while living, and we give them a stone or a statue when they die. Says a recent writer in the *Critic:* "Prof.

Terrien de Lacouperie, though dead, yet speaks, and wins every year new converts to his theory of the derivation of Chinese civilization from the Mesopotamian region of Asia." Lacouperie, it will be remembered, was the eminent Catholic Orientalist who died in absolute penury last year in Europe. A future, wiser generation will erect a monument to his memory.

Monuments, like most other distinctions, are becoming very common in our day, but few are so well deserved as that unveiled on the 19th ult. at Courtrai, Belgium, in honor of the Rt. Rev. Dr. de Haerne. Monsig. de Haerne's life was as varied as it was active. He was the last rector of the old English College at Bruges, and served during fifty years as member of the Belgian House of Commons. But his most prominent characteristic was his sympathy with every form of human suffering. His charity was unbounded, and he was the founder of the institutes for the deaf and dumb at Boston Spa and Madras. Monsig. de Haerne needs no monument to perpetuate his memory.

An article by Mr. Orby Shipley, in *St. Luke's Magazine*, sets forth the interesting theory, which will be new to most American readers, that many of the best-known translations of the Latin hymns of the Breviary are from no less a pen than Dryden's. This theory, which was, we believe, first formulated by Mr. Shipley more than a decade ago, has now many strong supporters in high places, among them the well-known critic, Mr. George Saintsbury. Another critic explains in this wise the mystery attending the authorship of the translations:

"John Dryden, our 'glorious John,' who had grievously marred some of the grandest plays and manliest translations in the language, died in 1700. Six years afterward appears an edition of the Primer, with versions of the hymns of an almost entirely new and of a much more masterly character. Whence is this change which has suddenly come over the Roman Catholic mind in England? Here steps in, to account for this wonderful change, the tradition rife in so many religious houses, that the great secular poet of the last half century in England, becoming a Roman Catholic and penitent, had (in proof of his penitence and in fulfilment of his penance) from the time of submitting himself to the Roman obedience, begun and continued translating, or moulding afresh, the Breviary hymns contained in the Primers. Not until six years had passed since his death did they appear, and then without a name attached. No argument against this theory can be drawn from the fact that Dryden's share in the new versions not being talked about in the literary circles of the time, nor lying patent amid the correspondence—even the Roman Catholic correspondence—of the age. The Carylls, the Blounts, even Pope himself, were not likely to busy themselves much about the hymns of a primer, however highly they might cherish the glory of a Dryden. Possibly the secret—a religious one—was better kept than secrets are in general kept, and the tradition was held sacred and not as gossip. To our thinking, the translations verify the traditions."

A strong argument in favor of Dryden's claim is the quality of the translations themselves, which would lead us to conclude, with the author quoted above, that "if they are not Dryden's, the English Catholic community of that day must have cherished an unknown poet of very remarkable powers."

The celebration of the centenary of St. Anthony of Padua, as we hoped, has been marked by an extraordinary religious revival in Portugal, the land of his birth. Owing to many causes, but chiefly to the dominant influence of the Freemasons, neither the clergy nor people of Portugal have met the expectations which Catholics in other lands had formed of them. The centenary of St. Anthony has been a grace to the nation; and the eagerness of the people to frequent the Sacraments, and the vitality which has been suddenly infused into religious and charitable works, prove the good-will of a nation that is nothing if not Catholic. One great result is yet to be achieved—the abolition of the law which exiles the religious Orders, or hampers their work for the spread of faith and the education of the Portuguese youth.

The address of Archbishop Ryan before the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union was in his usual happy vein. Urging the need of the Sacraments, and not mere will-power, to overcome the sin of drunkenness, he said:

"The total abstinence movement led by Father Mathew in Ireland and in this country began as a

purely humanitarian movement. The Society of Friends, or Quakers, first led the way; and it was at the urgent, repeated solicitations of a member of this Society that the great apostle of temperance himself signed the pledge. As he did so, however, he used an expression of which we may, without irreverence, think that he used it not of himself, but, being the high-priest of temperance, he prophesied. 'Here goes,' he said, '*in the name of God!*' Thus he lifted the movement to the plane of the supernatural,—baptizing, as it were, the Quaker child, and making the Catholic Church its sponsor."

The Archbishop is an enthusiastic friend of total abstinence, and no doubt he was pardonably proud of Philadelphia when he said to the convention: "We have over ten thousand men, from the age of eighteen to eighty, who, I believe, pass years without being guilty of serious sin,—pure, honest, loyal to their God and their country, because they belong to the Temperance Society and receive the Sacraments regularly."

We have heard so much about the "intolerable abuses and corruption" which, we are told, disfigured the pre-Reformation Church, that it is positively refreshing to see the other side of the picture as painted by better-informed and more honest Protestants. An English clergyman, who can not be suspected of partiality toward the Catholic Church, has published in the *English Historical Review* for July a study of "The Condition of Morals and Religious Belief in the Reign of Edward VI." The article is painful reading, though it is highly valuable, as being the result of patient research among rare but trustworthy contemporary documents. The people, says this writer, were not slow to copy the licentious lives of the "Reformers"; and even the free-and-easy Elizabeth was offended by the immoralities of the bishops and clergy of the new faith. "It is curious to observe how early this laxity of morals set in"; for in 1548 it was necessary to pass laws against polygamy. The article is of unusual interest, the more so at a time when charges against the pre-Reformation Church are being taken up and disproved, one by one.

There is a quality in the humor of Bill Nye that commends itself to everyone. He is always witty, and often so wise that he has the right to be taken seriously. Writing of the influence of women in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he says:

"I wish right here to digress one moment to say that the funny man or the funny journal which subsists upon sarcastic and vinegary pictures or paragraphs regarding the utter selfishness and meanness of the marriage state, the perfidy of wives and the duplicity of sweethearts, ought to be, and will be finally, 'sat upon' by all honest people. It is as feeble in the way of humor as the poor, old, tottering mother-in-law joke, and in equally poor taste. It is my blessed privilege to stand up and give evidence in favor of home influence; and I can truly say that no matter how far I may have fallen short of my high ideal, the fault has been my own, and not that of any one associated with me in the capacity of parent or companion."

It is refreshing to hear a humorist of Bill Nye's reputation rebuke those who make light of a very serious subject. His words have a special force and timeliness in view of the loose notions that generally prevail in regard to matrimony.

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 E. Hogan, of Harvard, Ill., who died suddenly on the 7th ult.

Sister M. of St. Gonzague, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Devins, of the Gray Nunnery, Montreal, who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. James Saunders, of Whitegate, Ireland, whose happy death took place on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Virginia Heyman, who piously breathed her last on the 5th inst., at Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Ellen Cummings, of New York, who died a holy death on the 2d inst.

Mrs. Mary White, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a pious death on the 7th inst., in New York.

Mrs. Anna Devine, of Newark, N. J., who yielded her soul to God on the 11th ult.

Mr. James Daily, who departed this life on the 23d of June, in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Edward J. Power, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. William Dooley, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Celia O'Neil, N. Amity, Me.; Mrs. Mary E. Dougal, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Annie M. Mullen, Buncombe, Iowa; and Catherine O'Sullivan, New York city.

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

"The Child of the Temple."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

INALLY the cobbler, being in as close confinement as his prisoner, found it intolerable, and resigned his charge. Thenceforth the boy was kept in solitary captivity; the door of his room being barred with iron, and his food passed in through a wicket, that was fastened at other times by a padlock. This dark cell was heated only by a stovepipe which passed through it, and his sole light came from a lamp hung outside the door.

Here he remained six months, with nothing to do, no human voice to listen to. He had to sweep his room himself, but soon grew too weak to thus exert himself. He was constantly guarded, though no one was permitted to speak to him. Every evening the municipal officers insisted upon his appearing at the wicket, to make sure he was there. Sometimes late at night, if he failed to answer, one would cry out! "Capet, where are you?" Then the child, waking with a start, would rise all in a tremor, and reply in a sweet voice: "Here I am, citizen. What do you want of me?"—"To see you, that's all. Go back to bed, you young villain!" Often this would happen several times during the night. At last the prince resolved neither to ask nor answer a question.

The weary months dragged by. He no longer attempted to make his bed, and was never given a change of sheets nor of clothing. He became so feeble that he could hardly lift the earthenware plate that held his food, or the jug of water placed on the shelf inside the wicket every day. He ceased to care for anything, and his room was infested with rats, mice, and all kinds of vermin. His enemies hoped, no doubt, that this suffering would end in idiocy or madness; but his mind was still too strong to yield.

After the fall of Robespierre, a man named Laurent was appointed guardian of the royal children; and such was his report that the Committee of Public Safety came to see for themselves the condition of the little prince. As no sound issued from the child's room, they supposed he was no more. The door was broken down, and they entered, to find him on his bed, more dead than alive indeed, and in a most horrible condition, caused by neglect and suffering, his eyes staring vacantly, and the expression of his face seemingly meaningless.

The insignificant orders given by the government for the improvement of his surroundings were made the most of by the kind-hearted Laurent. The boy was removed to another room, provided with clean linen and a bath, and a comfortable bed and new clothes were brought for him. He received these marks of consideration with astonishment, but it was not long before he expressed his gratitude. The name "Capet," bestowed upon him by Simon, was also done away with; and he

was called Monsieur Charles, or simply Charles.

Laurent was obliged still to leave him in solitude, but he took every opportunity of relieving its loneliness, and got permission to take him occasionally to the top of the tower. The first time they availed of this concession, as they were going down again the child stopped on the third story before the room which had been Marie Antoinette's; and, pressing Laurent's arm, leaned against the wall, and stood gazing sorrowfully at the door. He thought that *it alone* separated him from his mother. Another time, upon the tower, his guardian discovered him looking at some starved yellow flowers growing in the chinks of the stone-work. The little fellow gathered them, and as he was going down dropped them at the door of his mother's room. He still remained weak, inanimate, and almost speechless.

Laurent soon asked for a colleague, and a gentle, mild man named Gomin was appointed, through the influence of a political leader who was at heart a royalist. When the commissary on duty happened to be unusually good-natured, the guardians endeavored to obtain some trifling indulgence for the young prisoner. Thus Gomin succeeded in taking to him four little blooming plants. The sight of the blossoms produced a wonderful effect upon the prince. He smelled them again and again; and at length timidly plucked one, at the same time giving Gomin a glance of tender gratitude, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. However, many days passed without his speaking a word to him; but one morning he said, in a very sweet manner: "It was you who gave me the flowers; I have not forgotten it."

He was never allowed to see his sister. On one occasion they met accidentally, as one was being taken out and the other brought in from the tower; but they were not permitted to exchange a word.

Little Louis Charles suffered greatly from a swelling under the knee and another on his wrist, and from the ill health caused by long neglect. Sometimes Gomin took advantage of the commissary's rare absences to play checkers with him; and, although the poor child had small skill, his companion always managed that he should win the game.

One evening as this kind guardian was sitting with him, the little captive, encouraged by his sympathy, rose and approached the door with a suppliant look, as if asking permission to go out. "That is not allowed, you know," objected Gomin, gently.—"I wish to see *her* once more! Oh, do let me see her once more before I die!" implored the child. He meant his mother. Gomin dared not tell him she had been long dead, but he tried to lead him back. Finally the child threw himself upon his bed, and remained there almost senseless. "You know it is not my fault. I could not give you leave to go out, even if the door were unfastened; and I am sure you would not do so when it would cost me my life," reasoned his guardian. The poor boy shook his head, but began to weep uncontrollably.

Laurent resigned his position, and was succeeded by Lasne. Gomin was thenceforth more occupied with the charge of Marie Thérèse. Lasne had been a soldier, and when on guard at the Tuileries had often seen the dauphin, whom he at once recognized. He, too, availed of every chance to brighten the child's loneliness; and once, when playing dominoes with him, reminded him of a beautiful box of dominoes he received from his comrades when colonel of his youthful regiment.

The prince's eyes gleamed with pleasure whenever Lasne descanted upon the excellent discipline of the famous boy-troop, and declared that the colonel himself would have become a brave leader worthy of the command. "Did you ever see my sword?" the little fellow would proudly ask, raising his head. His guardian recol-

lected having seen him with a sword by his side. "Ah! what has become of it?" Lasne thought it had been destroyed by the mob which sacked the palace; but it still exists, and is preserved in one of the museums of Paris. It has an agate handle, and a silver guard set with rubies.

On the battlements of the tower was a hollow made by the dripping of the rain for centuries. It was always filled with water, and here the sparrows used to come to drink. They became very tame, and the prince loved to watch them, calling them "my birds."

But the child grew weaker, and ere long the guardians wrote in their daily report to the government: "The little Capet is not well."—"The little Capet is dangerously ill."—"There are fears for his life." The physician at length sent to him prescribed "freedom from restraint, and plenty of fresh air"; but this being denied, he could do almost nothing for him. Another doctor commanded the locks on the doors to be taken off, and the boy removed to a cheerful room, into which the sun shone. This act was harshly objected to by the commissary, but the doctor prevailed. The young patient could no longer rise from his bed. And yet no one was allowed to remain with the dying child for any length of time, and he was left unattended during the entire night.

One evening Gomin found him quietly weeping. "What can I do for you?" asked the compassionate guardian, tenderly. "Ah, I am always alone!" sobbed the child. "My dear mother is kept in the other tower." He continued to grow worse, and a few days later Gomin said to him: "How unhappy I am to see you suffer so!"—"I shall not always suffer," he responded, patiently.

Gomin, who was a good and pious man, knelt by the bed and prayed earnestly. Louis raised his eyes to heaven and silently followed the prayer. After a time, seeing him calm and motionless, his guardian said: "I hope you are not suffering now?"—"Yes, I am," he replied; "but much less, the music is so sweet." Surprised, Gomin asked: "Where do you hear the music?"—"Above."—"How long since?"—"Since you have been praying. Do you not hear it? Listen!" And the boy raised his hand and opened his large eyes lighted up with ecstasy. To please him, Gomin feigned to listen, although no mortal music was to be heard. After some moments the little lad started again, and exclaimed, with glistening eyes and in a transport of delight: "Among the voices I heard my mother's!"

Lasne came up to relieve Gomin. The latter left the room, quite overcome, but not realizing that the end was so near. His colleague took his place by the bedside. The prince regarded him for some time with a dreamy look, and then asked: "Do you think my sister heard the music? How happy it would have made her!" Poor Lasne could not answer. The eager and penetrating glance of the child darted toward the window; then it rested upon the kind face bending over him, and he said: "There is one thing I have to tell you—" Lasne clasped his thin fingers—the head of the young prisoner fell upon the keeper's breast—he was free at last. The heart of the little captive king had ceased to beat,—and it was quarter-past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of June, 1795.*

(The End.)

* There have been several pretenders who personated Louis XVII., claiming that he was rescued by the royalists, and that the child who died in the Temple was not the dauphin, but another substituted in his place. Unfortunately, however the account here given of the last days of the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette is the true one.

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Camp-Fire Stories.

The Faithful Slave.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The dwellers at Camp St. Mary had a pleasant surprise on the second day of their stay, in the arrival of reinforcements to their number, consisting of Dr. Lawrence and five boys. There were now eighteen persons, all told: Uncle George, the jolly Doctor, Barry the cook, and fifteen youngsters; but, as accommodations were ample, there was no cause for regret. The main tent, rented from a man who had travelled about exhibiting scenes in the life of General Custer, was roomy and comfortable. To be sure it was pierced with a large number of bullet holes; but those would not matter if the weather continued fine.

"But if it rains—" said Uncle George, shaking his head.

"If it rains," broke in the Doctor, "it will do the little chaps good. Rain is good for boys and ducks, and I have my medicine-case along."

The second night's camp fire was built on the beach; and, to make things more realistic, the boys were wrapped in blankets abstracted from the cots, and sat around in grim silence. But the twinkling eyes showed that the savage stolidity was all make-believe, and the "young-man-afraid-of-his-hat" (Fred) began with the usual demand for a story.

"I've been watching our good Barry clean the fish for breakfast," said Uncle George. "I think there were forty-five of them; and I got to thinking of other faithful servants, and it occurred to me that you might like to hear about one brave fellow named Leo, away back centuries ago, who went into slavery among his enemies in order that he might save his master whom he loved. It was back in the days of ancient Gaul, now called France. Bishop Gregory of Langres had a young nephew of whom he was very fond, and whom he had reason to believe had, by one of the cruel chances of war, become a prisoner among the savage Franks, who had then conquered a great portion of the north of Gaul. The Bishop loved this boy, Attalus by name, as if he had been his own son, and at once set on foot secret inquiries in order to find out just what had become of him. He had been for some time a hostage—that is, a sort of security for the proper carrying out of a treaty,—and had to suffer the discomfort of living with rude barbarians; but the messenger brought back word that, on account of fresh hostilities, he had now been reduced to the position of slave, and obliged to take care of the vast herds of horses which belonged to his master.

"The good Bishop was distressed beyond measure at the news, and sent the messenger back to the Frankish camp, laden with many rich presents for the ransom of his nephew. Then he waited. Finally the emissary returned, bringing the rejected gifts and this message: 'These trinkets are a paltry ransom for the nephew of the Bishop of Langres. Send us ten pounds weight of gold, and you shall have your boy again.' The Bishop was thereupon in greater trouble than ever; for it was impossible for him to find so great a sum, and the servants and slaves about him were lamenting for their young lord, who had won their hearts by his kindness. At last the cook of the household, Leo by name, said: 'Give me leave, my Lord Bishop, and I will undertake to rescue our young master.'—'Go,' said the Bishop; 'and the Lord be with you!'

"So Leo set forth, and arrived in safety at Treves, where his young lord was tending horses like a common hostler, and dressed in filthy rags like a beggar. Leo could get no message to him—he was too strictly watched for that,—so he

set about following a plan of his own. He went to the Frank who held Attalus in bondage and offered his services. 'What can you do?' asked the Frank.—'I can cook a feast fit for a king,' answered Leo. Thereupon the Frank invited his friends; and Leo prepared so fine a meal that the delighted barbarian made him his chief cook on the spot, and set him over the other slaves.

"But he dared not make a sign to his young master Attalus, and a year passed away. At the end of that time he had so won the Frank's confidence and admiration, by his good behavior and perfect cookery, that he thought it time to carry out his plan; and, strolling one day into the field where Attalus tended his herds, and turning his back from him, he said: 'Do not answer me, but when thou hast led thy horses to the stable to-night be ready.' Then he walked away as indifferently as possible.

"That night there was a great feast, and one of the party jested with Leo. 'I believe,' he said, 'that some time you will take one of our horses and run home.'—'This very night,' answered the Gaul; and they both laughed.

"When all were asleep Leo went to the stables. There was one swift, greeting sentence to his master, then he asked: 'What arms have you?'—'This little spear; no more.' Leo at that boldly went to the tent of the Frank, who half awoke and called: 'Who is there?'—'I, Leo,' said a voice. And the Frank, reassured, went to sleep again, and did not hear his cook when he took his sword and shield from the wall above his head.

"Leo and Attalus, on two of the best horses in the stable, rode and rode, swimming a river when the bridge was guarded, and living on such wild fruit as they could find. The horses could not, or would not, swim; so they let them loose, to go back if they chose, and walked on. Once they hid in the wayside bushes as some horsemen rode by and said, stopping to mend a harness: 'If we catch those rogues, they shall be chopped into bits.' They were pursuers after the runaways.

"At last the two weary men reached the city of Rheims, almost worn out with hunger and fatigue. A friend of Bishop Gregory, Father Paul by name, lived there, and to him they went. 'My dream is true,' said the good priest. 'Last night I dreamed that two doves—one black, one white,—came and perched upon my hand.'—'And hungry doves we are, Father,' answered Attalus. 'It is four days since we have eaten as much as a grain of corn.' As bad luck would have it, the Frankish master was in Rheims searching for his slaves; but Father Paul kept their secret well, and had the pleasure of seeing his guests, rested and refreshed, set out with a safe guide for Langres.

"The friends of Attalus and Leo had believed them dead, and the Bishop wept for joy as he embraced his dear nephew. As for Leo, 'You are a slave no more,' the Bishop said to him, 'but my honored friend.'

"Soon after that a strange and touching ceremony took place in the church. All the doors were thrown open, signifying that Leo might go out of them if he pleased; and then the Bishop took his hand and declared that he was no longer a slave, but a free Roman citizen. There was an ancient law which declared that he who was manumitted in church should be free and have the Church's protection, so Leo was as much his own master as Attalus himself. Lands, too, were given him; but I fancy that his best reward was to see his young master happy and at home once more.

"But if you expect to be up to eat Barry's fish, it is time to be getting to bed."

So five minutes more saw the little band joining Uncle George in the Rosary; and shortly after that the Doctor, going the rounds, pronounced each one safely asleep.

A Punning Collector.

A punning collector of works of famous artists, and who would have some connection between the name of his artist and his subject, proposed to open his collection to the inspection of the public. Among the principal works which decorated his chief apartment were the following:

A Study of a Foot, by *Ah! toe* (Artaud).

The Garden of Eden, by *Best-land.*

Rural Conversation, by *Chat-field.*

Apprehension, by *Constable.*

Study of a Mince-Pie, by *Christmas.*

Robin Hood, by *Archer.*

A Favorite Pig, by *Bacon.*

A Hay Field, by *Clover.*

Belshazzar's Feast, by *Daniel.*

The Distressed Artist, by *Few-sell-I* (Fuseli).

Fuseli in a Passion, by *Grim-all-day* (Grimaldi).

The Lamplighter, by *Has-lit* (Hazlitt).

Cross Husband, by *Hate-her* (Hayter).

The Ship-launch, by *Off-land* (Hoffland).

Shoeing a Horse, by *Farrier.*

The Asthmatic Patient, by *A cough-man* (A. Kauffmann).

Portrait of Myself, by *Me* (Mee).

Harvest-Home, by *Merry-field* (Merrifield).

The Shoemaker in a Pickle, by *Owing* (Owen).

Going Down Stairs, by *Stepping-off* (Stephanoff).

The Musician Outwitted, by *Sharp.*

The Gipsey Party, by *Strolling* (Stroehling).

Banditti, by *Scowler* (Scoular).

The Shipwreck, by *Tempesta.*

A whole length of West, by *West-all.*

The Locksmith, by *Will-key* (Wilkie).

The Tide Out, by *Water-low* (Waterloo).

Sunset, by *West.*

Design for a Ball Room, by *Dance.*

Dead Game, by *Partridge.*

Two Cats Fighting, by *Claw'd* (Claude).

The Rescued Flower, by *Salvator Rosa.*

The Extracted Tooth, by *Stump.*

The Kitten in a Cage, by *Pouss-in.*

The Siege of Troy, by *Teniers* (Ten years).

Death of William Rufus, by *Arrowsmith.*

The Ghost and Don Giovanni, by *Bone.*

The Carpenter's Shop, a *Cabinet* picture, by *Turner.*

The Polar Expedition, with a portrait of Captain Ross, by *Landseer.*

Bellini among the Turks.

Gentile Bellini was employed by the Republic of Venice to paint the principal pictures which adorn its council-hall, and he also executed many other fine works for the wealthy citizens of Venice. All this procured him so high and general a reputation that Mahomet II., at that time Emperor of the Turks, wrote to the Republic to request that they would send him to Constantinople, that he might employ his pencil for the gratification of that court.

Bellini accordingly went, and painted many excellent pieces; among others the Beheading of St. John the Baptist, who is revered as a great prophet by the Turks. Mahomet admired the proportion and shadowing of the work; but he noticed one defect in the execution of the skin of the neck, from which the head was separated. In order to prove the truth of this observation, the royal monster sent for one of his slaves, and ordered his head to be struck off in the painter's presence. This sight so shocked the artist that he could not be easy till he had taken his departure from such a scene of despotism and barbarity. Mahomet conferred on him a gold chain, and wrote to the Senate in his favor, which procured him a pension for life, and the honorable distinction of the Order of St. Mark.

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

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Roumanian Folk-Song.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

IN the harvest field are many flowers,
Many flowers both white and red;
Many gold and azure hang the bowers,
Deck the bride, adorn the dead.
In the harvest field are many flowers.

In the harvest field the flowers stand up,
Praiseth each her white or red;
Praiseth gold and azure, frond and cup;
Each one lifteth high her head.
Proud in the harvest field the flowers stand up.

In the harvest field tremble the flowers.
"Peace, children!" saith the Flower o' the Corn;
"I am the Church's Flower of all in bowers;
Yea, I the Flesh of Christ new-born!"
In the harvest field tremble the flowers.

"O blessed Flower o' Corn!" saith Flower o' the Vine;
"And I am Blood of Christ new-made.
I and the Corn, we are His Bread and Wine."
Then every flower fell down and prayed.
O blessed Flower o' the Corn, Flower o' the Vine!

IF words were invented to conceal thought, I think that newspapers are a great improvement on a bad invention. Do not suffer your life to be taken by newspapers.—*Thoreau.*

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

A DISASTROUS MISSION.

HE preceding sketches have all been devoted to Spanish missionaries who fell in their efforts to extend the faith around the settlements of their countrymen. Another Catholic nation now entered the field; and its religious, bearing civilization and the faith, advanced from the Atlantic, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to the great Lakes; then dividing, they followed the Mississippi to its mouth; or, striking westward, crossed the great mountain barrier, and gathered round them the Indians of the Columbia.

Those were the French and Belgian missionaries of the French colonies, whose long and successful labors are still attested by monuments which time has not swept away, although the power of France is forgotten. These missions of Spain and France left a spot almost untouched, from Massachusetts, where shipwrecked Frenchmen preached the faith and paved the way for Elliot, to South Carolina, where the Jesuits and Franciscans of Spain labored and bled. But here, too, Catholicity planted the Cross. English pilgrims, seeking in

the wilds of America freedom from persecution at home, formed the settlement of Maryland, where English Jesuits, after suffering imprisonment, persecution and outrage, formed a centre, whence the faith has spread to every quarter of a great Republic.

France had begun her scheme of colonization with the voyages of Verrazano in 1523, and of Cartier in 1534. Toward the close of that century settlements were attempted, but without success. The first which promised permanence was that of the Sieur de Mons, at Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. And when in 1607 he ceded to the Sieur de Potrincourt his rights to Port Royal, the King asked Father Coton, the Provincial of the Jesuits, to send some members of his Society to convert the natives, promising to give two thousand livres toward defraying the expenses of the mission.

Father Peter Biard, of Grenoble, was selected by Coton to undertake the work. He repaired to Bordeaux to await the departure of Potrincourt; but as the latter showed no disposition to visit his new domain, the missionary returned. It was not till three years later that Potrincourt set sail; and though Biard wished to accompany him, he dissuaded him, and promised to send his son Biencourt for missionaries as soon as his colony was in a fit state to receive them. To this the missionary was compelled to submit, and another year was lost.

Biencourt at last appeared; and Father Christopher Balthazar sent Father Peter Biard to Dieppe, giving him as companion Father Enemond Masse, a native of Lyons. They were well supplied with all the necessaries for a mission,—the King having contributed five hundred crowns to fulfil the promise of his father, the great Henry; and much church furniture and vestments having been supplied by Lady de Sourdis and the Marchioness de Guercheville.

A third time, however, the mission was baffled. The merchants were Calvinists, and refused to give a passage to the Jesuits unless they paid all the expenses of the ships. The two Fathers retired to the college at Eu, and appealed to their protectress, Lady de Guercheville. The Queen even espoused their cause; but so intolerant was the bigotry of these men that the friends of the missionaries were compelled to raise, by subscription, four thousand livres to buy out these merchants, merely to enable two missionaries to cross the Atlantic.

However, after forcing them to this sacrifice, the bigots made it an occasion of new calumnies. Lady de Guercheville bought the share, not for herself, but by mere necessity; and, seeing the ill-will of Potrincourt and his son, made that share a fund for the support of the missionaries, so as to render them no burden on the colony. But no sooner was this done than a hue-and-cry was raised that the Jesuits had become merchants. The slightest examination of the point will lead every man, whose rule of faith does not bind him to find a Jesuit always wrong, to agree with Champlain in saying that the conduct of the missionaries was perfectly consistent with their character as well as with reason and common sense.

Matters being arranged, the missionaries sailed on January 26, 1611. Biencourt did not proceed directly to Port Royal, but coasted along, so that they did not reach that place till the 16th of June. During this long voyage the Fathers suffered much from want; although they had assisted Biencourt with money, which he expended in provisions.

On their arrival, Potrincourt prepared to return, and a month later left his little colony under the command of his son, a youth of twenty years. But the colony was nearly ruined by his mismanagement, and by a quarrel between him and Robert Gravé, the next proprietor. This quarrel

was, however, adjusted by the intervention of the missionaries. Still, their efforts for peace could not conquer the hostility of the headstrong boy. He refused them any allowance as priests; and when they demanded the share due to them as partners, he threatened to have them flogged, and left them destitute. Father Masse, who had gone to an Indian village to learn the language, fell ill, and almost died from want of nursing and food; while at Port Royal Father Biard encountered scarcely less hardship; for some months both lived on roots and acorns. But, though thus ill treated by Biencourt and his crew, they did not cease to serve them with charity and love; and when want began to press on all, the missionaries built a boat and went to fish for cod to support the colony.

Meanwhile Lady Guercheville, aided by the contributions of some friends, offered to take a share in Potrincourt's grant; but as he wished to except all that she believed he really owned, she resolved to undertake a totally new establishment, so much had she at heart the conversion of the Indians. Dumonts ceded to her all that yet remained of his grant, and she took out a royal patent for the whole coast, from the St. Lawrence to Florida, with the exception of the portion then possessed by Potrincourt.

The plan of the new settlement was now determined upon, and La Saussaye was sent out in a vessel with thirty persons, including mechanics and their families, to begin the colony. Father Quentin and Brother Gilbert du Thet accompanied them; intending, however, to return with the ship which left Honfleur on the 12th of March, 1613, and reached La Have, in Nova Scotia, on the 16th of May. When they reached Port Royal they found but five persons there, Biencourt being absent with the rest in search of food. La Saussaye was the bearer of a letter from the Queen (who was still interested in Lady Guercheville's enterprise) to Biencourt, directing him to permit the Jesuit missionaries at Port Royal to accompany Saussaye. Hebert, the commander, obeyed the letter.

They then set sail, and proceeded at once to Mount Desert Island, at the mouth of the Penobscot River. The pilot conducted them to the east side of the island, where the Fathers disembarked, and, giving thanks to God, raised a cross, and at its foot said Mass, and named the settlement St. Savior's. And there they assembled morning and evening for Mass and Vespers until a chapel should be built. The fort and houses were instantly raised; but before they had been able to clear and cultivate much of the soil, a storm arose which blasted all their hopes.

The English, who had by this time made a permanent settlement in Virginia, were in the habit of sending vessels to fish for cod at a station about fifty miles from Mount Desert Island. Ten of these craft left Virginia in 1613, attended by an armed vessel commanded by the infamous Argal, then fresh from his last outrage, the kidnapping of Pocahontas. They were driven by a storm past their ground to the mouth of the Penobscot; having landed to obtain food, they heard that there were whites at Mount Desert Island.

Argal at once knew this to be a new French colony, and resolved to attack it. He accordingly proceeded to St. Savior's. The French, taken by surprise and inferior in number even to Argal's own ship, defended themselves manfully; but in a few moments were disabled. They had no cannon and were divided, some being on land. At the first fire the Jesuit lay-brother, Gilbert du Thet, was mortally wounded; and, as soon as the vessel had surrendered, was carried on shore by the Fathers. He received the last Sacraments with great devotion, and died the next day. The Fathers buried him at the foot of their cross; and then began to think of them-

selves, and to regard the mission so often frustrated as now completely destroyed.

The pirate Argal, on taking the French ship, went to La Saussaye's chest and took his commission; and when that officer was unable to produce it, threatened to hang him as a pirate, and proceeded to divide the booty. Appeased, however, by the representations of Father Biard, he did not injure La Saussaye. The disposal of the prisoners now engaged his attention. A small sloop was given them, and in this Father Masse and thirteen companions embarked. Father Biard,* with some others, were to be taken to Virginia and thence sent home; Father Quentin, to a fishing station to wait for a French ship.

Father Masse in this way reached La Have, but the others were carried to Virginia; and, on Argal's representations, were about to be hanged as pirates. Having stated the case to the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, the latter at once sent him back, with all his French prisoners, to destroy every French settlement. This he did, destroying St. Croix, Port Royal, and planting the English arms at St. Savior's after breaking down the cross. Returning to Virginia, the ship containing the Jesuits was fortunately driven off by a storm. Their death had meanwhile been resolved upon by Argal and Dale, on the representation of a Frenchman that Biard was a Spaniard. They awaited their coming in vain. Captain Turner, who commanded the vessel in which the Fathers were, saw one of the English vessels go down with all its crew, and after much hardship was himself driven into the Azores.

Affairs now began to assume a different appearance. The vessel would soon be visited by the officers of a Catholic government, and a word from the Jesuits would ensure the English pirate the treatment he merited. This he knew, and he now threw himself on their mercy, begged their pardon for his former conduct, and implored them not to reveal themselves. They gave their word, and he learned that Catholics can keep faith with heretics even against their own interest.

The vessel, thus relieved, soon reached England. Shortly afterward Argal himself was forced in at Milford Haven; and, being destitute of papers to show his character, escaped imprisonment only by the intervention of the missionaries, whose noble conduct toward the two captains was now spread abroad; and, reaching London, came to the knowledge of the French Ambassador. Their release was effected, and they reached their college at Amiens after a captivity of nine months and a half.

Thus terminated the first missionary effort in the French colonies. A greater series of disasters probably never accompanied any enterprise. The labors of the Fathers resulted in the baptism of thirty infants and some adults. The chief of these was Mambertou, the aged sagamore of Port Royal. He was their first friend, and, by a natural consequence, their first convert. He listened more readily to the truth, as he had been a "medicine man," and had been disgusted with the shameful slavery of Satan. But the hopes founded on him vanished; sickness soon laid him on the bed of death; and, though they had the consolation of seeing him die a most holy death, they had to mourn the loss of a friend on whom their infant mission relied.

Father Biard never returned to the New World. He died at Avignon, on November, 17, 1622, universally regretted as a pious and learned missionary. He was at the time chaplain to the troops, and had previously been Professor of Theology at Lyons. Father Masse was sent out once more in 1625, and four years after was again carried prisoner to England. Returning to Canada in 1633, he labored there till his death, May 12, 1656.

* Charlevoix says three Jesuits. Father Biard and Father Quentin are named, but the third I do not know.

A Life's Labyrinth.

II.—A Rescuing Angel.

THE news of the capture of the Earl of Kingscourt caused a great sensation, not only in Greece and England, but through the whole civilized world. The intervention of the British Government was solicited and obtained in behalf of the prisoners; but as it appeared that the Grecian authorities were already doing everything in their power to ensure the capture of Spiridion and his band, as also the discovery of their secret whereabouts, nothing remained but to use all available resources to that end.

Meanwhile the friends of Lord Kingscourt and his companion were not idle. Confident that, in view of the enormous ransom demanded for them, Spiridion would be careful they should come to no harm until the specified period of time had elapsed, those friends held themselves in readiness to meet the demands at a moment's notice. But twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum of money; and there was irritation in the thought that not only individuals, but the cause of justice and humanity, were at the mercy of banditti, whose removal from the face of the earth would be an inestimable benefit.

To the captives, cut off as they were from all communication with the outside world, time dragged like lead. With health undermined by the damp and unwholesome atmosphere, coupled with distasteful food, and longing for a breath of the fresh air now denied them, their lot soon became well-nigh unendurable. Although confinement had not lessened their courage, it had shown them how fallacious was any hope of recovering their liberty, save by the payment of the stipulated ransom.

As an incentive to the more speedy liberation of the prisoners, Spiridion had permitted Lord Kingscourt to write a couple of letters; but, through some unaccountable delay, Wilbraham had not received them until the morning of the day when, seeing that all other efforts were useless, he was on the point of returning to Athens with the money in hand. In company with two brother officers, friends of the unfortunate prisoners, he arrived at Triest just a day too late for the steamer it was incumbent on him to take if he wished to reach his friends in time. It was not until then that he began to realize the great peril of the prisoners,—a peril he was now powerless to avert, should Spiridion keep to the letter of the terms he had made on that fateful day three months before.

On the other hand, the captives, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and depressed in mind, were also alive to a full appreciation of the straits in which they found themselves; and were beginning to fear that some unforeseen accident had occurred which would precipitate, in part at least, the dreadful fate with which they had been threatened by the chief of the banditti.

As they sat close to the fire, which was never extinguished in their underground abode, on the morning of the eventful day to which they had looked forward with alternate hope and fear, they presented a sorry spectacle. At the other end of the room the robbers were pursuing their customary avocations and amusements. The faithful Briggs sat on a bench near his master, his head sunk in his hands, dreading not his own fate, but that of the young Earl whom he had loved and served from infancy to manhood.

"Well, Rollis," said Kingscourt, in a low voice, "the three months are at an end. What if Wilbraham should not have reached Athens yet? Do you think—"

"Beggin' your pardon, my Lord!" interposed Briggs. "A messenger was early on the road this mornin'—gone for the money. Said Luigi to me, 'Briggs, it is money or ears to-day,' says he."

"What audacity! What indubitable evidence that the guides, and even some of the government officers, must be in the conspiracy, when a messenger from such a source and on such an errand can go and come unchallenged!" said Rollis, with a burst of indignation.

"Yes," replied Kingscourt, calmly, with a wan smile. "In England things are different. Without doubt, any attempt to intercept the messenger would result only in annihilation for us at this stage. They have the best of us in this situation."

"You are looking ill, Kingscourt," observed Rollis, as the Earl wiped his forehead with what had once been a fine cambric handkerchief, but which now looked like a limp and soiled rag. Somehow, this evidence of the results of captivity struck a tender chord in the heart of the young Englishman, so strongly did it appeal to his sense of the force of contrast.

"I am really physically out of sorts to-day," was the reply. "It is something more than mental anxiety, I know. Doubtless this sort of life is telling on me."

"Courage, my Lord!" whispered Briggs, leaning forward as he peered anxiously into the face of his master. "It may be an affair only of a couple of hours now."

"Or of a couple of ears," said Rollis, with a rueful attempt at facetiousness. "I do not think I am extraordinarily vain, but I confess I do not like the prospect of having to go about the rest of my life with my hair hanging over the place where my ears should be. It would look very odd. Eh, Kingscourt?"

The Earl could not repress a smile at the comical picture which Rollis depicted by anticipation; but poor Briggs shook his head mournfully at the prospect.

At this moment there was a commotion at the other end of the hall. The heavy curtain separating the private quarters of Spiridion from the common room was lifted, and he stepped out hastily, as a man, booted and spurred, advanced from the entrance.

"Well, what news, Cyril?" he said to the newcomer.

"It looks bad, captain," was the reply. "The Englishman can not be found in Athens."

"What!" exclaimed the robber chief. "Nor sent a substitute?"

"No," answered the other, briefly. "I have been in every hostelry in Athens, and he is not there, nor any one who represents him."

"And the Consulate?"

"I went there, too—disguised, of course. Captain Wilbraham had not arrived, and no one in the vicinity knew aught of his movements."

"Then, by the Prince of Darkness," cried Spiridion, "I shall execute my threat to the letter without further delay!"

"It may be, captain," said the robber, "that Wilbraham is holding back until the very last hour, hoping that we may be discovered. They are scurrying about pretty lively in this neighborhood, I can tell you. I myself—"

"Peace!" shouted Spiridion. "The day is near its close. Had Wilbraham meant to comply with my conditions, he would have placed himself in a position where you could have found him at its earliest dawn."

"One moment," said Lord Kingscourt, rising from the bench where he had been a silent listener.

"Not an instant!" roared Spiridion. "My men are at hand, prompt, good and true. I will show your English friends that they can not trifle with Spiridion."

"But I feel confident there has been unavoidable delay," continued the Earl. "Some misunderstanding, some defect in arrangements—"

"That should have been provided against," Spiridion broke in. "You need not resume your seat, my Lord. Luigi, Alessandro, Delos, bind these men; for

now I shall send three ears where I meant to send but two, and—"

"What!" cried Rollis, also springing to his feet; while Briggs leaned, open-mouthed and pallid, against the rocky side of the cavern. "You do not mean that you will execute that inhuman sentence here and now,—that you will not give us the benefit of this one day, not yet ended?"

"That is what I mean," replied the robber; and as he spoke the men about him began to move here and there in the execution of his order. Thongs were brought forth; there was the glimmer and clash of knives being whetted for the grim office they were so soon to perform.

And then, by a sudden caprice of fate, as the doomed men waited, expectant, fearful, in the midst of their captors, who stepped forward, rope and knife in hand, to bind and maim, the door of the cavern seemed illuminated by a vision, and the clear, young, melodious voice of a girl rang through the vaulted roof as she cried:

"Spiridion, halt!"

To the bandits, as well as to the prisoners, who stood transfixed at the sight, the appearance of the beautiful young girl who stood in the rude doorway was that of an angel. Tall, fair and maidenly, with a wealth of golden hair falling in two heavy plaits below her waist, there was an air of dignity about her which at once stamped her as a child of noble lineage. She wore the national Greek costume, which served further to enhance her remarkable beauty. She might have been nineteen years of age, scarcely older. In spite of her address, her appearance was that of an English girl; and she had spoken in English as though it were her native tongue.

Spiridion was surprised and agitated; while the murmurs of his band, as they looked at one another with indignant astonishment, boded no good to the fearless girl who stood in their midst.

"You here, lady!" exclaimed the robber chief, quickly regaining his self-control. "How and why did you discover our retreat?"

"How?" she replied. "By infinite toil, and through many devious ways. Why? To save, if not too late, these unfortunate prisoners."

"What do *you* know of them?" asked Spiridion, with a menacing frown.

"Naught but what all the world is saying," answered the girl. "As you must be well aware, Athens is ringing with their story. We in Corinth know it equally well. I have watched and waited for sight of you this many a day, Spiridion, trusting that, at my request, you would redeem the solemn promise made to me not many months ago; but all in vain. To-day, hearing the dreadful news that their expected friend had not arrived with the ransom, I set forth, with a prayer on my lips and the fire of hope burning in my heart; and, though many a time I was tempted to return, I still pressed on. Oh, it was a higher power than chance that threw me in the track of your messenger, Spiridion, scarce an hour ago! I knew you would have sent a messenger, and I watched for him, hidden behind the underbrush near the defile. Disguised though he was, I knew him; for, you remember, it was he who—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the bandit. "It matters not, lady, *how* you came, now that you are here. Say, do you know, daring girl, what is the penalty of such temerity as yours?"

"Nay, Spiridion," she replied, as fearlessly as before. "You can not frighten and you will not fail me; for I have your solemn promise, and I do not doubt your honor."

"And what do you ask of me?" inquired the robber chief.

"Freedom for these men," she answered, indicating the captives with a wave of her hand.

Spiridion shook his head, while a low, significant murmur went through the group surrounding him.

The girl advanced a step nearer.

"Spiridion!" she cried, drawing from her bosom a long golden chain, to which was attached a silver reliquary in the form of a cross, together with a tiny statuette of Our Lady, also of silver,—"Spiridion, did you not swear, by the fragment of the True Cross contained in this reliquary, and by the image of Her through whose intercession you may yet find mercy, that if the time ever came when I should wish to ask a favor at your hands, there was nothing in your power you would not grant me?"

"She speaks the truth," said the robber, with a peculiar, apprehensive glance at his companions. "I did so swear—but now? The time, the place, the circumstances! Betrayal, ruin, may be the end of this, my lady," he added, once more addressing her. "Are you aware that I am responsible to my followers for their personal safe-keeping? that a ransom of twenty-five thousand pounds is at stake? that these captives, if released, will no doubt do all they can to throw us into the clutches of the law?"

"For the last I can not promise," said the girl, in the same fearless tone she had hitherto assumed. "Surely that would be but natural—and right. You know too well, Spiridion, no honest Christian could consider the question of the money but as an extortion. And it should not be necessary for me to declare that I will not reveal the secret of this hiding-place. For the rest it is very simple. You have made me a solemn promise. I am here to exact its fulfilment."

"But what of these?" he asked, again pointing to his companions. "What if they should protest against the surrender of such a prize?"

"Spiridion," cried the girl, "you but trifle now! There never was a crowned king with more absolute control of his subjects than you have of this otherwise lawless band. It is unworthy of you thus to seek shelter behind their voiceless protest. You know that your will is their irrevocable law."

"Comrades," said the bandit, turning to the swarthy, picturesque group now standing shoulder to shoulder at his left,—"comrades, this lady is the good Samaritan, who, finding me wounded and bleeding by that unlucky fall some time ago, took me in, gave me shelter, and bound up my wounds. Under her gentle care I soon recovered; and, while taking care to conceal my identity, I made the promise she now comes to claim. Later, when captured and on the way to prison, glancing at a window, I recognized her, and saw that she knew me also. It was after my escape, when, disguised as a beggar, I asked and received charity at her hands, that I renewed the promise of which she has reminded me. Therefore, I am doubly her debtor; she has my pledge. What say you?"

"Spiridion has never yet broken his solemn word," answered Constantine, his brother; "and shall he break it now?"

"No! no! no!" cried the others, in one voice.

"It is well," said Spiridion, with a grim smile. "My lady, do you swear, as once I did, by that sacred relic, by the image of God's Mother, never to betray, whether under duress or persuasion, the secret of this cavern?"

"I *do* swear it," replied the girl, raising her eyes to heaven, and solemnly clasping her hands, which held the sacred relics.

"It is enough!" said Spiridion. "Luigi, Alessandro, unbind your prisoners. Constantine, Delos, join the others in leading them forth, conveying them to the spot where they were captured. From thence they can easily find their way to Athens."

Without waiting for a response, the chief abruptly turned away, and passed

beyond the curtain of his own apartment.

Five minutes had not elapsed before the convoy was on its way. As they passed through the narrow crevice in the rock which led into the open, the prisoners, on whom strict silence had been enjoined, drew a long, fresh, grateful breath. Once more they felt the soft and kindly evening breeze upon their faces.

"One word," said Lord Kingscourt, holding out his hands in the direction of the guard. "I wish, in behalf of my companions as well as myself, to thank the Heaven-sent messenger who has this day preserved us from a fate almost worse than death."

"Silence!" muttered the leader, in a deep whisper. "Would you betray us? If so, your lives shall pay the forfeit on the spot."

"And shall we not even learn the name of her who—"

"*Silence!*" once more repeated Constantine, roughly pushing the Earl forward, bringing him in close proximity to his fair deliverer, who had preceded them along the path.

Whatever might have been the young girl's wishes, she dared not speak in the face of so positive a command; but as the silent procession filed past her, her eyes beamed with a glow of surprise and pleasure as she saw upon the little finger of Lord Kingscourt's left hand a circlet of black pearls divided at regular intervals by diamonds. It was a Rosary ring.

(To be continued.)

SERVE not your Lord in the spirit of fear, for that would be a hard and trying service. Serve Him rather out of love; and while your eyes are yet unclosed, before the whiteness of death is yet upon your face, or those around you are sure that you have breathed your last, what an unspeakable surprise you will have had before the judgment-seat of perfect Love!

Day Weareth Late.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

DAY with its labors weareth late; and night,
Among its gathering shadows in the east,
Approacheth, chill with dews and breezes cool,
Blotting away the beauty from the hills.
So wears the brief day of my life; and death,
Robed in ungenial shadows and moist fears,
Comes with slow pace but sure, to veil mine eyes
From dreams of earthly loveliness and joy.

But though the weary years have borne me on
In hurrying strife, though toil hath weighed me down,
And sorrow's marks are deep upon my brow,
Yet no fear sits upon my soul; no toil
Oppresseth her, no worldly cares confine;
For she hath more than eagle flight, and soars
Among the sunset mountains of bright clouds,
And from rich springs of glory there doth drink
Hope and inspiring joy; there doth renew
Her youth, and plume her wings to farther flights.
Angels her comrades are; and God's deep voice
Charming the ambient silence of the skies,
Speaks words to her that burn of wondrous love.
Night in its majesty inviteth her
Among the star-bound chambers of vast space,
Wherein with awe unspeakable she sees
The gorgeous order of God's universe,
The infinite bounties of His teeming love,
The never-ending grandeur of His peace.
There in rapt silence doth she fold her wings,
And, hearkening to the spheral harmonies,
She learns the wisdom of His law, and hears
The sweetness of His never-ceasing voice.

Thus have I known the nobleness of life,
And felt within me all the warmth of love;
And, though the day be brief and the hour late,
Death hath no terrors, and his shadow falls
Over my senses, drowsing to a dream,
Soft as the evening twilight on hushed fields.

A Study in Dante.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE poets then passed over into the second division of the Seventh Circle, and entered a trackless and dreadful forest. The leaves were black, the boughs all knotted and twisted, and the fruit thorny poison. The brutal Harpies wailed among the trees, now and then showing their human faces. On every side Dante heard moaning voices, but he could see no one.

"Pluck one of the boughs," said Virgil.

Dante did so, and blood and a shriek followed the action.

"Why manglest thou me?" cried the thorny trunk. "Men once we were, and now are changed to trees."

The blood and words came out together, as a green brand drips and hisses in the flames. These trees held the souls of suicides, and the one sobbing near them was Piero delle Vigne, the chancellor of Frederick II. The spirit told the poets that when a suicide came across the Acheron, he was hurled down to this wood, and he grew there into a tree. After the general judgment his body also would be cast down and hung upon the thorns. Those, moreover, who had violently squandered their possessions in life were hunted and torn piecemeal in this wood by demoniacal she-mastiffs, gaunt and fleet.

As Dante and Virgil issued from the wood a horrible form of justice was beheld by them. Before them was a wide sand-waste, and over all this desert—

> "Fell, slowly wafted down,
> Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
> On Alpine summit when the wind is hushed."

The sand beneath was afire, "for doubling of the dole." Here were many herds of naked souls, writhing and running forward in agony through the fearful snow. Those tormented in this place were the violent against God and nature, blasphemers and usurers. Hard by Dante saw a great spirit lying disdainful and lowering, who seemed to scorn the eating fire. It was Capaneus, one of the seven kings "who girt the walls of Thebes with siege"; and he said to Dante:

> "Such as I was living, am I dead;
> If Jove should weary out his smith, from whom
> He seized in anger the sharp thunderbolt,
> Wherewith upon the last day I was smitten,
> And if he wearied out by turns the others
> In Mongibello at the swarthy forge, ...
> And shot his bolts at me with all his might,
> He would not have thereby a joyous vengeance."

"Capaneus," exclaimed Virgil, "thy pride is thy punishment!"

This passage, as Leigh Hunt and other English critics have remarked, was probably in Milton's recollection when he conceived the character of Satan. Lucifer also, in Byron's "Cain," * speaks as does Capaneus here.

While the two poets went along the paved embankment of a stream of blood, which ran, enveloped in mist, by the margin of the sand-waste, through the darkness they saw ghosts looking out upon them, as "at evening we are wont to eye each other under a new moon." Among these Dante recognized his old teacher, Ser Brunetto Latini, despite his "baked countenance." Brunetto told him:

> "If thou thy star do follow,
> Thou canst not fail of a glorious port,
> If well I judged in the life beautiful."

Carlyle here writes of Dante: "So could the hero in his forsakenness, in his extreme need, still say of himself: 'Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven!'" The love and gratitude toward Brunetto shown by Dante are deeply pathetic; but Dante was just, and he puts into this terrible place, for a nameless crime, one to whom he says:

> "In the world from hour to hour
> You taught me how a man becomes eternal."

As the wayfarers went on they saw many souls they knew, and the usurers

* Act II., S. 2.

lying on the burning marl under the fiery snow, with empty money-bags hung in mockery about their necks. These wretches writhed like dogs, stung by swarms of gadflies.

Then came they to a black precipice which plunged down for miles to the third great division of hell. Beside a roaring cataract Virgil cast down, by way of lure, the Cord of St. Francis which Dante wore about his waist; and presently the monster Geryon, or Fraud, flew up and alighted by the cataract; he was a gigantic, winged reptile, with the face of a just man, very mild. Virgil persuaded this half-beast to carry them down to the Eighth Circle. They mounted between his wings, and Geryon pushed back from the edge of the precipice like a ship leaving harbor; then, turning about, wheeled downward in many a broad circuit.

"Onward he goeth swimming slowly, slowly,
Wheels and descends; but I perceive it only
By wind upon my face; and from below
I heard already on the right the whirlpool
Making a horrible crashing under us."

At last Dante saw fires dimly burning below him in the abyss, and he heard faintly the far-off lamentations of the damned; so that, all trembling, close he crouched upon the monster's back. When they dismounted, Geryon shot away through the darkness like an arrow.

They were now in Malebolge, or Evil-Pits. This circle, the eighth of the Inferno, consists of a long slope traversed by ten concentric gulfs, which are hewn in rock hard as iron, and are bridged over by wide stone arches. The sixth bridge was broken by an earthquake when Our Lord descended into Limbo. The hidden meaning of the trenches is this: The violent who sin openly are placed on a broad plain above; but the fraudulent, who are here punished, are hidden in deep clefts; and the more crafty the deceit, the deeper the trench.

In the first chasm Dante saw from the bridge panderers and seducers, who were rushing on in opposite directions on either side of the fosse; and they were lashed terribly and forever by great, horned devils. In the second gully, deeper than the last, were flatterers and others, thrust down to their mouths in loathsome filth.

From the third bridge Dante saw below him thousands of human feet projecting upward from the stones. The bodies were within holes, and the soles of the feet were on fire; wherefore—

"The flexile joints
Glanced with such violent motion as had snapt
Asunder cords or twisted withes."

These unfortunates were simonists, who by sale or barter had degraded spiritual things, and the priestly office for greed of gold. Dante went down into this ravine and stood by one of the holes.

"Dost thou stand there already,—
Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?"

cried the soul within. It was the spirit of Pope Nicholas III., who mistook Dante for the Pontiff Boniface VIII., who was then alive. At this place we come against one of the most widely reaching passages to be met with in the interpretation of Dante's works. A full explanation, putting the poet and the Popes in a true light, would lead to questions whose solution would necessitate an analysis of the political history of all Europe from the days of Charlemagne down to the time of Dante himself. The gird here at Boniface VIII., and the other attacks made upon him, especially in the Paradiso, must not, however, be interpreted as a proof of Dante's heterodoxy; but, on the other hand, I do not wish to maintain, in my love for the wonderful poet, that he was without fault. In the first place, even if we suppose that he had a right to put these two Popes in Malebolge, it would reflect no discredit on the Church herself, which has never said that her Popes are impeccable, no matter how often latter-day outside ignorance may assert the contrary.

The question, however, is not one of doctrine, but of history; and the true

statement with regard to Pope Nicholas III., surnamed "Il Compinto" from his many accomplishments, is this: During the three short years of his pontificate, which occurred during Dante's boyhood, he compelled both the Emperor Rudolph and Charles of Anjou to abandon their claims to Rome; he did excellent work in reconciling Greek schismatics, and he was the special protector of the Franciscan Order. He was of the noble Roman house, the Orsini, and he was a man of remarkable beauty of person and demeanor. Ambitious views for the exaltation of his own family is the only reproach against him. This was perhaps Dante's reason for putting him in Malebolge; but Dr. Döllinger, in his "History of the Church," says he does so on "the unproved and improbable accusation of simony." Even Milman admits that Nicholas III. was a man of irreproachable morals and great ability.* In his attack, however, Dante tells the spirit,

"'If reverence of the Keys restrained me not,
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
Severer speech might use.'"

His enmity toward Boniface VIII. can not be justified even by Dante's ignorance of facts. Boniface was a Guelf, as most of the great mediæval Popes were; and the poet was a Ghibelline when he wrote the *Commedia*. He was not a Ghibelline in the narrow party-spirit of his contemporaries, but enough so to make him hate all opponents of the Emperor, among whom was Boniface; and Dante's hate, like every other emotion of his soul, was very deep. We should remember that the chief aim of Dante's life, the dream which had taken possession of his mighty imagination,—the dream for the consummation of which he would gladly have offered his life, even through the martyrdom of exile and heart-break,—was the restoration of that mediæval Roman Empire which had held Europe together for so many years almost as one nation. He could not see that the dream was past; and when Boniface opposed the men that Dante thought able to restore the Empire, he hated the Pontiff for this. We can not go into Dante's theory concerning the Church and the Empire, for lack of space; but it may be easily proved that here, in both fact and theory, he was wrong. His book "De Monarchia," in which this theory is especially developed, was put upon the Index by the Council of Trent,—not indeed as heretical, nor was the poet censured therefor; but because its erroneous statements make it a dangerous weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church.

Boniface died in 1303. For the eight following years his enemies, the Roman Colonnas and the French kings, strove to blacken his character; but the Council of Vienne, in 1312, cleared him from every imputation. He was a stern, inflexible man, like the present Pope, Leo XIII.; but during his long pontificate he never put an enemy to death,—a wonderful thing in a ruler of those troublous days. He stood alone against the princes of the world; and the hero flinched not even when his venerable face was smitten by the steel gauntlet of Sciarra Colonna at Anagni, where the Pontiff was forced to ask for bread.

There may be some slight palliation of Dante's enmity in this, that his political prejudice made him give too ready credence to Ghibelline calumny; for the poet was too noble to deal with calumny from himself. It is well to remember that, notwithstanding Dante's hatred for Boniface VIII., he thus speaks, in the Purgatorio, of Sciarra Colonna's insults to that Pontiff:

"To hide with direr guilt
Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
Enters Alagna! In His Vicar, Christ
Himself a captive, and His mockery
Acted again. Lo! to His holy lip
The vinegar and gall once more applied,

* "Latin Christianity," B. xi, ch. 4.

> And He 'twixt living robbers doomed to bleed!
> Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence can not fill the measure up."*

After going up again to the bridge, the two poets went on to the arch over the fourth ravine of Malebolge. Dante saw below them long files of people, silent and weeping, and walking slowly; for their heads were twisted, so that they looked backward. These were the soothsayers, who strove to penetrate the future. Among them he saw the wizard Michael Scott, whom Sir Walter Scott describes in the second canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

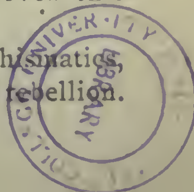
The fifth gulf, marvellously dark, was a lake of boiling pitch, wherein were plunged corrupt judges, and other officials who sold justice or public employment. The professional patriot was an ulcer on the body politic also in Dante's time; and Dante pushes him very low down into hell, as is just. Winged, black fiends, malignant and treacherous, were, in sheer malice, stabbing with long, grappling hooks the miserable creatures that came to the surface of the seething pitch. The entire scene in this gulf is made dreadfully realistic by Dante's superb imagination. One of the devils at length saw Dante, who was crouching in terror on the arch, and shouted to the others. They all sprang at him like hounds at a beggar, but Virgil kept them back. Ten demons followed the two poets as they went along, and Dante saw one of this escort catch with his hook a sinner who had risen to relieve his agony. The devil lifted him out by the hair; and Dante says the writhing soul looked, for the dripping pitch, like an otter. The other devils tore the wretch with their prongs, but by a trick he escaped from them; then, in rage, they turned upon Dante; but Virgil quickly seized him up in his arms and leaped down with him into the sixth ravine, whither they could not be followed.

In this place hypocrites are tormented. They drag themselves along forever, exhausted and fainting, in garments of lead all gilded. While Dante was talking here with a hypocrite who had been a Florentine, he saw near by the high-priest Caiaphas, who thought expediency the best thing during Our Lord's Passion. He was crucified upon the ground, and the hypocrites trampled upon him as they passed. In other places Annas and others of the Jewish council are fastened in like manner.

In the seventh division of Evil-Pits they came upon the Land of the Transformation of Robbers. The place was swarming with hideous serpents, among which ran the naked thieves, encircled and transfixed by the reptiles, and their hands were tied behind them with living snakes for cords; all were agonized with terror. Dante saw a great serpent leap up and drive its head through the neck of one of these wretches; and lo! the man instantly burst into flames, fell upon the earth a heap of ashes, was again brought together, again became a man, aghast with agony, and staring about him, sighing. This is one of the most terribly natural pictures of tragic astonishment ever painted. There is another transformation here which is simply appalling; and at the end Dante bursts out into a just boast, asking if Ovid or Lucan ever would have dreamed of such a metamorphosis.

In the eighth chasm evil counsellors were eaten up in floating balls of fire. Among others here Dante saw Guido da Montefeltro. Guido had been a renowned general, who renounced the world and became a Franciscan. He was charged with having counselled Boniface VIII. to a breach of faith with the Colonnas at Palestrina; but the historians Muratori, Tommaseo, and others, have proved this charge to be unfounded.

The ninth trench held schismatics, sowers of discord, and leaders of rebellion.



* Purgatorio, xx, 87.

They were hewn to pieces by the swords of devils, only to grow together again, and to be mutilated forever every time they went around the circle. Among these is Mahomet. Here also was seen a lost soul stalking by in the darkness, and it held out its own severed head by the hair like a lantern. This was the poet Bertrand de Bornio, who incited King John of England to rebel against his father.

Finally, in the tenth ravine they met forgers, counterfeiters, liars, calumniators, and impostors, covered with dirt, and racked by most loathsome diseases. Then they passed on to the ninth and last circle of hell, where treachery is atoned for.

It was night when they came upon the plain of the giants, between Malebolge and the bottom of the infernal pit. As they went on in silence, Dante suddenly heard the thunderous blare of a mighty trumpet; and, looking through the dim, air, he thought he saw a line of towers. "Those are not towers," said Virgil; "but the giants who warred against Jove, standing each up to his middle in the pit that goes around this circle." Here was Nimrod, to whom Dante ascribes the building of the Tower of Babel. The face of this giant is as long as the bronze pine cone of the Vatican—*i e.*, eleven feet,—hence the giant is over seventy feet in height. As they passed another of these prisoners, Ephialtes, this monster shook the earth so terribly that Dante almost died for terror. The poets went forward; and one of the Titans, Antæus, who was free because he had not fought against Jove, took them in his hands and sat them down in the last gulf. Then the giant, "as a mast does in a ship, uprose."

They were now on the ice of the frozen lake Cocytus. The gloomy air was piercingly cold. As they went forward, Dante heard a voice at his feet cry: "Have a care how thou treadest!" Looking down, he saw that the ice was full of wretched souls fastened up to the chin therein, and before their faces were veils of frozen tears.

In the first division of the lake, called Cäina (the place of Cain), were traitors to kindred. Here, among others, he met two brothers who had murdered each other, and they were so knit into one that "clamp never bound together wood with wood so stoutly."

In the second division, called Antenora (so named from the man who betrayed Troy), were traitors to their country. Walking forward, Dante struck his foot violently against the face of a wretch frozen there. Whether he did this by will or chance, he says, he knew not. The soul would not tell its name, even when Dante tore part of the hair from its head, but barked like a dog. It was Bocco degli Abati, whose treason caused the defeat of the Guelfs at the famous battle of Montaperti, in 1260.

Between Antenora and Ptolemæa (so called from Ptolemy, who murdered Judas Maccabeus and his sons) Dante beheld an awful spectacle. There were two souls locked up together in one hole in the ice, so that the head of one was directly over the other's like a cowl; and the upper head was gnawing and crunching into the lower. The topmost spirit was Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, who betrayed the Castle of Pisa to the Florentines, and murdered the nephew of the Archbishop of Pisa. Ugolino was starved to death, together with his two little sons and two grandsons, in the Tower of Famine by the other spirit, who was Ruggieri himself, the Archbishop.

This is the outline of the story as told to Dante; but even Leigh Hunt acknowledges that Archbishop Ruggieri's part in the tragedy is exaggerated, if not entirely false. Such is the material for a passage which Goethe and Landor rank among the sublimest creations of poetry. Chaucer relates part of the story in "The Monk's Tale." Ugolino tells first of a dreadful

dream he had in the Tower of Famine, then he continues thus:

"When I before the morrow was awake,
Moaning amid their sleep I heard my sons
Who with me were, and asking after bread....
And I heard locking up the under door
Of the horrible tower; whereat without a word
I gazed into the faces of my sons.
I wept not, I within so turned to stone.
They wept; and darling little Anselm mine
Said: 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what doth ail thee?'
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
Until another sun rose on the world.
As now a little glimmer made its way
Into the dolorous prison, and I saw
Upon four faces my own very aspect,
Both of my hands in agony I bit;
And thinking that I did it from desire
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
And said they: 'Father, much less pain 'twill give us
If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us
With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad.
That day we all were silent, and the next.
Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open?
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,
Saying, 'My Father, why dost thou not help me?'
And there he died; and, as thou seest me,
I saw the three fall, one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then hunger did what sorrow could not do!"

Here Dante breaks out into an imprecation upon the city of Pisa; and he tells her, no matter what Ugolino did,

"Thou shouldst not on such a cross have put his sons."

The translation used for this passage is Longfellow's, which is here, as often elsewhere, superior to that of Cary. Those who think Longfellow's lines harsh, and not in keeping with the laws of English blank verse, do not scan them correctly. Our poet was not striving to write blank verse, but to catch the rhythm of Dante's *terze-rime*.

To Dante's amazement, he finds in Ptolemæa the souls of Fra Alberigo and Ser Branca Doria, whom he knew to be alive on earth. Alberigo assured the poet that he was deceived; for as soon as the crimes for which they were suffering had been committed their souls were hurled down to hell; and now, while they spoke in Ptolemæa, possessing demons animated their corpses, seeming men, upon earth. This, as Leigh Hunt says, "is the most tremendous lampoon in the whole circle of literature."

Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni—"Behold the banners of the King of Hell!" cried Virgil. Dante looked forward and saw through the darkness something which appeared like a wind-mill's sails whirling at night. They went on, Virgil before Dante. Suddenly Virgil turned and whispered: "Behold Satan!" Dante stood, half dead with fear, as he saw—

"The emperor of the kingdom dolorous
From his mid-breast forth issued from the ice."

He tells us that he himself better compares in size with the giants they already had seen than do those giants with even one of Satan's arms. His head has three faces: the middle, vermilion in color; the right, a pale yellow; the other, black. Cocytus was frozen with the waving of his six bat-like wings, that were larger than the sails of any ship. Tears ran down from his six eyes, and in each of his mouths he crushed a sinner eternally, as substances are broken and ground by an engine. The middle sinner was Judas Iscariot; the other two were Brutus and Cassius, traitors to Christ and to Dante's ideal ruler, the Roman Cæsar.

"Night is reascending," said Virgil, "and all has been seen. It is time to depart."

They went behind the arch-fiend, and climbed down his frozen sides through a cavern until they reached the centre of the earth. There they turned and ascended a long, gloomy vault, until at last above them they saw—

"Some of the beauteous things that heaven doth bear;
Whence we came forth to rebehold the stars."

I have given a very meagre synopsis of one part of this *Commedia*, called "Divine" not by Dante himself, but by the wondering men who came after him.

We have drifted over the surface of one of his three oceans, scarcely thinking of the strange shapes and the precious treasures below. *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*,—"All honor to the chiefest poet!" He touches something deeper within us than anything awakened even by the wrath of Achilles or the sorrows of Lear.

"O star of morning and of Liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!

"Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations; and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind; and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt."

From Mary's Hands.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"SO everything goes to the Queen!" said Mr. Baker, the lately-arrived London butler, as he entered the housekeeper's room in Brandscombe Priory for a cup of afternoon tea.

"And her has no need for it," Mrs. Jackson responded, bitterly and ungrammatically. "Dear me! dear me! I never thought the master would have done it. 'Tis enough to make him turn in his grave. Look at poor Master Henry's daughter, his only child, being forced to stay in the Stag's Head till the evening train passes through!"

"She seems a nice enough young lady," Mr. Baker remarked, as he took his seat at the tea-table.

"She would be if she took after the Brandscombes," said Mrs. Jackson. "And she's called after the mistress, Master Henry's mother. I always thought the old prophecy would come right."

"It would be an awful thing, a terrible thing, for idolatry to triumph in that way," was the severe reply of Mr. Baker, who greatly prided himself upon being an "up-to-date" man. "You wouldn't wish to see the place turned into a Mass-house, would you?"

"No," answered Mrs. Jackson, rather dubiously; "but, then, if the prophecy says so?"

"I wonder you believe in that sort of thing," Mr. Baker said, loftily,—"I do really. You know we live in an enlightened age, ma'am."

Mrs. Jackson's round, rosy face grew a shade rosier as she remarked, with some acidity in her tone:

"Being a Londoner, you are better informed than people who have never been farther north than Winchester, and—"

"No, ma'am,—no, not at all!" Baker hastened to interpose; for he was not unmindful of the advantages accruing to himself from Mrs. Jackson's friendship. He paused to cut the muffin on his plate with mathematical exactness before he added, with modest complacence: "We have opportunites that you want, you must remember; and I have met some really well-informed persons since I came to Hampshire. May I ask you for the whole of the story to which you have just alluded? Of course I've heard it spoken of, but I would like to hear it as I am sure you can tell it."

Mr. Baker handed his cup across the table, as he ended, for refilling.

"I ought to know it," Mrs. Jackson admitted, "seeing as I've lived all my life, I may say, at Brandscombe Priory. I mind well I was only a slip of a girl when grandmother—she was housekeeper—took me into the kitchen. That was in the time of the old master—the father of him that was buried to-day."

"Yes," Mr. Baker said, as Mrs. Jackson paused for a moment.

"Many a time my grandmother would

talk of it all, but I doubt if I'll remember it rightly. You see, the master's sudden death has upset me" (Mr. Baker nodded). "But I'll try. I must go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Brandscombe Priory, it is said, belonged to the monks. I don't recollect their name, but no matter. When their lands were confiscated they were cruelly treated, and one of their number—he was head of them—was hung on a tree outside the door of their church. Just before he died, while the rope was being fastened on his neck, he pointed to Roger Brandscombe, who headed the soldiers, and said:

'The glens, the hills, our bell has echoed o'er,
Back to the Church shall Mary's hands restore.'"

Mrs. Jackson made a dramatic pause.

"Well," Mr. Baker said, "is that all? I suppose all sorts of misfortunes followed the Brandscombes?"

"Not at all, sir. At least they were as fortunate as most. True, two or three times an awful visitation befell them; but that was because they interfered with the Virgin's statue."

"The Virgin's statue?" Mr. Baker repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes: Our Lady's statue, as it is called hereabouts. Have you not seen it since you came?"

"No."

"Well, it resembles the figure of a woman, and is of stone. It belonged to the monks, and has always stood on the spot where their church was. Three or four times efforts were made to remove it, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic death has occurred in the family. It was the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed; but the men were frightened, and would not do as he said. He went himself to remove it; and a portion of the stonework gave way, and the statue fell on him, crushing him to death. His wife was in a terrible way; she had the statue securely replaced in its former position, and ever since the place is avoided after nightfall. It is said the old master walks."

Mr. Baker laughed cynically.

"You may laugh if you like, but I've *seen* him," Mrs. Jackson continued. "I was sent for one night to see a cousin who was dying; it is about six months since. There is a short cut from the village past the old Priory; and, not being fearsome naturally, I returned home that way, and I plainly saw a man climbing up to the statue."

"But not a ghost?" said Mr. Baker.

"What was it, then? It was a clear, moonlight night, and I saw him plainly. He was as like the old master as two peas are to each other."

"Did you speak?" Mr. Baker asked, trying to hide his amusement.

"That I *did not*," Mrs. Jackson replied.

"Well, at any rate, Brandscombe Priory hasn't gone back to the Papists yet," the butler remarked.

"No. Everyone thought that the old prophecy was coming true when Master Henry married a Catholic; but his father went wild. I mind as well as if it were yesterday how he called all the servants into the house, and forbade them ever to mention his son's name in his hearing. It was the next day that he made the will that was read to-day."

"And everything goes to the Queen by that?"

"Everything. You see, both the master and Master Henry was each of them an only child. Poor Master Henry! I had hopes his father would have done right—and it can't be right to wrong your own flesh and blood—at the end. He spoke of his son once or twice to me lately, and he was always writing and writing, and getting documents witnessed; but now he's lying in the family vault, and the Priory goes to a lady that's rich enough without it."

"Where is he—the son, I mean?" Mr. Baker questioned.

"In London and dying. He wasn't able to come to the funeral; that's why Miss Beatrix—Miss Brandscombe—came. It cut me to the very heart to think of her stopping at the Stag's Head like anybody else, when this should have been her own home."

"Her father shouldn't have been such an—so foolish as to become a follower of the Scarlet Woman," Mr. Baker remarked, sententiously.

"He never was a follower of no woman, sir!" Mrs. Jackson replied, indignantly.

"My dear lady, you don't catch my meaning." The butler rose and glanced out of the window. "I believe I'll take my evening constitutional. Nothing like a walk, ma'am, for reducing the weight."

With his head full of Mrs. Jackson's story, and a contemptuous smile on his face for her superstitious notions, Baker set out. He took the path that led to that part of the grounds where the ancient Dominican Priory had been situated.

The statue of which Mrs. Jackson had spoken stood on a pedestal formed of stone and mortar, and Mr. Baker viewed it for some time with critical eyes. It was certainly not a very artistic piece of workmanship. The features were scarcely distinguishable, the hands were loosely crossed in anything but a natural manner; while the stone was covered here and there with mosses and lichens, and stained and discolored by long years of exposure to wind and weather.

"Not a very elegant piece of work," the man said, with a superior look. He was about to turn away when he saw a lady approaching. "Miss Brandscombe, as I live!" he muttered. "I won't meet her. She has come to say her prayers likely." He slipped behind a thick cluster of rhododendrons. "Just so!" he remarked to himself as he peered through the green leaves. "She has knelt down. Ugh! the ignorance of the Papists!"

The girl knelt a few minutes in silent prayer. Suddenly there was a crash. A piece of the solid stonework of the statue had given way and fallen to the ground; and with it fell a long, narrow black case from the hands of the statue.

Miss Brandscombe gave a slight cry, and the butler came forward.

"Are you hurt, Miss?" he asked.

"No, no! but I was frightened," the girl answered. She had thrown back her veil, and Mr. Baker was forced to admit that she certainly was a handsome lady. "Papa often speaks of Our Lady's statue," she continued; "and, as I had to wait for the evening train, I thought I would come and see it. I hope it is quite firm still."

"I think so. But about the box?"

"Oh, the box! I dare say it is of no consequence; but you had better take it to the house."

Miss Brandscombe moved away with a courteous inclination of the head; and Baker, curious regarding the box he carried, hastened to the house.

"'Tis lucky Mr. Edwards is here yet. He's waiting for the train," Mrs. Jackson commented, when she had heard the butler's words. "He's in the library; take it to him. I'll go with you."

"Give it to me, please," the lawyer said, impatiently cutting short Mr. Baker's explanation.

The case opened after a little pressure, and Mr. Edwards drew forth a folded paper.

"Another will!" he shouted,—"another and a later will! This alters everything. Mrs. Jackson, the Priory is Henry Brandscombe's, after all!"

. . . .

"So the old prophecy came in as true as truth," Mrs. Jackson is wont to say to the neighbors who drop in of an evening to the comfortable cottage she occupies within the boundary of Brandscombe Park. "I always knew it would, only that Baker put me down with his grand airs.

Did you ever hear anything like it all? Of course it was the master I saw that night when coming home from seeing my cousin. Poor gentleman! he walked in his sleep, and I suppose he hid the will he made in the Virgin's hands. And well she cared it. Oh, yes! the old prophecy came true—every word of it,—so 'tis no wonder I'm a Catholic now. I don't deny but I'd sooner have seen Miss Beatrix married and settled in the Priory; but her heart was always set on being a nun, and 'tis something to have the monks back again. Miss Beatrix meant that they should have it from the first. Hark! there's the bell for Vespers!" And Mrs. Jackson murmurs:

"The glens, the hills, our bell has echoed o'er,
Back to the Church shall Mary's hands restore."

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXII.

HOW are we to understand, to feel, to know, what is real piety and religion? How are we to get possession of it? Some place it in attending chapels and services, in saying prayers with unction, etc. Everything, however, depends on securing a sound, genuine basis or foundation; else we go on beating the air or ploughing the sands. Our author is ever practical, and supplies an efficacious test, which it is essential to know and keep in view; otherwise we are wasting our time. Let us hear him: "No man is fit to comprehend heavenly things who has not resigned himself to suffer adversities for Christ." It will be noted he puts it "fit to comprehend,"—that is, his whole system of piety will be delusive unless he starts from this principle. He does not even say, "You must suffer adversities for Christ," but you must *train* yourself to suffer,—look forward to suffering, and accept the possibility. Here we have a principle, an element, of which in all thoughts and actions we must take due account.

LXXIII.

Here is a sketch of worldlings and their supposed enjoyments: "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." It may be said indeed that they "follow after many delights, and withal their own will; and therefore" (how acute this is!) "make small account of their tribulations." That is, the variety and number of enjoyments overpower the inconveniences. But how long will this last, he asks; and then finely adds: "As smoke shall they vanish that abound in this world, and there shall be no remembrance of their past joys."

Nothing indeed vanishes so swiftly as pleasure, or leaves so little behind. No one is forgotten so speedily, or sinks so rapidly, as the fallen pleasure-seekers. Even the world does not care to think about them. "From the very same thing whence they conceive delight, thence frequently do they derive the penalty of anguish." Or as Shakespere has it: "The gods of our pleasant vices make whips to scourge us." "It is just that it should be so with them; that since they seek and follow inordinately their pleasures, they should not enjoy them without *confusion* and *bitterness*." These two words accurately express the case. I myself have noticed that such inordinate pleasurelings as I have known suffered from the most terrible confusion. That is, their worldly affairs were in disorder, character lost more or less, and they were hampered through life by the consequences. "Oh, how short, how deceitful, how inordinate and shameful are all these pleasures!"

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

It must needs be that congresses and assemblies come, and experience has shown that they are not without great and good results. Not all, however, have a programme at once so comprehensive and so practical as the National Marian Congress held this month at Livorno, Italy. A partial list of the subjects discussed embraces: The influence of Mary in society as the perfect type of womanhood; associations of Christian mothers; primary education in religious institutes; associations for unmarried young people; associations of married people to aid poor families; associations to assist young people out of employment; institutes for youth who, though not orphans, may be exposed to special dangers; the more frequent erection of statues of the Blessed Virgin, and the habit of saluting them with uncovered head. The Cardinal Archbishop of Florence presided over the Congress, which was marked by an extraordinary demonstration of religious fervor.

The erection of Wales into a vicariate-apostolic is a fresh proof of the growth of the Church in Britain. A new ecclesiastical centre means much; and, though it may be a long time before the little vicariate of Wales becomes an episcopal see, religion will flourish meantime. The Rev. Francis Mostyn, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Birkenhead, in the Diocese of Shrewsbury, has been chosen to rule over this new vicariate; and those who have labored with him in the sacred ministry and know him best applaud the wisdom of the appointment, and predict grand results from his apostolate among the Welsh. Great work has already been accomplished by the zealous Capuchins of Pantasaph, and Jesuits at St. Beuno's. The patron of Wales is St. David, Bishop of Menevia in the sixth century.

The epithets "lazy" and "ignorant" applied to the monks of old, and so generously employed by many generations of Protestant scribblers, are in imminent danger of being relegated to "innocuous desuetude." During the past two decades the Muse of History has shown a praiseworthy disposition to reverse many of her past verdicts; and it has been remarked that the Church has invariably profited by the reversal. Dr. Gasquet's powerful vindication of the English monasteries as they existed at the time of their suppression has already borne fruit, as is evident from an article by a non-Catholic writer in the *Quarterly Review*. Dr. Gasquet himself could hardly have written more enthusiastically than this Protestant, who candidly admits that the wholesale suppression inaugurated by King Hal and continued by his successors, was for revenue only. Singularly enough, it is the learning and industry of the monks—their services to science and agriculture—that are most strongly emphasized in the article; though their virtues and the simple, mortified lives they led are also acknowledged. As the *Tablet* observes: "The organ of old-fashioned orthodoxy of the Church of England writes in a very different spirit from that manifested in the utterances of the English press ten years ago; and the tardy measure of justice thus rendered to a much reviled class may be looked upon almost as the utterance of national recantation."

It is pleasant to learn that the Catholics serving on the United States cruiser *Charleston*, recognizing the prevalence of slanders and misconceived ideas resulting from ignorance of the teachings of the Church, and the need of zeal and knowledge to combat and correct them, have banded themselves into a society to be known as the Young Men's Naval Catholic Association. It is anticipated that all the Catholics in the U. S. Navy will join it, and we hope they will know how to apply for membership. The constitutions and by-laws of the Association have come to us from Japan, and the officers have omitted to give either their rank or address.

Despite the dictum of the pessimist, this world is the best one that most of us have ever known; and wholesale denunciation of it ought to be reserved exclusively for dyspeptics and commencement-day orators.

The human heart is as tractable and religious now as it ever was; or, as Artemus Ward expressed it, "there is still a good deal of human nature in most men." An infidel scientist becomes notorious because most wise men are Christians, and a dangerous novel excites attention chiefly because the bulk of our literature is highly moral. How seldom is the world shocked by a scandalous utterance from the leaders of men, and how often is it comforted by edifying words from unexpected places! Thus the younger Dumas, when asked recently for his version of the Golden Rule, said among other good things: "Never attempt to produce anything without a thorough understanding of that which you undertake, and destroy as little as possible. Pardon everybody beforehand, to be on the safe side. Do not despise men, do not hate them, and do not laugh at them beyond measure. Pity them. Think of death every morning when you see the light, and every evening on the approach of darkness. When your sufferings are great, look your grief in the face; it will console you itself, and teach you something. Try to be simple, to become useful, to remain free; and before denying God wait until somebody proves to you that He does not exist."

James Whitcomb Riley lately expressed virtuous contempt for American poets who go to Europe for their themes, while so much that is beautiful and dramatic lies neglected at home. The lament of the Hoosier bard is unhappily well founded. There is beauty and poetry everywhere, if only the poet's eye be there to see it. A happy illustration of this truth occurs in a recent lecture by that true poet, Dr. Egan. It is beautiful in itself, and it is also a revelation of the poet's character:

"Apparently, there is not much to think of in the wrinkled hand of the old woman who crosses your path in the street. You catch a glimpse of it as she carries her bundle in that hand on her way from work in the twilight. Perhaps you pass on, and think of it no more. Perhaps you note the knotted, purple veins standing out from the toil-reddened surface; and then your eyes catch at a glance the wrinkled face, on which are written the traces of trials, self-sacrifice, and patience. It is hard to believe that those hands were once soft and dimpled childish hands, and that face bright with happy smiles. The story of her life is the story of many lives from day to day. Those coarse, ungloved, wrinkled hands will seem vulgar to you only if you have never learned to observe and think. They may suggest a noble story or poem to you, if you take their meaning rightly Life, everyday life, is full of the suggestions of great things for those who have learned to look and to observe."

The rapid spread of the curfew idea, especially in towns and small cities, shows that this modern revival of an old custom was not simply "the whimsical expression of a puritanical community." The truth is that these rural legislators are persuaded that unless children be protected from the temptations of the street at night, public morality will be endangered. The law has interfered in sheer self-defence. It is impossible, however, to legislate for such matters as this; penal force never yet won a moral victory. But the popularity of the curfew idea, and the awakening of the civil officials, ought to have the effect of arousing parents to a sense of their obligations in this regard. One of the saddest signs of the time is the growing indifference to "home life"; and it was to combat this tendency that Pope Leo XIII. recommended devotion to the Holy Family. "Home-keeping hearts are happiest," quoth the poet; they are most secure also.

An article contributed to the *Franciscan Annals* by the Most Rev. Father Hyacinth, O. S. F. C., Definitor-General of the Capuchin Order and Consulter to the S. Congregation of the Index, proves conclusively that Dante was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, as well as Giotto, Columbus, and Petrarch.

The claim has often been made, and as often disproved, that Lincoln was not a believer in the divinity of Christ. But, aside from the merits of a controversy which has long ago been settled, an incident related in the *Homiletic Review* by one who has carefully studied the religious side of Lincoln's character, is highly interesting as well as edifying:

"Mr. Lincoln prepared an address, in which he declared that this country can not exist half-slave

and half-free. He affirmed the saying of Jesus: 'A house divided against itself can not stand.' Having read this address to some friends, they urged him to strike out that portion of it. If he would do so, he could probably be elected to the United States Senate; but if he delivered the address as written, the ground taken was so high, the position was so advanced, his sentiments were so radical, he would probably fail of gaining a seat in the supreme legislative body of the greatest republic on earth. Mr. Lincoln, under those circumstances, said: 'I know there is a God, and that He hates the injustice of slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me—and I think He has,—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right; for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God.'"

It will be difficult after this for Col. Ingersoll and others of his ilk to substantiate his statement that the great President of the war time was an infidel. The gallant Colonel is one of those who *make* statements.

The late Marie Troillet, widely known by her pen-name "Mario," received the grace of conversion late in life, her family having been one of those that fled from France to escape the rigorous laws passed against the new heretics in the sixteenth century. Probably her greatest literary success was "Pictures from Palestine," her first volume; though her later sketches and books of travel and folklore enjoyed high favor in France. Her latest work, "Edelweiss," appeared only last year. May she rest in peace!

The London *Tablet* affords the following extract from a new work by Max O'Rell on "The Colonial Branches of the Firm of John Bull & Co." After quoting statistics of the various religious denominations in Australia, he pays this tribute to the Catholic clergy laboring there and throughout the English-speaking world:

"One can not but be struck, on reading this list, by the progress made and the importance acquired by the Catholic religion in the English colonies. This importance had also struck me in Canada and the United States and the Pacific Islands. And yet there is nothing astonishing about it when one thinks how easy it must have been for those charitable and devoted priests—who consecrate soul and body to the poor and unhappy, and to the education and placing out of their children,—to win converts among the struggling colonists, hungry for sympathy, and always ready to open their hearts to those who lead, like themselves, a life of privations and sacrifices. The life of these priests is so exemplary that the Australians of all creeds speak of them with the greatest respect; and when they indulge in criticisms or jokes on the clergy, it is never at the expense of a Catholic priest."

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. Isidore Daubresse, S.J., formerly of St. Xavier's College, New York; and the Rev. Hugh McLaughlin, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, who lately departed this life.

Brother Bernard, C. S. C., who died suddenly at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 24th inst.

Mr. Edward Friel, who passed away on the 10th inst., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Amelia M. Chorlton, of Providence, R. I., who yielded her soul to God on the 26th ult.

Mrs. John B. Lieberman, who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 20th ult., at Mahanoy City, Pa.

Mrs. Ellen Ryan, of Louisville, Ky., whose life closed peacefully on the 30th ult.

Mrs. M. J. Walsh, whose happy death took place on the 14th inst., at Parsons, Pa.

Mrs. James Devine, of S. Boston, Mass., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 15th ult.

Mr. John Melvin, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Patrick McMahon, Miss Margaret Foley, and Mrs. Mary Howard, Co. Limerick, Ireland; also Mrs. John McCarthy, Waterville, Conn.

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, Montana:

The Rev. J. J. H., $5; Annie Smith, $5; T. M., St. Louis, Mo., $1; J. S., Detroit, Mich., $2.25; A Friend, Fall River, Mass., $2; Mrs. Elizabeth K. Steepe, $1; Mrs. T. Casey, $2; C. O'N., Manchester, N. H., $10; H., Lowell, Mass., $2; Mrs. D. Turner, $1.; A Maine Friend, $1.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

A Maine Friend, $1.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:

Mr. Lawrence Denneny, $1.

The Missions in India:

The Rev. A. M. C., 75 cts.

* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

The Angel of Tears.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

ONE evening a holy monk, who lived in a monastery amongst mountains bordering on the sea-coast, went out, according to his custom, to spend some hours in prayer and solitude. He pushed his way through the briars and tangled undergrowth of the wood, meditating as he went on the cruel thorns that pierced his Master's sacred brow on the rough road to Calvary. It was almost sunset when he came out on a flat rock overhanging the sea, and there, prostrating himself, interceded for the world lying in sin around him. A deep sadness, a sense of desolation, weighed on his soul.

"What can I do for the offended Majesty of God? How can I comfort the Heart of His Son, which agonized for these sinners, who never give His woes one thought? How useless I am,—useless, alas! through my own unworthiness!"

And as he wept and groaned and continued in prayer, a wondrous light spread over the sea,—wave after wave of golden mist, now pearly tinted, now crimson and purple as with martyr's blood. And as the monk gazed awestruck, he saw it was caused by troops of angels passing swiftly, each bearing gifts to the throne of God.

Glorious gifts they bore; works wrought by the sweat of missionary priests toiling in desert lands; offerings of heroic self-sacrifice from parents for children, children for parents; throbs of burning love from pure virgin souls in many a cloister shade; the blood of martyrs for the faith in distant countries; deeds of charity done in the power of the Holy Name for the poor and ignorant in crowded cities.

As they passed, one and another said to the monk:

"What hast thou, brother, that we can take with us to gladden our Queen-Mother's heart, that she may offer it to her Divine Son ere the evening *Ave* sounds on earth?"

But the poor monk groaned; and, hiding his face as if in shame, murmured:

"Nothing; alas! nothing."

And his tears flowed afresh as he thought of his sinfulness and uselessness. Then he was suddenly aware of a presence, and felt a gentle pressure on his bowed head.

"Look up, my brother! See the gift that I bear to the Sacred Heart."

He obeyed, and beheld the form of a wondrously beautiful angel, peaceful as a dove, and clad in silvery-tinted raiment of light. In his hand he held a golden, jewelled chalice, of such dazzling brightness that it almost blinded the tear-dimmed eyes of the monk.

The angel raised the cover and bade him look within, where lay a single precious pearl on a rich crimson ground.

'See, brother! I bear all tears shed for love of our Master and sorrow for the sins that grieved His Sacred Heart in His Agony. I stood by Him in Gethsemane and

gathered His own. He named me 'Angel of Tears,' and bade me ever go where I heard sounds of weeping, and comfort those who sorrow with Him. Alas! I find few tears shed for Him, though torrents flow for the passing ills of life, or selfish sorrows of the children of men. Give me your tears, brother; they will make my offering precious indeed, and dear to His Sacred Heart."

Then a great wave of joy passed over the monk's soul as he beheld his tears lying like glorious pearls in the chalice; and peace fell on his troubled spirit as the Angel of Tears flew swiftly upward, and was lost in radiant light.

Camp-Fire Stories.

Captured by Pirates.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"Boys!" called Uncle George, "if you don't come pretty soon, you'll miss your story, and the fire will be out. And what under the sun are you playing, any way?"

"Pirates!" screamed Billy, whose face and hands were fearfully and wonderfully decorated with blackberry juice. "Don't you see, we're pirates, and that boat is a British man-of-war?"

"It's the first time I ever saw a British war-ship fly the Stars and Stripes," said Uncle George,—but no one heard him.

The crucial moment had come. The pirates boarded the *Prince of Wales*, put the entire crew to death with wooden swords, captured the men-at-arms, and sunk the brave craft in six inches of water. That done, the exultant victors washed their faces; and soon pirates, prisoners, and all, had arranged a peace, and were sitting around the fire as quiet as mice.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle George, in the good, old-fashioned way of beginning a story, "three savage-looking pirate ships were cruising around the Gulf of Lyons, lying in wait for whatever prey might chance their way. They had plenty of sail spread, but not enough to keep them flying about as deftly as they were; for the day was calm. What was this power which kept them darting from point to point at the word of unseen commanders? Ah! it was the steady strokes of a large number of rowers, each one of whom was a Christian prisoner. There they sat, their arms rising and falling together, chained to their places.

"And now a pretty, little coasting vessel appeared, her white sails looking like the wings of a dove, and her captain peacefully giving his orders, and gazing at the beautiful French coast, where the quiet homes and lofty churches clustered in the soft sunshine. And all at once there came swooping down upon that innocent vessel the corsairs, armed to the teeth. There could be but one ending to so ill-balanced a contest. When the smoke cleared away, part of the crew of the coaster lay dead; and the rest of them, the passengers as well, were the captives of the African brigantines. There was one exception: the poor captain, who had not surrendered, but had dared to resist the pirates, was put to death upon the spot.

"Among the passengers was a young priest, who was returning home from a French seaport, whither he had gone to collect a small legacy left him by a distant relative. He had been educated at much sacrifice by his good father, who, it is said, sold the horses from the plow in order that his son might follow the career for which he longed. And now the young priest, after all those years of struggling and self-denial, lay in the hold of a pirate ship, wounded and in chains.

"The corsair made all haste to run into a safe harbor with its ill-gotten freight; and the prisoners were offered for sale in the slave-market, much as if they had

been cattle. They were obliged to wear a coarse robe of blue and white, which was the badge of slavery, and to hear themselves discussed by the ignorant and savage hordes who flocked to see the new band of captive Christians. Our young priest was bought by a fisherman. He brought but a small price, as he looked very ill and delicate; but even at that his master considered him a bad bargain, for he grew sea-sick as quickly as our Angus does whenever his boat rocks a little, and was of no use upon the water—"

"I pity him," broke in Angus, "if he was the sort of sailor that I am."

"Pretty soon," went on Uncle George, "he became the property of one of those old fellows who were trying to learn how to make gold out of stones, and diamonds out of charcoal,—a sort of astrologer, but a very learned man. He saw at once that he had a treasure in his intelligent young slave, and grew very fond of him. Finally he offered him his liberty, and the prospect of inheriting his wealth; but there was a condition attached: the Christian must become a Mahometan. This was a temptation, but with it came the grace to resist it, and the captive priest bravely said: 'Nay.'

"When the old physician died, the priest—I am not quite ready yet to tell you his name—became the property of a Frenchman, who had also been captured, and who had, unlike our hero, been unable to hold out when freedom was offered him, but was now a Mahometan with three wives. It was the slave's duty to work in the field under a sun whose rays were almost unbearable, but he never once lost hope or faith. Sometimes the wives of his renegade master would go to him after his work was done, and ask him concerning his religion, which they had come to admire by witnessing how patiently he bore his sufferings; and one of them became so impressed by his answers that she won her husband back from his false religion to the belief he had renounced. A poor Turkish woman, ignorant and untaught, did this! After the master took this step in private, he wished for only one thing—to go home; partly, no doubt, because he realized his sin; partly because the face of his slave recalled to him the friends of his youth; and for the reason that if he were known to have forsaken the faith of Mahomet, he would be walled up alive,—a favorite way the Moors had of disposing of such cases.

"So one night master and slave fled together in a little boat back to sunny France, which was their native land. They reached it safely; and we can easily believe in the renegade's penitence from the fact that he at once, after greeting his people, entered a brotherhood at Rome, and spent the rest of his life in tending the sick in hospitals.

"Although I have taken some time in telling you this, it is but one incident in the good priest's eventful life. I must mention one more adventure—if it can be called that,—and then our worthy Doctor will sound 'taps.'

"The young priest, through the influence of a nobleman whose sons he taught, was appointed chaplain to the prison ships which lie in the French harbors; and there became so interested in one of the prisoners that he actually changed clothes with him, letting him escape, and taking his place for some time without detection. A number of innocent men were then undergoing a cruel imprisonment, and no doubt this was one of them. Father de Paul—there, I have told you who he was!—was released, but he bore the scars made by the chains to his dying day. He is known to us as St. Vincent de Paul, and some night we will have another chapter in his wondrous life—but I see the Doctor coming with his bugle."

And then the clear notes of the trumpet rang out "taps," and the boys scampered off to the big tent.

TANTUM ERGO.

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.

J. F. LISCOMBE.

SOPRANO. *p*

Tantum ergo Sa - cra - men-tum Ve-ne - re - mur cer - nu - i: Et an-

ALTO. *p*

TENOR. *p*

Tantum er - go Sa - cra - men-tnm Ve-ne - re - mur cer - nu - i: Et an-

BASS. *p*

pp

p

- ti quam do - cu - men tum, No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i: Praestet fi - des sup ple-

- ti-quam do - cu - men-tum, No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i: Praestet fi - des sup ple

Animato.

f

men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni-

men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni-

f

pp

f Animato.

ff

to - que, Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus ho - nor, virtus quo - que, Sit et

to - que, Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus ho - nor, virtus quo - que, Sit et

ff

ff

be - ne - dic - ti - o: Pro - ce-den - ti ab u - tro - que, Compar sit lau - da - ti -

be - ne - dic - ti - o: Pro - ce-den - ti ab u - tro - que, Compar sit lau - da - ti -

f *pp*

o, Pro ce - den- ti ab u - tro - que, Compar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

o, Pro-ce - den-ti ab u - tro - que, Compar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

f *pp*

ff *pp*

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

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Our Lady's Coming.

AS wing-beats of the dove of peace
O'er scenes of strife,
Was thy glad coming, peerless One,
To mortal life.

And thou didst bear an olive branch
From realms above,
Whose healing fruits for sin-sick earth
Were peace and love.

Oh, bide with us, we humbly pray,
Till life shall cease;
And may our souls, in thy sweet care,
Go forth in peace.

Then will thy coming not have been
For us in vain,
And we fore'er thy praise shall sing
In glad refrain.

CASCIA.

The Church and Socialism.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

THE cabled report to the effect that the Holy Father is about to publish a new Encyclical, in which he will seek to prove, from the failure of the State socialism advocated by Emperor William and Prince Bismarck that Church socialism is alone able to bestow peace and happiness on the people, is certain to attract special attention to an article in the *North American Review*, entitled "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., whose recent lectures at the Catholic Summer School called forth so much criticism.

In this article, which is by long odds the most important contribution to periodical literature of the month, Father Zahm gives a brief exposition of the origin, character, and history of the social question from the Catholic point of view, and exhibits the gist of the Holy Father's teaching on this all-important subject. Since issuing his famous Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, of which, as Father Zahm points out, Europe, poisoned by the school of Manchester and by the teachings of a materialistic philosophy, had greater need than young and prosperous America, Leo XIII. has developed his apostolic doctrine more in detail. This is observed especially in his correspondence with the Count de Mun, the Bishop of Grenoble, the Bishop of Liege, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Mechlin, as well as in his letters to M. Decurtins, to Abbé Six, to Abbé Naudet, and others.

All these manifestations of the great Papal mind are bound together by the same golden thread. Go to the people, to assist and emancipate them. Establish syndicates and associations for the laboring classes; demand from the State

legislation for their protection; and strive to secure the passage of a law, international in character, which shall protect at the same time both employer and employee from economic piracy. Restrict the hours of labor, and place women and children under proper protection. Give to the poor man a just remuneration for his work, and strive to make him an upright and honorable citizen. Above all, see that religion is the inspiring and directing soul of the home; for without it the work of reconstruction and regeneration is impossible.

The social question is, before all things, a religious and moral question. As M. Leroy Beaulieu declared some time since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* "It is not only a question of stomachs, it is quite as much, and more perhaps, a spiritual question,—a question of the soul. Social reform can be accomplished only by means of moral reform. In this sense Tolstoi and the mystics speak the truth. In order to raise the life of the people we must raise the soul of the people."

The fact was very clearly stated by Pope Leo at his reception of the French workingmen pilgrims in 1891. The social question, said his Holiness, "will never find a true and practical solution in purely civil laws, even in the best. The solution is bound up in the precept of perfect justice, which demands that the rate of wages shall adequately correspond with the labor done. It lies, therefore, in the domain of conscience. Human legislation, which deals directly with the outward acts of a man, can not comprehend the direction of consciences. The question demands also the aid of charity, which goes beyond justice. Now, religion alone, with its revealed dogmas and divine precepts, possesses the right to impose on consciences that perfect justice and charity with all its devotedness. The secret of the whole social problem must, therefore, be sought in the action of the Church, combined with the resources and efforts of the public powers and of human wisdom."

Anarchy is the logical and inevitable result of agnosticism, which is simply the philosophy of ignorance. Its professors seek to destroy religion, but they offer no adequate substitute; and it is certain that if religious institutions are once overthrown, civil government will not survive. Infidelity saps the foundation of the State, and history teaches us that every nation that deserted religion finally decayed. In an article by Prof. Goldwin Smith, which appeared in the *Forum* not very long ago, it is shown that moral and religious agnosticism go hand in hand. Thus Greece after the fall of her religion had the moral anarchy depicted by Thucydides, and ascribed by him to that fall. She had the moral agnosticism of the Sophists. Rome, after the decadence of the religious faith to which Polybius, in a famous passage, ascribes her public morality, had the immorality of the Empire. On the decline of the Catholic faith in Europe ensued the moral agnosticism of the era impersonated in Machiavelli.

History repeats itself; and wherever the influence of religion has been weakened on the Continent by the government's adoption of an anti-Christian public policy, as in Italy, Germany, and France, morals have perceptibly declined, socialism has made progress, and the spectre of anarchistic revolution has arisen as the shadow of a coming event. No wonder that Crispi calls aloud for the help of the Church; that Germany has obliterated the anti-Catholic May Laws; and that France, having seen one President assassinated, and another driven from public life by dread of the responsibilities of his position in the midst of his own impotence and the rising tide of incivism, is glad of the reminder given by the Pope to the Catholics of that country that

patriotism is a religious duty for them, and that the republic should receive their loyal support.

"As to the parties in France to which the name of socialist is given," said the Holy Father lately, "I think their work will be sterile and they will be powerless as long as they do not lean on religion for support. Opposition to the government by those parties in France and Germany has become stronger and more redoubtable; but it will all be in vain, because religion has vanished from them. The republic is a very acceptable form of government, despite its errors; and I love it more than is supposed in France. Why should it not be religious? To seek to govern men without religion is the most dangerous of chimeras."

The great French Revolution, as Mr. Lilly points out in a recent article, was an attempt to rebuild the social edifice on mere materialism. The result is before our eyes. "Everywhere the social edifice is cracking; everywhere hastening to destruction,—or, in the words of Goethe, 'going to pieces like a rotten fish.' It is a striking confirmation of the opinion of Plato that faith in unseen and supersensuous realities is the true foundation of human communities; of the corresponding dictum of the Hebrew seer: '*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.*' Man does not live by bread alone,—his life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. The fundamental mistake of the socialists, who are merely developing in their own way the Utilitarian philosophy, is their purely materialistic view of man and man's life."

With one accord they hold wealth the *summum bonum*, and what they call happiness the true and sole end of man. God has no place whatever in their creed. This has been very clearly stated by Mr. Belford Bax in his work on "The Religion of Socialism," in which he tells us that "socialism utterly despises the 'other world' with all its stage properties—that is, the present objects of religion.... It brings back religion from heaven to earth. . . . It looks beyond the present moment or the present individual life—though not, indeed, to another world, but to another and a higher social life in this world. It is the hope and struggle for this higher social life, ever widening, ever intensifying, whose ultimate possibilities are beyond the power of language to express or thought to conceive, that the socialist finds his ideal, his religion."

And again: "The establishment of society on a socialistic basis would imply the definite abandonment of all theological cults, since the notion of a transcendent God or semi-divine prophet is but the counterpart and analogue of the transcendent governing class. So soon as we are rid of the desire of one part of the community to enslave another, the dogmas of an effete cult will lose their interest. As the religion of slave industry was paganism; as the religion of serfage was Catholic Christianity, or sacerdotalism; as the religion of capitalism is Protestant Christianity, or Biblical dogma, so the religion of collective and co-operative industry is humanism, which is only another name for socialism."

This is the socialism which Leo XIII., in his Encyclical *Quod Apostolici Muneris*, reprobates as "a deadly plague." With reference to the socialism that is consistent with Christianity, the Holy Father, in an interview which he lately accorded to Deputy Paul Vigne, the well-known French Radical socialist, spoke as follows:

"If socialism means the efforts made to improve the condition of the poorer classes in a progressive, prudent and reasonable manner; if you apply that idea to whatever has been done to realize more social justice in the government of men, then it is impossible to pursue a nobler aim. Such was the work of Christianity, which inaugurated the era of clemency

and pity and true fraternity at a time when cruel paganism was supreme, and when the pitiless Roman world was in apogee. To occupy one's self with the social question, with a clear conception of the grave responsibilities resting on all who hold wealth and authority, is to continue the work of the Divine Master. It is what I have not ceased doing since my advent to the throne."

So again in a private audience with which Father Zahm was favored recently, and at which the social question was discussed at length, the Holy Father said:

"The social question is the great question of the future. It is a question in which all should be interested, and each one should contribute his quota toward lessening and removing the difficulties with which it is beset. It is particularly desirable that ecclesiastics should be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and that they should take an active part in every discussion and in every movement that looks toward the betterment of the social condition of humanity, and especially the social condition of that major portion which must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

Verily the present enlightened Pontiff deserves, in the words of Father Zahm, "to be known forever as the Pope of the workingmen, and the great high-priest of our century." As Cardinal Manning declared not long before his death: "Since the divine words, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' were spoken in the wilderness, no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with so profound and loving a sympathy for those that toil and suffer as the voice of Leo XIII." This is no rhetorical exaggeration, but strict truth. None but the Vicar of Christ could so speak to mankind.

THOSE who have suffered sharply see keenly.—*W. R. Alger.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

III.—An Unexpected Visitor.

AT the southern extremity of the Gulf of Lepanto, not many miles from Corinth, there stood in a secluded spot a modest villa. But its broad verandas overlooked both bay and mountains; and, embowered in trees and shrubbery as it was, nothing could be more ideally perfect for a quiet, beautiful home. It was reached from the high-road through a deep and narrow valley; this road, however, was seldom used by the proprietor, who much preferred to communicate with the town by water. Well-cultivated orchards, containing figs, olives, oranges, and mulberries, bore testimony to the superintendence of the owner, as well as the thrift of the laborers, whose cottages, at a considerable distance from the house of the landlord, formed a little village in themselves.

The owner of this secluded paradise was a foreigner, but whether an Englishman or American was unknown to the people among whom he lived. He had come to the neighborhood about fifteen years before, accompanied by a little girl of perhaps five years of age. During all that time he had lived entirely apart from the world, receiving no visitors, and holding intercourse only with those with whom business affairs rendered it necessary. He called himself Mr. Strange, though the people about him changed the name to the more familiar one of Haffo. He soon learned to speak Greek fluently, as did also his daughter. Both wore the national costume; but the interior of the house was fashioned and furnished after the English plan, and the education of the girl had been conducted altogether in English. They were Roman Catholics.

It was twilight on the evening of the eventful day when Lord Kingscourt and his companions had been rescued from

the robbers. Mr. Strange was restlessly pacing up and down the quiet veranda,—now pausing to gaze at the bay, now looking back anxiously at the mountains. He was still in the prime of manhood—not more than forty-five or six,—tall and imposing in appearance, with a serious, earnest face, which was more than ordinarily attractive. Hair black as night intensified the pallor of his brow, from which looked out a pair of dark blue, penetrating eyes, of a singularly frank yet melancholy expression. It was but natural to imagine that sorrow or misfortune of some kind had driven this man, born to be a peer among his fellows, to the seclusion of this unworldly spot.

The shadows continued to gather over the landscape, the white shimmer of the waves changed to silver beneath the light of the rising moon, and still the anxious watcher continued his impatient walk. At length he exclaimed aloud:

"She does not come! What can have detained her? I fear, in my mistaken sense of isolation here, I have given her too much liberty."

At that moment the sound of horse's hoofs was heard approaching, and immediately afterward a young girl appeared in view. It was the heroine of the day's adventure, mounted on a swift-stepping pony, which paused at the gate. Hurriedly alighting, and tapping her pony playfully, after which it galloped off to its stall, she tripped up the steps of the veranda, and was clasped in her father's arms.

"Here I am at last!" she said. "Have I kept you waiting for tea?"

"I have been very uneasy, my darling," he said, as he imprinted a kiss on her fresh, young cheek. "I fear we shall have to discontinue these lonely rides, Alice. What if some of the banditti, who are so active just now, were to meet and lay hands on my daughter?"

"O papa!" she answered, with a gay little laugh,—but her face flushed.

"Go now and get ready for tea," he said, turning toward the dining-room, where she soon rejoined him.

It was a pleasant room. An Englishman suddenly coming upon it might have thought it an illusion, so like it seemed to home; but the foreign fruits, goat's milk, and cheese were reminders that the dwellers in this comfortable spot had been transplanted.

The meal over, Mr. Strange took his daughter by the hand, and, lifting the heavy *portière* which separated dining-room and *salon*, he led her to the piano.

"Sing to me, child," he said. "I am a little sad to-night, and I long to hear the sound of your happy voice."

The young girl at once obeyed him. After singing several Scotch and English ballads with much expression, she still remained at the piano, idly running her hand over the keys.

"Alice," said her father at length, from the divan where he lay in the darkness, "come and sit beside me. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, papa," she replied, drawing a low footstool to the couch, and leaning her head against his shoulder.

"Where have you been to-day?" he continued. "You are always so eager to relate to me your little adventures, and to tell what has befallen you during your ride, that I fear something unusual occurred this afternoon. I feel it in the air; your very silence is significant, my pet."

"How clever you are, papa dear!" she answered, gaily. "One could not long conceal anything from you if one wished. But I did not wish. I merely intended to wait until we should be entirely alone, and could speak without interruption. At tea, with a servant coming and going, one can scarcely be confidential. I had a strange adventure to-day, papa."

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope," said her father.

"No—" she replied, with some hesita-

tion,—"not exactly; for the outcome of it was all that my heart could wish, by far exceeding my hopes. And yet, when I think of it now, I wonder at my own boldness. Papa, to-day I saw Spiridion."

"Spiridion!" echoed her father, sitting erect, and laying one hand upon her shoulder, while with the other he turned her face toward him. "Alice, my darling, you did not meet him face to face?"

"Yes, papa, I did; and, what will surprise you more, I sought him."

"Sought him, Alice! Where?"

"In his own mountain fastness,—in the cave where he has so long succeeded in hiding from his enemies. I saw him there, and talked with him, papa."

"Child, what has come over you? Are you dreaming or are you insane?"

"Neither, papa," said the girl, looking into her father's eyes. "Will you let me tell you the story in my own way?"

"When did you do anything save in your own way, spoiled child?" replied her father. "But I doubt whether hereafter *my* way will not have to be considered also. Go on: I am impatient to hear what you have to say."

"Papa," she resumed, after a pause, "for the past few days my heart has been full of the story of the poor Englishmen who were captured by Spiridion three months ago. I did not speak to you about them, for I know that any allusion to England or its people always distresses you. Therefore I kept silent. But last night when I retired to rest my mind was so occupied with their misfortunes that I could not sleep. It is well known that Spiridion is implacable when thwarted; and when I read in the Athens' *Gazette* of yesterday morning that the messenger who had been sent to England had not yet arrived, I feared for those poor men, whom Spiridion had threatened with mutilation if the ransom should be delayed a day beyond the appointed time. It was then and there, in the silence of the night, that I felt myself impelled to do something for their rescue; and so strong was the impulse that it seemed to me almost like a heavenly command. I arose this morning with the determined purpose of searching for the retreat of the robbers; and in order to be successful in this, I made use of a plan which suggested itself to my mind, and which was indeed the means by which I attained it."

"Brave but reckless girl!" said her father. "You have agitated me more than I could ever tell. What rashness!"

"Papa," she continued, calmly, "there is no cause for alarm. All is well over. No harm has been done me, and I am sitting here in my accustomed place beside you."

"Yes," he asserted, pressing her hand tightly in his. "What you say is true; I am thankful that it is so. But proceed with your strange story."

"You remember, papa," she went on, "that Spiridion swore to grant me any favor I might ask?"

"Yes, I remember it," he replied; "and I have always regretted the mistaken charity that brought him across this threshold."

"Papa," she said, "whatever comes, the charity that assists the helpless and afflicted can never be mistaken. So you taught me many years ago, and I have never forgotten it."

"Well!" he said. "And what more?"

"Remembering that promise, I set out at noon to-day, believing that Cyril, who visited him here, and seemed to be his most faithful and trusted messenger, would probably be sent to Athens in quest of the delayed ransom. I was right; for, after lingering in the neighborhood of the defile which has so long been reported to be the key to the hiding-place of the robbers, I saw him riding in hot haste from Athens. Fastening the pony at some distance from the road, I hid in the underbrush, and followed him until

he came to a crevice in the rock, not more than half a mile distant."

"Followed him! O my child!" cried Mr. Strange, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, papa. And when he had passed through the crevice, I stole after him,—first through a small cave, then into a larger one, where stood Spiridion and his band, just in the act of mutilating the unfortunate men, who were blindfolded and bound with thongs."

"And what followed?" breathlessly asked her father.

"I lost all sense of fear in my eagerness to do something for the captives. 'Halt, Spiridon!' I cried, thinking only of the great danger they were in, and the oath he had sworn to me. After a few words of protestation, I convinced him that his honor was involved, that he owed me their lives; and finally he allowed them to go free."

"And you,—did you speak with them or see them?"

"I saw them—yes, but did not notice them particularly, with the exception of one, Lord Kingscourt, who stood nearest me. He was tall and very handsome."

"And where are they now?"

"They went on to Athens."

"And Spiridion allowed you to depart without threatening to harm you?"

"He made me swear never to reveal the hiding-place, which I did without the slightest scruple of conscience. I followed in the rear of the departing prisoners, left the convoy outside the entrance, found my pony, and hurried home as quickly as I could. Now you know the reason of my late return."

"My dear child!" said Mr. Strange. "What you have done to-day will probably change the whole course of our lives. Whatever he may have promised, Spiridion will repent his word. He will no longer feel secure in his retreat. And if not he, at least some of his followers, will doubt and fear us. Their next move, I make sure, will be to obtain possession of your person. Never again shall I feel at ease in this secluded spot, where we have dwelt so peacefully these fifteen years. Ah! dear one, you will live to regret your angelic charity."

"Never, papa!" cried the girl, clasping her arms about his neck. "Not even if you should feel bound to leave this place, which has been the only home I have ever known, could I regret what I have done to-day. Think of the consequences if Spiridion had carried out the cruel plan he had conceived! Not death perhaps, but mutilation, would have been the fate of the doomed men."

He stooped and kissed her forehead.

"My darling," he murmured, bitterly, "sorrow has made me very selfish, and suffering has unmanned me. I think only of the consequences to you—to us."

"Papa," she said, wistfully, "would it not be better if we *could* go away from here,—to England, for instance?"

"Alice," he replied, almost sternly, "this is the first time in your young life you have spoken of England; let it be the last. I hate the sound of the word. But there are other lands as fair as this, my child, that will afford us a refuge, now that Spiridion has us in his cruel power."

"Papa," said the girl, "Spiridion may be all that is bad—indeed we *know* he is,—but his conduct with regard to these prisoners has shown that he has a strong sense of honor. I have no fear that he will ever molest us."

Her father shook his head mournfully as he replied:

"I am overwhelmed by it all, my daughter: your extraordinary resolve; the courage that led you to undertake it; the facility with which that haunt, so long hidden from the authorities, in spite of the most rigorous search, has been revealed to you. The hand of Fate seems to be here."

He withdrew from her clinging arms, and once more stretching himself upon

the divan, turned his face to the wall. At that moment some one tapped at the door.

"Come in!" said Alice, knowing that only one of the household would seek admission here.

The housekeeper entered.

"Master, Miss Alice," she said, "there is a sick man at the door. It is one of the Englishmen who escaped this afternoon from the cave of the bandit Spiridion. Heaven defend us! it must be very near our door."

"What say you, Nestoria?" cried Mr. Strange, springing to his feet. "How do you know this?"

"The servant of the gentleman, who is with him, told me," she replied. "After they left the cave of the robbers, the gentleman, already ill, could not proceed to Athens. The other went thither, but the sick man, with his servant, turned back, hoping to obtain shelter somewhere in this vicinity. Losing their way, they wandered here. The man is so ill that his servant was obliged to support him on his horse. What shall be done?"

Alice looked at her father. His attitude expressed the deepest dejection, but she knew him too well to fear that he would turn a sick man from his door. So she said to the servant, with the promptitude habitual to her:

"Nestoria, have the sick gentleman brought in at once. Prepare a bedroom, and see that he is well cared for. If necessary, summon a physician. See also that the servant has a bed in his master's room, should attendance be required. And say to the gentleman," she continued, once more glancing at her father, who had not moved during her speech, "that my father will wait upon him very soon."

"All shall be done, Miss, as you have directed," said the woman, respectfully, as she withdrew.

Then followed the sound of heavy footsteps, mingled with that of unfamiliar voices. The girl sat looking at her father, who now began to stride to and fro with long, impatient steps. At length he spoke, lifting his eyes to heaven with a gesture of despair.

"It is the hand of Fate!" he cried,—"the hand of Fate, against which it is vain to struggle. For years I have feared this; it has made my days anxious, and my nights sleepless. Discovery and ruin have overtaken me. O Almighty God! when the long-dreaded blow shall have fallen, who will protect my innocent child?"

"Father! father!" pleaded the girl, "do not grieve thus. Whatever may be your sorrow, whatever the trouble or misfortune that has driven you from your home and friends, oh, let me know it! Let me share it with you. I am no longer a child; tell it to me, I beseech you!"

Her father clasped her hands in his, and, gazing mournfully into her eyes, he strained her to his heart.

(To be continued.)

Mary Bernardine.

O FRIEND in heaven, thy grave is green, I know;
For some who loved thee well are dwellers near,
And they do garland it with flower and prayer
In the cool silence, when the sun is low
Behind the woods; still mindful of thy ways:
The gracious words and deeds that filled thy days,
The kindliness that made thy life so fair,
And all that now is incense to thy praise.
But two are far away who lovéd thee best,—
In the heart of the mountains, one; one by the sea;
Far from each other and thy place of rest,
Yet seldom in their thoughts apart from thee;
From the dark hills and the sad, deep-voiced wave
Meeting in spirit by thy distant grave.

M. E. M.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

A CRUCIFIED CHILD.

AFTER the death of the saintly Father Jogues, the martyr missionary of the Mohawks, the war parties of the Indians again ravaged the banks of the St. Lawrence. One party of Mohawks suddenly dashed on Three Rivers; and, after securing considerable plunder, retired, hoping to be able to surprise the Algonquins at the chase. The latter were not prepared for war; and many were surprised and killed by the Iroquois, who approached them in a friendly way, and cut them down when they had them in their power. Thus fell among others the great Puskaret, the terror of the Iroquois, the most eloquent of the Christian chiefs.

The party now crossed to the south, and began to track other hunting parties on the snow, and many fell into their hands. The men were killed on the spot, and the women and children led away captive. One child was, however, happy in his sufferings. In the Lent of 1647 a little boy only three or four years old, already baptized, was actually crucified by these enemies of a crucified God. According to the account which reached the missionaries, the Mohawk braves stretched his little body on the rough bark of a large tree; and, piercing his tiny hands and feet with sharp stakes, they enjoyed the spectacle of his death in this torture. Such a manner of death was unheard of, and is attributable only to the rage with which they were filled against the religion of the Cross.

Such children the Church has several times enrolled among her saints; and we may therefore associate the happy Algonquin child with the heroic missionaries who died for the faith.

FATHER NOEL CHABANEL.

Father Noel Chabanel, S. J., was born, it would seem, in the south of France in the year 1613. His early education disposed him to devote himself to the service of God. He accordingly entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen, in the province of Toulouse; and was soon followed by another of his family, his brother Peter. After the usual probation and studies, Father Noel for several years occupied the chair of rhetoric in colleges of his Order.

His talents and ability gave general satisfaction, and his life seemed destined to pass in the quiet but useful employment of teaching. His disposition, indeed, seemed to fit him peculiarly for such a walk in life; but he burned with the desire of devoting himself to the missions. His vocation was judged real; and as his province had no foreign mission attached to it, he passed into that of Paris, and was sent out to Canada in 1643. The voyage was made without accident; and he landed on the Feast of the Assumption, with Fathers Garreau and Druelletes, and three nuns who accompanied Dailleboult for the recently founded settlement of Montreal. Thus happily did Father Chabanel enter the land of his desires on the festival of the glory of our Blessed Mother, beginning a career which he was to terminate on the feast of her stainless Conception.

The capture of Father Jogues prepared him to expect crosses in his new life, but he did not waver; and as soon as the raids of the Iroquois were checked by a moment of truce, he and Father Garreau were guided to the Huron land by the illustrious Father Brebeuf. This was in 1644. He was intended for the Algonquins, who now engaged the attention of the superiors of the mission; but immediately applied himself to the study of the Huron language; for his destination seems to have been changed, as it was

the Huron mission on which he subsequently exercised his zeal.

Here he met an obstacle most painful to one whose zeal burned to become useful to his fellowman. In vain he tried to acquire the new language: his time was, as it were, thrown away; the readiness which he had shown in Europe for acquiring languages had deserted him, and after four or five years' assiduous study he could scarce make himself understood. This was not all. From the first he had felt an unconquerable repugnance for the Indians and their mode of life, so that he was ever on the cross of pain. For what was the life of the Huron missionary? He slept on the ground, amid the filth and vermin of an Indian lodge; his days were often spent imprisoned there, amid the clouds of smoke, the din of the children, the noisy clatter of the Indian squaws. There was no escape; no place of retirement; no spot where he could for a moment collect his mind in prayer, or read with due attention the Divine Office.

And, then, the food! The hardy voyager often turns with disgust from the dish which is placed before him. Others had found, in their grace of vocation, strength to overcome all the revolts of nature at such a life. Not so Father Chabanel. No interior consolation bore him up in this trial; and, though the temptation recurred daily that by returning to France he would find many a position congenial to his temperament, in which he might serve God and his neighbor, he constantly repelled it, and never expressed the slightest desire to leave the ungrateful soil. Nay, this did not suffice. As the temptation increased, he was the more determined to stay; and, to fix his will irrevocably in that holy resolve, he pronounced this vow:

"O my Lord Jesus Christ, who, by a wonderful disposition of Thy Divine Providence, hast chosen me, though most unworthy, as a colaborer of the holy apostles of this Huron vineyard; I, Noel Chabanel, impelled by a desire of serving Thy Holy Spirit in promoting the conversion of the Huron Indians to Thy faith, vow before the Most Holy Sacrament of Thy precious Body and Blood, Tabernacle of God among men, perpetual perseverance in this Huron mission. All to be understood according to the construction and disposal of the Society and its superiors. Take me, therefore, I implore Thee, as a slave forever to this mission, and render me worthy of so exalted a vocation."*

He was for some time the companion of Father Brebeuf in his mission of St. Ignatius; but when, in the spring of 1649, the increasing labors of the Petun missionaries necessitated some auxiliaries, the superior recalled him from St. Louis, the town in which he then was, and sent him to the aid of Father Garnier. A month later St. Ignatius and St. Louis were both totally destroyed by the furious Indians of New York. He thus announces this misfortune to his brother:

"To all human appearance, your Reverence was well-nigh having a brother a martyr. But, alas! in the eyes of God virtue of another stamp than mine is needed to deserve the honor of martyrdom. Father Gabriel Lalemant, one of the three mentioned in our 'Relation' as having suffered for Christ's sake, had taken my place at the town of St. Louis just a month before his death; that I, being of more robust constitution, might be sent to a mission more distant and laborious, though less fertile in palms and crowns than that of which my pusillanimity had rendered me unworthy in the eyes of God. It will come when it shall please the Divine Goodness, provided I, on my side, endeavor to become a martyr in the shade (*martyr in umbra*), by a bloodless martyrdom (*martyrem sine sanguine*).

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* It bears date June 20, 1647; that day being the Solemnity of Corpus Christi.

The ravages of the Iroquois will, no doubt, one day accomplish the rest, in consideration of the merits of so many saints with whom I have the consolation of living so calmly amid this constant trouble and danger of my life. The 'Relation' dispenses me from adding to this letter; and, besides, time and paper permit me only to beg your Reverence and all the Fathers of our province to remember me when at the holy altar of God, as a victim doomed to the stake of the Iroquois; that, by the intercession of so many holy men, I may be found w rthy of victory in so dread a combat."

On leaving St. Mary's, by which he passed on his way to the Petuns, he said to his director, Father Peter Chatelain: "My dear Father, may it be this time in earnest that I give myself to God and belong to Him!" This he uttered with a tone and look which made a deep impression on that Father. To another he said: "I know not what is in me, but on one point I find myself entirely changed. I am naturally very timid; yet now going to great danger, and apparently not far from death, I feel no fear. This disposition does not come from me."

He then repaired to St. John's, and labored there during the summer, with Father Garnier. However, as the danger increased, and the famine made it difficult for two to find support there, he was again recalled on the very eve of the ruin of that mission. Returning, accordingly, whither obedience called him, he set out for St. Mary's of the Isle on the 5th of December, by way of St. Matthias. Very soon he took leave of Father Garreau, who, with Father Grelon, was stationed there. "I go whither obedience calls me," he exclaimed, "but I will never reach it. If I do, I shall obtain of my superiors leave to return to the mission which was my lot. We must serve God till death."

It was now the morning of December 7, 1649; and, accompanied by seven or eight good Christians, he struck directly for the Island of St. Joseph. The deep snow impeded their march to such a degree that night overtook them in the woods, not more than twenty miles from the place of their departure. The Indians, accustomed to such accidents, were soon asleep on the snow; but the missionary watched in prayer. Toward midnight he heard a loud noise and tumultuous cries. It was the victorious army of the enemy returning from the sacking of St. John's. Their yell of triumph mingling with the death chant of the prisoners told of some great disaster.

Father Chabanel aroused his comrades, and all plunged into the thickest of the woods. The missionary bore them company for a time, but was soon unable to proceed. Kneeling down, he bade them farewell. "It matters little where I die," said he; "this life is nothing compared to heaven, of which the Iroquois can not deprive me. Reach a place of safety as soon as possible, and ever remember that you are Christians." They never saw him again; but pushed on toward St. Matthias, which they reached in safety.

The Father seems to have rested there till daybreak, when he again turned toward St. Mary's, and resumed his march alone. After a time he reached a river, and met on the bank an apostate Huron,—one of those who had been most active in the furious opposition to the missionaries. In a moment this man possessed himself of the priest's hat and bag of papers, and his blanket,—that robe, cloak, bed, and even tent of the Indian missionary. These he pretended were given him by the Father when he ferried him across the river, as they encumbered him in his flight.

The tale was improbable,—nay, it bore falsehood on its face. Yet it was for a time supposed by some, who thought the story might be credited, that the missionary had been cut down by the Iroquois on the way, as poor Indians frequently were who

unfortunately crossed their path; or that he had perished of hunger and cold. Charity forbade them to suspect even an apostate of a foul murder, but the suspicion soon became a certainty. That wretched man, Louis Honareemhak, soon after avowed that he had tomahawked Father Chabanel on the bank of the stream, and plundered his lifeless corpse; and that hatred was his only motive; for from the time when he embraced Christianity nothing but miseries and disasters had befallen his village, his family and himself.

Unhappy man! far from averting from himself the scourge of misery by this fearful crime, he and his apostate family soon felt with terrible reality the heavy hand of Almighty God's vengeance, far different from the blows of His chastening love. They sought a refuge amid the tribes of the Neuters; but in less than three years the whole family was annihilated by the Iroquois. All perished by the hatchet or amid the flames, except a few children led away to a cruel slavery.

Father Chabanel had won the crown he sought. Mary called him on her greatest festival to rejoice with her in heaven.

Raised to Life.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

TO deny it flatly, if accused, was the easy way that lay open before him. At its entrance the voice of his lower nature called on him to follow. Only the shadow of Wickersham stood in the way; an impalpable shadow, but possessed of more vital force and energy in opposing Ryder's will to follow the luring voice than was the being itself of the old man, snuffy and repulsive to Ryder's sensuous nature.

He had gone the case over so many times that now all sense of justice had become obscured and swallowed up in the depth of moral obliquity into which he had fallen. The commission of the crime had been made facile to him by years of forgetfulness of God and an almost utter neglect of the commands of revealed religion. It was the after-effects that burned his soul and tortured his spirit. And the torment followed close on the crime's commission. It began not a bare twenty-four hours after, when it was discovered that a crime had been committed. It was not that suspicion pointed him out as the guilty man. He was not known to have been in his uncle's private room on the wretched day: he was thought to have been out of town. No one supposed that there were reasons why he should have been tempted. No, it was not the danger of being found out that tormented. It was the comprehension of guilt and shame, the knowledge that his crime might push him on to blood-guiltiness, that made him tremble and start at every sudden sound, and turn pale when spoken to abruptly.

He had striven to ward off suspicion from old Wickersham's grandson; but so awkwardly had he gone about it that his efforts seemed to fasten the guilt on Tom more securely. Everyone liked Tom, good to look at, sweet-hearted, but prone to take the affairs of the world too easy, people said. Little was known of his private habits at the office. He lived with his mother—a widow—and his grandfather in another part of the town, and no one connected with the office saw him after business hours. Almost to a man, his fellow-clerks believed him guilty. Perhaps no one save his grandfather and Raymond Ryder believed him innocent; and Ryder expected every moment to see an officer enter and place Tom under arrest.

It was not Tom, however, who caused him to fear that he would become a murderer. Tom bore himself bravely, was not quelled by the averted glances that met him, nor cast down outwardly by

the whispers he could not help but hear. What he suffered in his heart, not his mother, but Heaven alone knew. If Ryder could have read that heart, he might have dreaded Tom too.

But it was old Wickersham he dreaded. The old man had been employed in the bank for more than three-score years, growing up from office-boy to the position he now held, of paying teller. He was respected for his probity, and no one was held in higher honor for his fidelity to his religious duties in St. Mary's parish; though Ryder of late years did not like to see the old man come up the church aisle with the contribution box "all snuff," as he put it. And yet the sight of that old man's snuff-box could to-day throw Ryder into a cold perspiration, for far other than sensuously refined reasons. How the hand that held it shook with palsy! How bent was the form of the old man! How the sparse white hairs waved as his head nodded in the paralysis of dishonor come to throw down the fabric of honor, cemented by faith, which he had put together in the years of a long life!

The old man had come to him and said he was going to Ryder's uncle to resign his post.

"I don't complain," he quavered, "that Tom is suspected, though he is innocent. He was in and out of your uncle's room all day, and no one else, to the knowledge of any of us, had access to the safe. No, no! I do not complain, and I feel sure it will all come out right. But in the meantime I had best go; and, to tell the truth, I can't do my work properly. I'm a *very* old man, Mr. Ryder."

On that occasion he had been successful in dissuading Wickersham from going to his uncle; but he, as well as others, saw that the aged teller was in reality no longer capable of performing his duties. The old man, to his eyes, was visibly dying; and Ryder knew that his guilty silence was the knife that stabbed him; and the thought of it sent the blood surging to his brain, and for a moment his Good Angel had almost the power to guide his footsteps to his uncle, and to open his lips in acknowledgment of his theft. But at that moment he burned his fingers with the end of his cigar; and, in the cessation of the physical pain, his mind reverted to the ignominy and loss of position that would follow on the exposure of his sin. No: he must save himself and the Wickershams. After all, there was actually nothing to prove Tom the thief; but at the same time there must be for him a forswearing of cards and the races, in themselves enough to damn him in his uncle's eyes, if known. And he would begin going to church regularly, and next Easter—Confession! Why, that meant restitution not only of money, but of character. And what if old Wickersham should die? Could he restore him to life?

The shadows of the late afternoon lengthened in the room, and the air of the autumn evening was chilly. He sat in the library of his uncle's house—the house that was his home since he came to the bank a year ago,—and the windows opening onto the garden let in deep draughts of the east wind, and the sound of the bells of St. Mary's ringing six o'clock, followed by the peal of the Angelus. A footstep he knew to be his uncle's paused in the corridor outside the room till the peal ceased, then resumed its way, and ascended the stairs to the upper apartments. His uncle was on his way to dress for dinner, and it was time he should be about the same thing; but he did not think he cared about meeting his uncle that evening. The robbery of the safe was sure to be discussed, together with the probabilities as to Tom's guilt or innocence; and he was in no fit condition to enter into any such discussion. No: he would go down town to a *café*, and afterward to the opera. Besides, forgetting the forswearing of a half hour since, he

wanted to know what had been won on the Linton track that day.

Taking up the hat he had thrown down on his return from the bank, he was about to pass on his way to the hall door, when his uncle's voice, at the head of the stairs, called to him:

"You're not going out, Raymond, I hope. I want you particularly this evening."

"I was; but if you wish me to stay in—" he hesitated.

"I certainly do," returned his uncle, in a voice that partook more of brusqueness than was its wont.

Raymond reddened, muttered something about an important engagement, then strode upstairs to his room, not pacifically closing the door after him. His uncle's man—a luxury he himself did not possess—was there awaiting him; and he was about to order him away, when the man held out a sealed envelope to him.

"A young man left it here for you, sir," he said; "and asked especially that it be given into your own hands. I was in the front, sir; that is how I came to get it," he added.

The man knew something about the company he kept, and Ryder made a remark that he would not forget him as he took the envelope. Standing under a burner, he tore open the missive, and then let his hands fall as he read the signature. It was from Tom Wickersham. What could he have to say to him? Was the old man dead?

"I tried to catch you alone at the bank," the note ran; "and I called at your residence, but you had not yet reached home. I hope you will see me when I call again this evening, as it is on a matter of great importance."

See him! He would *have* to see him. But what possible comfort could he give him? That it was consolation Tom sought in meeting him he felt sure. What else could it be? "Oh, that I were well out of it!" he cried to himself. Then, setting about his toilet, he fell to cursing Marion Maid for losing the Elkton cup.

As he stood before the dressing-table arranging his cravat, he noticed another missive propped up against an evaporator for him to see. This letter was greeted by him with a sigh of satisfaction; and, seizing it, he threw himself into an armchair to read it at his ease. This was from his mother.

If not Raymond Ryder's only good trait, it was the good trait that predominated his others—mother-love. He loved his mother passionately, but with much of what was purely a selfish devotion,—a devotion strong enough to make him hide sedulously from her eyes his dereliction, because of the pain such knowledge would give her; but not strong enough to cause him to lead the life he knew she would wish him to lead. A purely natural trait, that, like other natural traits, could be supernaturalized by fostered grace.

"What charming letters she writes!" he thought, as his eyes followed the lines of laced and angular calligraphy. They were all about the things that interested him—she had studied them well,—and about the things she believed would interest him. For example, he was now reading the account of a visit she had paid to the church where he made his First Communion.

"Do you know, Raymond, I prayed that day that God would take you rather than let you grow up to be false to Him? Now, my son, you are not so fond of devotion as your poor mother would wish you to be. I fancy, though, she is wrong; for men do in their hearts what the exuberance of a woman's nature sends her so often to the church to perform. But at least you have always kept yourself free of guilt and all grossness; have you not, my dearest Ray?"

He paused in his reading; for it seemed as if the hot blood that mounted to his cheeks had rushed into his eyes, and the

page he read assumed a crimson hue.

"I do not know what is the matter with me the last few days, Ray," the letter went on, speaking to his conscience; "I am continually praying for you. Your last letter said to me that you were in trouble,—not what you said, but your labored style, so unlike my cheerful Ray. Tell me what it is; do not let me hear it from another. Are you ill, my boy? Understand me well: I am not fancying any guilty trouble. Guilt is far from you, thank God! But whatever it be that is the matter, I know my prayers will be heard that all evil may be averted from you. Now do not be put out with a gloomy old woman. If you were only here, we would say our prayers together, just as when you were indeed a little Ray. Were we not happy then—"

He could read no more. The depth and sweetness of his mother's love for him, added to the unnatural tension he had been undergoing for a week past, worked on his brain till he felt an almost mad terror of himself, with an overwhelming conviction that he must unburden himself to some one, let the consequences be what they might. He could not and would not stand the mental torture longer. Probably if he had been left to himself this sudden ebullition of horror and hatred of his crime for the crime's sake, and not for its consequences only, would have subsided, and he would have returned to his original state of doubt and indecision. At that moment, however, the door opened and his uncle entered.

"Why did you not come down to dinner?" he asked, sternly.

"Down to dinner!"

"Yes; I wanted you particularly. Your aunt and cousin are out, and we would have been alone."

"Is dinner over?" cried Raymond.

"Do you know what time it is?" his uncle retorted.

Raymond picked up his watch. It was ten minutes to eight, and the dinner hour was half-past six. In his confusion he could not speak.

"You must be ill or crazy!" exclaimed his uncle. "What is the matter, Raymond?" he continued, in a gentle tone.

Raymond tightened the grip of the hand that held his mother's letter, and answered: "I was reading a letter from my mother, and took no notice of the time."

A smile lit up his uncle's face.

"What a great baby you are, Raymond!" he observed, resting a hand affectionately on his nephew's shoulder. "And you are a little upset about young Wickersham," he went on, in a concerned tone of voice. "Such a promising young fellow! It will kill his grandfather."

Raymond's face was sallow, and the floor seemed to rock under his feet. Nerving himself to an unnatural calmness, he asked, in a quiet voice that broke a little at the end:

"What about Tom? There is nothing new, is there?"

"That is what I wish to speak about," returned his uncle, seating himself in the chair Raymond had just vacated. "He will be placed under arrest to-morrow—"

Raymond had stood, partly supported by the dressing-table. He now advanced, and, interrupting his uncle, cried:

"Arrested! For what?"

His uncle stared at him.

"Why, for the robbery of the safe! For what else?"

The hand that held his mother's letter clinched tighter for a moment; then both hands were extended, and Raymond exclaimed:

"That must not be! *I* am the thief. I have lost at the tables and at the races. I stole; I am the thief!"

There was a great stillness in the room when the confession ended.

. . . .

Many miles away, in an inland town, at the altar of a country church, at that very

hour, prayers were ascending in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary. Before the altar knelt a placid-faced, aged gentlewoman, her face framed in crisp, fresh widow's weeds. All unconscious of guilt and hovering shame, she poured forth her innocent soul to God and to God's Holy Mother for her only son. And He who touched the widow's son of Nain, and bade him rise and live, was not deaf, but called to life again the soul of Raymond Ryder, dormant in mortal sin.

. . . .

An hour had passed since Raymond made his confession, and his uncle was saying:

"Tom's entire innocence shall be made known unmistakably; but, for my sake, for your mother's sake, I shall restore the money you took. And if you are a man you shall remain at the bank, and show your repentance by an upright, sober life. Let that be your penance, Raymond: to have your fellows know you to have fallen—fallen deeply,—but show in your life that, with God's grace, a man may rise even to great heights."

And this Raymond did.

Three times a servant had been to the room to say a young man was waiting in the hall to see Mr. Raymond; and now they sent for him.

Tom entered the room in haste, but paused when he saw the bank-president.

"I would like to see Mr. Raymond alone, if you please," he said.

"Come in, Tom,—come in!" cried Raymond's uncle, grasping his hand with a warmth that was an apology for harbored false suspicions. "I do not think my nephew will object to my being present at your interview."

Raymond's eyes could not meet Tom's frankly. He hung his head as he said:

"We have news that will be good news to you. But, first, what is it you have to say to me? I received your note."

Tom looked from nephew to uncle and back again; then, in a hesitating, broken voice, he began:

"You have been very good to me, Mr. Raymond; I know I owe you many kindnesses. But I have to think of my grandfather; and if you could see my mother, you would understand that I can not be silent any longer. There is a report that I am going to be arrested, and—Mr. Raymond, on that day I saw you take the money. At first I thought it was all right: I suspected nothing; then I was accused, and—and—"

"Stop! stop!" interposed Raymond; then, in a quieter tone, he continued: "I have just told my uncle that *I* am the thief. Can you ever forgive me, Tom?"

Tom's hand lay in his.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXIV.

THERE is one bit of analysis of the due attitude of ourselves to God and to others which is acute, striking, and convincing. It is a series of strokes, each more telling than the other. "We must not trust too much to ourselves," he begins. "There is in us but little light, and this we soon lose by negligence." A common state of things, and—observe—chiefly in those who are professedly good. Under this delusion "we often do amiss, and do worse in excusing ourselves. Sometimes we are moved by passion, and think it zeal. We blame little things in others, and overlook great things in ourselves. We are quick enough in perceiving and weighing what we bear from others, but we think little of what others have to bear from us. The interior man regardeth the care of himself before all other cares; and he that looketh diligently to himself findeth it easy to be silent

about others If thou attend wholly to thyself and to God, what thou seest abroad will affect thee but little. Where art thou when thou art not present to thyself? And when thou hast *run over all things*, what hath it profiteth thee if thou hast neglected thyself? Let there be nothing great, nothing high, nothing pleasant, nothing acceptable to thee, but only God Himself, or what comes from God. Think it all vanity, whatever consolation thou mayst meet with from any creature. The soul that loveth God despiseth all things that are less than God. God only, the Eternal and Infinite, who filleth all things, is the solace of the soul and the true joy of the heart." "For Thou, O Lord my God! art the best above all things; Thou alone most high; Thou alone most powerful; Thou alone most sufficient and most full; Thou alone most sweet and most comfortable; Thou alone most beautiful and most loving; Thou alone most noble and most glorious above all things; in whom all things are found together in all their perfection, and always have been and always will be."

LXXV.

"It is wonderful," observes our author, "that any man can ever abandon himself wholly to joy in this life, when he considers and weighs his exile and the many dangers of his soul." We can extend this even further: When he considers and weighs the tremendous catastrophes that are almost to a certainty before him. If a person were assured, by way of prophecy, that before he died he would have to pass through an awful experience—say a trial and sentence to penal servitude; or some long, critical illness, with a life-or-death operation; or to be tortured for years by cruel savages,—he would certainly not "abandon himself wholly to joy in this life." The shadow of the coming misery would be ever before him, and make him serious and thoughtful.

And yet it is a "dead certainty" that everyone must eventually pass through a perilous crisis,—that he will have to encounter a trial and sentence for which, in most cases, he will be but ill prepared, or not prepared at all. It is "on the cards" that he may receive a sentence of an *eternal* penal servitude. A death-bed, with the anguish and suffering that lead to it—a most acute probation of its kind,—is before everyone, and must be gone through. Common and familiar as it is, it is on every occasion a novelty and a tremendous, large business, that would require years of preparation to pass through. Our author, therefore, is surely right in finding it wonderful that, with such things before him, any one can give himself up to joy and jollity, "covering up" these momentous things.

(To be continued.)

The Song of the Sleeve.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ONE of the most curious features of our present chaotic civilization is the rapidity with which new fashions travel. If you stop at an eating station in the Rocky Mountains, the young person who brings you your coffee is dressed like the one who sold you cambric across a Sixth Avenue counter a few days previous. If circumstances call you to the Gulf region of the South, the huge sleeve or the tiny bonnet, or whatever it may be, is equally in evidence. Extensive mail facilities and the restlessness of the American globe-trotter are responsible for this.

And if this were all, if there were no question of right and wrong involved, there would be no occasion for these words. Fashion is in itself a harmless, although an absurd, despot; and its mandates as little worth serious notice

as those of a grotesque wearer of the cap and bells who waves his sceptre of baubles for the amusement of a weary court.

The statistician is a tiresome creature, who is forever collecting facts which no one ever takes the trouble to believe or disbelieve, and continually making assertions to which no one ever listens. Let us listen now. The money expended in America for the superfluous material in the sleeves of women's gowns would, he says, comfortably clothe every ragged child, and equip and maintain homes and hospitals for the helpless and diseased of the entire country.

There is none so blind that he has failed to notice the prevalence of the big sleeve. It is usually, whatever may be the fabric of the gown, constructed of rich material, which is inflated or stiffened in some mysterious way known only to the initiated. The *modiste* who answered questions suggested by the statistician's statements, confirmed the truth of them; and added that, in her opinion, it would be a money-making business to undertake to clothe one poor child from head to foot with the proceeds of the sale of the superfluous silk or satin in a pair of the present prevailing excrescences.

An eminent Catholic divine recently expressed his earnest opinion that no one had a right to luxuries while one poor person was without comforts. The big sleeve will disappear, and other monstrosities will take its place, but the words of this good man will be true forever.

It is the poor who suffer from the desire of women to follow a leader of styles in a long procession, like a file of geese proudly marching to a fresh mud puddle. The rich ignore these dictates if they choose; the poor never. The fortunes of dry-goods dealers are builded because of the vanity of working women, whom plain attire would better become. It is not Mrs. Lofty who buys and wears the glittering gewgaws which are out of date in a few weeks. It is the working woman, too thoughtless to think of her future, too weak to stand when her vanity is aroused.

The remedy for this ill will be found only in the good example which every true woman, rich or poor, mistress or servant, can set; and then, in God's own time, His homeless little ones will be cared for and clothed, and the mad pursuit of the last freak in garments be limited to so small a minority that it will find itself quite out of fashion.

There are fashions which we can not evade, and in which each must take his share. The dear, old-fashioned boy, Paul Dombey, was dead. Writes Dickens: "The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality!"

Death can not be laughed or frowned down. He will find us, no matter how gaily we may be tricked out with the baubles of the world. And God grant that we may not think so much of fashion in this life as to be afraid to leave the fashion of our going out of it to the good Pilot who steers all barks across the unknown river!

INTERCESSORY prayer is truly our Gate Beautiful. Outside it sits the halting multitude of our brethren and sisters. We, by God's blessing on our weak walk and endeavor, can enter the Temple through that gate; and not we ourselves alone, but so bringing others with us. Blessed are they who, frequenting that gate, enter by it into the presence of God! They are making ready for a future day whereon to enter into His presence through a Gate of Pearl.—*Christina Rossetti.*

The Revival of the "Hail Mary" among Non-Catholics.

A SIGN of the times is the revival of the "Hail Mary" among non-Catholics. The singing of *Ave Marias* by Protestant choirs has become so common that protests against the innovation are rarely heard even from the strictest of sectarian church-goers. Preachers have occasionally referred to the Angelical Salutation in their sermons, remarking on the appropriateness of its repetition by Christians, and even extolling the intercessory power of Our Lady. Now we have a society of Anglicans, the League of St. Lawrence, advocating the revival of the "Hail Mary" as a necessity of our age. "It is time," they maintain, "to defend the faith by a practice or devotion which will raise the loyalty of Christians." True, the "Book of Articles" of the Church of England reprobates the invocation of saints as "a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." But the "Articles" no longer express the religious convictions of many Anglicans.

The arguments presented in advocacy of the revival of the "Hail Mary" by our Anglican friends are well worth attention. They hold that the omission of it accounts for the denial of the virginity of Christ's Mother, and for the tendency to lower the Saviour of mankind to the level of a prophet, a philosopher, a leader, or mere preacher of righteousness. After declaring that the central dogma of Christianity is the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and that the *Incarnatus est* of the Creed—which words express the humility of God and the redemption and exaltation of man—have always been recited with special devotion, the tractate under examination goes on to remark that the "Hail Mary" is "like an *Incarnatus est* out of the Creed. To use the 'Hail Mary' is to confess the faith in brief, to strengthen its hold in the heart and mind. The omission of the 'Hail Mary' by individuals or communities, like all omissions, has helped to bring about disproportion of the faith, a forgetfulness of some important truths. To continue to omit it will bring to succeeding generations, as heretofore, other ignorant attempts to deny Mary's virginity and the Divinity of Him whom she conceived."

Contrary to the teaching of "The Book of Common Prayer" (our Anglican friends will not deny that Article XXII. plainly forbids the invocation of saints, or that the "Hail Mary" is the invocation of the Queen of all Saints), it is further asserted that to pray to "special saints, to have the example of Mary the Virgin in special remembrance, are permissible and commendable, as well as ancient in practice."

Another reason alleged for the revival of the "Hail Mary" is the danger of woman's degradation, threatened by the legalization of divorce from marriage bonds. Christ exalted all womankind by being born of Mary; and the Christian Church has restored woman to her rightful position, and proved her constant defender. Therefore "by the use of the 'Hail Mary' the true position of woman, and the part that she has taken in the redemption of mankind, are kept before the world."

Our Anglican brethren are to be congratulated on their efforts to revive the "Hail Mary." We entirely agree with them in believing that they are "moved by the Holy Spirit." A proper understanding of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship will have the happy effect of removing many stumbling-blocks in the way of a reunion with the one true Church, and of hastening the day when, as Our Lord said, there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

PIETY softens all that humanity endures.

The Pew.

IT was worth while to reprint the "Diurnal of the Rt. Rev. John England," first Bishop of Charleston, S. C. (from 1820 to 1823), if only for the statement of his objections to having pews in churches. Though pews have probably come to stay, it is well for Catholics to know they are an innovation introduced by the "Reformation." There is nothing more Protestant than a pew. Although portable stools for the aged and infirm were in use in the olden time, pews were not thought of. Even laymen opposed the introduction of fixed seats in churches, as savoring of luxurious ease. Sir Thomas More spoke against them, and Swift ridiculed them in this fashion:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our grandsires wont to use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging those disposed to sleep."

Bishop England's objections to pews were based upon the following reasons:

1st. They occupy a considerable portion of room, and disfigure the symmetry of the church. 2d. By their means a very painful and galling distinction is created between the rich and poor; which causes pride and self-conceit in the one, and mortification and shame in the other, where both ought to be on a footing of equality before their common Maker. 3d. The feeling of mortification and shame frequently causes the poor to remain from church, to avoid being subject thereto; and thus leads to indifference and ignorance, and not unfrequently has caused many to go to Methodist and other free meeting-houses. 4th. Because it serves as a specious pretext to the slothful and the indifferent to remain at home, upon the plea that they can not obtain seats; and thus they are confirmed in their indifference, whereas by occasional attendance they may be excited by God's grace to religion. 5th. Because it places the monopoly of the church room in a few individuals who not unfrequently absent themselves; and whilst others attend, for whom there is no accommodation, the space in which they might be accommodated is left unoccupied, and the clergyman is frequently obliged to officiate in a half-empty church, whilst several retire for want of room. 6th. Because the poor and the afflicted, who stand most in need of the aid of religion, are put most out of its reach, or still more humbled in their attendance. 7th. Because by their means children, who ought to be brought to an early attendance to the duties of religion, are virtually excluded for want of room. 8th. Because by their means strangers and persons of other persuasions are bereft of the opportunity of hearing our doctrines explained; as they feel themselves either to be intruders upon the private property of others, or under obligations which they do not like to feel, and which to them it is painful to repeat; for they perceive that whosoever accommodates them inconveniences himself. 9th. Because by their means some persons are too heavily taxed for the support of religion, whilst others who would be willing to contribute a little are prevented from bestowing their contributions. 10th. Because it generally happens that their income is placed in the hands of laymen, who have in many instances required from the clergyman concessions incompatible with his duty, and reduced him to the alternative of betraying his conscience or forfeiting the means of his support.

"For these and many other weighty reasons, not speculatively adopted, but fixed in my conviction from observation and experience in several instances, and which conviction has been strengthened by the experience and observation of several others, I have no doubt but the progress of truth and religion has been materially retarded by having pews in churches, and therefore have determined never to suffer them in any church to be built; and I trust for support to the Providence of that God who has sent me, unworthy, to preach the Gospel; and do not think I would be justified before Him in doing what I know to be injurious to religion in order that I or my clergy may thereby derive money. Because no money can compensate for placing an obstacle to the progress of religion. I trust to voluntary contributions of a religious people for support. And if we get less money, we shall do more good; and if we make the laity religious, they will not permit us to want food or raiment, and we need no more. Let us seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and those things shall be added to us."

It can not be questioned that some of the Bishop's reasons for objecting to pews are of weight. It is easy to imagine what he would have thought of the custom of charging money for a seat in a church, and of the presence of a money-changer at the portal. "Less money and more good" is as excellent a motto now as it was in the days of Dr. England. Overzeal for the accumulation of wealth for works of religion has sapped the interior life of many an ecclesiastic, and not a few religious communities have suffered from it.

Notes and Remarks.

"No defenceless mob in front of troops armed with weapons of precision, no rabble of the inferior races of Africa before a Zulu impi, could have been reduced to greater impotence than the Catholic multitudes on the Continent in presence of the disciplined ranks of the secret societies, rallied to the watchwards of the revolution and backed by all the influence of the press." We quote the London *Tablet*. If its statements be true, there is reason to rejoice that the people of France and Italy have at last resolved to throw off this hideous incubus. An International Anti-Masonic Congress has been projected, the preliminaries of which are already being arranged. The objects of the Congress, as expressed by its projectors, are: (1) "To prove to the world, by the most convincing evidence, the evils and disasters of which Freemasonry has been the cause to mankind at large and to the Catholic Church in particular. (2) To find a remedy for its sinister action, and to construct, from all the active forces that can be induced to co-operate in the struggle, a permanent organization against this infernal Society." The leaders of the new movement hope that the Third Order of St. Francis will replace the Masonic societies; and one of the subjects to be discussed at the Congress will be the provision of some substitute for the mutual assistance derived from these societies, especially by sailors and traders.

A gentleman of culture laments the fact that barber-shops, of all human institutions, are distinguished for entertaining their patrons with indecent literature. There is not the slightest exaggeration in this complaint. Shops patronized by cultured and leisured men, no less than those frequented by the vicious and degraded, seem to feel the obligation of supplying the public with immoral reading. One never finds a magazine in these places: there is sometimes a respectable newspaper, but there is *always* an abundance of pink pruriency scattered about on chairs and tables. A moment's reflection will show the deep significance of this fact. Barber-shops and saloons are almost the only institutions not frequented by women. No more striking illustration could be given of the restraining and uplifting influence of pure womanhood in the world; no more convincing proof of the intolerable condition into which mankind would lapse were that influence diminished or destroyed. Undoubtedly there are many men to whom such literature is repellent and painful; but, as a rule, they are either too indolent or too cowardly to complain in public. If all would follow the example of a recent sufferer, and denounce this evil in the barber-shop as well as in the press, a notable improvement would soon be manifest. Such shops should be boycotted by all honest men.

It is plain from Senator Hoar's letter on the A. P. A. movement that, whatever may have been its propose elsewhere, the great bugbear in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was the Catholic teacher. Mr. Hoar gives much-needed instruction to his fellow-citizens of Worcester, and to citizens of other places in his State, by declaring that he does 'not wish to exclude Catholics from being public-school teachers (if they will keep their particular religious tenets out of the instruction) because of their religious faith, any more than he would have excluded Phil Sheridan from his office in the army, or would have refused to support him for any public office if he had been nominated for it.'

This is all that could be expected of Mr. Hoar, perhaps. Many another man, however, would have expressed himself with more animation. "The only wonder is," as *The Nation* remarks, "that a State which has always prided itself upon its progressiveness should need at this late day to be taught this fundamental lesson in equality."

In a recent lecture on "The Present Condition of Practical Jurisprudence" Prof. William C. Robinson has something to say about modern criminal proceedings, which explains how accused persons who are poor and friendless invariably go to jail, while the criminal who can secure bail goes scot-free.

The privilege of bail, it will be seen, is abused as few others are abused. He says:

"Upon the arrest of an accused person, he is brought before a magistrate, confronted with the charge against him; and if either he or the State desires time to prepare for the hearing, the case is adjourned to a future day. Except in a very few cases, he is admitted to bail during the interval. If he has means, or friends owning property, bail will be given, and he will be restored to liberty. If poor and friendless, he goes to jail. When enlarged on bail, he may return to stand his trial or not, at his pleasure. If he does not return, the bail is forfeited, and subsequently collected, though often at a reduced amount. This forfeiture and payment of bail does not *ipso facto* relieve him from liability to subsequent arrest and prosecution, but instances in which he is subjected to such proceedings are comparatively rare. Here appears one of the most important defects in criminal procedure. In bailable cases (and nearly all are bailable), while a poor man lies in jail sometimes for months awaiting trial, the criminal who can command bail suffers no inconvenience, but gives the bail, forfeits it, and goes scot-free. In other words, it is usually optional with an accused person, who is not absolutely destitute and friendless, whether he will be prosecuted and punished for a bailable offence or not. Numberless criminals take advantage of this defect, associations of them having funds laid by for this especial purpose; and whenever any of their members are arrested, escape by this method is sure and easy. This feature of criminal procedure destroys all certainty of punishment in the great majority of criminal cases, and practically confers the power to purchase immunity from its inconvenience and disgrace upon any criminal who can command the necessary means."

We hope that Mr. Robinson may find time for a series of legal studies for popular use. Not to speak of the advantage accruing to young practitioners in law, whom the Professor is well qualified to instruct, such a series would be sure to have a beneficial effect on legislation through the body politic.

A volume of unique interest is that in which fifteen of the most eminent Biblical scholars of England pay their respects to the "higher critics." It is notable not simply as a refutation of the extravagant hypotheses put forth in the name of Biblical science, but more especially as an indication that the tide of irreverent and iconoclastic criticism is fast ebbing away. As Prof. Sayce, one of these scholars, says: "The end of the nineteenth century is witnessing the ebb of a wave of historical scepticism which began to flow more than a century ago. It has spared nothing, sacred or otherwise; and in its progress has transformed the history of the past into a nebulous mist. But the ebb had already set in before its tendencies and results had made themselves felt beyond a limited circle of scholars."

Father Hewit, who affords an admirable review of this book in the *Catholic World* for September, observes with gratification that the refutation of the new "critics" comes from eminent Protestant rather than Catholic writers; as it will be better received, more widely circulated, and exert great influence on that account It is also in accordance with the eternal fitness of things; for higher criticism is the legitimate offspring of Protestantism. Concerning the logic of the Protestant position, the least said about it the better.

The devout character of Washington is well known, but an old letter written by Miss Custis, a niece of his wife, contains some interesting information which a certain class of historians have seen fit to ignore. The letter, which is dated "April 10, 1820," and published in the current issue of *The Collector*, affords a beautiful glimpse of Washington's home life. "He always sat at my grandmother's right hand. The gentleman at the foot of the table always said grace, without which no dinner was commenced at his table. When the cloth was removed, General Washington raised his hand toward his head and said: 'Thank God for our dinner!' I remember he never neglected this act when President, surrounded by splendid company who offered homage to him." What a stinging rebuke to those Catholics who, out of mere human respect, omit prayers before and after meals! And how edifying is this picture of Washington at the bedside of one who, though not his own child, "was unto him as a daughter":

"He took a prayer-book and solemnly pronounced the prayers for the sick. He prayed God to preserve his daughter with faltering voice, then rose and assisted his afflicted wife in attending to her.... Washington saw no hope of revival; and, calling on all to unite with him, with fervor read the prayers for the dying Christian. His hand raised on high,

tears streaming from his eyes, he implored God to receive the soul of his daughter. Then looking at her, who so often thought his kiss her best reward, he pressed his lips to her cold face and her hands; and, embracing his wife, left them, that the graveclothes might be put upon her so lately a blooming cherub. He then fled to his library to seek fortitude from religion."

It is to be regretted that the public officials of our time have not all inherited the Christian fervor and civic virtue of him who was first in peace as well as in war.

The report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the past year is an edifying and inspiring document. The growth of this great charitable organization, and the zeal of its members, are as astonishing as gratifying. Owing to the financial depression which prevailed during the past year, the work of the Society was increased twofold. The members complain, however, of two disadvantages arising from this condition. The first is that the extraordinary service exacted from them prevented them from giving special attention to the spiritual wants of the poor. "The other difficulty was the publicity given to our work, despite our efforts to keep it in the background. Publicity is not, as a rule, helpful to the work of our Society; but, through the exigencies of the times, we found ourselves obliged to work with other societies for the common good. The result has been to draw upon us the attention of our non-Catholic colaborers, who were filled with admiration for our Society, and, in many cases, made us the distributors of their alms." We are at a loss to understand this second "disadvantage"; however, we trust that the work of the Society in softening or eradicating prejudice more than compensates for it.

We have no doubt of the astuteness of that Protestant writer who says in *The Canadian Magazine:* "If the Roman Catholic Church authorities in Canada had been wiser, they would have demanded some years ago that Roman Catholics and Protestants should attend the same public schools. The result of this demand would have been a great Protestant agitation against the Romanizing of the public schools. Then when the Protestants were thoroughly committed to advocacy of the separate school system, the Roman Catholic Church might have gracefully yielded the point; and so the country would have peace and quiet now, instead of being disturbed by politicians who work upon the religious prejudices of both Protestants and Roman Catholics."

All this may be true; but it does not explain the infamous treatment of Catholics by the Manitoba legislature. Suppositions being in order, we submit this one. *If* the Catholics, when they were in the majority, had thoroughly "Romanized" the schools and dealt unjustly with the non-Catholic minority, there would not be any school question to solve. But they did not do so. They treated the Protestants so well that large numbers of them immigrated to Manitoba from other provinces; and when the Catholics became the minority they were oppressed, as they were centuries ago in Maryland. We have noticed that Protestant publicists do not dwell much on this aspect of the question.

Obituary.

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

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

Mr. James L. Edson, of Detroit, Mich., who departed this life on the 25th ult.

Mr. Charles Bryson, who died on the 15th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Richard Spalding, of Lebanon, Ky., who lately passed to the reward of a fervent Christian life.

Mr. Henry F. Lembeck, who yielded his soul to God on the 19th ult., at Watkins, N. Y.

Mrs. Winifred Fadden, of Minersville, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 21st of July.

Mr. Michael Hoey, whose good life was crowned with a precious death on the 19th ult., at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mr. James Stack, of Delaware, Ohio; Miss Catherine Green, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Quill, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Thomas Hanrahan, Charlotte, Iowa; Miss Ida A. Graham, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Mary Mulligan, Miss Alice Maher, Mr. James Maloney, and Mrs. Mary Ryan, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Reilly, W. Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Ryan, Carrick, Ireland; Mrs. Nora L. Naylor New Bedford, Mass.; and Miss Mary Lynch, Compton, Canada.

May they rest in peace!

The Birthday of Our Queen.

LAST night I knelt, dear Mother mine,
And watched the evening star,
And on its steady rays my heart
Was borne to thee afar.
I tried to think what heaven is like,
And how in courts above
The angels keep thy birthday feast,
And how they prove their love.

And while I gazed I saw the stars
In clusters bright appear,
And swift this thought came to my heart:
Each star is as a year,
That God has placed in heaven's arch
Since Mary's wondrous birth,
That brought true light, just as the stars
Give joy to poor, dark earth.

And then I tried to count them all,
The twinkling stars above,
And told them each to greet thee, Queen,
And tell thee of my love.
Then as I watched I saw them go,
As plain as plain could be;
They swift returned,—I hope they left
My birthday thoughts with thee.

How Grace Found the Way.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

NO, where there's a will there is *not* always a way; and I can prove it, Mildred, both to you and to Miss Gernon."

"O Grace dear," protested Mildred, impatiently, "don't be foolish!"

"I'm *not* foolish," said Grace. "Now listen, Milly" (and she came over to where her friend had seated herself upon entering the room). "You know I never have any spending money, therefore I never can practise charity. I have the best, the strongest desire in the world to be very charitable,—in fact, I *long* to help poor people, and yet I've never been able to help one in all my life. Stupid! Why, I think that proverb is the height of stupidity, and I *shall not* write an essay on it. Miss Gernon may think what she likes."

Grace paused, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining with excitement.

Mildred, who was a frail, delicate-looking girl, glanced up timidly.

"But—" she objected, feeling that she ought to protest, and not quite knowing how,—"but, Grace—"

"Rap! tap!" sounded on the door of the room.

Grace uttered an impatient "Come!"

The door opened, and a servant appeared.

"Miss Grace," she began, "there's a poor woman and child below as would like to see yourself."

"Well, 'meself' is not going to see *them*," said Grace, with an almost unconscious mimicry of the maid's grammar, or rather *want* of grammar. "Who on earth are they, Sarah? And where is my aunt?"

"I didn't think to ask the name, Miss, but they look very poor," said Sarah; "and Mrs. Spellman has gone driving."

"Oh, dear!" and Grace shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "I can't see them; I haven't anything for beggars. Go tell

them to come when Aunt Eleanor is at home, Sarah."

"Yes'm," answered the girl; but she lingered a moment.

"Well?" said Grace, looking at her interrogatively.

The maid grew a little confused, and very red.

"I think if you saw them, Miss Grace," she began, with some diffidence, "you would take pity on them and give them something."

Sarah was very tender-hearted; there were tears in her eyes as she spoke.

Grace became exasperated.

"Good gracious!" was her undignified exclamation. "How can I give what I haven't got? Even you, Sarah, know that I don't own a cent in the world."

Mildred looked at her friend in surprise. It was not like Grace to make that sort of complaint before a servant. Usually she possessed, in common with Mildred herself, an innate delicacy which prompted her to maintain her dignity on such occasions. She moved toward the door now, as if to close it and end the interview. But Sarah, although she had drawn back, still lingered.

"It isn't money they asked for," she ventured: "it's food and clothes, especially a pair of shoes for the little one. Her feet are that blistered with the holes in the pair she has."

"Well, take them to the kitchen, and tell cook to give them plenty to eat. As for old clothes—oh, let them come again! I can't be bothered hunting up any at present."

Grace's tone was decisive. Sarah felt that her young mistress meant to be obeyed; therefore, she departed in silence. She was, as before remarked, a tender-hearted girl, and the sad plight of the woman and child had touched her deeply. She took them to the kitchen, as Grace had ordered, coaxed the cook (who on principle objected to such visitors) into a certain amount of good-humor, and spread before the hungry pair a generous repast of bread and milk and meat. Her sympathetic, kindly manner seasoned the simple meal as only kindness and sympathy can, making it seem to the unfortunate guests a veritable feast. Half an hour later mother and child, bodily strengthened by the nourishing food, and otherwise cheered and encouraged by the kindness of their humble friend, left the warm kitchen, believing better of the world and their fellow-creatures than they had done in many a day.

Sarah had given them no money, because she had had none. Her last month's wages had gone where nearly every cent that she earned always went—to the support of her widowed mother far away—and her next would not be due for a week to come. Of what other means of help she had, however, she had given generously. A dress and a neat bonnet, both but little worn, were gently forced upon the woman, in the hope of helping her to make a presentable appearance when on the morrow she should renew her weary quest for work. And as personal appearance and dress go for much in this world, Sarah acted with wisdom as well as charity. A bright ribbon—very dear to the heart of Sarah, who loved finery, which she seldom could afford to purchase,—was hurriedly thrust into the little girl's hand. The child, who was a grave, sad-eyed little creature, spoke her joy in the lightening of her eyes and a smile of pathetic pleasure. Sarah's own kind eyes were moist as she watched them disappear down the street.

"*Wirra!* but it went to me heart," she said, turning to the cook, "that I hadn't even the price of a pair of shoes to give the little one. It's hard to be goin' nearly barefoot."

But to return to Grace and Mildred.

"It's very annoying, very mortifying," burst forth the former, as the door closed

upon the maid, "that I never have a cent to throw to a dog. And, Mildred, you know how I long to help poor people. Now do you persist in believing that 'where there's a will there's a way'? *I* could never believe it."

While Grace was speaking she had been quickly changing her stylish walking boots for a pair of dainty, low-cut house-shoes. As she finished she threw herself back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

If Aunt Eleanor, who supplied a long dead mother's place, had peculiar ideas as to the advisability of trusting young people with "pin-money," she did not stint her niece in other ways. Grace had what most girls would consider a large wardrobe. Hats, wraps, gowns, gloves, ribbons, and perhaps most of all shoes, she possessed in abundance. All the Stanleys—aunts, cousins, etc.,—had exceptionally pretty feet—small and well shaped,—and Grace had always been only too apt to pride herself upon the "family foot," as represented in her own little person. Small vanities quickly lead to large ones, as everybody knows; and self-indulgence in any form, if not wisely checked, soon leads to sad extremes. Of dainty foot-gear Grace Stanley, therefore, possessed a marvellous collection, having in use as many as two dozen pairs of shoes and slippers at a time. Aunt Eleanor had often protested, to be sure, against such extravagance; but she was inclined to be injudiciously soft-hearted, and, moreover, loath to deny her pretty niece many a thing that she might have been the better without. But we are digressing.

As Mildred did not immediately reply, Grace fell to admiring her latest acquisition in the shoe line.

"Are they not too lovely for anything, Milly!" she exclaimed. "They're the very latest cut in ties."

Mildred looked and admired.

"I suppose they are the ones you got at Easter?" she said.

"Why no, silly!" cried Grace. "Those were worn out long ago."

"Long ago!" echoed her companion, incredulously. "It's only three weeks since Easter, Grace."

"I know," was the complacent answer; "and I suppose they really should have lasted a little longer. But, then, you see, somehow the patent-leather of one got the least bit scratched, and the heel of the other looked as if it *might* wear crooked. Besides, they squeaked a little, and I couldn't stand that; so I coaxed Auntie to let me order these."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Camp-Fire Stories.

Paul Revere's Ride.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Of course it will not be supposed that our boys let the Fourth of July pass without as big a celebration as the resources of the camp afforded. Before the sun showed his head above the eastern shore of the lake there was a great snapping of fire-crackers, and at ten o'clock the exercises of the day took place. Regard for the truth compels me to tell you, however, that several rather awkward occurrences interfered with the dignity suitable to the occasion. For instance, Jack had sung one stanza of the "Star-Spangled Banner," when it was announced that Fred's pony was in the big tent eating all the apples. This news caused a wild stampede. Then Billy, who had been off in a quiet place all the day before, practising on what he supposed was the Declaration of Independence, found, to his dismay, after he began to read it in a very stentorian voice, that it was the Constitution of the United States with which he had been taking such pains; and he went off to a secluded

spot behind the boat-house and cried for a good half hour.

But, aside from these mishaps, the celebration was a success; and, as no one could think of anything patriotic to do until it was dark enough for the fireworks, some one proposed that Uncle George should tell his story in the afternoon.

"And I hope it'll be about the Revolution," said one.

"I don't," said Archie, the English cousin. "I don't believe in revolutions. They are hateful,—they are beastly. 'God save the King!'"

"I say so, too!" called out Achille, the French nephew of Dr. Lawrence. "The revolutionists killed my great-grandfather because he stood up for the King and Queen; and if that's what the Fourth of July means, I'm not going to have anything to do with it."

This meant war; and in an instant two little American jackets were unbuttoned, and four small fists were clinched in a way that foreboded danger.

Uncle George quickly threw oil upon the stormy waters.

"Barry shall settle this," he said; and so Barry, who had been posing as a very black Goddess of Liberty, stood up on a stump and proclaimed:

"Kings are all right for folks that like 'em, and the Fourth of July is all right for them as doesn't; and the fish is biting like all possessed down by the pint, and we'll go and catch some after the Commodore spins his yarn."

Cheers followed this speech; the belligerents shook hands; the Stars and Stripes were waved afresh, and Uncle George began:

"First, let me say that the next boy who exhibits such a spirit as Maurice and Howard have shown to-day will return home on the next train. The spirit of '76 was something different from wishing to whip a guest because he does not agree with you.

"The name Paul Revere has rather a grand sound, but Paul himself was a plain man of the people—a working man. There was hardly anything to which he could not turn his hand. He started out as a goldsmith, then turned his attention to engraving, and built a powder-mill when he had nothing more pressing to do. He took part in the famous Boston Tea-Party, and was a lieutenant-colonel in the militia. I think his last venture was a cannon and bell foundry; and he manufactured many other useful things, such as copper bolts and spikes. He was a good man, too—kind and generous,—and president of a charitable association for poor mechanics. And whether or not he was a good patriot I leave it to yourselves to judge.

"Now, you know the people of the Colonies had been looking forward to war for a good while. There had been ominous complaints about unjust taxation, and they had quietly got together arms and ammunition wherever they thought it would be safe. One of these places was Concord, not far from Boston, where the people were very brave and patriotic. The women made bullets out of pewter dishes, and the men drilled whenever they had a spare moment. And stored away in lofts and barns and cellars were provisions and guns and powder, that they might be ready when the time came.

"Meanwhile King George took alarm, and he and his ministers ordered ten thousand soldiers to Boston. This, they thought, would so frighten the people that perhaps it would not be necessary to do any shooting. But they did not know the Yankees, who looked at the bright redcoats of the regulars, and quietly went on with their plans. General Gage was in command of the English ('Tommy,' his gay young officers called him); and from a traitor in a little crowd of Americans that used to hold secret meetings at a tavern called the Green Dragon, he

learned all about the stores guarded so carefully by the farmers of Concord, and concluded to send a detachment of troops to destroy them.

"But others could have secrets, too; and when General Warren, formerly a physician of Boston, saw signs of activity among the red-coats, he made some investigations and found out what was afoot. Then he went to Paul Revere, first sending one of his officers to Deacon Larkin to engage his fastest horse for a journey that very night. So the plan was laid. You have all read Longfellow's poem, and know how Revere and his chosen friend arranged a code of signals. The old 'North Church' had a very high steeple, looking out over the water, and making the best sort of a signal tower. Up in the belfry the friend climbed; and Paul, waiting in a safe place, where he would avoid passing the English sentries, saw first one light, then two, shining up where the startled pigeons were perched. That meant that the red-coats had started 'by sea.' But before they landed at Lechmere's Point, and began their march overland to Concord, Paul Revere was rousing the country people. At every house he reined his horse, and gave a tremendous knock on the door with the handle of his whip, calling, 'The regulars are coming!' There was no more sleep that night for those Yankee farmers.

"Our plucky messenger was captured before he reached Concord, but still he succeeded in sending the news; and the British met with a reception which showed that they were expected. The battle of Concord, the first of the Revolution, would make another story. You know how it turned out. The British retreated to Boston, and the shot was fired that was heard around the world. The war lasted seven years, but to me there is nothing more picturesque in it than Paul Revere tearing along in the moonlight on Deacon Larkin's best horse.

"Paul Revere is remembered by the Boston people on each anniversary of his ride. On the night of the 18th of April in each year the lanterns shine from the historic belfry, and a man in continental uniform rides furiously from Boston to Concord, giving the news, and followed by some make-believe regulars. But it rather spoils the effect to have the way lined with bicycle riders, some day they may substitute electric lights for the lanterns."

"I've been in the North Church," said Billy. "The English aristocracy used to go there, and not to the meeting-houses. Grandfather says the North End was called the Court End of Boston when he was a little boy. The house he was born in is a tenement house now. He says he remembers when the string of carriages reached two blocks, waiting for the people to get through service."

"Boys," said the Goddess of Liberty, "if the Commodore is through get out the boats."

The fish bit well; the fireworks were, for a wonder, all that was expected of them; and at nine o'clock silence reigned in Camp St. Mary, broken soon after by Barry, who screamed:

"Turn out, boys! The regulars are coming!"

"Oh, be quiet!" said Archie the Tory. "We're too sleepy to be scared; and, besides, if I'd been there, I'd have been a regular myself, perhaps."

Maurice and Howard heard this, but thought it was a dream; and soon all was quiet again, except for the mellow voice of Barry, who hummed "Yankee Doodle" as he cleaned the fish for breakfast.

THE Church of St. John of Lateran in Rome claims, by an inscription on the front, to be the mother and head of all the churches of the city and of the world—OMNIUM URBIS ET ORBIS ECCLESIARUM MATER ET CAPUT.

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

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A Thought at Sunrise.

ENGRAVED in light and color, as of old
The monks illumed with lustrous hues the Word
Of God, I saw upon the eastern sky
A prophecy of all the day.—In shades
Of sombre gray that melted into blue,
My hours of toil were traced; deep amber rifts
That merged with crimson clouds were rays of love,
By friendship cast across the weary hours;
The long dark lines of purple gloom foretold
The seal of sorrow that each day must know;
But lo! the cloud-page ended in a burst
Of golden promise; and, all else forgot,
I knew God's blessing crowned the gleam and gloom.

Crescent and Tricolor Rivals in Vandalism.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

IT is by no means certain that the great library of Alexandria was destroyed by order of the Caliph Omar-ben-Akhattib in the year 641, as was once generally supposed; but the Gibbonian school, with whose spirit so many modern heterodox historians are more or less infected, vainly insists that the chief argument for the innocence of Omar is found in the vandalism of a Catholic bishop, Theophilus, whose attack on the Serapeum in the year 389 is said to have necessarily left no literary material on which the Islamitic fury could be exercised. In a recent article we demonstrated that the Christians of Alexandria destroyed merely the sanctuary of the god Serapis, leaving the rest of the temple and its dependent establishments, together with all its literary treasures, intact.* The true reason which leads historical criticism to hesitate to accept the once generally received account of the Arabian devastation is the fact that the original authorities for the accusation lived six centuries after the event. Abd-Allatif died in 1231; Abulfaradge in 1286. Nevertheless, among the authors who incriminate Omar in the premises there are several whose inclinations would have led them to exculpate the Mohammedan soldier, with a view to the arraignment of the Christian patriarch. We need mention only Diderot,† Voltaire,‡ Champollion-Figeac,§ Langlès,|| Hammer,¶ and the famous Arabian writer of the seventeenth century, Hadji-Khalfa.** But we are will-

* In THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XL., No. 24.
† "Encyclopédie," art. "Bibliothèque."
‡ "Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations."
§ "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," art. "Bibliothèque."
|| "Voyage de Langlès en Egypte," Vol. III.
¶ "History of the Order of the Assassins," p. 280.
** In the "Dictionnaire Bibliographique," art. "De la Science Philosophique."

ing to believe that Amru, the lieutenant of Omar, could have found in the Serapeum or any other Alexandrian locality no considerable collection of books; assuredly none of extent sufficient to furnish fuel, during six months, to the public baths. And we are led to this conclusion by the knowledge that the Serapeum experienced many severe vicissitudes during the period which intervened between the days of Julius Cæsar and those of Omar.

During the reign of Commodus, according to George Syncellus, the Serapeum was almost completely destroyed by fire. Under Caracalla, says Ammianus Marcellinus, the African metropolis suffered "a horrible massacre, during which neither sacred nor profane things were spared, and after which every literary association was abolished." In the time of Aurelian, according to the same Ammianus, the entire eastern quarter of the city, where were located the public schools and the Library of Augustus, was burned by the imperial soldiery; and we may well believe that the Serapeum was not altogether spared on this occasion. In the reign of Diocletian, as Eutropius informs us, the city of Alexandria underwent a siege of eight months, and was then pillaged. The troops of the Emperor Marcion, having vainly tried to quell a sedition of the Alexandrians, retreated to the Serapeum. The entire establishment was then fired by the rebels, and all the soldiers perished. So we are informed by Evagrius. Narses, the general of Justinian, burned nearly the whole of the city; and during the reign of Heraclius the Persians did the same.

Therefore, we may well believe that at the time of Omar there was not much of a library in Alexandria. And we must remember that it is not probable that when the ravages of war were repaired much attention was paid to a restoration of the Alexandrian literary glories; for love of study had greatly diminished during the two or three centuries which preceded the campaigns of Omar. But since we are willing to reject the testimony of Abd-Allatif and that of Abdulfaradge in the matter of the Islamite vandalism at Alexandria, we may reasonably insist on the rejection of the testimony of Gibbon against the patriarch Theophilus; for the English historian flourished fourteen centuries after the outbreak of 389; and, as we have seen, he adduces no worthy authority more ancient than himself for his assertion.

We admit that Omar may not have destroyed the remnants of the once celebrated library of Alexandria; but we remember that such an action would have accorded with his general character and with the spirit of his co-religionists. Lalanne, one of the most fervid of the apologists of this caliph, tells us that after the conquest of Persia the Mussulman commander, Abu-Vakkas, wrote to Omar for permission to transport the literary treasures of the conquered into Islamite lands; and that the reply was: "Burn them all, or throw them into the rivers." * As a zealous son of the prophet, Omar thought that the Koran was the sole valuable book on earth; but we doubt whether he would not have been satisfied with the destruction of the philosophical and theological works of those whom he regarded as infidels. We do not believe that he would have deliberately ordered the burning of all the archives of a subjugated nation; still less do we deem him capable of annihilating all the sources of the history of his own people. But such an order, out-vandalling the original Vandals, was given in the year 1792 by the government of the One and Indivisible French Republic, in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Civilization, as they were and are understood by the votaries of the Dark Lantern. By a law

* "Curiosités Bibliographiques," p. 211.

of June 24, 1792, the "representatives of the French nation" decreed the burning of all documents in which there occurred any mention of titles of nobility. Therefore, since every page—nay, nearly every line—of every historical paper from the days of Clovis to those of Louis XVI. was necessarily stained with that intolerable crime, it was declared to be the will of the French people that their entire history was to become a *tabula rasa*. Among the governmental employees who received this order was Ropra, guardian of the Archives of Flanders. Rightly judging that his office rendered the preservation, not the destruction, of the Archives incumbent upon him, Ropra addressed a remonstrance to Garat, then Minister of the Interior. The representative of the new civilization replied:

"Among the documents contained in the olden Chambre des Comptes at Lille, I can consider none as worthy of preservation excepting those which concern the obligations of the nation; and the verification of these ought to take but little time and labor. In the collection at Lille, just as in all others, all the ancient documents in Gothic characters must be simply so many titles of feudalism. They are merely records of the subjection of the weak to the strong,—records, that is, of a policy which nearly always violated the precepts of reason, humanity, and justice. Instead of this mass of waste paper, it were better to substitute some copies of the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man.'* I order you, therefore, to act conformably to the ideas herein expressed; and I warn you that any other course will show that you are unworthy of the confidence of the administration."

In his answer to this effusion, Ropra tells several bitter truths, but we give only the following: "I trust, Citizen Minister, that you will allow me to abstain from any co-operation in this work, which *can be compared only to the burning of the Alexandrian library.* No reasonable motive can be adduced for it. Even if it were true that the ancient and Gothic documents are mere titles of feudalism, and so many records of things hostile to humanity and justice, they ought to be preserved as proofs that men should admire and love the Revolution. Truly, the substitution of the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man' for these maps, books, and title-deeds is a wonderful invention. You regard this 'Declaration' as a universal science; but I do not know, Citizen Minister, how poor mankind will regard your important discovery." Imagination can scarcely depict the loss which historical science would have sustained, had not the insane project of Condorcet and his brethren been rendered abortive by the external wars and intestinal discords of the Republic. And now we ask the attention of the reader to another instance of vandalism, over which the Tricolor—symbol of so much that is grand and good, and of so much that is sovereignly detestable—was forced to cast its sanctioning ægis.

The elder line of the Bourbons, the standard-bearer of French legitimacy (if Louis XVII. died in the Temple), had succumbed to the Three Days of July, 1830; and the usurping King of the Bourgeoisie, Louis Philippe, a son of the Revolution as much as the veriest Jacobin of the Mountain, had planted himself on the throne of St. Louis. Men ought not to have been surprised when, in 1831, Paris became the scene of an act of vandalism, than which neither follower of Genseric nor Hun nor Arab ever thought of a greater. In presenting this fact to the contemplation of the reader, we shall not rely upon the narratives of legitimist or clerical writers. It is Louis Blanc, one of the most energetic among the defenders of the principles of 1789, whose pages are before

* The masterpiece of the infamous Marat.

us:* "It was by order of one of the city magistrates that the cross on the Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois was hurled from its pinnacle. The soldiers of the regular army were apparently hiding themselves; and the National Guards, so ardent in protecting the shops, left a clear path to the mob who had started to pillage the churches. It was the work of a moment to level an altar, to smash a pulpit, to pull the statues of the saints from their pedestals, to reduce the holy pictures to shreds.... The sacristy was ransacked, and vandal buffoons donned the sacerdotal vestments." When the royal usurper was informed that the next enterprise of the liberals was to be an attack on the archiepiscopal residence, he commanded M. Baude, the prefect of police, to restrict his energies to the protection of the royal palace. As the revolutionary historian admits, "No measure for the protection of the archbishop was taken; but mysterious agents mingled with the mob, and, turning its fury away from the royal abode, allowed that fury to vent itself against the archiepiscopal palace." When a detachment of the 12th legion of the National Guard, commanded by Francis Arago, arrived on the spot, the demolition of the building was being finished, and the valuable library was being annihilated. "It is impossible to estimate how much science and art lost by this wholesale destruction of rare books and precious manuscripts. M. Arago, a witness of the lugubrious scene, stormed with rage because he was unable to prevent this vandalism. However, he was about to command his battalion to advance, when he was informed that authoritative personages had induced the soldiers to allow matters to take their course. Particular mention was made of Thiers, then sub-secretary of state in the Ministry of Finance; and, in fact, M. Arago perceived that gentleman promenading amid the ruins, smiling with satisfaction." Truly indeed may the Thiers of 1831, like the Garat of 1792, be termed a worthy rival of the Caliph Omar.

* "Histoire de Dix Ans (1830–1840)"; Vol. II.; p. 284–295.

Quite naturally, Louis Blanc, a thorough radical in his most moderate moments, says as little as the ascendency of truth will allow him to say concerning this systematic devastation of one of the chief historical and literary glories of France. Another eye-witness, however, the famous *littérateur*, Paul Lacroix, gives many details of the vandalism.* "The destruction of the Archiepiscopal Library of Paris must be recorded as one of the exploits of the National Guard." The uniformed and un-uniformed devastators formed a line reaching from the Library to the river; and the doomed volumes were passed from hand to hand, lacerated on the way, and then flung into the water. "More than 30,000 volumes of the most valuable books in the world were thus treated, while the mob vented its joy in insensate shouts. The 12th legion of the National Guard was the *plus peuple* of all the legions of that body; and it heartily sympathized with the vengeance which was openly proclaimed as against the priesthood, *contre la calotte*.... When I entered the immense hall where the great library had reposed, it was empty; but, looking out of a window, I saw in the garden a heap of books which was more than twenty feet high, a remnant of the collection which had not yet been cast into the river. The guards were marching majestically on the top of this mass of literature, ever and anon bayoneting and otherwise lacerating the precious pages.... In a few moments not a volume of the grand collection remained."

* See the "Intermediaire des Chercheurs et Curieux" for January 15, 1864; also the "Etudes Religieuses," for some extracts from the narrative of M. Lacroix.

A Life's Labyrinth.

IV.—A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

MEANWHILE Lord Kingscourt had been taken to a large, well-furnished room on the other side of the house. It seemed to him incredible to find himself once again not only under a hospitable roof, but surrounded by all the comforts to which he had been accustomed. After Briggs had undressed and put him to bed, he lay for some time with his eyes closed; the pain which had racked his limbs all day having been soothed by the gentle ministrations of his servant, and the change from all the horrors of the past three months. Briggs moved noiselessly about the room, once more at home in his own proper avocation; while his master, lazily opening his eyes, followed him with a grateful and contented glance from place to place.

"Where are we, Briggs?" he asked at length, as the man approached the bedside.

"In the most secluded spot in all Greece, if not in the whole world, my Lord," was the reply. "I am told the estate belongs to a rich Greek."

"So it would seem," said the Earl, glancing about at the beautiful appointments of the room. "And yet, Briggs, there is an English air about everything, it seems to me."

Before the servant could reply, a knock came to the door, and the housekeeper quietly entered, bearing a tray containing a steaming pitcher and a large tumbler.

"I have brought you a strengthening draught, sir," she said. "I trust you will permit your servant to administer it to you. I have used it with excellent effect for many years whenever my master or young mistress has suffered from a cold. After a little I will fetch you something to eat."

The Earl expressed his thanks, and lost no time in partaking of the draught, which he greatly relished. Supper followed, which he ate with considerable appetite. When the housekeeper came in to take the tray she announced that her master would be pleased to visit his guest, if the latter found it convenient. Lord Kingscourt having expressed his pleasure, the woman departed. Not many minutes elapsed before the door again opened, and the Earl was face to face with his host. It needed but a look to convince Lord Kingscourt that this was no ordinary man; nor was he long in coming to the conclusion that, in spite of the Greek costume he wore and the language he spoke, he was a countryman of his own.

"You are welcome to my home and all it can offer," said the host, taking the Earl's hand. "I am but a poor recluse, leading a dull life,—at least so it must seem to you. But such as it is, I gladly share it with you, with but one request: that, when you leave this spot, you will endeavor to forget both my name and existence."

The light from the single lamp was dim, but as he spoke the Earl could see the stern and handsome features soften and the lips quiver; and there was more than ordinary kindliness in the strong pressure of the hand that held his own.

"I thank you, sir!" he replied, heartily. "I shall accept your hospitality as it has been offered, and shall endeavor to comply with your wishes in as far as I am able; but it is a most ungrateful heart that can, even if it would, banish the memory of benefits conferred."

The elder man smiled sadly.

"You are not yet old enough to have grown cynical," he said. "But we will not speak of that. I advise you to do in all things as my housekeeper directs. She is very skilful in sickness."

Kingscourt promised to follow the directions of the housekeeper, and Mr. Strange took his departure.

The hour was now late, and the intense pain in Lord Kingscourt's head and limbs having returned, Nestoria, at his own request, gave him a sleeping potion, which had the effect of making him rest comfortably until morning. The next day his limbs were swollen, and the housekeeper pronounced his complaint a rheumatic fever, which she feared it would take a month to cure. This news filled the Earl with anxiety; but he faithfully followed her prescriptions, with the result that, while he lay perfectly helpless and had many hours of suffering, he felt himself to have been fortunate indeed in having found such an asylum.

Two days passed; nothing had been heard from Rollis, which caused the Earl some uneasiness. The housekeeper had brought him word of the indisposition of her master, who had not left his room since the night of the Earl's arrival. On the evening of the second day, tired of lying in bed, Lord Kingscourt had asked his valet to prop him up in an easy-chair, from which he could have a view of the garden beneath his window. He had not been long seated thus when he saw a young and graceful girl flitting to and fro among the roses, her hands laden with flowers. There was something charming in her movements; evidently she was the daughter of his host. From the obscurity of his position he could see her without being seen, and it was plain she was unaware of being observed. She wore a white gown, fashioned in the native style; a crown of golden hair surmounted her well-shaped head; and as she passed from one rose-bush to another, from time to time depositing her flowers in a broad, low basket which lay on the ground, Kingscourt thought her one of the loveliest creatures he had ever seen. After she had passed from his view, he began, by an association of ideas, to wonder as to the identity of the young girl who had so heroically rescued him and his companions from the robbers. It gave him a pang of keen regret to think that probably he would never see her again. Not for a moment did he imagine that she and the bright, beautiful creature he had seen in the garden were the same.

Presently the housekeeper came in with his supper; Briggs following with a great bunch of roses.

"Thanks for these beautiful flowers!" said the Earl, hoping that Nestoria might say something of her who had gathered them. Yet she did not, and his delicacy would not permit him to say more.

When he was again left alone, he lay watching the moon rise slowly behind the mountain-top, of which he could catch a glimpse from the comfortable heap of pillows piled up about him. Half an hour passed; the moonlight was already tracing soft, silvery lines upon the floor; he was sinking into a doze, from which the sound of a voice aroused him. In an instant he was wide awake—alert, surprised, pleased beyond measure. It was the voice of his deliverer, and at once he realized that it was she whom he had seen that afternoon in the garden.

"Papa," she was saying, "I am so glad you are able to be out again. I am afraid it is the coming of these strangers that has upset you—"

"Sh!" replied her companion. "Some one may hear you, Alice."

They passed on. Kingscourt heard no more; but the discovery he had made had such an effect upon him that when Briggs returned to prepare him for the night, he at once summoned Nestoria, fearing that his master had an access of fever. Hardly had the housekeeper entered the room when a commotion was heard outside—the sound of men's voices, the clank of horses' hoofs,—and Mr. Strange entered, accompanied by Mr. Rollis and a physician from Athens.

"Why, this is bad, Kingscourt!" said Rollis, as the friends clasped hands. "I

surely had hoped to see you convalescent, though deeming it a wise precaution to bring a physician."

"I have suffered a good deal," replied Kingscourt. "And my mind has not been easy about you since we parted. What detained you?"

"Waiting for this particular 'leech,' as they call him in Athens; and he is a leech for slowness, I assure you. But it seems he had a case he could not leave. Now that he is here, I would like to remove you at once."

After a hurried examination, the doctor announced that Kingscourt was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and must remain where he was for the present, if Mr. Strange would be so kind as to extend his hospitality.

"What!" exclaimed Rollis. "Must remain where he is! Can he find good attendance here?"

Mr. Strange now stepped forward, and, much to the discomfiture of Rollis, said in English:

"I can assure you, sir, and I think Dr. Hilarion will agree with me, that Nestoria, my housekeeper, is an excellent nurse. Your friend will lack no attention. My house and all that is in it are at his service while he chooses to remain."

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Rollis, with the characteristic bluntness of an Englishman. "I had no idea that you were a fellow-countryman. Of course that puts everything in a different light; though I very much dislike to learn that Kingscourt is so ill."

Mr. Strange bowed. The Doctor was speaking with the Earl in a low voice. Presently he engaged in conversation in Greek with the host, and Rollis turned to his friend.

"Old fellow," he began, after a moment's hesitation, "I fear it looks like desertion, but I can not see my way to staying with you. I had hoped that you could have been moved, and that we might return together at once to England. Evidently you are in no condition to go. As for me, I *must* go. I have just received word that my mother is almost at the point of death through anxiety. My father insists that I return at once."

"Go, of course," answered Kingscourt. "There is nothing else to be done. I shall get on very well here. The host is a gentleman, the nurse excellent in every respect. I consider myself very fortunate in having found such a haven. It is much better than having to remain in Athens until I recovered."

"Well, there seems to be no help for it," said Rollis. "This Mr. Strange—who is he, by the way?" he continued, glancing in the direction of that gentleman, still conversing with the Doctor.

"I know no more than yourself," answered Kingscourt. "I feel certain he has a history, however. Still," he added, with the native courtesy of a true gentleman, "that does not concern us."

"You are right," said Rollis. "I believe I am leaving you in good hands."

"Is there no news of Wilbraham?" asked the Earl.

"None," was the reply. "I hope the poor fellow has not fallen into bad hands. I can not think for a moment that he did not do his best."

"Nor I," added the Earl.

"Now, my dear sir," said the physician, advancing to the bedside, "here you will be well taken care of; and, though your convalescence may be slow, I do not think it will be necessary for me to come again. I shall leave some medicines, which Nestoria and your servant can use, if needed. You will probably have some bad days before you are on your feet again; but, with care and patience, all will be well."

"I beg that you will not set down my non-appearance in your chamber during the last two days to the account of indifference," said his host, with a kindly smile. "I have not left my room since

I saw you before until this evening."

"I assure you, sir, I have had no such ungrateful thoughts," answered the Earl, extending his hand. "Your housekeeper informed me that you were ill. I hope you are feeling much better."

"Thank you!" replied Mr. Strange. "I am quite well again this evening."

He then withdrew, accompanied by the physician; and the friends were left alone. Kingscourt soon became restless. Rollis refrained from questioning him as to whether he had learned aught of the young girl who had so happily come to their assistance three days before. And, though usually very confidential with his friend, and though the matter would seem to be of equal interest to both, Kingscourt felt no inclination to speak of the one subject now uppermost in his mind—the discovery that he had made that evening.

When they parted for the night, it was with the understanding that Rollis would be on the road long before the Earl was awake in the morning. After he had gone, the house grew very still. Briggs came in softly; and, thinking his master asleep, went out again to make preparations for the night, and to take some last in tructions from Rollis concerning him.

But it would need a potion to soothe Kingscourt's tired nerves and busy brain that night. The discovery he had made, the coming and going of Rollis, combined with the incessant and often sharp pain in his limbs, were potent factors in keeping him awake. As he lay silently thinking, he became aware of voices in the direction of the head of his bed, which was placed in the centre of the room, not quite touching the wall. It needed but a moment to assure him that they were those of Mr. Strange and his daughter. He at once conjectured that they were in the next apartment, and that the door between the two rooms had in some manner become open. It was impossible for him not to hear their conversation; for even if he had made an effort to put his hands to his ears he could not have done so, owing to the pain and helplessness of his arms.

"Dearest papa," the girl was saying, "you are looking very ill. What did the Doctor say?"

"My darling, I did not consult him about myself," was the reply.

"But, papa," she continued, "he might have given you something that would have helped you."

"Who can cure a sick soul?" said her father, sadly and bitterly. "But for you and your affection, I could have wished to have died long, long ago."

"Papa," pleaded the girl, "do not grieve thus. And if there is any new care or trouble, tell it to me. The confidence would surely ease your heart."

"Alice, there is nothing new," replied her father. "It is only that the meeting with this young Englishman, and the sound of my own tongue from strange lips, have made me long for my own country; reviving feelings that I have long tried to bury, but how vainly my present weakness shows. But it will pass, my daughter, and all will be well again,—that is, unless Spiridion should molest us. That will be for me now an ever-present fear."

"Come! It is late, papa," said the girl. "Do not read to-night. Rest and sleep will refresh you; and to-morrow, I am sure, you will feel like spending an hour with our guest. Now that the first shock of meeting him has passed, I believe it will be a benefit to you to see and converse with one of your countrymen. Dearest of fathers, it must have been some dreadful mistake that has driven you from your native land, which now, for the first time, I learn is so near and dear to your heart."

"Best of daughters, angel of love," replied the father—and then Lord Kingscourt heard no more. A door opened and closed, and the echo of retiring footsteps resounded along the passage.

At this moment the servant entered the sick-room.

"Briggs," said the Earl, "I feel a draught behind me. Will you see what causes it?"

"There is a door here, my Lord," replied the servant, carefully closing it. "It seems to lead to a library, for there is a low bookcase just inside."

"The catch is not good, I imagine," said the Earl. "To-morrow you had better get a nail and secure it."

"I will, my Lord," answered Briggs, lowering the blinds.

Ten minutes later, having taken his sleeping draught, the Earl was fast in a dreamless slumber.

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER JOSEPH ANTHONY PONCET, S. J.

THE Hurons, the Tionontates, and many Algonquin tribes had already fallen victims to the ambition or vengeance of the Iroquois. Superior now to any other of the aboriginal tribes, they carried death and destruction through the land. In their fond dreams they were to conquer the world; and the infant settlements of the French were doomed, in their councils, to ruin. They opened their campaign with boldness and success. Sillery was taken, the governor of Three Rivers slain, and the war parties hovered like famished wolves around the beleaguered walls of Quebec. The terror of the settlers was extreme. Men dared not go out to hunt or to fish, nor even to reap the harvest that, already ripe, awaited the sickle. A poor widow, fearing death from starvation in the winter if her little crop was not gathered in, vainly endeavored to procure men to reap her field. In her distress she applied to Father Poncet, long a Huron missionary, but now acting as pastor at Quebec; and, to encourage others to aid her, he himself proceeded to her little farm at Cap Rouge. While he was thus engaged the Iroquois suddenly appeared. They were few in number, but the attack was so unexpected that they killed several, and carried away with them Father Poncet and a young man named Mathurin. This was in the afternoon of the 20th of August, 1653.

When the painful news reached Quebec a general sadness prevailed; for Father Poncet was singularly beloved. Thirty of the most distinguished men in the town immediately set out in pursuit, resolved at all hazard to bring back their pastor. But it was too late. They reached the scene of his capture, not far from Sillery; and near it found on a tree the usual gazette of the Indians—a piece of bark on which two heads were rudely drawn: one to represent a black-gown, the other his comrade. Father Poncet himself had left a book in which clearer tidings were given: "Six naturalized Hurons and four Mohawks are carrying us off, but as yet they have done us no harm."

The Indians meanwhile were rapidly bearing off their captives, and soon came to the river now known as the Sorel; then, traversing Lake Champlain, they pushed on by land. Thus far the prisoners had suffered little more than the loss of some of their clothing and objects of devotion. Father Poncet had lost his reliquary; but happened to pick up a paper which had fallen from it, and which was a great consolation to him in his sorrow. "On it," he says, "I had written in my blood, while yet in the Huron country, the names of all our Fathers martyred in America; also a little prayer in which I asked of Our Lord a violent death for His service, and the grace to shed the last drop of my blood." The memory of the zeal with which his predecessors had

run their course now inspired him with courage, as he trod the path that led to the glory of a Father Jogues.

Father Poncet had now reached the upper Hudson; but the exposure had brought on sickness, and his limbs were so swollen he could hardly drag himself along. Food began to fail, and the Indians quickened their steps. At last, on the 4th of September, they reached the Mohawk, after a long and painful march, without having tasted food that day, though the sun was then declining. Some of the Indians hurried across to the village, which lay in sight, and soon returned with food—but not for the prisoners. Far from giving them the least refreshment, they stripped them of their garments; and, leaving them half naked, commanded them to sing. The missionary intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the *Veni Creator*, and other hymns.

When Father Poncet's captors had stilled the cravings of hunger, they prepared to lead their prisoners across the river; and, as some forty or fifty men were already on the other bank to welcome them, the priest while crossing, confessed his comrade and prepared him for death. On reaching the bank they began their race, for they had to run the gauntlet. Both suffered severely from the blows, but at last reached the scaffold. "There," says Father Poncet, "I felt so strong and calm, and looked with so serene a countenance on those who gazed on me that I myself was amazed." Here, for a moment, he was in danger. A man armed with a knife approached, and he expected to share the awful fate of Jogues, Brèssani, and Goupil; however, the Iroquois left him unharmed. The rain put an end to their exposure; but the captive priest was now called upon to dance, and would have drawn on himself sentence of death from his unskilfulness had not a Huron present danced in his stead.

In the evening he at last received some nourishment, but it was to prepare for suffering. A woman had asked the assembled sachems for one of his fingers, and the man who had approached him on the scaffold now came forward again. This time Father Poncet invoked the aid of his heavenly patrons in order to suffer cheerfully. The executioner took his right hand; but, to the joy of the missionary, after considering it, dropped it and took the left. Calling a little child, he made him cut off the forefinger; while the Father chanted the *Vexilla Regis*, offering his blood and sufferings for peace, so necessary to the colony. To stanch the blood, they applied a hot coal to the stump, and bound it up in some leaves of Indian corn.

The next day he was led to another town, and there exposed for three days and two nights to the jeers and insults of old and young, while a grand council deliberated on his case. The torments inflicted on the prisoners were of the usual kind. They were burned in every part of the body, as each one's fancy dictated, with coals or brands or heated calumets; Father Poncet's companion losing two fingers in this torment. At night they were tied, hand and foot, to poles, in such a manner that they were half suspended in the air in great pain; but found charitable souls who relieved them, at least in part.

At last, on the evening of the 7th, Father Poncet's sentence was pronounced. He supposed it death, but milder counsels had prevailed. He was given to a good old woman to replace a lost brother. In her hands his destiny was now placed: a word of hers sealed his doom. He was prepared for the worst; but on entering her lodge she began the wail of the dead, which her two daughters continued with her. They made him sit on a kind of table, and renewed the wail of the departed, raising the dead to life by a kind of metempsychosis in his person; for adoption was always termed and made in ceremonies a

kind of resurrection. Thus established, the priest soon found in his new family the care he needed; and had the consolation of meeting an Algonquin squaw and a Huron whom he had formerly known. His less fortunate companion was led to another village and burned.

Father Poncet, although treated kindly by the Iroquois squaws, did not feel that he was secure so long as no tidings came of the last expedition against Three Rivers. He was conscious that his life would always pay the forfeit of a defeat. Tidings came at last, three days later. The word was peace, and a chief came to announce to him that he was to return; that hostages were actually in the hands of the French, whose lives depended on his speedy reappearance on the St. Lawrence.

He was now as much respected as he had been before persecuted and despised; for the messengers had told how much he was esteemed by Onontio. As he was almost naked, he was taken to Fort Orange (Albany) to get a decent European dress. Here he was charitably received; and, though not invited into the Fort, found among the settlers a number of warm friends. So affectionately was he treated by them during his short stay that he could not avoid promising to revisit them. A good Scotch lady particularly calls forth the grateful remembrance of the Father. With a woman's instinct, her first care was his mutilated finger, still rolled up in its huge bandage of roots and leaves, applied by the squaws. It was far from being healed, but proper dressing soon effected a cure.

Tearing himself from his kind friends, he left Albany, where he had found but two Catholics, to recur to his ministry; and, equipped for his journey to Canada, returned to the scene of his capture. Finding his breviary here, he proceeded to the town in which he had been adopted. Here he remained two days with his new family; and was then, with his sister, taken to the largest of the Iroquois towns to be present at the council of peace. Here everything was in motion: banquets were constantly given, and all were preparing the presents to be given at Quebec. At last the sachems decided to confirm the peace already partially made. "This conclusion," says Father Poncet, "was taken in the town where the first Frenchman, the good René Goupil, the companion of Father Isaac Jogues, had been killed by the Iroquois on that same day, the Feast of St. Michael. I had always felt that that day would not pass without some remarkable event."

Three days later Father Poncet was directed to prepare for his departure by land; the stormy Lake Champlain being too dangerous at that season to venture on it. Accordingly, on the 3d of October, he set out from the last town. All the sachems awaited him on a little eminence beyond its palisade; and as he approached delivered the presents to his companions, and in an affectionate address urged him to bind closely their new alliance.

Weak as he was, he had now to push on through the wilderness. He would have succumbed were it not for his great confidence in St. Joseph, whose intervention he had often felt, and to whom he had recourse in all his trials. At last, on Saturday, the 11th of October, the little party reached a river, on which they launched their canoe. Father Poncet thus describes his march: "The rain, the mountains and the valleys, the torrents and the streams; four rivers of considerable size to be forded, with water waist-high; another larger still, with an unsafe, pebbly bottom; scanty provisions, being nothing but Indian corn, without bread or meat or game—for the place was desolate,—all this furnished me a cross so horrible that it seemed a perpetual miracle that I could bear it, in the state of exhaustion in which I was."

Now, however, that they had reached

the river where they were at last to embark, their journey would thenceforth be one of less hardship. But here a new obstacle arose. A messenger from the sachems overtook them, announcing that the French had broken the peace and put the hostages in irons. Fortunately, the chief in whose charge Poncet was determined to go on, if his liberty were guaranteed. The missionary cheerfully promised that no harm should befall him, be the state of affairs what it might. When the priest had repeated this again and again, the Mohawk chief was convinced. They embarked, and in two days reached the St. Lawrence, down which they now floated. As game was plentiful here, they lingered longer than the missionary desired; for he wished to put at rest all anxiety in his regard. On the 24th of October they drew their canoe ashore at Montreal; and on the 5th of November were at Quebec, where peace was concluded the next day.

"I was but a month in the Iroquois country," says Father Poncet. "I entered it the 4th of September, and left it on the 3d of October. In that short interval I visited the Dutch, I saw Fort Orange, I was thrice in the four Mohawk towns; the rest of my time was taken up in going and coming. I went by the Iroquois River and Lake Champlain—making only two days' march by land,—and returned by another route; so that I passed by the two roads which the Indian war parties follow when they come to surprise us."

If a merry heart is a continual feast, a lukewarm heart is a continual lack. Worse still, it is a centre of spiritual creeping paralysis: a hair-breadth less of live man to-day, a hair-breadth less to-morrow; until, unless the strong hand of Divine Grace should arrest decay, the dying man of so many days becomes the corpse of the ultimate morrow.—*Christina Rossetti.*

Vale-Lilies.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

A LITTLE maiden fareth afield—
O this maiden is sweet of blee!
And she gathereth lilies beside a weald
In the land of Galilee.

Her great gray eyne with gladness glow—
Pardie! she is passing fair,—
And down to her broidered cincture flow
The ripples of soft brown hair.

While she passeth along the vineyard walls
In the dewy sunrise hour,
The swallow's far, faint twitter falls
Athwart the olives in flower.

And a warm wind wandereth up the meads
From yon line of lifted sea,
And it bendeth gently the runnel's reeds,
And toucheth each flowering tree,

Till a snow of blossoms downward swirls
To the moss where the crocus burns,
And it strows the child's brown hair with pearls
As she standeth among the ferns.

The birds sing here, the birds sing there,
And merry their melodies be,
While she weaveth a crownel to bind her hair
From the bells of the vale-lily.

Now, this was in days when the lilies were red
That she pleacheth into her crown,
But lo! as they touch her beauteous head
All foam-white they nestle adown.

And certes, since then, wherever they blow,
Snowy their bells have been,
To honor this fairest maiden, I trow,
For that she knew no sin.

The warm wind wandereth up the land,
And it bringeth this thought to me—
That my scarlet sins at touch of her hand
Might white as the lilies be.

A strong mind or a cultivated mind may challenge respect, but there is needed a noble one to win affection.—"*Reveries of a Bachelor.*"

The City of St. Anthony.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

LEAVING beautiful Florence on a summer morning for Venice, or any of the neighboring cities once subject to her imperial doges, we traverse one of the fairest tracks of Northern Italy. The route affords a fine prospect of the rich plains of Tuscany; then, penetrating into the Apennines, presents a succession of charming pictures. One after another the mountains come into view, casting aside their veil of violet mists as we approach, and revealing their smiling beauty, vine-crowned and robed in verdure; while between these green hill-sides lie little romantic and well-cultivated valleys.

Shortly after midday we pass the quaint towers of Bologna, where he who was named "the glory of the Brothers Minor" was ordained and said his first Mass; and where, previously, on Mount St. Paul, he lived for a time the life of a hermit. Later, we leave behind the cathedral campanile and castle turrets of Ferrara, ever associated with the misfortunes of Tasso.

The character of the country has become level, but is still exceedingly fertile, and covered with extensive rice fields. We are not far from the coast. Laborers, barefooted and clad in white linen, are at work here and there; old stone farm-houses, painted in subdued tones of red, yellow, and blue, dot the landscape; the sky is cloudless, the air balmy. Could any land be fairer than *la bella Italia?*

Now an isolated chain of volcanic hills rises before us; the train plunges through a long tunnel. The afternoon is drawing to a close.

"Does the sun rise twice a day in these parts?" asks one of the party presently, with an attempt at pleasantry. "Then, what is that golden disk half above the eastern horizon? And see, another and another,—a whole solar system, as it were, coming up out of the sea, which we know must be somewhere in that direction. Or are we skirting the shores of the Bosphorus instead of the borders of the Adriatic, and are those the gleaming domes of Constantinople?"

No; the ochre-tinted walls of the city just becoming visible are those of Padua, in other times called from its fortifications Padua the Strong; and those seven shining domes belong to Il Santo, the Basilica of St. Anthony.

Alighting at the station, we proceed through the Porta Codalunga, and find ourselves in a typical Italian city, whose tortuous streets are flanked with low and narrow *portici*, or arcades; so that pedestrians may go about in all weathers without being incommoded either by the heat of the sun's rays or by the rain. Many of the more important thoroughfares, however, have recently been widened by the removal of the arcades on one side. The rivers Brenta and Bacchiglione wind through the town, and some of the numerous bridges by which they are crossed date back to the time of the Romans. The scene presented by the gondolas, guided by gaily attired boatmen, floating upon the canals and lagoons, and the barges with their saffron or vermilion sails, is a preparation for the charms of Venice, Padua's great medieval rival and final conqueror—only twenty miles distant.

The Paduans ascribe the foundation of their city to Antenor, brother of Priam, King of Troy. In the reign of Augustus it was the wealthiest town of Northern Italy. The historian Livy was born in this vicinity. The classic monuments of Padua were destroyed during the immigration of the barbarian hordes; but during the Middle Ages she was still one of the most important cities of the peninsula. In the wars of the period she sided with the Guelphs, or people's party,

and heroically resisted the incessant attempts made by the German emperors to bring her and all the free cities under their yoke. The *signoria*, or governors, however, were much harassed by the princes of Verona and the Republic of Venice; and were at length obliged to succumb to the latter in 1405, when Padua was annexed to Venetia. In 1797 it was transferred to Austria; and in 1866, with all that district, became a part of the Kingdom of Italy.

On the way to our hotel we visit the church and convent of the Carmelites, and the cathedral (designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo); and in the adjoining episcopal palace inspect an interesting collection of portraits of the bishops and dignitaries of Padua, including one of Petrarch, who was a canon of the duomo. A monument to the poet, erected on the five hundredth anniversary of his death, also graces a neighboring open space.

Crossing the Molino bridge, we follow the Strada Maggiore, or main street, to the Piazza de' Signori, or Unita d'Italia, on one side of which square rises the Loggia del Consiglio (council house),—a graceful building of the early Renaissance style of architecture, possessing a deep vestibule with an arcade, approached by a broad and lofty flight of steps. In front of it stands an ancient column surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, the symbol of the supremacy of Venice; and that palace with the curious clock tower at the other end of the piazza was the residence of the Venetian governors. We do no more sight-seeing this evening, but the next morning go at an early hour to the Piazza dei Frutti, or Fruit Market. What an epitome of Italian life is here presented! Every group might form a subject for a painter; and so remarkable is the appreciation of this people for color that even the very rags of the beggar are picturesque.

From a first glance at the pavement of the square, one might suppose, so intermingled is the life on the water and on the land, that a little fleet of square-sailed barges from the river had run aground in the centre of the market-place. On a nearer view, these small craft turn out to be the stands of the fruit and vegetable venders, whose paraphernalia consists of an upright pole like a mast, and a curtain, usually of woven straw, hung upon it at an angle.

Beneath the shade and shelter thus afforded sits the merchant, with his wares about him in hampers and baskets, some of unfamiliar shape. Here one of the dark-skinned, black-eyed fellows, with an old, soft felt hat, worn with careless grace, and a yellow handkerchief tied round his neck, offers to us, with the manners of a courtier, luscious purple plums and figs fresh from the vine. Beyond, a pretty girl in a crimson bodice and blue skirt, with luxuriant hair and long gold ear-rings, has lemons or citrons for sale. This woman cries garden vegetables—lentils, lettuce, etc.,—in a shrill voice. That white-haired man, who might have sat to Giotto for one of the Magi, sells, in those pretty straw-covered flagons, olive-oil and the light, ruby-colored wine of the country. Later on there will be found here olives, oranges, and delectable grapes.

But who is that busy old woman with a small table before her? Who but the money-changer! We buy some plums, and have no coin smaller than a two lire piece. The polite dealer, leaving his stock in our charge with entire unconcern, runs over to ask her help in making change. Next the little *signorita* of the ear-rings applies to her; and if we waited a while we should see almost every dealer in the square doing the same. She receives a trifling per centage on each transaction; and, good-humored, chatty and obliging, grows rich after the manner of her class.

Between the Piazza dei Frutti and the Piazza delle Erbe (the hay and grain market) is the old Town Hall, which dates

from the twelfth century. It stands upon open arches surrounded by a loggia, and is covered by a vast roof, unsupported by pillars, and rising half as high again as the walls. This roof was copied from that of a palace in India by the eminent architect Frate Giovanni, an Augustinian friar.

In the Piazza delle Erbe our attention is attracted by a venerable pile, which proves to be the headquarters of the once world-renowned University of Padua. The edifice is facetiously called Il Bo (The Ox), from a tavern that existed in the vicinity with the head of an ox as its sign. This great University once numbered 18,000 students. It was especially celebrated for its schools of law and medicine, and is still the best college of the latter science in Italy. It has also at present public schools, a chemical laboratory, museum of natural history, a botanic garden (the oldest in Europe), and faculties in theology and law.

We enter the stately courtyard and walk beneath the beautiful colonnades, noting the numerous inscriptions and armorial bearings of distinguished academicians of the past; and remembering that it was from these halls the "wise young judge" who meted out justice with such rare discretion in the case of Shylock *versus* Bassanio, was supposed to have come. Here St. Francis of Sales was taught the sciences by such men as Possevin and Pancirola; here also studied Helen Cornaro-Piscopia, who, dying at the age of thirty-eight, was mourned as a prodigy of learning and piety. Galileo lectured here for ten years; and Padua named among its doctors some of the most learned men of Europe in their day.

Leisurely we go on to the Prato della Valle, originally a grassy dale, and sometimes called the Piazza di San Antonio. This piazza, or oval, surrounded by a canal and adorned with eighty-two marble statues of famous men, has been described as a Pantheon in the open air. Among the statues we find those of Tasso, Ariosto, Galileo, and Livy; and in the loggia—a great open gallery at one side of the Prato—those of Dante and Giotto. Going on to the Ponte S. Lorenzo, we see a house where Dante is supposed to have lived. Opposite to it, under a baldachin, or canopy, is an ancient sarcophagus dug up in the neighborhood about 1274. It contained a skeleton grasping a sword, presumed to be the Trojan founder of the town, whose bones it is said still to enclose. In the Church of St. Justina we are impressed by a beautiful picture of the martyr by Paul Veronese, and magnificently carved stalls.

And now, having become a little acquainted with the city to which came one day, about the end of the first quarter of the thirteenth century, the humble Franciscan friar who was to confer upon it imperishable honor, we made our way to the grand basilica, which is at once a monument to his beneficent deeds and a memorial of the grateful affection of the Paduans, who have so long and so jealously claimed him as especially their own; although he spent only a short time here, and even during the period of his ostensible residence was frequently away upon long missionary journeys. Yet how often this dear St. Anthony passed through these streets by which we have just come! We are told that on the day he was first seen at Padua, clad in his coarse brown habit girded with a cord, he stopped in one of the squares and began to preach to the people who gathered about him. Was it where Il Santo is now situated? Possibly in this locality, or perhaps in the market-place we visited this morning.

II.

The magnificent Basilica of St. Anthony at Padua is larger even than the vast St. Mark's of Venice. Designed in 1237, only six years after his death, it was not begun until nineteen years later; but every succeeding century has seen some addition to its adornment. Famous painters, sculptors, and workers in gold and bronze, delighted

in enhancing its beauty; and their efforts were stimulated by the generous gifts of the University and citizens.

As we approach we notice, over the portal of the façade, an imposing statue of the Saint. At the entrance, on the right and left, are two handsome holy-water fonts, with statuettes of Our Lord and St. John the Baptist. Turning into the right aisle, the first work of art that meets our eyes is a "Madonna enthroned," by Roselli; and an altar near by has reliefs in bronze by Donatello. There is also the sarcophagus of General Gatamelata, commander of the army of the Republic of Venice in 1438–41. The right transept has frescoes by noted Veronese painters. In the choir are twelve reliefs in bronze, representing scenes from the Old Testament, by Vellano and Andrea Riccio. The candelabrum of sculptured bronze is also by the latter. It is said to have cost him ten years of labor, and is the most beautiful in the world.

Among the splendid tombs in the nave we remark that of the learned Cardinal Bembo, and the monument of Admiral Contarini, who defended Venice against the Turks. Near by, in an exquisite little chapel, rests the beloved friend and companion of St. Anthony—the noble and brilliant Lucas Belludino, who was as good a citizen as he was a religious.

Thus, gradually, we draw near to the centre of attraction of this grand edifice; being loath to rush in with the precipitancy of idle tourists where angels would reverently tread. The superb chapel of "The Saint," as he is affectionately called by the Paduans, is in the left transept. It is illuminated day and night by the glowing flame of the lamps of gold, and the lights of the massive silver candelabra borne by angels, which are kept continually burning before the shrine.

In the four spaces between the arches are represented the Evangelists. The walls are embellished by nine reliefs in exquisite marble, depicting the ordination of St. Anthony; the Saint restoring a youth to life; the resuscitation of a child; the discovery of a heart of stone in the corpse of a miser, and other miracles. Above are portrayed Our Lord and the twelve Apostles, painted by the noted Titian Minio of Padua. The shrine itself is as splendid as gold and precious marbles can make it. Here, too, are statues of St. Bonaventure and St. Louis, as well as a very fine one of St. Anthony.

But all this richness of decoration we observe in detail afterward. At first our minds are engrossed by one thought: here, incased in solid silver, beneath the majestic altar, lie the relics of the dear Saint, the lustre of whose supernatural prestige is not only undimmed after the lapse of nearly seven centuries, but grows daily more resplendent. With what emotion and grateful homage we kneel at his sacred feet, as it were, and bless the happy privilege that brought us hither! What wonders the many votive tablets record! Of what tender confidence are these undying lights the symbol!

In front of the church is an irregular and picturesque piazza, partly surrounded by the buildings of the Franciscan monastery, in the assembly hall of which are a series of frescoes that commemorate other miracles. Several of these are by the master-hand of Titian,—namely, St. Anthony giving speech to an infant; the Saint restoring the foot of a youth who had cut it off in remorse for having brutally kicked his mother; resuscitation of a boy who had fallen into a boiling caldron; and the restoration to life of a woman who had been murdered by her husband in a fit of jealousy.

To the right of the present convent, on the site of the city museum, was the old Monastery of St. Mary, in which St. Anthony lived. Arceli, where he died at the age of thirty-six, is a little distance out from the city.

Of the influence of St. Anthony in Padua we can form some idea from the fact that when, toward the close of his life, he returned after a short absence to give the Lenten sermons, such multitudes flocked to hear him that not one of the churches was spacious enough to accommodate them, and he had to preach in a large field, possibly the Prato. The crowds were, moreover, augmented by throngs from the neighboring towns and villages; and we are told that some of these people rose at midnight and walked many miles to the place of meeting. The bishop and his clergy assisted at all the Saint's discourses, and his auditors often numbered thirty thousand. The shops and warehouses were closed during the time of his preaching, and the streets of Padua were as empty as those of a deserted city.

St. Anthony was esteemed, too, as a great civil benefactor,—not only for the cures and favors he obtained for individual citizens, but because his sermons had a remarkable effect in the general maintenance of law and order. It was through his influence also that the brigands who infested the highways and country roads of the vicinity were made to cease their depredations. In brief, the blessed Anthony is honored in Padua not only as the Saint but as the saviour of the city.

Ezzelino III., the tyrant of Verona, was bent upon extending his sway throughout Northern Italy. St. Anthony braved him in his own palace, and rebuked him for his oppression and cruelty. After the death of the Saint, however, Padua fell into the power of the savage Ghibelline leader, and a tablet on a wall marks the spot where the latter doffed his helmet and kissed the town gates before entering in triumph. Many of the nobles were put to death, the governor and his counsellors were exiled; and Lucas Belludino, guardian of the Friars Minor, was banished beyond the walls.

Angered against the inhabitants for their long and heroic resistance, Ezzelino ruled with a rod of iron. This was, of course, fatal to all free institutions. The University rapidly declined, and even the building of the Church of Il Santo, recently begun, came to a stand-still.

Belludino secretly returned, however, and remained concealed in the Monastery of St. Mary. Every night, after the evening office, he and the new guardian, Bartolomeo Coradino, spent some time in prayer before the tomb of St. Anthony, begging him to come to the assistance of his devoted clients. During one of these vigils a voice from the tomb told them that Padua should be freed from her tyrannical master on June 19, six days after the feast of the Saint. The citizens took courage, redoubled their petitions to their beloved patron, and celebrated his festival with great solemnity. Immediately after this event the army of the Guelphs appeared before the ramparts; a panic seized the governor; and, although the city was supplied with food and strongly garrisoned, he fled from it with his troops, leaving the people in possession.

In recognition of this victory, achieved without a blow, the Administrative Council formally chose St. Anthony as patron of Padua, ordered that a sum of 4,000 pounds yearly should be furnished toward the completion of the basilica; and that annually, at the first Vespers of the 13th of June, the bishop and clergy, the governor and counsellors, the professors and students of the University, and the different congregations, should repair to the tomb of the Saint, and there offer, in his honor, tapers, oil for the lamps, and other gifts. Furthermore, it was decreed that the octave of the feast should be celebrated with as much grandeur as the day itself, and a fair should be held in the Piazza di San Antonio during the entire eight days. A later decree provided that on the 12th of June, the eve of the Feast of St.

Anthony, the arms, banners, and standards of the city should be carried to the Church of Il Santo, and consecrated to the Saint; during the night a captain and twenty soldiers should mount guard near the tomb; and that after the civil and religious procession on the festival, public games should be held during eight days at the expense of the town.

But we are obliged to bid farewell to favored Padua. As our train steams out of the station, and we look back for a last view of the golden domes of Il Santo, we remember how once, when returning from a mission, our Saint looked down upon the city from a neighboring height. At his feet lay the ancient town, with its Byzantine towers and strong fortifications bathed in sunshine, its many palaces, and its gondolas crossing one another on the Brenta. Gazing upon the scene, he fell into an ecstasy, in which he beheld, beyond the trials that at the time menaced her, the future opulence of Padua. Then, suddenly rousing himself as from the contemplation of a vision, he exclaimed:

"Happy Padua, thou art beautiful, thou art grand! But look into the future; for the day is at hand when, outshining thy actual grandeur, thou shalt be exalted to the skies. Innumerable multitudes of strangers shall flock within thy walls from all parts of the world, and nations shall esteem themselves happy to tread upon thy soil."

This prophecy was literally accomplished. Having thrown off the yoke of Ezzelino, Padua increased her wealth and power; she shared with Venice the empire of the Adriatic, and the repute of her University brought to her gates students from every clime. Even when she passed under the rule of the doges, she did not lose her material prosperity, and her prestige as a centre of learning remained. "Now proud Venice, fallen into decay, sees gondolas laden with the merchandise of Padua plough through her canals to discharge their freight at other ports; the former Queen of the Seas to-day furnishes a means of conduit for the riches of her ancient rival."

But in a far higher sense, of which, perhaps, the humility of the Saint took no count, has the prophecy been realized; for it is the holy fame of the humble Franciscan friar that has exalted "happy Padua" to the skies. The countless miracles wrought and favors obtained through the intercession of this great St. Anthony have caused "innumerable pilgrims from all parts of the world" to flock to his tomb, in loving confidence or fervent gratitude; deeming themselves blessed indeed to tread the streets that he once trod.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXVI.

It can not be denied that there is much of repetition in "The Imitation." We encounter the same thought time and again. But there is an art below this iteration: it convinces, from the variety of forms assumed. Its one grand point is the reality of the commonly supposed unreal things, and the dreams and delusion of earthly things. This we have again and again. Once we begin to feel or to see this, or even to have a glimpse of it, we begin to go right. But there are many people who never pause even to think of such things. The world is the sole *real* thing, and pleasant it is; and heaven will be tolerably real and pleasant by and by. So all that one has to do is to repeat the prayers set down in books. It is impossible to study "The Imitation" carefully without beginning to *see* things in the author's way. We soon *learn* that the world beyond is real, this one scenic and unreal; the other vast, this little.

LXXVII.

One of the most beautiful sayings of A Kempis is this: "A devout man everywhere carrieth about with him Jesus his Consoler, and saith to Him: Be with me, O Lord Jesus, in all places and at all times!" There is a chime in these words, especially if we also carry them about with us; and within and without, and in the street as in the house, we repeat as if for self-entertainment: "Be with me, O Lord Jesus, in all places and at all times!" This is a sure talisman, and the mechanical repetition of it will lead to something. It is so human and practical and affectionate. Here, indeed, is a valuable pious "tip," as they put it in racing; and I claim the amiable reader's thanks for pointing it out to his attention.

LXXVIII.

In another place our author says truly: "When he is taken away from sight, he is quickly also out of mind." "If thou art not solicitous for thyself now, who will be solicitous for thee hereafter?" How often, for instance, when it occurs to us to have a Mass said for a departed one, do we not assist at it with a composed carelessness, thinking that a very handsome effort has been made! Yet this may be all-important for the poor suffering prisoner. Issues of supreme happiness or misery may turn upon it. That far-off, fluttering heart might be soothed and solaced were a serious, earnest effort made, and we joined with energy and heartiness in the exertion; nay, if we exerted ourselves at all, as people exert themselves in this life to get some one released from a prison. But we are cold and satisfied, and have entrusted the duty to others. As our author tells us, with dismal truth, "Trust not in thy friends and neighbors, and put not off thy soul's welfare till the future; for men will forget thee sooner than thou thinkest." "It is greatly to be lamented that thou dost not spend this time more profitably, wherein thou mayst acquire a stock on which thou mayst live forever. The time will come when thou wilt wish for one day or hour to amend, and I know not whether thou wilt obtain it.... Strive now so to live that in the hour of thy death thou mayst rather rejoice than fear."

The days slip by and the years, and an almost agonizing reflection is that there will come a time when every lost moment will seem to have been infinitely precious, because so much depended on it. The thought of lost opportunities is, even in this life, the most poignant of tortures.

A Plea for Privacy.

ONE of the deplorable curiosities of the present day is the disappearance of the fence from aspiring towns and pretentious suburbs. The fashion was set in villages where the inhabitants were quiet people, of abundant means, and a community of interests; and has been followed, to a greater or less extent, by every aggregation of house-owners in the land. In the first-named instances the evil was mitigated by the fact that the eradication of enclosures did not bring into view unsightly weeds and untidy backdoors; but when the fashion became universal, such a reckless disregard of landscape gardening was revealed to the passer-by that he speedily went to the other extreme of opinion, and wished that with the vagaries of Anglo-mania there had come to us one good thing—the garden wall, which lives in the pages of the old poets and in the memories of many readers and travellers.

The old garden is as much a factor in the beauty and charm of living as the home itself; and how can there be a garden without a wall or a fence, as the case may be, to determine its boundaries?

The dividing line once done away with, the garden itself is invaded by impertinent eyes; and the sweet privacy, without which a home is but a small hotel, is at the mercy of the curious and the critical. There is no longer strolling among the flowers of a mother and her children; no longer a place for meditation, where the turmoil of the earth is forgotten. Lawn merges into sidewalk, and sidewalk into street. It is all one.

Poetry and art and common delicacy call for the return of the enclosure, and nature abets and echoes the demand; for, of all things made by man's hands, the stone-wall or the Virginia rail-fence, or even the more prosaic defence of painted pickets, lend themselves most willingly to the transforming touches of time, which cover with trailing vine or creeping lichen all structures of field or wood.

And, so closely are the ethics of life related to the material changes, with the old fence has gone much of the protective seclusion which should hedge about all home-dwellers. There is, indeed, no longer any privacy of any kind. If a man writes a book, the public must be informed how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee. If he makes a speech, or loses his fortune, or builds a hospital, a hundred daily journals wait greedily to spread abroad vivid descriptions of his wife's best bonnet, or the probabilities of his rheumatism returning with the cold weather. As vagrant dogs and idlers are wont to invade the garden and the lawn from which all fences have been removed, so do the impertinent and unthinking invade the lives of those whose misfortune it is to be "noted." Home life has become too public to be sacred; children spend most of their day on the streets,—not the best field for the cultivation of modesty and innocence.

Let us have the fences again, and perhaps old-fashioned delicacy will come back with them.

Notes and Remarks.

Everyone knows that the average American family is very small, but few persons are aware that a family with more than two children is the exception. The ancient idea of the nobility of motherhood seems to be dying out among us. In Massachusetts the average family numbers less than three persons,—71.28 per cent of the native women in that State being childless (census of 1885). Other States have fully as appalling a record. In one city of the far West only eighteen children were found in twenty-five average Protestant American families. "The two chief causes of this grave condition are preventives of conception and abortion." We quote from a paper read before a recent meeting of the Southern California Medical Society by Walter Lindley, M. D., one of the most eminent physicians in the State. He characterizes the American woman's aversion to childbearing, the echo of the wish of the husband, as "a blight on our civilization that can well be named the twentieth-century curse." Though an avowed Protestant, Dr. Lindley made reference in his paper to "the infrequency of criminal abortion in Catholic families in the United States."

It is no slight compliment to Mr. Balfour's recent volume that, without being revolutionary, it has stirred up so much serious discussion among eminent scholars. The reviews have been teeming with defences and denunciations of his work since its publication. One of the most notable of the unfriendly articles was that by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who wrote rather tartly of religion and religious people. Very appropriately, his old-time antagonist, Prof. Mivart, replies with remorseless logic in a paper from which we quote this characteristic passage:

"Of course Mr. Spencer deals out some sneers at Christianity and the imperfections of Christian conduct. No one is more sensible than we are how very much worse a man may be than his creed; but the creed in question, as we before observed, Mr. Spencer has never taken the trouble to understand; and it would seem, from what he has last written, that he knows nothing of the distinction between 'counsels' and 'precepts.' Yet there are,

after all, not a few Christians who do fulfil the counsels; but we have not met with many such amongst the devotees of naturalism. We should be grateful to Mr. Spencer if he would point out to us amongst the members of his own 'persuasion' those who emulate St. Francis of Assisi in love for the poor and suffering, or St. Vincent of Paul in personal devotion to helpless infancy, or St. Francis Xavier in laborious zeal for the propagation of 'truth,' or Father Damien in a life's self-sacrifice for lepers. It is one thing to talk of altruism, to grimace and posture, and quite another to follow the example of men like those who have been just mentioned. Some 'oral continence' as to the faults of Christians would not sit ungracefully on men who, whatever their repute as professors, are not much known as performers of heroic acts of self-denial."

Dr. Mivart's little hint has probably enlightened Mr. Spencer; but it might prove a blessing if this taunt of the exponent of Evolution would excite us all to greater charity and perfection of life. Every Catholic, knowingly or unknowingly, is an apostle either for faith or infidelity.

In an interview with Mr. Stead not long ago, Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, said: "I do not believe that from the days of St. Patrick till now there has ever been a time when the Irish people were so devoted to practising their religion as they are to-day." This should be a subject of legitimate pride to the Irish people, and of gratification to Catholics everywhere. It is doubtful, however, if this beautiful eulogy could be applied so unrestrictedly to the children of St. Patrick in America, most of whom preserve the lustre of faith untarnished, but too many of whom have yielded to the blandishments of fortune, or succumbed, especially in country places, to the "blighting atmosphere of circumambient heresy." Our only complaint against old country parents is that they do not always rear families in America so good as themselves. God grant that the light of faith may never grow dim in the children of St. Patrick anywhere!

We confess to an admiration for Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, and have been much interested in the report of the latter's speech last week in New York. Her denunciation of the New Woman is pointed and well-measured. She said: "If I could get hold of the so-called New Woman, I would make her change her dress the first thing. I would take her big sleeves and make them into dresses for the children of the slums. As for some of her other garments which I will not mention here, I would take them away and give them to the sex to which they belong. The next thing I would do would be to collect the books that the New Woman reads,—books that any God-fearing, right-feeling woman would blush to have about her; disgusting treatises on realism and kindred topics. I would pile these books together and burn them,—burn them along with her cigarettes and her chewing-gum."

These sentiments of Mrs. Booth, we are informed, were loudly applauded by the men in the audience. Perhaps the women will have their sweet revenge when, as announced, General Booth pays his respects to the "New Man." There is something sad as well as ludicrous in the sight of a parade of the Salvation Army—men and women following a drummer through the streets and singing hymns; but there can be no doubt of the sincerity and earnest purpose of the leaders of the movement and many of their followers.

By a recent decree, the Holy Father has made the Feast of the Annunciation a "double of the first class" throughout the whole Christian world. It can not, however, be celebrated with an octave because of the Lenten season; but explicit directions are published for its transfer in case it should fall on Good Friday or Holy Saturday. It is, perhaps, needless to explain that the decree of the Holy Father does not make the Feast of the Annunciation a holyday of obligation, but simply raises it to a higher rank in the liturgy of the Church.

The whole civilized world was recently shocked by the news that Protestant missions in China had been pillaged, and the missionaries, men and women, butchered or horribly maltreated by the natives. The outbreak has been ascribed entirely to "anti-foreign feeling," but there are other causes besides this. The Chinese were incensed at the cruelty and immorality of merchants who

hail from Christian countries; the "missionaries" were imprudent, and the too comfortable lives of themselves and their families, while preaching self-denial, inspired doubt as to their sincerity. As Labouchere, the Protestant editor of *Truth*, says:

"If really it is deemed desirable to make an effort to convert the Chinese in provinces where we can not protect our citizens, the task should be placed in the hands of men wifeless and childless, ready to live in poverty, and to die, if needed, as martyrs; but, above all things, of approved intelligence and discretion. A person should not go into missionary work as a profession in which he can keep himself and his family. It was not in this way that Christianity first made its way."

***

There is something very significant in the wide interest and indignation excited by the sufferings of these "missionaries." Since the foundation of Christianity, large numbers of Catholic missionaries have been added to the martyrology every year, and neither England nor America has worried much about them; but it makes a difference whose ox is gored—or, to speak without figure, whose missionary is murdered. The apostle of old knew that he took his life in his hands when he went into a barbarous or semi-barbarous country. He welcomed martyrdom as a crown, and his death never became an international question. If, as Tertullian declared in the first years of Christianity, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," the harvest of the non-Catholic missionary will never be very great. It is a historic fact that Protestantism has never evangelized any country.

The life of a priest is seldom so varied and romantic as that of the late Father Kerr, S. J., who died last month in Africa. He was the son of Lord Henry Kerr, uncle to the present Marquis of Lothian; and of Lady Henry, the sister of Mrs. Hope Scott, well known as an author. His brother was Father William Kerr, S. J.; and his sister was Mother Henrietta Kerr, whose interesting memoirs were published a few years ago. Young Kerr entered the imperial navy in his fourteenth year, and three years later received the grace of faith. At a very early age he was made commander of the *Bellerophon*, but, whether as cadet or commander, he was scrupulously faithful to the duties of religion. Feeling called to the priesthood, he resigned his brilliant prospects, and gave himself to his vocation with characteristic heartiness and energy. In 1875 Father Kerr was ordained, being then in his thirty-ninth year; and, after some minor charges, was first appointed military chaplain in Cyprus, and afterward chaplain to the Viceroy of India, Lord Ripon. He afterward returned to England, but spent the last four years of his life in the missions of Africa. His holy life may help to inspire devotedness and mortification in an age of selfishness and materialism. May he rest in peace!

Great interest and edification have been excited in Italy by the account recently published in our pages of a singular favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin—viz., of an Italian mother finding her son, lost to her for more than twenty years; and the return of the latter to the Church of his boyhood, from which he had been separated for so long a time. A full report of the favor having been made to the Bishop of Sorrento, preachers have related it from the pulpit, Masses of thanksgiving have been celebrated, etc. The chief magistrate and all the leading citizens of Meta have sent their congratulations to the happy mother and family so singularly favored by our Blessed Lady. It is significant that in the United States the favor referred to has excited no interest outside the circle of THE "AVE MARIA'S" readers. However, this is a large circle.

In view of the publication of Coventry Patmore's new volume, "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," the following pen-picture, drawn by a recent visitor to his home, is of more than ordinary interest:

"Where is the portrait-painter who could reproduce or even suggest all the characterization of such a face,—give us the varying moods—saturnine, playful, cynical, seraphic—that change it twenty times during a brief conversation? Meditative, sombre, as is often this strange countenance, none more suddenly or completely irradiated with 'the lightning of the angelic smile.' Coventry Patmore's smile is like a

lightning flash illuminating a dusky heaven, or the after-glow of a sun setting amid storm and wind. Some figures have as much character, one might almost say expression, as faces; and his is one. Of gigantic stature, attenuated, erect, that singular form, clad in black velvet, and medieval head, would seldom pass unnoticed in a crowd.... Coventry Patmore has, it is to be hoped, a Boswell or an Eckermann at hand to jot down his brilliant table-talk. You have only to start him with a suggestive question, and his remarks flow on in unbroken stream. He is an inimitable story-teller, and as excellent a listener to the clever things of others. A good story makes him your debtor forever."

Like that of Aubrey de Vere, the dominant flavor in Mr. Patmore's work is its religiousness. It is notable that while most modern authors have, in the spirit of degenerates, surrendered all the traditions of faith and art, these two Catholic poets cling steadfastly to the old ideals of art and the "eternal verities" of religion. So marked is the medieval spirit in Coventry Patmore's writings that he is playfully referred to by the critics as having been born three centuries too late. It is to the credit of our generation that it has demanded more than a hundred thousand copies of so good a book as "The Angel of the House."

The death of the Rev. Dr. Quigley, of Toledo, Ohio, recalls his famous contest for the principle of private education. In 1889 the Legislature of Ohio passed a law compelling parents to send all their children between the ages of eight and fourteen to some public or private school during a fixed term; and enjoining upon all teachers, public and private, to report to the Board of Education the name, age and residence of their pupils. Dr. Quigley, believing that the State had outrun its authority in prescribing so minutely for education, refused to comply. His suit was decided against him in all the courts of Ohio; but shortly before his death he signified his intention of appealing the case to the Supreme Court. The wisdom of such a contest may, perhaps, be questioned; but Dr. Quigley never shrank either from labor or unpleasantness when he believed that principle was involved. He was a great priest, equally eminent for learning, zeal, and piety. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., a worthy and widely-known priest, who breathed his last on the 5th inst., at San José, Cal.

The Rev. P. F. Quigley, D. D., of the Diocese of Cleveland, whose exemplary sacerdotal life was crowned with a holy death on the 31st ult.

Brother Aloysius, O. S. F., who was called to the reward of his selfless life on the 30th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sister M. Clare, of the Convent of Notre Dame Hamilton, Ohio; Sister M. Bernadette, of the Sisters of Mercy, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; and Mother Teresa of Jesus, Carmelite Convent, New Orleans, La., who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. John Swanton, who departed this life in New York on the 25th ult.

Mr. Francis J. Laforme, whose happy death took place on the same day at Medford, Mass.

Mr. Gerald F. Byrne, of Philadelphia, who was drowned at Atlantic City on the 10th ult.

Mrs. Thomas Wharton, whose life closed peacefully on the 6th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Maria A. Gannon, of San Leandro, Cal., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 19th of July.

Mr. Garrett Lomasney, of Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. John H. Dillhoff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Matthew Brennan, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, and Mary Gilday, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary L. Delaney and Mrs. Mary Lawlor, Duluth, Minn.; also Mr. Nicholas and Miss Mary Mulligan, New York city.

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.

To supply Catholic reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:
The Rev. A. O., $1; A Friend, 5 cts.

The Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:
Mrs. B. T. S., $10.

The Ursuline Indian Mission, Montana:
Mrs. L. R. W., $1; A Friend, Fostoria, O., 50 cts.; Clara Portman, $1; A Friend, Waseca, Minn., $2; Master F. P., $1; John Mulhearn, $5; Lawrence Dennehy, $2.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:
Lawrence Dennehy, $1.

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Camp-Fire Stories.

HENRI, THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

T will not be supposed that fifteen boys could be together for several whole days without organizing a military company. The spirit of '76 seemed to survive the "Glorious Fourth," and the next morning witnessed such enthusiasm as the quiet borders of the Lake never saw before. There were several names proposed for the volunteers. Angus, on account of his Scotch blood, thought it would be a good plan to call them the 1st Highlanders; and added that their mothers could make them some kilts when they got home. This was promptly voted down.

"How about bare knees when the snow flies!" asked Fred; and Angus couldn't think of anything to answer.

Archie, whose feelings were still affected by the affront of the day before, said that the Queen's Own would do for him, which suggestion was received with indignation. Maurice thought the Up-and-at-Ems a good name; but Howard declared that True Blues would be a better one; and so the discussion went on until Dr. Lawrence was appealed to.

"I agree with Archie," he said, "in thinking the Queen's Own the very best name you could have. This is Camp St. Mary. What is more fitting than for you to be the Queen's Own Guard?"

They all understood, even little Tot. It was our Blessed Lady he meant; and the Queen's Own Guard they were from that very moment.

When it became necessary to elect a captain another difficulty arose.

"It ought to be the oldest," remarked Jack; "and that's Billy; and he doesn't know 'file right!' from 'ground arms!'"

"Age has nothing to do with the matter," said the genial Doctor. "One of the bravest generals that ever lived was only twenty years old. Your Uncle George has asked me to tell you the story to-night. How would you like to hear about the youngster who led the Vendeans in the days of the French Revolution?"

There was a great clapping of hands, especially by Achille, whose great-grandfather lost his life at that time; and this arranged, the election, which resulted in Jack's triumph, proceeded.

. . . .

The Doctor was as good as his word, and began his story promptly, just as the sun disappeared behind the trees.

"If all the landed gentry of France," he began, "had held the same relations with their tenants that the inhabitants of a certain district did, there might have been no French Revolution. It is usually the custom for the rich landowners to fly away to the cities at the gay season, or even to live away altogether; but the proprietors of what we now call La Vendée, a district in the northwest of France, spent their entire time with their

people,—sorrowing with them in trouble, rejoicing with their joy, and lending aid at all times. Sometimes there were grand balls for the peasantry given at the finest castles, and the pleasures of the rich were increased by the happiness which they gave to the poor. The result was what might have been expected: the people looked upon their landlords' interests as their own, and would gladly have died to show their devotion,—a fact well proved in the dark days which were to come. Added to, or rather coming before, this devotion to their benefactors was their sincere piety. The peasants of La Vendée were known all over France for their love for the Church and their readiness in following its teachings.

"The Revolution was making awful progress at Paris, and every day the heads of good and true men and women were dropping into the horrible basket of the guillotine. Those of the aristocracy who could leave the country did so; but it so happened that many young men were caught before they could fly, and were compelled to enter the horde called the Republican army, and fight against everything they deemed most sacred.

"Henri de la Rochejaquelein—whom we will call simply Henri—was not quite twenty years old, but had served for some time in the guard of Louis XVI. When that was dispersed, he went to his father's castle in La Vendée, living there quite alone, his people being among those who had succeeded in leaving the country. The peasants in that district had suffered much; but now came the news of a conscription, and they rose as one man. 'Lead us!' cried the young men of La Vendée to their young lord.

"What could the boy do? He considered a short time, then said: 'My father would be worthy to be your leader, but he is not here. I will do what I can. If I go forward, follow me; if I draw back, kill me; if I am slain, avenge me.'

"I can not take time to tell you the story of that strange campaign. Nothing like it was ever seen. Wherever the sound of the Angelus found those peasant soldiers, they knelt like little children, carrying their Christianity to the battlefield, and fighting more as Christians than as men. The priests of the province were at their side, and the wives and children were in the church praying for their success; and almost everywhere at once, as it seemed, was the boy Henri, his eyes fixed on the white standard of his country, his hand making the Sign of the Cross at every charge upon the enemy.

"For a while it appeared as if the Blues, as the Revolutionists were called, would be conquered by the little band with Henri at its head; but the tide began to turn. The young leader saw his most trusted men mown down like blades of grass; and he himself, with a remnant of his army, was obliged to take refuge in a forest, dressed like a peasant, and carrying his wounded arm in a sling; but brave and hopeful, and above all pious as ever. The conduct of this high-minded boy is a lesson for every one of us.

"It was in this wood that he met his death by the bullet of a vagabond Blue; and his weeping followers buried him where he fell, for fear that his poor body might meet with insult from his enemies. What is mortal of him rests there still; but he lives in the hearts of the Vendeans, who to this day touch their hats as they speak the name of the lad under whom their ancestors served, and who died for his people, and in defence of his country and religion. That is all for to-night, boys."

Captain Jack gave an order to fall in, and for an hour the lads made believe they were Vendeans fighting for their King.

"And on the day after the Fourth, too!" said Barry, in disgust. "It 'pears like boys haven't got any reasonin' faculties; and they won't ketch me being the Goddess of Liberty again for some time."

How Grace Found the Way.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

II.

"Why, Grace, what a quantity of shoes you do get!" remarked Mildred, after a brief reflection, with some natural envy.

"Yes," said Grace, absently. "I believe there are enough in that closet, new and old, to stock a small-sized shoe-shop."

Mildred started, and a sudden change came over her face.

"Didn't Sarah say that beggar child needed shoes?" she asked.

"Did she? I forget," returned Grace, carelessly.

"She did, Grace,—I'm *sure* she did," persisted Mildred, earnestly.

"Well, then, why do you ask me?"

Grace was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable, and decidedly cross.

"If we had only thought!" murmured Mildred, regretfully. "Perhaps they have not gone yet," she continued. "Could we not call them back, Grace?"

Mildred had risen and begun to go toward the door.

"Oh, what's the use?" objected Grace, pettishly.

Mildred paused and looked at her.

"And yet you *long to help poor people!*"

The tone was gently reproachful,—not charged, as it might have been, with ill natured triumph.

Grace flashed a look back, sprang to her feet, flung the paper-cutter with which she had been toying quite across the room, and threw the door wide open.

"Sarah! Sarah! *Sarah!*"

"Yes, ma'am! Coming!" And Sarah nearly fell upstairs, in her haste to obey the startling summons.

"Did you say the beggar child needed shoes?" demanded Grace.

"Yes — Miss—" panted Sarah. "Her little—feet—were cut and blistered fit to break your heart."

A close observer might have seen Grace wince slightly.

"Well, tell them both to wait a while," she said. "Perhaps I have a pair that would fit the child."

"But they're gone, Miss Grace."

"Oh!" And Grace drew back.

"Do you know where they live?" asked Mildred, stepping forward.

"No, ma'am. I didn't like to ask them," confessed Sarah.

Mildred's face fell.

"That will do, Sarah. Thank you!" said Grace, very quietly; and then the two girls were alone again.

Grace turned and put one arm around her friend's neck.

"Dear," she said, with unusual gentleness, "you are right, and Miss Gernon is right, and—and the proverb is right, but—*I* am all wrong." And she hid her face on Mildred's shoulder.

Mildred herself was greatly distressed, but she had no notion of allowing her dear Grace to assume all the blame. So she petted and soothed, and left for her own home only after Grace had somewhat recovered her spirits. It had indeed been a lesson to both, but there was a harder one yet to be learned.

III.

Next morning Grace Stanley's essay, which was read aloud in school, drew tears from the eyes of teacher and classmates alike, and won for Grace the coveted "first rank." Like the rest, it bore the title "Where there is a Will there is a Way"; but it told simply yet touchingly of a way neglected by one who willed but was to lazy to perform. And all that day there was in Grace's manner a new softness never hers before.

As she reached home late the same afternoon, she was astonished to see Sarah, whose duties usually kept her in the house at that hour, with hat and jacket

on, hurriedly emerging from the basement door. The servant looked as if she had been weeping.

"What's the matter?" cried Grace, in some alarm, fearing that there might be trouble within the house.

Whereupon Sarah put her handkerchief to her eyes, and burst into tears.

A minute or two later Miss Stanley was also hurrying down the street by her side.

"How long ago did it happen?" Grace was asking, with blanched lips.

"About—ten—minutes—after they—left the kitchen—yesterday,—Miss—Grace," sobbed Sarah. "And, oh, to think if I could only have given her the price of a pair of shoes, it would never have happened at all, at all!"

"A pair of shoes! But what had that to do with it?" cried Grace, sharply.

"Sure 'twas the sole of one of the old shoes—the sole that was half hanging off—that caught in the track, tripped her up—poor little thing!—and then the murderin' trolley did the rest."

Grace stumbled, clutched at Sarah's arm or she would have fallen, and put her hand to her head.

Sarah was frightened, and involuntarily lessened her pace.

"Maybe you'd better go back, Miss Grace," she began. "Your aunt—"

"Come on!" exclaimed Grace. "Oh, we must hurry!"

Her voice sounded strange and afar off even to her own ears, and a queer singing was in her brain.

They reached the long ward of the great Children's Hospital just—too late! The emaciated little form, though cold and stiff, still lay upon the bed. A nurse drew aside the sheet for a moment, and Grace Stanley never forgot the sight upon which she then gazed. She made no outcry, but the cheek of the dead was scarcely whiter than that of the living girl.

Sarah, however, pointing to a bright bit of color tightly locked within the tiny cold fingers, burst into unrestrained weeping.

"She would not let the pretty ribbon go," said the nurse, who was a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced Sister. "The poor mother who sent for you"—turning to Sarah,—"and whom we have just got to bed, tells me that that scrap of brightness afforded her one of the keenest joys of her short, sad life."

Here poor Sarah broke down utterly; while the good Sister, tenderly replacing the sheet, added half to herself and half to her companions:

"God bless the kind heart that gave the little creature even that mite of pleasure! After all, it's the little things kindly done that give the truest happiness even to the poorest among us."

On a sudden before Grace's eyes everything seemed to swim; she tottered, but was quickly caught in a soft, firm clasp, and she knew no more for many days.

. . . .

"Now, see here," and old Dr. Gunther took off his glasses and tried to look stern, "I believe in being sorry, repentant, etc., Miss Grace; in fact, that sort of thing is good for the body as well as the soul. But I tell you I *do* object to nonsense. *You* did not kill that child; you did not even know that—" the Doctor paused to choose his language—"the confounded trolley car was going to be at such deadly work. And as for the shoes, why, my dear, even if you *had* given her a pair, it is not likely that she would have put them on before reaching her own home. Besides," and the physician's tone grew low and reverent, "don't you suppose Almighty God had a part in all this? Come now, cheer up!" he added, preparing to go. "I shall expect to see you up and dressed when I come to-morrow. The idea of lying in bed ten whole days, not counting the nights, in such beautiful weather!"

And, with a kindly nod and an encour-

aging smile, the Doctor took his departure.

When Aunt Eleanor, who had accompanied him to the hall, returned, she found the patient sitting up in bed.

"Doctor is right, dear," she said, going over to her. "And, after all, my precious, nothing happened that was not God's will. You and I both needed a lesson. We might not have learned a simpler one."

Grace, hiding her face in her aunt's bosom, burst into a passion of tears,—the first she had been able to shed since that terrible day. And Aunt Eleanor wept as only grown women can.

. . . .

Dear young readers, there is a sequel to this true tale—a little one, but perhaps well worth recording. Henceforth Grace Stanley possessed not so many pairs of shoes. The money — no inconsiderable amount — thus saved went, by her own request and her aunt's hearty consent, to the maintenance and treatment in the Children's Hospital of a lame little boy, whose existence was further lightened by the weekly visits of two bright-faced, gentle-mannered, fair young girls—Grace Stanley and her friend, Mildred Hooper.

(The End.)

A King who is "Just a Boy."

It is natural to think that because a little lad happens to be a king he is quite different from ordinary mortals; but the young King of Spain is just a boy, and a perfectly natural and unaffected and impulsive boy at that. He has a particular affection for some members of a religious community who live near the palace, and he is always begging to go and "play with the nuns." It is needless to say that all the Sisters are glad to receive their regal guest.

Not long ago an English lady, a member of the community, was visiting at the Convent of the Assumption, and to her the young King took a great liking. She gave him a little dog made of soap, and laughingly told him he must take it with him to his bath. A few days after he ran and caught her habit, saying: "I have bathed him every morning, Sister, and he gets smaller and smaller. What is the matter with him?" So the nun explained that the only trouble was that he was made of soap.

Perhaps the greatest human blessing of the little King is his good mother. When he was ill two years ago she heard that the son of a poor cottager in the village was ill of a similar disease, and that his mother was well-nigh distracted with grief. The Queen, in spite of her own anxiety, went to the poor child's bedside, taking him delicacies and playthings from her own little boy, and ordering for him everything that was needed. Both children recovered, and who knows but the prayers of the poor woman saved the life of the infant King as well as her own son?

Alfonso has an English nurse, and when walking with her on a recent occasion he saw some boys who were having a fine game of ball, and tried to break away from her and go to them.

"You must not," she said.

"But why?" he asked, as boys will.

"Because you are a king."

"Then, if you please, nurse," he replied, "I'd rather be just a boy."

So you see that even a king is not always satisfied with his lot.

VENICE is a city without streets, without carts, carriages, horses, or any beasts; a vast city, rich in costly mansions, stately palaces, churches, paintings, and galleries of the fine arts; yet floating, in disjointed parcels, on the bosom of the sea. There is not another city like it on the face of the earth.

MATER DOLOROSA.

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

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A Mother's Tears.

O BROKEN-HEARTED Mother,
Who sorrowed long ago,
Thou didst not try to smother
The throbbing pulse of woe!

Yet silent was thy weeping,
Though fell the tears like rain,
When Christ our Lord hung, keeping
Death's vigil with thy pain.

The teaching of the ages
Is naught beside those tears;
The wisdom of the sages
Like foolishness appears.

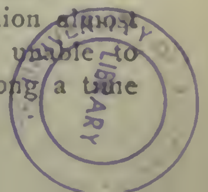
O riven-hearted Mother,
Who wept so long ago,
To comfort many another
Did those deep fountains flow!

S. H.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

THE National Pilgrimage, numbering thirty thousand persons, was conveyed to Lourdes in seventeen trains; nine starting from Paris at the usual date, August 17. They followed different routes. Two went by Brive, and visited the famous grottos of St. Anthony of Padua; there the Capuchin Fathers welcomed the eleven hundred pilgrims, and many fervent petitions were offered to God through the wonder-working Saint.

Some requests were answered on the spot; as, for instance, that of a young man named Chételat, aged twenty, who was in the last stage of coxalgia, his body being covered with ulcers. He received Extreme Unction before leaving his home in Paris; his parents were warned by the doctor that he had only a few hours to live, and might not reach the railway alive. The patient wished particularly to take the train that was to stop at Brive; for he had a lively devotion to, and great confidence in, St. Anthony. The directors did their best to dissuade him from taking this train, as it was not provided with all the appurtenances for the sick—mattresses, medicines, etc.,—like the white train to start a little later. Still he insisted, and was accompanied by his father and mother. He *did* reach Brive alive, which fact the nuns and litter-bearers pronounced miraculous in itself. A marked improvement in his condition became evident before the shrine of his heavenly protector. It was Sunday, the 18th. He assisted at High Mass and at all the afternoon services with the other pilgrims, and reached Toulouse the same night. The young invalid continued to improve, to the joy of his family and his fellow-travellers. On arriving at Lourdes, on the 20th of August, he felt his appetite return in an extraordinary degree—a sensation almost forgotten,—and he who was unable to stir from his couch for so long a time



found strength to walk a little. His happy parents, buoyant with hope, determined to prolong their stay at Lourdes, that Our Lady might complete the cure begun by St. Anthony.

This year, for the first time, one of the pilgrim trains stopped at Château l'Evêque (Dordogne), where St. Vincent de Paul was ordained priest in 1600. While pursuing his ecclesiastical studies at Toulouse, he was preceptor to the nephews of Jean de la Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. The Saint was passing the summer with the family at the Castle of la Valette, in the vicinity of Château l'Evêque, the residence of the bishops of Périgueux,—the latter city being in the hands of the Huguenots. The prelate who ordained the future founder of the Priests of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity was Mgr. de Bourdeilles, whose predecessor in the See of Périgueux, Pierre Fournier, had been assassinated by the Protestants in this same Château l'Evêque in the year 1575. The spot where the crime was committed is still pointed out.

Mgr. Dabert, the present Bishop of Périgueux, senior of the French episcopacy, is the zealous promoter of St. Vincent's Pilgrimage. In spite of his eighty-five years, the venerable Bishop officiated at all the ceremonies. A magnificent new church has been raised over the ancient Chapel of St. Julien, the pavement and walls of which have been carefully preserved. The noble residence of Château l'Evêque stands erect beside the church. Its present owner, Madame de Lamenuze, gave one of the finest oaks of her park—an oak contemporary with St. Vincent—to be made into a monumental cross, that was taken to Jerusalem last Lent by the Pilgrimage of Penance, and borne in procession along the Stations of the Cross and three times round the Holy Sepulchre.

Most of the trains followed the usual route, stopping a day at Poitiers. All prayed at the tomb of St. Radegonde, and listened to Mgr. d'Hulst's eloquent panegyric of the holy Queen. He dwelt on the three virtues—prayer, penance, and charity—that distinguished the royal recluse; virtues especially appropriate to pilgrims. Six hundred pilgrims of the same train visited the Benedictine Abbey of Ligugé, in memory of St. Martin, where High Mass was sung with all the impressiveness of the purest Gregorian chant.

The nine hundred and twenty-five sick, conveyed gratuitously by means of a public subscription, were attended with the utmost devotion by seventy-five Petites Sœurs Garde Malades des Pauvres, besides a number of volunteer infirmarians. The expenses incurred for these destitute pilgrims amounted to twenty thousand dollars. Some two hundred cures or notable ameliorations are recorded. We mention a few of those which impress us as being very remarkable.

Jean Mahé was the first to be favored. He is twenty-six years of age, and lives at 39 Rue des Chantiers, Versailles. An attack of bronchitis, followed by typhus fever, confined him to his bed from April to July of this year. He walked with great difficulty, supported by a cane, and could not bend his right knee. A bath in the piscina sufficed to cure him. He now walks as well as ever, and is able to dress himself, which he could not do since the beginning of his illness.

Another *miraculée* is Mme. Joséphine Lagache, of Châteaudun. For four years she had been a victim to spinal disease, with paralysis of the lower limbs, and had not left her bed for three and a half years. She was taken to Lourdes last year, and returned home slightly improved, but could not walk. This year she repeated the pilgrimage; although Dr. Testeau, her physician, declared in a certificate dated May 19, 1895, that she was incurable. On being plunged into the piscina, she felt as though her knees were cracking, and im-

mediately arose and walked. The medical examination revealed no trace of disease.

M. Schurr, aged forty-six, lives at 32 Rue de Paris, Charenton, near Paris. He was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for fourteen years, and could walk only on crutches. On the 20th and 21st of August he was bathed in the healing water, and came out able to walk without any support,—with a slight halt, but quite free from pain.

The next was a subject of great interest to the medical investigators. Alphonse Petit, thirty-five years of age, formerly a soldier, returned ten years ago from Tonquin, where he had contracted paludal fever. Sciatica attacked him later. Ever since he has been in constant pain, and moved about with considerable difficulty. After a few baths he walked easily and was free from pain.

Mme. Sylvie Mourny, of Clamanges (Marne), aged fifty, had suffered for thirty-one years from disease of the spine. She was carried to Lourdes with the utmost precautions. Her recovery is complete.

Mme. Lance, of Nanterre, near Paris, forty-two years of age, was an inmate of different Paris hospitals during twenty-six months. She was treated for a tumor in the stomach, of the most dangerous nature. After Holy Communion she felt great relief, and came out of the piscina cured. She was easily able to mount the Calvary height; and she who had hardly been able to retain any food, and had not tasted bread for more than two years, at once partook of bread and lentils; at supper she ate potatoes and bacon without any inconvenience. For a whole month this poor woman could not bear a recumbent posture; on the night of her recovery she slept soundly in a bed.

Léontine Ledoux, affected with partial blindness, or amblyopy, recovered her sight on the passage of the Blessed Sacrament. Sister Augustine, of the Good Shepherd, of Limoges, thirty-three years of age, suffered for ten years from a tumor in the stomach. It was attended with an affection of the mouth, besides frequent suffocation. After the fifth bath all these symptoms vanished.

A physician from Sedan (Ardennes) admitted that he would never have been tempted to go to Lourdes but for Zola's notorious volume, in which the novelist attributes to *suggestion* Marie Lebranchu's cure,—an explanation which, as a scientist, he could not accept. He came to see and judge for himself. Marie Lebranchu, whose case has already been described in THE "AVE MARIA," was present; all the doctors agreed that not the faintest trace remained of the hideous facial lupus which had so disfigured her.

A thousand other touching accounts might be added to these. For instance, a young seminarian had made a compact with the Blessed Virgin. "If you wish me to be a priest, you must cure me," was his constant appeal; and his Heavenly Mother heard him, for his malady—an incurable hypertrophy—suddenly disappeared whilst he was bathing in the piscina.

A poor servant-girl devoted her hard-earned savings to defray the expenses of a journey to Lourdes for an orphan boy, alone in the world. His head was covered with a running sore, emitting a most offensive odor. She took the entire charge of him, bathed him in the piscina, and washed his head repeatedly in the fountain. By degrees every sign of the hideous malady disappeared. The humble and beneficent nurse shed tears of joy on witnessing this cure; and the boy, in an ecstasy of delight, cried out: "Now I shall be admitted to church and school, to learn my catechism and prepare for First Communion!"

One last edifying example. On the morning of the 22d four men were to be seen at one of the piscinas, their shirt cuffs turned up while they lowered a poor sufferer into the water. One of them, of

tall stature and distinguished appearance, looked like an officer in civil dress; the others much younger,—plainly a father and his sons. The father and the eldest supported the head of the patient, while the others held his feet. The youngest son, a mere school-boy, evidently felt some physical repugnance; which, however, he soon overcame, and followed the noble example of his father and brothers. Who could witness unmoved the tender care with which these infirmarians treated this unfortunate creature, the gentleness with which they touched him, the spirit of faith with which they joined their voices to his trembling tones, repeating the prescribed invocations! These charitable infirmarians were the Comte d'Eu and his three sons—grandson and great-grandsons of King Louis Philippe. The Comtesse d'Eu, mother of the young princes, and daughter of Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, was ministering at the same time to the women patients with similar devotedness and abnegation. The sick were quite unconscious of being tended by the royal hands of princes born and bred in the shadow of a throne.

According to the testimony of the Reverend Director of the Pilgrimage, Père Emmanuel Bailly, this year's pilgrimage to Lourdes ranks among the most consoling that have ever taken place,—abounding in honor to God and to His Blessed Mother,—a veritable crusade against socialism and unbelief. Sixty-five doctors sat in conference in the Bureau des Constatations, some of whom were foreigners, three being English Protestants, attracted by the miraculous cure of a young English girl last year. They seemed deeply impressed by what they saw. One physician had come to Lourdes through mere curiosity; for he had long since abandoned all religious practices. The authenticated proofs of so many cures left him totally indifferent; but while witnessing a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the ardent faith, the tears, the fervent supplications of the multitude, touched his heart; he was overcome with emotion and could no longer restrain his own tears. In one instant he regained the faith of his childhood, and declared himself conquered—converted. Who shall tell how many others were won back to God during the pilgrimage! Much of what takes place at Lourdes is recorded only in heaven.

A Life's Labyrinth.

V.—A Sorrowful Parting.

FOUR months had elapsed since the night on which the events narrated in the last chapter took place; and Lord Kingscourt, still at the villa, sat on the veranda, through whose interlacing vines the silvery moonlight filtered. But to-night he was not alone, nor was he melancholy. By his side sat the fair young daughter of the house, with a sparkle in her eyes and a deeper flush on her cheek, which made her seem more beautiful than ever. For a month the Earl had tossed upon a bed of pain; during part of the time he had been delirious, and his life was despaired of. Slow convalescence followed; and it was then that Mr. Strange introduced his daughter; and between them they ministered to the comfort and pleasure of their guest so effectually that he seemed to receive new life and vigor into his veins, and to feel that of all loveliest spots on earth, this simple home upon the Corinthian Gulf was the happiest and the most beautiful.

The acute, well-balanced mind of the young girl, joined to a modest frankness and sweet simplicity of character, and a refinement of manner, further enhanced by her marvellous beauty, of which she appeared entirely unconscious, soon made an impression on a heart hitherto

untouched; and as day succeeded day the spell more strongly enchained him, until he inwardly vowed that all his hopes, dreams, and affections were centred in Alice, and that life would be a dreary waste without her. The voice of prudence had more than once warned him of the risk of taking an unknown, obscure and unsophisticated girl to be the mistress of his heart and home. But the longer he remained under the hospitable roof of her father, the more he became convinced that, for some mysterious reason, Mr. Strange had left a circle not in any way inferior to that to which he himself belonged; and he also felt certain that it was no disgraceful episode which had impelled him to leave home and friends to become an exile in a foreign land.

Lord Kingscourt was not by nature a man who acted on impulse; therefore, even in this matter, although convinced that here, and here only, lay his future happiness, he had deliberated long and seriously before committing his fate to the hands of her who had become its arbitress. It had never occurred to him that he would meet with opposition from her father. All that he feared was that his passion might not be returned; for, while nothing could be kinder or more friendly than her attitude toward him, never had she, by look or word, betrayed a warmer feeling. It had been his intention, as befitted an honorable gentleman, to address Mr. Strange on the subject nearest his heart before betraying his feelings to her who was already its mistress; but circumstances often change our plans, and so it was in this case.

He had received that afternoon an important letter, which demanded his speedy return to England; and, though still weak, he determined to set out at once,—at least a fortnight sooner than he had intended. Stepping from his room to the veranda, he walked almost its entire length unaware that the object of his thoughts had been for some time sitting at the other end. As he caught sight of her in the light of the newly risen moon, a sharp pang shot through his heart as he realized how near was the hour of parting; although he hoped the separation would be only temporary and short. And yet nothing was further from his thoughts than a declaration of love when he said, abruptly:

"Miss Strange, I have had letters to-day which render my immediate return to England imperative. Now that I must tear myself away from this garden of delights, I realize how dear, how inexpressibly dear, it has become to me."

He marked the sudden start which the shock of his announcement caused her,—the pallor of her lovely face,—yes, even the tearful eyes which met his own, as she looked up at him and answered:

"Ah! must you go? How we shall miss you!"

Then his prudence was scattered to the winds.

"Alice, forgive me!" he said, impetuously. "But you are always Alice in my thoughts. If you but knew how my hopes are centred here, *with* you, *in* you! Alice, I love you. That tells all my heart feels, but which my lips can not express—hope, fear, regret—everything. I love you,—I want you for my wife."

"And have you not divined, as I feared you would," she asked simply, as her eyes sought the ground, "that I also have given you my heart?"

"No, my sweet one, I did not guess it," he replied. "My shy-eyed little flower, you have hidden your secret well. Not by a glance have you betrayed it."

"Nor would I *ever* have betrayed it," she said, a little proudly, "if you had not spoken. For I have my father—my *dear* father,—whose love has been everything to me all my life. If you had gone—"

"We shall not consider that possibility at all," answered the happy lover, taking a seat beside her, where we will allow

them to discuss feelings, plans, and probabilities, without further intrusion.

The tinkle of the supper bell was heard all too soon for them. With happy, hopeful hearts they entered the dining-room, where Mr. Strange was already seated.

"Shall we tell him now?" whispered Alice in the ear of her lover.

"Wait until he retires to the library," was the reply. "There we shall be safe from intrusion."

To the pair, so full of their own bright hopes, it seemed that their happiness must be evident to the silent man, who sat, unusually preoccupied to-night, at the foot of the table. But he noticed nothing, and soon sought the library, whither they followed him. As the door closed behind them, he turned from the table where he had already seated himself, and in a moment realized the situation; for they stood before him, hand in hand. A look of agony overspread his pale countenance.

"What is this?" he cried. "What is the meaning of this?"

"It can have but one meaning, sir," answered Lord Kingscourt, somewhat discomfited by his reception. "I love your daughter. Can you not have seen it? She has done me the honor to promise to be my wife, and we have come to ask your consent and blessing."

"Sit down, both of you," said Mr. Strange, resting his hands upon the table. "Unhappy that I am, I never dreamed of this. If I had, it could have been avoided."

The Earl rose to his feet.

"Mr. Strange," he said, with dignity, "I come to ask your daughter for my wife. Unworthy of her undoubtedly I may be, as any man must be of angelic virtue and transcendent loveliness; but such as I am, you know me. My lineage is unsullied; my position is beyond question; my possessions are not insignificant. Surely you can not think me an impostor, or aught but what I have represented myself to be?"

"I believe you to be not only a gentleman by birth and inheritance, but one of nature's noblemen. During the short time you have been under my roof I have learned to respect, admire—nay, to love you as a son. But never once did a thought of what has come to pass cross my poor, blind soul. Lord Kingscourt," he continued, raising his voice and clasping his hands in agony, "I am an accursed man. My daughter shares the ban that is upon me. Poor girl! poor girl! she can never become the wife of any man,—*never!* Marriage is not for her; nor love, nor any of those sweet and tender ties which other women may contract. Like my own, her sweet, young life is, and must forever be, desolate—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the Earl, "you allow yourself to dwell too strongly on the cause, whatever it may be, which has made you an exile, whether voluntary or otherwise. Pardon me, but you have grown morbid. I ask no explanation,—I do not wish to hear one word of your story. Be that what it may, it can not, should not, affect so deeply the future of her who is your all on earth. I love her, she has assured me that my love is returned. To-day I received an imperative summons to return to England, which has hastened the resolution I had formed, weeks ago, to bear away with me to my own land the only woman whom I have ever wished to call my wife. I go, but I will soon return. Unsay your cruel words,—let me but hope; and, when my business in England is finished, I will return at once to claim—"

"No more! no more!" cried his host, drawing his daughter close to his bosom. "I tell you again that I am an accursed man. My story is not yet forgotten in that old home to which you are returning. If you knew it, Lord Kingscourt—knew it as the world knows it,—you would shrink in loathing from her and me. Let us not prolong this interview, which must be

painful to you, as it is agony unspeakable to me."

"And you, Alice?" asked the Earl, turning to the young girl, who, at her father's last excited words, had risen from her seat, and was now clinging to his arm.

"My place is with father," she replied, firmly. "Let us forget this day and all that has occurred. We were mistaken; let us think kindly of each other in the future, and that is all. For my part, I would give worlds to unsay what in an unguarded moment I revealed this evening. Go! Forget me—forget us, Lord Kingscourt!" she entreated, leaning her head upon her father's shoulder to hide the tears which began to flow.

"Your voice, your tears, are kinder than your words," he exclaimed. "Yes, I will go, as I am bidden to do; but forget I can not—I *will* not. I go, but I shall return."

"Never! never!" cried Mr. Strange. "Sooner than think it, I would tear myself and my daughter from this shelter, where we have dwelt in peace so many years. Sooner than believe it possible, I would go forth once more, seeking another refuge for myself and my child,—one where you could never find us."

"That can not be found on earth!" said Kingscourt, passionately. "But," he continued, in a calmer tone, once more brought to a sense of what was expected of him under the harrowing circumstances, "I shall no longer be an intruder. Early to-morrow morning I shall be on my way."

"An intruder you have not been, my Lord," answered his host, stung by what he considered a reflection upon his hospitality. "But for the unfortunate ending of your stay beneath my roof, your residence here would have been the one bright episode of our lives in Greece. But—"

"No more! no more, I beg!" entreated the Earl. "It is indeed time to end this sorrowful interview. Adieu, sir! I owe you the deepest gratitude that one man can owe to another. Before you have arisen to-morrow morning I shall have departed."

Mr. Strange pressed the Earl's extended hand; and, gently releasing his daughter's hold upon his arm, turned toward the window.

"Alice," said the young man clasping both her hands, "ours has been a short, sweet dream, from which we have been rudely awakened. But I, for one, do not despair, final as my dismissal seems to be. With me, to love once is to love forever. And yet I do not seek to bind you, for you are young and fair."

"Lord Kingscourt," said the girl, a roseate flush overspreading her delicate cheek, "you have heard my father's words. I shall abide by them. But my heart is a loyal one; and, like yours, my love is something beyond my keeping. I can say no more,—I am no adept in these things."

"Sweet girl!" he exclaimed, "all that you say is better said than if you had spent your life in the courts of kings; for it comes from an unsullied, truthful heart. I have one favor to ask—only one. To-night, perhaps, despair should be my portion, but it is not so. Something bids me hope. I can not, I *will* not, renounce you. Then give me some little token, I entreat you,—some trinket you have worn, which shall be as a talisman of hope between you and me."

She drew from her finger a delicately fashioned, three-stranded ring, and laid it in his hand.

"Thanks, my love!" he said, placing it upon his little finger. "It bears a good omen," he added. "Do you know its significance?"

"No," she replied. "Has it any?"

"It is a truelover's-knot," he answered.

"I did not know it," she said; "but it is better that the omen should be good

than bad. And now in my turn I have a request to make. Will you give me that Rosary ring you wear upon the other hand?"

For one brief moment he hesitated.

"It was my mother's," he said. "She is in heaven, and I thought never to part with it; but it seems, too, a good omen that you should ask for it. It is too large for you. Let me take it to Athens, and measure it by the one you have given me. I will have it made smaller, and will send it to you as soon as possible."

"As you wish," she replied, simply. "And while I wear it, if prayers are of avail, you shall not know the need of them."

With a sob in her voice, she turned away, unable to restrain the grief which was beginning to take possession of her.

Leaving his station by the window, her father made a sign to the Earl, who, with a gesture of farewell to his host, left the room without another word. He was on his way before dawn the next morning; and late that evening a special messenger arrived from Athens, bearing a package addressed to Alice. Opening it, she found the ring, altered to fit her third finger. With it came this message, written on a slip of paper.

"Wear this for my sake until we meet again, unless—for we are all human—some one should take the place I now hold in your heart. If that day should ever come, drop this token into the blue waters of the bay, and let them bear it to the sea, which knows so many secrets, revealing none.

"KINGSCOURT."

All that day Alice had performed her usual duties; although the pallor of her countenance, and the tears which at intervals filled her eyes, betrayed the anguish of her soul. Her father had remained in his room, his heart torn by distracting feelings. He was not at all deceived by her pretence of cheerfulness; although, had the effect of the occurrences of the previous night been even more terrible to her, he would not have swerved from what he believed to be the only course open to him. His heart bled for her sorrow. He missed the bright presence of the Earl,—his light, quick footstep, his handsome face, his happy voice, and engaging ways. New wounds were opened; his past life and its attendant misfortunes once more loomed up before him like a horrible spectre. He knew the elasticity of youth, but he dreaded the interval which must elapse before Alice could view with calmness, even perhaps without regret, the events of the past twenty-four hours. Not a word had been exchanged between them on the subject which occupied all their thoughts; neither could take the initiative, neither could break the sorrowful spell that seemed to hold their souls enchained.

When the messenger had been refreshed and sent on his returning way, the young girl thought she would go to her father and show him the token. But he lay with closed eyes upon the lounge, which he had not left since morning; and, not wishing to disturb him, she stole softly into the garden, to the shade of a tamarind tree, where she was daily wont to say her beads. It was with a melancholy pleasure that she recited the Rosary on the ring for the first time,—a pleasure that she would not have foregone; for it seemed to unite her more closely with him whom she had not yet learned to look upon as other than a lover, although she never expected to meet him again in life. When she had finished she sat for a time silently thinking, her mind full of many things. Less than half a year ago she had been a happy, light-hearted girl; six months had changed her into a thoughtful woman. Courageous and buoyant as was her strong, young spirit, it was no wonder that life now seemed practically over for her, scarcely ere it was begun. Then, rebuking herself for what she called selfishness in

so allowing her mind to dwell on its own unhappiness, she arose and hurried from the quiet spot, feeling that her father had been left too long alone. Turning into the path which led to the house, she shrank back with a cry of surprise. Spiridion stood before her.

"Spiridion!" she exclaimed. "You here, and for what purpose?"

"For two reasons, lady," he replied, looking steadily into the eyes that did not quail before him. "This morning I could again have captured the young Englishman had I been so minded. In truth, it would not have availed me much, unless I had killed him in the pure spirit of wantonness. And that I could not have done—thinking of you and my promise. Two of my men were with me in ambush as he rode away with his servant; for our retreat has been discovered: we have been betrayed by one of our number,—a second Judas, who will pay a dear price for his treachery; for sooner or later we shall be revenged. Once, while the Earl was here, I met your father in the valley; and, though I assured him that your knowledge of our retreat should not be used against you or him, he was fearful that some of my comrades might not be as trustworthy as myself."

"Papa never told me of this," said the girl.

"I have come to-night to say that you need have no fear, for we have abandoned the cave; and our new abode can not be tracked, unless we are again betrayed. But this I do not fear."

"I was never alarmed, Spiridion," replied the girl; "but I am glad, for my father's peace of mind, things have so turned out."

"Lady fair," said the robber chief, "Spiridion is not without gratitude, dark though his record be."

"You have proven it," was the answer; "and we, in turn, shall also be grateful."

Something stirred in the bushes. In an instant the robber disappeared the wood.

"Papa," said Alice a moment later, as she opened the French window leading from the veranda to her father's room, "I have something to tell you which will relieve your mind of at least one care and apprehension."

He leaned on his arm, looking up at her quickly. Drawing a little hassock to his sofa, she related her adventure with something of her old spirit. But it was not until they were about to separate for the night that she ventured to show him the ring. It was indicative of the perfect confidence existing between them that she also repeated word for word the message which had accompanied it.

"Poor child! poor child!" he said, drawing her closer to him, while a tear glistened on his pallid cheek. But the news she had brought him of Spiridion had lifted a great cause of anxiety from his heart. And as he lay, clasping the hand of his child, he even dared to hope that after a little time life would once more resume for them its peaceful channels.

But deep in the heart of the young girl something whispered that the gentle stream of long ago was lost forever in the turbid waters of care and sorrow; and that, whatever the future might bring forth of good or evil, nothing could again be for them as it had been.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN respect is the greatest tyrant in the world. Next to pride, it is accountable for most of the backslidings of the soul. More than any other fault, it makes cowards of us all. Every step we take under its tyranny binds us with a stronger chain, till at last we find ourselves so strongly fettered that we despair of freeing ourselves from the undesired allegiance. Happy the man who has the courage to break the tightly forged links before they become too numerous or too strong!

Pages of Memory.

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

I.

AS fair a hamlet in as fair a shire
As England boasted fifty years ago.
Endearingly serene as heart could wish;
Nor yet obscure withal. A mansion stood
To lend its name a lustre: and the Duke
Had league on league of broad and fruitful lands,
And happy were the tenants of his farms.
Around his seat—they call'd it the Great House—
Were lawns and groves, and avenues of elm:
And all beholders wonder'd at his trees.
But, peerless charm of all—so thought, at least,
Paul Dayrell,* as it took his budding mind—
A lake of dreaded depth and bold expanse,
With pike and perch and roach and dace, and eel;
And stately swan among the lilies sailing,
Punts, boats, and one small island with a grot.

Paul Dayrell was the Vicar's eldest son:
His home the prettiest little parsonage
Was ever married to a village church.
The church could not have spoken, to sad eyes
From neighboring Oxford, of a vanish'd time,
When peal'd the bells, shaking the tapering spire,
A call to Mass, and silently, within,
An altar claim'd the homage of the knee
For the meek Presence tabernacled there:
Yet was it worth a visit—for the vaults,
The leaden maws that gorged the titled dead:
In cold, damp, mouldy chapel, barr'd with gates
Which spoke not of Heaven's portals, nor of those
Whence prayer and alms and Sacrifice divine
Draw forth the debtless soul. No lamp shed here
One starlike ray of hope; nor even a stone
Said *Requiescat* with its thought of peace.
But spoke of peace the holy ground without,
Where slept alike beneath the vaulted sky
Farmer and peasant, free inheritors
Of Nature's temple-tomb. Now green the turf
Above their dust, now white with purest snow.
Each tender April blest their sleep anew;
And May bade buttercup with daisy vie
To deck the humblest bed. Nor sullen wall
Shut in this fair God's acre; nor was aught
Around it gloomier than the chestnut's shade:
A cozy farm, on one side; and, on one,
The parson's garden-hedge and orchard fence.
The passer-by startled the browsing sheep,
Or children's harmless play among the graves.

II.

Small wonder, then, that Paul would often muse
Why people talk'd so solemnly of death.
If dismally toll'd the slow funereal bell,
And dismally crept the black procession on,
And dismally stood the mourners by the brink,
To see once more the lower'd corpse consign'd
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust":—for all,
The grass was green, the sunshine bright; and soon
Sweet Nature charm'd the touch of awe away.

Yet he, in turn, talk'd solemnly of death
When his ninth winter left him motherless.
And if on him, as oftenest on a boy,
The sense of loss sat lightly, nor sat long,
Not his the blame. For rather had she ruled
By fear than love: and though, in after years,
Her memory grew sacred to his thought,
'Twas less "the memory of buried love"*
Than reverence for a "pure severity."†
He wept his loss, and truly; but on faith
Taking its greatness: and but felt the more
That feel he could not as he should have felt.

O hapless chance and strange—if chance were aught,
Nor wise decrees, inscrutable purposes,
Harmoniously working, order'd life—
That all of fondest in a mother's love,
And most endearing, should have been denied
The childhood of a being born to find
His star in mother's love!

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* Pronounced *Darrell*—a spelling adopted by a Catholic branch of the family; but the name of Norman William's Knight on Battle Abbey Roll is *D'Ayrell.*

* Soft as the memory of buried love.
—*Byron.*

† That pure severity of perfect light.
—*Tennyson.*

But when she past,
Past with her all the little world he knew.
A few slow days, and he was tossing at sea,
Bound with his father for a southern clime;
Then reach'd romantic coasts, and trod and gazed,
And wonder'd more and more. How bright and fresh
The new world that now open'd on his heart!
Madeira and Brazil enchanted seem'd,
And spell'd him like a dream that comes but once
Yet may not be forgotten; or a tale
Of fairy-land first told to childhood's ears,
And never quite the same when later told,
Though better understood. To him the charms
Of tropic Nature, with her witching hues
Of mountain and of water, bird and flower
And insect, and the taste of Eden fruits,
The sunsets and the mellow moonlit nights,
Became a memory like his late lost home,
To warm and color all his after-life.

III.

Past the weird beauties of Magellan Straits,
And gain'd the final haven, he abode
Beside the blue Pacific; where the flag
Defiantly floating from the cannon'd cliff
Waved o'er a nation that had broken and flung
Spain's yoke away, but not her ancient faith.
A spacious bay, and close upon the strand
The long town curv'd from slope to slope. Behind,
A coronet of hills, commanding all.
On one of these, yclept the "Hill of Joy"—
And such to him—dwelt Paul among his friends.
Beneath him lay the shipping; and the boy
Would pore upon the frigates and the sloops
With rapture ever new; or watch the mails
And merchantmen come and go. To eastward soar'd
The Andes, with their giant peaks; and one,
The snow-crown'd Aconcagua, monarch of all;
No cloud about his head, but purest air
Showing the every wrinkle of his years.
And when, to westward, the unwearied sun
Set conscious that he rose, thought follow'd him
O'er a wide waste of ocean, dread yet fair,
Like that eternity whither the freed soul
Wings beyond time's horizon.

But how brief
The twilight hour! For swiftly strode the night—
Too swiftly. Yet, before her, to the shore,
Came breathing up a freshness from the sea;
That blent its whisper with the earth's, Paul thought,
And voiced a mystic message up to Heaven,
Which drew an answer from the gathering stars.

IV.

Meanwhile the climate struck into his blood
A round of seasons, and the lad increased
Much less in wisdom than in stature. Thrown
With older comrades, he had learnt full soon
To laugh his native innocence to scorn;
And tares had taken root among the wheat,
And all the soil was poison'd. Could he now
Have prov'd a mother's hallowing influence!
But lo, the next in sacramental power
(For such he lov'd in after years to think
It might have been, and would when needed most)
Was now, in turn (so will'd it Heav'n), withdrawn!
His sister Annie, with the soft brown eyes,
Her birth within two winters of his own,
Broke like a lily in the piercing blast
There frequent from the South.

Another round
Of seasons, and again he stood on deck,
Beside his younger brother, bound for home
(For, to an English ear, though home may mean
Not always England, England always home).
They sail'd alone—to school. Yet much I doubt
If the long town receding, or the hill
Behind it, or the house upon the hill,
Compell'd the tribute of a single tear:
So novel the delight of going home,
And all aboard a gallant man-of-war.
Yea, much I question if the boy's eye caught
The Protestant cemetery, where prettily lay
The little grave which held his sister's dust.

V.

Sang the blithe sailors as they weigh'd at dawn;
Then, manning the boats, tugg'd the slow-yielding prow
With straining oars. The jocund chorus woke

The brothers, who had come aboard with night;
And when Paul gain'd the quarter-deck, he found
The set sails bellying to a stiffer breeze
Than suits a landsman's stomach at a start.
The frigate roll'd and pitch'd ominously, he thought;
But stood out bravely to the freshening sea,
As if to awe it with her admiral,
And quell its menace with her fifty guns.

First, planning for the winds, she kept her course
Direct for Juan Fernandez' storied isle:
Which seen, she turn'd, impatient, for the Horn.
But wistfully, I ween, Paul Dayrell gaz'd,
With more than hermit Selkirk in his thoughts.
No shaggy Crusoe was his fancy then,
But the fair daughter of an isle of palms.
He had not read of "Neuba" yet, nor caught
Her poet's magic spell; * but seen and touch'd
A white-skinn'd maiden, worthy to be sung
In reverent numbers, as a woman true
And gentle, and a very nature's queen.

She traced her blood, upon her mother's side,
To one of the good ship *Bounty's* mutineers.†
Her sire had landed on her native rock
A shipwreck'd youth; there made his home, and wed;
And found his mission, by the colony's choice,
As parson to their spiritual needs.

But came, in God's dear Providence, the hour
Of timely help to this o'erpeopled isle.

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* "Neuba, the South-Sea Girl," is the heroine of Byron's "Island," a beautiful narrative poem. She becomes the wife of "Torquil," whom the poet makes sole survivor of the mutineers.

† Several of these mutineers, instead of perishing, as was supposed, found refuge on an island unknown at the time, but afterward called "Pitcairn's." From the Otaheitian wives of these men sprang a colony, which eventually grew too large for the island. Admiral Moresby, of H. M. S. *Portland*, while on the Pacific Station visited Pitcairn's island, and took the kindliest interest in its colony; securing at last their transfer to Norfolk Island, which had been till then a penal settlement. The convicts were, of course, removed.

Her Majesty's frigate *Portland*, flying high
Her admiral's blue pennant, hove in sight;
And met a right glad welcome from the hearts
Of these loyal children of rebellious men.
And when she sail'd again for Chili's shore,
She bore away the parson—homeward bound,
To ask from England's sovereign that the hands
Of London's bishop might bestow on him
The barren gift of Orders Anglican.
And with him sail'd two sons; and bonnie Jane,
His daughter, in the bloom of seventeen.
And this sweet flower he placed beneath the roof
Of Dayrell's father, for safe-keeping; where
She won all hearts, and left—at least, to one—
A memory pure and precious for all time.

VI.

But now the gallant *Portland* southward swept,
To round the Horn: and Chili's coast was gone.
Beautiful land, majestically rising
From sea to snow-capt summit! Little dreamt
The boy, who wafted from the vessel's deck
Adieu, that he was destined to return,
In manhood's riper years, and love thee well,
No more a stranger to thy faith!

But ah,
The years that flow'd between! What food for tears,
What cause for deepest thankfulness and joy,
His memory finds in these! And if the Muse,
Coy and capricious, deign to favor him
In leisure moments of a toilsome life,
He yet may bring more secrets from the past:
In hope that some who con his pages—some
Of kindred nature—may have eyes to see,
And ears to hear, the truth that giveth peace:
Like that dear woman of Samaria,
Who, coming to draw water at the well,
Found Him who is the meaning of all thirst.

LIFE passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true to us; One alone can be true; One alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our need.—*Newman.*

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

ROBERT LE COQ, AND BROTHER JOHN LIEGEOIS, S. J.

IN chronicling the sufferings of the early missionaries of America, it would be unjust to pass in silence a class of men whose devotedness, zeal and courage on a more conspicuous field would have made them heroes. These are the men to whom the early Franciscan and Jesuit annalists give the name of *donnés*,—men who, not bound by the vows of religion, or forming part of the religious order to which they became attached, gave themselves to the perpetual service of the missionaries. The services which they rendered to those apostolic men and their neophytes are incalculable. Their life was always one of toil, and often of danger. But whether, like Goupil, Lalande and Fontarabie, they laid down their lives beside the missionary whom they faithfully attended; or, like Le Moyne, died of exhaustion in the wilderness; or by accident, like Guérin,—they always held their death a gain, and blessed God with their last breath for the favor He bestowed upon them.

Of this race of humble but heroic men was Robert le Coq. He was one of the first who accompanied the Fathers to the Huron mission. In 1639 he underwent a great trial, which would have disheartened many a one in his position. Going up to the Huron country, he was seized with a malady which was ravaging the Indian towns, and was reduced to such a state that the Hurons deemed his death certain, and left him among the Nipissings. However, recovering somewhat, he was carried to the Huron district, and left sick on the shore; but by the aid of a charitable Indian reached the missionaries. His reappearance was considered by the Hurons the result of a charm, and he was now present to refute the slanders which had been spread in his name; for those who had embarked with him declared, on reaching their country, that the young Frenchman had confessed that the Jesuits were destroying the Hurons by their enchantment.

From this time Robert was constantly engaged in the service of the mission: fishing or hunting for the house, or teaching the Indians the arts of civilized life. Sometimes, too, he and his companions directed them in raising fortifications better fitted to repel the enemy than the palisades which ordinarily surrounded their towns. When, in the year 1650, the mission was at last ruined, Robert accompanied the missionaries to Quebec, but did not long survive his return. Employed at the mission of Three Rivers, he and some others while at work were attacked by the insatiable Iroquois, and at the first volley Robert fell, mortally wounded. Universally regretted by the Fathers in whose labors he had been so long associated, the usual prayers for the repose of a member of the Order were offered by each Father and Brother of the Society of Jesus on the Canada mission.

A few years later a member of the Order met a similar death. Though but in the humble estate of lay-brother, John Liegeois had acquired the esteem of the governors of New France for his ability in the transaction of affairs. He was indeed for many years the actual procurator of the mission, and in that capacity repeatedly crossed the Atlantic. He came out originally in 1634 with Fathers Lalemant and Buteux. When not engaged in this office, he was employed by the French colony in superintending the erection of various buildings. The first college of Quebec having been destroyed by fire, he was entrusted with the erection of another. At Three Rivers he built a convent, a chapel and parsonage.

He was soon after, in the heat of the

Iroquois war, sent to Sillery to help to direct the Indians, whom the Fathers had assembled there, in erecting a new fort in the fields. They immediately undertook it; but, as usual with the Indians, would place no sentinels to guard against a surprise. To induce them to undertake this, Brother Liegeois offered himself as the first, and proceeded some distance, to a little grove through which the enemy would probably approach. They were actually there, thirsting for the destruction of the Algonquins sheltered in the fort. The good Brother had accordingly scarce entered the grove when he was shot through the heart by seven or eight Mohawks, who immediately stripped and scalped him. Not satisfied with this, they cut off his head, and left his body weltering in his blood.

This was on the evening of the 29th of May, 1655, and it was not till the next morning that the Algonquins dared go in search of his mutilated body, which they then carried to Sillery, whence it was conveyed to Quebec. He was interred in the chapel, after the custom of the Society, with all the ceremonies of the Church.

Brother Liegeois had thus been twenty-one years on the mission, and was regarded as a model religious and a man of great executive ability.

FATHER JAMES LEMAITRE, SS.

This worthy priest, born in 1617, was one of the first to associate himself with M. Olier in his new establishment, the Priests of the Clergy of France, more commonly known as Sulpitians, from the fact that their holy founder, pastor of St. Sulpice at Paris, erected his seminary and house in that parish. Their object is not to conduct foreign missions, but to form the clergy by training up in piety and learning the young men destined for the priesthood.

In 1657, however, M. Olier sent out the Abbé de Queylus, with three other priests of his community, to Montreal. When the founder had proposed this mission to his sons, all were eager to go to it; and the subject of this sketch declared that, could he but reach Canada, he would run to the extremities of the country in search of the Indians; that he would venture even to their very cabins. "You will not have that trouble," remarked M. Olier: "they will go after you, and you will be so well surrounded that you will not be able to escape out of their hands." In spite of his disciple's zeal, and the death which he foresaw awaited him in Canada, M. Olier did not select him for the mission.

Two years after the founder's death, Father Lemaitre was sent to Ville Marie, and on the 7th of September, 1659, arrived at Quebec, on board the *St. Andrew*, after a long voyage, during which a pestilential fever gave a field for the exercise of his zeal and fervor. He was soon made the *econome*, or steward, of the Sulpitians there; and also appointed chaplain of the nuns connected with the hospital. He sighed for the Indian mission, however, and his career of usefulness was soon to end. On the 29th of August, 1661, the prophecy of the saintly Olier was accomplished. On that day Father Lemaitre had said Mass at St. Gabriel, on the island of Montreal; and while the men employed on the farm were gathering in the harvest, he walked up and down reciting his Office, hoping in case of danger to be able to give the alarm. Little aware that sixty Iroquois were posted by, he continued his walk, when suddenly he was pierced by their balls. Wounded as he was, he had strength enough to run to his men and bid them fly. Hardly had the word of warning dropped from his lips when he fell dead.

The Iroquois, led by Outreouhati, who was thirsting for vengeance, rushed on the little party, and killing one, took another

prisoner. They then subjected the body of Father Lemaitre to every indignity. They first stripped it, after which one of them, putting on his *soutane* and a shirt over it as a surplice, went in procession around the corpse, as he had seen done in churches,—for he was an apostate. They then cut off the priest's head and carried it away in a handkerchief. His mutilated body was soon conveyed to Montreal, and interred, as he had desired, beside the body of Father Garreau; for Father Lemaitre had at the death of that apostolic man expressed the wish to be one day interred beside the martyr of Christ, as he piously termed Father Garreau,—little supposing that he was so closely to resemble him in death.

Father Lemaitre was deeply mourned, especially by the hospital nuns. "This loss has cost us many tears," they wrote, "both on account of the esteem and veneration which we felt for this great servant of God, and for our infinite obligations to him."

His death was not unavailing to his executioners. The one who beheaded him, Hoandoran, finally became a Christian, and retired to the mission of the Sulpitians, where he lived many years, a model of piety, highly esteemed by French and Indians alike.

This was not the only remarkable incident connected with the martyrdom of Father Lemaitre. The handkerchief in which his head had been wrapped presented as if in wax the imprint of his features. Such was the common report, and certain it is that something mysterious was connected with it. Father Le Moyne, then among the Onondagas, to whom Father Lemaitre's murderer belonged, hearing these reports, made every effort to obtain it, but in vain. The Indians feared to keep it, but feared still more to give it to the French; and at last disposed of it to the English settlers, threatening them with vengeance if they gave it to the French.

"Quid Mihi et Tibi, Mulier?"

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIG. CHARLES DE HARLEZ.

THE excellent article printed in No. 16, Vol. XL., of THE "AVE MARIA" has thrown on this obscure text a satisfactory explanation. I have been asked if there might not be more to say on the passage. I think that certain supplementary remarks will not be without utility.

I. It is evident that the translation adopted nowadays—"What is to me and to thee?" or, "What is common to me and to thee?"—is certainly faulty. The text itself proves this abundantly. In fact, hardly had the Blessed Virgin heard this answer than she remarked to the waiters: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." She had, therefore, understood from those words that her Divine Son granted her prayer. Now, can it be reasonably believed that a person who would have received so disdainful an answer and such a rebuff could have concluded that the petition was granted? That would be unreasonable. The embarrassment of exegetes to reconcile these two facts is also very great. Besides, the terms of this phrase have not of themselves the meaning which is given them. If it be read in any language whatever—*Mah te vā lâk*, τὶ ἐμοὶ καί σοὶ, *Quid mihi et tibi*, etc.,—there is nothing in it except this: "What to me and to thee?" which should naturally mean: "What is here for me and for thee?" Moreover, the entire phrase excludes this meaning. In translating this phrase, "What is to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come," the end has no reference to the beginning. Whether or not there be anything in common to the Christ and His Mother, that has no relation to the coming of the hour of the Son of God. The sense required for this end of the phrase would

be: "Why do you ask this? Why do you seek my interference? What do you wish of me? My hour is not yet come." Or also it might be: "What is that to you or to me? My hour," etc.

II. The comparison of similar texts is very instructive. It proves that the common interpretation is wrong; and that the interpretation of M. Duplessy is good only in part, and that it sins in being too uniform. The phrase in question sometimes has one sense, sometimes another. This happens because it is vague, incomplete,—leaving the sense undecided. The context, the intention of the speaker who utters it, can alone determine its correct meaning.

In Josue (xxii, 24) the tribes across the Jordan express a fear lest they be looked upon as cut off from the national worship. "To-morrow," they say, "your children will say to our children: What have you to do with the Lord, the God of Israel?" Have you forgotten Him?

In Judges (xi, 12, 13) Jephte sends messengers to the King of the Ammonites who had invaded the territory of Israel: "*Quid mihi et tibi est*, that thou art come against me to waste my land?" And the invading King replies: "Because Israel took away my land when he came up out of Egypt.... Restore the same to me, and we shall have peace." Here evidently the received sense, "What is common to me and to thee?" is absurd. "What would you have of me?" is better, but not satisfactory. Besides, it would be difficult to make out this sense in the simple terms, "What to me and to thee?" It is better to leave them their natural meaning and complete it. What is there (cause of hostility) between thee and me?

The sense is the same in the third book of Kings (xvii, 18), where the widow of Sarephta asks Elias, whom she thinks to have been the cause of her child's death: "What have I to do with thee?" This woman, whose life the prophet had saved, could not mean that there was nothing in common between her and him. Neither could she properly ask him on the occasion of the child's death: What do you wish of me? The only question possible would be this: What is there between us (what is the matter between us) that you should do this?

This interpretation is also the best in the second book of Kings (xvi, 10, and xix, 22): "What have I to do with you?" "Why are you a Satan to me this day?"

In the fourth book of Kings (iii, 13) the traditional version may be the right one. Eliseus asks the King of Israel, unfaithful to God and the law: "What have I to do with thee?"—thou infidel. Here it is the most natural sense; but, observe again, the sense flows not from the words, but from the intention of the prophet who utters them.

In the second book of Paralipomenon (xxxv, 21) Nechao, King of Egypt, having no hostile intentions against the King of Juda, and beholding him come prepared for battle, says to him: "What have I to do with thee?" What misunderstanding is there? What subject of contention?

In the three passages of the Gospel where the devils cry out in these words to the Son of God, "*Quid est nobis et tibi? Venisti perdere nos?*" the most natural sense is this: What is the matter between us and thee? What complaint have you against us? Or simply: What are you going to do against us?

Finally, in the warning of Pilate's wife, "*Nihil tibi et justo illi*," the sense can not be: Let there be nothing common between this just Man and thee. For the noble lady entreats Pilate to set Jesus free and to be guilty of no wrong against Him. *Nihil iniqui sit tibi et justo illi.*—"Do not make yourself responsible for any evil act against this just Man."

We see that the proverbial sense of

our phrase is not absolute or constant; and that the context, the intention of the speaker, must determine it in its precision. Now, it is clear that at the wedding of Cana Jesus could not have intended to give it a meaning derogatory to His Mother; but the very contrary, as we have shown above. The most natural sense, therefore, is that which is in accord with other passages of the Gospel: "Woman, what is the matter between me and thee? Why do you require something from me? My hour is not yet come." This is the only interpretation compatible with the context and the circumstances in which these words were pronounced.

Observe that I have rendered γυνή by woman, lady; and with good reason. The Greeks expressed themselves thus, and in no other way. The Greek orators addressed their auditors as ἄνδρες, *viri*. No more respectful terms were known. The German *frau* corresponds remarkably with γυνή. It means at the same time woman (*femme*) and lady (*dame*), as in the Greek. The question of the sense of the words under discussion would be positively decided if we could prove that this expression *Mah te vā lâk* had a common meaning in the Orient. Unfortunately, we do not find it in use. The Arabic and Syriac versions of the Gospel simply translate *verbatim*, and give us no light on the question.

Amongst the non-Semitic peoples this expression is not in use; and, according to the testimony of missionaries in the Indies, it is used to indicate a certain divergence of view, without any implication of disdain; or else an unwillingness to grant what is asked. This is here the intention of our Divine Master. He had no intention to work a miracle; but, nevertheless, He does it because His Mother desires it. Nothing is more remote from the meaning of the phrase than the contemptuous sense which has been ascribed to the most perfect of sons.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXIX.

IF a person were put to the choosing of a single specimen of our author's knowledge and sagacity, I doubt if he could find a better one than this: "Few are improved by sickness; so also they that go much abroad seldom grow in sanctity." How unexpected is this first sentiment! Sickness is accounted an annoyance and an infliction, to be got rid of. It takes all our exertion to bear it. We assume that, as we have been afflicted more than others, we ought at the least to have some gain or indemnity. But no: "Few are improved by sickness." There is usually a sense of hardship and impatience; and there may be the feeling of having escaped danger, which makes us cling with greater relish to the renewed enjoyments of life. Some are altogether soured; only the truly holy draw profit from it. At all events, this acute observer says that the results are often damaging.

"And they that go much abroad seldom grow in sanctity,"—*i. e.*, going abroad and sanctity are incompatible things. Again it may be said all this is far off, and "compelling nature with a fork." We all, in degrees, like going abroad, and still remain good enough. But our author is ever pointing to the underlying principles—to the *tendencies* of things. These we should bear in mind and keep before us, even if we fail to practise them. It is wonderful how the knowledge of a principle, once got at, begins to settle in the mind. It recurs. Our own instinct helps. "As often as I have been amongst men I have returned less a man."

LXXX.

There is hardly anything that we hear so often as the phrases: "Such a one is very *good*," "gives so much in charity,"

"is so kind to his relations," and the rest. This temper, it is assumed, is pretty much the same as piety, and will serve, to some extent, as well. But, as it is said by À Kempis, "thou hast to learn many things which thou hast not yet learned," particularly as to those impulses to do good. The point is that "thou be not a lover of thyself, but earnestly zealous that My will be done.... Take care not to rely too much upon any preconceived desire before thou hast consulted Me." For this reason, lest perhaps later "thou repent, or be displeased with that which first pleased thee, and which thou wast zealous for as the best. For not every inclination which appears good is thereupon at once to be followed, nor is every contrary affection at once to be rejected. Even in good intentions and desires it is expedient sometimes to use some restraint." And for these important reasons: 1st, lest by too much eagerness thou incur distraction of mind; 2d, lest for want of discipline thou generate scandal to others; 3d, lest by opposition from others thou be suddenly disturbed and fall. The sagacity of which caution is shown by even a single glance round us. Constantly do we see these results, the fruit of grand, well-meant schemes.

(To be continued.)

A Subject of Present Interest.

IT will be a gratification to the Holy Father that the anniversary of the Breach of Porta Pia has not been altogether ignored by American Catholics. It must be confessed that our interest in the question of the Pope's temporal power has never been very lively. We have viewed its loss as a mere vicissitude of a rule that will endure till the end of the world; and, witnessing the wondrous increase of the Holy Father's influence throughout the world during the past twenty-five years, we have become somewhat indifferent to the present condition of things in the Eternal City. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the imprisonment of the Pope has been attended with great injury to the Church in Italy; and her suffering in one place ought to excite solicitude everywhere. Another error which many of us have shared is in considering the spoliation of the Papal States as a mere political event. "The Papacy is not an Italian institution, but a universal one," observed Bismarck in an address before the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. "And because it is universal, it is also for German Catholics a German institution." It is no less an American institution as regards American Catholics.

Those who contend that it is useless to expect a restoration to the Holy See of the Pontifical States, and that the best policy would be for the Pope to maintain silence on the Roman question, forget that, as Monsig. Schroeder has shown in a learned and exhaustive article on the subject, "neither Pius IX. nor Leo XIII. has ever required that the Pontifical territory should be returned to him in its original extent." Leo XIII. holds that the sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff should extend over "the city of Rome, the natural see of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the centre of the life of the Church, and the capital of the Catholic world." It ought to be plain to everyone that this extent of sovereignty is absolutely necessary in order to secure the independence of the Head of the Church. The Pope can not be silent: he is bound by oath to defend and uphold the liberty of the Church. If it be a dream, as a non-Catholic writer on the prospects of the Papacy remarks, that the Head of the Catholic Church should ever again reign as an independent sovereign over a neutral State, "it is strange that it should have been seriously discussed by every diplomatist in Europe. To students of history

it is well known that even stranger things have happened in the age-long record of the Papacy."

The need of the temporal power to govern the Church with the freedom willed by her Divine Founder should be apparent to everyone after the repeated declarations of Pius IX. and his successor in the Chair of Peter. In an allocution delivered on the 12th of March, 1877, the former made this assertion: "The Church of God in Italy is suffering violence and persecution, and the Vicar of Christ has neither liberty nor the free and full use of his power." That the condition of things has not improved meantime is clear from many utterances of Leo XIII. He has protested against "the Italian iniquity" in season and out of season, characterizing the liberty he is supposed to enjoy as a delusion and a snare. But if the Holy Father had not spoken, events have occurred in Italy which prove conclusively that he is powerless and persecuted in his own city; that in reality the Head of the Church is a prisoner in the Vatican.

It was time for American Catholics to rouse themselves; and one good result of the celebration in Italy this month will be a clearer understanding on the part of Catholics in this country of the importance of the Roman question, and of the actual position of the Vicar of Christ. On some future occasion, let us hope, there will be a general protest against the injustice which the Holy Father has suffered since the 20th of September, 1870, and a demand for the restoration of his rights. May the time come soon for such a manifestation of Catholic sentiment in America!

SUCH is the holiness of home that, to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a heavenly *Father*. —*Emile Souvestre.*

Notes and Remarks.

Leghorn was decked in her gayest for the first National Marian Congress, which opened on the 18th ult., not less than twenty-three thousand persons being gathered into that city from all parts of Italy. Nineteen prelates participated in the Congress, which was honored by a letter and a Latin poem by the Holy Father. The deliberations were most impressive, and the resolutions eminently pious as well as practical. The reunion of Christendom, the founding of associations for the young and old of both sexes, the multiplication of charitable institutions, and especially the spread of devotion to the Mother of God, were among the subjects which occupied the attention of the delegates. The closing incident of the Congress was a beautiful act of charity. Six hundred poor people were invited to a grand dinner,—Cardinal Bausa, the archbishops, bishops, priests, and distinguished laity serving them at table. The second Marian Congress will be held in Florence.

The lengths to which the Masonic lodges of Portugal go in order to injure the Church are illustrated by an incident related in a Lisbon journal. It appears that men dressed as priests were sent out from the lodges to steal—or feign to steal—small children, and a fantastic story was circulated to the effect that the Jesuits killed the children to make a sort of human oil. The populace, strange to say, at first believed the report, and there were several severe outbreaks against the Jesuits in Lisbon. Later, however, the trick was discovered, and the hatred of the mob turned against the enemies of religion. The individual criminals can not be discovered, but Masonry has received a severe set-back through the failure of the stupid trick.

The current number of *St. Luke's Magazine* pays a graceful tribute to Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, "noble by birth, and more noble by his devotion to God's Church." Like most great men, the Duke had a good mother, whose name is held in

benediction for her princely charities and truly Catholic life. His father died when he was in his thirteenth year; but his place was filled by Cardinal Newman, to whom was committed the task of preparing the Premier Duke of England for public life. The great Oratorian was then presiding over the school at Edgbaston. Dr. Newman trained his noble pupil well, fitting him to become the leader of the Catholic laity in England. Worthily has he filled his office, always taking a foremost part in all affairs which concern the interests of religion. Politically speaking, the Duke has never been a friend to Ireland, though that distressful country and many others bear witness to his all-embracing charity. In the highest sense, the Duke of Norfolk is a Democrat. He has built at Arundel a magnificent church in honor of St. Philip Neri; and there, we are told, when in residence at Arundel, he worships in the midst of his people. The church is free and open, and has no reserved seats. The Duke kneels where he can, allowing no distinction whatever to be made in the house of God.

Dick Whittington, the poor lad who, leaving London penniless, "turned back" and became thrice Lord Mayor of the great city, is one of the first heroes that thrill the imagination of the school-boy. We are not, however, accustomed to think of him as a fervent Catholic, remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of his good deeds was to endow a "God's House," as he styled it, for thirteen poor men, one of whom was to serve as tutor to the others; and in the "Constitutions," the manuscript of which is still preserved, he laid down that—

"Every tutor and poor folk, every day first when he rises from his bed, kneeling upon his knees, says a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria*, with special and hearty recommendation-making of the aforesaid Richard Whittington and Alice to God and our Blessed Lady, Maiden Mary. And other times of the day, when he may best have leisure thereto, for the state of all the souls above said, say three or two Psalters of Our Lady (*i.e.*, Rosaries) at least. After Mass, or when Compline is done, let them come together about the tomb of the aforesaid Richard Whittington and Alice, and say for the souls of the said people the psalm *De Profundis*, with the versicles and orisons that longeth thereto. And they that can shall say three *Ave Marias*, three *Pater Nosters*, and one Creed. And after this done, the tutor or one of the eldest men of them shall say openly in English, 'God have mercy on our founders' souls and all Christians.' And they that stand about shall answer and say, 'Amen.'"

Surely, as Canon Connelly remarks in a recent publication, "whatever their shortcomings were in those days, men were by no means slack in the matter of prayer."

It will not be the fault of the ministers if the Protestant "missionaries" in our sister republic escape rough treatment during the coming month. These disciples of the Prince of Peace have left no stone unturned to incite the Mexicans to deeds of violence. In view of the approaching coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe, certain ministers have circulated insulting placards ridiculing the event, and proclaiming the story of the apparition fraudulent, and the devotion to it superstitious. Now, Mexico, which, we are told, has just experienced a revival of religious fervor, is remarkable for devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and if the dominies are prudent, they will be careful how they insult the Queen of Heaven in her own country. Unfortunately, prudence is not the chief characteristic of Protestant missionaries; and these inflammatory dodgers may lead to an international question. If the missionaries are dealt with summarily they will receive the sympathy of no American acquainted with the facts.

However eccentric Mr. Frederic Harrison's religious views may be, he has evidently very positive ideas about the Protestant creeds. In his latest utterance he declares that the real issue of the future is the struggle between Catholic orthodoxy and the Religion of Humanity. "No other creeds," he says, "can properly be called a religion: they are all logical formulas, shallow compromises, cloudy make-believes and make-shifts." Near this uncomplimentary description of the sects let us place Mr. Harrison's exposition of his own Religion of Humanity: "Every act of personal self-respect, every expression of family affection, the simplest act of domestic goodness, every social obligation fulfilled—almost everything that is called

moral or virtuous or generous in conduct, is an act of worship in the Relig'on of Humanity." As a bit of sentiment, this is perfectly lovely; as a religion, it is of all "shallow compromises, cloudy make-believes and make-shifts" the most ridiculous. It is simply the denial of God and heaven,—a doctrine the naked statement of which would scandalize even Mr. Harrison himself.

The presence of six thousand members at the General Assembly of German Catholics, held recently at Munich, proves that, whatever division exists on minor points of polity, the Centre Party are solidly united on the main issues that affect the Church. The spirit of Windthorst still lives on in the party which he created, and which now holds close upon a hundred seats in the Reichstag. The subjects discussed, in accordance with the expressed wish of the Holy Father (German Catholics are nothing if not loyal to Rome), were "Labor in the Light of Christianity," Catholic labor unions, the Catholic press, atheism, the education of the youth, and similar themes. Representatives were present from many countries, the most notable, perhaps, being M. Zemp, the Catholic President of the Swiss Confederation. It is impossible to exaggerate the good effects of such congresses in dispelling prejudice, exciting zeal, and awakening Catholics to a sense of their whole duty to Church and country.

Theological studies would soon become popular if all theologians wrote in the style of the Rev. Dr. William Barry. An unfortunate man named Pearson—Norman Pearson—attracted the Doctor's notice by sketching in *The Nineteenth Century* "a religion destitute of prayer, grace, miracles, and faith." To the not uncommon contention that, since the world is regulated by immutable laws, prayer is utterly useless, Dr. Barry replies:

"High and holy teachers, saints and the King of saints, announce a Gospel of Healing; exhort men to pray always and not to faint; themselves bear witness that prayer is the weapon by which spiritual conquests are made and our race moves on toward perfection. But all this impressive record—history, hagiography, the experience of our own time—shall, says Mr. Pearson, go for nothing; a contrary system is fashionable, and the idea must be accepted which certain professors of physical science insist upon,—that if there be a God, He is a constitutional sovereign, who reigns but does not govern; and who has long since abdicated in favor of 'Laws' which it would be a breach of compact to violate, or even to control, in the interest of righteousness.... I do not pretend to know what is meant by 'Laws' apart from a mind and will which enact them; or to conceive, much less to imagine, how energies that have no intelligence can direct themselves; or that there ever was, or ever could be, a world from which the Almighty was absent, or which He did not uphold by His abiding presence and potency. But still less do I understand a universe which exists alongside of its Creator and goes its own way, while He looks on, interested but helpless, as at a play of *automata* now setting up for themselves."

This is happily put, as is also the refutation of Mr. Pearson's statement that men can not control their actions. "If I do simply what I must," says Dr. Barry, "to call me responsible is exactly the same as bringing in a steam-engine guilty of murder because it has occasioned a great railway accident."

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. M. M. Hartz, S J., who yielded his soul to God on the 3d inst., in St. Louis, Mo.

Brother Cormac (John Carew), a novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose happy death took place on the 10th inst.

Sister Mary Caroline, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Worcester, Mass.; Sister Mary Bernard, Convent of Mercy, Sacred Heart, Okala. Ter.; and Sister Mary Patricia, Ursuline Convent, Alton, Ill., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John J Grindall, of Baltimore, Md., who departed this life on the 1st ult.

Mrs. J. J. Wall, whose life closed peacefully on the 24th ult , at Haines, Ga.

Mr. William Keating, of Sag Harbor, N.Y.; Miss Hannah Coughlin, Thomas and Michael Quirk, Mr. James Conroy, and Mrs. Margaret Connelly, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. William Welch, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Mary O'Loughlin, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Julia Moran, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John W. Foster and Mrs. Joanna Cunehan, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Webster, Manistee, Mich.; Mr. Timothy Crowley, Bridgeport, Conn.; and Mrs. Margaret Kaney, Boston, Mass.

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

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"ELIZABETH, hurry, or you will be late for school! Elizabeth, do you hear?"

The voice floated through the front hall, beyond the banisters down which Leo was making a rapid descent to breakfast, up to the room where Elizabeth was struggling with the buttons of a fresh-starched pinafore. All little girls wore pinafores, or tires, as they were usually called in those days. Not dainty, beruffled "creations," as the fashionable dressmakers denominate some of the costumes they design; but serviceable aprons of blue, brown, or green and white checked gingham, made "high-necked and long-sleeved," and furnished with a belt.

Only on Sundays was the tire dispensed with, or replaced by a plain white one for indoor wear. During the week a "tireless" little girl was unknown; and any young person so audacious as to "turn up her nose" at checked gingham would have been regarded as not quite right in her mind,—no matter how wealthy her father might be, or who her grandfather was, or whether she had a grandfather at all.

Elizabeth had no thought of thus rebelling against the conventions of juvenile society. So long as her tire was starched a trifle stiffer than those of most of the girls, so long as it stood out aggressively and rustled like silk, she was satisfied. In checked gingham she considered herself, and was considered, well and suitably dressed for any weekday society.

"Daughter, do you hear?" sounded her mother's voice again.

Elizabeth, having come off victorious in the contest with the buttons, was now taking a parting look into the little mirror of her bureau, and wishing her eyes were black rather than blue, and her hair dark and curly instead of straight as a pipe stem and the color of molasses taffy.

"Yes'm," she answered, briskly,—"as soon as I finish my prayers."

This speech was not intended to convey the impression that she had been for some time absorbed in her devotions; although, to do her justice, notwithstanding her many faults and failings, she would no more have thought of omitting her prayers than of leaving off her pinafore.

A few moments later she was hurrying through breakfast, with her eyes on the clock. Her younger brother, Leo, after worrying the poor cat by pulling its tail, and barking like pussy's arch-enemy, the Scotch collie next door, had started for *his* school.

Elizabeth was ready at last.

"Be sure you go directly to school, and do not dally on the way," said Mrs. Colton.

"No'm," was the ambiguous response, rendered even shorter by the bang with which she closed the door in going out.

She ran across the street. The hands of the dial in Mr. Margeson's shoe-store pointed to a quarter of nine.

"Why, our clock must be fast!" she said to herself. "I guess mother did not know. I wonder if Joanna Margeson has started for school yet?"

After all, it would be but kind to stop and warn Joanna that she might be late. The Margesons lived over the shoe-store. Their house was not a stylish one, nor were they stylish people. Mrs. Margeson was a pious, capable woman, who looked carefully after the ways of her household, brought up her children well, made sacrifices that the older ones might have extra advantages of education, and kept a happy home for them all.

Elizabeth's own home was a handsome, three-story brick residence, filled with books and pictures and beautiful things; but the old frame house across the way had a certain fascination for her, even though it possessed few of these attractions.

The Margeson boys and girls seemed always to have such a merry time. The store, too, had its charms. Sometimes at the noon hour, when their father went to dinner, one of the boys being sent down to "keep store," as they called it, would bribe Joanna, with a promise of "going halves" on his next share of cookies or apples, to take his place for a few minutes, while he went around the corner to find out from a comrade when the next game of baseball was to come off.

How important Joanna felt on these occasions, and what a dignity did she not acquire in Elizabeth's estimation! To think of being for an interval invested in the ownership of rows and rows of shining shoes and fancy slippers—including the variety known as "ankle ties,"—one of each kind dangling from each of the large boxes ranged along the shelves!

"Your father may be rich, but you never had so many new shoes as these in your life," Joanna would say, boastfully.

Elizabeth had an idea that Joanna, like a certain queen in history, might wear a new pair of shoes every day of her life, if she chose, casting away those of yesterday. She wished vaguely that *her* father was in the shoe business instead of the law, and dealt in some more tangible merchandise than opinions and arguments.

Then, too, in the Margesons' store there were bouquet-like bunches of the scarlet and yellow shoe-laces in vogue at this time, besides the small silk tassels that were considered the very daintiest ornaments for shoe-leather.

Joanna apparently did *not* choose to wear a new pair of shoes every day; but she took much satisfaction in having access to a blacking, never ordinarily used except for new ones, which was regarded almost as much of an advantage.

But this morning Elizabeth did not stop to peer through the window at the red shoe-strings or the pink and blue silk tassels. Passing to the side door of the house, she rapped at it smartly. It was opened by Barbara Margeson, Joanna's pretty, eldest sister, who had finished school, and was looked upon by the younger children as quite grown up.

"Has Joanna gone?" asked Elizabeth.

"No: she will be ready presently. Won't you come in and wait for her?" said Barbara, cheerily, running back into the kitchen as she spoke.

Elizabeth hesitated, remembering her mother's injunction not to dally; but it was very awkward to be left standing there alone in the hall with the door open. What would Barbara think of her if she went away without making any explanation?

"Our clock was fast, and mother did not know it," she soliloquized. "Mother surely did not mean that, with plenty of time to spare, I should have to walk five whole blocks by myself, when Joanna will be ready in a minute."

Still Joanna did not come.

"I'll go after Barbara and tell her I can not wait any longer," decided Elizabeth.

She did so; and found Barbara bending

over the kitchen fire, stirring with special care a delicious-looking concoction that was seething and bubbling in a frying-pan.

"Come in on your way home, and I'll give you some of the nicest candy you ever tasted," she said. "I had to run away and leave you, I was so afraid it would be spoiled, you know. Here is Joanna now."

Why Barbara should be making candy at that hour was a question which did not occur to Elizabeth. If the query were put to the young lady herself, she would probably have replied: "Oh, to have it over!" For Barbara was always doing things for the sake of having them over.

The process was very interesting, however,—so engrossing, in fact, that Joanna and Elizabeth forgot all about school. And how could Barbara be expected to remember, with something of so much more consequence on her mind?

Barbara "buttered" two broad, shallow pans into which to turn the candy; the younger girls observing her deftness with flattering attention, as if assisting at a valuable object-lesson in cookery.

"Gracious! you can see daylight through one of these pans," observed Joanna, holding it up to the window. Barbara filled in the perforation with a bit of cord.

Now the critical moment had come. She pronounced the candy "done," and proceeded to pour it into the pans; then, taking one of them from the table, set it away in the pantry to cool. She was about to do the same with the other; but, alas! as she raised it her amateur tinkering gave way, and the liquid candy began to trickle out in a tiny stream.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the assistant cooks in a breath.

And, forgetting that the mass was boiling hot, Elizabeth in her eagerness stretched out her hands to save the precious candy. In another instant she drew them back with a cry of pain, and began dancing around the kitchen, as if executing a sailor's hornpipe.

"You poor child!" exclaimed Barbara, setting down the pan, regardless of consequences, and grasping the unlucky girl by the wrist.

Elizabeth's hands were covered with the hot, sticky candy, which was every moment burning deeper and deeper. She bit her lips and danced faster, to keep from crying.

"Hurry!—a basin of warm water, Joanna!" cried Barbara.

Joanna brought it with alacrity; and, having bathed the injured hands and freed them from the coating of taffy, Barbara examined them critically.

"There!" she declared. "They are not much burned. See—this one hardly at all; and the other—well, let me put some soap and sugar on it, or a little soda."

She "flew round," as she would have expressed it, and applied the simple remedies prescribed by household tradition; and then, feeling that she had come to the end of her resources without much success, said:

"I wish mother were here, but she has gone to market. I'll tell you what you had better do, Elizabeth. Go right home now; your mother will know of something to take the fire out of the burn."

Elizabeth drew back. How can I go home! she thought. What will mother say when she finds I did not go directly to school, after all?

"Oh, no," she answered, quickly. "Thank you, Barbara! My hands are ever so much better now. Perhaps they will not hurt at all after a little while. And—oh dear! I think we ought to run off to school as fast as we can."

"Goodness gracious! I wonder what time it is?" cried Joanna, recalled to a realization that life is not all candy-making, and that there are other penalties besides the accidents appertaining thereto. She hastened into another room to look at the clock, and returning, announced in consternation: "Almost half-past nine!"

The two girls caught up their books and hurried away,—Elizabeth glancing nervously at the windows opposite as they passed, and experiencing a sense of relief that Mrs. Colton was nowhere to be seen. The thought of being so "awfully late" for school had quite frightened away the sting of the burn; although she kept her handkerchief twisted around her right hand, and held it out stiffly and cautiously, as if it were her best doll which had received an injury and must be tenderly treated.

They ran all the way, but just as they reached the school-house door Elizabeth stopped short.

"O Joanna," she stammered, "the burn has begun to hurt again worse than ever!"

"Offer it up for your sins," rejoined Joanna, gasping for breath.

Elizabeth frowned. Perceiving, however, that her companion had not intended anything personally derogatory, but was simply echoing a general counsel of good Sister "Mellooeesa" as to the best manner of accepting misfortunes, great and small, she concluded not to "lay up" this speech against Joanna. Possibly the latter seemed unfeeling only because there was no time to spare for expressions of sympathy. In fact, the member of the highest class who was head monitor for the week came out to close the school-house gate as they slipped through it. Had they been a minute later, they would have been shut out for the morning.

"Then likely as not," said Joanna, "since we are never allowed to be absent unless something is the matter, somebody would have been sent round to our homes to ask why we had stayed away."

Congratulating themselves upon their narrow escape, they stumbled up the stairs, hung their jackets and hats upon their respective nails in the clothes-press, and at last made their appearance in Sister Mellooeesa's class-room.

The class in spelling was "up" for recitation; there was consequently no opportunity for the good Sister to enter into any particular inquiries as to the reason of the tardiness of the late comers. So, shaking her head deprecatingly at their excuse that they "could not help it," she marked an accusing *T* in her book against the names of Joanna Margeson and Elizabeth Colton; and, as they had lost their rank by not being on time, sent them to the foot of the line of girls standing in a row against the wall.

Before long Joanna succeeded in spelling a "hard" word after several of her companions had failed, and "went up" to about midway in the class. But poor Elizabeth, who was ordinarily one of the best spellers, lingered near the foot, and blundered wofully over syllables with which at any other time she would have had no difficulty. How her fingers throbbed and ached! She wound her handkerchief around them, and then unwound it again, patted them gently, shook them, blew upon them; and if anybody's attention was attracted toward her, hastily thrust her hand in the folds of her pinafore. How little she cared for the effect of its starched freshness now! What suffering even a slight injury sometimes causes! She tried to "offer it up," as Joanna had suggested, and wondered if purgatory could be much worse. But these salutary reflections, and the consciousness of how swiftly her disregard of her mother's charge had brought its own punishment, did not make the burning any the easier to endure.

"Get something to take the fire out," Barbara had said.

Elizabeth did not at first understand what these words meant, but now she was almost positive that some of the fire from Joanna's kitchen range had got into her fingers, and was burning, burning, more and more. She thought Barbara would have considered it "bad enough" if it had happened to her. And how would Joanna

have managed with such a burn to "offer up"! She scowled at her again along the line.

But Joanna was not as flinty-hearted as she had seemed; and, ignoring the scowl, she rolled up her eyes and expressed by various rueful glances and grimaces her commiseration for her friend. Indeed, so far was she from being unfeeling that, when it was not her turn to spell, she kept continually fidgeting and dodging the other girls' heads to look down and see how Elizabeth fared; and finally became so abstracted that she "missed," and had to "go down one."

"Joanna Margeson, why do you not stand straight and attend to what you are about?" exclaimed Sister Mellooeesa at length, in desperation.

It might, perhaps, be supposed that the devoted Sister had chosen to be called for some new saint, of a nationality unknown to her pupils. Such was not the case, however. If asked to spell her name, any one of the class would have rattled off:

"S-i-s-t-e-r M-a-r-y L-o-u-i-s-a — Sister Mellooeesa."

"And what is the trouble, Elizabeth Colton, that you do not know your lesson to-day?" added the much-tried teacher, fixing her eyes upon the latter.

It may be that Elizabeth's stock of fortitude was exhausted; it may be she began to see clearer and clearer that even more heroic than the patient endurance of a burn might be the frank acknowledgment of her fault. Or was it that the "offering up" had met its reward, and at the moment when she seemed to abandon the struggle she had, in fact, attained a victory?

"I can not stand it any longer!" she said to herself. "I'll go home to mother. If she is not able to take the fire out of my fingers, the telling her all about it will take some of the ache out of my conscience, any way."

Sister Mellooeesa, seeing the little girl's face flush and the tears spring to her eyes, continued gently:

"Come here, child. What is the matter?"

Elizabeth, going up to the Sister's desk, faltered out:

"I burned my hand. I think I'll have to go home."

Sister Mellooeesa glanced down at the restless fingers, now sadly blistered.

"Why, yes! Go at once, dear," she said, with concern. "It must be very painful. How did you endure it so long?"

Somehow, Elizabeth did not get the scolding she expected when she went home. Instead she had her scarred hand bathed in a cooling lotion, swathed in soft linen, and tenderly cared for all the afternoon.

"I guess mother thought it was not necessary to say anything, since I had given myself a lesson I won't forget in a hurry," she confided to Joanna Margeson the next day.

(To be continued.)

Camp-Fire Stories.

A Canadian Hero.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The first Sunday in camp dawned bright and clear; and as the sweet tones of a bell came over the water, a little fleet of boats set out for the town about a mile away, where the Doctor's brother, Father Lawrence, said Mass every other Sunday. The church was filled with simple country folk and a few villagers; and some of the summer guests from the other side of the lake strolled in from curiosity. Although the motives of these last were not admirable, we will hope that the feelings of one lady, who declared that it made her better just to see our boys' reverent behavior, were shared by her companions. Father Lawrence promised

to row over to the camp after he made some sick calls, which were imperative.

"And," said the Doctor to the boys in a loud stage whisper, "there isn't anything about Indians that he doesn't know; and I think he will tell you a story if you ask him."

A fine color came to the face of the young priest. He was not good at story-telling, he said, but he would see what he could do. And then the oars began to rise and fall; and fresh, boyish voices began singing "Hail, Star of the Sea!" as the boats pushed off in the direction of Camp St. Mary.

The Queen's Own Guard was drawn up in line as Father Lawrence beached his canoe at sunset; and he was escorted to the place of honor beside the blazing boughs with as much dignity as the very imperfect military resources afforded. The swords of the commissioned officers were carefully whittled out of old boxes, and their nodding plumes were made of paper; but their wearers tried to make up for deficiencies by their behavior. Perhaps, after all, it would be well for the world if all weapons were as harmless as those carried by Captain Jack Burke and his lieutenants.

"If you boys," began Father Lawrence, "were told that, when you grew up, you would be expected to take five friendly Indians and fight seven hundred hostile ones, what would you say?"

Tot had to have the word "hostile" explained to him, and then the answer was unanimous: that they thought the odds altogether too great; and that they would not like Indian fighting at all under such unfavorable circumstances, however delightful it might be at other times.

"But," went on their visitor, "I know a true story about a young Frenchman who, with sixteen companions, did what you think so impossible. I will use short words, so that Tot may understand. Back in the year 1660 the people of Canada lost all heart, and felt that there was nothing to do but to give up, and let the Indians have their own savage way. For twenty years the Iroquois had been fighting them in the most cruel and crafty manner. These six nations, which taken together we call Iroquois, had no pity. When they took a captive it was that they might torture him. They never fought openly if they could hide behind a tree; and the French, from sad experience, had come to think of them as in league with the Evil One. The French population was reduced to a few thousands, most of whom were gathered in the three fortified towns, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. The farmers lived then, as now, with their houses facing the St. Lawrence River, and at every fresh alarm would fly to the towns for protection.

"In April a young man by the name of Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, went to the governor with a startling offer. It was well known that many Iroquois had been spending the winter up the Ottawa. 'When the thaws come they will go on the war-path,' said Daulac. 'What they need is a display of boldness on our part. It is our only hope. Let me, I pray you, take a party of picked men and waylay them as they come down the river.'

"But the governor could not consent. It seemed like murder to allow this gallant youth to throw his life away in an expedition to which there could be but one end. It was not until after two different parties of prisoners had told him that a large force of Indians up the Ottawa had planned to join twice as many encamped below Montreal for the purpose of attacking Quebec and the other towns, that he withdrew his opposition."

"I'll bet," said Budge, so interested that he forgot his manners, "that Daulac was sorry the governor changed his mind?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Father Lawrence. "He said he had never been

so happy in his life. You have heard people speak of carpet knights, who are very brave in parlors. Daulac was of a different sort; and it was no trifling thing, I assure you, to set out to waylay Iroquois. The most that could be hoped was that the brave lads would be killed outright, and not live to furnish amusement to the captors, to whom the torture of an enemy was the finest sort of sport.

"Sixteen young men of Montreal were waiting to join Daulac's party. You can find their names now on the parish records if you take the trouble to look. Daulac was at that time about twen'y-five years old; three were older, the rest younger than he. No one tried to dissuade them. Indeed, so strong was the heroic spirit of those early settlers that many begged Daulac to wait until the crops were in, that they, too, might join the expedition. But Daulac said, "No"; and after having made their wills, and received Holy Communion in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, they set forth. They had previously vowed to give no quarter; and, as it was well known that those who fought the Iroquois received none, their friends said a farewell, which they knew was the last in this world.

"Soon after this two parties of friendly Indians followed Daulac, not at all sure that he would accept their help. Four of these were Christian Algonquins and forty were Hurons They found the Frenchmen at the foot of the rapids called the Long Sault, and Daulac did not decline their help. They were using an old Indian palisade, made from the trunks of trees and in a ruinous condition. There the white and the red men waited, praying together three times a day and singing their evening hymn at sunset

"And then came the Iroquois! Of course I can not tell you the whole story of that terrible siege. You must read it for yourselves. The French fought like Trojans, and again and again the Iroquois fell back. Then reinforcements came up from below. Hundreds of dusky, painted warriors arrived to help crush the life out of that little handful, which the myriad from above could not wipe out.

"Daulac and his men had nothing to eat but raw corn, with not one drop of water to moisten it. It would have been sure death to go for water to the river. Before long the Hurons turned traitors and deserted to the enemy,—all but their brave chief, Annabrotaha, who stood firm.

"Eight days the awful fight lasted, and then came the end. Numbers and treachery overpowered heroism. The Iroquois would have taken the French alive, but everyone fought while he could raise a hand; and at last the Indians, seeing no other way, shot them down. You may be interested to know that the Huron deserters did not fare well at the hands of the Iroquois, but were treated as they always treated captives. You know what that means."

"And what was the good of such an awful fight?" asked Angus, with his Scotch love for the opposite side.

"The settlements were saved by it," answered Father Lawrence. "The Iroquois thought they had better go home, and they did. They argued that if seventeen Frenchmen and five Indians could do so much, it would be unwise to attack large bodies of them."

"Daulac is often spoken of as Dollard, and the French Canadians look upon him as a deliverer. If you are ever in Montreal upon the Feast of St. John the Baptist, I am pretty sure that among the floats in the long procession you will see one representing Daulac and the other heroes of the Long Sault."

"I am going to fight Indians when I get to be a big man," said Tot.

"As things look now, my boy," replied Father Lawrence, "by that time there will be no Indians to fight. The civilization and 'fire-water' of the whites will have done their destructive work."

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

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In Mid-Atlantic.

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

'TIS midnight, and across the lowering sky
Black cloud-battalions tempest-driven sweep,
The storm-king wreaks his fury on the deep,
The huge waves toss their foamy crests on high,
Gigantic monsters that with hurtling cry
Rush fiercely down the liquid cavern-steep,
While swift the trembling ship with plunge and leap
Evades the peril she may not defy.

Firm-braced I stand upon the reeling deck,
By turns a prey to dread and strange delight;
Though raging billows threaten speedy wreck,
The soul acclaims their grandeur, power and might:
Yet thus acclaiming turns in prayer to thee,
Sweet Mary, Mother mine, Star of the Sea!

AUGUST 27, 1895.

HIS charity was not confined to mere donations, which humiliate as much as they relieve. The tone of his voice, the beam of his eye, enhanced every gift, and surprised the poor suppliant with that rarest and sweetest of charities — the charity not merely of the hand, but of the heart.—"*Tales of a Traveller.*"

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER GABRIEL DE LA RIBOURDE, O. S. F.

GABRIEL DE LA RIBOURDE was born apparently about the year 1615. He was, says Hennepin, the last scion of a noble house in Burgundy. At the age of twenty-five he renounced the world and all the advantages of his birth, to devote himself to the service of God in the Order of St. Francis,—choosing in preference the branch known as Récollets, established in Spain about the beginning of the previous century. His eminent virtues soon raised him to places of trust and importance in his Order, and he was several times warden, superior, and master of novices. The last office he held at the convent of Béthune, in Artois; and the erratic Hennepin, one of his novices there, bears testimony to his worth. After many years spent in this seclusion, his zeal for the foreign missions induced him, notwithstanding his age, to solicit a place among those of his brethren who were to proceed to Canada.

The Récollets and Jesuits had been ruthlessly carried off by the English under Kirk in 1629. When the country was restored, the mission was offered to the

Capuchins; but on their representing that the Jesuits had already labored there, and were able to conduct so vast a mission, it was offered to them. The Récollets endeavored in vain to obtain the same advantage, but they were constantly refused. As time went on, however, the governor became embroiled with the bishop on the subject of trading liquor to the Indians and on some other points. The secular clergy, of course, sided with the bishop, and the Jesuits followed the same course. Many of the leading men now became as anxious to recall the Récollets as they had been to exclude them; and, hoping to find in them more convenient directors of their consciences, invited them to return. If they supposed that the children of St. Francis would accept their ideas rather than the sound doctrines of morality, they were, fortunately, mistaken. Apart from a few isolated cases, the Récollets showed themselves the consistent friends of right, and the able co-operators in the good work, which they had been the first to begin on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The first Récollets sent out in 1669 by Father Germain Allart, Provincial of the Récollets of St. Dennis, were driven back by a storm on the coast of Portugal, and subsequently wrecked. The next year Father Allart was ordered by a *lettre de cachet* to proceed himself, with four other religious. He accordingly repaired to Rochelle, where the subject of this memoir was already stationed with two other priests, a deacon and a lay-brother. They sailed toward the close of May; and, after a more successful voyage than that of the preceding year, reached Quebec, where they were joyfully received. Their first work was to rebuild their former convent, long since in ruins, and this was happily completed. The first Mass was celebrated in the modest wooden cloister on the 4th of October.

Father Allart, seeing the mission now firmly established, returned to Europe, after appointing Father Ribourde commissary and first superior. The whole direction thus devolving on him, he sought every means of rendering himself and his subjects efficient laborers for the common good. Their convent was, like their former one, outside the city walls; and here he now began the erection of a suitable church, the corner-stone of which was laid in June, 1671. Toward the close of the year he received an additional supply of missionaries; and as no Indian mission lay open to them, he employed them within the colony, under the direction of the bishop and the pastors of the several parishes. He himself gave the example by his labors in a district assigned to him of several small villages in the neighborhood of Quebec; while in that city he established the Third Order of St. Francis, as a means of increasing the piety of the faithful.

The Third Orders, whether of St. Francis, St. Dominic, or other founders, are, it is well known, mere sodalities of persons, even married, living in the world, who, by performing certain duties laid down in their rule, become partakers in the merits and good works of the Order to which they are thus in a manner associated. They are not religious, being bound by no vows; but are on the same footing as the members of the sodalities—or, as they are called on the Continent, congregations founded for the old and young, noble and poor, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus; though the sodalities of the latter have no communication of prayers with the Society, and do not even in name form a part of it.

To return to Father Ribourde. He soon had the great consolation of seeing his church completed and solemnly blessed; the sermon being preached by Father Claude Dablon, superior of the Jesuits in Canada. But this was one of his last acts. He was confessor to Frontenac, and seems not to have met the wishes of

the headstrong governor either in that capacity or as superior of the mission. A successor soon arrived in the person of Father Eustace Maupassant, a man of talent and ability, who entered cordially into the views of Frontenac, but who did not avoid collisions with the ecclesiastical authorities in the country. In his time Father Ribourde had conducted his affairs with a candor and moderation which caused his name to be mentioned with high respect by all parties in the disputes which subsequently arose. He had, besides Quebec, established missions at Three Rivers and Isle Percée. Another position was now open, and he was chosen by his successor to fill it.

Frontenac had greatly at heart the rebuilding of the fort that bore his name, and which had during his absence been suffered to fall into ruin. Father Ribourde was named chaplain, and was intended as the first missionary to the Indians whom it was the governor's policy to gather there. He went up about the year 1673, and remained as superior after the fort passed into the hands of La Salle. Before that event, however, Father Ribourde, aided by Hennepin and Father Luke Buisset, built a chapel and mission house, and began to labor among the Iroquois, who were scattered near the bay of Quinté, in three villages called Teiaiagon, Kenté, and Ganneoussé; the last mentioned lay between their mission house and the fort.

To obtain the aids for such a mission it was necessary to have recourse to the Jesuit Fathers, who had reduced the language to a system. To obtain their dictionary and grammar, and to entice other families to the villages, Hennepin was sent to New York. He went on snow-shoes to Onondaga, thence to Oneida and the Mohawk, even visiting Albany. At the Mohawk he was welcomed by the Jesuit Father stationed there, and obtained a copy of his dictionary. From the ostentatious way in which Hennepin repeatedly employs the same Iroquois words, we may well doubt whether he made any real progress in the language. His return, however, enabled the other missionaries to prepare themselves more speedily for their duties; and Father Ribourde labored here with Father Buisset till 1679. In that year La Salle had at last secured the necessary equipment for his expedition to the West, in which, following the course of Father Marquette, he hoped to reach the mouth of the Mississippi,—that missionary having gone only to the mouth of the Arkansas, and satisfied himself of the direction which it took.

A number of Récollets were to accompany La Salle, and Father Ribourde was appointed their superior. If we credit Hennepin, Father le Roux, the commissary of the Order, was little disposed to send the venerable men on so arduous a voyage; but, yielding to the request of La Salle, gave a mere note of politeness permitting their departure, intending to visit Fort Frontenac and prevent it. Be that as it may, the good religious at once set out, with Hennepin and Father Zenobe Mambré, for Niagara, which they reached after stopping at the mouth of the Seneca River. They arrived at Niagara, it seems, on the 30th of July, 1679, just before the launch of the *Griffin*, on which La Salle and the missionaries embarked on the 7th of August, leaving Father Watteau as chaplain of their house, or fort, at Niagara.

The *Griffin*, the first vessel that ever appeared on the upper Lakes, advanced from the shore where the wondering savages stood, bearing over our inner seas men actuated by far different motives. No desire of fame, wealth, or honor, no mere curiosity or love of adventure, actuated Father Ribourde. He sighed for the conversion of the Indians; he wished to lay down for them a life which he was too old to employ usefully in their service.

They sailed on through Lake Erie—to which the name of Conté was given, as Orleans was given to Lake Huron,—and at last reached Michilimackinac. Here they left the *Griffin*, which La Salle sent back loaded with peltries; and, embarking in a canoe, began to descend Lake Michigan, called by them Lake Dauphin. They left Green Bay on the 18th of September, and coasted along the country of the Pottawatomies. The way was long and painful by land and water; for it was interrupted by frequent portages. On one of these occasions Father Ribourde was nearly drowned, and was so worn out by fatigue and want of food—they had but a handful of maize daily—that several times he fainted from exhaustion. Fortunately, however, his fellow-religious had some remedies, which strengthened him, and he was able to reach the mouth of the Miami River, the St. Joseph of our time. Here, on the 1st of November, a kind of fort was built, and a bark chapel raised for the service of God, in which during the next month Father Ribourde preached constantly to his little flock.

But this was merely a temporary post. They all set out again on the 3d of December, ascending the river, and crossing the frozen marshes which united it with the Illinois. This they descended to the village; then, taking some provisions, advanced to their encampment, some thirty miles below, on Lake Pimitéwi (Peoria). To produce a greater effect, they advanced in order of battle; but, coming to a parley, declared the peaceful character of their expedition.

The Illinois, who had already been visited by Father Marquette and Father Allouez, of the Society of Jesus, received them well when they were informed that they had come to instruct them. Although a Mascouten chief attempted to mar the harmonious intercourse existing between the French and the Illinois, La Salle succeeded in dispelling all suspicions, and began to build a fort, to which, in the bitterness of his heart, he gave the name of Crêve Cœur. Then he himself set out on foot for Niagara, having first, with Father Ribourde's consent, dispatched Hennepin, on the last day of February, to explore the Upper Mississippi.

The missionaries had already patched their cabin, and begun religious exercises in their chapel; although, for want of wine, they were unable to say Mass. Asapista, a friend of La Salle, adopted Father Ribourde; and Oumahouha recognized in Father Mambré a new member of his family. The latter missionary spent his days in the Illinois camp, and thus acquired some little knowledge of the language; so that when, toward the beginning of March, the Indians moved back to their village, Father Ribourde sent Father Mambré with them,—himself remaining alone at Fort Crêve Cœur. He stayed there until about the middle of March, when the men at the Fort resolved to desert; and, plundering the place of all they could carry, set out for the Lakes. Father Ribourde embarrassed them, and they sent two of their number to conduct him to the Illinois village. But as these deserters feared to meet Tonti, La Salle's lieutenant, they abandoned the poor missionary on the road during the night, and hastened to overtake their guilty comrades.

Father Ribourde, however, at last reached the village, where the two missionaries found an ample field for their zeal. In the slight cabins of mats which formed it were gathered no less than seven or eight thousand souls, all plunged in idolatry and vice. Father Ribourde now lived in the cabin of his adopted father, and began to get some idea of the language. Father Mambré could make himself understood, but found a great obstacle in the indocility of the people and their corrupt life. The priests ventured to baptize only some children and a few

adults in danger; but, with all their prudence, found that they were sometimes too precipitate. Chassagouaché lent a willing ear to their words; he believed, and sought baptism at their hands. They conferred it, as life was fast ebbing away; but yet had the misfortune to behold him die an apostate in the hands of the medicine men. Their only consolation was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which they were now able to offer up, having obtained wine from the wild grapes.

In the course of the summer Father Mambré, following his neophytes, visited the cabins of the Miamis and some other of the Illinois towns. In these, as was usually the case, he met with severe hardships and many rebuffs, and saw his labors unproductive of good. He felt a great aversion to the Indian habits, but was now compelled to adopt them almost entirely. But this was not his only trial. The fierce Iroquois had taken the field against the Illinois, and soon appeared. Tonti and Father Mambré went to meet them. The former was severely wounded, and the latter escaped only on account of his acquaintance with a Seneca chief.

A truce was at last concluded, and Father Mambré repaired to the Iroquois camp; but the Illinois had in the meantime begun their flight, and soon Tonti and the two missionaries were alone, with a few of La Salle's numerous company. No alternative was left them but to fly also, and they accordingly set out in September, without any provisions, in a wretched canoe which they had found. The next morning, as they were continuing their journey with more haste than prudence, the canoe was staved in, and at midday they were obliged to land in order to repair it. They were now about twenty-four miles above the village.

The spot was charming. A beautiful prairie stretched away from the river, with here and there a grove or a slight elevation. Father Ribourde withdrew to a quiet spot to say his breviary, and had proceeded only a short distance when he was met by a Kikapoo war party in search of the Iroquois; and, although they knew him and his inoffensive character, they barbarously murdered him, then threw his body into a hole, and carried off his scalp and all he had on his person. His breviary subsequently fell into the hands of one of the Jesuit missionaries at Green Bay.

Such was the end of this estimable man, whose zeal had led him, like Menard, to undertake missions far beyond the strength of his declining years. He could not, indeed, ever expect to return; but, having renounced all worldly hopes to enter the religious life, he now renounced life itself for the salvation of souls. His was more than the ordinary virtue of a good religious. His sanctity, revealed on many occasions in France, was undimmed amid his chequered career in Canada.

A Life's Labyrinth.

VI.—A Life Tragedy.

SEVERAL days passed. Father and daughter no longer found it possible to fall into their former pleasant routine, which had been so greatly disturbed by the events of the past few months. Alice found but little time for regretful thoughts of the Earl: the condition of her father caused her so much anxiety as to banish all other concerns. One morning after breakfast, as she was about to go into the garden to gather flowers for the vases, her father took her hand in his, saying:

"My child, when you have finished your little tasks, join me in the library. I have something of importance to confide to you."

"Yes, papa," she answered, cheerfully. "I think you are looking more like your dear self to-day."

Mr. Strange smiled.

"Perhaps it is because I have finally nerved myself to a disagreeable duty. That battle at least is over," he said. "Do not keep me waiting too long, little one, lest I should repent of my resolution."

When Alice entered the library, she found her father seated on the lounge, where he now spent most of his time when he was alone.

"Come, sit beside me, my darling," he said. "Here, with your dear eyes looking into mine, my hand in yours, I can find courage to tell you a sad story, which, until a few short weeks ago, I had resolved to leave buried forever in the secrecy of my own heart. But lately I have felt almost irresistibly impelled to reveal it to you; why I can not tell, for it must inevitably cloud your young heart. Still, it seems to me there are reasons why, in justice to you and your future, I should make it known."

"Papa," replied the girl, "whatever it may be, I know you will feel better for having shared it with me. Perhaps I may be able to alleviate some of the sorrow you feel. It is your own story that you are about to tell me; is it not?"

"It is, my daughter," answered Mr. Strange. "And yet the relation may change all the world for me. It may alienate the only heart that loves me; and if so, break the last tie that binds me to earth."

"Papa!" she exclaimed, clasping her arms about his neck, "you have brooded over this sorrow until you are not yourself, or you could never think for a single moment that anything would alienate my heart from yours."

"Not shame, not crime, not dishonor?" he asked, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"I can associate none of these with my dear father," she replied, without a quiver in her clear, young voice, while her eyes flashed, and she clung to him more closely. "But even if it were possible, nothing, nothing that you might have done, or yet might do, could change by a single iota my love for you. Papa," she continued, slipping from his side and falling on her knees before him, "it will break my heart if you can doubt me thus. My love, my life is yours. Do not doubt me."

"But if I may have selfishly, yet God knows unthinkingly, wronged you?"

"Papa, say no more!" she entreated, resuming her place at his side. "Oh, do not keep me longer in suspense, I implore you; but have mercy on us both, and tell me quickly what it is you have to confide."

Passing his arm about her neck, he drew her closer to him.

"True heart, brave heart," he said, "you give me great courage. Having you, what matters the rest!" After a short pause he went on: "Twenty-one years ago the Mountherons were one of the most prominent families in England. Tracing their lineage back through many generations, they justly prided themselves on the fact that no shadow of stain had ever rested on their name. The Marquis of Mountheron was at that time a man of about forty years of age. He was unmarried, an incurable disease of the hip having left him a cripple and a sufferer from childhood. Morose and sensitive, he avoided society, and it was tacitly agreed among his relatives and friends that he would never marry. For his younger and only brother, Stratford, he felt a strong affection; and, with a view to increasing the prestige and wealth of his own possessions, he had early arranged for him a most desirable marriage,—which, fortunately, was also one of love on both sides. Lady Alicia Cliffbourne, the wife of Lord Stratford, came of a family whose pride, if anything, was greater than that into which she had married. Young, wealthy, handsome, and clever, they made indeed an ideal pair. At the expiration of a year a daughter

was born, and their happiness seemed complete.

"For two years life was a paradise at Mountheron, when suddenly a storm, fierce as it was unexpected, burst upon them. During a visit paid by the Earl of Cliffbourne to his daughter at Mountheron, he and the Marquis became involved in a dispute regarding political questions. Both were men of decided opinions and violent prejudices; neither would give way to the convictions of the other by the breadth of a hair. In a fit of anger, the Earl of Cliffbourne left the castle; while the host, after his departure, most unreasonably vented his anger on his brother and sister-in-law, because they would not join him in opposition to the departed guest. In vain did Lord Stratford represent that the questions were indifferent to them; in vain did he endeavor to impress his brother with the impossibility of the daughter taking sides against her own father. The manner of the Earl became cold and estranged; he no longer gave his brother or his wife either confidence or affection. The child, of whom he had been very fond, was now banished from his presence; and the young pair were seriously considering the propriety of taking up their residence elsewhere.

"The alienation between the brothers soon became evident to visitors at the castle, and was discussed freely in the society of the neighborhood; but no one expected the sudden climax of affairs which finally took place. One day when the house was filled with guests, assembled in honor of the birthday of the host, on which occasion it had long been customary to give an annual dinner, the Marquis suddenly arose from his seat at the table, and brusquely announced that, as he had, after long and serious deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that no child in whose veins flowed the blood of Lord Cliffbourne should ever inherit the vast possessions of the Mountherons, he had resolved to marry; and for that purpose had selected for his wife the daughter of a neighboring yeoman, of reduced fortune, but of ancestry as noble as his own,—dating back, he had ample proof, as far as the Conqueror. He then announced the name of the young woman whom he had chosen to honor with the title of the Marchioness of Mountheron. It was that of the masculine daughter of a famous hunting squire, celebrated through all the county for the slimness of his pocket, and a large family of rude, healthy and boisterous girls. Then turning to the young wife, he bade her remove her belongings from the castle as speedily as possible, as he would need her apartments for the use of his prospective bride, whom he intended to marry on the following day. Sobbing, she hastily withdrew, conducted as far as the door by her husband, who, more indignant at the insult offered her than at the loss of the possessions he had long considered his inheritance, lost all control of himself, and answered his brother with a torrent of angry, impetuous reproof.

"It is painful to dwell longer upon that terrible scene, which was ended by Lord Stratford, who cried out, as he left the room, carried away by his anger: 'Of the great injustice you have done me, Mountheron, I make no account; but for the cruel insult you have inflicted upon my wife, in the presence of others, I shall never forgive you. And if there is justice in heaven, it will not be long before you shall have more reason than we to regret this unhappy day.' He spoke in the heat of passion, with no purpose in what he said; but later his own words were used as potent witnesses against him. The guests dispersed as quickly as possible. Silence settled upon the castle at an unusually early hour; for the occurrences of the evening had naturally cast a deep gloom over all the inmates.

"The next morning the Marquis of

Mountheron was found by his valet murdered in his bed. A few hours later Lord Stratford was arrested for the murder, on the evidence of the butler, who had been awake with the toothache, and when about to descend the stairs in search of medicine, had seen him gently close the door of the Marquis' sleeping room and turn in the direction of his own apartments, which were at the other end of the corridor. In vain did Lord Stratford protest his innocence: he was remanded for trial. He maintained that on the night in question he had arisen about midnight, leaving his wife asleep; and, having quietly dressed himself, went into the garden to cool his aching head and collect his scattered thoughts. While there, reflecting on the morbid condition and chronic ill health of his brother, remembering also his long-continued kindness during many years, a rush of better thoughts overwhelmed him, and he resolved to try to subdue the angry feelings which had agitated him. He returned to the house; and, passing his brother's door, he thought he heard a moan. Knowing him to be subject to paroxysms of pain, a kindly impulse prompted him to enter, and he half opened the door. But, suddenly feeling a reaction of his late sentiments, a sense of the injury inflicted on his wife returned to him with redoubled force, and he closed the door again as noiselessly as he could. On reaching his own room, he found his wife awake and anxious. Having explained the cause of his absence, he went to bed and slept until morning. His story was not believed. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, on evidence purely circumstantial.

"The Earl of Cliffbourne at once removed his daughter to his own home, after which she was neither permitted to see nor communicate with her husband. But she gave him a proof of her love and constancy by bribing the jailer, with a large amount of money, to allow him to escape before his final transference to the prison where it had been decreed he should pass the remainder of his life. Large private securities of his own, which he had placed in the name of his wife, were converted by her into money, and sent to him through a trusty servant, who had been his nurse. Disguised and under a false name, he embarked for Portugal; from thence he went to Brazil, where, having invested his money, he doubled it in a very short time.

"After a couple of years' absence from Europe, a yearning for news of those he had left behind took possession of him. There was, alas! no necessity for a new disguise; for sorrow had whitened his hair, sunken his cheeks, and bowed his once straight and stalwart form. His best friend would have recognized at most only a slight resemblance between the merchant, Edward Strange, and the once handsome and dignified Lord Stratford. Having disposed of part of his interests in Brazil, and leaving the rest in good hands, he repaired to Paris, where, searching through files of old newspapers, he read the particulars of his own escape from prison, and also of certain proceedings on the part of his father-in-law which had separated his wife from him forever. Although, if she believed him guilty, they were already separated in feeling as well as in fact, the blow fell heavily upon his soul. A few days later he read in one of the current journals that the Earl of Cliffbourne and his daughter were at Nice. An irresistible desire to see once more the wife who had probably disowned him, and the child whom he had so tenderly loved, took possession of him.

"He went to Nice, and, disguised as a grape-picker, watched on the roadside before the villa of the Earl for the equipage in which he divined they would take their daily drive. He was not disappointed. Suddenly he saw them—the stern old man, with features carven as in marble;

his daughter seated beside him, paler but more beautiful than ever; the child whom he adored between them, her blue eyes dancing with infantile joy; her happy prattle piercing his ears as no note of sorrow could have done. After the carriage had passed, the fugitive threw himself upon the ground and wept long and bitterly. The next day he hovered about the villa and saw them again. Then he made acquaintance with the gardener. He had spent several years in Italy during his early manhood, and knew the language well. The old man readily availed himself of the proffered assistance of the stranger in carrying flower-pots and the like.

"From time to time the little Constance, straying from her attendant, would speak a few childish words to the stranger; and one day, seeing him look sad, she offered him flowers. Once she asked him if he had any little girls; he sadly answered that he had none. 'Then I will love you,' said the child; 'for you have a pretty face.' It must have been the voice of nature in her infant heart that attracted her toward him, as his dress and appearance were those of the humblest laborer.

"Feeling that to linger in the place was fraught with danger, as he had heard from the gardener that a large reward had been offered for the capture of the escaped murderer, he resolved to tear himself away. That night he was seized with a great longing for a last sight of his child. He knew the location of the little room, next her mother's, where she was accustomed to sleep. A faint light was burning, the nurse absent, the little one lying on her bed, fast asleep. On the impulse of the moment, without an instant's premeditation, impelled by the anguish and hunger of his soul, he entered the room, seized the child, and, wrapping her in a large plaid that lay on the chair beside the bed, hurried away. It may seem incredible, but it is true, that when, acting upon a desperate resolve, he told her he was her father, and would take her to a beautiful country, where she could have all the flowers of which she was so passionately fond, she believed him, seemed to give him all her affection at once, and did not grieve for those she had left behind. It appears that of her mother she had seen but little; her nurse she did not love, and of her grandfather she was actually afraid.

"The child's apparent indifference to what he could not but acknowledge was a cruel separation made him fear at first that she could not feel for him either the affection for which he yearned, but such was not the case. In her childish heart she had cherished a dream and a memory of her banished father, of whom she had heard those about her speak in terms of reproach. Now that he was restored to her, she lavished all the love of her innocent heart upon him; and, disguised like himself beyond recognition, clung to him through many and strange journeyings, until, the hue-and-cry of her disappearance over, they anchored at last in the beautiful, restful haven of Greece."

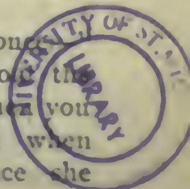
Mr. Strange paused, and buried his face in his hands. Alice was sobbing.

"My child," he exclaimed, after he had conquered his emotion, "if your father sinned, it was through excess of love for you. Of the other crime of which he was accused, for which he was made a pariah and a fugitive on the face of the earth, you may or may not believe him innocent, but innocent he is."

"Papa!" cried the young girl, clasping him in her arms. "*I* believe you guilty! Can you think it for a moment? And you were right to take me from a mother who had deserted you, who could never have loved you as you deserved."

"Ah! yes, she loved me dearly once."

"Not as *I* love you!" rang out the clear, sweet voice of the girl. "When you needed her most she failed you; when you were in sorrow and disgrace she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repudiated you. Oh, I thank God, my father—my *own* dear father,—that you took me away; that it has been my happy lot to have had your love and care, and to have been some comfort to you during all these years!"

"O my God, I thank Thee! Were it not for leaving her alone and lonely, I think I would gladly die this moment."

"Die!" exclaimed Alice, her eyes beaming. "It is now, papa, that we must begin to live; for the next thing to be done is to establish your innocence."

"Alas! that were impossible."

"*Nothing* is impossible with truth for our watchword and God our helper!" cried his daughter, impetuously. "Sorrow and banishment have made you timid, dear papa; but I am young and strong, and I fear nothing. Trust me, we shall find a way. But you are exhausted. Rest a while, and after dinner we shall talk again."

So, arranging the cushions under his head and closing the blinds, she went back to the garden.

(To be continued.)

With Her Own People.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

"'TIS a grand place," said the white-haired woman,
"With the fine green cypress hedge all around,
And ivy climbin' about the headstones,
And yellow myrtle on every mound.
But it frets me greatly when I do be thinkin'
'Tis here they'll bring me when I come to die;
Asthore, I long for my own people,—
With my own people I fain would lie.

"For I'm dreamin' always of an Irish churchyard,
Where hardly a blade of grass will grow,
Close by the sea, on a barren hillside,—
Wild you'd call it and drear, I know.
But my old heart aches as I do be thinkin'
How far away from it I'm like to die;
For I long to rest with my own people,—
With my own people I yearn to lie."

To-day I walked in that little graveyard
And watched them sodding a new-made grave,—
Hers who longed for the dreary hillside,
Near the endless sough of the moaning wave.
But it matters naught; for her weird is over,
And she rests at last on the heavenly shore,
In the smile of God, with her own people,
Where none can part them for evermore.

Wanderings through Warwickshire.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

THE month of June has ever been, to my mind, the most beautiful in the whole year; but never did it seem so perfect as this summer, when, leaving the dust and smoke and noise of the great city behind us, my friend and I set out, armed with a small camera, to spend the long, lovely days wandering together through Warwickshire.

The scenery in almost every part of this beautiful county is magnificent; and presents, perhaps, a more park-like and truly English picture than any other portion of the British Isles. Its fields are green and fertile; its woods and parks numerous, and full of tall, well-grown, old trees, whose thick and massive foliage lends a welcome shade from the heat of the noonday sun. Its hedges, high and luxuriant, are overrun with the briar rose, wild eglantine, and blue convolvulus; and never have I seen roses of every hue in such profusion as during our walks and drives through Warwickshire. The cottages of the poor, the mansions of the rich, were alike covered with these brilliant and sweet-smelling blossoms.

But the pure air, beautiful scenery,

and lovely flowers, though pleasant and refreshing to the jaded Londoner, are but a small part of one's enjoyment in this enchanting county. The whole neighborhood teems with historic interest. And so, whilst the body is invigorated and the eye delighted, the mind is fully occupied, the imagination enlivened, by the sight of the noble and stately buildings; the stories and anecdotes of men and women of bygone ages, of whom we have read and heard so much.

To Catholics there is always something of regretful sadness, that mars the pleasure they feel upon visiting the grand old churches built by their devout ancestors, but appropriated long since by Protestants; and, as they study the handsome architecture and exquisite stained glass in these edifices, they can not but mourn that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is no longer offered up upon their altars.

St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Warwick, having been partially destroyed by fire, and restored but a few years ago, only the chancel and Beauchamp Chapel remain of the ancient building. The Beauchamp Chapel is one of the most beautiful to be seen in England. It was built by Richard Beauchamp in the reign of Henry VI. In front of the altar stands the monument of the founder. The tomb is surmounted by six hoops of brass, extended by five rods, over which in former days was draped a handsome purple velvet pall, bordered with a gold fringe.

At the side of the chapel is a fine structure, enclosed by railings of wrought iron, in memory of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Lettice, his wife; whilst in a far corner, upon a high pedestal, reclines the marble figure of a small hunchbacked child, in a white embroidered frock and cap. This is the "Noble Imp," Robert Dudley's only legitimate son,—poisoned, it is supposed, because of his deformity.

The beauties of Warwick Castle are impossible to describe; and, as this is not an illustrated magazine, I can not reproduce any of the charming little views taken by me with my camera at the time of my visit. So I must content myself with saying that it is magnificent both within and without, and that it would be well worth while to travel all the way from London if only to visit this splendid old Castle. Warwick is said to have been a Celtic settlement, converted into a fortress by the Roman invaders. The walls of the Castle are high, massive, and ivy-grown; its gardens extensive and beautifully kept; whilst its galleries and drawing-rooms are filled with priceless treasures — pictures, statues, armor, and rare china. In the *boudoir*, framed into the wall over the mantel-piece, is a fine portrait of Henry VIII. by Holbein. Among the many splendid paintings, that of St. Ignatius of Loyola vested for Mass, a crucifix in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it full of faith and love, struck me as being particularly beautiful. This is by Rubens, and the red brocade chasuble is a magnificent piece of color.

Warwickshire is popularly known as Shakespeare's country, and in every direction one comes across places, of which the owners are proud and pleased to announce that there, for some reason or other, the poet had been at one time of his life. The first of these interesting spots is Charlecote, an irregularly built but picturesque mansion in red brick, with many towers and wide bay-windows, standing in the midst of most luxuriant foliage; its lawns and terraces sloping down to the banks of the River Avon. The entrance hall of this fine old Tudor house is large and spacious; and here the custodian tells how Shakespeare, when a youth, was brought up before the master of Charlecote, Sir Thomas Lucy, and tried for slaying a deer in the forest close by.

Not far from Charlecote, and about a mile from Stratford, stands Clopton Hall,

where dwelt Charlotte Clopton, the "gentle Will's" first love, whose beauty is supposed to have inspired several of his finest sonnets, and whose tragic death at the early age of seventeen filled him with intense grief.* In the deep woods round Clopton the youthful Shakespeare was wont to dream away long hours of the day; and doubtless his exquisite imagination was enkindled and strengthened by the lovely scenery of his native country.

At Stratford-on-Avon the very air seems full of Shakespeare; and before the end of the day there, one feels as though he were an intimate and dear friend. Upon every side one is reminded of his life and writings. Over every door of any importance his bust, pen in hand, is to be seen,—sometimes colored, sometimes in white plaster or stone. The shop windows are full of his photographs and statuettes.

Shakespeare's birthplace is a fair-sized, half-timbered house, in three stories. In his father's lifetime one part was used as a dwelling-place, the remainder for his business. The centre portion is shown as Shakespeare's birthplace. It is a small, low-ceilinged room, and the stair leading to it is dark and narrow. On the left side of the house is the record room; whilst the larger rooms on the right, originally the business premises, and used till quite modern times as an inn, are now converted into a library and museum for the preservation and exhibition of the poet's works, also of relics and records connected with him and the history of the town. Here are to be seen the great man's signet-ring, the desk he worked at, and the chair he sat upon. At a short distance from the birthplace are the old guildhall and the grammar school in which the boy Shakespeare conned his first lessons; whilst on the opposite side of the street is New Place, where he ended his days, but of which the foundations of the house and the beautiful garden alone remain.

A little way out of the town, upon the banks of the river, the admirers of the great poet have built a handsome theatre, where from time to time his various plays are performed for the entertainment and instruction of the people of Stratford and the neighborhood. From the pretty gardens of the theatre we caught our first glimpse of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and very beautiful and picturesque it looked in the midst of the rich green trees and shrubs that surround it,—rising, as it seemed to us, almost out of the deep, dark waters of the Avon. The near approach to this beautiful old Gothic church is up a broad walk, bordered on either side by magnificent lime-trees. Like many old churches in England, the chancel of Holy Trinity is "skew,"—that is, it is not in a straight line with the nave. Some people say it was done to commemorate the fact that our Blessed Lord when in His Agony hung in a slanting position on the Cross. This church suffered much at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers.

A new and very beautiful window has just been put up over the altar; and another window is soon to be erected at the expense of visitors from the United States, and is to be called the American window. The colored design for this is charming, and is shown in the church. It is supposed to represent the union of England and America by religion. At the top is an exquisite Madonna and Child. The American part depicts the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, William Penn, and other worthies. The English portion gives two scenes from the life of Charles I. Under them one sees the words: "Charles the Martyr."

"But Charles I. was not a martyr," I said to the young man who was showing us about.

"He's in our prayer-book as a martyr,"

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* This beautiful girl was supposed to have died of the plague, but it was afterward proved that she was buried alive.

was his reply. "But I don't think much of him myself; and the Americans have written in numbers to say they won't have him on their window."

"Then why was he put there?"

"Well, the truth is the vicar wanted somebody a little new."

At this we laughed heartily. It struck us as very comical that, tired of all the good old Catholic saints, the vicar should try to find a Protestant English martyr for this window, by way of a variety.

Within this church lies all that remains of William Shakespeare. The bust on the north wall is the principal memorial of the poet. It shows him in the act of composition, holding a real quill in his hand. The lines underneath are: "The earth covers, the people mourn, and Paradise possesses him, who was in judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, in art a Virgil." The old register of the church shows the entries of the baptism and burial of William Shakespeare. A chain Bible, edition 1611, is also to be seen at the west end of the church.

From Holy Trinity to Anne Hathway's cottage at Shottery it is an easy and pleasant walk, through green fields and past well-cultivated market gardens. As the birthplace of the woman who secured the more mature love of the poet and became his wife, this is a spot of immense interest. It is, moreover, charmingly pretty, quaint and picturesque, with its thatched roof, and old red brick walls covered with roses and honeysuckle. An old lady of some eighty-four years, but tall, straight and active, the lineal descendant of Anne, did the honors of the house,—showing with great pride the antique four-post bed, of finely carved oak, in which Anne was born; the exquisite linen sheets, with their bordering of drawn threads, that have come down to her from her celebrated ancestress; the big family Bible, with the entry of the births and marriages in the family down to the present day; and the old dark settle by the fire in the quaint, low-ceilinged brown oak parlor, where the young poet and the pretty, graceful Anne were wont to sit.

Another great and popular hero in Warwickshire is Guy, Earl of Warwick; and Guy's Cliff, built of sparkling granite, and standing high upon a solid rock above the Avon, is one of the most beautiful old houses I have ever seen. Guy was a valiant knight and a devout and holy man. Returning upon one occasion from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, this brave warrior was sent off at once by the king to fight the Danes, who were ravaging and destroying the land. Guy was victorious, and as soon as the battle was over he went back to Warwick. But, instead of returning to his beautiful home, he hid himself in a cave close by. Not knowing of his return, says the pretty legend, his wife prayed continually for him, mourning his absence with many tears. But when at last he came to die, he let her know where he was by sending her a ring; and she hastened to him at once, and prayed and watched by his side till the moment of his death. She survived him only a few days, and they were buried together in the cave where the poor penitent had lived and died.

Within easy drive of the town of Warwick stand the beautiful and romantic ruins of Kenilworth. Here, lounging upon the grass or gazing at the exquisite windows of the splendid banqueting hall, it does not require a very lively imagination to people this magnificent old ruin with the flitting forms of those whom history tells us were wont to frequent it. Alas! all those who have lived and loved and suffered in this once splendid palace have long since passed away, and the only living thing of beauty and grandeur now to be seen about the place are the peacocks; and they are certainly superb. But as they spread their gorgeous tails and flaunt their many-colored feathers in the sun,

one can not but think of the folly and worthlessness of all human glory, and how short and passing the time allotted to each one of us in this world, be we queen, courtier, or only humble peasant.

Having duly admired the beauties of Kenilworth, and ruminated and moralized, we reluctantly tore ourselves away, and drove back toward Warwick through a thick and shady wood that leads to Lord Leigh's splendid mansion and park. Stoneleigh was originally an old priory; and the entrance-gate, a cloister, staircase and parlor, are preserved as they were in ancient times. The house, which contains many fine pictures and pieces of statuary, is modern, having been built some two hundred years ago. It is a handsome structure in the Italian style, and stands in a finely-timbered park.

In viewing such scenes as these, rambling happily through green fields and shady woods, or sitting idly by the cool waters of the peaceful, gently-flowing Avon, our days passed all too quickly, and only too soon we discovered that our holiday was at an end, and that we must bid adieu to the pure, sweet air and beautiful country round Warwick, and return once more to town and work.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXI.

THE prayers found in the popular books of piety are often of a very conventional kind. There are favorite "common forms" for these things,—pious platitudes, if one might say so. The prayers in "The Imitation," which come in at intervals—much as Bach introduces his chorales in the Passion music,—are astonishing for their vigor, concentration, and genuine tone, as though of a person who was really in earnest in his asking. Here is a specimen that has the same inspiration as the noble address to the Almighty quoted on a former occasion. Some repetitions—the only "weak spot" in "The Imitation"—are omitted:

"Lift up my heart to Thee in heaven, and suffer me not to wander upon earth. Mayst Thou alone be delightful to me henceforth and for evermore! Oh, that with Thy presence Thou wouldst totally inflame, consume, and transform me into Thyself; that I may be made one spirit with Thee by the grace of internal union and by the melting of ardent love! Suffer me not to go from Thee hungry and dry; but deal with me, in Thy mercy, as Thou hast often dealt so wonderfully with Thy saints."

Again a prayer before Holy Communion: "With great devotion and ardent love, with all affection and fervor of heart, I desire to receive Thee, O Lord, as many saints and devout persons, who were most pleasing to Thee in holiness of life and in the most burning devotion, have desired Thee when they communicated."

It will be seen that all this is business-like, and that the prayer says distinctly what one wants.

LXXXII.

Many, likely enough, would find it difficult to describe in what consists the charity of God—or the love of God,—or how it is to be exhibited. Some would place it in devout aspirations, others in long-recited prayers, attendance at church, and the like. The devout À Kempis gives a little summary of what is necessary. It may surprise the average easy-going pietist, who is quite content with himself. He tells us that a truly patient and pious person is one who, "suffering wrongs, is more concerned at another's malice than at his own injury; who prays freely for his adversaries, forgiving their offences; who delays not to ask pardon of others; who is easier moved to pity than to anger."

All this, of course, entails high virtue

and discipline. But it is worth considering a moment, for this reason: that something of the kind must be *attempted*, at least; that we must know, even if we do not practise, the programme. Witness that fine touch: "Who is easier moved to pity than to anger." Of course when we are injured it is anger that rises, and nothing like pity. But still how many of us do not even *know* of this formula or think it necessary! It is much to have it before our eyes. We wonder how one can be moved to pity rather than to anger. The thought dwel's with us as a discovery; it seems a noble idea. And so, by and by, we may make an attempt at it. And here is the value of "The Imitation": it tells in plain, clear terms many things that are lost or covered up.

(To be continued.)

A Physician's Account of his Cure by the Water of Lourdes.

LOURDES is becoming more and more an object of interest to the world at large, and especially to men of science. The eminent Dr. Boissarie, who presides over the Bureau des Constatations, cordially and earnestly invites members of his profession to come and see with their own eyes the wonders wrought at Lourdes. To eminent learning he unites a beautiful spirit of piety, which renders him a worthy defender of the spot which the Blessed Virgin has chosen for her own. Of late years a large number of medical men have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by Dr. Boissarie, not only during the French National Pilgrimage—when sixty-five were present, some of them being foreigners and non-Catholics,—but during those that succeed each other throughout the summer.

At a scientific meeting held at Lourdes on the 2d of August one of those present gave a vivid account of a cure of which he himself was the subject. The doctors assembled in the Bureau des Constatations had been examining the sick, questioning them minutely, and studying attentively the various symptoms, so as to determine the nature of the diseases and the importance of the results obtained. A number of cases required further inquiry; and, not being sufficiently conclusive, left room for doubt. When the examination was over, a physician, who is attached to the French Navy, arose and volunteered to relate a cure more striking and undeniable than any under discussion.

"This radical cure was my own," he said. "I was cured after invoking Our Lady of Lourdes,—cured three thousand leagues away from my country, while in an absolutely hopeless state. If you allow me, I will recount the facts briefly."

Attention was at once given. A medical man noting hour by hour the progress of his disease, and showing the instantaneous arrest of a fatal organic malady, was naturally a subject of the deepest interest to the learned audience. The sudden and complete cure of an abscess, in an advanced stage of formation, and involving two organs, was an extraordinary case indeed.

"I am now thirty-one years of age," continued Dr. G. "My father belonged to the medical faculty; I followed the traditions of my family, and entered upon the same career. As a navy surgeon, I spent several years in the warmest climates of our colonies. Having passed four years consecutively in Cochin China, I was sent to Tonquin. It was there (last year), after a very serious attack of dysentery, that I felt the first symptoms of an abscess in my liver. It was so large as to be noticeable under the ribs. The abscess was opened in August by Dr. Avray, head practitioner of the hospital of Haïphong, to which I had been taken. A second abscess, more deeply rooted than the first, followed; and

in September it was deemed necessary to make a large aperture in order to reach it. The operation was skilfully performed; but, notwithstanding this energetic treatment, decomposition was not arrested, but went on extending its ravages through the whole liver. The exterior wounds healed up; but the purulent matter, making way for itself through the diaphragm, penetrated the pleura, and perforating the lung, finally issued through the mouth.

"Every day for three whole months I ejected a quantity of matter, and sometimes even decayed fragments of my lungs. My complexion was livid, my features distorted, a hectic fever consumed my remaining strength. Champaign and a few biscuits constituted my sole food. I had lost sixty-three pounds in weight. The quantity of matter emitted—a basin full every twenty-four hours—filled my medical attendants with alarm, which they were no longer able to conceal. The good Sisters of the hospital, religious of the Order of St. Paul de Chartres, induced me to join in a novena to Notre Dame de Chartres; but at the end of it there was no change in my condition. It was then I felt inspired to invoke Our Lady of Lourdes.

"When despaired of, far away from those one loves, confined to a hospital bed, struggling against death in the prime of early manhood, and feeling life slowly ebbing away,—ah! then the mind and heart perceive, with a keenness not easily understood, the merest ray that lights up the horizon. The Sisters had some of the Water of the Grotto. I began with them a series of novenas. My mother, made aware of the gravity of my state, had prayers offered everywhere for me. Hope upheld my spirits. I knew I could be cured only by a miracle, and a miracle of the most striking character. From a medical point of view, it is, of course, quite impossible to resist a general decomposition of the blood; to renew wasted organs, fill up cavities that can contain several pounds of pus. If even the instantaneous cure of a scratch is impossible, how much more would time and efforts of nature be required for the healing of those deep internal wounds, inaccessible to exterior remedies? By the use of the Water of the Grotto and repeated novenas I obtained this miracle. In my case it was not a gradual return of strength, but *a complete and sudden transformation.* From one day to another all suppuration was suppressed,—not a drop of matter flowed through my mouth. I, who could absorb no food save what I have mentioned, was in a few hours able to take sufficient nourishment; my strength returned; and, to the utter astonishment of my medical advisers and even of the nuns, I rose and recovered my vitality. A few months later I set sail for France, my general health being more than satisfactory. I had regained twenty-two pounds before leaving Haïphong."

The assembly, deeply impressed by the evident sincerity of the statement, inquired what opinion had been expressed by the medical attendants on witnessing this extraordinary cure.

"If you could question the physicians of the hospital," replied Dr. G., "they would answer that they were astounded at so sudden a recovery; that none doubted its character, or at least none tried to explain it by natural agencies. My own gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes is boundless. I never cease thanking her."

We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience or a good name among men,—treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them.—"*Journal of a Happy Man.*"

Notes and Remarks.

The celebration of the occupation of Rome has already produced favorable results. Many Catholics now see the Roman question for the first time in its true light, and realize that the Pope is in reality a prisoner in the Vatican. Thus good comes out of evil. It was the same with the celebration of the centenary of Voltaire. The influence of that arch-infidel has been on the decline ever since, so numerous and widespread were the refutations of his pernicious doctrines and the exposures of his character called forth by the celebration. Non-Catholics must have been impressed by the irrelevancy of the Roman *fêtes*, which were begun with gymnastic contests. The object was to draw a crowd, and make the world believe that all Italy honors the memory of Victor Emmanuel and approves of the occupation of Rome. An Italian is always ready to take a holiday, and can make merry at the shortest possible notice, without any inquiry as to why he should. Most of those who flocked to attend those *fêtes* were influenced more by the desire of seeing the attractions than of expressing sympathy with the enemies of the Holy See.

The most notable address—though not the longest—delivered at the dedication of the magnificent new seminary at St. Paul, Minn, was that of the founder, Mr. James J. Hill. Explaining why he, a Protestant, had made so princely a gift to a Catholic cause, Mr. Hill observed: "I have lived in a Roman Catholic household, and daily have had around me the earnest devotion, watchful care, and Christian example of a Roman Catholic wife." In further explanation, he said:

"Almost all the other denominations have in their various flocks those who are able to help their church work in every material way; but the Catholic Church, with its large number of working men and women, coming from almost every nation and clime, have little else than their faith in God, and aid of those pious and devoted men who have been placed in charge of their spiritual welfare. They have to provide places of worship; and while the State provides schools for all, their consciences call upon them to see that the education of their children keeps pace with their spiritual training; thus causing them an additional burden. Having seen the efforts of Archbishop Ireland in behalf of the Church of which he is so distinguished a prelate, to spread throughout this country the light of religious truth, and to show all men that there is no conflict between scientific or physical truth and divine revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods, with which I have been blessed, to the work of educating for the priesthood men who would be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven."

One wonders, after reading these noble words, why the thoughts expressed by Mr. Hill do not appeal with equal force to wealthy Catholics. If the millionaires who belong to the Church by baptism were all to do their duty, there need be no charitable or educational institutions wanting ample endowment. But of the ten lepers who were cleansed by God only one returned to give thanks, "and this man was a Samaritan."

Among the notable discourses delivered at the recent Congress of Franciscan Tertiaries, held in France, none produced a deeper impression than that of M. Harmel, who is one of the most fervent lay apostles of the Third Order. After retracing the history of the Order from its inception, he dwelt eloquently on its mission in our own times; and insisted that its twofold duty now is to restore the Christian family, and combat Freemasonry, which has invaded the mass of workingmen. "Let us form in the working world," said the speaker, "an army of Jesus Christ. Let us introduce the Divine Master into commerce, into the workshop and the factory,—all these are His domain. Everything belongs to Him; and His reign brings with it not only supernatural favors, but also joy, the happiness of mutual love, life and prosperity."

The optimist, who believes that humanity is steadily progressing toward a higher civilization, meets with many discouraging incidents in daily life. It is true, literature, which may be taken as the reflection of morals, has lost much of its grossness even within the last century; but the new literature threatens to be even more dangerous, because its poison is not less rank, though it has

more appearance of delicacy. Horrible crimes whose very names were unknown in the so-called Dark Ages, are, through the newspapers, shamelessly flaunted in the public face. Suicide, child-murder, divorce and immorality have become shockingly common since Catholic faith was wrenched from the people. A modern writer, noticing this tendency, says it is due to Protestant neglect of the Blessed Virgin. Writing of the ancient widespread devotion to Our Lady, Edmund Waterton observes: "It represented everywhere the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God with her Divine Son in her arms, in the homeliest and most domestic of types—Mother and Child. This it was that humanized, so to speak, rough nature. Man learned to respect the female sex, for Our Lady's love. Wife-kicking and wife-beating, which now, unfortunately, are of such common occurrence, were crimes unknown when England was Catholic."

Until lately no woman has ever received a decoration in Holland; but a precedent has now been established by a Protestant sovereign, who conferred the Knighthood of the Order of Orange-Nassau upon Mother Stanislaus, superior of the Sisters of Charity, "in recognition of her having devoted her whole life to ameliorating the lot of the poor and unfortunate." The French government sometimes decorates the Sisters, too; but one can never be sure that it will not pass a law expelling the religious from hospitals and schools the next day. Such ceremonies in France often signalize a new persecution of the Church.

The susceptibilities of the average official in France on the score of religion are somewhat exaggerated. At a recent reception accorded by the Municipal Council of Paris to the Congress of Naval Architects in the Hotel de Ville, a musical program had been arranged for the evening. One of the numbers was the "Crucifix." Suddenly M. Rousselle and several of his colleagues, in glancing over the program, noticed the obnoxious title, and forthwith became singularly excited. Could it be possible! Lamartine's poesy to be sung in the Hotel de Ville, and its title plainly printed in the program! Perish the thought! The director of the orchestra, M. Mangin, was sent for, and ordered to suppress the "Crucifix," as it was an attack on the opinions of the Council. M. Mangin quietly stated that whether or not the selection was an attack did not concern him; it was down on the program, and consequently would be rendered. "No: it will *not* be rendered," was the rejoinder.—"In that case," replied M. Mangin, "the orchestra will withdraw." But they didn't. The Council yielded; the "Crucifix" was rendered; and, what is more, the audience testified their appreciation thereof by repeated outbursts of applause.

The Catholic clergy throughout the world will be gratified to hear of the latest project that has been undertaken at the famous shrine of Lourdes. A society has been organized by a number of Parisian priests for the founding at Lourdes of a clerical hotel, destined to accommodate at the most moderate possible charges the ever-increasing throng of sacerdotal pilgrims who annually visit the Pyrenean sanctuary of Our Lady. The objects to be attained by the proposed enterprise are: community life, quietness and recollection, and the mutual edification of clerical brethren. There is ample opportunity for such an undertaking, and we have no doubt that the project will prove entirely successful.

It is gratifying to notice that Mr. Charles A. Dana's defence of the most objectionable feature of the modern newspaper—the shocking prominence given to criminal records—has evoked protests on all sides. Mr. Dana assumes that everybody talks about criminal acts and wants to read about them, whereas there is a general demand for a newspaper from which demoralizing reports of all kinds shall be excluded. The need is thus expressed by *The Critic:*

"The fact is that the daily newspaper press is lowering the whole standard of public morality, especially among the rising generations, by fostering an appetite for everything that is morbid and unclean. It is true that the main object of a news-

paper is to print the news of the day; but the great privilege of the editor is that he can select the matter for his readers, and thus direct their attention to topics of real importance, interest and beneficence. There is an enormous fortune waiting for the man who will publish a morning newspaper from which prurient and criminal reports of every kind shall be rigidly excluded,—a newspaper which a family man would not be afraid to give to his sons and daughters to read."

An experiment similar to that made in Detroit some time ago has been successfully tried in Jamaica Plain, near Boston. A large farm was divided into one-third acre lots, and given to the unemployed to cultivate. The result has filled the opponents of the scheme with amazement. Only two men relinquished claim to their land, and this was on account of obtaining steady employment elsewhere. Potatoes form the main staple of the crops now being harvested, most of the lots yielding from forty to sixty bushels,—netting a fair sum even after a liberal proportion has been laid by for the winter. The best feature of the scheme, however, is the love for farming engendered in the poor men, who tried working these patches of ground simply as an experiment. Many of them have declared their intention of moving to the country another year. This outcome was the indirect purpose of the projectors of the plan, and is the only practical remedy, we believe, for the poverty of the submerged masses in large and congested districts.

The contention that the publicity given to criminal records by newspapers has a deleterious effect on public morals receives many supporters. Dr. Forbes-Winslow, in a recent address before the Medico-Legal Congress, attributed the epidemic of suicide this year chiefly to the press. He holds that if the legislature could suppress the publication of the criminal news of the day, suicide would be far less prevalent than it is at present. The opinion of so high an authority as Dr. Winslow is well worth considering. Every parent, however, is the legitimate ruler of his home; and if he is convinced that records of crime are demoralizing reading, he can easily banish from his fireside the papers which furnish them.

Notable New Books.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS: AN APPEAL TO CANDOR AND COMMON SENSE. By the Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P. Catholic Book Exchange.

The author of this valuable book modestly observes that "what is said is these pages has, of course, been said before, but perhaps it may fall now on more willing ears and more candid minds." It is true that Father Searle has discovered no new truths—few orthodox writers do,—but it is long since we have seen an exposition of the common theological difficulties at once so intelligible, so strong, and so direct.

The work is addressed, not to atheists or agnostics, but to "Bible Christians"; and Father Searle wins our regard by his opening declaration that his aim is not controversy, but the simple statement and proof of Catholic truth. He evidently prefers the drop of honey to the barrel of vinegar; and appeals to Protestants, not so much by denouncing what they love and reverence, as by unveiling the beauty and the "sweet reasonableness" of that which they reject, or know not of. This position will be approved by all who really know our separated brethren, and give them credit for something like good faith. No other, whether priest or layman, has any right to address them.

We regret that space prevents us from quoting even the titles of the chapters, but the scope of the work may be known from the fact that it touches on *all* the points which keep well-meaning but ill-instructed persons out of the Church. The chapters on Bible Christianity, the Catholic Idea of Christianity, Papal Infallibility, and Confession are especially meritorious. The book is easily intelligible to the most ordinary minds, and no better one could be placed in the hands of honest Protestants.

MOOTED QUESTIONS OF HISTORY. By H. J. Desmond, A.M. Benziger Bros.

The author prefaces his valuable work with this note: "The plan pursued in the following pages is to give, under each topic, a succinct statement of the facts, embodying

the leading points of information necessary to a clear view; and to follow this with quotations from some well-known historians, indicating briefly their judgment upon the whole case or upon controverted points thereof."

Mr. Desmond is, we believe, a lawyer, and his book is a lawyer's book. The facts regarding certain knotty problems in history are carefully sifted, as in a legal case, and the great historians are called upon to "witness their testimony." Current controversy has taken on the intensely practical character of the age, and the multiplication of such books as Father Young's recent work, Father Searle's "Plain Facts," and the volume under review, will have the effect of really settling certain "mooted questions."

Though not large, Mr. Desmond's volume covers an extensive field of historical inquiry, his themes naturally dividing themselves into questions affecting the Pre-Reformation and Post-Reformation Church. The difficulties he meets are precisely those which seem, for some unaccountable reason, to trip up even the cultured ones among our Protestant brethren. Usually he quotes only non-Catholic historians; and, although his book would have been more powerful had he multiplied his witnesses even if he were obliged to shorten his extracts, we recognize the great service he has done to the cause of truth. We hope that Catholics, by showing appreciation of such works as "Mooted Questions," will encourage a worthy literature to replace the many insipid and unprofitable books offered to our people and thrust upon non-Catholics.

A Brief History of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana. From 1842 to 1892. The Werner Co.

The history of the University of Notre Dame, which lately celebrated its Golden Jubilee, is calculated to awaken enthusiasm in any who can appreciate firm trust in God, tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and arduous, self-sacrificing labor that was begun and continued as if all depended upon human endeavor. This was the spirit of the saints: they worked as though results were to be achieved only by unremitting toil, and prayed as though all depended upon prayer,—sowing the seed with much diligence, looking to God for the increase, and referring all their success to Him. A distinguished alumnus of the University has afforded a most readable history of the institution which is evidently dear to his heart. In graceful language he tells of the small beginnings of the University of Notre Dame in 1842; of its trials and progress, until, in 1892, it had developed into the largest Catholic educational institution in the New World,—more than this, into a miniature city, whose influence is exerted in a hundred ways, and extended to the ends of the world.

The book is a handsome volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, and contains numerous illustrations, which, besides being attractive, greatly enhance its value as a contribution to the history of the Church in this country.

W. A. M.

The Rod, the Root, and the Flower. By Coventry Patmore. George Bell & Sons.

There are certain books which we leave on our study table that our friends in their quiet moments with us may take up and enjoy. And we know they will enjoy them, whatever be their taste; for they are books which adapt themselves to all moods, and are like genial persons, who find acceptance everywhere. There are other books of special delight which we put aside for a favored few. We hardly know why, but we have a vague feeling that they may not be fully appreciated, or that they may be misunderstood. We treat them as we would those friends with whom we are in closest sympathy: they are peculiarly our own, and, in a certain sense, are held sacred. A book of this latter class is "Rod, Root, and Flower," the latest work by Coventry Patmore. It is made up of detached, yet in a manner related, thoughts, grouped under the headings: "Aurea Dicta," "Knowledge and Science," "Homo," and "Magna Moralia."

In his preface to the thoughts, Mr. Patmore says: "I should be horrified if a charge of originality were brought against me by any person qualified to judge whether any of the essential matter of this book were original

or not." Nowadays one hardly expects to find originality in the "essential matter" of books; but if it is true that a thought belongs to him who best expresses it, then Coventry Patmore is original in his "Rod, Root, and Flower."

In "Aurea Dicta" he tells us: "Those who know God, know that it is quite a mistake to suppose that there are only five senses." And it is with a power outside the five senses that one apprehends all that is included in the words of Patmore. "Men would never offend God if they knew how ready He is to forgive them," is one of the paradoxes in which the book abounds. It is claimed by some that Mr. Patmore is conservative in politics; but the same can not be said of certain of his views, as the following extract shows:

"Not one good prayer has been composed, either by Catholic or Protestant, since the days of the Reformation. The additions to the Breviary since the Council of Trent have no ray of divine insight; and the manuals of devotion compiled since then, by authority or otherwise, are enough to drive a sensible Christian crazy by their extravagance and unreality."

How delightful is our author's characterization of a saint!—

"There is nothing outwardly to distinguish a saint from common persons. A bishop or an eminent Dissenter will, as a rule, be remarkable for his decorum or his obstreperous indecorum; and for some little insignia of piety, such as a display of a mild desire to promote the good of your soul, or an abstinence from wine and tobacco, jesting and small-talk. But the saint has no 'fads'; and you may live in the same house with him, and never find out that he is not a sinner like yourself, unless you rely on negative proofs, or obtrude lax ideas upon him, and so provoke him to silence. He may impress you, indeed, by his harmlessness and imperturbable good temper; and probably by some lack of appreciation of modern humor, and ignorance of some things which men are expected to know; and by never seeming to have much use for his time when it can be of any service to you. But, on the whole, he will give you an agreeable impression of general inferiority to yourself.... I have known two or three such persons,... and I should never have guessed that they were any wiser or better than myself, or any other ordinary man of the world with a prudent regard for the common proprieties. I once asked a person, more learned than I am in such matters, to tell me what was the real difference. The reply was that the saint does everything that any other decent person does, only somewhat better and with a totally different motive."

In Coventry Patmore's "The Unknown Eros" one feels the presence of a rare purity of atmosphere, unlike the everyday air; and in this later work the same quality is noticeable,—an indefinable something which recalls one of his own thoughts: "The poet alone has the power of so saying the truth 'which it is not lawful to utter,' that the disc with its withering heat and blinding brilliance remains wholly invisible, while enough warmth and light are allowed to pass through the clouds of his speech to diffuse daylight and genial warmth."

There is too much of the mystic about Mr. Patmore to allow him to become popular; but he will find acceptance—yes, and welcome—in the sanctuary of literature where spirit is recognized, and where the "disc of Divinity is seen through the smoked glass of humanity."

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. Charles Jolly, C. S. C., whose happy death took place at Montreal on the 11th inst.; and Brother Thomas O'Neill, S. J., who passed to his reward on the 10th inst. in Chicago.

Sister M. Oswald, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and Sister Gertrude, Presentation Convent, Cork, Ireland, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. Michael Dunn, who departed this life on the 7th inst., at Caledonia, Minn.

Mr. Edward Reddy, who yielded his soul to God in Chicago, on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Sarah Welty, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully on the 1st inst.

Miss Agnes Buckley, who died a holy death on the 10th inst., in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Armand Brissière, of New Orleans, La., who passed away on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Mary Birchenough, who piously breathed her last on the 20th ult., at Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Mary Looby, of Torrington, Conn., who was called to a better life on the 2d inst.

Mr. Vincent Greif, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Daniel Holleran, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. A. Dillon, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Lawrence Maher, Utica, N. Y.; and Miss Ella Morrissey, Dwight, Ill.

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

Camp-Fire Stories.

The Father of the Deaf and Dumb.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

UITE early on the morning after the visit of Father Lawrence the boys sat around the dishes of oatmeal porridge. The tin plates and cups glistened like silver; and as the porridge had a sauce of good appetite, besides Farmer Wilkins' best Jersey cream, they pronounced the breakfast fit for a king; or, said Barry, "even a member of Congress."

"Do you know what I thought of," asked Uncle George, "when Father Lawrence paddled away last night? A picture came back to me that I saw when I was a little lad, of Père Marquette in his canoe."

The lads were all attention at this; and would have demanded the story of Father Marquette on the spot, if they had not already heard it so often that they could tell it almost as well as Uncle George himself.

"Maybe he will let me photograph him the next time he comes," suggested Billy, who had brought his kodak and was getting up a set of historical views. "And if he does, some of you fellows must rig up as Indians and stand around, to make it more realistic."

"Indians didn't stand around," retorted Maurice.

"Well, they did when they had their pictures taken," answered Billy.

The porridge cooled while the argument grew hot; and Barry cut short the war of words by declaring that he didn't suppose old-fashioned Indians used to have their pictures taken very often; but if they did, they stood around and kept still, just like white folks.

A little tremor of disappointment ran around the circle that night when Uncle George announced that he would tell them another story about the French Revolution. It was evident that the boys had the Indian fever. Nothing short of tomahawks and scalps and war-whoops would do. This bloodthirsty disposition was the unlooked-for result of the story of Daulac, as told by Father Lawrence, the gentlest of men.

Uncle George saw the situation, and, having been a boy once himself, effected a compromise.

"Hear my story to-night," he remarked; "and to-morrow I promise a yarn with some Indians in it."

The gloom vanished. Jack put an armful of boughs on the fire, and Uncle George began:

"You may think it strange that I am not more fond of telling you sea stories; but the fact is that when I am on land I am glad enough to forget salt water. Every boy who wants to eat oatmeal porridge after he gets home will raise his hand."

Not a hand went up.

"You can understand how I feel. I want to forget that I live on a ship. Nautical affairs are well enough on the deck of a man-of-war, and porridge will do when the meat market and grocery are

not at hand. I am going to tell you about a good man who was known as the Father of the Deaf and Dumb. He was a priest, the Abbé Sicard, and his whole life had been devoted to those unfortunate ones who keep a perpetual silence; who never hear the song of the birds or the loving words of a friend; for whom there is no music or laughter, and who go about with no more sound than if they already slept in the churchyard. The Abbé had large schools of these people under his charge, and to every child he was a personal friend. Then, after this long and beautiful life, there came the Revolution. His benefactions were forgotten. He wore the priestly garb,—that was enough, and he was a marked man. Do you know what it meant, boys, to be on the list of the proscribed? It meant suspicion, then arrest, then imprisonment; and at last the ride in the awful cart, and the guillotine. Even Christian burial was denied the helpless beings who were the prey of that foul mob of assassins.

"It was the 2d of September, 1792; and the slaughter-house, known as the Abbaye de St. Germain, being inconveniently full, a hundred armed ruffians were sent to thin out the prisoners. The Abbé Sicard had been brought there that very morning from the prison of the mayoralty. A few days before his removal his most gifted pupil, named Massieu, had prepared an address, and had gone to the judge, with the other mutes, to present it. It was a pitiful appeal. 'We beg you to let him go free,' it said. 'He has taught us all we know; without him we should be like the beasts of the field.' Then a young man, not a mute, offered to be imprisoned in the Abbé's place; and this noble act, following the petition so closely, so won the hearts of the National Assembly that they clapped their hands, and said that the case of the Father of the Deaf and Dumb should be looked into. This was something; for many persons suffered imprisonment and death when no one took the trouble to find out whether there was any ground for an accusation or not.

"But the inquiry was delayed, and the Abbé made one of the large number of priests who were stoned and reviled by the populace as they were driven to the Abbaye. Most of these holy men were struck down and murdered as they left the carriages; but the Abbé Sicard and another managed to get into the room where the committee sat, pretending to try cases according to the new law,—which was no law at all, only an excuse for butchery. The men, and women too, all wore red caps; and their faces showed the effects of those awful weeks of carnage. The Abbé called out to the committee:

"'I beg you to preserve one who is unjustly accused.'

"'They all say that,' answered a burly ruffian. 'We should be killed ourselves if we were to let people off.'

"But one of the committee recognized the priest, and promised to do what he could for the two men who were in such grave danger. That was but little; for the creatures outside were insane with fury. The friends, hearing fresh shouts below, embraced each other; and, kneeling down, commended their souls to Heaven.

"The mob rushed in; and a rough pikeman, who was the leader, murdered the companion of our Abbé on the spot; and was about to slay him, in his turn, when one of the revolutionists rushed forward and bared his breast.

"'You shall kill me,' he cried, 'before you touch this good man. Do you not know him? He is the Father of the Deaf and Dumb.'

"This was the Abbé's opportunity. He went to the window and said to the wretched crowd which surged below: 'Friends, I am innocent!'

"'Pray, what are you there for, then?' asked one, and the others screamed with laughter.

"'I am here through an error,' he answered. 'Are there no fathers or mothers among you who know me? I am the Abbé Sicard.'

"'The Abbé Sicard! The Abbé Sicard!' went up the cry. 'He must not die. Bring him down, that we may embrace him.'

"Then followed one of those revulsions of feeling which were not rare in those trying days. The revolutionists in the committee room took the Abbé in their arms and carried him to those outside, who embraced him and wept over him, and set him free. But this is enough for to-night, boys."

Uncle George's listeners declared that his story was too short, and appointed Achille guard of honor as a tribute to his great-grandfather. So while the denizens of Camp St. Mary slumbered quietly, a little descendant of one victim of revolutionary fury paced back and forth in the moonlight, keeping watch and ward.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

"Well, no: it's not as fancy as a girl's sled usually is, because it was not bought for me, but for my cousin Will. He has gone out West, where there are not any hills, and so he sent it to me," explained Elizabeth one afternoon, as she stood at the top of the coast in the vacant lots on X Street, and exhibited her new present.

"Ho! who would have a boy's sled!" cried Emily Davis, casting a disdainful glance at it, and then letting her eyes rest upon her own, which, with its bright red runners and leather cushion, appeared handsomer still by contrast with this sombre black one, that had evidently already seen considerable service.

The little group of girls on the coast noticed this at once, and some of them were ungenerous enough to feel a trifle pleased at poor Elizabeth's apparent discomfiture.

"Because she always thinks what she has is a good deal better than anybody's," whispered one to another, with a laugh.

"I'd rather not own a sled at all, even a little one like Joanna Margeson's 'Princess Cinderella,' than that," added Emily, encouraged in her slighting tone by the silence of the others.

"Never mind mine, Emily," interposed Joanna. "Yours may look very fine; but I can beat you every time going down hill, and so can every girl here."

"That is because my 'Fly-Away' is so new. Wait until the paint gets worn off the runners, and then there will be a different story," answered Emily.

"Well, my sled is not new, but Will told me in his letter not to despise it; because, if it does look shabby, it can go like the wind. Just see those runners! They are not flat, like 'Fly-Away's,' but rounded and bright."

"What a queer name it has too!" Emily went on. "'Tryphon!' How could one expect anything with such a name to be good for much? If it was, your cousin would have taken it with him. No hills out West! Where are the Rocky Mountains, then, I'd like to know? You had better study your geography before telling any such tales. And why didn't he give his sled to Leo, if he wanted to leave it for a present?"

"There *are* no hills where he is," replied Elizabeth, with dignity. "And my brother *has* a sled."

"Say, girls, what are you standing there arguing about?" called Leo himself, having just trudged up the hill. "If you want to find out what kind of a sled 'Tryphon' is, why don't you try it?"

This sensible suggestion, which, singularly enough, had not seemed to occur to

any one before, was adopted forthwith. One, two, three—away!

"Out the lulla! Out the lulla!" shouted Leo, as a warning to all stragglers on the coast, as well as for the sake of giving "Tryphon" a good "send off."

A dozen pretty sleds—red, yellow and blue—sped down the hill, carrying a dozen bright, rosy girls, in warm plaid or quilted merino pelisses, gay-colored worsted hoods, and warm mittens; a dozen pretty sleds, and a shabby black one.

"Hip, hip, hurra!" cheered Leo, loyally, as the result of the trial became apparent.

Emily's beautiful "Fly-Away" veered round sharply about half-way down the coast, and tipped her off into the snow, where she sat, sullen and crestfallen; the others reached the base of the hill in safety; but "Tryphon," bounding away like a reindeer, kept on and on, passing even the double runners of some of the boys, and bringing up against the board fence at the end of the lot.

From that day the girls of Elizabeth's acquaintance regarded it as a personal compliment to be allowed a coast with the old black sled; and she was frequently propitiated by such small attentions as pickled limes, cocoanut cakes, and similar delicacies,—which courtesies, however, she was always ready to repay in kind when opportunity offered.

But, although at first gracious enough in according the privilege, as the superior merits of "Tryphon" became fully acknowledged, Elizabeth grew less willing to let any one try her sled.

"I must be careful of it, you know," she protested. "I wouldn't have anything happen to it for fifty new ones. And, then, you all have your own, if they *don't* go as fast as mine."

Even when Leo wanted to borrow it, she remonstrated; and when, without so much as saying "by your leave," he ran off with it and had a grand coast by himself, he almost always had to take what he termed "a talking to" from his sister in consequence.

"Pshaw, Elizabeth! You are getting as cranky about your sled as if it were made of silver or gold," he declared, in disgust. "Maybe you will be sorry some day."

One afternoon a strange boy appeared on the hill. His clothes were ragged, his face and hands not over-clean; and he had no sled, but stood watching the sport of the other young people with a look which seemed to say he would enjoy the fun as much as any of them. To avoid the boisterous play of their brothers, the girls had made a separate coast for themselves just beyond the main one.

The ragged boy came over here too, and looked on for some time, while Elizabeth, Joanna, and several of their companions sped over the frozen snow, and then toiled up the hill again.

"Gee-whiz! that's a tiptop sled of yours!" he called out to Elizabeth at length. "Beats all the others, don't it? Gollies! I used to have one like that myself once,—a regular stunner. You can steer first-rate, too. My sister is just like you: awful fond of playing out of doors, and not a bit namby-pamby."

Elizabeth, who, with Joanna, had reached the top of the hill and stood staring at him, now absently picked up a handful of snow and began moulding it into shape.

"That is not the way to make a snowball," remarked the ragged urchin. "Here, let me show you how."

"We—don't—play with boys," said Elizabeth, drawing back; "especially—"

"Especially ragged boys," she was going to add; but, fortunately, did not so far forget her manners.

"Oh, all right!" he said, with a laugh. "I would not have stopped to watch you coast, only you reminded me of my sister, and I don't often see her now. I won't bother you girls by staying around here, if you'd rather I'd take myself off. But say, before I go, could you not let me have

just a turn or two with that jolly sled of yours? I'll get a speed out of it that will astonish you, and make you set more store by it than ever; see if I don't!"

The boy stretched out his hand to take the rope of the sled, confident that Elizabeth would not refuse his request. At first she was too surprised even to speak. He was certainly very ragged; and, although he had a good-natured face, she decided that his appearance was against him.

"Why, you are not afraid I'll take to my heels and make away with it, are you?" he said, nettled at her hesitation. "How *could* I, even if I wanted to, with that policeman over there?"

Reassured by the proximity of the policeman, Elizabeth still held back and shook her head.

"I want to coast myself," she answered and prepared for another descent.

The lad's look of disappointment made her feel a little uncomfortable; but, not taking any more notice of him, she started down the hill.

"Keep your old sled, then, as long as you can!" he shouted. "But perhaps you may lose it sometime. It will serve you right if you do." And rolling a snowball, he threw it after her, and ran away.

"Such a rude fellow!" said Elizabeth to Joanna, brushing the snow of his well-aimed missile from her pelisse and hood, and still conscious of not being quite satisfied with herself. "The idea of his saying I reminded him of his sister,—a horrid girl, as tattered as he, I suppose!"

The very next day something happened which confirmed her prejudice against ragged boys in general, and caused her to believe that the parting words of the one she had met on the coast were, in fact, a threat.

After the noonday dinner she and Leo were going off to coast, when Mrs. Colton called Elizabeth back.

"I'll hold your sled for you, 'Lizabeth," said Leo; "only do not be long."

"No: there is not any need of your holding it," she objected, fussily. "It is not a pony that will run away of itself."

Somehow, Leo was always eager to get possession of that sled, and Elizabeth was just as determined he should have as little as possible to do with it. Their mother knocked on the window pane.

"No, you need not hold it," repeated his sister; "but stand here and guard it. Let the rope alone. Now, Leo, remember: don't touch the sled on any account. It is mine, and you have no right to touch it without my permission,—remember!" And she hastened away.

Although a sturdy boy, and well able to hold his own with lads of his age, Leo never liked to get into a dispute with his sister. She was such a very decided young person that he found it wisest not to oppose her, but quietly to have his own way all the same whenever he could get it. So now, grumbling more or less, and with a comically tragic look, like a tiny cloud behind which shone the sunniness of a naturally happy disposition, he stood stamping his feet to keep them warm, and whistling cheerily.

Having received such emphatic instructions, Leo did not venture to interfere with Elizabeth's sled, but remained watching it faithfully; at the same time holding fast to the rope of his own, and thinking what a fine double-runner the two would make. Before many minutes he saw himself, in imagination, master of that double-runner, coasting down the great half-mile coast of Boston Common, like the boys of Revolutionary fame who stood out for their right to it against the soldiers of the British garrison, and of whom there was a picture in his American history. Only, he reflected, with regret for their sakes, double-runners were probably unknown in those days. "Jiminy! what keeps 'Lizabeth?" he said, returning to the present. As she did not come, his thoughts

took another flight. Now the two sleds were arctic sledges scudding along over trackless fields of ice, and drawn by dogs four abreast,—his dogs were white, Elizabeth's brown. He was an explorer, dressed in furs, journeying in search of the North Pole, and resolved never to give up until he found it. He dwelt with the Esquimaux, hunted polar bears with them, and lived on tallow-candles. Elizabeth was another explorer; but she was afraid of bears, and did not like the taste of tallow-candles; so he said to her kindly, but firmly:

"My dear Elizabeth, your sledge may be faster than mine, but you will never succeed as an arctic traveller. You had better just look around and catch enough seals to furnish you with a sealskin sacque, and then coast down an iceberg and go home."

These adventures were very interesting. Leo's spirits rose. Still on guard in front of the doorsteps, in fancy he was thousands of miles away. Having discovered the Pole, which to his mental vision resembled the striped emblem before the barber shop in Congress Square, he concluded to turn missionary and convert the natives, as Columbus endeavored to Christianize the American aborigines. A missionary who labored in those frozen regions had preached in the church of R—— once. Even his appearance showed how much he had endured; for his visage was seamed as if the record of his good deeds was written there by the finger of the Ice King, and his complexion almost the color of copper from the effect of the intense cold.

But in the present case how wicked the natives were! They turned Leo's dogs astray, stole his sledge, and — a rough-looking boy came running down the street; he slackened as he approached Coltons' door, gave a quick glance at Leo's abstracted face, and then at the sled with the rope lying loose upon it; stooped without stopping, caught up the rope, and ran on at full speed, trundling the sled after him. Elizabeth's sled was gone! So rapidly had the catastrophe come about, so naturally did it fit in with the imaginary incidents that engrossed the young dreamer, that it seemed a part of the play. The boy making off as fast as he could with the sled was the unconvertible chief of the savage Esquimaux, who had stolen the sledge of the poor missionary, and left him alone and helpless in the midst of a wilderness of snows, wringing his hands, but crying out that he forgave him.

But it was not *all* a part of the play, as Leo straightway realized with a start; for at this moment Elizabeth appeared upon the scene and uttered a little scream of dismay.

"Why, Leo, Leo," she cried, "where is my sled? What have you done with it? Oh, you let somebody steal my sled, you mean boy!"

"I—I—could not help it!" stammered Leo, coming to himself, yet speaking in a dazed way; for he was still so astonished he could hardly believe what had happened. "That big fellow came along and took it."

"Who?—where?" she exclaimed. Looking in the direction toward which he pointed, she could just see the boy and the sled disappearing in the distance. "Why did you let him? Why did you not stop him? Why did you not snatch it away from him?"

"How *could* I when you told me not to touch it?" retorted her brother, aghast at the state of affairs, but ready to take refuge in an excuse which would not leave the blame entirely with him.

Elizabeth burst into tears.

"You mean boy!" she said, angrily,—"to let somebody steal my sled, and to stand there and do nothing to save it, just to spite me!"

She rushed into the house, seeking consolation, yet certain she would never

accept any, and bitterly complaining of Leo.

"I did not want to spite her at all," he insisted, when, having deposited his own sled in the cellar with a bang, he went upstairs to defend himself before his mother. "I did exactly as Elizabeth told me, and I don't see how I can be blamed for that. I offered to hold the rope, and she would not let me; she said I was not to touch it on any account. If she was not so selfish about her old sled, it would not have been stolen."

Elizabeth winced. What he said was true, and this made her weep all the more.

Leo relented.

"Really, Elizabeth," he continued, putting his hand on her shoulder, "I did not do it on purpose. I was standing there guarding the sled, just as when you left me, and I got thinking of explorers and missionaries—and all of a sudden an unconvertible savage swooped down on the sled and ran off with it before I knew he was anywhere around."

There was clearly no help for it now; but perhaps Elizabeth may be pardoned for murmuring that never before had she known Leo to be so punctiliously obedient. She went out on the doorsteps and looked down the street once more.

"If 'Lizabeth was not so fond of laying down the law, and wanting people to do as she says, it would not have happened," he muttered to his mother.

"Possibly, too, if somebody paid more attention to what he set out to do, it might not have happened either," she answered, with a gentle smile.

But Leo pretended not to notice.

Elizabeth came back, drying her eyes.

"Was it not a big, rough-looking boy who took the sled?" she asked.

"Yes."

"The ragged fellow who spoke to me on the coast yesterday,—a boy with a rosy face and no overcoat, and an old fur cap?"

"I do not know," replied Leo. "I was not there yesterday. I went skating with Vincent Margeson."

"But the boy had a fur cap?"

"Perhaps he did."

"I recognized him, if he *was* a good way off!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"Still, maybe he had not," hesitated her brother. "I really can not say."

"Yes, but it does not matter. I knew him anyhow," she repeated.

"Take care you do not judge the boy rashly; you may be mistaken," interposed Mrs. Colton.

Nevertheless, so many arguments did the little girl bring forward to show that he was the person most likely to have taken the sled, so positive was she of having actually identified him, that her mother finally conceded she might be right; and her father said, when she told him about it in the evening:

"Well, Elizabeth, I will mention the circumstances to the policeman on the beat."

Mr. Colton, being a very busy attorney, found no time to carry out this intention, and soon forgot all about it. But Elizabeth determined to recover the sled if possible. With Leo, *she* interviewed the policeman. She and her brother took frequent walks through all the streets of the neighborhood, in the hope of coming suddenly upon the ragged stranger some day. Whenever they saw a boy with a sled to which they fancied he looked as if he had no just claim, they followed him to see where he went; and once or twice obtained a close view of the doubtful property,—which, however, never turned out to be "Tryphon."

At last Mrs. Colton, learning of these searching expeditions, forbade them altogether; and as the policeman appeared unable to trace the culprit, it seemed as if Elizabeth would never hear anything more of the sled that had been "the fastest on the coast."

(To be continued.)

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
(SASSOFERRATO.)

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

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October.

MONTH of the Angels, welcome once again!
Ever they are about us; but it seems
That when the autumn of the year returns,
And at October's touch the woodland burns
In gold and brown and crimson, by the streams
One almost hears the flutter of their wings;
Or faintest echoes from Æolian strings,
Soft touched by seraph fingers, as in dreams
Of fairer lands beyond this mortal ken.

'Tis a sweet custom thus to set apart
The rich, ripe days of Indian Summer time
In their remembrance (by the Christian heart
Honored and loved in every age and clime);
Who guard the lives and guide the steps of men.
Month of the Angels, welcome once again!

M. E. M.

Thoughts on the Rosary.*

BY MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL DRANE.

THE Rosary contains within itself all devotions, because it is the compendium of the Incarnation, from which all devotions in the Church take their rise. Let the special attraction of any one be what it may, he will surely find it in the Holy Rosary. Take the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament,—it is there in its very fountain; the devotion to the Passion,—there it is; the devotion to our Blessed Lady,—we find her there.

Do we desire to prepare for Mass? There, in the grand central mystery of the Crucifixion, is the Holy Sacrifice begun. Do we wish to prepare for death? What better preparation can we make than by those oft-repeated words, by which, contemplating Our Lord's death, we invoke the help of His Blessed Mother at our own? We may without profanity say of the Rosary what is said of the Blessed Sacrament: that it has in it all manner of sweetness. I say *without profanity*, because it is the same Lord and God incarnate whom we find in both. But, besides all this, there is a most marvellous power in the contemplation of Our Lord's life as an unbroken whole, which only those who have accustomed themselves to the recitation of the entire Rosary fully comprehend.

Meditation on Our Lord's life is the very essence of Christian life; it is meditation *par excellence.* However high we may be in contemplation, as St. Teresa says, we shall never get beyond that. It would be a very shallow view to take

* These thoughts on the devotion so dear to her heart were found among the papers of the late Mother Drane, and are now published for the first time

of it if we looked on it only as we view meditation on the lives of the saints; though indeed it is the life of the Saint of saints. But it is much more than this; for His life is in reality our life, and meditation on His life and death is, so to speak, a kind of sacramental participation in them.

It is a wonderful thought when we see before us a hundred or a thousand persons, and remember that there are a hundred or a thousand lives being led by all those individual human souls. *We* are apt, in thought, to make distinctions—to think of one soul as more important than another. Probably in the eyes of God all are of equal importance; in one sense we know that they are so. But all these distinct human lives, with all their separate thoughts and joys and sorrows, are comprehended in the life of our Blessed Lord.

As a great, sympathizing heart is able to take in all and sympathize with all who approach it, so in His Heart, as in an immense ocean, all our lives lie reflected. He has condescended in the most real way to associate Himself with these joys and sorrows, and to make Himself one with them. In the Rosary He deigns to call that time we are all accustomed to look back upon as the happiest of our lives — the years of our childhood—as the time of His Joyful Mysteries. To most of us the peculiar charm and perfume of that happy period was the love and influence of a mother; and so He shows His sympathy with this most cherished of our memories by revealing Himself in what we may call His domestic relations—as a little child in His humble home at Nazareth, and under the care of His Mother.

But He did not remain there; neither can *we* remain there. No soul can pass from birth to death without its passion; suffering is sure to come in some way, interior or exterior — in the body or in the soul. And here again He meets us. Whatever our agony may be, whether it be the struggle with our own nature or our own affections, trial from within or trial from without, He has gone through it all, that He may give us in our hour of need the word of consolation that *in* the agony strength comes. "And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And, being in an agony, He prayed the longer." Strength to go through courageously all that has to be gone through; strength to take up the cross and carry it; to endure the crucifixion, and remain crucified till the work of God is done. But He does not leave us even there. When we have patiently suffered with Him, He will have us rise with Him to a new life. He will, as it were, give us an ascension by an increasing assimilation of our thoughts and lives with those of the blessed in heaven.

And, then, in the great central mystery, the continual outpouring of the Holy Spirit, we reach, as it were, a standing-point of the soul, beyond which nothing remains but to die. When we have joined ourselves to God we have found rest,—a rest which the world can not give us. And then what matters it if our life be ten, twenty, fifty years longer? They are but as the two little decades of the Rosary still left in our hands. The Rosary itself seems to teach us that there is nothing more; for the last two mysteries are but the completion of the rest.

Yet not even in death does our most loving Lord leave us. He takes us up to the gates of Paradise and shows us the half-open door, and Himself waiting with a beautiful crown for us. It sometimes seems impossible to believe, knowing as we do our own sins and miseries and wretchedness, that that beautiful crown ever can be ours. Yet this is the promised end; our Rosary lands and leaves us with God.

No one who uses only the chaplet, and never takes the Rosary as one perfect whole, can understand the wonderful light which comes through the contemplation of the whole life of Our Lord, or how it illustrates His own promise—that if we have faithfully suffered with Him upon earth, He will make us share His glory in heaven.

A Life's Labyrinth.

VII.—A Devoted Daughter.

KNEELING in prayer before the image of her Blessed Mother, the only one she had ever known, Alice asked for guidance, as well as strength and courage, to execute the resolve which had been born in her soul even while her poor father was relating his strange, sad history. Pressing the Rosary ring to her lips, she recited the Sorrowful Mysteries; feeling that, in some subtle, inexplicable manner, the love which she had so bravely renounced at the bidding of her father was a bond uniting her with the future, as that for her father had filled her young and happy heart in the past.

The thought gave her hope. Had it not been for the occurrences of the last few months, the course of events might have continued indefinitely; and as she prayed and reflected, once more she blessed that love, even though she might never again behold its object. At the same time she felt convinced that her father would unalterably oppose her resolution; and for that reason she concluded to obtain from him all necessary information relating to the end she had in view, before asking his permission to carry out her design.

Alice arose from her knees with her mind firmly fixed; and was glad to learn, on once more seeking her father, that he had had a long and comfortable sleep. After dinner they retired to the garden, where she plied him with questions,—partly to obtain the information she sought, and partly to prevent him from suspecting her real intention until she had learned all that was essential to the furtherance of her plan. In this way she gathered much family history, which it unburthened his heart to disclose. His cousin, Roland Ingestre, was now the Marquis of Mountheron; and her father had learned, through the columns of an English paper some years back, that he was also a suitor for the hand of his wife.

Alice's cheek flushed as she listened.

"Papa," she asked, abruptly, "why did you change my name to Alice? Constance is so much more beautiful."

"You may think me weak, my child," he replied; "but it was because of its resemblance to your mother's name."

She bit her lip.

"And for whom was I called Constance?" she inquired.

"For your grandmother—my own dear mother," answered her father.

"Will you call me so again? I like it better," she said.

"Yes, my darling, if you wish it," was the reply. "But do not allow your soul to cherish bitterness against a mother whose idol you would have been had I not so cruelly deprived her of you."

"I shall not, dear papa," said the girl; "but hereafter call me only Constance."

"It shall be so," said her father.

And from that moment he so called her, as we shall also.

Mr. Strange could not but smile when he saw his daughter take a note-book from her pocket, in which from time to time she put down certain statements which seemed to interest her.

"Pray, what are you writing, little one?" he asked.

"I am taking notes of those portions of the case which seem to me to be of greatest importance," she replied.

"With what view?" said her father.

"That you shall know later, papa," was her answer. "Tell me," she said at length, "had Roland Ingestre anything to gain by the death of your brother?"

"He was, failing a male heir of my own, next in succession. But do not harbor any unworthy suspicion, my child. He was incapable of such a crime."

"Was he rich in his own right?"

"No, but a fine fellow."

"I am glad to hear it, papa," she rejoined. "Now, who were the principal witnesses against you?"

"Several of the neighboring gentry, who were present at my brother's announcement, witnessed his insult to my wife, and heard what followed."

"Were they summoned at the trial?"

"They were."

"What was the name of the butler?"

"Buffum, an old and valued servant, who gave his testimony reluctantly. Orrin, the steward, and Nadand, my brother's valet, both heard him violently denouncing me before he retired for the night. He mentioned my having made threats against him."

"Was there any one else, papa?"

"The Rev. Mr. Amory, the chaplain, who slept in the house that night, and who was awakened between eleven and twelve o'clock by loud conversation in my brother's room. Supposing that we were renewing our altercation, he listened for a few moments; then, hearing no more, he went to sleep."

"What of Nadand, the valet?"

"He had been some years in my brother's service, and had suffered much from his whims; but no one suspected him of the murder. Truth to tell, my child, appearances against me were so overwhelming that no attempt was made at further inquiry."

"And you had none made?"

"None, Constance," he said, calling her thus for the first time in many years. "I succumbed without a struggle to what seemed to be an inevitable fate."

"And my mother—ah, my mother!—could she not have done something for you?" asked Constance, bitterly.

"She saved my life," replied her father, gently.

"Yes, but at what a price!" cried the girl, dashing the tears from her eyes. "Speaking of the valet," she resumed,—"might there not have been a motive there? Was nothing missing?"

"Nothing except some uncut diamonds, which my brother had kept in a secret receptacle known only to himself, but which he had given us to understand he had turned into money some time before."

"Was the transaction ever verified by documents?"

"Never; that was the only mystery. But, then, he was always mysterious. It amounted to nothing."

"Was there any one else, papa?"

"No one, my child. I think I have told you all that is to be told. Do not brood over it, my dear. Let us put it out of our thoughts, as far as we are able, from this time forward. Life has taken on a new interest for me since I have gotten rid of the burden without the loss of your love."

Replacing the note-book in her pocket, Constance tried for the rest of the day to divert her father's mind. She succeeded so effectually that he found himself looking at her with astonishment from time to time, so joyous and light-hearted did she appear. His tragic story had been the means of arousing both from the unnatural state of mind into which they had fallen. Not for a long period of time had his spirits felt so buoyant as that night when he laid his head upon his pillow. Furthermore, absorbed in his own life-sorrow, he had quite forgotten the episode consequent upon the coming of Lord Kingscourt.

The next day, when Constance went as usual to the library, her father said:

"My dear, I have been thinking that

it would be wise to destroy the notes you took yesterday. The book might be lost; and the story, or some part of it, thus revealed to the world, from whom it must be our care in the future as it has been in the past, to conceal it. Do you not agree with me? It can serve no purpose; to forget, as far as possible, is also best."

"Papa," replied the young girl, "you have helped me to say that which I knew not how to announce to you. I took those notes with a deliberate intention. I hope they may prove useful to me, for I am going to England."

"To England, my darling!" exclaimed her father, looking at her in amazement.

"Yes, papa," she answered, with great firmness. "I have resolved to go to England, in order to try to clear your name from the disgrace that now hangs over it. And I have the deepest conviction that God will assist and crown my efforts. All that I want now is your permission and your blessing."

Then ensued a long and loving conflict between those two souls, whose world was bounded by each other. It was not concluded that day or the next. A fortnight passed before the purpose of her brave, young heart triumphed over the fears and timidity of the outcast, to whom an unjust world had been so unkind. At last, with many misgivings, he gave his consent to a journey which she succeeded in convincing him could not, save by accident of travel, result in injury to herself; and which she hoped would prove of incalculable benefit to him whom she loved with all the fervor of her unspotted soul. He relied much on her discretion, which, in the case of the robber Spiridion, had already been tried. What plans were made, what further information imparted, we shall see developed with the progress of this history.

Six weeks later Constance found herself in Paris, at the house of an old Frenchwoman who had been her governess for a couple of years; and from thence, accompanied by a chaperon provided by her old teacher, she set out for England. After a brief sojourn in London, she departed for the spot which had recently become of more interest to her than any place in the world, excepting that where her beloved father waited and prayed for the result of the mission to which she had dedicated herself, body and soul. Paramount even to her determination to clear his reputation from the stain which had rested on it so long was the fear that discovery was always possible. A long and undisturbed residence abroad had lulled his earlier fears; but his daughter felt, with a chill of terror whenever the thought recurred to her, that such security rested on the weakest of foundations. From a chance recognition the most dreadful consequences would be likely to ensue.

She pondered often on these things; her fresh young cheek began to grow pale, as fear and anxiety, and all the new and unforeseen situations attendant upon her position, arrayed themselves before her. But when for the first time her eyes rested upon the ancestral halls of her forefathers, she drew a long draught of courage from the prospect; and, with a fervent prayer for strength and resolution, once more nerved herself for the fray.

The family seat of the Marquis of Mountheron was situated upon the rocky coast of Cornwall. The walls of the castle, grey as the rocks out of which they were built, sloped, on one side, directly upward from the sea. The waves broke against its huge foundations, the winds of winter swept around it,—it was a spot which seemed destined by nature to loneliness and gloom. However, art had done much to redeem its rugged approach. On the south side it was surrounded by beautiful gardens. The village near it had lately become fashionable as a summer resort, and two modern hotels had sprung up in the neighborhood; but, ignoring these,

it was to the quaint old "Mountheron Arms" that Constance and her companion ordered their luggage to be taken. From the window of her bedroom she had a fine view of the castle. As she looked upon its lofty turrets and grim, rocky sides, her heart leaped to her throat; and, falling upon her knees, she buried her face in her hands.

"O my God," she prayed, "restore to my father that which is rightfully his! Help me to accomplish soon and well that which I have undertaken. O Mary, my sweet Mother, do not abandon me when I most need your tender guardianship and assistance!"

A knock at the door aroused her. It was her companion, Mrs. Tompkins, who announced the time of departure of the train by which she was to return to France.

"It will be necessary for you to engage some one in my place at once," she said. "The people here would not consider it respectable for a young lady to be without either maid or companion."

Constance rang for the landlady, who soon made her appearance.

"I think of remaining here for a time," she said to the pleasant-looking hostess; "and as my friend is obliged to return to France without delay, I should like to engage some discreet young girl, or preferably a middle-aged woman, who would keep me company and perform a few necessary duties while I am here. Do you know of such a person?"

"I can lay my hand on the very woman," said the landlady, dropping a courtesy. "It is Mrs. Goff, who was a servant at the castle in the late Marquis' time. She is a likely woman, and very pleasant spoken."

Constance felt her cheek flush at the landlady's words. Fortune seemed kind to her already.

"Thank you!" she said. "And when can I see her?"

"I will send for her at once," replied the woman. "She can be here in less than half an hour."

"Is the Marquis of Mountheron an old man?" asked Constance, in as careless a manner as she could assume; though she fancied the landlady must detect in the very tone of her voice the interest she felt.

"No, ma'am," answered the woman. "He is not more than middle-aged."

"Is he liked by the people hereabout?" continued the young girl.

"Yes, he is indeed," replied the landlady. "He is a very good landlord. He spends most of his time in London, but he is here at present. I doubt but you've heard the story of the murder of the old Marquis, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Constance, turning abruptly to the window, "I have heard *something* of it. But will you kindly summon the woman you mentioned?"

The landlady retired at once, and in a short time returned with a comely, gentle-voiced woman, whose appearance at once recommended her to Constance. She had come prepared to remain; and as soon as Constance had bidden adieu to her former travelling companion, whom she dismissed with a handsome acknowledgment, she expressed herself as desirous of taking a walk.

"May I take the liberty, ma'am, of asking you to call me Marjorie?" said the new maid.

"Certainly," replied Constance. "I shall like that better than Mrs. Goff. And I feel that we shall get on nicely together."

"God bless your sweet face! I know that we shall," said Marjorie, in an undertone, as her young mistress retired to put on her hat.

(To be continued.)

WHEN a strong brain is weighed against a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

In Old Hawaii.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IT was the "Bonnet Laird of Hazelbank" who came to the wicket-gate and beckoned me from my hammock under the *kukuis*. We were two miles up Nuuanu Valley, where the walls are steep, and the heavens open about once every fifteen minutes and shower down rain and sunshine in the same breath. Below us we saw the fragrant groves that shelter Honolulu, and we heard the booming of the surf that dashed upon the reef in dazzling beauty. The doves moaned in the branches overhead; the natives sat under their grass-roofs and sang of love and death. It was dreamy, it was delicious,—but, alas! it was more than a dozen years ago.

His Excellency Minister of Foreign Relations, "Nestor of the Council," "Adviser of Kings," bachelor to the last, and at that moment verging upon seventy,—this eccentric and chivalric old gentleman, in whose veins flowed the blood of Admirable Crichton, stooped from his high estate and said: "Come in to tea; I have something to confide to you." I went. "Rosebank," the summer palace of his Excellency, was next door. The great hall which filled most of the building was surrounded by a row of chairs. Papers, books, documents—all kinds of literary rubbish was heaped upon the chairs even to the tops of their tall, straight backs. The dust of ages covered all; for under no circumstances were these memorials, precious in the eyes of his Excellency, to be disturbed.

We sat at a round table, upon which the evening lamp had just been lighted. A rack of well-browned toast stood between us; a tea-caddy was on the one hand, a kettle of boiling water on the other. The Laird of Hazelbank proceeded to brew a tea for which he has been a thousand times blessed. It was his specialty, and well worth a benediction. I was silently munching toast and sipping the refreshing cup—which had always to be publicly extolled, or the Laird's heart broke on the instant—when mine host remarked, without further introduction: "I have seen a singularly beautiful lady, and I wish to know something of her history." Then he related his adventure.

As usual he was walking home from the royal offices, with his skull-cap, his spectacles and a batch of documents in the celebrated green bag that he almost invariably carried. When half-way up the valley road the sky fell, and up went his umbrella. The rain was nothing to him; but under a tree by the roadside stood a blue-eyed blonde with a youngster, black-eyed and flaxen-haired; and the dense roof of leaves was all that saved them from that deluge. The old gentleman, with a courtesy that never deserted him, offered to escort these fair strangers to a shelter; but was delicately repulsed by the lady, whose beauty increased every moment. Result—no umbrella, no escort, no revelation; nothing but violet eyes and corn-colored hair, a tropical shower and a mystery.

Who was she? That question came with the second cup of tea. It was easily answered. She was a lady once well known in New York, where she was called Queen of Bohemia. Young poets raved about her; old beaus grew fond again when her fair locks fell over her fairer forehead, parted on the side like a school-boy's, and, like a school-boy's, always overshadowing one eye; a "tip-tilted nose," and an air—well, an air that had startled the good people down the valley; and probably the only pale face in the Kingdom who would have sheltered her from the rain under any

circumstances was the Foreign Minister. He learned all—her brilliant youth, her literary and dramatic ventures, her romance. It was enough, and it was not too much. Ada Clare became a frequent guest at Rosebank; and before sailing for "God's Country," as she used to call these United States of ours, the town which had received her coldly saw her conducted by his Excellency to the pew next the royal pew in the Established Church, which was a trifle high, I am told. Think of it! From the hedge to the High Church and within twelve inches of the Queen-Dowager,—such were the possible social transitions in the late Hawaiian Kingdom.

What followed? Tranquillity, reverie, repose. She would swing in her hammock and roll her cigarette, while the violet eyes grew heavy with the languor of that dreamy life. I wonder if they would have been shocked in the Island Kingdom had they been told that this proud woman had a past such as is not usually published to the world, and that of all things she was proudest of this? Probably not more so than was her Highness the "Queen of Bohemia" when she took ship for home, and his Excellency who escorted her to the dock, bade her a cordial farewell, and begged that she would accept as testimonials of his regard half a cord of documents relating to his Ministry in the Hawaiian Kingdom, and forty pounds of farinaceous flour for puddings, without which it were vain to hope for honors in this life or comfort in the next. Dignity, diplomacy and digestion were his hobbies, but at heart he had all the sentiment of a Crusader.

His biographer delights in sketching the career of the eccentric gentleman. Qualified for the surgical profession before the age of twenty, he voyaged in the North Sea, practising his art; was once a squatter in Australia; amassed a fortune in South America; spoke and wrote Spanish like a native; in 1824 sailed from Mexico to India in an uncoppered vessel of fifty tons burden, touching at the islands of the Pacific on the way; went about the world speculating, with more or less success, until 1844, when he landed at Honolulu and settled for life; within a year he entered the service of King Kamehameha III.; the portfolio of foreign affairs was intrusted to him, and as Foreign Minister he remained until his death, twenty-one years later. Here he thrived like a gourd. He struck root deep into that prolific soil; he entered heart and soul into the great and crowning work of his life; his aim was to consolidate the dynasty of Kamehameha, to establish the independence of the Island Kingdom and secure it a position among the family of nations.

He wrote and published incessantly; he exhausted the resources of the country in a single year, and left no subject untouched from zenith to horizon. He was singularly discursive,—it was his failing. In a treatise on political economy he introduced notes on society, on foreign ladies, the whale fishery, the small-pox, the oath of allegiance, etc., etc. He opened a voluminous diplomatic correspondence with all the civilized countries. He was impartial to a fatal degree. In four years his letters to Sir John Bowring, relating chiefly to a proposed treaty, filled five huge volumes. His secretary worked night and day. When not otherwise employed, he set the government printing-press at work, and distributed to the world at large masses of State documents, many of them dating twenty years back. Some of the smaller monarchies were threatened with bankruptcy; for these avalanches of printed matter were charged letter postage after they had reached their destination. Italy, Russia—every land suffered more or less from the frequent eruptions of this volcanic diplomatist. He desired the establishment of schools of art at the capital; he encouraged the rigid formalities of

court etiquette; he was the father of an illegitimate kingdom, who doted on his child; he created an admiral of the fleet that existed only in his imagination, and continued to deluge the earth with documents until restricted grants to the Foreign Department saved his own country from being sunk forty thousand leagues under the sea of debt.

With the perennial bloom of youth upon his cheek, his heart a fountain of romance, he turned to the wild valleys of Kauai for that repose which the lofty heads of governments so rarely find. Again he flowered, this scion of the Admirable Crichton stock. Lady Franklin, still scouring the seas in sentimental chase of that phantom ship and the shadow of Sir John, touched at the Summer Isles and was welcomed by his Excellency. It was a strange meeting—the bachelor laird in the blushing Sixties, and the withered siren whose home was in the great deep. He built a chaste tower at one corner of his valley villa. Modesty, with a two-edged sword, stood at the foot of the staircase; rheumatism perched at the top. Her ladyship debarked within the reef-girdled harbor and was driven in state to Rosebank. The cumbrous chariot was housed when she set sail again, and the rusty tires were dropping from the wheels when I saw it on the lawn—the very deep and very wide lawn; the steeds had grown fat and lazy for want of use; and the dovecote where she nested was creaking in the wind, and there was nothing left of the afterglow but a memory and a smile.

He had his dream in those days. At Hanalei, sweet valley of the wreath-makers, he built him a hall. It looked down upon broad estates; a winding stream bore to his feet barges laden with the harvest sheaves; orange groves perfumed the air; a wilderness of flowers mantled the gentle slopes, and to the ear came the plash of waterfalls and the low murmur of the sea.

Beyond the valley, on the opposite highlands, it was his purpose to build a castle, half bower, half bungalow,—an airy castle in a tropic shade; and here, with this vale of paradise between them, sheltered on the one side by verdant mountains, on the other by scented groves, with the flowering meadows and the flowing stream between them, and at its mouth the summer sea,—here he thought to entertain her ladyship when she had cast anchor in that platonic port. There was to be a system of signals—bright banners and whirling semaphores,—and thus could the fair and brave exchange hourly greeting. But it was not to be.

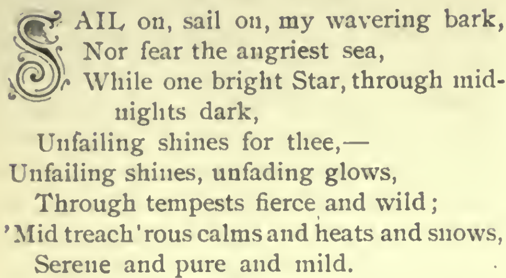
That virtuous vale is sacred to Kanakas and sugar-cane. The first stone of the airy castle was never laid. She sailed, and sailed afar into the unknown seas, and he dropped in his harness without having had the poor consolation of retiring to a solitude almost as sweet as death. And that other "not-impossible she," whom he reverenced for her courage and her corn-silk hair, for her bright eyes and her culture, and a feminine charm which was all her own,—she was bitten by a pet dog and perished miserably. What an end to what a life! In my mind's eye are the three graves; very widely separated, perhaps very seldom visited. They are all gone hence, those soaring souls. But sometimes I dream of the islands that they loved—the islands garlanded with frosted flowers of coral,—and I seem to hear the hungry waves moaning and moaning and moaning. It is the echo from that measureless grave, the sea.

(To be continued.)

EVERY noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin.*

THERE is only one appointed way of doing good, and that is by being good.—*J. B. Mozley.*

Mary Star of the Sea.



SAIL on, sail on, my wavering bark,
Nor fear the angriest sea,
While one bright Star, through mid-
nights dark,
Unfailing shines for thee,—
Unfailing shines, unfading glows,
Through tempests fierce and wild;
'Mid treach'rous calms and heats and snows,
Serene and pure and mild.

Sail on, sail on! Take heart once more,—
Yon beacon Star above
Still pointing to that happy shore
Where Peace abides with Love;
While angel voices o'er the tide
Shall greet thee from afar,
And He who once was crucified
Shall know thee by thy Star.

Speed on, speed on, nor swerve thy sail
Where siren voices are;
Only one port, my bark, we hail,
Led by that faithful Star,—
Star of the Sea, whose gentle beams
Illume the storm-tossed foam,
Guiding through life's uneasy dreams
The weary wanderer home.

At Ebb-Tide.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE Pension von Mahlow in Berlin was on the Regentenstrasse, near the Thiergarten,—a fashionable quarter. A few winters ago the boarders were nearly all Americans—music students and young physicians. Fräulein von Mahlow, the landlady, kept a half-dozen natives at her table solely for qualities which added to the fame of her establishment. There was a useful young man who spoke English and taught German to the students; there was the retired Colonel Herr von Falschstein, who was a real baron, even if he never could assign proper uses to his knife at the table; and a romantic old maid, who was continually falling in love with the American physicians,—she was kept for the amusement she caused. The Baroness von Falschstein spoke English fluently and frequently, but she was remarkable for little else than her title. She had, however, this duty to perform: when a stranger arrived from America, the Baroness was expected to wait at table until Fräulein von Mahlow, who also spoke English, could hear her, and then to whisper audibly to the new guest: "You know the poor Fräulein was for the court educated. It was a vonderful descent on the zocial scale when she was oblige to open dthis Pension." Thereupon the Fräulein would pose in melancholy-wise, as amateurs do at Wagnerian concerts. When this same Fräulein presented her bills to a guest, the evidence of thoroughness in the descent was more marked.

One evening in October Mrs. Vernon, an American widow and a student of music, was seated at the dinner table near young Dr. Newberne, of Baltimore. Nearly opposite them were Miss Dorothy Ward, also a student in music, and Dr. Allen. Newberne was striving to pay attention to Mrs. Vernon's uncharitable remarks about Prussians in general and particular, and to watch Miss Ward at the same time. At length the widow asked, half impatiently:

"Why don't you go over and ask Dr. Allen to exchange places with you?"

"O Mrs. Vernon, I beg your pardon!"

"Don't mind, young man,—you can't help it," she said, now with a laugh. "I've had the measles myself."

"What do you mean?" asked Newberne.

"Mean! I mean the little Ward. You're somewhat interested in her, I see."

"But, Mrs. Vernon—"

"Now, now! don't perjure yourself! The smoke has been rising for some time. Cheer up, Herr Doktor! Measles are infectious, you know."

Mrs. Vernon's metaphors were mixed,

but Newberne seemed to understand them and to be encouraged.

Weeks passed by, and the moral incense the Doctor burned before Miss Ward—the roses, the opera tickets, a thousand tender deeds and glances—spread the measles, as Mrs. Vernon had inelegantly predicted.

One bright January morning, while they were walking in the Thiergarten, to the utter neglect of modern surgery and the music of the future, Newberne took Dorothy's hand quietly and told her in words what she already knew. A street urchin met them at the crossing of paths, and lessened the dramatic effect of the Doctor's impassioned declaration by striking an attitude, and, with eyes uplifted, but very disrespectful voice, exclaiming:

"*Ach, du lieber Himmel*, how beautiful is love!"

Dorothy never heard the small rascal. As the chief motive, however, in this history is to set forth things different from love, I must omit the record of winter days that passed away sweetly enough for Dorothy and the Doctor.

Newberne was not a man in sound health. Near the end of April he began to complain of real illness. An old insomnia came back which had often before tormented him, and he could get no rest. His nervous system had always been weakly controlled. When he was overworked or troubled, it exploded in violent fits of anger that were often causeless. About the middle of the month he had received a cablegram which told him his mother had died very suddenly of pneumonia. The shock from this bad news was deep. His father, moreover, had died from progressive paralysis; and these renewed attacks of insomnia troubled the young physician's imagination.

The sleepless nights were spent in writing an article on "The Influence of Heredity in Insanity." Dr. Allen, his friend, late one evening came into the Pension, and found Newberne engaged with this work. Allen gathered up the manuscript and tore it into pieces. There was an ugly scene; but the sick man slept a while that night from sheer exhaustion after the rage left him.

During the first week of May Dorothy persuaded him to go out to Potsdam for a day's fresh air, near Sans Souci. He was silent all the morning; and as they walked near the great fountain below the terraces, he sank hopelessly upon one of the marble benches. His forehead was drawn with weariness, and his pale lips were half opened. He said:

"O Dorothy, ask God to let me sleep for one hour!"

Then she took him back to Berlin.

A few days afterward, as she was going down to breakfast in the Pension, she met Dr. Allen on the stairway.

"Ah! Miss Ward," he said, "I'm glad I met you. Won't you come to Dr. Newberne a moment? He's very ill. He has been sitting at the window all night, and I couldn't get him to go to bed. He just now asked for you."

Without a word she went with him along the corridor. When near the room she turned her great blue eyes upon Allen, and her beautiful face was bloodless as she whispered:

"Doctor, you know what he is to me. Tell me what it all means."

Allen's eyes filled; he looked down to the floor, and he answered:

"I'm afraid, Miss Ward, it means the end of happiness for both of you."

Dorothy stood there trembling for a moment then they entered the room.

Newberne did not turn his head as they came in. His face was haggard, and he was gazing with fixed eyes up the street into the mist that hung above the trees in the Thiergarten. Dorothy went over to him. He took her hands as she knelt there, and he smiled very sadly. After a while he let his head fall upon her shoulder, and sobbed violently.

Suddenly a shudder swept down his body; he sprang up from her, and stood back near the wall. On her knees before him, she saw his eyes dilate slowly, his arms extending wide, his face grow livid and ghastly; and he said, in a tense, low voice that had in it a little of that false note one hears at times in the voice of the lunatic:

"Yes, I am the Mighty One! What would you have from me?"

Then he held his hand under his chin, and he gazed at her, but he did not see her. He stood there a long time silent, and his staring eyes were full of despairing questionings. Something was gone, and he could not understand his agony. The red sun struck in through the windows, and a caged starling in the room began to whistle joyously.

Dorothy knelt there, sick with horror; but at length she arose, tottering, and went to him. He let her lead him to a sofa, and he immediately closed his eyes and slept. She sat beside him tearless, and she would not leave him when Allen tried to lead her away. After an hour Newberne awoke. He knew her, and he spoke coherently of a wonderful meteor he fancied he had seen passing along the sky during the night.

"It was a sign, Dorothy," he said, "of my future greatness and happiness."

He would sleep a little while under the influence of an opiate, and presently awake and stare vacantly at her a long time; then he would smile like a child very pitiably, and draw her face down to his and weep bitterly, and sleep again. Once he asked her:

"Dorothy, do you think I am insane?"

At nightfall Allen lit a lamp. He was a young physician, and had never before seen an insane patient. Newberne was quiet, and Allen whispered to Dorothy:

"I'll run out to get a hypnotic for him. I'll be back in a minute."

A short while after he left, Newberne began to grow restless. He asked:

"Where is Allen?"

Dorothy answered:

"He went out for a moment. Go to sleep again."

"Out! I think you had better go out too. You need fresh air."

"Yes," she said: "I'll go out when he comes back."

"No: go now. Go! go!" He sat up on the sofa; his voice was quick and harsh, and his eyes were flashing and ugly. "Turn out the lamp!" he continued.

Here she should have tried to conquer him; but she arose, quaking with dread, and turned down the light.

"No! no!—turn it up!"

She did so, and said with a sob:

"Ah, lad, don't talk—so angrily to me!"

"Didn't I tell you to turn it out?" he cried fiercely, after a moment.

She turned it out. Then, with a cry, he leaped from the couch and seized her.

"Out! out! You *must* go out! Go out!"

He pushed her back inch by inch toward the faint daylight that still came through the window. He did not know enough to open the sash. She heard the glass cracking behind her. Then she screamed once, in her fear.

The cry seemed to reach his shrouded mind. He released her, and he fell upon his knees and burst into tears.

"O God, what am I doing!" he moaned.

She led him back to the couch, and held his wrists—for he was weak now; and she prayed vaguely and hurriedly till Allen returned.

That night an ambulance stopped at the door, and they took Newberne to an asylum.

Two days afterward Dorothy went out with Dr. Allen to visit him at the Irren-Anstalt. They waited in the office while a nurse was bringing the patient. Dorothy gazed at the bare walls, at the plaster bust of the Kaiser above the door, and the barred windows. The bars ran along the

edges of the small window-panes, as if for ornament. The leafless trees without were black and glistening in the fine rain.

When Newberne came in he smiled sadly at seeing her, evidently recognizing her; but he said nothing as she led him to a bench near the window. He held her hand, and rested his head wearily against the wall; then he straightway closed his eyes.

He would not speak, and after an hour Dorothy and Allen left him to return to the city. He paid no attention to them as they were going, and he went away quietly with the nurse. That evening he grew violent; he dashed his head against a wall, but a keeper secured him before he did serious injury to himself.

A month later his condition began to improve. One morning when Dorothy went to the hospital she was met by the first assistant of Professor Braunwald, Privat-Docent Dr. Leopold.

"Ah! gracious Fräulein," he said, "I am glad to announce the Geheimrath Professor Braunwald told me yesterday that the Herr Doctor Newberne will recover his health."

Then, being a woman, she fainted when one would not expect her to do so. Allen caught her as she was falling, and he placed her on a bench. At that moment the Professor himself came into the room.

"So! Leopold," quietly said the Professor, taking his spectacles from under his white beard, "what have we here?"

"Good-morning, Geheimrath! Just a faint," the assistant answered.

"Ah! Lower her head a little,—so!"

In a moment Dorothy opened her eyes, and a slight blush came upon her pale face. The old gentleman raised her up gently, and asked:

"What is it, little one? Have they been telling you the good news too quickly?" Then, in a deep growl that was kindly withal: "Leopold, thou shouldst handle this *maiblümchen* more carefully."

After Dorothy had regained composure, and as her happy laugh had come back that Allen had not heard for long weeks, the Professor grew grave. He had been told that she was betrothed to Newberne, but he pretended to think that she was his sister.

"Now, lass, I have a sad duty to perform. I must warn you that it will not be wise for your brother—ever to marry."

As she started and grew white again, the old physician's eyes filled.

"Pardon me, my dear! We poor doctors are placed in unenviable positions sometimes, but we dare not disregard the laws of charity. If our friend escape a recurrence of this malady, his children will be born under a curse that strikes in many ways. There is a mixed marriage from the priest's point of view, you know, which usually results in evil; and there is a mixed marriage from the physician's point of view that always results in evil.'

Then he bent down in the courteous German fashion, touched her little hand with his lips, and went on to the clinic.

Not long afterward Newberne was discharged as cured. When his mother died there was a small fortune left to him, and now he determined to take Professor Braunwald's advice, and rest for a while to recover his health. Vacation time had come, and the regular clinics were closed; Allen could, therefore, get away from Berlin with him, and they started to go down through Switzerland and Northern Italy. Dorothy and Mrs. Vernon were then in Dresden, whither they had gone after worshipping at the shrine of Wagner at Bayreuth. In September the two ladies returned to Berlin, and they found Allen at the Pension before them. He had left Newberne in Venice.

Early in November Newberne himself came back. He was in remarkably good health. No trace of the old malady remained; his eyes were firm, and his handsome blonde face was always cheerful.

A few nights after his arrival the four friends walked over through the Thiergarten to Kroll's, to hear "Don Juan." Dorothy and Newberne strayed along the pathways, arm in arm, in the silence of perfect content. Allen was behind them with Mrs. Vernon. He watched them a while, and a troubled look came upon his face. At length he said:

"I tell you, Mrs. Vernon, there's trouble ahead. They love each other hopelessly, and he is not sound yet,—he never will be wholly sound. What is to be done? Braunwald himself warned her, but a woman in love would marry a powder-magazine."

"So would a man in love, Doctor. Why, let them get married. She'll nurse him into health," said Mrs. Vernon.

"She may nurse him into health," cried Allen, "but the first shock he meets with will spoil all fruit of her labor; and she'll never nurse his children into health. She will shed bitter tears yet for this foolishness. If I talk to him, he'll tell me to attend to my own affairs. I don't know her well enough to advise her; and if I did, she would not heed me. Hasn't she a family in the States that could be written to?"

"No, she hasn't," the widow answered. "She told me when we were in Marienbad that her father and mother are both dead, and that she had been living with a guardian somewhere in Massachusetts. I'm sure, from the manner in which she spoke of him, that this guardian could not influence her."

"Newberne himself should know better," continued Allen; "but I never yet heard a physician make an honest diagnosis of the case when he himself was patient."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

WHO seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.—*Turkish Saying.*

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ZENOBE MAMBRÉ.

AFTER the death of Father Ribourde, his companions, alarmed at his absence, made every effort to find him, supposing him to have lost his way. Tonti at last deemed it a useless pursuit, and retired for the night to the opposite shore. As morning found their endeavors equally unavailing, they finally thought it better to continue their flight from the Iroquois camp. Two hundred and fifty miles of a painful journey brought them to the villages of the friendly Pottawatomies. After recruiting there, they reached Green Bay, where they wintered under the hospitable though lowly roof of the Jesuit missionary, Father Enjalran, who accompanied them to Michilimackinac in the spring of 1681.

Hennepin, after ascending the Mississippi, had been detained by the Sioux as a kind of prisoner; but at last obtained his release, and reached Michilimackinac by way of Green Bay, and was there hospitably entertained by his countryman, Father Pierson. He and Father Mambré, however, did not meet,—the former having set out for Niagara as soon as winter was over; the latter awaited the return of La Salle. That celebrated adventurer soon came, unbroken by all the disasters that were crowding fast upon him, and still bent on exploring the Mississippi to its source. He set out on this journey toward the end of August, 1681.

Father Mambré has left an account of the voyage from this time to their entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, on the 9th of April, as well as of their return; but, as it enters rather into the life of La Salle, we pass over it here; the more so as Father Mambré's functions in the

capacity of missionary were apparent to few. Two dying infants which he ventured to baptize were the only trophies of his zeal. He preached indeed to the Arkansas, and planted a cross among the Taensas and another among the Natchez, thus preparing the way for subsequent missions.

Returning, he left the Miami River on the 8th of October; and, reaching Quebec, embarked for France to announce the result of La Salle's expedition. There he bore his share of the calumnies which assailed his patron; and as soon as La Salle had succeeded in fitting out an armament to begin the settlement of Louisiana, Father Mambré was again permitted by his superiors to lay down the guardianship of Bapaume and accompany him. They were joined by two other Récollets—Fathers Le Clercq and Douay. Father Fronçon, superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, sent with them his brother, Father Cavelier; also Father Chefdeville, a near relative of La Salle.

They sailed from Rochelle on the 24th of July, 1684. Owing to the obstinacy of Beaujeu, the commander, the fleet, as is well known, met with many disasters, and never reached the mouth of the Mississippi. Their first landing was probably in Achafalaya Bay, whence La Salle proceeded to Matagorda Bay—the Bay of St. Louis, according to his accounts. Here Beaujeu left him; and one of the vessels—the *Aimable*—being soon after driven ashore, La Salle threw up a fort; having first, with Father Mambré (who had nearly perished in the loss of the *Aimable*), explored the country bordering on the Naches River, and fixed upon a site about six miles from its mouth.

This was the scene of La Salle's last labors. After an unsuccessful effort to find the fatal River, he resolved to make his way with a part of his force to the Illinois, leaving the rest in his new fort. This was on the 7th of January, 1687. Those who remained were Fathers Mambré, Le Clercq, and Chefdeville. The last named was destined from the first for the direction of the French at the fort; the Récollets were allotted to the Indian mission, especially that of the Cenis, which Father Mambré had already projected.

The French never again heard of this ill-fated colony. But let us open the Spanish chronicles:

"In January, 1689, Don Alonzo de Leon, governor of Coahuila, left that place to know the designs of the French. He reached the fort which Robert de la Salle had built of palisades and ship timbers. He reconnoitred it, but found only dead bodies of strangers within and without, slain by arrows and heavy blows; also eighteen pieces of iron artillery mounted on ship carriages. The spectacle which met his eyes caused him the greatest grief and compassion. Though the Indians denied it, they had, as he learned from some who had escaped, destroyed the whole French party, together with their arms and ammunition; and, plundering the fort, had celebrated their victory by dances, games, and songs. The Spanish soldiers then sorrowfully committed the scattered remains to earth, and with the few survivors of the French returned to Coahuila."

Father Mambré was, according to Hennepin, a native of Bapaume in Artois; and Father Le Clercq, of Lille. The former, as we have seen, had been the almost constant companion of La Salle; while the latter was not unknown in the annals of New France: he had been for five years an active and laborious missionary at Anticosti and the Seven Isles, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both had given great edification, and on occasions of danger shown the fortitude and courage which become an apostolic man. Of their companion, Father Chefdeville, I find nothing beyond his relationship to La Salle.

Such is the narrative of the missionary career of the Récollets who accompanied

Robert Cavelier de la Salle; and as his life, of which it forms an episode, has been accurately written by Sparks, a reference to it will give a full account of the expeditions which he directed. Father Mambré left a journal of his first visit to Crève Cœur, and of his second, in which he reached the Gulf of Mexico. It forms, after the journals of Father Marquette, the most precious monument of the early history of the Mississippi valley. This, with Father Douay's narrative of La Salle's last journey, constitutes by far the most valuable part of the work of Father Le Clercq, entitled "The First Establishment of the Faith in New France."

In contemplating the melancholy end of La Salle we can not but sigh that his blood was thus uselessly shed, and that we can not reckon him among those who fell for the faith, like so many members of an Order in which he had spent many years. Had he persevered in his vocation, he would have become a missionary such as even that Society can rarely boast. All that man could do in adversity was achieved by La Salle, but he was not where God willed him; he struggled in vain in a vocation not his own, and perished by the hands of his own men.

FATHER WILLIAM VIGNAL, SS.

This zealous and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of Christ came to Quebec in July, 1641; and was at first, it seems, employed as a missionary at Cape Breton and the neighboring coast, till his feeble health compelled him to return to Quebec in September, 1648. He then became chaplain and confessor to the Ursulines in that city, and continued in that post till 1657; giving entire satisfaction to the community under his direction, and living in perfect harmony with the Jesuits, his colaborers in Canada. The Sulpitians, as we have seen, appeared in 1657, and began their establishment, which is still in existence at Montreal.

In one of the visits made to Quebec by Father Gabriel de Queylus (l'Abbé de Loc Dieu), who, besides being superior of the Sulpitians, assumed the general direction of the Canadian Church under the title of vicar-general of the Archbishop of Rouen, that personage induced Father Vignal to join the Society of St. Sulpice. He accordingly left Quebec, to the great regret of the nuns; and, passing over to France, made his novitiate at the Solitude; and, being destined for his former mission, returned in 1659 with Father Lemaitre. He was, it is said, sent to the Mountain of Montreal to acquire sufficient knowledge of the Indian language to direct the Algonquins there; but on the death of Father Lemaitre he was appointed his successor.

"We flattered ourselves," wrote the nuns of the Hospital, "that we should long possess Father Vignal; but God willed otherwise, and gave him the same fate as Father Lemaitre. He, too, fell by the hands of the Iroquois, for whom he had a great affection, and whose spiritual good had often made him wish to join the Jesuits in their perilous mission at Onondaga; for at this period, when the Iroquois were slaughtering the French and the missionaries in every quarter, the Jesuits were in the midst of them, endeavoring at the risk of their lives to effect a peace. Father Vignal's health, however, was unequal to his zeal, and he could aid the missionaries only with his prayers."

On the 25th of October, 1661, some workmen started from Montreal for an island in front, to quarry stone for the erection of the seminary,—it being deemed unsafe to go to the mountain. The little island, then covered with wood, hid in its thickets an ambush of the enemy; and scarce had the men landed when they were attacked. Three fell dead and several were wounded,—among the latter Father Vignal, who had accompanied them to superintend the work. His wound was

mortal; but as he fell into the hands of the enemy, it is uncertain whether he died of his wound or was butchered by them. One of his companions, writing from Oneida, states that he was killed after two days' march, being unable to proceed; but other authorities declare that he died at Laprairie de la Madeleine, and was devoured there by his inhuman captors, who left his mangled body on that spot, where so many of them were subsequently to honor God by lives worthy of the primitive Church.

The Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, as well as the Jesuits, attests the virtue of this worthy man. His life, say the latter, was as a sweet odor to all the French, by the practice of humility, charity, and penance,—virtues in which he was eminent, and which rendered him amiable to all. His death was precious in the sight of God, since he received it at the hands of those for whom he had often wished to give his life.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXIII.

HERE is a precious passage, infinite in value if put into practical form; but we must be thoroughly persuaded of its truth and reality: "Make no great account of who may be for thee or against thee, but mind and take care that God be with thee in everything thou dost; for he whom God will help no man's malice can hurt. He knows the time and manner of thy deliverance. It is, therefore, thy part to resign thyself into His hands."

This suggests a pleasant thought and a reassuring one—viz, that, whatever may come upon us, *we* are to go on, and go on forever. Nothing can harm us. The boat, imperishable and uninjured, though waves and storms buffet it, can not be submerged. Everything passes away but ourselves. Yet there is often a misty idea, even among the good, that with this life there is a sort of ending and destruction. We should look forward, and ever forward as to the lighthouse which marks the entrance to the Port. With this thought in our mind, intervening things will seem small, trifling, and short. So a minister engrossed with vast affairs of state turns aside to some household matters—trivial things. This should be our tone and feeling. And if it should seem quite too mystical or utopian, we should strive after it,—make the experiment, at least, of "casting our care upon Him who has care of us." With this feeling of God's being with us, rebuffs, defeats and failures will seem to dwindle away.

LXXXIV.

Some of our author's words seem really divinely inspired. The clouds part, and a flash of wisdom illuminates our dull souls. We seem to understand the divine tongue, for a time at least. How beautifully conceived is the tone of the following: "When a man has arrived so far that he seeks his consolation from no created thing, then first does he begin to taste truly what God is; then, too, will he begin to be content with everything that happens. Then will he neither rejoice for much nor be sorrowful for little, but will commit himself wholly and confidently to God, who is to him all in all; to whom nothing is lost or dieth, and for whom all things live, and at whose beck they instantly obey."

To "begin to be content with everything that happens,"—what a counsel of perfection *that* is!

(To be continued.)

ONE may expect everything from a man of energy to whom misfortune has given courage and ambition.—*Dumas.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father has again shown his special love for the Rosary by publishing an encyclical in which, for the third time, he commends this devotion to the faithful. He notes with intense gratification the spread of love for the Mother of God among those outside the bosom of the Church,—a grace which he attributes to the prayerful response with which his former encyclicals have been met. His Holiness has given ample proof that the work nearest his heart at present is the reunion of Christendom. The work, he declares, depends upon prayer, and especially upon the intercession of the Queen of Heaven, whose all-embracing love will shepherd the scattered multitudes into the one fold. "Let all pastors and flocks," says the Holy Father, "especially during the next month, have recourse with full confidence to the great Virgin. Publicly and privately, in words of praise, prayer and promise, let them not cease unitedly to address to her the appeal, '*Monstra te esse matrem.*' In her maternal clemency, may she preserve her whole family safe from every danger; bring them to true prosperity; and, above all, establish them in the sacred bonds of unity!"

The example no less than the word of that stalwart old Christian, Mr. Gladstone, has done much to stiffen those weak-kneed people who keep up a continual lament for the "inroads of science upon Christianity," and whose solicitude for the future of the Church seems to be in inverse proportion to their faith. Mr. Gladstone, who has observed the world from a point of vantage for over threescore years, has no such fears. As showing that the safest as well as the most proper study of mankind is man, the veteran statesman, in his introduction to the "People's Bible History," notes this interesting fact:

"I may, perhaps, be excused if, before concluding, and before touching on the application of the Holy Scriptures to the inward life of civilized man at large, I venture, not without diffidence, to offer a few words to the class of which I have been a member for more than threescore continuous years; the class engaged in political employment, and invested with so considerable a power in governing the affairs and in shaping the destinies of mankind. In my own country I have observed that those who form this class have fallen under the influence of the negative or agnostic spirit of the day in a much smaller degree than have some other classes. And, indeed, widening the scope of this observation, I would say that the descriptions of persons who are habitually conversant with human motive, conduct, and concerns, are very much less borne down by skepticism than specialists of various kinds, and those whose pursuits have associated them with the literature of fancy, with abstract speculation, or with the study, history, and framework of inanimate nature."

Mr. Gladstone's faith shows the same robustness as his intellect, and his spiritual vision is remarkably clear. In view of his great learning, noble character, and eminent position in the world, the influence of his example is invaluable.

At the conclusion of a recent provincial synod held in Tokio, Japan, the archbishop and bishops of the Japanese faithful addressed a letter to the Central Council of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. The prelates cordially thank all those who promote this excellent Work, which enables them to prosecute their evangelical labors in Japan. "It is through your Work," they write, "that Providence accords us our daily bread, the formation of a native clergy, the maintenance of our catechists, the spread of religious books, the erection of charitable establishments, the building of churches,—everything, in a word, that is necessary or useful."

The Anglican bishop who recently named Catholic devotion to the Mother of God among other obstacles to "reunion with Western Christendom," builded better than he knew. His discourse has led the London *Tablet* to show, in a learned and admirably written article, that the same obstacle presents itself to the reunion with Eastern Christendom also. "Would Dr. Chinnery-Haldane, for instance, care to commend to his clergy the use of the following prayer: 'O thou, the world's most blessed Queen, save them that from their souls confess thee Mother of God; for thou art an invincible mediatrix, who didst truly bear God'?" This prayer is not taken from the works of St.

Anselm, St. Bernard or St. Liguori. It is found in the Euchology of the Russian Church. Following up this advantage, the writer states the Catholic doctrine thus felicitously: "May we not hope that the time is fast approaching when Anglicans, like the bishop whose words we have quoted, will come to realize the fact—clear as the noonday to every Catholic child—that the Church recognizes in the sense we have indicated one sole *Giver;* that she looks upon the Blessed Virgin and the saints as *askers;* and that in seeking their intercession we are not classing or comparing them with God in the quality of givers; but, on the contrary, we are classing or comparing them with *ourselves* in the quality of askers? In other words, the question which underlies our action and practice is never 'Whether is God or the Blessed Virgin more likely to *grant?*' but a very distinct one: 'Whether is the Blessed Virgin or ourselves more likely to *obtain?*' We have an impression that the prayer of Our Lady is likely, after all, to be something more perfect and more powerful than our own."

The machinery of a new American play, entitled "The Capitol," turns on the action of a Jesuit, who, keeping well within his rights as a citizen, uses his political influence to good purpose. The assurance of a prominent New York journal that the play can not give offence to Catholics would not of itself be sufficient; but it is a good sign that the bigots are up in arms against it. Replying to an outburst of bigotry in one of the "great dailies," the owner of "The Capitol" writes: "I am not a member of the Catholic Church, but I am an admirer of it. At the age of nineteen my brother shouldered his musket as a private and went to the front. He led three forlorn hopes. In two he was successful, and a first lieutenant's epaulets were his reward. In the third he received the wound which caused his death. In New Orleans the Sisters cared for him; and when his spirit fled, his body was embalmed and placed by them in a metallic coffin. They did not ask his creed; they clasped his shrunken fingers across his pulseless breast, and made it possible for his remains to be placed beside those of my father and mother in the old family burial ground. If this all-permeating element of greatness and self-abnegation wrecks 'The Capitol,' I am willing to remain poor."

It is a noteworthy fact that, while the question of according the Catholic minority of Manitoba their constitutional rights in the matter of separate schools is yet unsettled, the trend of Canadian public opinion is manifestly toward the very end for which the Catholics have all along been contending—religious teaching in the common schools. The matter came up the other day at the Anglican Synod of Canada, held in Montreal; and with surprising unanimity the delegates condemned the secularization of the school training given to Canadian youth. Some members of the Synod advocated denominational schools pure and simple, others foresaw difficulties in that solution of the question; but all insisted on the urgent necessity of supplementing the instruction actually given by definite moral and religious teaching. The Rev. Mr. Lewis stated that hundreds of Americans, foremost in educational matters, had assured him that, owing to the "Godless" or "national" schools which prevailed in the United States, "over 20,000,000 of the children of professedly Christian parents in that country had lapsed into agnosticism or unbelief."

The simple fact is that Godless schools graduate a Godless generation. Australia has worked out the system to its logical results, and is now abandoning it as totally inefficient for the formation of good citizens. In the course of time the whole world will doubtless recognize that the system approved and ever maintained by the unchanging Church is the only one whereby the youth of a country can be made worthy members of society.

The venerable author Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells of "the woman who most influenced" him, in the current *Ladies' Home Journal.* The woman, of course, was his mother; and her beautiful character is sketched with such tenderness and vener-

ation that we know not whether to admire more the worthy mother or the dutiful son. One passage of Colonel Higginson's article which is specially interesting to Catholic readers is the following:

"In another direction I learned from my mother one of the most important lessons—that of religious freedom. In the year 1834, when I was ten years old, I watched by her side the burning by a mob of the Ursuline Convent, on Mount Benedict, a hill some two miles from our house. The flames lighted up all Cambridge, and were watched by her with an indignation shared by all our immediate neighbors. But when, the next morning, I went out with her to confer on the subject with the family butcher, representing the sentiment of what was then 'the village,' we encountered a different phase of feeling. 'Well, Mr. Houghton,' said my ever eager mother, 'what do they think in the village of this great outrage?'—'Wal, I dunno,' replied the deliberate functionary, as he cut the morning beefsteak. 'I guess some of them bishops are real dissipated characters.' I recognize the same inherited note in some of the sermons and speeches of the present day, but have fortunately carried through life the juster instincts of my mother."

It is sad to read, however, after a glowing eulogy of his mother's deeply religious nature, that "none of her children shared this full habit,—not even that one, the most gifted, who was for twenty years a Roman Catholic, and who finally left that Church because it did not seem to her that it provided a sufficiently assured place for my mother." *It did not seem to her* is a carefully worded clause; but his sister was not the gifted woman the Colonel thought her to be, for she seems to have lived within the Catholic Church a long time without knowing much about it.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times in France is the activity manifested in fostering the religious idea among the Catholic youth of that Freemason-governed country. Among the many interesting congresses held in France during the past summer, an especially notable one was the Congress of Works of Youth at Bordeaux. The attendance was very large; and while projects making for the temporal and social advantage of French Catholic youth were strenuously advocated, peculiar emphasis was laid on the urgent necessity of more thorough and widespread study of religion.

Notable New Books.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Pustet & Co.

The work of Dr. Parsons in historical fields is already well and favorably known to our readers. We have very special pleasure, therefore, in commending his new volume of historical sketches, dealing with obscure or controverted points in Church history.

The first volume of the series brought the work down to the ninth century; the second continues it as far as the fourteenth. Needless to say, the period covered by this volume affords the learned author abundant field for the exercise of his peculiar talent. The Middle Ages are the bigot's powder-house. His heavy explosives, it is true, always turn out to be sky-rockets; but in order to show them in their true light, our own people must have a very clear knowledge of that most interesting period. There is no American writer of our time better fitted for this office of teaching than Dr. Parsons. He is thoroughly familiar with the whole literature of the subject, as his masterly exposition of historical difficulties in our own pages has often demonstrated. He knows, too, what subjects specially interest the earnest student, and the forty-one papers composing this goodly volume make up a most appetizing bill of fare.

We hope that Dr. Parsons' "Studies" will find the honored place they deserve in the library of every scholar. Few books of the century will serve so well to dissipate the clouds which, in the Protestant mind, obscure the spotless beauty of the Bride of Christ.

CHARITY FOR THE SUFFERING SOULS. By the Rev. John A. Nageleisen, of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. Rosenthal & Co.

For comprehensiveness of subject-matter, clearness of explanation, and earnestness of purpose, we heartily commend this new work on purgatory. The inquiries often addressed to pastors in reference to the departed souls, to Requiem Masses and offerings for the dead, show a lamentable ignorance of the teachings of the Church on such matters. All possible questions and objections on these points are met by Father Nageleisen in a straight-

forward way that carries conviction. Every page is worthy of close study; and if we would call special attention to any one chapter, it would be to that headed: "What is more profitable and meritorious—to have Masses celebrated for ourselves during life or after death?" There is one section devoted to what is called a "Memento," the concluding lines of which are worthy of consideration. The author says: "The pious memento in Holy Mass draws upon the faithful special divine favors or blessings. Hence it is a great spiritual privilege and favor to be officially remembered in the sacred mysteries; it is a particular and personal presentation of our needs before the whole court of heaven and at the throne of God. Next to the offering of Holy Mass itself for us and our intentions, a memento is the greatest intercessory favor a priest can bestow on us."

LIFE OF BLESSED ALPHONSUS OROZCO, O. S. A. Compiled from the Spanish of Bishop Cámara, by the Rev. W. A. Jones, O. S A. Kilner & Co.

We can never have too much of that pious literature which recounts the virtues of God's great servants. The lives of the saints have been described as "the Gospel in practice," and no one can know the real life of the Church who is unacquainted with the doings and sayings of the saints.

The life of Blessed Alphonsus Orozco was one of uncommon interest. After upbuilding the structure of his own spiritual life within the monastery, he preached throughout the cities of Spain. He served as superior in his Order for many years; he was preacher royal to the court of Charles V , and was the life-long friend and spiritual child of St. Thomas of Villanova. The biography of such a man, not to speak of his heroic virtues, his mortifications, his *obiter dicta*, his miracles, and the favors showered on him by Heaven, can not fall short of the highest interest.

The author has confined himself strictly to the biography of his subject. We may regret that he has not given us fuller glimpses of the Church in Spain and of the court of Charles V. as they were known to Blessed Alphonsus. This omission, however, has the effect of concentrating attention on the main personage in the book.

STORIES OF THE PROMISES, AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. M. A. Sadlier and her Daughters. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The name of Sadlier has long been connected with Catholic literature; and its bearers have done yeomen's service in adding to the same, works breathing the spirit of faith, and the devotion springing therefrom. The present volume is no exception to the rule, being a number of short stories turning upon the promises made by Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. In the preface, Mrs Sadlier, on the part of herself and daughters, disclaims for the tales all pretension to literary merit and relies rather upon a straightforward simplicity in presenting the devotion, deeming that thus it will find readier admittance to the popular heart.

As many of these stories have a foundation in fact, they carry on their face proof of the efficacy of prayer to the Divine Heart of Our Lord; and the book, especially in the hands of the young, can not fail of securing the accomplishment of the authors' earnest wish—that of promoting the kingdom of God upon earth.

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Michael Nash, S. J., whose life closed peacefully on the 6th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr Thomas T. Holton, of Morristown, N. J., who departed this life on the 12th ult.

Mr. Joseph Sharpe, who died a holy death on the 13th ult., at Wilmington, Del.

Mr. John Cooney, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose happy death took place last month.

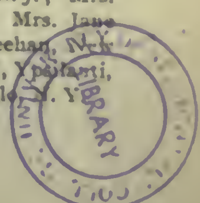
Mr. Thomas Bradley, of Jefferson, Pa., who passed away on the 16th ult., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. E. E Lynch, who was called to the reward of a beautiful Christian life at Pembroke, Canada, on the 17th ult.

Miss Susan Cavanaugh, of Hudson, Mich., who yielded her soul to God on the 18th of August.

Mr. Robert Gibson, of Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. Alice C. Green, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Jane Brogan, Ionia, Mich.; Mrs. Hanora Sheehan, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Francis E. Leonard, Ypsilanti, Mich.; and Mrs. Patrick Bowen, Buffalo, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!


LIBRARY

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Young Folks at Sea.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

(*Air: "Old Folks at Home."*)

WAY out upon the stormy ocean,
Far, far away,
That's where my heart feels dread emotion,
That's where I hate to stay.
All up and down each hill and valley
Crested o'er with foam,
How could sea-sick young folks rally
Far from the land and home!

CHORUS.

Ocean travel's naught but folly,—
Why did I e'er roam?
O gracious! won't my heart feel jolly
When I once more reach my home!

All huddled in my chair and tied there,
Fast to the deck;
Still, goodness knows, I thought I'd a-died there,—
Thought that there'd be a wreck.
While I was chatting with a stranger
Sore afraid was I;
For though he said there was no danger,
I felt 'twas all a lie.

One night from out a week of sadness,
When I grew well,
Shed just a ray of joy and gladness,
And broke up my sea-sick spell.
Then music, speech, and merry singing
Filled all the ship,—
And still at times I hear them a-ringing,
Echoes of my first ocean trip.

SLEEP is so like death that I dare not trust it without saying my prayers.—*Anon.*

Camp-Fire Stories.

THE CAPTURE OF CALAIS.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE boys spent the following morning in building a fort. When Uncle George asked them what kind of a fort it was, they made answer that they were sure they didn't know. It was just a fort.

"But," said Uncle George, "there is a great difference in forts. What does the word mean, any way?"

Not one of them knew.

"Well, I must say," continued Uncle George, "that if this is an example of your knowledge of the English language, I should recommend a change of teachers."

Uncle George, the best uncle in the world, could be a little severe at times; and one of his peculiar ideas was that the present system of teaching is all wrong.

"What does the word *fort* mean in French?" he asked.

"Why, strong, of course!" was the prompt response from half a dozen voices.

"And your teacher never taught you the relation between the French adjective and the English noun! Well, I'll not scold any more. I'll try to tell you a story to-night about a fort, or a besieged city, if I can think of one. The fact is, though, my stock is almost exhausted."

Did you ever hear of a Round Robin?

It is not a bird, but simply a petition in which the names that are signed start from a common centre, in order that no one may be said to have written his first. This is a favorite device of sailors when they have a favor to ask of their captain. If the crew of Columbus had known about Round Robins, it is likely that the Admiral would have received one, asking that the good ship *Santa Maria* be allowed to go back to Spain and stop its ridiculous journey.

That evening Uncle George received a Round Robin. It stated that his retainers (that was the very word) were tired of hearing stories in which the French were the heroes; that the only Frenchman in Camp St. Mary had slept at his post, and they respectfully asked for a change. It is needless to state that Achille's name did not figure among those which adorned this document.

"Well, you see, my hearties," began Uncle George, who now and then used the sailor vernacular, "I promised a story about a siege; and the only one I can remember that is worth the telling is that of the siege of Calais, a French town."

"But did the other fellows take it?"

"Yes," answered Uncle George.

"Then, that's all right!" said the embassador who had presented the petition.

"Faith," added Uncle George, with a smile, "I don't know whether you'll say so or not when you hear the story, but here it is:

"Of course you know that the English kings at one time called themselves kings of France as well, and their aim and hope was to establish a great English empire upon the continent by force of arms. In the twelfth century the descendants of the Norman conquerors looked upon the islanders as barbarians; but two centuries later England had become so great that its people considered the knights of France as inferior men, and its crown just an ornament to the crown of England. It would take too long to go further into the history of that period. It is enough to say that when Edward III., whose armies had gone forth to conquer France, defeated the French King, Philippe VI., at the battle of Crécy, he thought that there was nothing he wanted which he couldn't have by fighting for it. And, most of all, he wanted the town of Calais,—a fortified city, which, from its situation, was the military key to France. Where is Calais, Archie?"

"Just across the English Channel from Dover, sir."

"Good! Now, you see there were two ways of looking at this matter. It seems a terrible thing for Edward to lay siege to a city and try to starve its people—for that is what he did; but the men of Calais had attacked his shipping, and he looked upon them as pirates, and thought it right to conquer them in any way he could. The walls of Calais were something awful,—with great towers and battlements, and at every gate a real castle, while a deep moat flowed all around. And I can assure you that when the bridges were drawn and the spiked portcullises down, it was a pretty serious matter to take a fort of the Middle Ages. There were several ways in which this was attempted. Sometimes the besiegers filled up the moat with earth and rubbish, and climbed up the walls on ladders; and sometimes great battering-rams were used to break down the masonry. But as those inside had their own ways of defence, it usually fared worse for besieger than besieged.

"It was the gallantry and bravery of the English army that arrived before the walls of Calais, with King Edward at the head, and with him his young son, just knighted for noble deeds upon the field of Crécy. The banners of the English army had quartered upon them the lilies of France together with their own lions; and the surcoats of the knights and men

were rich with embroidery, while the fire of victory was in every eye. It must indeed have been a gallant scene. A herald, preceded by a trumpeter, rode up to the chief gate, above which was seen floating the blue banner of France, and in a loud voice cried:

"'I call upon the governor of this town to surrender it to my master, his gracious Majesty Edward, King of England and of France.'

"Then Sir Jean de Vienne, the governor, appeared and said:

"'I hold this town for my master, his gracious Majesty Philippe, King of France, and will defend it to the last.'

"This was just the answer that the herald expected, and he rode back and the siege began—or rather the preparations for it. The plain in front of the city was soon one field of white canvas tents; and in every direction could be seen the soldiers, not yet advancing on the town, but bringing in farm animals of all kinds that they had 'confiscated' from the farmers. War was much the same in the fourteenth century as it is in the nineteenth, when it comes to the quartermaster's department.

"The next thing that the governor of Calais learned was that the English were going to starve them out, and that they would be in no hurry about it; for they were building little wooden houses, setting them in long streets, as if they meant to stay a while. So he sent all the helpless people, to the number of 1700, outside the walls of the town, to get on as best they could,—knowing that they would be sure to starve where they were. These poor people were distracted at being driven from home; and the English were so moved with pity for them that they gave them all a hearty meal as they passed through the camp, and King Edward sent to each one a small sum of money. This kindness was so unexpected that the refugees went away praying aloud for those whom they had wished to kill.

"This happened early in August, and cold weather found the English still living in their wooden huts before Calais, waiting for the French to yield. Then, three days before All Saints' Day, the English Queen Philippa came with her ladies in waiting, to see their husbands and brothers; and there began to be a gay court, with dancing and feasting, just a few steps away from the place where people were starving. But war is always cruel, and the French would have done the same. It was a gay winter in the wooden town; for the Queen and her ladies remained, and Christmas was kept with great rejoicing; while the cheeks of those shut up within the town grew thinner and paler.

"'If our King Philippe would only come!' sighed the French. And one day he *did* come, with a large army; but, seeing the strength of the English forces, parleyed a while, and went away again. So the French knew that they had nothing to expect from him.

"A year went on. August came again, and the end of the siege had come; for the brave men inside the walls had nothing to eat. Since Whitsuntide not a scrap of provisions had reached them. Away went the governor to the battlements with a little white flag.

"'Take the city and fortress,' he said, 'and let us go.'

"But Sir Walter Mauny, one of those who spoke for the English King, was obliged to make answer that his sovereign had no terms to make,—the surrender must be unconditional; and there would still remain the reckoning to pay for the shipping which had been destroyed, and the King would slay or imprison whom he chose.

"Sir Walter went back to King Edward to beg mercy for the brave men who had endured everything but death; but all the concession he would make was to order that the soldiers and citizens of Calais

should be pardoned if six of the leading men of the town would present themselves to him with halters around their necks, he to do with them as he saw fit.

"The governor heard this decision, and repaired to the market-place and caused a great bell to be rung. When the famine-stricken people gathered at the sound, he told them the condition.

"'I will be one to go!' exclaimed a once wealthy man; and five others begged to join him. So, barefooted and bareheaded, with halters around their necks, they bore the keys of the town and laid them before King Edward.

"'Spare our townsmen,' they said, 'but do with us as you will.'

"This did not move the King, who ordered them to be beheaded immediately. But the gentle English Queen Philippa threw herself upon her knees before her husband, and begged for the lives of those venerable men, brought so near death already from hunger and suffering.

"'For the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary,' she cried, 'and your love to me, be merciful!'

"'Dame,' said the King, 'I can not refuse you. Do with them as *you* will.'

"The Queen's tears gave place to smiles, and she took her dear prisoners, as she called them, to her own house, and gave them gifts and a plentiful dinner.

"Some say that the King knew she would ask for their pardon, and took this course to give her pleasure. However, my story is ended, and the English were the heroes."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered the bringer of the Round Robin. "I'm afraid the French were the real brave ones, after all."

Our young people may decide.

HE who is without energy when young will never have it. Grit is not a winter fruit: it never grows in the snow.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

"I have never remained after school or lost a recreation for misbehaving in class, and I never expect to do so," declared Elizabeth, one day as she walked home with Mollie Gerrish, Emily Davis, and Joanna Margeson.

"Nor I. It is ill-bred to act in such a way as to have to be put in penance," chimed in Mollie, who prided herself upon her politeness.

"And people who have to stay because they have failed in their lessons must be very idle or very stupid," added Elizabeth, who was clever and loved her books.

Both she and Mollie spoke thoughtlessly, with no intent to offend; but the others looked conscious, their experience having evidently not been so fortunate.

"Oh, you fare so well because you are Sister Mellooeesa's favorites!" answered Emily.

"Sister Mellooeesa *has* no favorites," asserted Mollie. "If she is kind to us, it is because we try to behave ourselves. Mother says a girl who is well brought up will not give trouble in school."

"I should never get over it if I had to sit on the platform in disgrace before the whole class as often as Sarah Martin does," said Elizabeth.

This was tacitly regarded as a forcible allusion, since poor Sarah Martin was generally considered never to have had any "bringing up" at all.

Emily and Joanna, however, hastened to turn the conversation to a more congenial topic.

In Sister Mellooeesa's class-room Elizabeth and Mollie had desks side by side. Mollie was a pretty little girl, with a complexion delicate as pink-tinted apple

blossoms, soft ringlets of light hair, and blue eyes. If asked her characteristics, Elizabeth would probably have replied:

"Oh! she wants to be considered the most refined and best-mannered girl in the class; and she wears white tires week-days, and her mother has heart disease."

To Elizabeth the latter misfortune accounted for the anomaly of the white tires. She presumed the fragile health of Mrs. Gerrish rendered it impossible for her to provide Mollie with pinafores of a material so strong and durable as checked gingham. Sometimes she envied her companion these pretty aprons, but oftener was sorry for her,—they seemed a kind of preparatory mourning. She wondered if Mollie would wear black ones, as the little girls do in France, if her mother were to die.

Whatever Mollie's ideas of her own standing, Elizabeth was secretly convinced that she herself was the "bright particular star" of the class. Still, in spite of the small rivalries and jealousies between them, they were firm friends; and, as desk-mates, managed for some time to carry on snatches of conversation quietly, or to exchange confidences when they were supposed to be studying, without attracting the notice of the teacher, whose attention was usually engaged by more obstreperous or insubordinate cases.

But no one can go on indefinitely living on a reputation not wholly deserved. Sister Mellooeesa soon discovered that her two model pupils were not such patterns of perfection, after all. The conferences behind their geographies and spelling-books became too frequent and prolonged to be overlooked. Friendship apparently demanded that Mollie should frequently ask if Elizabeth's sled had been found; whilst Elizabeth felt it due to Mollie's sympathetic interest to describe in detail her plans for the recovery of her property. And there were likewise many other questions to be discussed.

One day, being in a lively mood, they could not regain their gravity when the time came for the prayer before recreation. In vain they buried their faces in their hands and endeavored to be serious: a suppressed giggle betrayed them.

Sister Mellooeesa suddenly stopped the prayer and regarded them for a moment in stern silence. The eyes of every girl in the class were simultaneously turned in their direction; and one might have heard a pin drop, such was the stillness of the room. Then the good Sister finished the exercise, and at its close said briefly:

"Elizabeth Colton and Mollie Gerrish will remain indoors."

Overwhelmed with confusion and mortification, they beheld the long line of girls file out before them. To be sure, every day some one forfeited this recreation, but to have it happen to *them* was another affair. They fancied that several of the girls in passing cast upon them sly glances of condescension or satisfaction; others whispered, after the usual school-girl fashion of offering consolation:

"I would not care, if I were you!"

But they *did* care. Mollie bit the corner of her dainty, lace-trimmed handkerchief, affected an injured air, and occasionally wiped a suspicious mist from her eyes.

Elizabeth, with a bright red spot burning in either cheek, looked straight before her, seeing nothing, but acutely conscious of the gaze of her classmates. There was something ludicrous in the exaggeration of her chagrin. To think that she, Elizabeth Colton, should have in effect received a public reprimand, and would during the recreation, and the hour and a half following, be "in penance," as Sister Mellooeesa now decreed!

The two culprits took their places on the penitential benches, and were left alone in the school-room. Presently there was a sound of footsteps in the corridor; the next minute Elizabeth, nudging her companion, sighed:

"This is the last straw!"

Mollie glanced up quickly. Sarah Martin had returned from the garden and was approaching them.

Elizabeth leaned against the wall dejectedly. To be in penance was "bad enough"; to have Sarah Martin come to condole with her seemed the depth of degradation. Thus struggling with her proud little heart, she took no heed of Sarah, to whom Mollie vouchsafed only a shy glance, between intervals of dabbing her eyes with the pretty handkerchief.

"Mercy sakes, you need not feel so bad!" began Sarah. "*I* do not mind being in penance. What difference does it make, after all?"

"None to *you* perhaps," broke out Elizabeth, petulantly; "but to *me* it is a dreadful disgrace."

Sarah stared.

"You must be very proud," said she. "And yet no wonder you feel so. I was dreadfully sorry for you when you were called out." (Oh, to have Sarah Martin sorry for her!) "And I wished it had been myself instead. Nobody is surprised no matter how I behave, or expects any better of me. If they had long ago, maybe I should be different now. I don't care what people think; but with you, of course, it is not the same, because you hold your head so high, and the girls follow your lead, and you are always supposed to do just right."

Mollie's grief became uncontrollable. She wished Sarah would say such consoling things to her. She would never have thought of making so much of this unlucky episode but for Elizabeth's tragic manner of viewing it. To-morrow she would laugh over her discomfiture, or go about with such a sweetly patient, martyr-like expression as would cause her friends to feel that she had been rather hardly treated. But where vanity is merely piqued pride is plunged in despondency. Perhaps Sarah intuitively understood something of this distinction, and how some persons, in their quick and ardent way, are apt to make mountains out of mole-hills. At any rate, when Elizabeth repeated, "I shall never forget it," she quite believed her, and reiterated in distress: "I wish *I* had been the one."

Elizabeth looked at her without making any reply. Was this Sarah Martin, the girl of whom she had thought so slightingly, and with whom she very seldom exchanged a word, because Mollie had told her that Sarah was of "an ordinary family"? Did they themselves belong to extraordinary families, then?

"Sarah would like to heap coals of fire on my head now," she said to herself, resentfully.

But the latter was evidently so innocent of any attempt to indulge in this salamander-like amusement that it was impossible not to be softened by her unexpected gentleness.

"Let me alone, Sarah. When did I ever bother about you in any of the scrapes you got into?" she cried, the perception dawning upon her that, despite a certain recklessness, this girl of no "bringing up" showed finer and more generous traits of character than she did herself.

Mollie had moved down to the end of the bench, determined to preserve her exclusiveness since she had not succeeded in attracting attention.

Sarah lingered.

"Really, don't you ever care?" inquired Elizabeth, as she did not go.

"Not a button—for the girls," was the grim reply.

"For what, then?"

"Well," the singular girl went on, somewhat unwillingly, "often when I have broken the rules or been impertinent, and have been called up here, I don't care for anything, and am only spiteful and ugly. But after a while I get looking at that picture over there; and, watching it, I forget everything else."

Following her glance, Elizabeth's eyes rested upon an engraving of the Madonna and Child on the opposite wall.

"And then," acknowledged Sarah, "I begin to be sorry, and find myself saying acts of contrition for my tantrums. To be sure, perhaps the very next day I get into a new pack of troubles; but Sister Mellooeesa says I'm not as incorrigible as I was."

At this point the bell for the end of recreation sounded, and the class came trooping in. Never before did the interval between this afternoon recess and the close of the session appear so long to Mollie and Elizabeth.

Mollie indeed, after posing for a while as a heroine, recovered her spirits, smiled, and communicated "in deaf and dumb language" with her friends when the opportunity offered.

But Elizabeth, having written a French verb on her slate the required number of times, sat glum and moody, feeling as if the many pairs of eyes directed toward her were so many barbed arrows. Yet her gaze seemed drawn to the picture, and Sarah Martin's words kept recurring to her. Most surprising of all, the more she compared Sarah's motives with her own, the less satisfied she grew with herself.

"Ah, Elizabeth," whispered a voice near her, "you are sorry only on account of what the girls will say and think about you! Is it not wrong to be so proud, proud, *proud?* You feel this small mortification to be a very great one because it has happened to you, you, *you!* Sarah Martin is a better girl than you, after all. Isn't she good not to despise you?".

It was only the ticking of the clock above her head that she heard; but she used to say long afterward that the beautiful picture and the voice of the old clock taught her one of the best lessons she ever learned in that busy class-room.

Meantime, watching Elizabeth's face with curious interest, and observing how keenly she felt the discredit of being under this little cloud, Sarah discerned, as in one of those amusing mirrors in which everything appears exaggerated and distorted, the simple truths worthy of reflection:—that, although, according to the venerable adage, "pride goes before a fall," on the other hand, if sometimes it may be noble to set at defiance the opinion of others when one is in the right, to do so when in the wrong is only bad example.

(To be continued.)

The Arab's Answer.

To most people an Arab seems, to say the least, a rather inferior being. Yet this same untutored child of the desert once administered a reproof to a scoffer which, for dignity and truthfulness, is not to be surpassed.

The story goes that a Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, and who yet denied the existence of God, the Author of all science, was crossing the Desert of Sahara in company with an Arab guide. This so-called philosopher noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and the Arab never neglected his devotions. At last one evening, as he rose from his knees, the Frenchman asked him with a sneer:

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer in wonder, and then said, solemnly:

"How do I *know* there is a God! How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot on the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert,—"that footprint is not that of a man."

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

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The Forty Hours'.

A HOLY calm,—
Stillness profound, like to none other. So,
Before the Eternal, angel choirs bend low
With shining pinions furled, as we to-day,
Kneeling in adoration, cast our souls
On His sweet mercy, weeping as we pray,—
Laying each burden where the bleeding Heart
May wash it clean. This is a place apart
From the vexed outer world, that seethes, and
rolls
Its waves upon the silent shores of Death.
Light, fragrance, stillness, the white Host
above—
A gracious, wondrous Presence. 'Tis a breath
Of Heaven,—on the wrapt soul dews of Love
Dropping like balm.

The Rosary and Christian Reunion.

THE leading thought in the Holy Father's new encyclical letter on the Rosary is the reunion of Christendom. Again and again, and yet again, his Holiness expresses his solicitude for the unity of the flock over which he is divinely appointed to rule; and to this end the faithful are exhorted to renew their zeal, and to pray fervently to Mary, "the dispenser of the gifts of God." "Catholics can not manifest their brotherly affection toward their separated brethren in a more excellent manner," his Holiness declares, "than by making every effort in their power to help them to regain the most precious of all good things."

After expressing his great happiness that the devotion of the Holy Rosary is spreading more and more, and is more and more honored and practised throughout the world, the venerable Pontiff explains the motives of his confidence in the Blessed Virgin, and emphasizes the appropriateness of the Rosary, "that so excellent a prayer," as a means for the attainment of the end which he has so much at heart. "We look to the power of the Rosary for a great assistance toward the extension of the Kingdom of Christ."

The Pope points out that, according to the constant interpretation of the Church, Christ designated, in the person of St. John, the human race, and more especially such as should be united to Him by faith, when dying on the Cross He said to His Mother, "Behold thy son"; and quotes the words of St Anselm of Canterbury, "O Virgin! thou art the Mother of those of whom Christ deigns to be the Father and Brother."

In fulfilment of her sublime office, Mary "supported in a wonderful manner the steps of Christian nations by her holy example, by the authority of her counsels, by her sweet consolations, by the efficacy of her holy prayers. She has shown herself

in truth the Mother of the Church, the Guide and Queen of the Apostles, making them participators in the divine oracles which she kept in her heart." Assumed into heaven and crowned as its Queen, her power was immeasurably increased. "She began from henceforth," adds Leo XIII., "to look down on the Church, and to protect us as a mother who had taken part in the Redemption of mankind. She contributes also at all times to the dispensation of the divine grace of the Redemption."

It was the conviction of St. Cyril of Alexandria that it is especially under the guidance and patronage of Mary that the glad tidings of the Gospel have been spread among all nations, establishing everywhere a new reign of justice and peace. The Pope quotes a beautiful prayer of the holy Doctor in which this conviction is expressed: "It is by you that the Apostles have preached to the nations the doctrine of salvation; it is by you that the blessed Cross is celebrated and adored throughout the whole world; it is by you that devils have been put to flight, and man himself called up to heaven; it is by you that every creature kept in error and idolatry is brought to the knowledge of the truth; it is by you that the faithful attain to holy baptism, and that in every nation churches have been founded."

Having shown with how much fervor men illustrious for their sanctity and apostolic zeal in every age have invoked the patronage of the Holy Virgin whenever faith had become weakened or charity grown cold, and in how many ways her gracious succor has made itself felt, the Vicar of Christ continues:

"The great share that the Holy Virgin has had, and has, in the kingdom, in the struggles and the triumphs of the Catholic faith, sheds a light on the divine will in her regard, and ought to inspire all with a sweet hope of a favorable issue in what relates to the realization of their common prayers. We should have confidence in Mary, we should pray to Mary. It will be a new glory for religion, and one ardently desired, that the profession of the same faith should keep souls in concord, that the bond of a perfect charity should unite the wills of men. The power of Mary can bring this desire to realization.... How could she not wish to display all her care and goodness to relieve the long and weary anxieties of the Church, the spouse of Christ, in this matter,—to bring about unity amongst the Christian family, which is the signal fruit of her maternity!

"The hope of seeing this happy result soon become a reality seems confirmed by the faith and confidence which are gaining strength in pious souls, that Mary will be the blessed bond, at once sweet and strong, by which all who love Christ, of whatever nation they may be, will become one people,—a people of brothers, obedient as to a common Father, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, the Roman Pontiff."

Considering that the Holy Rosary is a form of prayer which affords an easy and accessible means of nourishing and safeguarding faith, the Pope recommends it above all others for the accomplishment of the purpose which he so much desires. This portion of the encyclical must be quoted entire:

"It is seen also how closely connected with Mary is the faith thus put in practice, whether by the repetition of the vocal prayers or especially by meditation on the mysteries. Indeed, every time that, suppliant before her, we recite the chaplet in the regular manner, we go over in our memory the admirable work of our salvation, and contemplate, as if they were unrolled before our eyes, the successive events which made her the Mother of God and at the same time our Mother.

"The greatness of this twofold dignity, the blessed fruits of this twofold office,

appear in a living light to one who meditates devoutly on the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries, in which the memory of Mary is associated with that of her Son. It follows assuredly that the soul burns with sentiments of affection and gratitude toward her; and, despising all perishable goods, courageously endeavors to show itself worthy of such a Mother and of her great benefits.

"This frequent and faithful contemplation of the various mysteries can not fail to be most pleasing to Mary, and to kindle with pity toward mankind that Mother who is by far the best of all mothers. That is why We said that the prayer of the Rosary will be an excellent one for pleading with her the cause of our separated brethren. This prayer has, in fact, a very special connection with the mission of her spiritual maternity. In truth, Mary has brought forth, and could only bring forth, in one faith and in one love all those who are Christ's. 'Is Christ divided?' * We should all, then, live together the life of Christ, in order that in one and the same body 'we may bring forth fruit to God.' †

"All, then, whom unhappy circumstances have separated from this unity must be in some measure brought forth afresh to the life of Christ by that same Mother who has received from God the gift of giving birth continually to a holy posterity. That assuredly is a result that she herself eagerly desires to obtain. On the garland of most pleasing prayers that we shall weave for her, she will draw down in abundance the succor of the life-giving Spirit. Men can not well refuse to obey the will of this merciful Mother; thinking of their salvation, they can hear her most sweet and loving invitation: 'My little children with whom I am in labor anew, until Jesus Christ be formed in you.'"

* I. Cor., i, 13. † Rom., vii, 4.

With much joy the Pope refers to the project of erecting at Patras in Achaia a church in honor of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, where the Blessed Virgin will be invoked according to the Greek and Latin rites, "to the end that with ever-increasing benevolence she may crown her ancient benefits with new favors."

The faithful are again exhorted to have confidence in the Virgin most powerful, and to praise and invoke her unceasingly, imploring her to show herself a mother. "May her motherly clemency shelter from every peril her entire family; may she lead it all to the happiness of the true faith; may she establish it above all in holy unity! May she also turn her loving gaze on the Catholics of every nation; may she draw close between them the bonds of charity, and make them more fervent and more constant in supporting the glory of religion, from which flow at the same time blessings the most precious for society!"

In conclusion, the Holy Father prays eloquently for our separated brethren, the nations of the East and the West that have gone astray. "That Mary may powerfully intercede for both is the unanimous and suppliant prayer of all Catholic nations; and that she may intercede with profit also for them is Our prayer, which cries even to Our last breath: 'Show that thou art our Mother!'"

THERE is, to a high-souled man, no wrong more hurtful or more difficult to pardon than to have mean motives falsely ascribed to him, to be placed by misinterpretation on a lower plane than that where he belongs. Every such experience stabs the moral source of life, and draws blood f om the soul itself.—*W. R. Alger.*

WHAT spiritual riches are there in the midst of the evils of society! How much does the moral world redeem the material!—*Emile Souvestre.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

VIII.—A Fortunate Opportunity.

WHEN Constance and her maid set out for their walk, the latter suggested that they go in the direction of the sea-wall, or parade; as that gave a better view of the castle and surroundings, of which, as a native, she seemed proud, and to the glories of which she wished her young mistress to be introduced.

The heart of the young girl, a stranger and exile in the land of her fathers, was filled with emotion as she looked up at those frowning walls and lofty towers, within whose embrace her earliest infancy had been sheltered. But her face, schooled to repress her real feelings, betrayed none of the agitation of her mind. After they had walked for some time on the parade, she expressed a desire for a more secluded pathway, if such could be found; and presently they turned to the left and seated themselves on the base of a projecting shelf of rocks abutting on the carriage road leading to the castle.

For a while they sat in silence; the heart of Constance was heavy with many thoughts.

"Marjorie," she asked at length, pointing with her parasol to a road which diverged from the one in front of them, "whither does that lead?"

"To Cliffbourne, Miss," answered the woman."

"Ah!" exclaimed her young mistress. "And who lives there?"

"It is the property of the Marquis of Cliffbourne," said Marjorie. "He is now abroad, and of late years it has not often been occupied; but at present the cousin of Lord Cliffbourne, the daughter of the late Marquis, and wife of the unfortunate Lord Stratford, is there, in her former home."

"Is she an old woman?" inquired Constance, in an indifferent tone.

"No, not at all, Miss," was the reply. "She is probably thirty-eight or thereabouts. She is very beautiful, and does not look her age. People who do not know her call her cold and haughty, but that is only her outward appearance. She may have become so, to be sure; but twenty years ago, when I lived in the family, she was kindness itself. You know there is a terrible story connected with her life?"

"Yes, I have heard of it," answered Constance. "Probably you are in possession of all the particulars?"

"I think I know as much about the dreadful affair as anybody," remarked Marjorie. "One thing I do not believe, and never shall."

"What is that?" inquired her mistress.

"That Lord Stratford committed the murder with which he was charged."

Constance cast a grateful look upon the faithful woman as she replied:

"I have heard rumors of this murder from so many sources that I should like to learn something of it from one who had been on the spot. A stranger travelling from place to place is generally curious, you know, to learn the histories of these old families."

"It is a long story, Miss, and the sun is growing hot. What if we postpone the telling of it until we return to the inn?"

"Very well," rejoined Constance indifferently. "Perhaps it would be still better to wait until this evening, after dinner. My head aches a little, and I think when we go back I should like to lie down."

Retracing their steps, they soon reached the inn, where, after a restless hour on her pillow, Constance found relief for her aching head in sleep. She awoke with a start, to find the day far spent. Hastily making her toilet, she passed to the little sitting-room, where Marjorie sat knitting near the window.

"I feel so much better," said Constance. "I must have slept three hours at least."

"Yes, Miss: you've been asleep a long

time. Once I went in softly to see if you were awake and wanted anything, and then a queer thing happened."

"What was it, Marjorie?" asked the other quickly, fearful that in her sleep she might have said something she would not have wished the maid to hear.

"Oh, nothing, Miss, to alarm any one!" replied the woman. "But as you lay there fast asleep you looked the image of Lady Cliffbourne,—she that was Lady Stratford before she got separated from her poor unfortunate husband."

It was well that the twilight hid the quick flush which suffused the young girl's cheek. But there was no tremor in her voice as she answered:

"Marjorie, I am afraid you have been thinking of old times so much to-day that your fancy has run away with you. After dinner—for I am very hungry, I confess,—I shall allow you to unburthen your mind by telling me the story of the Mountherons."

"No, it was not fancy," said Marjorie. "You *did* look like her; and there's even something in the sound of your voice that reminds me of her."

"Away, away, you foolish woman!" said Constance playfully, turning to the window and parting the curtains. "See what the landlady has for dinner, and ask her to bring it up quickly. Your former mistress would not be flattered if she could hear you this evening."

Folding her knitting, the maid prepared to leave the room.

"Kindly as I think of her, and fair as I know her to be," she answered, "'twould be naught to her discredit if there *was* a resemblance, Miss."

After she had gone Constance remained looking out on the sea, the boom of the incoming tide falling upon her ears, in fitting accompaniment to the sad perplexities of her soul. But a moment later she was touching her Rosary ring with reverent fingers; and when Marjorie appeared, accompanied by the hostess to lay the cloth and place dinner on the table, she had recited five decades of the Rosary, which seemed to draw her nearer to God and His Blessed Mother by every repetition. Strengthened and comforted, she drew the curtains and sat down to a well-cooked and delicious meal.

When Marjorie returned from downstairs, after she had helped remove the cloth and taken her own dinner at the landlady's table, she found her mistress with a strip of exquisite embroidery in her hands.

"Now, Marjorie," she said, "I am waiting for the story of Mountheron. Since hearing that you were at service in the castle when the murder was committed, I have naturally felt a new interest in the sad occurrence."

"It *was* a sad affair, indeed," observed Marjorie, taking her knitting from her pocket and resuming her seat by the fire. "I've gone over it so often in my mind, whiles at the fireside, sitting alone in my father's little cottage on the shore, and whiles often in the silent hours of the night, when I'd wake and cover my head for thinking of it, that I've every bit of it by heart, fresh as it was the day it happened."

"So much the better," said Constance, with a smile, which, forced and saddened as it was, nevertheless brightened her face, whose gravity the maid thought was too deep for her youth and beauty.

We shall not here repeat the details of the narration; its substance we already know. Constance listened in silence until Marjorie arrived at that portion of the story relating to the escape of Lord Stratford.

"How was it possible for him to escape without the connivance of his jailers?" she asked.

"I don't know, Miss," replied the maid. "Some said that Lady Stratford was behind it all,—even that the old Marquis

had helped to get him off, rather than have the terrible disgrace of imprisonment for life fastened to his son-in-law, much as he was turned against him. Others again said as how it was Lord Stratford himself bribed the jailers; though how he could have done it, with no ready money at his command, it would be hard to tell."

"Were there any children?" inquired Constance, after a pause, anxious to learn how much was known of her own story.

"One, Miss,—a lovely little child, the Lady Constance. Lady Stratford hadn't enough sorrow before, but her only child must be taken from her."

"Did the child die?" asked her mistress.

"She did, Miss," answered Marjorie,—"at least that's what is most generally believed. After the divorce—"

"Why was there a divorce?" interposed Constance. "Was that necessary when her husband was either dead or an outcast whom she was never likely to see again?"

"Well, Miss, it was the doing of the old Marquis. He was a very masterful man, and he was determined to get rid of the Mountheron name altogether. Folks said she resisted it, but it was of no use: her father made her go into the courts and have a divorce. As I was saying, they went to Italy and stayed there a goodish spell. It was there that the little one was stolen,—stolen, Miss; and there are them that say her own father was the thief."

"Her own father!" repeated Constance. "You mean Lord Stratford?"

"Of course, Miss," replied Marjorie. "My own first cousin was valet to Lord Cliffbourne at the time, and servants see and hear more than their masters ever think they do. One night the little one went, or was taken from her bed, while the nurse was at supper; and, though they scoured the country far and near, she was never found. A strange man had been seen prowling about; he did some odd jobs for the gardener, and he had made acquaintance with the child, who had spoken of him to her mother. They tried to keep it a great secret, but it leaked out that Lady Stratford—or Lady Cliffbourne, as they call her now,—had seen this man one day when she was riding out, and she said afterward she couldn't get rid of the thought that his eyes were exactly like her husband's. Once, too, she heard some one humming an English song under her window, and she said the voice reminded her of Lord Stratford's. It was that same man, Miss. She wasn't going to say a word to her father, but had her mind made up to watch him; however, that very night the child disappeared, and the man never came back. He covered up his tracks well, whoever he was; for it wasn't till long after they traced a stranger with a child to a vessel bound for some other foreign port. But the ship was wrecked on the voyage, Miss, and there was naught left but to suppose that the man was drowned with the child. Now, it may or may not be that the story is true; but I know for certain that Lady Cliffbourne thinks it to this day; and small wonder it is, you see, Miss, that she is not given to constant smiling and easy-going ways. What some people call coldness and haughtiness is only gravity; with them about her she is kindness itself."

"A very sad, sad story," said Constance, sighing deeply; "and it may be, as you say, that the outward exterior of Lady Stratford does not indicate her real nature. Is there any prospect of her marrying again?"

"Oh, no!" replied Marjorie. "It was said, some time back, that she was to marry the present Earl of Mountheron; but there is not a word of truth in it. Both of them being Catholics, they would not be allowed by their Church—even if she were disposed to do so, which, from all appearances, she was not. The Mountheron family have always been Catholic, but Lady Cliffbourne only became one since the divorce."

"What!" exclaimed Constance, almost thrown off her guard. "I thought—I mean—I had heard that—"

"My Lady was always a Catholic, Miss?" interrupted Marjorie, with some asperity. "No indeed. It was only ten years ago that she left the church of her fathers and joined the Romans."

"I am a Catholic myself," remarked the young girl, quietly, thus saving Marjorie from possible mortification in the future, should she feel called upon to offer her opinion on the respective merits of the Catholic and Episcopal churches, as it was evident from her manner that her sympathies were not with the former.

"I beg pardon, Miss, if I gave any offence," said the maid; "but, you know, one's feelings naturally go with one's own religion."

"That is very true, Marjorie," was the gentle response; "and no offence has been taken, as none was intended."

"Bless your sweet face!" said Marjorie, impulsively. "I wouldn't hurt *you* with a single word."

Constance smiled brightly as she continued, her mind intent on the object of her quest:

"Are visitors allowed at the castle?"

"Do you mean at Mountheron, Miss? You know Lady Cliffbourne does not live there now."

"True; I had forgotten. No doubt she has some relatives residing with her?"

"Yes, I believe there is one—a distant cousin—a Mrs. Markham; but she lives quietly. She has a maid, Felicia, who has been with her a long time; also generally a sort of young lady companion. But just now she is without one, the person who occupied that position having failed in her health."

"And is she in need of another?" asked the young girl, with sudden animation. "O Marjorie, do you think there would be any chance for me there?—for it is just the situation I desire."

"*You*, Miss!" exclaimed the maid, in surprise. "Why, from your appearance and manners, not to mention your elegant, quiet-looking attire, one would fancy you almost a lady like the one at Cliffbourne. Surely you do not need to go out as a companion? You can't be thinking of the like?"

"There is a great and pressing need that I should do something of the kind," replied Constance. "Until you mentioned the vacancy, I had not thought of such a position; but now I think it the very thing I want. Do you suppose I would have a chance?"

"Isn't this a whim?" said Marjorie,—"just the whim of a young girl, with plenty of time on her hands, to see something of high life, as they call it? O Miss, if it is, I beg of you not to try it; for you will not find it all a bed of roses."

"Marjorie, I assure you it is a necessity with me to accomplish a certain end. I had thought of remaining quietly here, with you for a companion, for a couple of months, perhaps. But now this seems to open a way before me, and I am all eagerness to make the effort to obtain the position."

"If it is money you are needing, Miss—and, by all the signs and tokens I see, it can't be that,—a matter of eighty pounds a year or so wouldn't help you much. And that is all you would get as a companion. And if it is a whim, as I said before—maybe you're separated from your friends, Miss, through some misunderstanding,—I beseech you give it over; at the same time asking your pardon for being so bold. But I am older than you by twenty years at least, and I've seen a good deal of the world; and if you'll take my advice, you'll think of it no more."

"Marjorie," said Constance, rising from her seat and beginning to walk rapidly up and down, "I thank you for your good intentions; for they show your true kindness of heart. But believe me when

I say that if you can put me in the way of securing this situation, you will have done me a great service. So providential does this opportunity seem that I can not help looking upon it as a direct answer to prayer."

The manner and words of the young girl so impressed the maid that she at once replied:

"Very well, Miss. Let it be as you say. Surely you know your own business best. Your face and figure, not to mention your manners, ought to be enough recommendation to the queen herself; and I'll be bold enough to say that my Lady will be taken with you at once. But, of course, references will be wanting."

"I can procure at least one excellent reference," said the young girl. "Will that be sufficient, do you think?"

"It *ought* to be," answered the maid.

"And, now, what shall I do—write to Lady Cliffbourne or go in person?"

"I would advise you to go in person," said Marjorie.

"There is no doubt but the position is vacant?" asked Constance.

"Not the slightest," answered Marjorie. "I heard it from Felicia, whom I met on High Street yesterday, where she was matching wools for her ladyship. And there is not much likelihood of its being taken ere this; for it isn't down here in Cornwall my Lady would be apt to find many of the kind she wants. But if you don't suit her, Miss, I'll never think my own judgment worth anything again."

"Then, in the name of God and His ever-blessed Mother," said the young girl, solemnly, "I will go to Cliffbourne in the morning."

After some further remarks, mistress and maid parted for the night. Agitated as she was by what had passed, and filled with a new hope, which was half a fear, Constance heard the clock strike two before she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

A SERIES OF DISASTERS.

THE Iroquois mission began with the captivity of Father Jogues, and was first cultivated by him as a distinct field of labor in 1646. His death defeated the hopes of Christian enterprise for a time; and it was not till after the short captivity of Father Poncet, in 1652, that the conversion of the Iroquois seemed to become again possible. The real founder is undoubtedly Father Simon Le Moyne, the discoverer of the salt springs of Onondaga, and the first who opened commercial relations between New York and Canada, as Father Druilletes was the first to open similar relations between Canada and the United Provinces of New England.

Father Le Moyne was the first to visit Onondaga, in 1654. He was followed by Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon; and a mission, called St. Mary of Ganentaa, was soon established on Onondaga Lake. Seven Fathers of the Society of Jesus were employed on this mission, and extended their apostolic journeys from St. Mary's to neighboring villages and tribes. These missions were, however, annihilated by a general conspiracy of the tribes for the destruction of the priests and their French companions, who escaped almost by a prodigy when the stakes were actually prepared for their torture. This was in March, 1658. This period of the first mission, then, is at most four years, during which the missionaries revived the faith of the Christian Hurons, captives among the Iroquois; and baptized five hundred children and many adults, almost all of whom were in danger of death.

During this interval Father Le Moyne had not been idle. Another canton was yet to be visited. The towns of the Mohawks

beheld with astonishment a "blackrobe" bearing the name of their first apostle; for on the death of Father Jogues, the Indians had given Father Le Moyne his name of Ondessonk. His first visit was in 1655; he was there a second time in 1656, soon after the death of Father Garreau. These were but passing visits. In August, 1657, he set out to winter on the Mohawk, where he remained till the month of May, in great danger, and unable to do anything as a missionary beyond ministering to the Hurons. He extended his visits to Albany and New York; and, like his predecessors, enjoyed the cordial hospitality of Megapolensis, the estimable pastor of the settlement, and of the other persons of distinction there.

The war which desolated the valley of the St. Lawrence after the departure of the missionaries from New York in 1658, rendered any attempt to convert the Iroquois impossible. The first step must come from them; and, to the surprise and embarrassment of the French governor, a friendly chief, in 1661, proposed peace and the liberation of the French captives at Onondaga, but on condition that a blackgown should return with him. As the faithless Iroquois had already butchered many of the missionaries, to permit a priest to depart seemed like a useless sacrifice. Father Le Moyne did not think so; and the happiest day of his life was that on which he set out for the fifth time for the villages of the Iroquois. He did not expect ever to see his brethren again; but he set little value on life when there was question of saving souls, and he boldly embarked in July, 1661. At Onondaga he was warmly welcomed by Garacontié, a friendly chief, who had been the main promoter of peace, and who from this epoch till his death, about the year 1676, stands prominent in the annals of New York as the firm and steadfast friend of Christianity and civilization.

Here Father Le Moyne acted as pastor of three churches: a captive French, a captive Huron, and at last a free Iroquois church,—for at length some began to be moved by the example of the Hurons. He was not exempt from danger. The war still went on; and while attempts were being made on his life at Onondaga, two priests were murdered by the Iroquois at Montreal. But he continued his labors, not only at Onondaga, but even at Cayuga, till the exchange of prisoners was effected; then, no longer a hostage, he went back to Montreal in August, 1662, to await the moment for a return in order to rebuild the mission house of St. Mary's. The war, however, continued; and though he sought to go back in 1664, he was not permitted, and died soon after, whitened with years and toil.

Garacontié labored in vain to bring about a general peace. That was secured only when the Viscount de Tracy, viceroy of New France, with the troops brought over from France, ravaged the Mohawk country. Missionaries were now asked for; and in July, 1667, Fathers Fremin, Bruyas and Pierron proceeded to the Mohawk, and reached Gandawagué, the place of Father Jogues' death. Two-thirds of the canton were Hurons and Algonquins, who had long sighed for the consolations of the faith.

A little later Father Julian Garnier passed through the Mohawks and Oneidas to Onondaga. Here he was detained by Garacontié, and the Christians, who built him a chapel and sent a party to Quebec to obtain another missionary to be his companion. Father Milet was sent to aid him, and with him went Father de Carheil to respond to the call of the Cayugas for a blackgown to replace their loved Father Menard. Another canton yet remained; but when Father Pierron returned on the 7th of October, 1668, from Quebec, Father Fremin left him in charge of the Mohawk mission, and on the 10th started for the distant villages of the

Senecas, where the Christian town of St. Michael implored his aid.

Missions thus existed in 1668 in every Iroquois tribe; and not only in New York, but even north of Lake Ontario, where the Cayugas had formed a settlement. Here two Sulpitians, Fathers Fénelon and Trouvé, succeeded the Jesuits, and began their Iroquois mission on the Lake.

This opens the second period of the missions in New York, which extends to the time of the English Governor Dongan, by whom, as we shall see, the missions were at last destroyed, and all hopes of their restoration blighted by the treachery of the French commander. During this interval the six Fathers already named labored earnestly to convert the tribes, and with varying success. Their greatest harvest, a striking monument of God's inscrutable designs, was in the towns of the Mohawks, the fiercest of the tribes. The Senecas came next. Both of these tribes, in fact, soon required additional laborers, and Father Rafeix hastened to the Senecas, and Father Boniface to the Mohawks. The other tribes gave little hope; even Onondaga disappointed the fond expectations at first conceived; and though the women, strange to say, still glory in wearing the cross on their persons, they have never, as a tribe, acknowledged Him who died upon the Cross.

The great Garacontié became a Christian, but his example was not followed; and, except the village of Caughnawaga, which Father Boniface soon Christianized, the towns remained mostly pagan, and the scattered believers were subjected to great scandals and no little persecution. This led to a new step: the oppressed Catholics resolved to leave their native villages, to seek elsewhere the liberty denied them at home. The French colony offered them an asylum, and the Jesuit missionaries planted on their lands of Laprairie de la Madelein the first Christian village of the Iroquois—St. Francis Xavier des Près. The two Fathers de Lamberville and Father de Gueslis came later to the field. The former were the last who remained in the cantons during the period of which we speak.

The missionaries, though always in danger, and sometimes even doomed to death, worked on, and maintained their various chapels,—full of hope for the ultimate conversion of the Iroquois. But, alas! this hope was to be dashed by the treachery of one from whom they least expected enmity. New York, now an English colony, belonged to the unfortunate James, soon after King of England. Himself a Catholic, he finally sent out as governor of his Province Colonel Thomas Dongan, also a Catholic, who had long borne arms in the service of France.

Unlike his Dutch and English predecessors, Dongan was a man of enterprise and ability, and had no sooner set foot in New York than he saw the political error of the English in allowing the French to spread westward on both sides of the Lakes, and scatter their posts to the mouth of the Mississippi. In his eyes the English colonial confederation—which now, owing to the conquest of New York, extended from the Kennebec to Florida—could be secured only by making as their frontier the line of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes on the north.

Dongan's first object was to take Mackinaw, the channel of the western trade; and his next, to wean the Iroquois from the French. The latter design was not easy while the missionaries remained there; and, as a Catholic, he could not expel them. Could he obtain English Fathers to direct the missions, it would render him a double service: the Indians would still retain their faith, and the new missionaries would be as dear to the colonists as those actually there were known to be. Consequently, he in every way fanned the flame of discord between the Indians and the French; while at

the same time he protested against any invasion of the Iroquois territory, claiming it to be English ground. This ridiculous charge was treated with contempt by the French, and Denonville marched against the Senecas.

But amid all these troubles the missions were sadly disturbed. The Fathers among the Senecas were the first to retire. Father de Carheil was driven from Cayuga in 1684, and Father Milet joined Father de la Barre at Hungry Bay. Father Boniface had died a victim to his laborious zeal. The other missionaries of the Mohawks were forced to leave that canton, and now Fathers John and James Lamberville were alone left to carry on the great work of Christianizing the Iroquois. As prospects of war thickened, Father John left his brother as a hostage, and went to Quebec to do all in his power to avert the storm. He lived but for the good of his mission, and desired only to render it permanent. Political grounds weighed not with him; and, naturally clinging to his countrymen, he sought support at their hands.

The time of his absence seemed to Dongan the moment for completing his plans. One English Jesuit was already at New York; others were to follow; and Dongan now demanded of the Onondagas the surrender of the younger De Lamberville. This was refused; but, persuaded by his reports, their war parties were already on the field, when they met the elder De Lamberville,—not, as Dongan had led them to believe, at the head of a French force, but alone. His cordial manner, his frank bearing, and his known honesty, soon won them back to France; and the Father hastened to Denonville to assure him of the neutrality of Onondaga. His political missions were now ended; and, with a heart untroubled by worldly cares, he turned to regain his hut at Onondaga.

That desperate mission he was now to conduct alone—his brother having been recalled,—but he clung to it with faithful love; and though his life was often in danger from the drunken braves who staggered to his door, and his continuance there rendered problematical amid the political troubles which gathered around him, he dreaded death less than a separation from his neophytes.

Poor Father! He little knew, as he wended his way alone to Ganentaa, that he was the dupe of an act of treachery as vile as any that had ever sullied the Iroquois himself. Unable to take captives in war to meet a requisition of the King, who demanded Iroquois for his galleys, Denonville commissioned the innocent Father Lamberville to invite the Iroquois chiefs to a council at Cataracouy; and, to conduct the negotiations which he pretended to have in view, induced the Récollets at that Fort to yield their place for a time to Father Milet.

The chiefs at Onondaga joyfully received Teïorhensere (as they called Father John Lamberville), and in the spring of 1687 repaired to Cataracouy. No sooner had they entered the Fort than they were seized and loaded with iron chains, to be sent as prisoners to France. One burst of furious indignation echoed through the Indian villages when the quick runners brought this dark tale, and vengeance was depicted on every face.

Yet there was Father Lamberville alone. The dastardly governor had dared to make the minister of God the instrument of his vile treachery, and had exposed a priest to a cruel death. Had he fallen beneath a thousand blows of the tomahawk, or lingered out his life in torments worse than those of Father Lalemant, we should have no reason for astonishment; but we are amazed beyond description when we contrast the sachems of Onondaga with the governor of New France. They called the missionary before them; and after reproaching the governor with his atrocity, they thus addressed the priest:

"Every consideration would justify our treating thee as an enemy, but we can not bring ourselves to do so. We know thee too well not to be convinced that thy heart had no part in the act of treachery which thou hast done us; nor are we so unjust as to punish thee for a crime of which we believe thee innocent, which, doubtless, thou dost detest no less than we, and of which thou art horrified to have been the instrument. Yet it will not do for thee to tarry here; all will not, perhaps, do thee the same justice as ourselves. And when our young braves have once chanted the war song, they will behold in thee only a traitor, who has delivered up our chiefs to a harsh and unworthy slavery. They will hearken only to their fury, from which we could not shield thee. Fly, then, Teïorhensere,—fly!"

Nor was this all. Guides and guards were at once assigned him, and they led him in safety to the nearest French post, and returned to sharpen their hatchets for war. The last missionary had left the country of the Iroquois; but another, a captive, would soon be there.

The war now became more bloody than ever; and though Denonville, as already mentioned, invaded the Seneca country, it was of no avail: every French fort was beleaguered. In June, 1689, Fort Frontenac, or Cataracouy, was invested; and many, on both sides, fell in the irregular attack. When the Indians called for a missionary to attend a dying Christian, Father Milet, regardless of danger, hurried from the Fort. The call was a mere stratagem: he was instantly seized as a prisoner, and fell into the hands of an Oneida party, who, unmindful of the services he had rendered them during his stay amongst them, treated him as a captive, and made him suffer all the preliminary tortures. He was conveyed to the seat of his former mission, and there doomed to die. The stake was already prepared, and Father Milet ready to accomplish the sacrifice, when God touched the heart of a powerful matron. She demanded the prisoner; and, adopting him as her son, saved his life.

Here he remained till October, 1694, a slave, but a missionary. His first missions among the Iroquois had been at Onondaga, where he had labored from 1667 to 1671; but from that time till his departure in 1684 he had been almost constantly at Oneida. There he had abolished the public worship of Agreskoué, and had converted some chiefs and many matrons; so that at his departure he had left a Huron and an Oneida church. The little community were well instructed in the faith; and their piety was kept alive by a Sodality of the Holy Family, which he had established among them in 1675.

Though now a prisoner, Father Milet had many friends. The French could not obtain his liberation; but the English, who dreaded his presence in New York as much as that of a French army—such is the power of prejudice,—were unable to induce the Oneidas to surrender him into their hands. Although several times they prepared a stake for him when the French captives were burned at Oneida, in every instance they yielded to their old ties; however, he was always amid their yelling circles as they shouted around their dying victims. He was doubtless safer there than in the hands of the English, who would have put him to death after the fall of James II. The murder of part of the retinue of the Chevalier d'Eu at Onondaga had been instigated by the English, who supposed Father Lamberville with him. And Father Milet would have received the penalty intended for his fellow-missionary. This is evident from English documents.

He escaped all these dangers, however; and in June, 1693, had the consolation of seeing Tareha, a chief in the same cabin, set out to propose an exchange of prisoners. Father Milet commended him so

highly to the French authorities that in September he was again at Quebec, accompanied by the matron who had adopted Father Milet, and who undertook this journey to see the great captain of the French. Already instructed, she was baptized and remained at Sault St. Louis. Tareha did not succeed in effecting a peace, which was, however, concluded in the following year by the Onondagas, influenced by the Christian chiefs Teganissorens and Garacontié II. All now laid down arms, and a party of Oneidas soon conducted Father Milet to Sault St. Louis, whence he passed on without delay to confer with his superior at Quebec.

Lux in Tenebris.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

LEST that the candle of my faith
 Grow faint in the love-light and bliss,
There was sent down a night of death
 Where the great darkness is.

And though the candle that I hold
 Sheds but a little ray about,
Fearful the darkness and the cold
 If her light were put out.

Yet she doth burn up well, and throws
 Her faint, protecting gold around,
Shielding from dark and evil foes
 My little plot of ground.

Comfortless? Nay; for still I feel
 Thou walkest with me through the night,
Shoulder to shoulder, heel to heel,
 Within my space of light.

So I would choose being comfortless
 More than great comfort without Thee;
With Thee great darkness, much distress,
 The vast and shoreless sea.

Fence Thou my candle round about
 With Thy sweet hands, lest she grow pale;
Lest that the earth winds blow her out,
 And the black night prevail.

At Ebb-Tide.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE months slipped away rapidly; and it must be admitted that Dorothy made little progress in music, because Newberne was continually planning excursions or walks, and he nearly always found her quite ready to go with him.

One night, near the middle of April, he went into Allen's room.

"Busy, old man?" asked Newberne. "I want to tell you something."

"No: I was just looking up a little treatment," was the answer, as Allen filled his pipe. "These Germans are fine diagnosticians, but a fellow must learn treatment elsewhere."

"Yes," commented the visitor, absent-mindedly. "Allen, you know I have some money," he began, abruptly. "The rental of houses I own in Baltimore is enough to keep me, if I never practise medicine. Well, I'm going to—to marry Dorothy next week."

"What!" ejaculated Allen, almost dropping his pipe.

"Why not?" asked Newberne.

"Oh, no reason why you shouldn't!" And Allen lowered his eyes. "Only it's all so sudden, you know, as the girls say when you propose."

"I don't see anything very sudden about it; we were engaged over a year ago. I'm going down in the morning to call upon the clergyman. He lives on Bülowstrasse, doesn't he? I suppose there will be yards of Prussian red-tape to disentangle."

"Look here, Newberne. Why don't you wait till you go back to the Lord's own country?" Allen grasped at any excuse for putting off the marriage.

"No, sir! It's all settled. Dorothy is ready, and you may be sure *I* am. I want you to be my best man."

Allen said nothing. Then Newberne broke out angrily:

"What's the matter with you? You might at least congratulate a fellow, and not sit there as still as a saw-log!"

"I *do* congratulate you," answered the other man, evasively. Then suddenly: "No, I'll be hanged if I do! See here, Newberne, you're a physician, and you know as well as I do what that illness of yours here in Berlin meant. You have no right to marry this girl—or any other girl, for that matter!"

Newberne sprang up with an oath.

"What do you mean, man?" he gasped.

"You know what I mean; and my conscience is clear, because Dorothy also knows what I mean. She was told plainly enough. Braunwald himself in my presence said you should never marry."

"Braunwald and you are a pair of infernal meddlesome fools! I am perfectly sound, I tell you—sound as *you* ever were. That attack was a temporary thing, that has passed altogether. I sha'n't need your assistance next week."

Newberne left the room. On the following Wednesday he and Dorothy were married. When Allen saw that no good could come from his interference, he was willing to forget the quarrel, and Dorothy effected a reconciliation. The night after the marriage Newberne took his wife to Italy.

The young husband had been preparing for this sojourn in Italy. He had worked faithfully with grammar and dictionary and Italian medical students in Berlin, and he could now speak Italian well enough to feel secure even when standing alone before a gondolier.

Venice lies east and west, afloat on the Adriatic, and shaped like an overturned Florentine flask; the Newbernes were to live for a while near the neck of this flask. They took rooms behind Santa Maria Formosa, where the windows look out on the Rio di San Severo.

The evening of their arrival they stood at the window watching the gondolas swimming past as gracefully as black swans; and the cries "*Stali!*" and "*Preme!*" of the gondoliers came up to them musically. Signora Zampironi, the landlady, was bustling about the room, giving the curtains final pats, and filling the *caraffe* with water.

"*Madonna mia!* Signor Dottore, the little wife is so beautiful!" she exclaimed, with a profound sigh, as if quite overcome with the marvel of it. And Newberne believed her fully.

"Dorothy, the old lady says you're the most beautiful girl she ever saw."

Dorothy was more pleased with her new husband's wonderful skill in free translation of Italian than with the compliment.

While the bells of Santa Maria Formosa were sounding the *Ave* they took the supper that the Signora had prepared for them. The widow was romantic; and when they forgot to eat she rolled her eyes skyward and ejaculated, as did the Berlinese urchin, but more respectfully: "*Eh, San Giuseppe mio! Come bello è l'amore!*"—How beautiful is love!

This brought them back to earth.

Later in the evening they walked over to the Campo Santa Maria Formosa and took a gondola. As they went through the narrow canals the shadows were gathering on the water, but the windows up near the tiled roofs were still crimson. Once a belated flock of blue doves from San Marco fluttered into the blossoming cherry-trees overhanging a garden wall, and their wings scattered a shower of petals over Dorothy.

The gondola came out into the Canale Grande beyond the Rialto, and they went on to the iron bridge near the church of the Scalzi before turning. When they came down as far as the beautiful Ca d'Oro darkness had fallen, and the city was very still.

Under the windows of the house next

the Ca d'Oro a young man in a *sandolo*, a buff-colored prowless gondola, was playing a mandolin and singing softly:

> "Vie alla fenestra,
> Mia cara, mia bella."

She came very soon, whispering: "*Ecco mi qua, Tito!*" And presently the *sandolo* stole away into the dusk.

On under the Rialto, that glittered with lights and let down to them the murmur of endless crowds, Dorothy and her husband slipped into the stillness again between the lines of stately white palaces. The silent gondolier standing behind them watched Newberne carefully arranging about Dorothy's shoulders a white fleecy scarf that women wear when the dew falls, and he muttered to himself:

"These *forestieri* are close before or close behind a wedding-cake, and when we land I'll charge for an extra hour. He doesn't know how long he has been out."

As they went around under the bridge at the Campo San Vitale, the campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore was a jet line drawn across the great full moon. The moon in Italy is almost as beautiful as it is in California, and now Dorothy thought she never had seen it so wonderful. The white light came down flood upon flood over the broadening lagoon, and flowed around the outlines of the marble dome of Santa Maria della Salute till the day lived again. A thin cloud, caught upon star-points, hung along the south, but the remainder of the sky was untouched. She forgot the gondolier; her head nestled upon Newberne's shoulder, and she said:

"Thank God for the beauty of this night!"

In front of the hotels near the Giardino Reale professional serenaders were singing with their orchestras, but Newberne passed on to the Molo and landed.

The gondolier, of course, was paid for an extra hour, as he had expected; but this was done so readily that, when the American went away with his wife, the boatman sat down on the deck disconsolate.

"By all the saints in four litanies, I'm the biggest fool in Venice!" he cried.

"What is it, Antonio?" asked an old gondola-holder.

"What is it! Why, I might have squeezed that fellow for another whole *lira*, and he would have given it! The marriage holy water isn't dry on him yet."

Newberne soon learned the secrets of Venetian rowing, and he would take his wife in a *sandolo* below the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. There they drifted with the faint tide and watched the moon. All their world was within the gunwales of that boat. She would sing softly for him, sitting at his feet; and the fishermen going down the lagoon filled the shadowy water with light at the touch of their sweeps, and they called out: "*Felice notte!*" But Dorothy and Newberne thought this useless: no wish could make the night more happy for them.

Once, as she rested her pretty head against his knee, and trailed her hand in the water, a sudden recollection of that morning in Berlin, when she knelt at his feet and his face was terrible to look upon, flashed back to her. She started and trembled.

"Eh!" he laughed, "did you think a crab nipped your finger? You aren't chilly, are you?"

She answered, with a forced smile:

"Yes, somewhat."

Then he wrapped a shawl about her, and they turned back toward the Piazzetta. Soon she began to sing, keeping time with the stroke of his oar:

> "Sweet is my love,—so sweet,
> The leaves that fold on fold
> Swathe up the odors of the rose
> Less sweetness hold."

Long before they stepped out upon the stone stairway of the landing, all the evil dream was forgotten. She could hear a sailor on an Austrian Lloyd steamer out in the lagoon cry: "*Alles wohl!*" She

stood there a moment, with the moonlight upon her sweet face, and tears trembled and glistened upon her long dark lashes, but her smile was full of trust.

"Yes, thank God," she whispered: "*Alles wohl!*"

About the beginning of July Newberne lay awake one night until the east grew gray. He could hear the bronze giants striking one hour after another with their sledges upon the big bell near St. Mark's, but sleep would not come. At daylight a great fear fell upon him.

The next day he was pale and somewhat weak, but he said nothing to Dorothy of his wakeful night. In the evening he rowed rapidly over to the Armenian convent and back without resting, so that he might sleep from physical exhaustion. He gave as excuse that he needed more exercise. After this work he slept lightly, but dreams came and he would start up in terror. Once he cried aloud, and Dorothy awoke.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing, little one! I was dreaming and I thought you were dead," he answered.

Something in his voice touched her, and she kissed him tenderly. Then he rested peacefully until daylight.

A few nights like this left black lines under his eyes, and Dorothy grew very much alarmed.

"Now, what is the trouble, lad? I'm sure you are ill, and you won't let me know," she said, tearfully.

He laughed.

"Well, I may as well tell you. I'm getting malaria here on these canals."

"Let us leave Venice at once. Why don't you take quinine?"

"That's true," he answered, and smiled. "I'll take a big dose to-night."

Signora Zampironi was very indignant when Dorothy said there was malaria in Venice; nevertheless, the Newbernes decided to go over to the lakes for a while. He slept no better at Bellaggio, and day after day he lost more hope. As he lay down at night he would close his eyes until Dorothy went to sleep, then he would stare into the dark.

"O God, for her sake save me! I should not have dragged her into this. For her sake save me!" It was not a pleasant prayer, but he repeated it like a rosary.

One morning, while he was out walking alone, she found upon his table some letter-paper whereon he had unconsciously scribbled repeatedly the words, "I can not sleep"; and once the quotation:

"I ask not hope's return,
As I have sowed I reap;
Grief must awake with dawn,
Yet oh, to sleep!"

Her face whitened. "I understand at last!" she cried. She stood there with no tears. Her forehead twitched, and her mouth was half opened. Then she reeled slightly, but her will came out victorious. "He must not see that I know!" she moaned.

When he came in she said:

"Really, dear, I think you were not right when you thought you had malaria. Let us go back to Venice, where we can find a good physician. I am growing very anxious."

Then she put her arms about him, and the pain at her heart found some relief in long, bitter sobbing.

"There, sweetheart!" he whispered. "We'll go back if you want to do so. Don't worry. I'm all right."

They returned to Venice within a few days, and she telegraphed for Allen, who was in Berlin. He and Mrs. Vernon both came down, but what could they do? The excitement of seeing them injured Newberne.

Two nights after they arrived he lay awake as usual. Dorothy was asleep beside him. He counted the strokes of the giants that sounded from the Piazza of St. Mark, and at one o'clock he arose

quietly, and let the moonlight into the room. He sat by the window a while, gazing vacantly upon the silent city. Suddenly everything grew blurred before him,—at least he muttered as he touched his eyes:

"The light is going out!"

The wife's face was in the shadow, but a heavy braid of her long black hair lay across her breast, glossy in the moonlight. The poor madman stole over to the bed and laid his hand on her hair.

"Now I'll leave no curse. I'll put this braid about her little throat and draw it tight, very tight."

Slowly and with extreme patience he slipped the end of the braid under her neck. He seemed desirous not to awaken her. At last the hair was in position. Then a new idea came into his wrecked mind. He whispered:

"If I strangle her, the face will be ugly—like that strangled woman I saw in the hospital at Vienna. I will go away and take my curse with me."

The lunatic stole out noiselessly, and Dorothy slept on. He wandered down through the narrow streets to the Molo, and he seemed perfectly sane as he awoke a gondolier he knew. The man was waiting for possible "night fares."

"Antonio, let me take your gondola out. I'll row myself. I can't sleep."

He gave the Italian a handful of coins, and Antonio was very willing to let him have the boat. Newberne went down toward the Lido. He would row with a fierce energy for a while, and then stand listless, staring blankly into the sky. After some time he got under the walls of the insane asylum, not far from the island of the Armenians. A patient, as wakeful as himself, called out from a barred window:

"Ho, fisherman! keep away, keep away!"

Newberne made no answer. He was going onward with one idea—to carry his curse away from Dorothy out into the sea.

"Keep away, or I will kill you!" again came the brutal voice through the bars. The words of the lunatic changed his thought. Far down the lagoon some fishermen, hauling in their nets, were chanting monotonously.

"Lucifer is singing from the sea again," Newberne said,—it seems Dorothy had lately read Longfellow's "Golden Legend" to him.

He was now just beyond the shadow of the island on which is the insane asylum. The moon-path was filled with small, leaping shadows, and the ripples pattered against the gondola's prow.

"I hear you, Lucifer!" he said,—

"'Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it;
But thou hast the power to end it!'"

Then he leaped out into the lagoon, and the gondola glided back into the shadow. A few bubbles came up into the moonlight and broke,—once his darkening face came up,—and a narrow fleck of foam drifted out with the tide.

Dorothy was asleep near Santa Maria Formosa.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—A Night in Italy.

TWILIGHT is falling upon Rome. The air grows suddenly chilly; the loungers who have been listening to the music on Monte Pincio descend leisurely into the town; the carriages hasten out of the malarial shadows of the Villa Borghese. Clouds of swallows dart from under the brown, weather-beaten tiles; bats whirl in swift circles through the air and seem to leave a faint, dark line behind them, which fades in a moment against the intensely blue sky.

All the bells in Christendom ring out in harmonious discord,—it is the *Ave*

Maria. Again the swallows rush through the air in graceful curves. The night gathers; the streets are comparatively deserted; for an hour or two the *cafés* are crowded to overflowing; wandering minstrels play and sing by the open windows, at the threshold or within the halls. There is a clatter of dishes and spoons, and an incessant hum of voices mingling in light and frivolous conversation.

A little later the Corso is thronged with pedestrians; the Piazza Colonna, with its fountains and its Column of Marcus Aurelius, is brilliantly lighted. Here there is music, a mass of idlers, and hundreds of little tables crowded with wine-bibbers and the confirmed sippers of black coffee. Everything is *al fresco.* The houses are turned inside out until midnight. It is summer, and the city is given to pleasure, but it is always the pleasure of the Romans,—a pleasure that dances sedately to music in the minor key, and flirts with dignity, as if it were really a serious matter, and sings refrains that are always pathetic. Even the mirth of the Roman Carnival is forced and hollow. How could it be otherwise with a race that has sprung from the dust of the Cæsars, and been nurtured among ruins that belittle the triumphs of modern art,—a people who inherit a pride that lends dignity even to the beggar at the church door, whose hearts quake with passion, whose eyes look tragedies?

Long after midnight the echoes of the silent streets are reawakened by the tinkling of the mandolin; some sleepless *inamorato* lifts up his melancholy voice under the gleam of the morning star....

At Venice the dusk comes in with the tide,—a dusk the shadows of which take palpable shape and float off in the guise of gondolas. The mysterious barges steal noiselessly through narrow, dark canals; there is no sound save the softest possible plash of ripple under the bows, the "swish" of the swinging oar, the cry of the gondolier as he gives warning of his approach. Overhead there are touches of moonlight upon the high chimneys, the projecting cornices, or a gallery here and there. But the canal is in deep shadow, and its waters as black as ink. We drift under numberless low bridges, turn corners at every angle, and swim into vistas that stretch far away into the blue night.

There is the silence of the sea, that compels reciprocal silence; the reflections of the distant lamps vibrate like flaming censers swung by golden chains. Hark! over the water steals the voice of the gondolier: he is chanting the lines of Tasso. We sweep through the Grand Canal; the façades of antique palaces are painted in colors by the moonlight upon a background of ebony. We approach the Piazzetta; the Palazzo Ducale is transformed into a pavilion of alabaster; the two gigantic columns, between which it is unlucky to pass, tower to the skies, the winged lion soars among the stars. In front of San Marco the Piazza is ablaze with light. Music, promenaders—thousands of them,—and the Piazza half filled with tables and chairs. At the top of the immense arena clouds of startled doves flutter among the gilded arches of the basilica, or rush upward like smoke-wreaths to seek shelter in the high gallery of the Campanile. By and by the nightly *fête* is over; the Piazza is deserted save by a few who linger forever about the pretty alcoves of the Café Florian, the doors of which have not been closed for ages.

At twelve the bells ring out from the island Convent of San Giorgio Maggiore; the monks are called to prayer. A few gondolas are still moving like shadows upon the lagoon; under the white moonlight sleep distant islands, hedged in by the Lido,—that long, low island, fringed with verdure, that resembles a green wave forever breaking upon a reef. How sensuous, how serene it all is at this hour,

while the ripples creaming upon the marble threshold beguile the moon, and night and mystery are building a dream city of ivory and pearl lapped by the enchanted waters of the Venetian Sea!

When the afterglow pales on the slopes of Vesuvius—it has burned like a live coal, and has faded to the grape's cool and dusty purple,—when the sea and the sky are of one color, and the sharp outline of Capri is all that divides the silvery horizon, Naples throws off her mask.

It is carelessly worn by day; like a scant garment, it is far more suggestive than nakedness. Now, under the same refulgent moon that crowns with splendor all the owl-towers from the Alps to Etna, Naples capers nimbly to the rhythmical delirium of the Tarentella or the "cluck" of the castanet.

The song of the Barcaruolo floats over the sea. In the kiosk of the Ville Reale an orchestra accompanies the refrain of the sea. What shadows are in that garden! What shades haunt the long avenues, where beautiful fountains sparkle in phosphorescent light, and statues gleam from niches of ilex!

The very air is permeated with the subtle odors of the monster whose seething blood bursts forth at intervals in a hemorrhage of liquid fire. This air imparts to the Neapolitan supernatural vitality. Six hundred thousand incipient volcanoes slumber in the breasts of these mercurial creatures. Like the birds of the air, the male of the species is gaudier than the female. One must go to Ancona, Padua, Verona, for a glimpse of fair women.

Yonder, among the bowers on the brow of Posilipo, is the tomb of Virgil; here, in one of the shadiest avenues of the green garden by the sea, is a temple enshrining his bust. It is well that he who sang of Alexis should fix his marble gaze upon those who, with hearts as light as thistle-down, swayed by every burst of passion, enact the idyl of the second eclogue while they await the coming of the dawn.

The Neapolitan never sleeps, unless, like the albatross, he slumbers on the wing. The Italian night is manifold; the death-like stillness of the Campagna is broken only by the howl of the sheep-dogs. Among the mountain towns—those walled settlements that hang upon giddy ledges like wasp-nests—the bell that chimes the quarter-hours is the only audible sound.

The sea sobs under the cliffs of Amalfi; the owl cries in the wilderness about Pæstum; the *grillo* chirps in the streets of Ravenna and the half-deserted cities of the North; the solitary shepherd lad pipes to his flock; while the moon rolls over from the eastern sea, touching all the level tops of stone-pines and the sombre walls of cypress that overshadow Florence, making a night of it beyond compare.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXV.

THE good, practical sense of our author is shown in his advice as to the way of saying Mass. Under any conditions the Holy Sacrifice is ever to be welcomed, but it must have struck most hearers that it is frequently said in rather exceptional fashion. Some celebrants are apt to linger and even "dawdle"; and, with an odd inconsistency, hurry over such important parts as the Offertory and Consecration, whilst a long time is spent over less significant places. Other priests will hurry through the Divine Mysteries with rapidity. Mass should indeed be said with a certain "briskness" and vigor; this keeps the attention of the hearers, while an absorbed devotion and "drawing out" make it too much a personal matter.

Thomas à Kempis, however, in a few words supplies an admirable guide. I give it in the old and more forcible version:

"Be nat in saying Masse over longe nor over shorte, but kepe the good common waye as they do thou livest with; for thou oughtest nat to do that shulde greve others or make them tedyous, but to kepe the common waye after the ordinance of the Holy Fathers, and rather to conforme thyselfe so that thou shalt be profitable to others than to follow thy owne devotion or pryvate pleesure."

"Kepe the common waye,"—always a golden rule when we are prompted to do something startling and extra good; and the "common waye" of the community in this matter is likely to be a safe guide. This is but part of our author's favorite precept, to "think everyone superior to yourself." Even in worldly things it will be found that the judgment of the public is generally correct, and certainly superior to one's own.

In Catholic countries—and it seems to be a "note" of Catholic countries—Mass is always said with this energy and swiftness. Of a morning in some old cathedral, such as that of Ste. Gudule, or that at Antwerp, we see the priest emerge from a shadowy corner, and walk swiftly to the altar in some side chapel. In a few moments he has begun; he is saying the Introit; the Sacrifice seems to glide on. The fact is, it is a large, momentous, world-filling event; the details are mere touches and shadings, like those of a painter. Dallying over these interferes with the proportion. In England the old Protestant notion of "a service," and a good long one, seems still to linger. The tendency is to "spin out" everything as much and as long as possible.

(To be continued.)

Envy is the yoke-fellow of eminence. Slander is the solace of malignity.

Notes and Remarks.

Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal persuasion are troubled about many things, one of them being the name by which they are known to the world. The word "Protestant" has become highly distasteful to a large party within that church, and a strong movement is afoot for the suppression of the offensive adjective. It is hoped by the advanced members that "Holy Catholic Church" may be the style and title by the new baptism. It is curious, by the way, to note how rapidly Protestant words and ideas pass away. Formerly priests, altars and religious orders were anathema to all good Protestants: now they have their "Fathers" who are most orthodox in garb and manner, altars with more lighted candles than the rubrics allow, and religious orders multiplex in name if they are not large in number. Formerly feast-days and fast-days were alike ignored; now the great feast-days—Christmas, Easter, etc.,—are observed; and, with a small party, even the fast-days are winning favor. As Cardinal Manning said, the Holy Spirit is working a great change in these times.

A good story was told by Canon Kennard at the recent conference of the English Catholic Truth Society. He described how, as a stranger, he had once visited Westminster Abbey. Withdrawing into a quiet corner to pursue his private devotions, he was summoned in stentorian tones to come and view the royal tombs and chapels. "But I have seen the royal tomb," politely replied the visitor; "I only wish to say my prayers."—"Prayers are over," was the tart retort.—"Still, I suppose there can be no objection to my saying my prayers quietly here?" mildly pleaded the stranger.—"No objection, sir!" said the irate verger. "Why, it would be an *insult* to the Dean and Chapter!"

Mr. Harold Frederick, the European correspondent of the New York *Times*, is authority for the statement that the national debt of

Italy equals that of the United States at the close of our civil war. The promises of 1870, he declares, have proved delusions. The country is as divided against itself as it was under the Grand Dukes; and the people are not better educated or housed, fed or clothed, though taxation has risen to the point of ruin. "Politics has grown incredibly base and rotten; and, worst of all, there is a permanent religious feud disturbing the social life of every village, disrupting families, estranging friends, and making another Ireland of this unhappy land." In view of all this, Mr. Frederick's contention that Italy has no practical reason for cherishing 1870 as a sacred date will not be questioned. He declares that the celebration last month was palpably a partisan affair,—"a picnic of red-shirted Garibaldians, Masonic lodges, and target-shooting societies, rather than a national demonstration." The truth is that poor Italy has less cause for rejoicing than any country in the world.

The death of Madame Mame, wife of Alfred Mame, the eminent Catholic publisher of Tours, recalls the interesting fact that a few years ago this venerable couple celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding by distributing 500,000 francs among their workmen. Rumor says that further bequests have now been made by will. It was the custom of the Mame firm to pension all their workmen in old age, and to furnish them with free medical attendance during illness. Needless to say there were no strikes among their employees, and no periodic reductions of wages. Mr. Mame not only published the handsomest and best books in the market, but his methods have done more for the solution of labor difficulties than many learned studies in economics. Mutual charity, as the Holy Father has said, is the one solution of the labor problems that now torment the public mind.

A few years ago one rarely heard a strong non-Catholic voice raised in behalf of religious education; but a great change has happily taken place. So frequent are the anathemas hurled against the godless school by those commonly thought to be its supporters that one wonders where the patrons of the public schools really are. Americans of culture have now conceived a noble discontent with a school system which ignores the source of knowledge; while statesmen, educators, clergymen—all classes except, perhaps, editors—have joined the Catholic party, which is fast forming a strong public opinion favoring a reconstruction of our school system. Writes Mr. G. Stanley Hall in the influential *Journal of Education:* "No virtues of a secular school system can atone for the absence of all religious cultivation. We have much to learn from the Catholic Church in this regard. I am a Protestant of the Protestants; but I would rather a child of mine should be educated in a nunnery, or in a rigid parochial school, with its catechism and calendar of saints, than to have no religious training." The late Mr. Huxley expressed the same preference.

Considerable space in some of our French exchanges has been devoted of late to the case of Miss Diana Vaughan, who, until a month or two ago, was the publisher of a Luciferian magazine. It appears that Miss Vaughan became an ardent admirer of Joan of Arc and that she promised a priest never again to use any expression offensive to Catholic ears in relation to the Blessed Virgin. In view of such action, the permanent Council of the Independent Palladist Federation have disowned Miss Vaughan,—and she returns the compliment. We learn that her conversion to the true faith is well under way; and when it shall happily be accomplished, Devil Worship in this nineteenth century will have arrayed against it an enemy all the more dangerous because of her knowledge of its inmost secrets, its abominable principles, and unutterable practices.

The *Michigan Catholic* tells of a man who was rendered speechless in a recent accident in New York, and who, wishing a priest to be summoned, faintly traced the word "Catholic" on his shirt front with a pencil. Our contemporary, therefore, urges Catholics to wear upon their person the insignia of some church society,—or, at least, a small, unobtrusive badge that would be recognized

by all as distinctively Catholic. The wisdom of this recommendation is at once evident. Accidents on the railways, street-cars and buildings have become so alarmingly frequent that serious men will eagerly seize upon some simple, practical way of insuring spiritual aid in the supreme moment of life. A Catholic badge, a rosary, a scapular, or a medal, might secure priestly absolution for the dying and aid in establishing the identity of the dead.

A touching episode in the career of a devoted missionary has been recalled by the tragic death of Father Arzur, S. J., who, in a violent access of delirium, strangled himself recently at Rouen. He had been chaplain of the galley-slaves in Guiana, where he contracted the deadly fever that necessitated his return to France, and resulted fatally. Thirty years ago his life was threatened by one of the convicts, who confessed that he would have killed the chaplain had not an irresistible force restrained his hand. The convict was sentenced to death, but the missionary pleaded with such eloquence for his pardon that the Emperor finally granted it. The would-be murderer, moved to tears by such charity, wished to testify his gratitude. As soon as he saw Father Arzur, he flung himself at his benefactor's feet. The priest raised him up, saying, "Not at my feet, my child, but on my breast." And he tenderly embraced the repentant criminal.

Louis Pasteur is mourned by the world not only as an eminent scientist, but also and chiefly as a benefactor of humanity. During the seventy-three years of his life he had won distinction in many fields of mental labor. While still an assistant professor he attracted attention by his study of crystals, though he was seriously hampered in his work by lack of means; later he began the study of fermentation—a subject then little understood, — and converted the scientific men of France to his views. When he was in his twenty-seventh year an epidemic threatened to destroy the silk-worm industry in France. Pasteur, out of sheer charity, examined the diseased eggs, and prescribed the simple remedy that has since been in use. But his great achievements were inoculation against small-pox and the prevention of hydrophobia,—feats which have endeared the name of science to the people. Like Father Kneipp's, Pasteur's treatment has become almost universal, and many large cities now have their "institutes" in which the master's teaching is put into practice. It is worthy of note that Pasteur's name, as scientists agree, will be held in honor when Huxley, Spencer and Tyndall are forgotten; it is also significant that Pasteur, unlike his English *confrères*, died trusting in God and clasping his crucifix. May he rest in peace!

It is greatly to the credit of the Catholics of France that to their generosity are due about three-fourths of the immense sums annually distributed by the Propagation of the 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. S. Ferté, S. S., who departed this life last month at Issy, Paris, France.

Sister Mary Carmela, of the Sisters of St. Francis, whose happy death took place on the 25th ult.

Capt. Michael Merrick, who passed away on the 3d ult., at Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. Michael C. Sheahan, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose good life closed peacefully on the 2d inst.

Mrs. Thomas Egan, who died a happy death on the 26th ult. at Allentown, Pa.

Mrs. Anna Masterson, of Wanskuck, R. I., lately deceased.

Mr. John J. Potichke, Mr. John E. Farrell, Mrs. Mary Hynes, Mr. Joseph Degel, Mrs. Martha J. O'Brien, and Mrs. Julia F. Sullivan,—all of Detroit, Mich.; Mr Robert McGrath, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. William Nally, Mary Daly, Margaret Puller, and James McNally,—all of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Walsh, Mrs. Maria King, and Margaret and Ellen White,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. John Lahey, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Denis Dunne, Centreville, Mont.; Mr. John O'Kane, and Mr. John Hamm, Rochester, N. Y.; also Master John B. O'Donnell, Helena, Mont.

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 Legend.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

IN forest deep, on mountain lone,
A hermit saint once dwelt;
The wild beasts' roar he heeded not,
In silent prayer he knelt.

Full many a time the queen of night
Illumed his lonely cell,
Full many a time the sunbeams too
In silver radiance fell.

From Matin hour till shades of eve,
Of prayers but one he breathed,—
To Mary, Virgin ever pure,
A garland bright he wreathed.

"*Ave Maria!*" sighed his heart,
And this was all he said;
Yet, mounting high, by angels borne,
At Mary's throne 'twas laid.

Unseen by all save one, he passed
His peaceful, happy life,
Till, full of merit, Heaven decreed
Should end earth's mortal strife.

And now to human view was given
A sight most wondrous rare,
For from his humble grave there rose
A lily pure and fair.

In golden letters, finely carved
On leaves of snowy white,
'*Ave Maria!*"—loved salute!—
Shone forth most wondrous bright.

Thus had the Queen of Heaven proved
By this most precious flower
That Gabriel's words she loves to hear,—
Those words so full of power.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

"WHO do you think will win the Medal for Excellence in our class?" asked Joanna Margeson of Emily Davis one day, as they walked in the school garden during recreation.

"Elizabeth Colton," was the reply.

Joanna nodded her assent.

"Elizabeth always knows her lessons," pursued Emily. "I wish I could learn with as little trouble as she does; but I just detest study."

"Oh, everything is not so easy for her as some people imagine!" admitted Joanna. "But when she makes up her mind to learn a lesson, she keeps at it until she is sure of it. She has written the motto, 'Genius is hard work,' all over her geography and history. When she grows up she is going to be either a genius or a dressmaker, but she has not quite decided which. She says geniuses often are not appreciated, but dressmakers always are."

"Perhaps she will end by being both," laughed Emily.

Elizabeth had indeed determined to carry off the honors of the class; and, with quiet perseverance, not only worked hard for this end, but, after the commendable custom of convent-bred girls, never forgot a little daily prayer to obtain a blessing on her efforts.

The Medal for Excellence was a very beautiful silver cross, which was worn suspended from the neck by a wide red ribbon. The winner ranked as the foremost scholar of the class, and, among her classmates at least, rather cast into the shade even the winner of the Medal for Good Conduct.

"Any one may be good, but not everybody can be clever," Joanna announced sententiously, taking the part of her friend against some one who spoke disparagingly of Elizabeth on one occasion shortly after the memorable penance.

"And yet of the two, many persons find it harder to be good," suggested Sister Mellooeesa, who had overheard this little speech.

Those were the days when the blackboard played even a more prominent part in the school-room than now; when spectacled children were unknown, and sensitive little girls found their tears conveniently available for blotting out the penitential record of French verbs upon their slates.

The practice of trading slate-pencils also flourished. A long pencil could always be exchanged for three or four small ones; and those of soapstone were considered the choicer variety. Elizabeth had a small checked gingham bag, made from a scrap of material left over from one of her tires,—a bag filled with slate-pencils, some not more than an inch long; for, in her eagerness to add to her hoard, she was apt to sacrifice quality to quantity. Alas! however, all this wealth was swept away in one disastrous moment. The precious bag was snatched from her in the street by a vagabond, who supposed it contained pennies, and she was so discouraged at the loss that she never began a second collection.

Another of her treasures was a slate with covers like a book,—a kind not so commonly used then as at present. This slate was the envy of the other girls, yet in the end she wished she had never possessed it.

As a lesson in penmanship, the Sister was accustomed to write a sentence on the blackboard in a beautiful, round hand; and during the following half hour the pupils copied it slowly and laboriously, striving to imitate every letter as closely as possible.

"I am tired of writing the same thing over and over," avowed Elizabeth to Mollie one day. "I am going to do my arithmetic examples on the other side of the slate."

"That is not allowed," demurred Mollie.

"Pshaw! Sister Mellooeesa never turns the slate over," rejoined her friend.

The scheme was very successful for a day or two, and Elizabeth confided it to Joanna as a great device, saying:

"You see, I just scribble off the copy; and have the rest of the time for the examples, instead of being obliged to do them at home."

But this method of "scribbling off the copy" did not suit Sister Mellooeesa.

"Oh, you hurry too much, child!" she objected. "This is an instance where the tortoise wins the race."

Perhaps it was the smile that flitted over Elizabeth's face, perhaps the fact of her casting down her eyes suddenly, that impelled the discerning teacher to look on the other side of the slate. At sight of the examples, she said gravely:

"Ah! what have we, now? This is not the time for ciphering, my dear. Try to be faithful to the duty of the moment; that is the true secret of success."

"You got off very well," whispered Mollie, when opportunity offered.

"Yes," returned Elizabeth. "I was afraid Sister Mellooeesa would rub the examples out."

Mollie and Joanna having adopted the plan as a grand idea, upon discovery naturally dropped it as useless; but Elizabeth, with odd pertinacity, while

taking care to make her "copy" all that it should be, still managed to work out one or two examples in the half hour. Every day she did this, Sister Mellooeesa turned the slate over and found them; but as the copy was good, she made no comment.

The end of the term came at last. All the teachers and pupils of St. Catherine's Academy were assembled in the large school-hall, which was hung with garlands of evergreen and decorated with palms. A program of music and dramatic recitations had been rendered, and now ensued the reading of the roll of honor.

How Elizabeth's heart beat during the few moments of suspense! And how nervous Joanna Margeson, Sarah Martin, and a score of other girls were on her account!

The silver crosses lay upon the table, with their ribbons hanging down over the edge of the cloth,—white for good conduct, blue for Christian Doctrine, red for excellence, green for application.

Class by class the rank of each pupil was given. When the record of class No. 3 was reached, these words were the first that rang through the hall:

"A certificate for marked improvement in conduct is awarded to Sarah Martin."

How everyone applauded, and how happy Sarah felt as she went up for it!

The medal and similar certificates being bestowed upon others, next was read out:

"The Medal for Application, to Mollie Gerrish."

Mollie approached and received it gracefully, but with a resigned air. The girls were a little sorry for her, knowing she had half expected the greater prize.

Finally came the announcement:

"The Medal for General Excellence and Proficiency in Studies is won by Elizabeth Colton."

Again there was a great clapping of hands; while, flushed and delighted, Elizabeth walked up the long hall. She did not mind that the eyes of her schoolmates were upon her now. At the platform there was a slight delay; some one had come in to speak to Mother Rosalie.

Elizabeth glanced timidly at her own teacher, near whom she had paused. Sister Mellooeesa smiled. She liked this ardent young pupil, who so keenly appreciated the rewards of patient endeavor.

"I congratulate you, Elizabeth," she said, bending toward her. "You would have had a certificate of good conduct too, dear, but for those unfortunate arithmetic examples."

The girl smiled back at the gentle nun. The kind words of congratulation were the only ones that made any impression upon her.

Mother Rosalie took up the medal with the handsome red ribbon. Elizabeth stepped forward and inclined her head. Now the ribbon was around her neck; the silver cross glittered against the blue bodice of her Sunday frock. She made her best courtesy and retired to her place, triumphant and beaming.

"Let me see it," begged her neighbor, who was none other than Joanna.

She examined the silver cross, scanned the lettering upon it, and, patting the crimson ribbon, murmured, with the satisfaction of a loyal champion:

"So you *did* get it, after all!"

"Sister Mellooeesa told me I would have had a certificate of good conduct too, if I had not gone on working out the arithmetic examples during the time of writing," responded Elizabeth. "But I do not care a bit for the certificate so long as I have kept out of penances, you know."

At the conclusion of the exercises she hastened home, and, dancing into the library where Mrs. Colton was writing a letter, cried:

"Mother, I have won the Medal for Excellence! See! 'For excellence and proficiency in studies,'—that is what was read out."

"How glad I am, dear!" said the sweet-

faced lady, giving her an affectionate kiss.

"Isn't it a beauty?" continued the elated little girl. "I tried so long for it, and I am to wear it every school-day until next summer. I came near having a certificate for good conduct too; but that is of no account compared to the Medal for Excellence."

"Indeed!" said her mother laughing. "Why, if any one could give me such a certificate, I should think it the highest honor possible, because I suspect it is the most difficult to earn."

"Oh, *you* would be sure to get it, mother!" answered Elizabeth, amused at the idea. "And I would have had it too, only for such a trifle."

And she told the story.

Mrs. Colton listened, still smiling but with a grave look in her eyes. At its close she kissed her daughter again, saying:

"O Elizabeth, Elizabeth! I am pleased that you won the Medal for Excellence, dear; but I should have been yet more pleased if you had brought home that small certificate, since it would have meant for you a still greater victory."

Elizabeth colored, and for the first time realized that even the Medal for Excellence had not the power to make her perfectly happy. She was sorry she had persisted in having her own way about those examples, and wished that to the little daily prayer for success in her studies she had added one that she might learn the more important lesson in which she had failed. The silver cross did not seem to glisten so brightly now; and a tear rolled down her cheek, and, falling on the red ribbon, left a wee round spot upon it.

All the girls at school said Elizabeth wore her honors so prettily. No one knew, however, that when she was tempted to feel over-well satisfied with her Medal for Excellence, a glimpse of that tiny spot on the ribbon caused her to become very gentle and unpretending again.

(To be continued.)

Camp-Fire Stories.

Trial by Jury.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The most careless observer could have detected an undercurrent of excitement in the camp the next morning. There were strange whisperings, wild hurryings to and fro, and much earnest consultation. And the cause? Alas, that we must tell it! Achille the brave and steadfast, Achille whose proudest boast had been that his ancestor did not flinch when he mounted the guillotine, had been found fast asleep at his post; and Fred's pony had slipped by him and eaten every apple in the box! What was to be done? In order to be consistent, the culprit should be tried in true military fashion; but the boys knew little of courts-martial. Billy, though, whose father was a judge, was willing to act in that capacity if the trial should be a civil one.

Meanwhile Achille was put in the boathouse, on a diet of oatmeal and water; and quite forgot to mention to his jailers that Tot and two others had managed to thrust the best part of their breakfast into the back window while the sentries paced in front. So great an occasion as a trial by jury was not to be delayed, and at nine o'clock Billy mounted a stump and ordered the guard to bring in the prisoner.

"What on earth have you got on?" asked Maurice, the foreman of the jury, forgetting the dignity of the occasion.

"Silence!" roared the judge, while he proudly folded Uncle George's mackintosh about him. "I have on my judge's gown."

"This isn't the Supreme Court," retorted Maurice; "and you look for all the world like that scarecrow in Farmer Wilkins' cherry-tree."

What the court would have done if it had not been for the arrival of the prisoner

was never known, but there was no time for parley. Poor Achille was in the custody of two bailiffs, and tried to look very interesting, as behooved the descendant of his ancestor. The trial proceeded with neatness and dispatch. The lawyer for the prosecution cross-examined the witnesses with vigor; and both he and the counsel for the defence made eloquent speeches, in which they used all the big words they could think of. Then the jury retired. There were only three of them, owing to the small population of the camp; but they promptly came to a decision, and returned in a few minutes.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"Yes, your majesty — that is, your honor," answered Maurice.

"Then, by my halidom, I command you to make it known. What say you? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of sleeping at his post in the face of danger, and thereby letting Frederic Stanley's steed make way with the treasures of the commissary department?"

"Guilty, my lord — no, I mean your majesty,—that is, I mean your honor."

"Hold!" cried Barry. "I have journeyed long and in haste to give my testimony in behalf of this prisoner here, unjustly accused."

"But you were the chief witness against him, dark brown son of the desert," said the judge. "And I won't have you flopping to the other side."

"But if my flopping will save an innocent man, then I'm going to flop," said Barry. "You see, your honor, last night Achille came to me—"

"Stop!" commanded the judge. "Wait till I give you permission. Son of the desert, perchance the life of an innocent man, or at least boy, is at stake. Proceed, therefore, with thy wild tale; but know that if thou tellest aught that is false, thy head shall pay the forfeit."

"Well, Achille came and said he had taken cold, and was afraid of catching more; and asked me if I wouldn't make him a hot lemonade and put some Jamaica ginger in it. And so I did. But a few minutes ago I found the ginger bottle full and the paregoric bottle not as full as it was, and it's my opinion that he got the wrong dose."

"I don't care if he did," said the judge. "I've got my speech learned, and I'm going to say it anyway. Friends, Romans and countrymen, ladies and gentlemen,—whereas in the course of human events all men are created free and equal, therefore know all men by these presents that Achille Bouvier, having been tried by a jury of his peers and found guilty, is hereby sentenced to go to town and get some more apples at his own expense; and whereas unexpected testimony has proved him innocent, it is also ordered that he be taken out and ignominiously discharged. And Barry Jackson will be taken to the guard-house to answer to the charge of feloniously putting paregoric into the said Achille's lemonade, causing him to go to sleep in a time of great danger. Be it resolved, in conclusion, that the court is dissolved; and if anybody says to the contrary, let him forever after hold his peace."

Barry took his bad luck very philosophically; and the boys, with the exception of the jailers, went out to fish. At about eleven the last of the little fleet came in, and then an ominous whisper was audible. Everybody was as hungry as a bear, and the cook was locked up in the boat-house! There was but one way out of the scrape, and Billy took it. Putting on Uncle George's mackintosh again, he promptly pardoned the criminal.

Dinner was rather late, for Barry took his time.

"The kids," he reasoned, "ought to be ashamed to lock a fellow up for making a mistake."

In which we agree with him.

The unwonted excitement soon had its effect, and more than one small head was nodding when Uncle George looked around the camp fire.

"One would think," he began, "that you had *all* been having lemonade with paregoric in it; but I promise you only a short story to-night, so you are not expected to follow Achille's example in regard to falling asleep while on duty. These stories that I tell you, boys, are not to prevent you from reading the written accounts of history: they are only to whet your appetite,—to give you the poetry and romance, in order that you may get interested enough in the people to hunt up for yourselves all that men have taken the trouble to record about them. I tell you this because I heard one of you say yesterday that you learned so much about heroes around the camp fire that you could snap your fingers at the poky old books.

"Some of you have been to Quebec, and have passed through the town of Three Rivers, where a boy named François Hertel lived. He was about eighteen, and so good to his mother that even in those old days of respect to parents he had quite a little local fame. Whenever his friends spoke of him they usually added: 'And the best son a mother ever had.' The Hertel family was one of the most respected in New France. That was the very reason, perhaps, why a band of four Mohawk warriors stole into a happy home one day and bore off its joy and pride—the young François. The Mohawks were one family of the Iroquois, and the Iroquois were deadly foes of the French.

"Two letters, written on birch bark, that François sent from the Indian camp are still in existence. One was addressed to his dear friend and adviser, Father Le Moyne, a Jesuit, whose life was spent in the exercise of his religion, and in helping prisoners when it was possible. François says that he would have killed himself rather than be taken alive, if it were not such a sin and he so unprepared; that he hopes his friend will comfort his poor mother; that he wishes he might go to confession, and that he begs the good priest to remember his sad plight when next he says Mass. Then he goes on: 'My Father, I beg your blessing on the hand that writes to you, which has one of the fingers burned in the bowl of an Indian pipe, to satisfy the Majesty of God, which I have offended. The thumb of the other hand is cut off, but do not tell my mother of it.'

"To his mother François writes in a more cheerful strain, although his heart was nearly broken with homesickness and anxiety. He tells her that he suffers for his sins, and asks her prayers to the Blessed Virgin for his deliverance. He can not help showing his heart at the end, signing himself 'Your poor Fanchon,' that being his home pet name.

"He escaped with his life, and lived to avenge the wrongs of his countrymen after the manner of the time, standing sword in hand to cover the retreat of his men at the bridge of Wooster River. He was eighty when he died; and some of the best people in Canada are proud to trace their descent back to this fine old gentleman—the 'poor Fanchon,' who was ennobled for his defence of his faith and country, and will be forever remembered as one of the heroes of Canadian history.

"That's all to-night, boys."

Painting the Dead.

Bacici, a Genoese painter who flourished in the seventeenth century, had a very peculiar talent for producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen. He first drew a face at random; then altering it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of those who had known the deceased, he improved it to a striking likeness.

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

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The Treasure of the Autumntide.

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

MONTH of the maple-leaf's changing hue,
Of the hoar-frost gleaming where late the dew
Shone fair 'neath a firmament deeply blue,
'Neath a sky now grey and sober;
Month of the meadows all bare and brown,
Of the clover and aftermath stricken down,—
Though thy smile be sterner than August's frown,
We welcome thee still, October!

Month of our chaplets entwined each day,
Rich wreaths of bloom at Her feet to lay
Whose love o'er our hearts holds sovereign sway,
Whose largess exceeds all measure;
Swiftly our welcome goes out to thee,
Hail we thine advent full joyously,
Fair Month of the Holy Rosary,
The autumntide's richest treasure!

The Bridge of Beads.

BY A. M. P. BERLINGUET.

THREE miles to the eastward of the city of Three Rivers, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, is situated the fertile and pleasant parish of Cap de la Magdeleine. This parish was settled in very early days as a seigneury belonging to the Jesuit Fathers; and in reading "Les Relations des Jésuites" one constantly finds mention made of the little church which they had *basty sur un Cap*. Here Indians of the Tête-de-Boule tribe, coming down the St. Maurice, traded their furs, and received religious instruction from the good missionaries. And here, too, came the tillers of the soil from the surrounding country to have their corn ground in the seigneurial mill; for it was one of the obligations imposed on the grantees of the seigneuries that they should build and operate a mill for the benefit of their tenantry.

The first church at Cap de la Magdeleine was built about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was probably constructed of logs or other roughly fashioned timber. The second church, which is still standing, was built in 1717. Visitors to this quaint little sanctuary may see, hanging on one of the walls, an ancient and time-stained document, dated May 11, 1694; signed by one "Père Anthony Cloche, Dominican F. P."; countersigned by "Antonius Massoulie, Inquisitor de Toulouse"; and bearing also the signature and approval of Mgr. de St. Vallier, the second Bishop of Quebec. This document attests the canonical establishment of a Confraternity of the Holy Rosary in this parish on the date above given.

In July, last year, Cap de la Magdeleine celebrated the two hundredth anniversary

of the establishment of this Confraternity. The celebration took the form of a solemn *triduum*. The influx of pilgrims was large; for it must be told that at this ancient shrine of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary miracles and great graces are often accorded. It is the scene of many pilgrimages from the adjacent towns and villages of the Province of Quebec; and during the days of this bicentenary celebration alone over ten thousand pilgrims came to pray before the venerable statue of Notre Dame du Cap.

The shrine is easy of access from Three Rivers, being but a three-mile drive, over a fairly good road, through beautiful scenery, and past a continuous line of typical French Canadian *habitant* homes, with neat gardens, immaculately clean lace curtains, and the average thirteen children playing gaily round the door.* To those fond of studying the ways of various nationalities, the drive by the road is very pleasant; while for those who prefer a meditation on the beauties of nature there is the water route,—down the St. Lawrence in a little steamboat, to embark at the fine new wharf recently built for *les gens du Cap* by their paternal government at Ottawa. From the wharf extends a broad platform which leads up to the churches, and which on pilgrimage days is gaily decorated with bunting and evergreens.

The old church is of very small dimensions, and is painted in rather striking colors. It has a few benches in place of pews, and very humble appointments generally. In the southern wall is a recess of some eight feet square, in which is an altar of St. Joseph; beside this is a shrine of the Infant Jesus, and some relics from the Holy Land. The northern wall of the church has been cut away, and an extension added, which is capable of containing a larger congregation than is the church proper. This was rendered necessary by the great influx of pilgrims.

The altar of this ancient little sanctuary is still more venerable than the Church itself; it dates, so the Curé says, from the Middle Ages. Over it stands the now celebrated statue of Our Lady, to which many miracles are referred. Some very old and dark oil-paintings — one of St. Ignatius, another of St. Francis Borgia, painted before his canonization—hang on the walls of the sanctuary.

The good Curé has been working hard to obtain a railway connection with the branch of the Canada Pacific Railway which here intersects the country; and has at length been successful in getting a company to undertake the building of a line. This will greatly facilitate the pilgrimages to the Cape.

At present the village is very primitive and quiet. The old mill of the Jesuits still stands; and also their manor, now the parish post-office. One reads over the door: "*Ici on donne a manger aux pélerins.*"* The same announcement, in varied phraseology, appears over almost all the doors in the vicinity; and all about there are booths for the sale of innocuous summer beverages, objects of piety, etc.

Most of the houses have their pretty gardens full of rosebushes—all blessed,—and in the midsummer days the altar is sometimes covered with rose leaves to a depth of several inches. Père Frédéric has taught the people how to make pretty little paper boxes, in which these rose leaves are distributed to the sick, especially to those who suffer from sore eyes; and not a few can joyfully tell of the benefit received from an application of the rose leaves steeped in water.

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* When the late M. Mercier was Premier of Quebec, he passed a bill promising a grant of a hundred acres of land in the Lake St. John district to every farmer who had thirteen children; but so many made application for the bounty that the government was obliged to repeal the bill.

* Here food is given to pilgrims.

The little old church, with its traditions, is very interesting; but the fine new structure, built by the late Curé Desilets, is also worthy of notice. In connection with the building of this fine stone edifice, which is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, there is on record a very especial and remarkable favor of Our Lady.

Sixteen years ago the little old mission church was found too small to contain the congregation that flocked to it, and the parishioners decided upon building another more modern and commodious edifice. During the autumn of 1878 all the stone to be used in the proposed church was prepared on the opposite or southern shore of the river St. Lawrence. It was desirable that the work should begin in the early spring, and for this it was necessary that the stone should be brought across the river. "Let us wait until the ice bridge is formed," said the parishioners to their Curé.

Opposite to the parish of Cap de la Magdeleine the St. Lawrence is very wide; and, as the current is swift, it does not freeze over every winter. The people of the Cape were aware of this fact; but their faith was strong, and they said to their Curé: "We will say our beads, and the Blessed Virgin will grant us the favor of an ice bridge this year." So it was decided that every Sunday, after High Mass, the Curé and his parishioners should kneel before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and there recite the Rosary to obtain the desired favor.

Sunday succeeded Sunday; January, February, and a part of March went by,—the mighty river still flowed darkly and swiftly past Cap de la Magdeleine, not a morsel of ice to be seen upon its rushing waters. Humanly speaking, at this late season there was nothing to hope for; but Père Desilets and his parishioners waxed confident and prayed the harder.

At last, toward evening on the 14th of March, a great wind sprang up from the southwest, which broke up the shore ice, and large fragments of it floated down into the bay formed by the river a short distance below the Cape. The fierce wind continued to rage, and the parishioners passed the night in excited expectation. At daybreak all eyes were turned to the river. It was covered with a mixture of snow and drift ice. There was no change during the day. The following day was Sunday. The Curé was very ill, and could not leave his room. His curate, Père Duguay, the present parish priest of the Cape, represented him; and after Vespers repaired with a band of men to the shore. Père Duguay, writing some years later in a Quebec newspaper, describes the scene in these words:

"Firmin Cadotte, axe in hand, a rope tied round his waist, walked first; Flavien Bonrassa held the ends of the rope. At some distance below the old church they found the floating ice to be mixed with drifting snow, and the whole fastened together by a light *flazil.** The largest of these fields did not extend more than fifty or sixty feet across the river. The distance from one of these blocks to the other was very varied; in some places they were five feet apart, in others ten or fifteen; sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, fifty. Half an acre, and even more, between these blocks there was no ice,—nothing but the snow held together by *flazil.*"

The priest decided that an attempt to cross should be made, and the brave little band started. The curate writes: "We quickened our steps in the places where we felt our feet going into the river. We thus walked over an abyss. I had good proof that there was no ice in some places; for I stuck my cane into the *flazil* as easily as one could stick it into soft, light snow."

It required heroic faith to enable men

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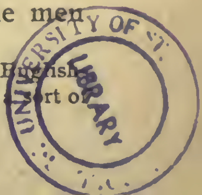
* This word has been accepted by English-speaking Canadian scientists to designate a sort of weak ice formed of half-melted snow.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to attempt to cross the St. Lawrence under such circumstances. The Blessed Virgin was evidently near her faithful clients, and wished to give them a fresh proof of her power.

Père Duguay further observes: "I have not yet been able to understand how it was that when I sounded the abyss over which I was walking, I was not afraid for myself, nor for those whom, unless a miracle should be vouchsafed, I was leading on to their death."

When the devoted band arrived at the last cake of ice, they found themselves still a long distance from the southern shore of the river. Before them was nothing but an expanse of floating snow; however, they succeeded in finding a place where the wind had blown some water over the snow and given it more solidity. Here they managed to cross, and all arrived safely on the farther shore. Nightfall was at hand; nevertheless, they undertook to mark out their road with spruce boughs, and to form a solid ice bridge. Others came to their aid; and, invoking the Blessed Virgin, they set about watering the snow. From sixty to eighty men worked on the floating ice until eleven o'clock at night, with a few lanterns which afforded them uncertain light.

This artificial ice bridge froze during the night, and the next day over a hundred sleighs, loaded with blocks weighing more than three thousand pounds, crossed the river upon it. Some adventurous dogs, following the sleighs, ran outside of the bushes which marked the road: they sank through the soft snow into the water. The hauling lasted for eight days, and during that time everything went on well. When the stone was all conveyed across the river, the bridge fell to pieces of itself.

The good *habitants*, who were delighted witnesses of this great favor, called the bridge the "Bridge of Beads." It is said in Three Rivers that it was after hearing of this fact that Leo XIII. ordered the Rosary to be publicly recited during the month of October.

Such is the story of the Pont des Chapelets, and in it lies the reason of the great reawakening of the devotion to the shrine at Cap de la Magdeleine. From Three Rivers, from the parishes adjoining, from Quebec, Montreal, the Eastern Townships, and even from parts of the United States, thousands of persons come every year to pray before the statue that for two centuries has represented the Queen of Heaven in this old mission; and the crutches and other signs of infirmity hung up around the walls of the little church attest to the mercy and power of Our Lady of the Rosary.

There is another point of interest, distinctly human yet touching on the supernatural, connected with the little church of the Cape. During the course of the past year the clever authoress of the "History of the Ursuline Monastery of Three Rivers," and of the annals of the parish of Ste. Anne de la Perade, in her researches made acquaintance, so to speak, with the saintly old Curé, Paul Vachon, for many years parish priest, or rather missionary, at the Cape. Being anxious to verify all the information which she had collected about this priest, she wrote to the present Curé of the Cape, asking him to look him up in his registers of the last century.

Père Duguay did so, and found that the venerable missionary had died in the odor of sanctity in 1729, and had been buried under the altar of the church which he had erected in 1717. The priest then set to work to excavate, and without much difficulty found the remains. They lay in the sand of which the soil here is composed. The coffin had disappeared, but the tall and dignified form of the saintly priest, clothed in a cassock, was quite recognizable. The bones were intact; the flesh had turned into a black

substance somewhat resembling charcoal; the long, grey hair lay on the venerable shoulders. On his head was a little skull-cap of leather. His legs were clothed in long, knitted stockings coming up over the knees. The cassock was perfectly preserved, all the button-holes intact; but the sand had dyed it a reddish brown, somewhat resembling the garb of the Franciscans of to-day.

Père Duguay had the remains enclosed in a sort of frame of a coffin and reverently covered up. It was an impressive sight, and one which those privileged to see will never forget: the Curé who established the Confraternity of the Rosary at the Cape, who ministered to the parish so far back as 1692, lying there under the altar whose steps he had so often ascended to offer the Great Oblation for the living and the dead!

There he has lain for one hundred and sixty-five years, while all around his tomb the prayers of the faithful have ascended unceasingly to her whose knight and servant he was. The good that men do lives after them, and the Curé Vachon's Confraternity has outlived two centuries,—two centuries of prayer and praise; two centuries with an unbroken record of daily Mass and fervent Rosaries, all unknown to the great world. And now in these latter days the fame of the shrine has gone abroad, and the feet of thousands turn to the little church by the fast-flowing river, above whose golden altar the quaint old statue of Mary Immaculate smiles upon her clients, and guards the form of her dead priest, whose lips so often murmured in the dark and troubled days of Canada's early history: "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

A MAN is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in.—*Carlyle.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

IX.—A Step Forward.

AT ten o'clock on the following morning Constance ordered a fly; and, after many wishes for good luck in her undertaking from the faithful Marjorie, on whom she had enjoined silence as to the purpose of her journey, she set out for Cliffbourne. At the expiration of an hour she found herself at the foot of the winding road leading up to the castle, which, though of vast proportions and ancient appearance, was still of a more modern period than Mountheron.

At the same moment Lady Cliffbourne turned to her writing desk to indite her acceptance of an invitation to dine and sleep at Mountheron on the following day. She had never been inside its walls since she had left them, after the fearful tragedy which had desolated her life; and she had hesitated long before yielding to the urgent entreaties of her kinsman-at-law that she should visit once more the scene of her happiest and most miserable hours. Finally her good judgment had prevailed. After the note had been written and the servant dismissed, she still sat motionless before her desk, her head bent low on her clasped hands. She was a very beautiful woman, of stately height and figure; her pale, clearly-cut features illuminated by deep, dark, melancholy eyes; her brow crowned by a wealth of soft jet-black hair, whose shining braids, without a thread of grey, were wound closely about her well-shaped head.

A light tap on the door interrupted her reverie.

"Come in, Felicia!" she responded.

The maid entered.

"My Lady," she said, "there is a young woman below — a stranger—who wishes to find a situation as companion. Will you see her?"

Lady Cliffbourne reflected a moment before she replied:

"I had not thought of engaging another before returning to London; but as that will not be for some time, perhaps it may be as well to allow her to come up. But first, Felicia—you can judge as well as I by outward appearance,—does she seem to be a lady?"

"So much so, my Lady," was the answer, "that I was surprised when Warren told me her errand. It's not every day one sees the like of her."

"Tell her to come up," said Lady Cliffbourne. "I will see her."

Five minutes later the door opened again, and Felicia ushered Constance into the presence of her mother. The young girl felt as though she must swoon when she found herself confronting her of whose existence she had been in ignorance so short a time previous, and for whom she entertained a mixture of feelings which she herself could not analyze. Her father's story had filled her with indignation, but the recital of Marjorie had somewhat softened her previous antagonism. And, above all, causing her head to throb violently and her heart almost to cease beating in her bosom, was the voice of nature that would not be stilled,—the cry of the yearning heart that had never known a mother's love. But Constance was no ordinary woman: the thought of her father's sufferings, and the purpose of the mission that had brought her, not only from the shores of Greece, but even across the threshold of her mother's house, were always uppermost in her mind. Any trace of emotion visible in her face—and there was but little—might well have been attributed to embarrassment, if noticed by the keen eyes of the stately woman who now addressed her.

"Be seated," said Lady Cliffbourne, on whom she had at once made a most favorable impression. "I did not catch your name."

"It is Strange—Constance Strange," replied the young girl, in a low voice, as she raised her large, beautiful eyes to those of the mistress of Cliffbourne.

A shade of sadness passed over the features of Lady Cliffbourne,—that name had touched her heart.

"Have you ever occupied the position of companion before?" she inquired, feeling certain that she had not, so fresh and sweet, so untouched by contact with the world, was the young face of this beautiful girl.

"Never," replied Constance; "but I have understood that the duties are such as any one of refinement and education could fulfil."

"And you have both," said Lady Cliffbourne, emphatically. "Your English, however, has a slightly foreign accent, and one not familiar to me, who have lived much on the Continent. Were you educated abroad?"

"In Greece, my Lady," was the reply.

"You were born there?"

"No, my Lady: I was born in England, but my father has lived abroad for many years."

"Is he still living?"

"Yes, my Lady. He is in Greece."

"And you are here? You have your mother—in England?"

"I have never known my mother," said the girl, dropping her eyes.

"Do you read French?"

"I read and speak it fairly well."

"And German?"

"Yes, my Lady."

"I presume you play the piano?"

"Yes, my Lady."

"Any other instrument?"

"The guitar, my Lady."

"Do you sing also?"

"Yes, my Lady."

"You embroider, no doubt? I ask you this because you will often have a great deal of leisure, if you come to me; and part of that time I should like you to

spend, if you are capable, in embroidering vestments for the chapel."

"I was taught to embroider by a famous Greek needlewoman, my Lady," answered Constance. "She excelled in that kind of work, and I like it exceedingly."

"You are not a Greek Catholic?"

"No, my Lady. I am a Roman Catholic."

"Ah! that is well," exclaimed Lady Cliffbourne, drawn still more strongly by the kinship of faith toward the young girl, in whom she began to feel an extraordinary interest. Taking a couple of books from the table, she opened one. "Read me a page of this," she said. "I am often sleepless; and one of your duties would be a half hour's reading at bedtime, should I desire it."

Constance read a page with great ease and expression.

"You have a perfect French accent," said Lady Cliffbourne. "By whom were you taught?"

"By Madame Courlange-Gauthier, who lived near us for several years, and who now has a school in Paris."

"I have heard of her; her school has an excellent reputation. And now a little German, if you please."

Constance obeyed, reading half of the first chapter of "Undine," which Lady Cliffbourne placed in her hands.

"Good!" was her verdict. "Not quite as perfect as your French, but far above the ordinary. Who taught you German?"

"My father."

"Will you play something for me?"

Constance went to the open piano. One of Chopin's "First Nocturnes" lay open upon it. She played it with great delicacy and feeling, showing much practice and wonderful command of the instrument.

"Now will you not sing me something?" asked Lady Cliffbourne.

Without demurring in the least, simply and naturally as she had done all else that had been required of her, Constance sung a Hungarian gipsy song. She had a beautiful voice, strong, sweet and clear,—a voice that was full of possibilities.

"Do you know any English or Scotch ballads?" said Lady Cliffbourne.

She answered with "Highland Mary."

When she had finished tears stood in Lady Cliffbourne's eyes. She laid her hand on the young girl's shoulder.

"My dear child," she asked, "who taught you to play and sing?"

"My father," answered Constance, in a voice full of emotion, which could not pass unobserved by Lady Cliffbourne.

"Pardon me!" she said, impulsively. "You seem to be greatly moved. Your father must be a man of uncommon talent. Tell me, child, is it necessity that has parted you from him?"

For a moment her feelings overcame the lonely girl.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "could aught else separate me from so good a father, from my only friend?"

Lady Cliffbourne turned away, unable to conceal her own emotion, even while she was surprised at it. Now for the first time did she address one who was lonely and friendless; she had even fancied herself cold, but now she found herself deeply and unaccountably moved. It was with an effort that she resumed her usual calm exterior, saying, almost abruptly:

"You have references, of course?"

"One, that I can furnish from Paris,—that of Mme. Courlange-Gauthier. Will it be sufficient? If not, I can soon obtain others from Corinth."

"One will be enough. Have you it with you?"

"No, my Lady. I had not contemplated this step when I left home, therefore I did not provide myself. But I can have it in a few days, at farthest."

"When can you come?"

"Whenever you wish."

"Very well; let it be the day after to-morrow. I presume there will be no difficulty about the reference."

"If your ladyship is not in a hurry, I would prefer to wait until it arrives."

"I am in no hurry. My time for the remainder of this week will be much occupied abroad; therefore it will be as well if you do not come until Monday. I had almost forgotten,—your salary will be £100 a year. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, my Lady," said Constance; after a moment's hesitation, she added: "Shall I ever be required to make my appearance in the drawing-room?"

"Does the idea frighten you?" queried Lady Cliffbourne, with a smile. "You will occasionally be expected to come down, to play accompaniments or take part in a song,—perhaps to sing us one of your own pretty, foreign songs, of which, I am sure, you have a quantity in reserve. You may also be wanted now and then to make up a rubber. Do you play whist?"

"No, my Lady," was the reply.

"I believe it is the sole accomplishment you lack, Miss Strange," said Lady Cliffbourne, playfully; "and that you will soon learn; for nowadays the younger set at least make but a pretence at card-playing. You have suitable gowns, of course?" she continued, glancing at the neat, well-fitting attire of her future companion.

"I think so," answered Constance, simply. "My old friend in Paris saw to that."

"Very well; I believe that is all. I shall expect you on Monday, after luncheon."

She touched the bell, and in a moment Constance was following Felicia down the stairs.

On her return, after announcing the success of her errand to Marjorie, who was pleased to see her pleased, while sad at the prospect of leaving her so soon, she wrote at once to Paris and also to her father, to whom she communicated only the news that she had seen his ancestral home and that of her mother; that she was content and hopeful, awaiting the opportunity that she knew must come, sooner or later, in answer to her fervent prayers. She thought it best not to enlighten him further until her progress was assured.

Slowly the week wore away. It seemed to Constance that never had days been so long as those which intervened between the present and the future, which she regarded with alternate hope and fear.

On Monday morning the letter came from Paris. Her old teacher made no comments on this unexpected turn in the affairs of her former pupil; being a woman of wisdom and experience, she knew that nothing but an unusual extremity would call for so unusual an undertaking. Therefore she contented herself with wishing Constance well, sending a very strong letter of recommendation for Lady Cliffbourne.

About two in the afternoon, having paid her bill and bidden adieu to her kind hostess, dismissing good Marjorie Goff, who could not help thinking there was some mystery connected with the whole affair, Constance once more took her seat in the village fly, and departed for Cliffbourne. Upon her arrival she was received at once by Lady Cliffbourne, who treated her with great kindness. After reading the letter from Paris, which she pronounced satisfactory in every respect, she summoned Felicia, requesting her to show Miss Strange to her apartments; at the same time telling her that it was possible she might be wanted after dinner in the drawing-room to play some accompaniments, and that she had better don a simple evening dress in order to be prepared for the summons.

"Until then you will be free to follow your own desires," she said. "No doubt you will like to arrange your belongings, in which Felicia will assist you. After that you may read, take a nap, walk about the grounds—do anything you like, Miss Strange."

Thanking her ladyship, the young girl followed the maid down a long corridor, and up a short flight of steps, when they came to a pleasant suite of rooms The pretty sitting-room was charmingly furnished, containing a bookcase filled with choice volumes, and a cottage piano. The bedchamber was also beautifully arranged. The windows of both looked on the park; and Constance felt, as she gazed upon the broad expanse stretched out before her, that, so far as her bodily comfort was concerned, her lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places.

With the aid of Felicia she very soon arranged her wardrobe; for her boxes were neither numerous nor heavy. As she placed the various articles of clothing in the drawers and closets, the astute maid noticed, with some surprise, the excellent quality of the material.

A daintily carved bracket hung between the long windows of the bedroom. Upon this bracket Constance placed a beautiful ivory statuette, which had always been her companion so long as she could remember.

After Felicia had departed she sat for some time at the window, occupied with grave and anxious thoughts. A sudden collapse of the courage which had upborne her thus far seemed to threaten her strained nerves; but now, as always, she sought strength in prayer. Throwing herself on her knees before the statue of Our Lady, she soon felt her heart comforted and her fortitude renewed.

The shades of twilight found Constance still praying; the sound of the dressing-bell aroused her. Taking a simple white muslin gown, of exquisite texture, from the wardrobe, she made a hasty toilet. Dinner was served in her sitting-room. After she had finished she took a book from the shelves, and thus an hour passed away. She was beginning to hope that she might not have to face the ordeal of meeting strange faces for this night, at least. But just as she was thus congratulating herself the door was pushed gently ajar and Felicia entered.

"My Lady wishes Miss Strange to come to the drawing-room," she said. "Does Mademoiselle wish to make any change in her dress,—a ribbon in her hair perhaps, or something of the kind?"

Constance felt her heart beat violently; but, with the eyes of the Frenchwoman upon her, she did not fail to preserve her usual composure. She replied, smilingly:

"Shall I not do as I am?"

"One moment, with Mademoiselle's permission," said Felicia.

Stepping to the dressing-case, she opened a couple of drawers, taking from one a soft wide blue sash, of the finest Smyrna silk; from the other a delicately wrought ivory comb, studded here and there with small turquoises.

After quickly tying the sash in a graceful bow around the waist of the young girl, and placing the comb among the magnificent braids of her soft hair, Felicia pronounced her ready for the drawing-room.

About five minutes later Constance was entering the long apartment, conscious only of what seemed a sea of strange faces and a buzz of pleasantly modulated conversation. Fortunately, Lady Cliffbourne, who had been expecting her, caught sight of her at once, advancing some steps to meet her. Lady Cliffbourne had thought her lovely at the first moment of their meeting, but to-night in the beautiful simplicity of her evening attire, she felt a keen pang that one so favored by nature in every respect should be obliged by circumstances to occupy a dependent position. She had an æsthetic nature: beauty pleased her in all its forms. The sight of the young girl before her gave her an exquisite pleasure. There was something more cordial than mere politeness in the manner with which she took her by the hand, saying to a middle-aged lady

in black lace, with whom she had been talking:

"This is Miss Strange, Lady Markham. Miss Strange, Lady Markham, my cousin, who resides with me. You will have ample opportunity to become acquainted."

Constance bowed courteously, Lady Markham with some stiffness. Naturally of a suspicious temperament, she deprecated the conjunction of beauty and dependence.

With her quick intuition, Constance instantly felt that she was being unfavorably criticised by Lady Cliffbourne's kinswoman. But she had not much time to dwell on the thought; for, suddenly lifting her eyes to the long mirror opposite, her cheeks grew white with a sudden pallor as she recognized Lord Kingscourt not ten feet from where she stood, engaged in conversation with a gentleman much older than himself, whom she felt certain—she knew not why—was the present Marquis of Mountheron. For a moment the blood surged from heart to brain; she feared she must faint; she longed to ask permission to retire. But once more her good sense weighted the balance. Better, she thought, to face the inevitable at once than to have it indefinitely awaiting her. No one present could have divined the tumult which filled her soul as, thankful that, for the time being at least, Lord Kingscourt had not seen her, she turned to Lady Cliffbourne with a few commonplace words.

(To be continued.)

I BELIEVE philosophers have not noticed one thing—the absorbent character of the soul. Marvellous is its power of receptivity. It is a wonderfully impressionable thing. An hour in the company of saints is enough. The whole heart is revolutionized. All Scriptures bear testimony to this blessed influence.—*Keshub Chunder Sen.*

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ROGER RIGBY.

WHEN Catholic England renounced her faith, under the plea of restoring to men religious liberty, she took care to prevent, as far as tyranny could prevent, their believing the religion which the nation had professed from the introduction of Christianity. Catholics saw their monasteries and convents destroyed, their churches profaned, their clergy slain, and themselves made outlaws. They did not resort to revolutions or to human policy. They set up no usurper, as the Protestants did in Mary's reign. They bore all in the hope of eternal reward. The cruel exactions levied upon them, their want of schools, their constant insecurity, made it natural for them to seek a refuge abroad; still their hearts clung to the home of their fathers, and they sent out only one colony.

When Lord Baltimore's position at court enabled him to obtain an American grant, his object was to plant a colony where Catholics might breathe a free air, and, unchecked by pursuivants and penal laws, hear Mass, go to confession, instruct their children,—in a word, practise their religion without exposing themselves to the danger of being hanged, drawn and quartered for so doing.

The pilgrims of Maryland, the noblest band of voluntary exiles, sailed up the Potomac, and landed near an island which they called St. Clement's, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1634. They were sufferers not for private opinions, but for the faith which Europe had professed for centuries,—a faith which consequently is true, or none is true.

Among this heroic band were the Jesuits, Father Andrew White and Father John Altham, with two lay-brothers, who

thus founded the second Jesuit mission in the North only two years after Father Lejune restored that of Canada. Before they had fixed upon a site for their town, Father Altham preached to the Indians on Potomac Creek; and no sooner was St. Mary's begun on the eastern shore than the Fathers daily offered the Holy Sacrifice in a large cabin, which was their first chapel. Soon afterward Father White started a mission among the Patuxents, with whom he resided for some time. This mission gave every hope of prosperous continuance; many Indians were converted, and in 1639 there was a resident priest among them, while another was stationed at Kent Island.

These missions, however, were not enough for the zeal of Father White. He pushed on to other tribes; and on the 5th of July, 1640, in his modest bark chapel baptized Chilomacon, King of the Piscataways, with his family and many of his tribe. This triumph of the Cross was soon followed by another—the baptism of the Queen and one hundred and thirty of her subjects at Potopacos. For ten years the desert blossomed like a rose; and while the Fathers on Lake Huron and the St. Lawrence labored amid a thousand obstacles, the more fortunate missionaries of Maryland found a people well disposed, who cheerfully drank in the words of truth which fell from their lips.

But meanwhile the colonists had been guilty of an error which, by its consequences, frustrated the mission and all hope of Christianizing the savage. The Puritans of New England, founding a new colony, had rigorously excluded all who did not agree with them in matters of religion; and, without openly avowing hostility to the Church of England, worked on by themselves until the establishment was strong enough to bid defiance to all who might have felt inclined to oppose it. This was surely a wise manner of proceeding. The Catholics of Maryland, less prudent, opened their door to all; and, by this professed equality of creeds, invited Protestants to enter, at a time when they themselves were unable to maintain an armed toleration. The result was natural: before they were even a majority the Protestants, under a Protestant government, had the upper-hand, and, like the serpent in the fable, stung the benevolent man who warmed them in his bosom.

In 1645 a rebellion broke out; the Catholics were persecuted, the Fathers seized and carried prisoners to Virginia. Here Father Roger Rigby died in 1646; and Father White and the two others, after being sent to England as priests, were tried, found guilty, and cast into prison, where hardships of every kind were the reward of those who first counselled religious freedom in America.

Such was the glorious outset of the Maryland mission. One of the Fathers, we have seen, died a prisoner in Virginia. Three of his fellow-religious had already sunk beneath their toils. The faithful coadjutors, Knowles and Gervase, died in 1637. Father Altham, the first to announce the Gospel, after assisting Father White in the conversion of Chilomacon, was stricken with fever; and, being sent back to St. Mary's, died on November 5. It was doubtless to him that the informant of Father Jogues alluded when he said that one of the Jesuits in Virginia, going to a converted tribe, had been killed by a hostile tribe. The fever of which he died may well have had some such origin. Or the informant may have referred to Father John Brock, who died on the 5th of June, 1641, five weeks after writing to his superior these heroic words: "I would rather, laboring for the conversion of these Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succor and perishing from hunger, than once think of abandoning this holy work of God from the fear of want."

The mission thus broken up was

restored in 1648 by Father Philip Fisher, and from that time to our Revolution was the nucleus of Catholicity in the English colonies. The Jesuits of this mission extended their labors to Pennsylvania and even to New York; and, being the only Catholic clergy in the colonies, their history is that of the American Church.

FATHER SEBASTIAN, A RÉCOLLET.

Father Sebastian died of hunger and hardship on his way from Miscou to Port Royal, during the mission of the Récollets of Aquitaine on that coast from 1619 to 1623. This good religious had been for three years piously laboring to convert the heathen when he thus sank in the wilderness. The news of his death reached Quebec in 1623. This is all that we can glean from Le Clercq (Vol. I., c. 8).

FATHER PETER COLEMAN, S. J.

An English Jesuit of this name is said to have been put to death for the faith by the Indians in July, 1685. I find this statement in Oliver's Collections, but know nothing which can throw any light on the subject.

FATHER ANTHONY DALMAS, S. J.

A notice of this Father seems necessary here; however, his death, though violent, was not for the faith. He was a native of Tours, and came to Canada about 1670. He was for some time employed at Laprairie, and also surveyed the Isle Jésus, near Montreal, and drew up a map which is still preserved. Sent in 1693 as chaplain to the little Fort St. Anne on Hudson's Bay, he was left there with five men. On one occasion, three of these being absent, he remained alone with the surgeon and armorer,—the latter of whom, in a fit of frenzy, killed the former. This, of course, Father Dalmas knew; and as the unfortunate man showed signs of repentance, the missionary promised to intercede and obtain his pardon. One morning, after saying Mass, at which the armorer served, the priest went to walk by the side of a frozen stream. The guilty man, tortured by fear, followed him, and cruelly removed the witness of his crime.*

FATHER GUIGNAS, S. J.

The Sioux mission originated in the time of Bishop Laval, and the tribe was constantly visited by apostolic men, although no fixed mission was established among them. The docility of the people, the perfection of their language, and their high grade of morality, made them an object of interest, and Father Guignas was sent to them in the year 1728. The miscarriage of the French campaign against the Foxes made it necessary for him to retire, and he set out for the Illinois. When about half-way he was arrested by the Kikapoos and Mascoutens, on the 15th of October, 1728.

He was five months a prisoner in their hands, and exposed to constant danger. After undergoing much ill-treatment he was condemned to the stake; and had already made an oblation of his life to God, when that bountiful Father touched the heart of an old man, who adopted and saved the captive priest. When the Fathers in Illinois heard of it they made every effort to procure his liberty, and sent him supplies in order to relieve his distress. These, however, he so wisely distributed among the Indians that he brought them to propose a peace; and they took him to the Illinois, where it was concluded. Father Guignas remained there several months; and about a year after his capture returned with a party of the Kikapoos and Mascoutens to their country.

I may note here that De la Tour, the biographer of Bishop Laval, after stating that missionaries were formed at Quebec for the Abnakis and Illinois, goes on to say: "In my own time I have seen two young men, the Sieurs Gaston and Courrier,

* Charlevoix, Vol. III., p. 196. Lettres Edifiantes, Vol. X.

set out, full of fervor and great hope. One was massacred by the savages, the other lived like a saint."

I find nothing to throw any light on the manner of the death of this missionary.

FATHER SENAT, S. J.

In the wars which resulted from the massacre of the Natchez, a party of French and Indians from Illinois marched into the Chickasaw country. Their commander, Dartaguettes, was carrying their third fort when he fell, severely wounded. The Indian allies fled, and the French were either killed or wounded. Father Senat, who had accompanied the expedition as chaplain, might have escaped also; but, faithful to his calling, and regardless of life, he remained to assist the dying. He fell into the hands of the Chickasaws, and, together with Dartaguettes and Vincennes, perished at the stake.

I can obtain no further information of Father Senat; and the few words of Charlevoix on his death ("Journal," p. 501) seem to show that a full account of the whole was then in the hands of the public.

The Angel of the Mist.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY S. H.

WELCOME, dear Spirit! On my pensive mood
Thou smilest, ever kind, not vexing it
With weird and solemn visions; nor the mind
Filling with fantasies from Night evolved,—
The night scarce past, whereof the lingering brood
Of dreams unwelcome sometimes round me flit,
As in this rocky solitude I sit,
My soul in a sweet sadness half dissolved.
And when an unseen hand with airiest grace,
Lightly, as doth befit the morning wind,
Shall draw the filmy veil that hides thy face,
Smile on me still, and bid the sunshine play
On pleasant fancies only, all the day.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—A Pasha of Jerusalem.

FROM the convent windows we looked upon the Via Dolorosa and all the domed roofs of Jerusalem. These domes were of graystone, covered with cement; they appeared as if they were powdered with a light fall of snow. To the left was St. Stephen's Gate, opening upon the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives; close to it loomed the walls that surround the field of the Mosque of Omar. The dome of the Mosque, resplendent in the sun as the breast of a peacock, towered above all, flanked with a few aged cypresses. On our right the city clustered about Calvary, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre that crowns it. Before us rose the gentle acclivities of Mount Zion, the Armenian quarters of the Holy City. Our situation could not be bettered; but we were tired, hungry, bewildered, and a little bored.

Our polyglot, a youth of two and twenty, who charmed us at Jaffa and clung to our party until we went all to pieces in Beyroot several weeks later,—he who spoke, read and wrote Latin, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, Persian and modern Greek with almost equal facility; who performed on the parlor organ at the shortest possible notice; who wore a fez and Hessian boots and a bangle of immense proportions; who was as ingenuous as a child, a semi-convert to Islamism, and never went forth unless accompanied by a pipe-bearer (the latter was suffered not to let the fire go out upon the altar of the nargileh, lest the soul of the polyglot might on the instant crave this greatest of Turkish delights, and finding it not at hand, perish in his tracks);—the polyglot having dispatched

a letter, the engrossment of which in pure Arabic would have delighted the poetic eye of Musle-Huddeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz, a monk suddenly entered, and at his request we repaired to a supper of bread and broth in the refectory.

It was Lent, and of course the fare was very light. After supper, returning to the reception room, the polyglot pumped Strauss waltzes out of a parlor organ until the Abbot sent him a polite request to close the instrument until Easter, which he did with a bang that resounded to the chapel at the extreme end of the building.

Anon the nargileh! It is the life and the light of the East; it is always *apropos*. We gathered in the cosiest corner of the room. We clapped our hands: a servant who was nodding in the hall entered, and at once began preparing the pipes. He placed a crystal vase before each of us; it was mounted with fretted silver, and was topped with an elaborately gilded earthen bowl; from its neck the snake-like stem, a fathom long, wound with threads of gold and silver, stretched to the lips, upon which rested a mouthpiece of clouded amber. The vase was half filled with rose-water, and in each vase a few fresh rose leaves were sopped in this water. The pipe-bearer then took a handful of *tumbak* (a mild, sweet Persian weed), plunged it into a basin of water, and wrung it out like a sponge. We regarded with curious eyes the preparation—so would you. The *tumbak* is still damp; he presses it into the pipe-bowl and heaps it up, making a little nest in the centre of it. Then a live coal is placed in the nest, where it sends up a thin, fragrant steam. Now we throw ourselves back upon the cushions of the divan; we place upon our lips the superb amber mouthpiece, three or four inches in length, and carved, or girdled with hoops of gold. We exhaust our lungs, and draw in, through the glittering coils of the stem, volumes of cool, deodorized smoke.

If this smoke has any flavor it is not that of tobacco; it is much finer, sweeter, more delicate. Is it the rose-water through which the smoke has passed by means of a tube that extends from the base of the bowl nearly to the bottom of the vase, and then risen in bubbles like snowballs and entered the flexible stem near the throat of the vase? Or is it the moist *tumbak*, exuding some subtile essence under the hot breath of the glowing coals? Or is it only a fancy that possesses one when the nargileh is well lighted, and the pipe-bearer sits by, watching it as if life hung upon the consummation of this solitary smoke? Occasionally he probes the bowl or places fresh coals within it, and then he smiles as the white clouds pour forth in immense volumes and fill the chamber with the incense of the Orient. The inhalation is complete; one breathes the smoke of *tumbak* as he breathes the very air; the bosom heaves like the rise and fall of a great wave at sea. You imagine you are doubling your inches across the chest; a pleasurable thrill is communicated to every nerve in the body. You flood your whole interior with smoke. A happy thought strikes you,—you laugh, and the cloud that is discharged from your mouth is like smoke belched from a cannon.

There is something suggestive of intoxication in all this. The water bubbles in the cistern of the pipe; the rose leaves tumble about and delight the eye; the gurgle soothes the ear; the palate is enchanted with long draughts of impalpable essence from a source that seems inexhaustible. "Drinking smoke," the Arabs call it; it is the only term they use to express the act. And pray why should they not drink it, when it has been tried by fire, filtered in a bath of roses, chilled in its flight through that writhing stem, and slid at last through a handful of glowing amber?

We were quietly discussing this when, unannounced, a sleek Oriental, in the semi-

European official dress, rushed into the room and into the arms of the polyglot, who embraced him madly and kissed him rapturously on both cheeks. It was the boy's old master, summoned in all haste by the impetuous pupil after a separation of some years. As soon as they were able to control somewhat their profound emotion, we rose and were presented informally to Yussef Effendi, Pasha of Jerusalem. The pipes were refilled; small cups of black coffee, thickened with dregs, were offered us. For an hour we conversed in the liveliest manner.

Yussef Effendi, a native of Jerusalem, born to the honorable office which he fills with graceful indifference, has seen many lands, and grown familiar with many peoples and many tongues. Some years ago he grew restless, and, leaving his affairs in the hands of a friend, set out to see the world. He acquired English in London, French in Paris, German in Vienna. It was while in Vienna, lounging among the *cafés*, that he fell in with the polyglot, then a student in the celebrated Oriental College. The regents of that institution, hearing of the sojourn of the distinguished Pasha in their fascinating city, and perhaps realizing how attractive that capital is to all natives of the East, persuaded him to accept a chair in the college, which he filled to repletion. He was Oriental in every sense of the word. To the highest breeding he added a charming flow of spirits, checked only by the poetic languor of his race. With the feminine refinement which distinguishes the descendants of the Prophet, and is not entirely wanting in the Fellaheen, though the yoke of perpetual bondage has hardened them somewhat, he made even the ladies of the party seem brusque; and as for the men, we were positively brutal in comparison.

I have often wondered whether the travels of Yussef Effendi were the unmaking of his faith in things terrestrial and celestial. Certain it is that this Pasha, who inherited with his honorable office the fanaticism of the Moslem, became afterward a Christian, and has ended with infidelity and cynicism, which but for the diverting humor of the man would be intolerable. When we parted that night we were sworn friends. Again the Pasha and the polyglot fell upon each other's necks, and recited the litany of parting in one of the romantic tongues, but whether Arabic, Turkish or Persian we were not able to decide.

From that hour we were chaperoned by the Pasha of Jerusalem. Agreeable as this was in some respects, it was not without its disadvantages. Wherever we went, Yussef Effendi was greeted with profound salaams. As we passed, a group of natives bowed low, gathered a handful of imaginary dust, pressed it to their lips and to their foreheads; and then, with the hand upon the heart, they bowed once more,—all this time babbling Arabic gutturals, and looking as if they felt that they had not lived in vain, inasmuch as the Pasha had done them the honor to snub them more or less gracefully.

The Pasha is, withal, a Bohemian. He had planned an excursion to Bethlehem by a circuitous route, across fields and through olive groves. We rode out of St. Stephen's Gate, and found the Valley of Jehoshaphat thronged with white-robed women and parti-colored men, who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of a caravan of famous dervishes. Ascending the hill toward Bethany, we all dismounted and sat by the roadside, looking down upon Jerusalem with anxious eyes. Over this very road the Redeemer must have passed scores of times. Not very many years ago a withered fig-tree stood just under the brow of the hill,—a tree that was pointed out as being identical with the barren tree in Scripture. Doubtless the relic-hunters carried it away piecemeal. The Pasha's friends greeted him, as they passed to and

fro, with as much dignity as if he were sitting in the seat of the scornful instead of squatting on the ground.

When the caravan arrived, with weird music, and sacred banners and oriflammes fluttering gaily, we dropped down into the bed of the Kedron and struck over into the cornfields. Everywhere Yussef Effendi, who was self-constituted guide, philosopher and friend, delivered discourses up n the shrines we were visiting in rapid succession; his tongue never once ceased until we found ourselves seated at a well-filled board in a Greek monastery, with a learned monk entertaining us. You would have thought the Pasha a Greek so long as our host was within hearing. The bread of Bethlehem, like great pale pancakes, was washed down with rose-water; and we resumed our pilgrimage under the patronage of the chameleon Pasha, who turned Latin in compliment to us the moment we had crossed the threshold of the convent.

The Pasha never appeared to better advantage than on one occasion when he led us to a *café* which was his special preference. A balcony overhung one of the narrow and ill-paved streets; there was a continual procession of pilgrims passing to and from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; camels, with swart Nubian drivers, crowded upon the heels of richly caparisoned Arabian mares. Every nation under heaven seemed represented in the perpetual pageant beneath our lattice.

We turned from all this splendor at intervals to sip coffee impregnated with the odor of ambergris, from cups perfumed with mastic. In a brazier near us smoked frankincense, benzoin, and aloes-wood. When we grew weary of this, an incense-boy swung his censer before us: we were enveloped in odoriferous clouds. At the door the master awaited us with silver scent-bottles, which he shook vigorously, and we withdrew under a light shower of orange-flower water.

It was on our last evening together, when we were strolling among the gloomy and deserted bazars, that the Pasha won our hearts. Silent pilgrims, swathed in voluminous robes, stalked like spectres among the shadows; dim lamps swung over the streets; from the barred casements floated the melancholy refrains of those semi-barbaric songs so popular with the music-loving people. Overhead the large stars throbbed in mid air, seeming to hang much closer to the earth than in our less favored clime. Sometimes we stumbled over the *dêbris* in the dark and ill-kept streets. We were talking of our departure on the morrow. The Pasha had lost all his mirth; he was urging us to delay—to tarry yet a little in the shelter of the Holy of Holies,—and we were saddened at the thought of parting.

Suddenly we were startled by a shriek that rang through the dark arches of the bazars, and awoke echoes in the deserted chambers of the Muristan—the ancient monastery of the Knights of St. John. The whole city seemed to waken on the instant; a thousand dogs howled in chorus. We hastened forward, not knowing which way to turn. Following the swift feet of some who were pressing forward, we came upon a Greek *café* in an uproar. These Greeks are as treacherous as tigers. A dispute had ended in a brawl that rendered futile the efforts of several gendarmes. The mob increased; the tumult extended to the street; the noise was deafening; fragments of furniture flew through the air,—it was war to the death. With a quick impulse, Yussef Effendi forced his way into the thickest of the fight. With a single word he parted the contestants; and, placing a hand upon the shoulders of the chief rioters, he led them to the street, crying to one, "Go you that way!" and to the other, "Go you that way!"—in the opposite direction. Meek as lambs, but with eyes still flashing, the Greeks kissed his hand and departed, speechless.

The gendarmes then saluted him in like manner, and were followed by many of the bystanders.

Deep silence once more descended upon the city. We repaired to our convent in dumb wonderment. "They are my children," observed Haroun al Raschid, as we paused at the threshold of the holy house; then, overcome with admiration of his master, the polyglot fell upon the Pasha's neck, and dissolved in tears. This was an anti-climax; for the same tableau was necessarily repeated on the morrow at the city gate, when, with genuine regret, we bade a final farewell to Yussef Effendi, Pasha of Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

The Largest Diamond in the World and Some Famous Emeralds.

BY ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

BY "the treasures of the Vatican" we always understand, of course, the manuscripts, the pictures, the curiosities, and the tomes; but there has just been presented to the Pope, by the President of the Transvaal Republic, a gem so extraordinary that it, too, may well be called a treasure.

It is the largest diamond known in the world, weighing 971 carats as against the 787½ carats of the Deryai Noor (the Sea of Light), with this difference: that the latter, full of the flaws declared unavoidable in stones of such magnitude, was ground down to the weight of 240 carats by the Venetian Borghis—who, by the way, was fined by the Mogul 10,000 rupees and nearly lost his head for his carelessness,—while the African diamond is practically perfect, its only blemish being a tiny spot invisible to the naked eye.

The weight avoirdupois is 7¼ ounces; and it is of a bluish white cast, irregular in shape, being three inches long, and varying from an inch and a half to two inches and a half in breadth; while the tiny spot mentioned is just in the middle; so that by sawing it in halves, two incomparable gems can be obtained, and the said spot will, technically speaking, "fall out."

Its first mission was one of joy; for the workman who picked it up contrived to secrete it until the manager himself was on the ground, and he could deliver it in person. That meant a *bonus* and a commendation,—both of which in this case were unusually large and generous, the former being £150 in money, and a horse and a saddle and bridle; for on the spot the gem was valued at £200,000 sterling.

The largest emerald in the world disappeared before the very eyes of the voracious and avaricious Alvarado; and I am glad to believe the statement of Garcilaso de la Vega, that he could get no news of it by threats, tortures or death. It was worshipped by the natives of Mantu, Peru, as their goddess. It was the size of an ostrich egg, and the offerings made to it were always "her own children,"—that is, other emeralds.

This one is quoted, because the Sacro Catino of Genoa is said to have been proved by the French in 1800 a vitreous compound, instead of a single emerald as was so long believed,—believed and proved by the severest test in the world, the money value. For when the Genoese acquired it, they took it in 1101 as the equivalent of a large sum of money due from the Crusaders; and again in 1319, when the State needed to raise money, they pledged it for nearly £40,000 sterling, and redeemed it at the earliest opportunity.

The emerald of Richenau, given by Charlemagne in good faith, and weighing twenty-nine pounds, also proved to be of this same rich transparent green compound; also the "Table of Solomon," found by the Arabs in the Gothic treasury at Toledo,—"a solid piece of emerald,

surrounded by three rows of fine pearls, and set on 365 feet of gems and gold."

King, however, states in his admirable work on gems that this antique glass "possessed color, lustre and hardness far in excess of the modern pastes. A glass emerald found at Rome, which had been recut and set in a ring, eclipsed in beauty almost every stone of the kind ever seen by me."

The most extravagant emerald in the world is a ring which as late as 1867 was in the possession of the Hon. Miss Eden. It is cut out of a solid piece of emerald of great beauty and purity, with two emerald drops, and two collets set with rose diamonds and ruby borders. It formerly belonged to Jehanghir, son of Akbar, Emperor of Delhi, whose name is engraved on the ring. Its diameter is one and one-quarter by one and one-eighth of an inch. Its inner history is unknown; but it was presented by Shah Soojah to the East India Company, and was purchased by Lord Auckland when Governor-General of India.

Of course the "five emeralds of Cortez" (his wedding gift to his bride in 1529) were among the wonders of the lapidary's art, and were of fabulous value,—40,000 ducats having been offered for one alone. The Gomara chronicle describes them as being: "The first, in the form of a rose; the second, in that of a horn; the third, like a fish with eyes of gold; the fourth, like a little bell with a fine pearl for the tongue, and on the rim the inscription in Spanish, 'Blessed is He who created thee!' The fifth, which was the most valuable, was a small cup with a foot of gold, and with four little chains of the same metal attached to a large pearl as a button. The edge of the cup was of gold, on which was engraven the Latin sentence: '*Inter natos mulierum non surrexit major.*'"

When the Queen of Charles V. poured the vials of her wrath on his head on their account, and the greedy sea swallowed up his treasures in the expedition of 1541 against Algiers, I wonder if he remembered the blood and tears they cost, and repented?

Caire is responsible for the account of the offering made by Pedro d'Arragona, one of the early viceroys of Peru, to the shrine of Our Lady of Loreto,—"a mass of quartz, studded with numerous crystals of the finest colored emeralds, some an inch in diameter."

But when all is said, and the history of gems carefully reviewed, the most interesting remains—the Emerald of the Vatican. It is too well known through engravings to need description,—the delicate profile, with the long hair parted after the manner of the Nazarenes; the short beard, the melancholy mouth, the pathetic gaze that seems to reflect the cry, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem,... how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not!"

It purports to be a true picture of our Blessed Lord, and bears on its surface the inscription: "Jesus Christ. Cut by order of Tiberius Cæsar." It was sent as part of the ransom of the Sultan's brother, who was captured at the battle of Lepanto, and is beyond question a very antique stone. In disproof of its genuineness, it has been urged that, owing to the inordinate value set upon emeralds by the ancient Romans, they did not engrave them until the time of Hadrian; but for that very reason this stone may have been selected to emphasize the extraordinary nature of the Man of Nazareth, whose birth and life had regenerated the world, and whose death and resurrection had redeemed it. The features, and accessories generally, correspond closely with the descriptions given of Him, especially in the famous "letter" of Lentullus (whose genuineness is also disputed); and the only point that seems incongruous is that the nose is Greek rather than aquiline.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXVI.

IN his own convent our author seems to have noted the dangers of pure theological speculations—curiosities, discussions, etc.,—too often mistaken for actual piety. It may be suspected that this tends to the neglect of self and the fostering of intellectual pride. "Beware," he says, "of disputing about high matters and the hidden judgments of God: why this man is so forsaken and that other raised to so great grace; or why this person is so much afflicted and that so highly exalted. Such things exceed all human comprehension, nor is any reason or disputation competent to investigate the divine judgments. When, therefore, the enemy suggesteth such to thee, or certain curious men inquire into them, answer thou with the prophet: 'Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgment is right.' And again: 'The judgments of the Lord are true, justified in themselves.' My judgments are to be feared, not to be discussed, because they are incomprehensible to human understanding."

In another passage À Kempis explains why this is so: "Son, let not the beautiful and subtle sayings of men affect thee; for the kingdom of God consisteth not in speech, but in virtue. Never read anything in order that thou mayst appear more learned or more wise. Study the mortification of thy vices; for this will more avail thee than the knowledge of many difficult questions. When thou shalt have read and shalt know many things, *thou must always return to the one beginning*. I am He who teacheth men knowledge, and who giveth a clearer understanding to little ones than can be taught by man."

Finally he adds: "The voice of books is one and the same, but it teacheth not all men alike; because I within am the Teacher of truth, the Searcher of the heart, the Understander of thoughts, the Mover of actions, distributing to everyone as I judge fitting."

And nothing is more wonderful than this power of illumination. The most forcible argument, the most persuasively composed sentiment—nay, even the most efficaciously written prayers,—may be dull, lifeless, almost unmeaning things; but a flash of divine grace will kindle all into reality and a perfect intelligence. Even in the earthly order how true it is that though the "voice of books" is popularly assumed to be one and the same, they do not teach all men alike! "Truly when the day of judgment comes, it will not be asked of us what we have *read*, but what we have *done*."

LXXXVII.

On checks, crosses, oppositions, etc., our author is new and practical. "Thou art valiant enough so long as no adversity comes in thy way,"—a truth very often brought home to an extra pious person in an almost ludicrous way. "If tribulation has touched thee, yet let it not cast thee down nor long entangle thee; at least bear it patiently, if thou canst not joyfully. And although thou mayst be reluctant to bear it, and feel indignation, repress thyself, and suffer no inordinate word to come out of thy mouth. I still live, saith the Lord, ready to help thee and comfort thee more than before, if thou puttest thy trust in Me, and devoutly call upon Me.... All is not lost, though thou feelest thyself often afflicted or grievously tempted. Man thou art and not God; thou art flesh and not an angel. I am He who raiseth up to safety those that mourn, and those that know their own infirmity I promote to My divinity."

Wonderful language this!

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

St. George Mivart, the scourge of sciolists, deals mercilessly with certain unfortunate professors in the *Fortnightly Review.* His subject is "Denominational Science," and the scientists whom he selects for the pillory are Prof. Weissman, of Oxford; Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, and Mr. Karl Pearson,—all of whom have recently published books setting forth their peculiar aberrations. Of Prof. Haeckel's new volume, "Monism as connecting Religion and Science: The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science," Dr. Mivart says: "It is difficult to say whether this small volume is more remarkable for self-conceit and empty dogmatism or for the ignorance it displays,—ignorance concerning the most fundamental questions." As illustrating the "impartiality of the scientific temperament," it is interesting to note that in the same magazine Haeckel abuses Virchow without measure, because that eminent man of science, disdaining the materialistic theory of evolution, still clings to his belief in the old-fashioned doctrine of creation.

The magnitude of the divorce evil in the United States is appalling. Within a year no fewer than 6,546 suits for divorce have been entered in Ohio alone. The docket of the next term of one of the county courts of Indiana contains applications for 42 divorces. The population of the county is 60,000 at the highest, and the term of court is eight weeks. The evil of intemperance might perhaps be lessened if the laws regarding it were rigidly enforced, but the evil of divorce seems irremediable, considering that the divorce laws in many States of the Union are so loose in their application as to deserve to be characterized as a travesty on justice and a mockery of morality.

Future text-books of sociology will be obliged to devote a large chapter to the "tramp evil," the enormous growth of which during recent years forces a new and very difficult problem upon public attention. Serious students who have adopted their dress and habits the better to understand this problem declare that, with rare exceptions, tramps are not legitimate objects of charity. They deliberately embrace a lazy and all too comfortable life, which ruins them morally and is a menace to the State. They observe no laws, human or divine, and rarely return to the normal life. Two well-known students of this type of vagabondage—Prof. McCook and Mr. Josiah Flynt—practically agree that the only solution of the problem lies in this policy: Prevent drunkenness; don't let people make the fatal discovery that they can live without work; make good laws and enforce them; abolish industrial "booms," financial crises, business "slumps"; encourage marriage; and help the railroads to prevent universal and unlimited "train jumping." As usually happens this "cure" discovers numerous other diseases, but it is generally conceded that drunkenness lies at the root of the evil. The work is a religious one, and it must begin with the young. Christian homes, schools, and the Church can alone furnish the remedy. Meantime, it may be said, Catholics devote too little thought to this and kindred social problems.

The law forbidding religious processions in France is still being broken with commendable courage by pastors and people. As a flagrant abuse of authority, such a law merits no other treatment. The latest violators of this iniquitous decree have been the pastor and curate of Donzy. Both were fined; and, moreover, the officious prefect of the department wrote to the Bishop of Nevers, requesting that prelate to censure severely the refractory pastor. The Bishop has replied that he can not blame the pastor, as he himself thinks the said pastor did just right; and he further advises the prefect to discountenance all such paltry persecutions in future.

A writer in *L'Univers* calls attention to the great lesson taught by the reception in England of the Holy Father's Apostolic Letter to the English people—the change of attitude adopted in recent years toward the Church. "One of the most noted clerics at Oxford, a Fellow of Magdalen," says this

writer, "told me that he had read out the Papal Letter from the pulpit, and introduced it to his congregation as a document emanating from the highest moral authority existing in Christendom. I am assured that several pastors who do not belong to the Ritualist Church have done the same thing; and finally the Episcopate has officially taken cognizance of the Encyclical. Can anything more be desired? But fifty years ago the advances of Rome would have been repelled with contumely, and a cry of 'No Popery!' would have been raised. This change of attitude alone is full of promise for the future."

It is not, perhaps, ultra-optimistic to foresee the time when Oxford Fellows will preface their reading of papal encyclicals with the declaration that these documents emanate from the highest *spiritual* as well as "moral authority existing in Christendom" The old-time Merrie England, the Dowry of Our Lady, may live again, —and meanwhile Catholics throughout the world will pray with Leo XIII., "So be it!"

That the story of William Tell is something more than a patriotic legend devoid of historical truth was demonstrated last month in Altorf, Switzerland. On the occasion of the unveiling of the Tell monument the government published a scientific study of the question written by a *savant*, who proved that, if the legendary tale of Gesler, Tell's son, and the apple is not absolutely authentic in every detail, neither has it been discredited by any positive testimony. Pure legend or accurate history, the story has in any case been an inspiration to Swiss youth; and the people of the mountain republic prefer the tradition of their ancestors to the elaborate criticisms of latter-day historians. Tell and the apple will live as long as Washington and the cherry-tree.

The indications are that the English Government is rather more friendly to the religious training of youth than are some other rulers on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. A. J. Balfour, in his reply to the Church Parliamentary Committee, made this declaration: "I will take care that the views which, on behalf of many members of the House of Commons, you have communicated to me respecting the position of voluntary [*i. e.*, parochial] schools are laid before my colleagues. I am extremely anxious that something effectual should be done to relieve the almost intolerable strain to which these schools are now subjected; and this is, I believe, the general wish of the party and of the Government."

The "intolerable strain" to which Mr. Balfour refers is scarcely more intolerable than that suffered by Catholics in our own country, who are taxed for the maintenance of public schools, and yet support parochial schools for the education—and not merely the instruction—of their own children.

The first week of October was signalized by the focussing in the national Capital of the intellectual, spiritual and disciplinary energies of the American Church. The opening of a new department in the Catholic University would seem to indicate the rapid development of an institution on which high hopes have been builded. The annual meeting of the archbishops was unusually important this year, in view of the number of burning questions on which the public mind is divided. But the movement whose results will be most immediately and widely felt in the Church was the Eucharistic Congress, at which scores of zealous priests, representing many dioceses, met in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament,—refreshing their own hearts with the faith and love which they will communicate to the faithful. Altogether, it was a memorable week in the history of the Church. May its blessings be widespread and perpetual!

The conversion of Madame Helena Nyblom, "one of the most brilliant authors in the Scandinavian countries," according to *The Pilot*, will no doubt help to destroy anti-Catholic prejudice in Sweden. That there is plenty of prejudice to combat was shown by the bitter criticism invoked by her conversion, despite her social position and her fame as an author. Her husband, who is a university professor and one of the eighteen

members of the Swedish Academy, translated Shakspere and Moore into Scandinavian; and Madame Nyblom herself has published many successful novels, besides a volume of poems. Writing to a friend about her conversion, she says: "It only strikes one after having been received into the Church that it is perfectly incomprehensible how men who think, and at the same time wish to be Christians, can find a harbor anywhere else than in the Church of Christ."

A most practical discourse on evening parties was that delivered at the Franciscan Tertiary Congress of Limoges by the Rev. Father Gerbier. Confining his remarks to the social reunions of Catholic families, he instanced a triple danger in these reunions as carried on at present in France,—and, he might have added, in other countries as well. There are dangers from the standpoint of conscience, of funds necessary for the promotion of good works, and of the enfeebling of character, and consequently of a robust Christian spirit. Questionable or forbidden dances; extravagant outlay for toilets, often immodest, and for the sole means of entertainment; and the half-hearted allegiance to the promises of baptism—the renunciation of the devil and all his works and pomps,—were the salient points of a speech that made a vivid impression at the Congress, and that has even thus early produced good fruit.

The father of the Rev. Dr. Kolbe, a zealous and efficient Catholic missionary in South Africa, is a Protestant minister, and both are stationed in the same country. In one field of labor they work hand in hand. There being no society for the preservation of South African languages, some of which, we learn, are fast disappearing, they have devoted themselves to the study of Bantu and other dialects. Mr. Kolbe has just completed "A Comparative Analysis of the Bantu Verb," which has occupied him for several years. It is an application of the author's "Vowel Theory" to the whole family of South African languages. Mr. Kolbe is best known to philologists for his dictionary of the Otyi-Herero or Damara language. The Rev. Father Kolbe, who embraced the faith some years ago, is the editor of the *South African Magazine*, an excellent periodical, issued from Cape Town. The story of his conversion, published anonymously in these pages, is of romantic interest.

Mr. H. Somers Somerset, an English tourist in Alberta and British Columbia, has published a book entitled "The Land of the Muskeg." He thus comments on the presence of Protestant missionaries among the Indians of those districts: "To me it is perfectly absurd to keep ministers of religion in a foreign land simply to convert to Protestantism the members of a dying race, when the Catholics have made them about as Christian as they are capable of being."

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 Hanson, of Williamsburg, Iowa, who died on the 6th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Nicholas Normile, whose life closed peacefully on the 22d ult., at W. Troy, N. Y.

Mr. John Featherstone Hagaety, of New Haven, Conn., who passed away on the 26th ult.

Mr. Thomas Falvey, who was called to the reward of his good life on the 3d ult., in New York city.

Mr. Peter J. Murtaugh, of Corning, N. Y., who met with a sudden death on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Mary C. Wheeler, whose happy death took place on the 28th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Eleanor Clarry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died a holy death on the 11th ult.

Mrs. James McCarvill, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 4th inst., at N. Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Mary A. Baldwin, whose pious life was crowned with a precious death on the 29th ult.

Mr. Lyman Hall, Mr. Edward D. Swaledale, Mr. Daniel Ryan, and Mrs. Mary Quigley,—all of Waukon, Iowa; Thomas and Mary Egan, Michael Keegan, and Johanna Brophy,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Nash, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Josephine Hock, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Annie M. Kiernan, Wilmington, Del.; and Mrs. A. Langlan, Quebec, Canada.

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

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

October Song to Our Lady.

THE autumn leaves are blushing
Upon each wind-swept tree,
Because the breeze is telling
Aloud their love for thee.

And every leaf that's falling
Sings *Ave* unto thee,
And every breeze low whispers
October's Rosary.

The river murmurs gently
Among the singing reeds,
With leaves and trees low telling
Its love in shining beads.

And I, dear Mother, join them
In offering unto thee
My love and life and labors,
An humble Rosary.

Camp-Fire Stories.

THE LAST ONE.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THIS pleasant out-of-door-life came to a sudden end. Uncle George was awakened one night by a loud whisper, and saw a black face bending over him. He had been dreaming of St. Vincent de Paul, and his first thought was of Malay pirates.

"Commodore," called Barry, hoarsely, "it's raining."

So it was. Entirely unannounced, a most terrific storm had stolen upon them; and for an hour there was as wild an excitement in the old tent as if a drove of Apache Indians had been let loose. The rain found every hole in the canvas; it beat upon the gasoline stove; it pattered upon the sack of flour; it soaked the oatmeal and deluged the beds; and then it disappeared as suddenly as it came. Fortunately, morning was near, and the fierce rays of the sun speedily undid all the damage.

"I think," said Uncle George, "that we are not to be conquered by a shower."

But the camp life had another enemy. About ten o'clock a man was seen coming up from the town. He waved a yellow envelope, which bore the official name of Uncle George.

"Boys," said that good man, tearing open the document, "what the storm could not do a bit of paper has done. I am called to Washington."

This announcement was received in dead silence; then, like true little Christian philosophers, the lads made the best of the situation.

"Can we have one more story?" asked Angus.

"You can, my hearty," answered Uncle George; "and it shall be a Scotch one."

So they gathered the wood that had dried, and the boxes which had held the provisions, and the straw from the beds, and made such a fire as perhaps the shores of the lake had never seen before. And there they sat to listen—Little Tot, Budge, Billy, Fred, Achille, Archie, Jack, Howard, Maurice, Angus, and the others.

"You know," began Uncle George,

"what the benefit of sanctuary means. It was, perhaps, to avail themselves of that that it became the custom in the fifteenth century for kings to attach their palaces to religious houses. At that time Scotland was going through a specially troublous period; and James, King of Scots, held his court at Christmas in the Dominican Convent at Perth. Near by, in their cells, the grave Dominicans occupied themselves with their prayers and meditations; while in the vaulted chambers the courtiers sang their songs and twanged their harps, or played at games of skill.

"It was the 20th of February, and the evening had been more than usually gay. The King himself had been the merriest of all. There is no more noble character in the history of Scotland than this same King James,—a gallant knight, a gifted poet, a good minstrel; and Queen Joan was worthy of him. Scotland was but one great abode of savagery; but the court made a light spot in the darkness, being refined and pure, and sending its brightness around like a lantern on a moonless night. And this King, so cheerful and brave, had been for twenty years a prisoner, while his people quarrelled with one another and with the English. No traveller was safe. The Highlander murdered the Lowlander, the clans kept up their feuds, and blood ran like water all through that miserable kingdom. This was the state of things when James' captivity ended, and these were the words with which he took his crown: 'Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my realm where the key shall not keep the castle, and the bracken bush the cow, though I should live the life of a dog to accomplish it.'

"For eleven years James had kept this promise, but in spite of awful odds. His most powerful nobles were arrayed against him, hating him with a hatred almost beyond the power of words to describe. Perhaps he was not always blameless; perhaps he may have more than once even indulged in craft or a high-handed tyranny; but his purpose was a right one. 'There shall not be one law for the peasant and another for the noble while I am king,' he stoutly maintained. His own kindred were leaders in the long warfare against him, and his retainers grew fewer day by day.

"But at last the crisis came. A large number of discontented men, binding themselves together with wild threats and solemn promises, withdrew to the Highlands and formed a conspiracy to kill the King, who opposed their careers of violence and injustice. Three hundred Highlanders volunteered to join the expedition. So when the King went with his court to have a brief rest at the quiet Dominican retreat at Perth, the foe was on his track. When about to cross the Firth of Forth, a gaunt Highland woman had grasped his bridle rein and said: 'If you once cross this water you will never return alive.' The King asked a knight to ascertain what she meant. 'She is mad or drunk, your Majesty,' said the knight; and the cavalcade moved on.

"The air was full of weird sayings, and long before some one had prophesied that in 1436 a Scottish king would die; but James was brave, and preferred, he said, death in the line of duty to the life of a coward.

"And so we go back to that February night when the King chatted with the Queen, while her maidens plaited her long hair and made her toilet for her night's rest. Little did they think that while this work of peace was going on traitors were putting great planks across the moat and removing all the bolts and bars from the doors. And then, all at once, there was a loud clash of arms and glare of torches. The Queen's ladies went to close the doors, but where were the bolts and bars? The King saw the situation in a moment, and, tearing up boards

in the floor, let himself into the vault below just as the would-be murderers, with the lust for blood shining in their eyes, came rushing down the corridor. And what do you think held them all at bay for a few moments? A woman's arm! Catherine Douglas, a maid of honor, thrust her delicate arm through the staples where the bolt had been. But it was snapped like a reed, and the mob rushed in. And this is where my story is going to stop: partly because this beautiful act of a heroic woman is a fit incident with which to end our little stories of brave lives; partly for the reason that I wish you to search out the sequel for yourselves; and principally because there is no time to lose, if we are to catch the train which is to take us from our dear Camp St. Mary."

. . . .

The leaves are falling from the old oak-trees by the lake; the lads are all at home again, happier for that pleasant outing; the birds have flown South, and the summer is now a memory.

"But," says Barry, "there will be other summers"; and when Uncle George comes again, the bright little faces may shine in the glow from another camp fire.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

"Ho, Elizabeth! where are you?" called Leo one Friday afternoon, coming into the library.

His sister, concealed by the heavy curtains of the bay-window, was absorbed in the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland." She peered cautiously out of her secluded nook, to ascertain if it would be really worth while to discover herself.

"Elizabeth, you are invited to a skate-sailing party to-morrow," he continued, sure that she must be hidden somewhere not far away.

Curiosity settled the matter.

"What is a skate-sailing party?" she cried, drawing back the curtains. "And where is it to be?"

"At Echo Lake. It is a party where you look on and see the boys skate with sails."

Elizabeth made a little grimace; there is seldom much amusement to be gained in passively watching the pleasure of others.

"Who ever heard of any one skating with sails?" she said, in a tone of disappointment. "I suppose it will be something like 'Darius Green and his flying machine'?"

"No, it will not; and you will like it, for there is to be other skating too. We are to have bonfires on the banks of the lake, refreshments, an apple roast, and a jolly lark all round. The Gerrishes are getting it up, and father and mother and a few of the other grown folks are going too."

Elizabeth became intensely interested.

"Ned Gerrish started the idea," said Leo. "His uncle sent him a skate sail from out West—up Lake Superior way. Some of the fellows have made sails like it, and have been practising quietly for more than a month,—the ice has been so good. Now they are going to give a performance."

"Will Mollie be there?"

"Of course; and Joanna too, and several of the girls that you play with."

"Oh, it will be splendid!" exclaimed the little girl, in great delight. "I must go right away and talk it over with mother, and see what she thinks of it."

Echo Lake is about a mile beyond the point where the town of R—— and the country meet. A favorite resort for picnic parties in summer, in winter it is not much frequented; being too distant for skaters, who prefer a smaller sheet of

water nearer home. But the skate sailors, having ascertained that the ice at Echo Lake was in prime condition, decided that this locality was just the place for an afternoon and evening of winter sport.

The next day all was preparation and excitement. Soon after the noontide dinner a great sleigh drawn by four strong horses made its appearance before various houses of the neighborhood in turn; while the prolonged toot of a shrill horn, which Ned Gerrish had providently saved from the Fourth of July, warned the invited guests not to keep the company waiting too long.

The sleigh filled up rapidly. At last it stopped at the Coltons' door. Leo, who was waiting on the sidewalk, answered the toot with a "Hurrah!" and jumped into the capacious vehicle. Elizabeth, running down the steps of the house, quickly followed him, and was stowed away between Mollie and Joanna. Mr. and Mrs. Colton came out in a moment and took their places. And then, with a great tooting, a beating of the drum that Leo had considerately brought with him, and a few unavailing protests against the din from the older members of the party, the pleasure-seekers set off.

It was a merry drive. The day was bright, the air crisp. Soon the town was left behind. The snow upon the country road was packed and firm; every bramble by the wayside was laden with frost diamonds; the white pastures reflecting the sunshine gleamed like a veritable Field of the Cloth of Gold. The young people sang songs and indulged in much laughter and chatter; the gentlemen told amusing anecdotes, the ladies conversed pleasantly. No similar expedition ever began more auspiciously.

At length they reached the lake. Jeff Marvin, a man who rented boats here in summer, having been sent word to expect visitors, had built a fire on the hearth of the boat-house. The girls and their mothers were glad to gather around it for a few minutes; and even the boys did not disdain its cheerful warmth.

Before long, however, both girls and boys, putting on their skates, struck out over the smooth ice.

"Oh, isn't it grand?" cried Elizabeth to Joanna and Mollie, as the three glided away. "I feel as if I had wings to my feet, and could start off to the end of the world."

The exercise indeed seemed to transform the demure little school-girls: their cheeks glowed, their eyes shone, and their happy voices awoke the echoes of the place. One might imagine them to be small maids of honor to the Ice Queen, whose legendary dwelling was a rocky cavern veiled by a cascade.

The gay shouts of the boys made the woods ring too. Two or three of the older lads had remained shut up in the boat-house, but in the excitement of their frolic several of the merry-makers seemed to forget that the great event of the afternoon was in preparation.

Soon a strange white object was seen by the distant skaters to emerge from the shadow of the building and hover above the ice.

"A swan!" cried Joanna. "Don't you remember there are always such lovely swans here in summer? I should not think, though, that Jeff would let one out this cold day."

The supposititious bird appeared bent upon establishing for itself a disreputable character, being unsteady on its feet and inclined to roll from side to side. Presently it righted, however; and, spreading its white pinions, set off, in much the same manner as the swan in flying skims over the surface of the water, sometimes almost touching the water with its wings.

As it came nearer, the spectators perceived that the mysterious creature was only Ned Gerrish, with his ice rig under full sail.

On he came, acquiring steadiness and speed with every second. All of the party had by this time congregated at the lower end of the lake to watch the exhibition. Now he was quite near.

"Ha-ha! a clever invention," laughed Mr. Colton. "Ned is himself both craft and skipper. Why, with a fine pair of skates and two yards of canvas, what extensive northern journeys one might undertake!"

The white wings had now changed to grey; and as Ned's dark figure became plainly visible, the effect was more prosaic.

"He looks like a bat," declared Mollie, less complimentary in her simile than Joanna.

They could see that the sail was about five feet high, and three feet across at the top.

"You notice it is a little wider below, and those strips of wood that keep it spread out to the wind above are called yards," said Leo, who evidently knew all about it. "The upper one is the topsail yard, and the other the shoulder yard. See! the lower part of the sail is held out by two other strips of wood called hand sprits."

From a light mast, loosely connected with the shoulder yard, fluttered a tiny American flag.

"Ned Gerrish might be taken for a typical picture of Young America,—sturdy, adventurous, and eager to try all new inventions," remarked one of the ladies, smilingly.

"Halloo! halloo!" called the boy, in triumphant tones, as he came up. He was answered by a rousing cheer.

"See!" cried Leo, growing excited. "The sail is fastened to his back by two straps of rope leading from the shoulder yard. In putting it on, he threw the straps over his shoulders, crossed them on his breast, brought them back under the arms and round the waist, and then tied them in a hard knot." Illustrating the process by winding imaginary ropes about himself, he went on: "The hand sprits, you see, are thrust into the eyelet holes at the lower corners of the sail, and Ned holds them crossed in front of him, to keep the sail in position."

The skater, after waving his hand to the group, was now speeding down the lake again. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice,—he often appeared to be actually flying through the air. Having devoted much time to practise since he had received his novel present, he had acquired something of the skill of the yachtsman in managing his little racer.

"He does not want so much canvas now," said Leo. "Ah! he shoots into the wind a little, on the opposite side of the sail. See! the topsail falls back and hangs down. Now he is going to turn round. Notice how he leans forward, raises the sail by the hand sprits, and brings it up together, so that the wind may strike only the edge."

Everybody was excited and delighted over the rare performance, notwithstanding that the first "act," as Leo called it, had an unexpected *finale*.

As Ned, in the confidence and exhilaration of his success, was scudding along before the breeze to the finish, with all his kites, or sails, set, a sudden and more violent gust of wind caused his feet to leave the ice entirely.

"Gollies! he is cutting stars!" ejaculated Leo.

Elizabeth, pressing forward eagerly to discover what this might mean, beheld Ned's feet waving frantically skyward; the next moment there was a confusion of boy and sail rolling ignominously on the lake; and straightway the chums of the adventurous skater rushed out and dragged him into the seclusion of the boat-house. The spectators, nevertheless, applauded so enthusiastically, it might have been supposed that all this was on the program.

"Ha-ha-ha! that is the circus clown's 'great head an' heels'!" laughed Leo.

Encouraged by the interest and forbearance with which his efforts were received, Ned was soon out again; and with him this time came two companions, also equipped with sails and skates. They did not prove so expert as himself. But nobody was disposed to be critical; and, improving with exercise, they afforded some slight idea of what racing with skate sails is like.

The exhibition, however, soon came to an abrupt close when Ned, attempting to pass Vincent Margeson, inadvertently crossed on the leeward instead of the windward side, thus becalming his sail and causing him to capsize on the ice. He escaped with only a few bruises; but it was suggested that the contest had better be brought to an end before any bones were broken.

The "refreshments" now furnished a new diversion; and the whilom boatman served hot coffee, and then went away on an errand to the little village at the other side of the hill.

The boys built a bonfire, and with their sisters, and the grown folks as well, had a jolly time roasting apples. Benches were brought from the boat-house, so that the company might sit around the fire; and several of the ladies who were not warm enough there went into the house. An hour or more passed with story-telling and the like. Some of the smaller boys, having roasted and eaten their share of apples, began to skate on the lake again; and after a while heedlessly ventured in a direction from which Jeff had warned them, saying that the ice was thin. Suddenly there was a sharp, crackling sound, and then a splash, followed quickly by a cry of alarm from the lads.

"O Leo, Leo!" screamed one of them, wringing his hands and running back for aid.

(To be continued.)

A Boy with a Brush.

Ludovico Cangiagio, a famous Genoese painter, worked equally well, it is said, with both hands. By this unusual power he executed more designs and finished more great works by himself, in a much shorter time, than most other artists could do with the aid of several assistants.

At the age of seventeen Cangiagio was employed to assist at painting in fresco the front of an elegant house. On beginning his work, the other artists, who were Florentines, observing his youthful appearance, concluded he could be nothing more than a grinder of colors—"a boy with a brush,"—and wondered at his presumption. As soon, therefore, as he took up the palette and set to work, they became apprehensive that he would spoil everything; but after a few strokes of his pencil, they had reason to be of a very different opinion, and paid tribute to his uncommon abilities.

An Unselfish Pig.

A writer in *Nature Notes* gives this interesting account of a little pig that was not at all hoggish:

"I must record a pleasing and amusing trait in the character of a young sow, now the mother of a numerous family, toward her own mother—since deceased—in the autumn of last year. The two sows fed in a meadow divided from the fruit garden by a wire fence, rather dilapidated; there were holes in it, through which the younger and smaller animal could creep, but not sufficiently large to enable the mother to do likewise. My gardeners informed me that they saw the young one *repeatedly* pass through the fence, and return with an apple or pear in her mouth, which she laid at the feet of her respected mother."

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

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The First Rosary.

"AVE!" spake the love-winged Angel,
 And the heart of nature stirred,
And the music hushed in Eden—
 Song of blossom, brook and bird—
Pulsed again in happy cadence,
 Echoing that tender word.

From the sea and from the mountain,
 From the cloud-wreaths overhead,
From the limpid lakes far inland,
 Rose a chorus, angel led,
Singing, "*Ave, gratia plena!*"
 And the Rosary first was said.

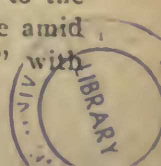
The Angels of Dante.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

DANTE, by excellence the poet of ante-Reformation Christendom, as he was the singer of the world beyond the grave, amongst a series of vivid contemporary portraits, of wonderful scenic effects, of touches of deepest human feeling, amid the horrors of the "Inferno," the chastened pain of the "Purgatorio," or the joy of the "Paradiso," has given us pictures of angels at once varied and beautiful. The angels of Dante are dazzling, resplendent, Homeric in glorious strength, divine in the faith that has modelled them after the most precise theological teachings. From the first angelic appearance, amid infinite woe, on the dark shores of the Styx, to the last in the infinite beatitude, these celestial spirits are correcting, guiding, guarding,—now actively at work in the service of the Highest Good, now passively adoring.

When the recalcitrant inhabitants of the city of Dis, defiant in their despair, refuse admittance to the poet, with his guide Virgil, there is heard a sound as of a wind, impetuous on account of adverse heats, that smites the forest, rending, beating down branches, and going on its way superb. It is the angel, "the one sent from heaven," who, coming across the Stygian flood "with soles unwet," touches with his rod the city's gates, which forthwith open. About "a thousand ruined souls" fly at his approach; whilst he, weary with the anguish of the place, "waves his left hand before his face as he comes." He sternly rebukes "the people despised, the banished out of heaven." He speaks not a word to the two poets, but returns by the dark path over which he has come, "as one by other cares constrained."

There is a peculiar grandeur and solemnity about this description, wherein the majesty and power of God, reflected in this messenger, are brought home to the reader. The angel appears no more amid the dark terrors of the "Inferno," with



its "*aer bruno*," symbolical of its atmosphere of despair. But as Dante and his guide emerge once more into the light, upon the borders of the sea, the coming of an angel is made known in a passage of exquisite beauty.

The poet beholds a light coming over the waters, growing gradually larger and brighter; on either side of it a whiteness, which he recognizes as wings. It is an angel. "With neither oars nor sails, he plies between the distant shores, with eternal pinions." He grows brighter as he advances, till mortal eye can not sustain the brilliancy. He is piloting a boat laden with spirits, who chant as they go: "*In exitu Israel de Ægypto.*" Making over them the Sign of Holy Rood, the blessed spirit departs swiftly. Dante, at Virgil's behest, bows the knee to the angel of God, as the latter tells him that henceforth he shall see such messengers. This is a part of the general lightening of the atmosphere. Purgatory is not cut off from the glory and happiness above. The ministers of God's grace and mercy come thither frequently and freely,—not in wrath and weariness of the anguish of the place, as in the gloom below, but to aid or guard the imprisoned spirits who are but detained for a time on their way to Paradise.

At sunset, when the hosts of purgatory are chanting the *Te lucis ante*, Dante beholds two armed angels clad in green, the color of "the new-born leaflets,"—the color of hope, which irradiates all the landscape. Their trailing garments are blown by their verdant pinions. They bear flaming swords; for they are the guardians of the valley, keeping at bay the infernal serpents who hover about this border land. They "are sent from Mary's bosom to guard this valley." Nor is their presence needless. The poet perceives the old serpent seeking entrance,—coming "an evil streak" amid the grass and flowers. The watchful angels, cleaving the air with their wings of green, chase the enemy from his lurking-place.

In the ninth canto of the "Purgatorio" there is an impressive picture of an angel seated upon the highest of the stairs of diverse colored marble. "In visage such as past my power to bear," as Cary renders it; or "Such in the face that I endured it not," according to Longfellow, who seems to follow more closely the original Italian.

He, too, bore in his hand a naked sword, which reflected back the sunbeams in such manner that the poet could not look upon it. The angel having questioned the pilgrims, summons that one still living the earthly life to advance to the steps. They are variously of smooth white marble, "of deeper hue than perse, cracked and uneven," and of porphyry and flaming red.

"Both of his feet was holding upon this
The angel of God, upon a threshold seated,
Which seemed to me a stone of diamond."

The angel, having drawn the poet up the steps, signed seven P's (symbolical, as commentators suppose, of the seven deadly sins) upon his forehead with the sword, bidding him to wash these wounds within the gates. Then, from the folds of sober-colored robes, described as of the hue of ashes, the heavenly minister draws forth two keys, respectively of gold and silver. With these, which he declares he holds from Peter, he opens the portal, and speeds the poet and his guide upon their way. As the consecrated gate swings upon its hinges, a thunder peal as of many singing with an organ is heard,—the purgatorial spirits chanting the *Te Deum laudamus.*

This scene occurs in the morning,—sunset or dawn being usually chosen by the narrator for his glimpses of the angel. Perhaps, indeed, there is an analogy in this to the daily experience of the human heart. At these hours of solemn and tender beauty our souls, long inland from

things spiritual, to use the language of another poet, stand upon the shore and hear the mighty waters roll for evermore. They are the privileged seasons of spiritual insight.

When "the circuit of the sun was far more spent," another angel approaches—a being beautiful, vested in white, and his countenance resplendent with beams of light, such as appears the "tremulous morning star,"—a beautiful expression, lending force to that which follows, when this angel, pointing out the upward path, smites the poet with his wings upon the forehead. And as the latter follows Virgil up the sacred stairs, he finds that one of the P's has been obliterated from his forehead.

At nightfall the pilgrims are again met by a celestial visitant of still more dazzling brightness, so that Dante is for a time blinded; while Virgil bids him marvel not that he is still unable to bear the refulgence "of the family of heaven,"—*la famiglia del cielo.* This angel, of whom no detailed description is given, but whom we are left to imagine as of radiant glory, silently points the way upward through an ascent less difficult, whilst the psalm *Beati misericordes* follows them as they go.

Again, in the nineteenth canto, they are conscious of the presence of an angel, but so great is his brightness that he "with his own light himself conceals." The poet is aware of the motion of wings as he approaches the stairway and hears the psalm *Beati pacifici.* But the night had fallen round them and many stars appeared. After a sleep disturbed by dreams, and when "full of high day are all the circles of the sacred mountain," the blessed presence is once more felt. An angel, gentle and benign, opening and fanning, between walls of solid granite, wings which "as a swan appeared," exclaimed:

"*Beati qui lugent!*"

Dante, who, in addition to that of Virgil, has now the companionship of another poet of the elder day—Statius,—advances silently along a lonely road. He hears himself questioned by a voice. He raises his head.

"Never in a furnace was there seen
Metals or glass so lucent and so red
As whom I saw."

It is a striking image. And this angel, flaming red, points them the path, crying aloud:

"This way goes he who goeth after peace."

And the poet, still sightless from the celestial brightness, feels the movement of the plumes; and around him, like the air of May, breathe ambrosial odors, a fragrance as of many flowers. A voice falls upon his ear:

"Blessed are they whom grace
So much illumines that the love of taste
Excites not in their breast too great desire!"

When the day was departing, the "glad" angel of God appeared, standing just without the purgatorial flame, and chanting, "*Beati mundo corde!*" in voice more living than our own. It added:

"No one farther goes, souls sanctified,
If first the fire bite not; within it enter,
And be not deaf unto the song beyond."

Then, as Virgil urges his fellow-poet to pass fearlessly through the wall of living flame, the heavenly voice exclaims, "Come, ye blessed of my father!" ending with the words:

"Tarry ye not, but urge your steps
So long as yet the west becomes not dark."

In the thirtieth canto is an exquisite passage, where a hundred of these "ministers and messengers of life eternal" scatter flowers around and above them. In a cloud of these fragrant blossomings appears Beatrice, whilst the angelic choir sings, "Come, spouse of Libanus!" The angels reprove Beatrice for the severity with which she rebukes her former lover. They are full of love and tenderness. Frail mortality inspires them with all compassion; and, raising up their voices

once more, they chant: "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped!" As Dante listens entranced to the strains of those who sing "forever after the music of the eternal spheres," he is moved to tears. Beatrice meanwhile addresses the spirits in the following lofty language:

"Ye keep your watch in the eternal day,
So that nor night nor sleep can steal from you
One step the ages made upon their path."

In the thirty-second canto of the "Purgatorio" is a splendid descriptive passage, in which we are made to see "the soldiery of the celestial kingdom," wheeling and turning as in a squadron, with sevenfold flames upon their faces. They guard the triumphal car of the Church.

Amid the glories of Paradise the angels seem less distinct personalities,—they are almost always mentioned collectively. They are heard of more frequently than seen In the twenty-eighth canto, while Dante beholds the choirs of angels, Beatrice describes them thus:

"Not otherwise does iron scintillate
When molten, than those circles scintillated,
Their coruscation all the sparks repeated.
And they so many were, their number makes
More millions than the doubling of the chess.
I heard them sing 'Hosanna!' choir by choir,
To the fixed point which holds them at the Ubi,
And ever will where they have ever been."

Beatrice, observing her lover's perplexity, is deeply moved, and gives him the following explanation:

"In the first circle, they whom thou beheldest,
Seraphim and Cherubim.... .
Those that round them fleet, gazing the Godhead next,
Are Thrones, in whom the first trine rests....
The other trine that still with opening buds
In this eternal springtime blossom fair,
Fearless of bruising from the nightly ram,*
Breathe up in warbled melodies threefold
Hosannas, blending ever, from the three
Transmitted hierarchy of gods, for aye
Rejoicing, Dominations first, next them
Virtues, and Powers the third, the next
To whom are Princedoms and Archangels,
With glad round
To treat their festal ring; and last the band
Angelical, disporting in their sphere."

* Aries.

In the twenty-ninth canto the heavenly lady again descants upon the origin of the angels:

"Created a long lapse of centuries,
Or ever yet the other world was made."

And upon their number,—

"Their nature doth so multiply itself
In numbers, that there never yet was speech
Nor mortal fancy that can go so far."

She further remarks:

"And if thou notest that which is revealed
By Daniel, thou wilt see that in his thousands
Number determinate is kept concealed."

She also dwells upon the circumstances of the Fall, and the merit acquired by those faithful spirits, who "in God's countenance jocund were, and turned not away their sight."

In the thirtieth, in a bit of word-painting full of luxuriant fancy, the poet describes:

"Light I saw in fashion of a river
Fulvid with its effulgence, 'twixt two banks,
Depicted with an admirable spring.
Out of this river issued living sparks,
And on all sides sank down into the flowers,
Like unto rubies that are set in gold;
And then, as if inebriate with the odors,
They plunged again into the wondrous torrent,
And as one entered, issued forth another."

The flowerets represent the souls of the blessed; whilst the sparks, "like unto rubies that are set in gold," are the angelic spirits.

In the following canto the enraptured vision of the poet-lover sees, under the guidance of his lost earthly love, the hosts of redeemed souls, in semblance of a snow-white rose; whilst that other host of pure spirits who have never known the taint of earth,—

"Flying sees and sings
The glory of Him who doth enamor it."

As a swarm of bees they sink into the great flower, bringing peace and ardor with the fanning of their wings. But of these we have a somewhat detailed description:

"Their faces had they all of living flame,
And wings of gold, and all the rest so white
No snow unto that limit doth attain."

Around the throne of Our Lady, the Queen of Angels, to whom the poet pays a homage at once ardent and tender, he beholds "more than a thousand jubilant angels," each differing in effulgence and in kind,—

> "I saw there at their sports and at their songs
> A beauty smiting."

In front of the Queen of Heaven, with wings extended wide, singing the "*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*" to which the court of heaven responds, Dante perceives the Angel Gabriel. In doubt as to his identity, he asks of Beatrice:

> "Who is the angel that with so much joy
> Into the eyes is looking of our Queen,
> Enamored so that he seems made of fire?"

To which Beatrice responds:

> "Such gallantry and grace
> As there can be in angel and in soul,—
> All is in him."

And she gives the reason:

> "Because he is the one who bore the palm
> Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
> To take our burden on Himself decreed."

This is our last glimpse of the angels of Dante.

> "From that time forward, what I saw was greater
> Than our discourse, that to such vision yields."

The final canto is wholly occupied with the splendor of "the Eternal Light." All lesser lights are lost to view; and there is a fitness in associating the final appearance of these messengers of grace, the link between divinity and humanity, with the great act which reunited earth and heaven after the estrangement of the Fall—the Redemption of mankind.

DID you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—*Thoreau.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

X.—An Exciting Evening.

PALE with emotion, Constance sank upon a cushioned window-seat, behind a friendly curtain, to collect her thoughts. Lady Markham, narrowly watching her, had at once observed the swift change which overspread her countenance, and all her quick senses were immediately on the alert. In the suspicious mind and jealous heart of this woman, the beauty and grace of the young girl were factors not only against her respectability, but also against the tenure and peace of mind of the obscure companion living on sufferance with the more fortunate Mistress of Cliffbourne.

Poor Constance had unwittingly made for herself an enemy on the first day of her sojourn in her new home. As she sat in the embrasure of the window, nerving herself for the meeting which she knew was near, a hand lifted the curtain. It was that of Lady Markham, who exclaimed:

"Ah, here she is! My dear, Lady Cliffbourne wishes to introduce you to some of her guests."

Constance at once arose and stepped into the light.

"Miss Strange," said the voice of Lady Cliffbourne, "my cousin, Sir Roland Ingestre. Lord Kingscourt."

Timidly lifting her beautiful eyes, they met those of Lord Kingscourt, full of surprise and joy. But in that one swift, imploring glance he read the entreaty of her soul. Entirely preserving his self-possession, he avoided all recognition, murmuring the usual formula on such occasions. But his hand trembled, and Lady Markham observed it; she had also seen the expression of Constance's eyes, and she said to herself:

"They do not meet here for the first time,—she has known him before."

Lady Cliffbourne moved away, accom-

panied by the gentlemen; Lady Markham followed, and once more Constance sat alone. Now and again she would see the tall form of Lord Kingscourt moving through the rooms, but he never glanced toward her; one moment thanking him for his observance of her mute request, the next fearing, with a pang, that this studied avoidance meant inconstancy and indifference. She knew not whether she had been sitting there hours or minutes when she became conscious that Lady Markham had taken a seat beside her, and was saying, in a sweetly modulated tone:

"It is not at all customary, as you no doubt are aware, Miss Strange, for a mere companion to be introduced to evening guests; but Lady Cliffbourne has departed from ordinary usage in such matters for two reasons. In the first place, you will be likely to meet the Marquis and Lord Kingscourt frequently, as both are intimate in the household; moreover, it seems that the Marquis was attracted by your very distinguished appearance, and asked to be presented. When informed that you were not a guest, he was complimentary enough to say that you *ought* to be, and insisted on being presented immediately."

The slight stratum of truth underlying the last assertion of Lady Markham had its foundation in a remark of the Marquis earlier in the evening. He had said to Lady Cliffbourne: "What an extraordinarily pretty girl is that yonder! Pray present me, Alicia." His hostess had done so at once; and Lord Kingscourt being on the spot, was introduced at the same time.

Although Constance perceived the insult hidden under Lady Markham's remark, feeling instinctively that it must have been actuated by enmity, it did not have the effect on her mind that would have ensued at another time. Her distress at the present situation was so great that it banished all minor troubles.

"The Marquis was very kind," she said, quietly; "Lady Cliffbourne also. I desire only to be treated as is usual in my position. Were my own wishes alone to be consulted, I would prefer not to be presented to any one. I can perform my necessary duties in the drawing-room without special introduction to Lady Cliffbourne's friends; and those duties accomplished, slip away to my own room unnoticed."

She spoke very gently, as her heart prompted, in all sincerity. But the woman beside her, familiar with another world than that in which Constance had been taught, could not understand such simplicity. To her prejudiced mind it was but another evidence of deceit.

"The girl is an adventuress, a finished actress," thought she, rising to meet Lady Cliffbourne, who was approaching.

"My dear Miss Strange," said Lady Cliffbourne, "I have been watching you from afar. You are looking very pale. There is no necessity that you should remain downstairs. We shall get on very well—if indeed we have any music to-night; which I doubt, as three of our musical guests have disappointed us. If you wish to take a turn in the garden before going to your room, I will ring for Felicia,—she can accompany you. A little fresh air will be pleasant after these hot, crowded rooms."

"Thank you very much, my Lady!" replied Constance, with a sigh of relief. "I *do* feel unusually fatigued to-night. But I am sure a good sleep will find me ready for duty to-morrow. With your permission, I will retire at once. I do not think I care to walk in the garden this evening."

"Excuse me, Miss Strange!" said a voice behind her. "But I happened to hear Lady Cliffbourne's advice, which was most excellent, as her counsels invariably are. If you and she will allow me, I shall be glad to take you into the garden for a few moments. You look as though you were about to faint. Have we your permission, Lady Cliffbourne?"

"Certainly, with all my heart," was the reply. Taking a large, soft, fleecy wrap from the back of a chair near her, she herself wrapped it about the head and shoulders of the young girl. Then lifting her small white hand she placed it on the Earl's arm, saying: "Only fifteen minutes, Lord Kingscourt. The evenings are damp, and Miss Strange is fatigued."

Trembling in every limb, yet able, through the whirl of many emotions, to cast a grateful glance into the kindly eyes that looked upon her from the beautiful face of Lady Cliffbourne, the next moment Constance heard the great hall door close behind them, and found herself alone in the garden with Lord Kingscourt. He was not slow to speak.

"Alice!" he exclaimed, "tell me, what is the meaning of this? Why are you here? Where is your father? How long have you been in England?"

"I am here for a purpose that I can not reveal," she answered. "My father is still in Greece, where you left him."

"What!" cried the Earl. "You can not confide even in me? Do you think, then, that my feelings toward you have changed since the day I parted from you in that idyllic spot where I first learned to love you? Did you not know that if circumstances called you away from that father who but a few short months ago said that you should *never* come to England, I would indeed have been overjoyed to welcome you? Did you think my love so paltry a thing as not to have survived that brief separation? Or is it, perhaps, that your feeling for me was but a fancy? Alice, speak!"

She lifted her hand in the moonlight, so that he might see the ring upon her finger.

"Let that be my answer to your last question, Lord Kingscourt," she said. "Not a day has passed since I have worn it but that I have felt it the sweetest of bonds between you and me. A bond of prayer, too, it has proved, strengthened and sanctified from hour to hour. Ah! you can not know what that Rosary ring has been to me; for since we parted I have known much care and sorrow."

"Your words are like the very dew from heaven," said the Earl. "Uncertain how to act, unwilling to renounce you, unable to decide upon any course of action which would alter the stern decision of your father, my mind has been at sea with regard to the whole sad business. Only yesterday I had resolved to return to Greece in a fortnight, seek your father again, and implore him to let me know the nature of the obstacle which he so vehemently declared must separate us forever. I am satisfied he is the victim of some error, brooding over which has made him timid, perhaps causing him to exaggerate its importance."

"My poor father!" said Constance. "He is indeed the victim not of an error, but a crime. Until after your departure I was ignorant of the cause of his enforced exile from England; but now I know it, and only too well can I appreciate that there exists a barrier to our affection than which nothing could be stronger."

"And may I not know it?" asked the Earl.

"Alas! no," was the reply. "It is our miserable secret—my father's and mine."

"Should not love and confidence go together, Alice?"

"They should, indeed," she answered. "But there are reasons why I can not tell you the mystery of our lives. I have a duty to perform, but it must be done alone, without help save that which comes from God."

"And is this why you are in England?"

"Yes, that is why I am here."

"But why as a dependent,—why in the humble position of a companion,—you who are fitted by your beauty and education to rule, to take your place among the best and proudest and fairest of Englishwomen?"

"You flatter me, Lord Kingscourt," said Constance, smiling for the first time. "I can only say that it is necessary that I should be a dependent."

"Your father has lost money recently, then?"

Constance did not reply.

"Ah! I see now. You are here on that account—hoping to aid him in pecuniary difficulties. But do you not realize, my dear, simple girl, that your assistance, situated as you now are, must count for almost nothing? The pitiful salary of a companion—"

"Make no conjectures, I beseech you," interrupted Constance. "Only trust me. Believe that I am here for a good purpose,—on an errand that no one but myself can perform."

"Why did your father not come with you, or even himself without you?"

"Ah! do not question me, I implore you," pleaded Constance. "Only, as I said before, trust me; and, with the help of God, all will be well."

"I feel that I am a brute to harass you thus," said the Earl, with sudden compunction, as he looked into her eyes. "Trust you I will, I *must;* but it tears my heart to see you in such a position."

"And you will keep my secret inviolably,—not intimating in any way that we have met before?"

"I will; although it is a difficult task you assign me, and dissimulation was never my forte."

Constance smiled once more.

"How strange it is," she observed, "that we should have met here! I have imagined many situations, but never this. You know Lady Cliffbourne well?"

"Know her well! She has been like a mother to me."

"She is not old?"

"No. But I should have qualified my remark. My own mother loved her tenderly, and, after the terrible tragedy which darkened her life, became the instrument of her conversion to the Church. When my mother died I turned to her for consolation and friendship; she has given me freely of both. If you had not come upon the scene when you did, I have no doubt but that I would have confided our story to her, and asked her advice as to my course. She is a wise and a good woman."

"You knew her husband?" inquired Constance, in a low voice.

"I scarcely remember him. I was but a little lad when he—when the sad affair occurred."

"Then you have no theory as to his guilt?" pursued the girl.

"I have seldom thought of it. But I remember to have heard my mother say that his wife never believed him guilty, and that she herself was inclined to share the same opinion."

"I heard, I think, that he is dead."

"So it is generally supposed,—drowned, I believe. He was suspected of having stolen the little girl from her mother; but I can not think Lord Stratford to have been such a monster."

"And the child was really stolen?"

"Stolen, and never found. Yes, Lady Cliffbourne has known many sorrows, and grief has ennobled her. How glad I am, when all is said, that your lines have been cast here! She is, in many respects, the most unconventional woman I have ever known. My darling Alice, your sweet face will soon be a passport to her tender heart."

"Her kindness has touched me already," said Constance; "although before seeing her I was prejudiced. The fact that she had deserted her husband in his misfortune spoke strongly against her."

"She did *not* desert him!" answered Lord Kingscourt. "The law tore him away from her. In those days she was young and inexperienced, and entirely under the control of her father, who had a will of iron."

"Poor lady!" ejaculated Constance, with a sigh. "But we are far from the house, and must return."

"When shall I see you again?" inquired the Earl, anxiously. "I seem to have said nothing yet."

"The truest kindness you can show me here will be to avoid me," said Constance.

"To avoid you!" exclaimed the Earl.

"At least do not seek me out. It must embarrass both of us, and might do me great harm."

"You are right," was the reply. "But may I ask how long is this state of affairs to continue?"

"That I can not tell you," said the girl. "Pray that it may not be long."

As she spoke a shadow fell across the path in front of them, and a female form enveloped in a large cloak emerged from a side path. Much to her chagrin, Lady Markham had taken a wrong course in her endeavor to follow the young pair, and listen to their conversation. As she came face to face with them she said:

"Miss Strange, I have been solicitous about you."

"Thank you, Lady Markham!" replied the young girl. "We were about to go in." Then, turning to Lord Kingscourt, she said, politely but coldly: "Good-night, my Lord!" And, tripping up the steps with a carelessness she did not feel, Constance entered the house and went at once to her room.

After Lady Cliffbourne's guests had departed, and, having dismissed her maid, she was alone for the night, she heard a light tapping at her door. She opened it to Lady Markham, who entered cautiously.

"Where is Felicia?" she asked, looking about her.

"She has retired," was the reply.

"I wished to be sure of no listeners," continued Lady Markham.

"Why, what is the matter, Caroline?" inquired Lady Cliffbourne.

"That girl—Miss Strange," answered the other. "You have made a mistake, Alicia. She is not what she seems to be."

"What do you mean?"

"Can you not see that she is in a false position? A companion, forsooth! She is here for another purpose."

"Caroline, you have no grounds for such suspicions, I am confident. For what purpose could she be here?"

"That I do not know. But she and Lord Kingscourt have met before."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I watched her. I saw recognition in the eyes of both. She grew pale as death when she saw him first."

"She was fatigued. I saw no change in his manner."

"But you observed, no doubt, that he offered to take her into the garden?"

"Lord Kingscourt is nothing if not unconventional. He would have done the same for any one—for an old apple-woman, if she needed the fresh air."

"Alicia, I have not lived forty-five years in the world for nothing. You have taken an adventuress into your household."

"I am willing to face the risks," replied Lady Cliffbourne, somewhat impatiently. "If honor and innocence do not dwell in the soul of that young girl, then I have never known them. It is late, Caroline," she added: "you had better go to bed."

Feeling herself abruptly dismissed, Lady Markham departed, but not without a farewell thrust.

"Remember, Alicia," she said, "a day will come when you will repent not having heeded my warning. Miss Strange is not what she seems to be."

After she had gone, Lady Cliffbourne stood by the fire, looking dreamily into the dying coals. The warning of her officious kinswoman had not produced the slightest effect on her mind, but it had directed her thoughts to the young girl now resting in peace and security beneath her roof.

After a while, following an impulse which he could not resist, she took up a candle, softly opened the door, crossed the corridor, and walked noiselessly down the little passage which led to Miss Strange's rooms. All was darkness. Very gently she turned the knob of the bedroom door and entered. The last rays of the waning moon shone through the window, falling upon the sweet face of Constance, calmly sleeping, worn out by the excitement of the past day.

"It is the face of an angel," murmured Lady Cliffbourne; and, stooping, she imprinted a light kiss upon the white forehead framed in soft tendrils of golden hair. Then, gliding from the room without a sound, she sought her own chamber.

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

MR. JOHN URY.

IN the month of July, 1741, John Ury was arraigned before the Supreme Court of the colony of New York on an indictment for counselling and abetting a negro slave named Quack in setting fire to a house in the fort. To this he pleaded "Not guilty." He was then arraigned on a second indictment as being an ecclesiastical person made by authority of the See of Rome; and for professing and appearing to be such, contrary to the Provincial Act of William III.—the infamous penal law of 1700. To this he also pleaded "Not guilty." On the 22d of July he was again arraigned on a new indictment, under the same Act, in better form; and again pleaded "Not guilty."

The prisoner appeared at court on the first indictment on the 15th of July; and, after a trial in which "numerous contradictions, glaring inconsistency of the witnesses, and monstrous perversions of law and evidence on the part of the magistrates, render argument on the subject entirely unnecessary," he was found guilty, condemned to death, and executed on the 29th of August, 1741. Such is the brief sketch of the affair.

Though tried only on the first indictment, the main stress lay on his being a Catholic priest, and consequently—to use the words of Mr. Smith the historian, one of the counsel in the case, and, like all of them, against Ury,—"a man capable of any villainy, even as bad as that which is charged on the prisoner at the bar."

The question has ever since been raised as to the real fact. For my own part, I can not believe that Ury was a Catholic, much less a priest. According to his own account, as deposed to by the testimony of Webb* and another who visited him after his trial, he was the son of a secretary in the great South Sea Company, who died when John was very young. He was brought up by one who professed to be a nonjuror, and was, as Horsmanden states, a servant for some time. He himself tells us that he became a nonjuror clergyman, and was ordained by a bishop of that society who took his bishopric by seniority and regular succession. A book which Ury wrote and printed at London brought him into trouble. Certain expressions in it were construed into treason, though such was not his meaning. He was tried, found guilty, and a little chapel which had brought him an income of £50 a year was seized by the government. After a time the influence of a powerful friend secured him his liberty; and, being reduced in circumstances, he resolved to come to America.

Horsmanden, on the authority of a gentleman who knew Ury in London, writes that he was a great frequenter of the

* Horsmanden's History of the Negro Plot.

Dissenters, though a communicant of the Church of England; but the gentleman had never heard of his writing against the government, and did not believe him capable of doing so. He adds that about three years previous to his letter Ury, from disappointment in some plans, grew distracted and disappeared. He landed at Philadelphia in February, 1739; and in June opened a school at Burlington, but apparently failed; for he opened another at Dublin in July, 1740. In November of that year he came to New York, intending to go farther; but Croker says that he prevailed on him to remain and teach his son Latin. He soon procured some other pupils, among them a daughter of Colonel Beekman's.

After spending the winter with Croker, in the spring he opened a school in partnership with a man named Campbell. The house which they rented happened to be the one just vacated by Hughson. They took possession of it in May, 1741, after the arrest and arraignment of Mr. and Mrs. Hughson, with some negroes, for robbery and arson. Many fires had taken place, and some of the houses in the fort had been burned. The trials began; and Mary Burton, an apprentice of Hughson's, charged her master with a conspiracy of the negroes to burn the city. Day by day her story gained ground; and the negroes, who at first denied any such conspiracy, began, as hopes of life were held out to them, to formulate their several stories.

Such was the state of the case up to June, when a letter reached New York from Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, declaring that the Spaniards had bribed several priests to appear in the guise of physicians, dancing-masters, and the like, and in this way to set fire to the magazines and large towns in English North America. This letter was dated May 16, and probably reached New York in June. It gave a new turn to the whole affair, and diligent search was made for "popish priests," but without effect. At length information was given that Ury was suspected of being one, and that he kept a private conventicle. He was accordingly arrested on the 24th of June, and committed to the city jail,—without having made any attempt to escape; although for more than a week he had been aware that he was under suspicion, and had been warned to fly.

He was now shown to Mary Burton; and, although in her first examination she had declared that she 'never saw any white person in company when they talked of burning the town, except her master, her mistress, and Peggy,' she was now suddenly enlightened, and the next day swore that she had often seen Ury at Hughson's house, and knew that he slept there; that he was aware of the plot, and tried to drag her into it, promising her forgiveness of her sins. Then on the 27th of June a negro named Adam swore that he had seen at Hughson's a little man who had just been pointed out to him in prison; and that Hughson told him he was a priest and could forgive sins. A dancing-master and a doctor were next accused by the same negro.

On the 5th of July one Kane, an Irish soldier, was arrested. At first he denied all knowledge of Hughson's house, and declared that he was a Protestant. But when Mary Burton was brought before him and swore that she had often seen him there, he was greatly alarmed, and confessed that he knew Ury, and had seen him baptize a child. A daughter of Hughson's, under sentence of death, was reprieved and exhorted to confess. She declared that she saw Ury for the first time with Campbell "about a fortnight before May-day," when they came to see the house. "This confession was so scanty," observes Horsmanden, "that the judges thought themselves under the necessity of ordering her execution." She

soon swore broad enough to satisfy them; and Mary Burton went on, and implicated Holt, Earl, Coffin, seventeen soldiers, and another dancing-master named Corey.

All was now prepared. Sufficient evidence had been extorted to prove Ury the chief conspirator. When his trial came on, Sarah Hughson represented him as such, and said that all the negroes were sworn in by him. This she did, after a similar deposition, before the judges had won her pardon. Mary Burton, of course, developed her last tale; poor Kane, frightened for his life, swore to Ury's being active in the plot. Ury endeavored to prove, on the testimony of Croker and Campbell, that he had kept good hours, had not slept out, and that when met by Sarah Hughson at the date referred to above was not recognized by her as one whom she knew; that he then reproved her for using profane language to Mrs. Campbell, on which Sarah swore to be revenged. Some testimony was brought to prove him a priest; and the jury, after an absence of only fifteen minutes, found him guilty.

No one in his senses can now believe Mr. Ury guilty of the plot. He fell a victim to the popular frenzy of the moment. The only point of discussion is, then, his real character, as far as we can judge from his trial. The depositions of Mary Burton, Sarah Hughson, and the soldier Kane must, of course, be entirely disregarded. It appears, however, that Ury had endeavored to buy wafers such as are used by Lutheran ministers; that he assembled a kind of congregation for public worship, when he sang psalms, prayed after the forms of the Church of England (though without naming the King), and preached. On one occasion he announced a sermon for the King's accession, choosing as his text: "Whose sins you shall remit, they are remitted."

As to the sacrament, he uses in his dying speech the words: "The memorials of the Body and Blood of my dearest Lord in the creatures of bread and wine." He had in his room a little stand, or altar. It consisted of two pieces of board in the form of a triangle, and was raised against the wall; at the bottom of which was a shelf, with a place on either side to hold a candle. On this he exposed the sacrament covered with a linen cloth, with three lighted candles to represent our Saviour as the Light of the world. After the exposition he extinguished the candles and locked up the sacrament in a box. He used a wafer instead of bread, as being more pure; and white instead of red wine.

He carried a small Latin book of psalms, which he was careful should not be seen; and was evidently familiar with Catholic usages—the Mass, confession, etc. The only approach to a ground for suspicion that he was a priest is the fact stated by Croker that he would sometimes during the day lock himself up in his room alone and light a candle. It had been alleged that he had baptized at Croker's and Coffin's. Croker was not questioned on this point at the trial; and Coffin, though arrested, was not produced.

There is little ground, then, for supposing him to have been a priest; although there was enough to convict him, under the penal law against Catholic priests; for by that shameful act "any one *appearing* to be an ecclesiastical person made or ordained by any power derived from the See of Rome,... by using any Romish ceremonies or saying popish prayers,... is to be deemed an incendiary and an enemy of the true Christian religion, and shall be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment." According to this act, suspicion of being suspected was enough to cause the arrest of a man; and proof of suspicion consigned him to a perpetual dungeon, not in the Spanish Inquisition, but in the colonial jail. Ury was evidently guilty of being suspected.

He was, as far as we can learn, a quiet, simple schoolmaster, somewhat below the medium height, visionary in his religious ideas, and a nonjuror in principles. His mild, retiring demeanor was striking throughout his trial and at his death. At the last he solemnly protested his innocence; and such was the impression made upon those present that many believed the whole a tissue of falsehoods, and spoke in strongest terms against the proceedings.

In perusing this painful narrative our sympathies are excited for the six Spanish negroes captured in a Spanish vessel and sold as slaves, though claiming to be free. At their trial they strongly asserted their freedom, and proved their absence from the town at the alleged time of the plot. But all in vain. Mary Burton, as usual, swore positively, and they were condemned. The appearance of the one who was hanged formed a striking contrast with the execution of the other negroes. They died like brutes, but Juan de Sylva was a Catholic. Conscious of his innocence, he dressed neatly, in white, for his execution, and advanced calmly, with a crucifix in his hand. Arrived at the fatal spot, he knelt and prayed in Spanish; then pressed his crucifix to his breast, and died with a prayer on his lips.

In this account of Ury I have made no allusion to the bigotry and malevolence manifested at the trial. A perusal of the work of Horsmanden is enough to rouse one to fury, so foul-mouthed is the whole series of arguments and invectives of the members of the bar, all of whom were retained against the unfortunate prisoner. "It was," says Chandler, "a scene of folly, frenzy, and injustice, which scarcely has a parallel in this or any other country." *

* See Chandler Am. Crim. Trials. Campbell, in his "Memoirs of Archbishop Carroll," believes Ury to have been a priest; and, though I can not adopt his opinion, it is not without weight, from his study of the case.

FATHER LOUIS JAYME, O. S. F.

The Franciscan missions in Upper California were founded in 1767 by the Marquis de la Cruz, then viceroy. One of the first establishments was that of San Diego, on the banks of the stream of that name, and in a long and narrow valley formed by two chains of parallel hills, enclosing a delightful prairie. The mission house, though deserted, is still standing to the northeast of the straggling little town, from which it is separated by a natural bridge formed by the San Diego river.

The mission had scarcely begun when it was attacked, in the night, by a party of Comeyas. The adjacent fort, in which a few soldiers remained, was also assailed at the same time. The mission was, however, reached first; and while the Comeyas were placing guards over the cabins of the converts, Father Vincent Fuster and two boys threw themselves into an adobe kitchen. Father Louis, who slept in another part of the house, was also awakened by the noise; but, not suspecting the real state of affairs, advanced in the direction of the approaching party, with his usual salutation: "Love God, my children!" The Comeyas at once seized him and dragged him to the bank of the neighboring stream, where he was stripped and beaten with clubs till his face and body were so hacked and mangled as to defy recognition; then they completed his martyrdom by piercing him with a shower of arrows.

Father Vincent and his companions escaped, though all were wounded. The attack on the kitchen was kept up till daybreak, when the Indians, fearing a charge from the fort, withdrew, and enabled Father Vincent and the soldiers to reach that place of safety.

Two persons will not long be friends if they can not forgive each other's little failings.—*La Bruyère.*

Mater Admirabilis.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL WATSON, S.J.

HOW fair art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!—
Fair as the blushing dawn in silver dight;
Fair as the violets blue,
Or crystal dew
Transfixed with arrows of the morn's first light;
"Fair as the moon," the queen of starlit realms above;
Fair as the radiant eyes of Hope, or heavenly Love.

How pure art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!—
Pure as the mantling snow on Alpine crest;
Pure as the torrent's spray,
The star's mild ray,
Or lily's cup with pearls by morning dressed;
Pure as the milk-white dove that bathes in woodland spring;
Pure as the seraph's thought before the Almighty King.

How sweet art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!—
Sweet as the perfume of the perfect rose,
That lifts her stately head
Of royal red,
And freights with fragrance every wind that blows;
Sweet as the amber honey hived by summer bee;
Sweet as thy guileless Heart, sweet as thy purity.

How wondrous thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!
Above all angel choirs thou'rt pure and fair:
Robed with the dazzling sun,
Thou glorious One,
Nought else created can with thee compare!
A marvel and a joy to me thou ever art,
O peerless Mother-Maid, sole sovereign of my heart!

I KNOW of no homage more pleasing to Mary than the Holy Rosary.—*St. Alphonsus.*

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—A London Drawing-Room.

A NARROW street in the West End, bordered on each side with continuous walls—one would imagine that convent gardens blossomed within, for the rich foliage towers above the roofs of secluded villas;—and substantial gates, solid as prison doors, prevent the curious eye from getting so little as a momentary glimpse of the domestic interior. It is very fresh and green and very quiet in St. John's Wood. It is even hinted that the famous parish has of late years fallen from grace, and that all is not well on the wooded slopes of the Regent's Canal. Be this as it may, I can speak for one fireside at least; and, knowing it as I do intimately, I can honestly say that never have I known purer lives more sweetly passed, or hospitality more generous and genuine. Let us enter this serene retreat at a time when the gates are wide open, and when we are perfectly sure of a welcome. A card arrived recently bearing this legend:

LADY DUFFERS HARDY.
MISS IZA HARDY.

Saturday Evenings.

We know the address well enough, for we have been again and again to St. John's Wood; and are told that it is one of the very few houses in London where there is a noticeable lack of that icy reserve with which our English cousins are credited, and where one is always sure of falling in with people worth knowing. A cab pulls up at the gate about 9 p.m. One of the gates is ajar this evening, and there is no need of observing the two bell-pulls

at the right of it, labelled respectively "Visitors" and "Servants."

There are shadows in the gravel walk and voices in the arbors, and light laughter dispels at once the illusion that this is the haunt of nuns. In the open door of the villa, an exceedingly pretty structure in the Italian style, there are gentlemen chatting; these are those who await the return of the fair, who have repaired to the robing room for a finishing touch before joining the guests of the evening. As for the gentlemen, it is a matter of less moment how they present themselves, inasmuch as the artistic element is licensed in this quarter, and a fellow may if he chooses come "clothed in the solitude of his own originality." Of course we are in plain black; and as we enter the long drawing-room a stately lady, one of the typical mothers of England; an elderly gentleman, a pattern of refinement and elegance; and a slender girl—if a young lady may be called a girl—receive us. We are at once at home. There can not be the slightest doubt as to the heartiness of the welcome extended to us by Sir Thomas, Lady Hardy, and Miss Iza. The next moment we are set adrift in a room crowded with notables; for we are followed by fresh arrivals, and the host and hostesses must needs take heed of their guests. The company is broken into groups of two or three; most of the tongues are busy, and all of the eyes curious and inquiring. The truth is, one never knows what dignitary he is elbowing, nor is he conscious of the suspicions he may have aroused in more than one corner of the room.

Some one touches us on the arm: it is the lily in this garden of girls, the daughter of the house—tall, willowy, pale; soft brown hair drawn smoothly across an exceedingly white brow; large brown eyes that only half conceal the spirit of mischief that lurks within them; a swan-like throat that artists rave about; and slender white hands that emphasize every gesture of the arms,—the graceful arms that are seldom at rest. The voice is just what you would expect from a lily; also the turn of the head and throat and the swaying motion of the whole figure.

She leads us first to one group, and by and by to another. We chat as well as an American is expected to do under the circumstances; we talk dirk and gulch and wild, wide West, because this is the sort of thing that we are bullied into by bevies of London maids who have never heard anything better of California. We grieve that we have never "dropped our man," for this is expected of us. We run out of bear stories and get bored with questions; and, in despair, turn the current of conversation back to the centre of civilization. We ask, "Who are those in bright array?" and are pleased to learn that the animated little lady, who seems to have something of the Bohemian in her nature—I suppose I may venture the opinion at this distance,—the talkative one, is Annie Thomas, novelist. Yonder is her great friend, Florence Marryat. Brothers of these ladies were once in California, chumming and prospecting. The consequence was a volume, now out of print, entitled "Recollections of a Burnt Journal." The fleshy gentleman in grey hair and spectacles is Jeaffreson, who writes books about "doctors" and "dinners," and novels by the score; and who has written biographies called "The Real Shelley" and "The Real Lord Byron," that have disturbed the descendants of these poets.

There is young Philip Marston, the poet, son of the dramatist. Do you see the lady who pilots him about? It is his sister, and he has been blind from his youth; yet he sings of Nature as if he could in reality gaze upon her, and he always speaks of having "seen" the one with whom he has just been talking. No doubt the world in which the poet lives is far more beautiful than this. Imagine

him suddenly, miraculously endowed with sight, and all his bright illusions swept away forever! Alas! he is no wiser. Miss Mulock's charming poem, "Philip My King," was written to him when he was a baby.

There are other poets present—about a dozen of them,—each the proud father of a volume that has run the gauntlet of the reviews. Artists are here, actors, journalists, critics—old stagers some of them, and some of them mere fledglings; but they all come hither to see and to be seen. Sometimes that delightfully antiquated couple Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who belong to a generation now nearly extinct, appear. Mrs. Hall dedicated her pretty fairy book, "Midsummer Eve," to Lady Hardy, as many others have been pleased to lay their volumes at the feet of these charming hosts. Late in the evening a short gentleman enters and greets a select few of the guests. It is Hepworth Dixon, the weaver of travel-romances, a constant visitor at North Bank.

There is a little music—only a little—and as much refreshment as one chooses to indulge in; and then we stroll into the garden, and find the paths a convenient retreat, preferable to the heat of the crowded drawing-room,—a pretty garden, with an unkept air, which borders on the artistic. Wooded terraces descend to the canal, which at North Bank flows like a still stream, and in nowise betrays its origin.

In the garden there are lovers' walks and philosophers' retreats, with lovers and philosophers on every side. Lights stream from the windows of modest mansions that are barely visible among the profuse foliage that lines the banks. A barge passes, slowly, silently; a hush falls upon the garden; the soft glow of a cigar pulsates in the deep shadow at the end of the terrace,—and then comes a rumor that an Indian prince has arrived, and the garden is deserted; for we are curious folk, and Indian princes are not as common as sparrows, even within this short range of the Empress of the East.

We see him (the prince)—a sleek youth, in gold and green raiment; his wife, round and resplendent, an animated, yet not *very* animated, bale of gorgeous fabrics; his child, a bronze plaything, burdened with barbaric jewels. Art, literature and the drama are forgotten for the moment; but all that is picturesque in form and color is on exhibition for a half hour only. And when Indian royalty has withdrawn, we relapse into a comfortable state of small talk and claret cup, and gradually ooze out of the premises somewhere in the small hours of the morning.

A few remain,—a chosen few, who have a thousand semi-private things to say. We talk novel and poem and play, and lounge about the board that is still amply provided with tempting tidbits. We all write. Our hostess is the author of numerous novels—"Paul Winter," "A Hero's Work," "Daisy Nichol," "Lizzie," "Bessie," etc.,—all of them issued in the customary three volumes, and some of them republished in this country,—an unprofitable compliment, which, fortunately, Lady Hardy can afford to smile at.

And Miss Hardy, though still a girl in appearance, has been busy with her pen for several years. "Not Easily Jealous," her first book, was published anonymously in London, republished by Tauchnitz in Leipsic for continental circulation, offered to the American public by Osgood of Boston, and more recently reissued by Estes & Lauriat,—a great success for a young and anonymous authoress. This story was followed by novels which have appeared annually. It is whispered, probably by those who know nothing about it, that in the last two or three novels there is an unmistakable figure,—one that is so cleverly drawn that all who know the erratic poet of the Sierras will not fail to recognize him as the original. Gossip,

that runs wild in the best society, hints that the poet's friendship at North Bank has established an ideal, and that the hero of the hereafter will most likely be cast in the same mold. And Gossip adds that the Hardys are fonder of America than any loyal Briton has a right to be. But, then, Gossip is a brute and a bore, and never yet did anything but harm.

In that cozy retreat, with the well-stored library, the writing room for one novelist, the "den" for the other; the green garden sloping to the water, and having its rookery and its bees and butterflies, just as if it were not within five minutes' walk of the station from which you are whirled away in no time, underground, into the very heart of London,—there mother and daughter pass the season, and not a night of it but is packed to repletion with engagements. For three or four months it is a perpetual game of "give and take"; then come the warm months of blossoms and repose, when everybody flies to the seaside, to the Continent, to the wilderness, where he is sure to fall in with friends daily and hourly.

The mystery is this: How can any one who leads this life find time or inclination to produce a yearly novel—a three-volume affair of no mean bulk? I don't pretend to answer. I know that there is leisure in that house, and that the leisure works in harmoniously, and never seems to derange the plans of the household; that there is time for luncheon and a chat after it, and for dinner and the play; that a stroll in the garden is never out of season; that there are little secrets that grow bigger and bigger day by day, until at last the mother tells the daughter that the book is finished, and in the next moment there is a manuscript of huge proportions produced by the daughter—the race is neck and neck. This is a pattern for busy women who never accomplish anything; for with all the hours which are numbered and reserved, there are moments enough left over in which to cultivate a flourishing correspondence—to shoot letters all over creation, and read up the accumulated files of the reviews.

O days and nights at North Bank—social gatherings, and quiet talks and walks in that green grove on the terrace, and particularly that day when I turned my back on the open window! I was bound for somewhere, but I forget just where, and suddenly retreated in a shower of slippers and blessings and "good lucks." The day before that villa was illuminated for the *fête* of the season. It was a masked ball; and late in the evening, as usual, entered a well-known figure in that house; but, strange to say, on this occasion without mask or domino. It was Hepworth Dixon; and Lady Hardy, no doubt a little piqued at this apparent slight, said: "And pray, sir, what character do you assume?"—"I appear as a gentleman," replied Dixon.—"Ah! a capital disguise!" And Hepworth withdrew for repairs.

Why do I tell all this again at this late day? Lady Hardy, that queenly hostess; Sir Thomas, the prince of good fellows; Hepworth Dixon—yea, a score of those who used to dazzle and delight us on those evenings at North Bank, are no more. 'Tis many a day since I lounged under the trees there and dreamed of the future in store for us all. But I can not forget that time,—I never shall forget it. That is why I am telling of it now, I suppose. And, thank God, my dear old friend Miss Iza Duffers Hardy, my sweet other sister, is still living; and the letters that come to me from her pen are as the letters that came to me in those dear old days, in dear old, smoky London.

(To be continued.)

WOULD you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXVIII.

A NOTABLE point in our author's method is the almost pitiless way in which he pulls off all cloakings and coverings, disguises and compromises. He will have no *dilettante* piety: it must be all *business*, and bold, fearless "surgery." To vanquish thyself, to bear pains and sufferings, imitate our Blessed Saviour *in everything*. Nothing can be done, or even begun, without some painful operation. He tells us plainly that Our Lord will not come to us unless the interior be cleansed and unfurnished, as it were. It is, of course, easy to repeat or inculcate such a program, but quite another thing to carry it out. Still it is something to have before us what *must* be done, and make efforts, however feeble, in such direction. This is certainly better than living in a complete delusion.

There are illusions also regarding the preference of others: "Take it not to heart if thou seest others advanced and thyself despised and debased." On this wise saying the author of "The Imitation" makes this wonderful and original acknowledgment: "If I look well into myself, never was any injury done me by any creature;... but since I have often grievously sinned against Thee, every creature is deservedly armed against me."

In a later chapter he again falls into these bitter complainings: "Grant me help, O Lord! for vain is the aid of man. How often have I failed to find faith there where I thought I might depend upon it! And how often have I found it where I did not expect it! Vain, therefore, is all hope in men; but the safety of the just is in Thee, O Lord! Blessed be Thou, my God, in all things that befall us!" "Thou must put on the new man and be changed into another person." "What others say shall be hearkened to, what thou sayest shall be reckoned as naught. Others shall be great in the esteem of men; about thee nothing shall be said. To others this or that shall be committed, but thou shalt be accounted of no use." "In truth, sublime words make not a man holy and just, but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God,"—*i. e.*, neither preaching nor reading holy words. "I would rather feel compunction than know how to define it.... If thou didst know the whole Bible *outwardly*" (outwardly is good) "and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it profit thee without the love of God and His grace?"

(To be continued.)

General Principles.

BY FATHER FRANCIS NEUMAYR, S. J.

Let all things be done decently and according to order.
I. COR., xiv, 40.

I.

EXCEPT in the recoil from sin, God does not demand *extraordinary* things from us: He demands *everyday* things. Our life is made up of these, not of the former.

II.

He likes *order* in everyday actions. He wishes us to do what we do *under the rule of healthy reason*, not from *impulse*.

III.

He wants *method* in order. He values adverbs above verbs; because good deeds should be *well* done that they be altogether good.

IV.

From these principles, which no one can doubt, conclusions follow; the chief of which is that on the last day of each month we examine ourselves and determine whether we have gone forward in the spirit or have fallen back.

Notes and Remarks.

The school question, like the shot fired by the "embattled farmers," has been heard around the world. Not to speak of the United States and Manitoba, Australia, England and Belgium are in the throes of controversy over this vital question. In our own country the contest is in abeyance; in Manitoba the fate of the Catholic schools is still hanging fire; in Australia there is prospect of triumph for religious teaching; in England the Voluntary (parochial) schools hold their own; but it is in Belgium that the most interesting developments are to be found. Three different attempts to drive religion from the schools have been quietly voted down by the Catholics, who seem to be admirably organized. Even the secular papers declare that the anti-Catholic party has dealt in "sharp practices"; but religious schools have invariably triumphed, to the astonishment and confusion of their enemies.

The ancient bigotry popularly thought to be characteristic of the Welsh people, but now really confined to the preachers and the old women, real and figurative, has broken out afresh since the appointment of the new Vicar-Apostolic. The interesting point about all this uproar is the flat confession of the Welsh press that Protestantism, as a religion, has lost all hold upon the younger generation. As these papers put it, there is a "conscious sense of unpreparedness for the attack." The situation is variously described as "demoralization," "a most serious crisis," and "a truly serious movement." But all agree that the Catholic faith is spreading with "alarming rapidity," and that "the country is fast passing under the yoke of Popery." It is noteworthy that the Welsh Protestants explain the decay of their religion by the fact that it is no longer taught in the schools.

The Rev. Principal Grant, one of the foremost thinkers of Canada, has been visiting Manitoba for the purpose of acquiring first-hand knowledge on the school question. In a letter to the Toronto *Globe*, he tells of a visit he paid to the Manitoba Trappist Fathers The community numbers only fifteen, and has been established just three years. Immediately on the arrival of the Fathers they cleared the ground of its scrub and laid off a garden. "This year," says the Rev. Mr. Grant, "they will harvest twelve thousand bushels of grain, and their garden is a sight worth seeing for the marvellous quantity and quality of its vegetables. They have put up stables for cattle and for horses, of the most approved modern type; a creamery, a hennery with some hundreds of fowls, a piggery of the right kind, and they are building a large granary. Most of the work is done by themselves. As we drove up we noticed the Father Superior, a French gentleman of distinguished family, at work in the garden; and our local guide informed us that he was the humblest, the most hard working of the band.... All are strict vegetarians, yet everyone seems physically strong. Twelve of them are French and three Canadian. The work of the whole establishment is done with military precision, without the slightest appearance of stiffness or restraint. There is implicit obedience; but, as it is based on religion, it has all the appearance of freedom."

In the *Magazine of Art* for October, Edmund Gosse has an excellent paper on modern statues. He very properly and pointedly condemns the exact representation in marble of the full figure, fashionably clad, of the men whose life-work has entitled them to public honor. "I do not know," he writes, "what monumental purpose would not be fulfilled by a bust of a public man. A man of intellect works with his head; his arms and trunk, and certainly his legs, have no meaning or importance to the public. No sculptor can make the portrait of the body of a gentleman of fifty-five years, inclined to obesity, and clothed in successive layers of flannel and merino and linen and broadcloth, an interesting object. It is only in early youth that the framework of the body retains its interest. This is especially the case in men whose work is intellectual and

sedentary. The body alters in shape and size; we cease to regard it; while the character of the head, the spiritual beauty of the features, increases, and becomes more emphatic as years proceed. That is the true work for the sculptor—to immortalize, in colossal form if he pleases, those sublime heads upon which old age merely sheds a fresh glory, and from which intelligence and benevolence and greatness of soul shine forth like a light. We want busts of our great statesmen and public benefactors and master-thinkers, not unwieldly representations of their frock-coats and their boots."

We entirely agree with Mr. Gosse. The average great man will appear all the greater to posterity if his bust alone is preserved in the deathless marble. We confess to a marked diminution in our respect and admiration for some truly admirable men brought about by a view of their full-length portraits. Excessive realism is as bad in monuments as in literature.

"My name is Alfred Fournot; I am killing myself. My father has scolded me." A paper containing these words was found on the body of a suicide lately taken from the Seine. And, horrible to relate, the body was that of a mere child—a boy only nine years old. Godless education, together with the force of example, in Paris, is producing its invariable results. The prevalence of self-destruction in that capital is fast converting even the young to the belief that, after all, life is not so precious a gift as to be preserved at the cost of sacrifice or pain,—or, as in the present case, even a scolding. Master Fournot, although the youngest, is not the only Parisian child to imitate his elders in defying the Creator's provident care, and extinguishing the light of life. God help the little ones exposed to such examples and to the influence of irreligious education!

One of the leading Catholic reviews of France has this to say of the attitude toward religion adopted by the French Government: "For the past sixteen years in this country, where instability is the rule, the religious policy of the Government and the Chamber has remained immutable. That policy tends directly, and surely if slowly, to the annihilation of the Catholic Church in France." Among the tactics employed to throw dust in the eyes of the people who are in good faith mention is made of the following: The proclaiming, while they are combating the Church, that religion is not attacked, but that clericalism alone is the cause of the struggle; the passing, in contempt of natural justice, of unjust laws, and the preaching to Catholics of respect for all laws; the discountenancing of a brusque separation between Church and State—a course whose perils have been calculated; and the transforming of the Concordat into an offensive weapon and an instrument of deadly servitude.

At a meeting of clergymen of all denominations held some time ago in Newton, Mass., to discuss "Christian Unity," there was present one Catholic priest. Being called upon to address the assembly, he made a strong speech, in the course of which he took occasion to explode a good many theories probably entertained by some of his hearers. One paragraph of his address we quote as an instance:

> "Now one word more. All the ranting and talk of the enemies of the Catholic Church about selling indulgences, and indulgences being a permission to commit sin; about money given to priests to forgive sin or to permit sin; about adoration shown to Mary, the Mother of God; of the Pope being incapable of committing sin like any other man; also of the Pope having any control of my duties or opinions, or of the duties or opinions of any other individual, regarding questions of business or politics, or any kindred subject; of Catholics worshipping statues or pictures or images; of Catholics being disloyal to any single institution of our country,—I brand all such talk as false, and the proofs have been given to the world a thousand times over."

A writer in the *Deutsche Revue* says of Vogler, the great German priest-musician: "If fame among contemporaries alone could be counted as the true test of the worth and importance of a man, Georg Josef Vogler must be numbered among the greatest of musical geniuses. He was admired as a great and original composer, as a musical reformer,

as an indefatigable researcher, as a great pianist and still greater organist, as a teacher whom it was impossible to excel, and at whose feet sat the greatest musicians of his time." But the highest eulogy which could be offered him, and the one which Vogler himself would most appreciate, is that amid this almost unprecedented triumph he ever remained the humble and zealous priest. While studying music under Padre Martini, at Bologna, Vogler also devoted himself to theology; and was ordained, it is said, at Rome by the Holy Father himself. Though his profession was music, he never forgot his sacred vocation; and while travelling through the Protestant provinces, where he met with constant ovations, it was his practice to gather the scattered Catholics together, and console them with the sweet ministrations of religion.

It speaks well for the Catholics of England that no fewer than twelve thousand attended the recent pilgrimage to Glastonbury Abbey, scene of the martyrdom, in 1539, of the Benedictine abbot, Blessed Richard Whiting. Pilgrimages are the natural out-flowerings of a faith that is earnest, vivacious and practical; and are living protests against the spirit of indifference in belief or laxity in conduct that is all too prevalent in every age, and not least so in our own. The Catholics who on September 12 listened to the eloquent story of the martyr's tranquil life and tragic death, at the very scene of his triumph, returned to their homes firmer adherents of the old Church, and better citizens, because of the lesson learned on the spot where a Catholic monk robbed the gallows of its infamy.

A scene of horrible barbarity was recently enacted in Passaic, N. J., as a result of a mixed marriage. The husband and wife quarrelled about the baptism of their child,—the mother wishing to call in the priest, and the father stolidly protesting. He went out in a fit of anger, and, returning home drunk, struck the baby and began to beat his wife. When a policeman reached the spot, he found the woman with one ear almost severed from her head and her eyes disfigured. Commenting on this shocking incident, the Protestant *Christian Advocate* says: "Such intermarriages between persons of radically different religious belief do not always culminate in contentions so fierce as this, but are always causes of unhappiness, unless one of the persons is merely a nominal adherent, and consequently indifferent."

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Father Leo, O. S. B., whose happy death took place on the 2d inst., at Newark, N. J.

The Rev. M. J. Maloney, of St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Mass., who died a holy death on the 7th ult.

Sister Mary Clemence, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister Elizabeth, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary; and Sister Mary Prospera, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. Neil Johnson, who died on the 13th inst., in Toronto, Canada.

Mr. E. M. Ingoldsby, of New York city, who passed away on the 10th of August, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Jeremiah Donegan, of Welton, Iowa, who departed this life on the 29th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Bulger, whose life closed peacefully on the 9th inst., at Willow Springs, Mo.

Mrs. Mary Kain, of Brighton, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 7th inst.

Miss Annie G. Brennan, who calmly breathed her last on the 21st ult., at Fall River, Mass.

Mr. William Stanley and Miss Jane O'Donnell, of New York city; Mr. James A. Veah and Mrs. Catherine Marshall, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Lucy C. Bissell, Milford, Mich.; Mr. John H. Dunn, Mr. John O'Neill, Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Timothy Ahern,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret J. Monaghan and Miss Mary McKenna, Spokane, Wash.; Margaret and Elizabeth Robinson, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Margaret Sullivan and Miss Katherine E. Riley, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Fanning, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Katherine Donahue, New Richmond, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Carey, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. M. Donovan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Finn, Boston, Mass.; James A. Doyle, Mr. Peter Cassidy, and Mrs. Sarah Nangle,—all of Reading, Pa.; Mr. Thomas McElvar, Co. Derry, Ireland; and Mr. Peter McDaniel, Toronto, Canada.

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

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Experiences with Guardian Angels.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

FOUR bright little girls were returning from school the first afternoon of October. As they walked along, gaily swinging their satchels, one of them exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden thought:

"O girls, don't the leaves look lovely! I think autumn leaves are even prettier than flowers, because they are so much rarer. We have the flowers all the year, or nearly all, and these beautiful leaves only for a little while."

"Yes," said another. "I don't think there is anything prettier in the whole world than the October leaves, and my mother says—"

"Much you know about the pretty things in the whole world, Elsie!" interposed a third. "You've never been out of Meltonville in your life, and you're *only* ten years old."

"I know that, Tessie," rejoined her companion; "but my mamma has been all over Europe—"

"And Asia and Africa," interrupted the sarcastic Tessie.

"Well, she *has*, Tessie; and it doesn't seem kind to trip Elsie up that way. She wasn't boasting of where her mother had been," interposed the girl who had first spoken. "She just meant to say that—"

"Don't let's argue about trifles, girls," said Marion, the fourth of the group, who was a little larger and older than her companions.

"I'm just going to finish what I meant to say," continued Elsie, a little flushed. "I *didn't* mean to boast that my mamma had travelled about any more than any of yours,—though she couldn't have helped it if she'd wanted to, because papa had to go everywhere in his ship. But she *did* say once that there wasn't anything prettier in the whole world, to her mind, than our American autumn leaves."

"Well, that sounds right enough," said the now somewhat abashed Tessie. "I didn't mean anything much, either; it's just a way I've got. I'm sorry if I said anything I shouldn't have said."

There was a brief silence, broken at length by Marion.

"Girls," she began, "wouldn't it be lovely to get up early Sunday morning and go to first Mass, and then come here to the woods, gather quantities of leaves—the very prettiest we can find,—and take them to our school-room and put them all around the Guardian Angel's shrine? Then when Sister Margaret comes for Sodality in the afternoon, wouldn't she be surprised and pleased!"

"Oh, yes, Marion! wouldn't it be fine?" exclaimed the other three.

"But I'm afraid I couldn't wake," said Elsie. "None of our folks go to early Mass; I just barely get to nine o'clock Mass in time, there's such a rush Sunday mornings. Now, if it were Communion Sunday—but it won't be. I'm sure I sha'n't be able to wake."

"Nor I," said Fanny, the one who had

first spoken of the beauty of the autumn leaves. "And I'd have to get up very early indeed; it's a long way from our house to the church."

"Why, I know the easiest way," said Marion; "and it *never* fails. Just ask your Guardian Angel to wake you. I always do it when I want to get up at a certain time to study my lessons or practise."

"Just listen to her!" cried the incredulous Tessie. "As if he would!"

"As if he would!" echoed Marion. "Well, I tell you that he does. My teacher at the Visitation Convent in Lewisburg taught me that when I was a little bit of a girl, and it comes just as natural to me to do it as to say my prayers."

"What do you say when you want him to wake you, Marion?" asked Tessie, coming closer to her friend.

"I just say: 'Dear Guardian Angel, please wake me at such an hour.' And he does," she answered, simply. "Then I go to sleep without any doubt that he will, and he never disappoints me."

Tessie made no reply.

"I don't see why he shouldn't, either. If he watches over you, he must surely take a great interest in you," said Elsie.

"Now I'm going to try that plan!" cried Fanny. "I think it's fine; and how nice to feel that he *does* take such great care of you as that!"

"Once I *felt* my Guardian Angel walking beside me,—I really did," said Elsie, reflectively.

"Feel him! Did you touch him?" queried Tessie.

"No," replied Elsie; "neither did he touch me—that I knew of; but he was there, all the same."

"Tell us about it," said Marion, eagerly.

"Well, once when we lived at Jackson, when my father was superintendent of the mines there, my mother was taken ill, and I had to go first for the doctor and then for my father. It was a dark night, and raining too. There was no one else to go; for grandmamma had to stay with mamma. I was awfully frightened going for the doctor—it was nearly a mile,—and when I came back I told grandmamma. 'I'm sorry you've got to go out again, Elsie,' she said; 'but your father *must* come home to-night. Ask your Guardian Angel to take care of you, and you won't be afraid.' So I did just as she told me, and I wasn't one bit afraid; though the road was frightfully lonely. I just *felt* my Angel walking beside me all the way."

"Our little Tom's birthday will be to-morrow," said Fanny,—"it is the 2d of October, the Feast of the Angels, you know. Two years ago he was ill with typhoid fever, and the doctors thought he would die. We were living in Boston then. We all made a novena. It was finished on Tom's birthday; and that morning he was ever so much better, and he soon got well."

"Once," said Marion, "my father and mother went out to spend the evening, leaving me at home with my nurse. The cook was out, and after Rena had put me to bed she went away. I could not go to sleep, and it seemed so still in the house that I felt afraid. I got up and went downstairs, but there was no one in any of the rooms. Then I crept back to bed and covered my head. I thought I should die of fear. Pretty soon I heard a noise at the window, like the flapping of wings. I was so frightened that I *had* to look out. The moon was shining, and I saw it was a little white dove. I opened the window then, and it flew in and hopped around on top of the covering. I put my hand on it, and it cuddled down so nice and soft. It seemed such good company I did not feel afraid any more. First I was sure it was the Holy Ghost, but when I reflected I knew that couldn't be. Then I thought it might be my Guardian Angel. Afterward I concluded it wasn't, but that my Angel had sent it, so that I wouldn't be afraid any longer."

"Had you prayed?" asked Elsie,—"prayed to your Angel I mean?"

"Oh, yes, of course! I always do that when I am in any trouble."

"Well, girls," said Tessie, "I'm afraid my Guardian Angel doesn't care much for me; for I've never felt him walking near me, and I've never asked him to wake me; and I don't believe he would if I did. I'm not much good at praying, any way."

"Won't you try it just this once, Tessie?" asked Marion. "I'm sure he'll wake you."

"No," said Tessie, very positively. "I don't believe I want to go at all. I know I shall be too dreadfully sleepy when the time comes, so you may count me out. All the devotion I have to spare is given to our Blessed Lady. Good-bye, girls!"

After she had gone Elsie said:

"Isn't she queer?"

"Yes," said Fanny. "But she puts a good deal of it on; she thinks it silly to be pious, and all that."

Marion said nothing.

Before they parted they made arrangements to meet after Mass, each promising to bring a contribution to the light repast which must form their breakfast Sunday morning,—Elsie, a bottle of milk; Fanny, rolls and butter; and Marion, some fruit.

They did not meet again until the time appointed. They all happened to reach the church door about the same time. On entering their surprise was great to see Tessie kneeling in her father's pew—the first at the rendezvous, who had declined to come at all. After Mass they came out together; and when they had left the roadway, and were well in the direction of the woods, Elsie asked, turning to Tessie:

"So you came, after all, Tessie? How did you manage to wake up?"

"How did *you?*" was the reply.

"I asked my Guardian Angel to call me at five," said Elsie; "and he did. I shall always do that now when I want to get up early."

"And I," said Fanny. "It's just wonderful, isn't it? I said the little prayer and went to sleep, without thinking another thing about it till I heard the clock strike five."

"No need to ask you, Marion," said Tessie; "but just listen to what *I've* got to tell. Last night, before I went to sleep, I wasn't thinking about what you were going to do at all. I had forgotten all about it. I was very tired; for I had been out nutting with my brother Fred all afternoon, and was glad to get to bed. Now, I *never*, *never* wake up mornings before seven, and then I have to be shaken several times. But this morning I waked very early. I knew it was very early by the dim light, and yet I was wide awake. I sat up in bed and heard the city hall clock strike five. Then I thought of you all turning out shivering, and I lay down and covered myself with the blankets. But there wasn't one mite of sleep left in my eyes; and I'll never again make fun of your faith in the Guardian Angels; for I just felt as if I *must* get up and come, and so I did. And I think *my* Angel must be the best of all; for he waked me after I hadn't even thought of him, and didn't want him to."

"*I* asked him to wake you, Tessie," said Marion, quietly. "I can't say whether that had anything to do with it or not, but I certainly asked him to persuade you to come with us this morning; for I can't bear to think that any one of the girls does not confide all her affairs to, or doubts the least bit of the care of, her dear, sweet Guardian Angel."

Marion has long been Sister Mary of the Angels, and her pupils have always been noted for devotion to the angelic choirs to whom the month of October is dedicated. If any of my readers should feel disposed to doubt the truth of this story, or the efficacy of the practice it inculcates, I advise them to test it, and they will soon be convinced.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.

The gentlemen sprang forward; Mrs. Colton, with an exclamation of terror, sank fainting into the arms of one of the ladies. Leo fallen through the ice and drowning! Elizabeth's heart seemed to stop beating. She began frantically to say her prayers, and kept repeating over and over again, with the fervor of desperation, "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord!" as the first invocation that came to her mind, without reflecting how literally applicable it was to the plight of poor Leo, struggling for his life in the dark water. How could they reach or save him! How precious every moment was, since at the next he might be swept away forever under the ice!

Despite the friends so near, the happy winter party might have ended in a tragedy but for an unknown boy. Immediately after the crash, while the others were wildly calling for succor, this boy dashed out of the woods, tore the rope from one of the skate sails that, by a fortunate chance, had been cast aside on the bank, ran out on the lake and threw the rope to the drowning boy, crying: "Hold fast to that!" Happily, Leo caught and held it; for it was, humanly speaking, his only hope.

The ice was so thin that it was impossible for the men to get near enough to draw Leo out; although the distracted father would have attempted to do so had he not been forcibly restrained. In less time than is taken in the telling, however, the strange boy, putting his end of the rope into the hands of Ned Gerrish, and creeping cautiously along toward the yawning aperture, succeeded, by means of the rope, and Ned's assistance at the other end of the line, in helping Leo to crawl up on the ice. But, alas! just as he did so, the ice beneath him gave way, and he himself was precipitated into the water. Leo, with the instinct of a truly noble nature, was on the point of turning back to aid him, notwithstanding that the boy waved him off.

In the terrible suspense, it appeared to the horror-stricken watchers that two lives would speedily be sacrificed. They had made a chain, each clasping with the left hand the right wrist of the other, thus leaving one hand somewhat free; and Ned Gerrish, grasping firmly the arm of Mr. Colton, who was next to him, had also crept out on the thin ice. Now, just as Leo was about to spring to the relief of his rescuer, Ned clutched at him and drew him back. He had thrown the rope to the other boy, who still clung to the edge of the ice, which providentially sustained his weight.

While Leo was being passed along the line, Ned devoted all his energies to the stranger, and, by means of the rope and the boy's own strength and presence of mind, got him out on the ice also, whence he too was quickly conveyed to the shore. A fervent prayer of gratitude arose from the hearts of all present as the three lads were borne to the boat-house.

The joyful shout of "Saved!" brought Mrs Colton back to consciousness. Her husband, having restored Leo to her arms, and seen that Ned was being cared for, turned to minister to the unknown boy, who lay upon one of the fur robes from the sleigh, looking very white and exhausted.

Elizabeth, after weeping over Leo, and ascertaining that he was out of danger, went and stood by her father. The face of the stranger was singularly familiar to her, yet she could not remember where she had seen it before.

Presently the boy opened his eyes, and asked, as if trying to arouse himself from a peculiar dreaminess:

"Wasn't I floating away somewhere?"

"You came very near it, my lad," said Mr. Colton, in a voice husky with emotion. "But you are all right now."

"And the little fellow?"

"All right too, thanks be to God and your timely aid, which was so well seconded by Ned here."

The boy sat up; his gaze fell upon Elizabeth, whose eyes had followed his every motion with anxious solicitude. He looked puzzled, drew his hand across his forehead, and then said to her, with a frank smile:

"Oh, that is you, is it? I am sorry I threw that snowball. It was mean of me."

The little girl burst into tears and ran away. The rescuer of her dear brother was the ragged urchin whom she was sure had stolen her sled! Her first impulse was to communicate this discovery to Mollie and Joanna without delay; but upon second thought she concluded to say nothing about it—just then, at any rate.

. . . .

Meanwhile, Leo and the strange boy, having been divested of their drenched garments and enveloped in blankets from the sleigh, were bestowed in two nautical-looking bunks in the cabin of the boat-house, where Jeff lived all the year round. Ned was ensconced in the chimney-corner, and all three were made to drink a good share of hot coffee. The messengers who had been dispatched to town for other clothing for them arrived as soon as could be expected, and a suit of Ned's was found to be an excellent fit for the strange boy.

Jeff on his return was astounded at all that had occurred during his absence.

"Who is this sturdy young fellow?" Mr. Colton demanded of him.

"I don't exactly know how he is called," was the reply; "but I b'lieve he has no reg'lar home, unless you may reckon so the shelter of a hut down near t'other end of the lake, to which a decrepit old man who lives there makes him welcome in exchange for odd chores, whenever he chooses to tramp out so far. 'Casionally I see him sliding on the ice here in the evening. You'd best leave him with me to-night, sir."

"Take good care of him, then," said the gentleman, putting some money into his palm. "I shall be out here again in the morning."

All preparations being finally completed, the horses were brought from the shed near by, where, well protected from the cold, they had enjoyed a good supper of oats. In a few moments they were again harnessed to the capacious sleigh; and the party, who had set off so gaily a few hours before, started for home gravely and almost in silence, but with very thankful hearts.

The more Elizabeth reflected upon the matter, the more she resolved not to disclose to any one the discovery she had made.

The next day it was found that Leo had taken a slight cold, but experienced no other ill effects from his momentous adventure. Ned Gerrish was around as usual, receiving much praise for his bravery, and congratulations upon the success of the skate sail.

Before going to his office Mr. Colton drove out to the lake.

"How is our young hero?" he inquired, earnestly, as Jeff met him at the door.

"As chipper as if last night's ducking was only a dream;" answered the boatman. "He wanted to be off to town early this morning; it seems he earns enough to live on by selling newspapers, and running chance errands for a few pennies. But I told him I was to try and prevail on him to stay till you came round; and after consid'rable argument he consented."

"What else did you learn about him?"

"His name is Morgan Tracy. His father died several years ago, and his mother last summer. He has one sister, a girl of

maybe twelve years or thereabouts, who is in the Home of the Sisters of Charity. He 'pears to think a heap of her, and is mighty anxious to grow up and get a situation that'll bring him 'nuff money to make a home for her himself."

Mr. Colton entered the house, and found Morgan sitting by the fire.

"Well, my lad," he said, with a warm grasp of the hand, "I am glad to see you are no worse for your icy bath."

"And the little fellow, sir?" asked the boy once more.

"Leo is as lively as a cricket," was the cheery response. "Yet but for you and Ned, my boy, what might have been our sorrow this morning?"

He pressed the chapped and grimy young hand again as he spoke. Morgan felt ill at ease, and wished the visitor would talk of something else.

"It is always remarkable that those who are readiest to do noble deeds care the least to have reference made to them afterward," thought Mr. Colton.

Sitting down, he began to chat pleasantly. It was not necessary to ask many questions, since the lad's simple history had already been related to him by Jeff.

"Morgan," said Leo's father at length, "you have done more for me than I can ever repay, but what would you like me to do for you?"

"Why, nothing, sir," rejoined the boy, unmistakably surprised by the inquiry. "I do not expect anything for not letting a fellow drown when there was a chance to save him."

"That is all very well," interrupted Mr. Colton. "But surely there must be some present; for instance—"

Morgan was silent for a minute, then his face brightened.

"Well, if you really want to give me a present," he said,—"something I would never be able to get any other way—"

"Yes," assented his questioner.

"Then I'd like you to send a sled to my sister,—a new sled, painted bright, and with some grand name out of a book, like Snow-Bird or Fly-Away or Tryphon. The girls at the Home have a coast in the garden."

"She shall have it this very day!" exclaimed Mr. Colton.

"Oh, thank you!" Morgan stammered.

"And for yourself?" resumed his new friend. "Would you not like to get some regular employment, instead of depending upon what you may happen to earn by selling papers and the like?"

"You bet I would!" replied the boy, with energy,—then, abashed that he had broken out in this off-hand way, he stopped abruptly.

Mr. Colton smiled and said:

"Very well; how would you like to come into my office as errand boy, at five dollars a week to begin with?"

"Like it! There isn't any doubt about that!" cried Morgan, springing up, as if ready to enter upon his duties that moment.

"Then we may regard the arrangement as settled," continued the gentleman, rising. "This will be a holiday for you. Go and see your sister; tell her of last night's occurrence, and assure her that she shall have the sled this afternoon. Here is a line to my tailor. He will take your measure for a new suit of clothes. To-morrow morning come to my office."

And, giving the boy a card containing his address and the message to the tailor, he was gone before Morgan could say another word.

(To be continued.)

At a recent sale of pictures in London a Holy Family by Murillo, 4 feet by 3½, brought $21,000. He delighted and excelled in painting Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. Bartholomew Estéban Murillo was one of the greatest painters of Spain. He was born in 1618, and died, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold, in Seville in 1682.

The Name She Remembered.

Father Felix Barbelin, S J., who was pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Philadelphia for many years, was devoted to children. He was never so happy as when he was amongst them; he was ingenious in devising plans to make them love religion; he liked to pray with them and play with them, and he knew every one of them belonging to the congregation above two years of age.

And they—they almost adored him. Thousands of them assembled around him every Sunday in his Sunday-school; some of them, indeed, drawn from all parts of the city by the reports spread by the little ones of his own parish that he was "such a lovely Father!" And his May processions, his Christmas entertainments, his birthday celebrations, and all his other festivals for them, attracted an army of them to the church. He loved them and they loved him.

A story is still told in Philadelphia of the magnetism of his affection for children. Once a little maid of three or four strayed away from home and was lost. As soon as she perceived that she did not know where she was, she began to cry. A crowd gathered around her, but their presence increased her nervousness and bewilderment. One person asked her:

"What is your name?"

But she was too confused to answer. She could only burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Where do you live, little one?" coaxed the stranger.

"I—don't—know," came the slow reply, between sobs.

"What is your father's name?"

"Papa."

"What is his other name?"

"I—don't—know."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Mamma."

"Yes, but what is her other name? What do other ladies call her? Mrs.—?"

But there was no answer.

"Well, tell me *your* name."

Again no answer, and the crowd suggested: "Better take her to the police station."

"Is there any one whose name you do remember?" persisted the sympathizing stranger.

"Oh, yes!" came the quick response. "I know Father Barbelin."

She had forgotten her father's and mother's family name, the street where she lived, and even her own name; but in the midst of her agitation, and without hesitation, she could think of Father Barbelin.

So to Father Barbelin she was taken, and he at once recognized her.

"Why, to be sure, it's So-and-So's child!"

The good pastor was delighted beyond measure when he was told that the little thing had forgotten all but him.

A Beautiful Comparison.

We trust that all our young folks, by their modesty, recollection, and piety in the house of God, suggest to the minds of their elders the following beautiful comparison made by Cardinal Manning:

"I have sometimes thought when looking on a church full of children that there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden of roses and other lovely flowers is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it, so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses, and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden; and when people see this, they are touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet trampled down and wrecked makes them grieve; but in the sight of God not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man—not even the Garden of Eden, with all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruits,—was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children, in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed."

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

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A November Thought.

BUT few the hearts that have not felt
Death's shadow at the door.
Swift borne on viewless wings,
God's call to souls he brings,
And life for one we love is o'er.

A heart is stilled, and ours is filled
With wordless grief;
The wings of Death
Drop sorrow on joy's flowers,
And they distil the dew of tears
That in long death-dark hours
Bring sad relief.

When lo! an angel winged with light,
In beauty rare,
Draws near and gathers in his arms,
Not tears we shed above the dead,
But thoughts the heart breathes forth in prayer.

And every thought is treasure fraught
To those our souls held dear;
And prayers of love are borne above,
Where, joined with pleadings of the blest,
They gain the gift—eternal rest
For those we mourn in anguish here.

CASCIA.

MANY men live as if they had no souls. In their traffic of this life they scheme as if they were to live forever. In their preparation for death they trifle as if there were no life beyond the grave.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Ancient British Church a Papal Church.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

AN arbitrary and whimsical bestowal of a new name can not change either the moral or physical nature of a child, nor can it endow the little one with rights and privileges otherwise unfounded. Therefore a Catholic publicist would not be inclined to take serious notice of the desire recently evinced by certain Protestants to change the name of the granddaughter of bluff King Hal. When this procedure, however, is defended by assumptions which the most heroic charity can not avoid recognizing as glaring if not also wilful falsehoods, that same charity demands the attention of every lover of truth to the subject. We are about to enter upon no theological disquisition: it is merely a matter of cold history—one which calls for no dogmatic science or hermeneutical lore on the part of the reader—that we are about to present. During the last few weeks our newspapers have teemed with letters from Episcopalian ministers and other members of that body of American religionists which derives its sole reason of being from the Established Church of England; and the burden of nearly all

these letters is the assertion that for many centuries before the advent of St. Augustine in Britain there had flourished a British Church which was utterly independent of Rome. Hundreds of times it has been proved that this assertion, imperturbably advanced in the official catechisms of the Protestant Episcopal body, is absolutely contradicted by history; but the fact that it is still put forth by men who claim to be at least fairly versed in historical matters shows that another refutation is not unnecessary.

Certainly there was a flourishing Church in Britain before Pope St. Gregory I. sent the monk Augustine to the island for the purpose of converting the savage and pagan Anglo-Saxon invaders; and when the apostle arrived on the scene, the British (or more properly the Celtic) Church was restricted to Cornwall and Wales. Toward the end of the second century, in the reign of King Lucius, Pope Eleutherius had ordained Fagan and Dervan, two young Britons whom that prince had sent to Rome for instruction in Christianity; and on their return these priests had laid the real foundations of the British Church.* It is certain that the Roman conquerors of Britain numbered many Christians in their ranks; and it is quite probable that they converted some of the islanders, but it appears that not until the reign of Lucius was there any notable progress of the faith. The Catholic hierarchy was certainly established in Britain before the conversion of Constantine; for we find among the subscribers to the Council of Arles, in the year 314, three British bishops—Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphius of Lincoln.† Now we are informed by our Episcopalian friends that the British Church represented by these bishops at Arles was not a "papal" Church,—that it did not recognize the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. If such be the case, how are we to account for the fact that these British prelates subscribed to the decrees of Arles, which were sent to Rome for the confirmation of Pope St. Sylvester, and were accompanied by an explicit avowal of the papal supremacy? Listen to the words of the synodals: "We have drawn up these regulations by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and of our Good Angels; but we do not forget that it is for you, because of your superior authority and the extent of your jurisdiction, to impress upon them the principal seal, and to send them to all the churches." Again, if the early British Church was independent of Rome, why did the bishops of Wales, during the first invasion of Pelagianism, twice seek the "authorization and confirmation of the Roman Church" for their decrees against the pest?* And how are we to explain the fact that Dubricius, the predecessor of St. David in the metropolitan see of Cambria, bore the title of "Legate of the Apostolic See?"†

It is certain that none of the continental churches ever regarded as schismatical any of the Celtic churches: either that of Britain, or that of Caledonia, or that of Scotia (or, as it came to be called in time, Ireland). On the contrary, all the Celtic churches were lauded by Romans, Gauls, and Teutons, as pre-eminently devoted to the See of Rome. The Celts were ever most enthusiastic in their pilgrimages to the capital of Christianity. In the fifth century we find the monk Bachiarius spurning the accusation of Pelagianism, and proclaiming the Chair of Peter "the seat of the faith."‡ It is to Rome that the Briton, Nynia, the apostle of Southern

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* So says Ven. Bede in his "History," B. I., ch. 4; and in his "Chronicle."

† Eusebius, V. 23. Socrates, V. 21. Labbe's Councils, i, 1430.

* Bollandus: Die I. Martii, "Vita. Scti. Davidis, Archiepiscopi Menew."

† Mabillon: "Sæcul. Bened. I."

‡ Migne's "Patrology," Vol. XX.; "Opera Bachiarii," col. 1019.

Caledonia, goes for instruction and episcopal consecration.* St. Patrick, himself a Briton, though probably of Lesser Brittany, when going to render an account of his Irish apostolate to the Roman Pontiff, meets many British pilgrims to the tomb of the Apostles; and among them we note St. Kilian, who, in his zeal to venerate the Chair of Peter, "the head of the world, the centre of Catholic truth, showed the thirst of a deer rushing to a fountain."† The same ardor is observed by St. Gildas in following, as Canisius observes, "the custom of the Scots."‡

But we are told that no bishops ever went from Cambria or Scotia to receive the *pallium*. Well, what follows? The conclusion of Anglican publicists is based on an anachronism. In the present discipline of the Church, no archbishop can solemnly exercise his functions until he has received the *pallium* from the Sovereign Pontiff; but during the days of the early British and Irish churches the *pallium* was not necessary for legitimate *pontificalia*. It was only in the tenth century that the present discipline began to obtain; and not before the thirteenth was it universal. St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, who died at Clairvaux while on his way to Rome to render an account of his administration, was certainly a good "papist"; for he was a legate of the Holy See, but he never received the *pallium*. § Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), writing in the twelfth century, tells us that down to the time of Henry I., who subjected the Welsh Church to the jurisdiction of Canterbury, the prelate of Menew enjoyed the metropolitan dignity without the *pallium* ‖

* Bede: B. III., ch. 4.

† Bollandus: Die Martii V, "Vita S. Kiliani"; and Die XVII, "Vita S. Patricii," in the Commentarii Prævii.

‡ Mabillon: ubi sup., "Vita S. Gildæ."—Canisius: "Lectiones Antiquæ," Vol. IV.

§ Operum S. Bernardi, Vol. IV., ch. 16, 30, 31.

‖ "De Jure Menew Eccl."

Some Anglican writers affect to discover certain anti-papal tendencies on the part of the early British Christians in some of their practices. Thus it is gravely asserted that their ecclesiastics wore a tonsure different from that of the Roman clergy. If this variation implies nonsubjection to the Holy See, then most of the American clergy of to-day are outside the pale of the Church; for very few of them wear any tonsure whatever. But there was another practice in the early British as well as in the other early Celtic churches which may be treated more seriously,—namely, the observance of Easter at a time other than that prescribed by Rome. At the Council of Nice it had been determined that, since the date of Easter depended on astronomical observations, and since the Egyptians excelled in these, the patriarch of Alexandria should annually communicate to the Roman See the proper time, to be made known to the distant churches. But again disputes arose; for the Roman and Alexandrian methods of computation were different, the cycle of Rome containing eighty-four years and the Alexandrian nineteen. About the middle of the sixth century the Holy See adopted a new cycle of ninety-five years, or five Egyptian cycles. But the Britons, Caledonians, and Scots (Irish), being almost deprived of communication with Rome, continued to calculate after the old method.

Originally, then, there was no difference between the Roman and Celtic churches with regard to the Paschal question. And even though there were, no comfort could accrue to our Protestant friends from the dispute; for it was about a matter of discipline, not about one of faith. Again, from this same dispute there can be drawn a not very weak argument to show the ancient connection between Rome and the British Church. The late celebrated Christian archæologist, De Rossi, speaking of the presence of British prelates at the

first Council of Arles, where the cycle of eighty-four years was adopted, says: "It requires little sagacity to perceive that these bishops received their cycle, and their manner of computing Easter, from Pope Sylvester; and the subsequent corrections did not reach them, as they were so separated from the continent as to be considered as living at the end of the earth.... Hence we understand the origin of the famous controversies about the time of keeping Easter in the British (and other Celtic) churches; and thus the fable of the Oriental origin of these churches is exploded, and the union of the ancient British Church with that of Rome is evinced by a new argument."*

We hope that it is not true, as we have read in a recent issue of a certain secular journal, that the authorized Episcopalian Catechism declares that even St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, did not receive his authority from Rome, but from Lyons. If such an absurdity is indeed palmed off as true history upon helpless children, we trust that some of them, at least, will learn from these pages that even though the first Archbishop of Canterbury had received his authority from Lyons, he would have been no less a devoted son of Rome; since the ordinary of Lyons, like all the bishops of Gaul, was in communion with the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom. Perhaps the absurd passage would have a kind of speciousness, in the minds of those ignorant of theological matters, if the great missionary had been consecrated to the episcopacy by the ordinary of Lyons; but even that speciousness falls to the ground in face of the fact that the consecrator was the Archbishop of Arles.† And here we may note that this mention of the Arletan prelate introduces us to a correspondence between Pope St. Gregory and St. Augustine which is quite apposite to our thesis.

When the future apostle quitted Rome he was neither consecrated nor entitled Bishop of the Angles: he was merely designated as a future bishop; if his mission succeeded—*episcopum ordinandum, si ab Anglis susciperetur.* When the time came for his consecration, there being no bishops among the Anglo-Saxons, and the enmity between the Britons and their conquerors forbidding his applying to British prelates, Augustine went over to Gaul and presented himself to the ordinary of Arles. When about to start, he received from the Pontiff a letter, from which we take the following passage: "I have given to you no authority over the bishops of Gaul. The prelate of Arles has received the *pallium* from me; and he is the head and judge of all the Gauls. You are forbidden to use your scythe in any other man's field. But as to the British race, I confide it entirely to you. Teach the ignorant, strengthen the weak, and punish the wicked as you deem proper." Certainly this document does not favor the theory that St. Augustine did not derive his authority from Rome. In conclusion, we may observe to the readers of the Episcopalian Catechism that if the logic of the passage just mentioned is approved by them, then they must regard all the members of the American Catholic hierarchy as outside the communion of the Holy See; for among these ninety bishops not one was consecrated by the Supreme Pontiff, and, so far as we know, only two were consecrated in Rome.

* "Roman Inscriptions," Rome, 1862.

† Bede says that the consecrator was Echerius, Archbishop of Arles; but it has been proved that this Echerius was diocesan of Lyons, and that the incumbent of Arles was then St. Virgilius.

THE great evil of an excessive devotion to society and fashion is the mechanical hollowness and insincerity it breeds,—an evil as fatal to happiness as it is to virtue.—"*The Friendships of Women.*"

A Life's Labyrinth.

XI.—A Revelation.

AT eleven o'clock next morning Felicia came to say to Constance that Lady Alicia Cliffbourne desired her attendance in her *boudoir*.

Lady Cliffbourne greeted the young girl kindly, asking if she had slept well. Having received an affirmative reply, she said:

"I have a slight headache. Will you please read to me a little?"—indicating a book which lay on the table.

So saying she sought the depths of a luxurious chair, and, throwing her head back, seemed to close her eyes. But through the parted lids she watched the expressive face of Constance; finding in her manner of reading, sitting, the poise of her head, the taste of her attire, the grace and dignity of her whole appearance, nothing to criticise, but everything to admire. She felt strangely drawn toward her. The lonely heart of the childless woman is the same whether she be peasant or princess; and as Lady Cliffbourne looked at Constance, she thought:

"Just about her age would my darling be if she had lived. Ah! how different would have been the circumstances of her existence! Surrounded by luxury, sheltered by protecting care from every adverse wind, what a contrast her life would have been to that of this fair creature, than whom she could not have been more lovely! Nay, even her personal appearance would have been much the same, if she fulfilled the promise of her babyhood. Eyes, hair, complexion were identical."

She heard not a word of the reading: her soul was lost in the sadness of retrospection, her heart full of sympathy. A light tap at the door aroused her. Lady Markham entered in her accustomed noiseless manner.

"Good-morning, Miss Strange!" she said. "Ah! are you ill, Alicia?"

"I have a slight headache," was the reply. "Miss Strange has been reading to me."

"By the way, Miss Strange," continued Lady Markham, speaking slowly and indifferently, as though it were a matter of slight importance, "I understand you and Lord Kingscourt have met before—probably in Greece, as he has just returned from there."

"From whom have you learned it?" inquired Constance, flushing slightly, as was natural, but thoroughly on her guard. "Not from Lord Kingscourt, surely?"

"It seemed to me that either he or the Marquis—I have an impression"—Lady Markham hesitated, checked in her designing course by a sharp glance from Lady Cliffbourne. Then she added hastily, as she prepared to depart: "It may have been erroneous, of course."

"I think it *must* have been," observed Constance, quietly, her self-possession fully re-established.

"If you will kindly excuse us," said Lady Cliffbourne, "I have something for Miss Strange to do this morning."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" was the reply. "I merely looked in to say good-morning." And Lady Markham betook herself to her own apartments with what grace she could.

No sooner had the door closed upon her than Lady Cliffbourne said, abruptly:

"My dear Miss Strange, Lady Markham is not without her virtues, but she has also some very reprehensible faults, one of which is that of suspicion. Her manner toward those whom she considers her inferiors is not always what it should be; therefore you may sometimes feel her shafts. But forewarned is forearmed; I beg that you will not notice these eccentricities. Now, if you please, we will resume our reading."

But, instead of opening her book,

the young girl did that which Lady Alicia had, by a kind of instinct, anticipated she would do. The moment Lady Markham had uttered the name of Lord Kingscourt she had noticed a peculiar expression on the face of Constance, and she felt at once that he was not a stranger to her. Her sentiment was that of entire trust in the young stranger; so complete was it that she felt it should also beget confidence and trust in return. Therefore it seemed but a natural sequence of her thoughts when the young girl lifted her pleading eyes.

"Lady Cliffbourne, may I confide in you?" she asked.

"You may, my dear child, with perfect freedom," was the answer. "Come sit near me, on this low divan, and tell me anything—everything you wish."

Constance obeyed, seating herself beside Lady Cliffbourne, still reclining in the deeply-cushioned chair. Her color came and went, whilst her heart beat rapidly. How could she so control her thoughts as to leave unsaid much that should be concealed,—to measure the extent of the confidence she was about to repose in the mistress whom she must for the present dissociate from the relationship of mother! There was a moment of silence; then, reassured by the gentle regard in the beautiful eyes of the expectant listener, she began:

"Lady Cliffbourne, though there may seem to be an air of mystery and reserve about my life and actions, believe me there is nothing of which I have reason to be ashamed. It was my purpose when I came here to say absolutely nothing of myself or my father; but circumstances have occurred which, I think, render it necessary that I should, to some extent, break that resolution. Last night, before I slept, I had resolved to tell you that for which the remark of Lady Markham has just paved the way. My nature is foreign to concealment. There is really no reason why I should not tell you that I *have* met Lord Kingscourt before,—that I knew him in Greece. If he did not so inform you last evening after I had retired, it was because I had adjured him not to do so. Now I see that I committed an error."

"You have done wisely in telling me this," said Lady Cliffbourne. "I can see no reason why you should wish to conceal so simple a fact; and in concealing it there might have been—complications."

Constance flushed, and looked earnestly at Lady Cliffbourne. Could she have suspected their relations? But her face told nothing. She was about to continue when Lady Cliffbourne spoke again.

"Doubtless you know the story of Lord Kingscourt's recent adventures, if you met him in Greece? You were travelling, no doubt, when you became acquainted?"

"No," answered Constance: "it was in my own home."

"Ah!" ejaculated her listener. "Before or after his experience with the robbers? You know the story?"

"Yes: I know all the particulars."

"About his having been rescued by a young peasant girl from the robber band, his subsequent illness, etc.?"

"Yes, I know it all. Did you hear the story from Lord Kingscourt?"

"Only at second hand. My cousin, the Marquis, related it one evening in his presence, no doubt with exaggerations; but I gathered the main facts, I think. He is the hero of the hour at present."

"It was in my father's house that Lord Kingscourt lay ill for some months," said Constance.

"In *your* father's house!" exclaimed Lady Cliffbourne, sitting erect. "How did I get the impression that it was in the dwelling of a peasant?"

Constance remained silent.

Lady Cliffbourne took the hand of the young girl in her own.

"My child," she said, "I am a woman of experience. Had she lived, I would

have been the mother of a girl about your age, bearing your very name. Whether you have been imprudent or not, confide in me, and I will advise you for the best. Tell me, is it because of Lord Kingscourt that you are here?"

"No!" answered Constance, proudly. "My purpose in coming to England is so far removed from any connection with Lord Kingscourt that I never dreamed of meeting him; although, in the natural order of things, such a contingency was not impossible." Tears choked her utterance as she added: "Ah! my Lady, if you had but known me a little longer and a little better, you could never have asked me that question."

"Pardon me, dear child!" said Lady Cliffbourne. "But you are young; and, not having had a mother's care, I thought you might be, perhaps, in some things untrained. And, then, Lord Kingscourt has everything to tempt ambition and inspire affection. To have loved him would have been no sin, and—"

"To have followed him would have been something impossible to Constance Strange!" interrupted the young girl, proudly. "It is on my father's account that I am here,—my darling father, who dared not himself undertake the mission that I hope to perform."

"Poor, motherless child!" cried Lady Cliffbourne. "Once more, forgive me if I have wounded you unthinkingly. And will you not tell me the purpose of that mission?"

"I can not," said Constance,—"at least not now. Some day, should I succeed, you will know, as all the world may know. If I fail—*if I fail*—alas! in that case shall you know it also. Only God can foresee that, my Lady,—only God."

Lady Cliffbourne was deeply moved. Passing her hand caressingly over the forehead of the young girl, she said:

"May He assist you in your work, my child, whatever it may be! Later, as you come to know me better, I trust you will tell me all. Now I shall not press you, and I thank you for the confidence you have given me this morning. It has proved that my perfect trust in you was not ill-founded. Is Lord Kingscourt aware that you were to tell me of your acquaintance with him?"

"No, my Lady," answered Constance, smiling through a mist of tears. "Only last night I exacted from him a promise that he would not speak of it. But, on second thought, I felt it best to inform you. Now, of course, I shall tell him at the first opportunity what I have done."

"You do not mind my speaking of it to him?" asked Lady Cliffbourne.

"Not at all," answered Constance. "And, now that you know this little secret, my heart is relieved of some of its burthen."

"Would that I might be able to lighten it still further!" said Lady Cliffbourne, surprised at her own emotion. "Somehow, I feel that I shall yet be of assistance to you. But go now to your own room, and come to us at luncheon to-day. We shall have Lord Kingscourt and the Marquis,—quite a family party. May I call you Constance?" Lady Cliffbourne went on. "Though I have known you so short a time, I feel that I already know you well. I am a lonely woman, and once I had a little one whose name was also Constance. May I call you so?"

"O my Lady, yes, yes!" cried the girl, clasping Lady Cliffbourne's hand in her own with a passionate fervor the other could not understand. "Call me anything you will. In spite of myself—in spite of *everything*—I am drawn—I am driven toward you!"

With these incoherent words she rushed from the room, almost fearing to trust herself in her mother's presence a moment longer.

At the stroke of midday Lady Alicia, from her window, saw the Marquis and the Earl ride up to the castle. Hastily

seizing a light hat, she ran down the stairs and met them at the door.

To the Marquis she said:

"Roland, there is an interesting article in *Les Deux Mondes*, by your old friend Cavaignac, that you will like to read. There is yet an hour before luncheon." Then, laughingly addressing Lord Kingscourt, she continued: "And if the Earl will grant me his grace, I propose to take a turn about the garden in his company."

The Marquis jestingly commented upon his abrupt consignment to the obscurity of the library, but assented very graciously to the disposition to be made of himself for the next hour; while Lord Kingscourt acquiesced pleasantly in Lady Alicia's proposal for a walk. When they were safely within the shrubberies, she turned to him and said:

"And so, my dear Alfred, our young and beautiful stranger from Greece is no stranger to you?"

The Earl started, flushed, then grew pale.

"Do not be alarmed," said Lady Cliffbourne, with a smile. "I shall place you in no embarrassing position. She told me herself this morning."

His face cleared as he answered:

"What has she told you?"

"That she enjoined secrecy upon you—"

"Which I deprecated," interrupted the Earl. "I could see no grounds for it."

"Nor she, doubtless, when she had slept on it," replied his companion. "I will tell you frankly that Lady Markham, who is shrewdness itself, even though often unjust, detected something in the manner of both which aroused her ever-active suspicions. She informed me last night that she felt convinced you and Miss Strange had met before."

"I doubt if she put it so charitably as that!" growled Lord Kingscourt. "The old cat followed us into the garden, I know; although I am equally sure she heard nothing, which must have disappointed her."

"Miss Strange also noticed her attitude, I imagine," said Lady Cliffbourne; "and thought it best to tell me you had met before."

"She must have done so in any case very soon," said the Earl. "Hers is too upright and transparent a nature for secrets, especially when there is no necessity for their existence."

"Nevertheless, the reason of her being in England is a secret. She is here for some purpose which she can not or will not reveal."

"I can not understand it," said the Earl. "When I left them, her father said, in the most positive terms, that it was impossible that either he or his daughter should leave the secluded spot where they have lived since she was a little child. And now, before three months have elapsed, I find her alone in England; and, what is more, she will not tell me *why* she is here."

"Some family reasons, no doubt," said Lady Cliffbourne. "There is a mystery, depend upon it; that is why she would not or could not discuss it with a comparative stranger."

"Do you mean *me* when you speak of a stranger?" inquired the Earl, looking steadfastly into the face of Lady Alicia.

"Surely," was the reply. "Even three months of enforced habitation in a household does not entitle one to a sight of the family skeleton."

"Did Alice not tell you, then, that I love her, and wait only her father's consent to our marriage,—a consent, by the way, that he has declared he never will give?"

"She said nothing of such a state of affairs," said Lady Cliffbourne, surprised, while her pale cheek grew red at the remembrance of the imputation of the morning. But why do you call her Alice, Lord Kingscourt? Her name is Constance."

"Her name is Alice," was the reply,—"at least it was by that name I knew her. No doubt she has several names, and may

have chosen to be called Constance here. But Mr. Strange called her Alice, and I have heard her called by no other name."

"Well, that is in itself a trifle," observed Lady Cliffbourne. "But I consider it far more serious that you should have fallen in love with her."

"You are right! It is such a serious thing for me that unless I marry her I shall forever remain a bachelor."

"Alfred! this from you, who could have your choice from among the fairest of your countrywomen! I can not believe the testimony of my own ears."

"She *is* my countrywoman," answered the Earl; "but even if she were not it would be the same. To me she is the fairest, sweetest, loveliest flower the sun ever shone upon. I meant to tell you this episode of my story long since, but I have never had the opportunity. No one has heard a word from me save yourself. And now that you are aware of it, dear Lady Cliffbourne, and that Providence seems to have placed us in a favorable situation, I hope you will assist me to the consummation of my dearest hopes."

"I scarcely know what to say," replied Lady Cliffbourne. "I feel wonderfully attracted toward this young girl, who in outward appearance is much above her present station. But to think of her as your wife—you know what *mésalliances* are in the main. Her father — is he a gentleman, Alfred?"

"A gentleman of gentlemen!" cried the Earl, with enthusiasm. "I will go so far as to say that I have never met his equal, either in manly beauty, refinement, talent—all things that constitute perfection in a man. Never have I lived in so ideal a home; and therefore it was with surprise and regret unspeakable that I saw her whom I love above all else on earth filling the position of a paid companion. At the same time, my dear Lady Cliffbourne," he continued, "I could not but feel rejoiced that she had found a haven with you. Her home was one of ease—nay, I might say luxury; simple, it is true, but with the simplicity of perfect taste. The whole thing is incredible. I could not sleep last night, thinking of it."

"What you tell me is astounding," said Lady Cliffbourne. "It savors more of romance than reality. But, as you say, it is well that she has found a refuge with one who will love her, and endeavor to make her position as easy as possible until such time as she may choose to reveal her secret. But, convinced as you may be, and as I feel also, that this young girl is all your affection has imagined her, may there not be a past in the career of her father which would prove a bar to her union?"

"Nothing that her father may have done could prove such an obstacle," rejoined the Earl, with emphasis. "I love her for herself alone, and I think her an angel. But at the same time it would take many and indisputable proofs to convince me that Mr. Strange is other than I have thought and described him. Sorrow and anxiety have left their impress on his countenance; but guilt does not dwell, has *never* dwelt, on that noble brow, in those frank, soul-lit if melancholy eyes; nor in the firm lines of a mouth which might belong to a saint or a poet, or to both united. No, I can never believe it."

Deeply impressed by the earnestness of the young man, for whose sense and judgment she had the greatest respect, Lady Alicia soon felt herself almost as thoroughly interested as himself in the mysterious situation in which Fate had involved them; and before they re-entered the house she had learned the entire history of his sojourn in the villa near Corinth, where he had left his heart and all his hopes of future happiness. Now, too, she learned for the first time that it was Constance Strange who had saved the prisoners from the tortures of Spiridion; and the incident, so well related by Kingscourt, served still further to increase her

admiration for the young girl, whom it began to seem to her that Providence had directed to the shelter of her roof.

When at length they entered the dining-room, they found Miss Strange and Lady Markham already waiting; the Marquis had not yet come in.

The Earl politely saluted both; Constance retaining her composure, though closely watched by Lady Markham. When the Marquis entered Lady Alicia said:

"I find, Roland, that it was at the residence of Miss Strange's father our friend Alfred was domiciled after his adventure with the robbers in Greece. So they are already old friends."

"Bless my soul!" cried the Marquis. "You are a sly dog, Kingscourt, never to have said a word of this. Quite a coincidence—isn't it?—to meet her here."

"Miss Strange is modest," observed the Earl, composedly. "Not wishing to hear herself proclaimed a heroine, I yielded to her wishes to say nothing. But reflection having sent her wiser thoughts, I now feel at liberty to emphasize what Lady Cliffbourne has said—that Miss Strange and myself are friends. To her kindness and that of her father I owe my life."

"Thank you, my Lord!" said Constance, with a smile and inclination of the head which the Earl thought grace personified.

Lady Markham, quite discomfited that her house of cards should have been at least partially demolished, looked from one to the other, unable to find anything to hazard on a situation to which she had anticipated a different termination. However, she was unable to repress her natural tendency when she at length found tongue to remark:

"Why, how wonderful! how romantic! Next—we shall be hearing that—"

"Miss Strange is betrothed to a prince of Greece," interposed the Earl, adroitly; thus giving the conversation a turn to other topics.

(To be continued.)

Christe Rex, Mundi Creator.

CHRIST, the King and world-Creator,
Christ, Redeemer blest for aye,
Listen, of Thy tender mercy,
Grant Thy people that they pray;
To our orison give answer,
While we bid, draw nigh to-day.

Thou upon a day didst vanquish
Death, that tyrant strong and fell;
Thou didst spirits seek in prison,
Sacking Satan's citadel;
Iron bars didst break asunder,
Leading many a soul from hell.

Lord, remember this Thy triumph,
Low before Thee as we fall
Rest to faithful souls departed,—
Rest vouchsafe and joy withal;
By the Father's side in glory
Bless them, Lord, with Hallows all.

Let them neither burn in hell-fire
Nor be bound in chains of woe;
Nor the worm that never dieth
Be it, Lord, their lot to know;
Rather give them, of Thy bounty,
Joy supernal evermo.

Grant our orison, O Blessèd
Trinity in Unity!
Great Thy name and everlasting,
Three in One and One in Three;
Thine the kingdom, power and glory,
Ere the world began to be.

G. R. W.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—The Fair Anonymous.

A PICTURE of travel in several parts; a picture before which I burn the delicious incense of the cigarette, and dream and speculate to my heart's content; a picture that is prominent in my album of memories, because it is involved in mystery, and because the subject is a little uncommon.

It was night in beautiful Nubia. Our caravan moved slowly and noiselessly through the desert gorge, that repeats in a hoarse whisper the roar of the Nile cataract. The full moon sailed in a cloudless sky; the black walls of the ravine were glossed with the fast-falling dew; now and again we caught glimpses of smoldering camp fires, the sharp outlines of crouching Arabs, the trains of camels that passed us at a discreet distance—moving shadows in a land of silhouettes.

We halted for a few moments at a well in the desert, an oasis fantastically tinted in the cross-lights of moon and camp fire. We smoked the omnipresent nargileh, sat on our plebeian donkeys, and chatted, and shared our wine with the sleek savages that swarmed like flies at our approach. We had hushed their cries for *backsheesh* with a reasonable distribution of absurdly small coins; and were about to set forth again, when in the vague distance a huge form appeared, and a few moments later a solitary camel strode out of the desert, and saluted us with that agonizing gurgle, the wail of an apparently breaking heart, which seemed to flood its two yards of writhing neck.

On the summit of this beast sat a slight figure clad in the habiliments of the East,—a youth of five and twenty or thereabouts,—a black-eyed blonde—an anomaly,—wearing only the dark-hued fez, a token of distinction, and with more trappings at the girdle than is common with the higher classes. We naturally saluted the stranger in a babel of tongues, believing that one or the other would prove intelligible. Imagine our surprise on being addressed in faultless English, followed by a few brief and pointed questions, couched successively in the purest French, German, Italian, Spanish, and something else so hideous that it might easily have been Russian. He asked the distance to Assouan, the direction of the trail, the condition of the Nile, and seemed mildly interested in the latest political trials in Europe. Then, having declined wine and the nargileh with the graceful salutation of the East, he implored us, if we crossed the track of his caravan, to bid the slaves in his name to follow him as speedily as possible. With that he prodded the haunches of his camel with a pronged staff; and the beast, with a loud shriek of indignant rage, plunged into the desert solitude with his mysterious master.

Completely mystified, we resumed our journey. We met and communed with the belated caravan,—an extensive retinue for a youngster of five and twenty to drag after him. The servants, as is the custom in the East, interviewed one another; but the fragments of gossip that came to our ears were like quotations from the Arabian Nights. A prince, a Russian probably, a spendthrift unquestionably; an adventurer from the farther borders of the Soudan, bound for Bagdad; erratic, romantic, richer than Crœsus, etc.,—it was all the satisfaction we got out of the desert beyond Egypt.

While the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was desecrated with the furious mob that annually gathers in Passion Week and awaits the miracle of the divine fire, I was securely closeted in one of the galleries that encircle the amphitheatre. Here I could watch with perfect composure the sacrilegious wrangling of the fanatical Greeks, who storm the tomb of Our Lord until the sacred fire has been kindled within it, and thrust from the two portals by the hands of the secreted priest.

Meantime I searched the galleries, feeling assured that I should discover a score or more of faces with which I had grown familiar in Egypt. The tracks of Oriental pilgrims invariably interlace, and you are never sure of losing a friend till one or the other has put the sea between you. Among the many which I recognized was

one that for a moment startled me,—a proud face, finely and delicately chiselled; and with a lip which, though girlish and exquisitely molded, was singularly defiant. A Syrian nabob, I thought,—a young blood of Jerusalem. His slender hands were profusely ornamented with jewels. He, like the majority of those present, was smoking a cigarette, and amusing himself with blowing the ashes into the frantic crowd that swayed to and fro over the floor of the church. The gorgeous dragoman and two or three servants that surrounded him seemed to fawn upon him with the obsequious servility of the slave tribes. Again I recognized him—the black-eyed blonde from the Soudan. I resolved to track him if possible, and seek an acquaintance, with the pardonable intrusion of a fellow-traveller.

The miraculous flames burst from the perforated walls of the sacred tomb; ten thousand tapers caught it and communicated it to every nook and corner of the vast edifice. In a few moments the densely-peopled nave was like a globe of fire, swarming with lost souls. I turned and made my escape through the corridors of the Latin convent; but in the open square before the church, in the bazars and in the streets of Jerusalem, I looked in vain for the blonde prince of the Soudan.

O Damascus, pearl of the East! I lounged in the green groves that girdle that city of paradise—Damascus at sunset is an opal set in emeralds,—and listened to the plash of its fountains till the very music became almost unbearable.

At last I met him face to face; black-eyed, as usual—a permanent blondė; a fellow who seemed to know the world by heart, and to despise it because it had kept nothing from him. *Blasé*, good-looking, his own lord and master; amiable, elegant, a creature of infinite resources; sketching a little, and with a clever pencil; skilled in music; an author, perhaps—every man writes nowadays; a creature of inexhaustible repose. That charge through the Nubian desert in the dead of night was a mere bit of sentiment—his people bored him more than the solitude,—a perplexing study, a puzzle that out-riddled the Sphinx. He identified himself with no race and no religion; he cunningly avoided betraying his name, and carefully withheld any clue by which he might be afterward identified. Over coffee and the nargileh he conversed freely upon every topic except those which related to himself and his history; he even invited me to his camp in one of the groves, so that I might taste a superior brand of *liqueur*, which he said he never travelled without, and which I am sure was not to be obtained save in the best markets in Europe. His luxurious tent was pitched upon the border of a delicious stream. The Sultan himself could hardly journey in a more luxurious fashion. Even his retinue of slaves were distinguished for physical beauty, and I again observed with what deference they greeted the approach of their master. It was not likely that we should meet again, he said; for he laid no plans. Even a change in the wind, or an ominous dream, might send him adrift in a new quarter of the globe.

Probably it was not intentional, but I am sure that I saw him again, a few weeks later, searching among the magnificent confusion in the dingy bazars of Stamboul. Had it not seemed an impertinence, I would have approached him; for I thought then, and I am still inclined to think, that, taken off his guard, he would drop his mask and betray himself. But the bazars are bewildering. Troups of petty merchants, and runners for those who sit solemnly in the midst of their wares awaiting custom and the day of doom,—these beggars distract you and drive you into byways, where you are forced to purchase liberty at an extravagant figure. I turned to look for him, and he was gone!

Once more we happened to meet. I awaited sunset in the Acropolis. I had withdrawn into an unfrequented portion of the ruin, beyond the incessant clatter of English tongues, where I could enjoy in profound silence the inspiring hour. I need not again attempt to picture the beautiful landscape—the intensely blue Mediterranean, the distant islands like clouds, and the low-hanging clouds like islands, floating between the two heavens of sea and sky. Go back to your Homer and enrich yourself!

For some moments a shadow had been standing by me. I had seen it reflected on the back of my left cornea. It was as if some one had whispered to me, "I am here," or something of that sort. I was almost afraid to turn and discover the intruder; you probably know the sensation and respect it. A hand was laid gently on my shoulder. I sprang up and confronted—a Greek, a young fellow in the national costume—how much uglier it is than the Mohammedan!—but the eyes and the hair I remembered, and was heartily pleased to shake the hand of the anonymous person who had escaped me in Stamboul. All that was to be learned in this interview is not worth recording. He was about to exhaust Greece; it was his custom to adapt himself to the ways of the people among whom he sojourned, and he began with the adoption of their language and dress. He had dismissed his retinue of Syrians, Egyptians and Nubians, and taken to himself a choice collection of Greeks; they even then awaited him at the lower gates of the Acropolis.

It was useless to question him,—his extreme delicacy and reserve at once forbade it. There was nothing left for us to do, now that the sun had set and the roses of the afterglow were fast withering, but to say farewell in the customary formal and highly unsatisfactory fashion of the modern man; and that we did inside of ten minutes.

Naples! the seemliest and most sensuous city under the sun; a city swimming in sunshine, folded between blue water and blue sky; a city that resounds with a music peculiar to its people; a city that never sleeps. From the long green gardens by the shore to the rocky battlements that crown its heights, there is nothing but jollity in it. Even its squalor is picturesque, and the laughing beggars skip nimbly to their graves—if a dry tank half filled with quicklime, the common receptacle of the pauper dead, may be called a grave.

One is never surprised at anything in Naples. I was not surprised when I sat at the gates of the Villa Reale and heard the music of an afternoon, and watched the procession of the pleasure-seekers as they drove to and fro in the *Chiaja*. I was not surprised when I saw a phaeton drawn by a span of toy ponies and driven by a young lady in a distracting costume. The smallest of tigers crouched behind her, clad in a cloud of buttons. I saw her again and again in the Toledo, the target of a thousand eyes; and at last met her in the track that skirts the Villa, mounted upon a mettlesome cob, attended by a page. Must I confess that our eyes met and that we exchanged glances of recognition at one and the same moment, and that we did so without a shudder? Do you urge me to proceed? Shall I say that she greeted me, the veritable black-eyed, blonde Soudanite?

Vesuvius grew purple and wan in the gathering dusk. We walked leisurely under the ilex trees in that endless avenue by the sea, flanked with a hundred gods in marble. We talked of the camp fire in the desert—she had forgotten it; of the fire *fête* in Jerusalem—as yet she had no knowledge of the curiosity she had excited in my breast; then Damascus and Stamboul and Athens—evidently she was not inclined to acknowledge that masquerade in the Levant. But she knew

it by heart and betrayed herself again and again. Of course it is her affair and not mine; and it is for this reason that I write of it.

There she is! English, I suppose; an outlaw, with a *casino* at Possilippo and a yacht anchored under the cliffs. Her name? I give it up. You may meet her yourself some day in Spain, in Morocco, in her yacht among the Greek islands, or on a camel in the desert. It is all the same to her so long as she seeks and finds perpetual summer. Don't ask for Anonyma, for that isn't her chosen name. You will know her by the black eyes and the blonde hair, the exquisite hands, and a manner which is all her own. But, between you and me, there are those in Naples who fear her, yet know her not; who despitefully use her, yet can not tell you why.

(To be continued.)

Grandmother Percival's Memory.*

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

THE children, doubly orphaned and thrice desolate, stood by the window and watched the departure of relatives and friends. The last sad rites had been said over the body of their grandfather, Eben Percival.

Grandfather Percival had literally died "in the harness." Full of determination and courage, he had gone forth one morning to plant the south field to winter wheat. When he had failed to return at the sound of the dinner horn, they hastened to the field—only to find him fallen forward over the plow, the lines wound around his wrist, and his thin white locks pressed into the moist earth. The old roan horse, standing still in the traces, patiently awaited the command of a kind master who had plowed his last furrow.

They wept as they washed the damp earth from his forehead and hair; and Seth, the boy, eldest of the three, cried out in helpless grief and bitterness over the crippled leg that had prevented him from relieving the old man of the heavy duties that had overtaxed his waning strength. Mildred, the next of the children, was a slim, womanly girl of fifteen, with the soft brown hair and serene blue eyes of the mother who, dying at the birth of Lettice, the youngest, had left the three as a heritage to her aged parents.

"What can we do?" wailed Lettice, a bright, restless girl of thirteen. "We can't work the farm, and there's nobody to look after us, and no money or anything. Great-uncle Andrew says so."

This was true. It had always been supposed by all but the children, who had never given the matter a thought, that Grandfather Percival had money put by; but when Great-uncle Andrew and his wife and some of the neighbors, as curious as sympathetic, had come home with the children, the question of the property had been raised. Then the comfortless fact had been disclosed that, aside from the farm, there was nothing: no stocks, no bonds, no bank account, no money, beyond a few small bank-notes and a handful of silver found in the old man's well-worn wallet.

"I can't understand it, and there's a fact," said Jacob Hapgood, their next neighbor, who had smoked many a homely pipe of peace with their grandfather, and who everybody supposed would know all about Eben Percival's affairs,—"I can't understand it. Eben was a hard-working and forehanded man. He never wasted or spekilated. It stands to reason he must ha' laid by something for a rainy day. Have you made a keerful, thorough sarch of his papers?"

Nobody had thought of doing this, but

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forthwith all the papers in the shabby old secretary were taken out and carefully looked over. They examined the contents of his hair trunk, and the drawers of the bureau in the room where he had slept. They even went to the clothes-press and took down, with what seemed to the children desecrating hands, one suit of clothes after the other, and emptied the pockets, and felt of the lining to see whether a paper might not have slipped into it through a hole in a pocket. There was the shiny broadcloth that he had worn to church and to funerals, and the grey woolen suit he had donned when he went to town in fall and winter, and the long linen duster.

Lettice gave a little scream when they brought out a shabby, earth-stained suit,—the clothes he had worn on that last awful day. She caught it from her great-uncle's hands.

"You mustn't—you mustn't touch that!—not if we have to starve all the rest of our days!" she exclaimed, indignantly and incoherently.

"I'll remember after a while," croaked Grandmother Percival from her corner.

Great-uncle Andrew, the wealthy and prosperous one of the family, loosed his hold on the shabby garments, and looked significantly at the children.

"You'd better begin by sending granny to the poorhouse. You'll reach there soon enough without taking the care of her on your shoulders," he said, coldly.

Six months before their young Uncle John, last and dearest of their grandparents' children, a man in the prime of a vigorous and useful life, had been brought home dead,—killed in a railroad accident. Grandmother Percival had received the news quietly, but she had never been the same from that day. Their grandfather's sudden death completed the work that the first shock had left half done; and from the hour that his body had been brought into the house she had sat and moaned, and talked to herself in the chimney-corner. She smiled vacantly back at them now, as she encountered their gaze through the open door, and repeated her gentle assurance:

"I'll remember after a while."

Mildred took from Lettice's hands the sacred garments that the excited little girl had seized.

"Lettice did not mean to offend you, Uncle Andrew. She is very sore-hearted, and you must excuse her. But you—you mustn't say such things about Grandmother Percival. We shall always take care of her. We are young and willing. There will be a way," she said, with a woman's sweet effort at conciliation, and with a woman's royal dignity.

Seth was silent, but his eyes flashed and his soul raged within his helpless body. He recalled a confidence that his dead young Uncle John had made to him the summer before. His grandfather, the children's great-grandfather, had been a man of large means, but he had squandered heavy sums for this son Andrew, helping him through an extravagant life at college, paying debts that he had incurred, so that there had not been enough left to give their Grandfather Eben, Andrew's brother, the education he had so longed for in his youth. When the father died, Andrew, who had grown to be a shrewd city lawyer, had so contrived the division of the homestead that the fertile and valuable land lying next to the village had fallen into his hands; and the poorer land, with the old house, had been their grandfather's share. Andrew Percival had at once cut up his portion into town lots, and had realized a small fortune through their sale. Eben, honest and hard-working, had plodded on, had gladly adopted his orphaned grandchildren, had made them comfortable and happy; and had died, as it now appeared, a poor man, with barely enough to pay for the coffin in which he was lying.

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Yet Andrew Percival was not wholly a bad man,—there is very little total depravity in this world, thank Heaven! When he passed for the last time over the threshold of the old house that had been his birthplace, he very quietly put something into Mildred's hand. It was a roll of bills. She could not refuse them,—she even thanked him, in a timid, hesitating way; but in her heart she resolved that they—the children—would never use the money, but that it should provide Grandmother Percival with new, warm flannels to keep her comfortable for the winter, and pay the wages of a man to cut down enough wood in the pasture lot to keep the great fireplace filled and the house snug and warm, for the coming season at least. As for Grandmother Percival, she smiled after the retreating figure, and placidly called out her constant, reassuring cry:

"I'll remember after a while—after a while, mind you!"

And now the children were trying to plan for the future. There was no danger of immediate want; for their grandfather had been a good "provider," and the house was already well stocked for the long eastern winter. The problem of how to work the farm without his aid terrified them. They had often heard him say, when urged to employ help, that the land would not justify such an outlay: that it only paid one good man's wages.

"We might get Jacob Hapgood to harrow in the seed for the winter wheat in the south field," said Mildred, counting their slender hoard of silver. "But in the spring—"

"In the spring we can afford no more, beyond cutting the hay," said Seth, sadly. "We shall have to get along the best way we can. O girls, if I were only able-bodied! Or if I even had money to go to the city and learn wood-engraving or something of the kind, that a man can do sitting in his chair! You know my hands are good, and my head and eye are steady." And he looked disdainfully at his stunted, delicate frame.

"We don't want you to do anything, Seth," said Lettice, brightly. "Just keep your own sweet temper to console Mildred and me when we get soured, and read to us when we are tired."

"Seth is right," said Mildred, firmly. "He can never be happy unless he feels that he is doing something useful and helping us. And I expect great things of him by and by. Seth, why don't you write to the Home Education Society, and see if you couldn't make a beginning at home? I don't believe it's exactly in line with what they usually teach, but they might help you to get a start."

There was another painful ordeal before them. They could no longer afford to pay the wages of Eliza, the sharp-tongued, true-hearted woman who had helped their grandmother with her work in the days when she was active; and had faithfully cared for her, as a mother for her child, since her mental breakdown. They broke the news to Eliza that night.

"We can not keep you any longer, Eliza," said Mildred, gently.

Poor Eliza suspended her dishwashing and looked at her in contemptuous astonishment.

"What you mean, anyhow, child? You think I'm going to trust washin' the chiny an' doin' up Mis' Percival's nice table-linen to chits like you? You ain't fit for it, anyhow. It'd break you down in no time. And who's to dress her and wash her and keep her tidy, I'd like to know?"

"We can't help it, Eliza. There—there isn't any money to pay you," explained Mildred.

"Well, well!"

Eliza sat down in a chair to think it over. The news came to her with a shock. Like all the neighbors, she had always considered Mr. Percival "well to do."

"That's too bad," she said, with hea

sympathy. "I declare I believe I'd stay and do for you any way; but there's Jane Elizabeth, my dead sister's child, over to Stockwell; an' I never let on to you, but I've been paying her schooling. She's getting on fine, and a year and a half more she'll get her 'stificate; and then me and she's going to settle down together, and she'll take care of me and make a home for me the rest of my days. If 'twasn't for that! But I tell you what I'll do. There's Mis' Kimball over here. She's been after me an' after me all the years I've been with your gran'parents. It's only a quarter of a mile across lots to her house, and I'll easy run over an' help you dress the old lady every morning and put her to bed at night. I'll have it understood with Mis' Kimball."

The daily chores of a farm, the work of a small dairy, the care of a great, rambling house, and the guardianship of a feeble old lady, are no light tasks for three young people, be they possessed of the bravest hearts. Seth milked the cows and fed the horse, but in household tasks the girls cheerfully waived his aid. The Home Education Society not only kindly advised the crippled boy, but they supplied him with the best standard works on wood-engraving, charging him only with the postage both ways. And they sent him tools and blocks, furnished at the lowest wholesale rates; so that he began to make simple studies after patterns on the plates. But he made slow progress and was often discouraged.

Spring came, and summer, with its new demands; and although the girls saved in every way, and made over their simple gowns, their bill at the village store grew faster than their credits for butter and eggs. That fall they sold their large flock of hens and turkeys, once their grandmother's pride, to obtain supplies to tide them over the winter; keeping only a few fowls for home use. In the spring another council was held.

"Something must be done," declared Seth, with tightening lips.

"Oh, we'll get on somehow!" said little Lettice, bravely.

Mildred looked at her, and tears came into her eyes. The child seemed to have shrunk and dwindled. The bright bloom in her cheeks had faded; she looked prematurely aged and careworn.

"Yes, something *has* to be done," she said, firmly. "Lettice is losing her schooling, and growing into a little old woman. She must go to school, and run and play, and be a little girl again."

The only solution possible was summer boarders,—the dread of grown housewives, the terror of strong men.

"They'll trample the flower beds, and dig up all the ferns by the brook; and want all the dear old furniture moved, and make fun of it when we aren't round!" groaned Lettice, a child of precocious knowledge.

Yet in boarders lay their only salvation. They put the house in the nicest possible order, wrote to city friends, and awaited events with great anxiety.

"I won't mind anything if only they'll be good to dear grandma," said Mildred, resolutely.

There was no disguising the fact that Grandmother Percival was becoming a great care. There were many days when Eliza could not get over to help them, and the old lady often bluntly refused to be dressed or to have her hair combed, and yielded only after long coaxing. If the summer boarders should be impatient of the dear old lady, or should think that Mildred neglected her, it really seemed to the girl that she could never bear it.

The summer boarders came in a swarm. There was beauty in the landscape, and health in the bracing air, and fish in the brooks, and boating on a small pond near by; and at all these baits the summer boarder jumps as the fish to the fly. While Mildred was aghast at the work and

responsibility she had taken on herself; and Seth, abandoning tools and blocks, and making a furious descent into the kitchen, where he labored with might and main, was vowing that he drew the line at donning a white apron and limping into the dining-room to wait on the guests; and Lettice was about to leave school and come home to help,—Eliza sailed into the kitchen one day at noon.

Mildred was frantically endeavoring to beat a *méringue* for a pudding, and to carry a fresh supply of mashed potatoes to the artist, who had a furious appetite, and to instruct Seth in the mysteries of a mayonnaise, all in one and the same moment.

"I guess it's about time I come," she remarked, shortly.

When dinner was over, and they were clearing away the dishes, she explained herself.

"My niece, Jane Elizabeth, she up and married a worthless young fellow just the month before she was to get her 'stificate. I'm done slaving for thankless relatives," she said.

It was easier with Eliza there. Mildred could sometimes lie down when her head ached, and she worried no more about grandma's appearance. The poor old lady had grown very quiet since the summer boarders came, and had taken a great fancy to the artist, to whom she many times confided her intention of "remembering after a while." The artist, who was a young man, but who ranked well in his profession, gave Seth some sound advice about his engraving, and urged upon him the necessity of going to a city institute to complete his instruction.

Before the season was over, Great-uncle Andrew Percival condescended so far as to send down his daughter's daughter, with a couple of young friends, to pass a month in the old place; but these guests were most difficult to please, and their air of insolent right to question and comment was hardest of all to bear. They were especially curious about Grandfather Percival.

"My mother always thought he hid his money away somewhere," said this distant young lady relative. "If I were you, I'd take up the floors and open the walls before I'd give up"

And while they poked and pried about, without any right to do so, Grandmother Percival startled them by exclaiming, with her eyes fixed upon them:

"I'll remember after a while, dears,—after a while!"

But summer boarders come and summer boarders go; and one autumn day, with a pleasantly empty house and a purse unpleasantly empty, the young people tried to count up their profits.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. They had been looking forward to this holiday with happy anticipations, such as they had not dared entertain before since their grandfather's death. Lettice had already held long consultations with Eliza, and there had been a stoning of raisins and chopping of apples and citron and meat going on in the great farm kitchen; while a plump young turkey gobbler in the barnyard had taken to running for shelter whenever Eliza came out to feed the fowls their grain. But Mildred held apart from all preparations for celebrating the day, sordidly declaring:

"I'm not going to plan anything about Thanksgiving till I know how much we have to be thankful for!"

That morning she had gone down to the village and collected every bill against them, from that of the glazier who had mended the mullioned window that Uncle Andrew's granddaughter had broken in a romp and never remembered to pay for, to the long open account with the grocer, with its record of credits.

Mildred was aghast at the result of her reckoning.

"We must have been dreadfully extrav

agant or else dreadfully wasteful. After paying all our bills and Eliza's wages—for we can't let her help us in this way without pay,—there will be less than twenty-five dollars to carry us over the winter. And there is a leak in the roof, and the pasture fence must be mended, and wood to be cut!—oh, dear!"

"I don't see how you could have saved any more, with the calls they made for anchovies and imported preserves and French confections!" said Seth, savagely. "Uncle Andrew's people were the worst."

"How badly grandfather must feel, if he knows!" murmured little Lettice, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Children, hush! *I'm remembering!*"

Grandmother Percival had arisen from her seat by the fireplace, a dignified little figure, her eyes alert, intent, viewing them with the look of kind authority that had always controlled them as little children; yet with a rapt expression, as of one who struggles to recall something that has gone.

"He said he would put it in the back of the old looking-glass," she said, slowly. "But I told him Seth would be prying out the glass some day, to see what was on the back to make it reflect his face. Then he wanted to put it in the bureau drawer, but I was afraid of Lettice's little fingers. I told him—let me see—I told him we'd take the stuffing out of Lettice's canary, that died from a cold the winter she was four years old. The children would never let harm come to that, and they'd no more pick it to pieces than if it were alive."

High up on the old-fashioned chimney-piece stood the stuffed canary,—perched on a twig glued to a small block. Seth would have hurried toward it, but Mildred held him back.

With perfect composure the old lady reached up and took down the canary-bird. With a dexterous touch she ripped out the silken thread that held the skin together. A paper had been tightly folded and rolled, to crowd it into the small space.

"There, dears!" she said, with a happy smile. "Grandfather *did* provide for you! I knew I'd remember after a while."

Seth and Lettice took the paper to the light. It was a certificate of deposit, in a New York bank, for four thousand dollars, made out in the names of the children.

Mildred could not follow them or look at the paper. Something greater and infinitely sweeter than the discovery of a little fortune had come to them.

Kneeling at her grandmother's feet, with her head in the old lady's lap and her arms around her waist, she sobbed out her thankfulness; for her clear eyes had seen that to which the others were blind. With the discovery of the paper a precious gift had been restored to them—Grandmother Percival had recovered her reason.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

LXXXIX.

A CERTAIN class of "extra pious" folk scarcely realize that their piety too often is made to concern themselves, their feelings, etc. *They* are the "predominant partner." An analysis of the common earthy love would show very much the same result. It is notoriously of the most personal and selfish kind, despite the delusion that it is all for the object of our love. There is a most valuable chapter on the notes of true and false piety respectively; and though the latter passes current and is admired and respected, it will be found opposed in almost every point to the genuine article. "Jesus," says our author, "has many that are desirous of consolation, but few of

tribulation; He finds many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence.... But they that love Jesus for Jesus' sake, and not for any comfort of their own, bless Him no less in tribulation and anguish of heart than in the greatest consolation."

We see sometimes in the church a husband at Holy Communion rapt in an ecstasy of devotion; while beside him sits a frail, delicate wife, who is waiting patiently during the long half hour or so, while her mate is enrapt in these communings. But it might be that a more genuinely spiritual person would have taken thought of this, and abridged, or all but suppressed, his thanksgiving. He would know that God would accept his good will instead of the act, and would think whether the service of God would not be better carried out by such abridgment rather than by the indulgence of his own pious meditations. As our author says in another place: "If for piety's sake, or for a brother's benefit, any accustomed exercise be sometimes omitted, it can easily be resumed afterward." And again:

"Are not all they to be called mercenaries who are ever seeking consolations? Do not they prove themselves to be rather lovers of themselves than of Christ who are always thinking of their own advantage and gain? If a man give his whole substance, still it is nothing. And if he do great penance, it is but little. And if he attain to all knowledge, he is far off still. And if he have great virtue and very fervent devotion, there is still much wanting to him — namely, the one thing which is supremely necessary for him. What is that? That having left all things else, he leave also himself, and wholly go out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love. And when he shall have done all things which he knows he ought to do, let him think that he has done nothing."

(To be continued.)

Prayers vs. Flowers for the Dead.

A PIOUS SUBSTITUTE FOR A PAGAN CUSTOM.

THERE are many reasons why the practice of sending flowers to relatives, friends, and acquaintances, when death enters their homes, and of heaping wreaths and bouquets upon coffins, should be discountenanced by Catholics. It is a custom of pagan origin, revived during the French Revolution, as we learn from Canon Moser, who has written so zealously and so well on purgatory, and whose words have done so much to inspire devotion to the holy souls. The corpse of the impious Voltaire was, we believe, the first to which these floral honors were accorded. Besides being unchristian, the practice is vain and expensive,—without profit to the dead, to whose memory, in some instances, it is almost a reproach; and harmful to ourselves, inasmuch as death is thus robbed of its sombre aspect. Flowers suggest the thought of life rather than of death; they are symbols of sweetness and innocence, brightness and joy. The lesson of the occasion—sad and salutary—is not brought home to us; and the circumstances attending the return of a funeral procession are generally such as prevent serious reflection.

We are all moved to pay some tribute to the memory of the dead; but, instead of offering prayers for the repose of the soul, we place garlands on the coffin, feeling as though we had thus fully discharged our obligations both to the surviving and the departed. It sometimes happens that floral offerings are a mere excuse for non-attendance at funerals, or formal substitutes for expressions of sympathy or friendship. We send a wreath and absent ourselves; we offer flowers, which are wasted on the uncaring dead, and withhold prayers which might free their souls.

So general has the custom become of burying coffins beneath masses of bloom

that the meaning and signification of a wreath in the burial service of baptized children who die before the age of reason is altogether lost sight of; and, what is of far greater moment, we forget that there is no certainty of immediate entrance to heaven or even of salvation in the case of others. The dominant note of the prayers employed by the Church in the obsequies of adults is trembling fear,—"an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous Passion." This aspect of the modern practice of heaping flowers upon coffins ought to be enough to cause Catholics to discontinue it.

An admirable substitute has been suggested. Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, has prepared a series of tasteful folding cards, called "Eucharistic Flowers for the Dead," which are intended to take the place of flowers and letters of condolence. The first page is graced by a floral design. Appropriate and consoling Scriptural texts, etc., have place in the second and fourth pages. The special feature of these mortuary cards, however, will best be understood from a transcript of the third page, which bears these lines:

[*Space for residence and date.*]

DEAR [*name or names of the persons addressed.*]

As a slight expression of sympathy in your bereavement and of esteem for your dear departed, please accept this little spiritual bouquet of ["*my*" *or* "*our*," *as the case may be*] prayers, and of ["*one*," *or as many as may be intended*] Holy Mass..., to be offered at the earliest possible moment for the repose of the soul of [*name of, or term for, the person deceased*].

May the God of all consolation comfort and strengthen you and yours!

[*Prefix to signature.*]

[*Sender's name.*]

These cards, which are of various designs, are elegantly printed on thick paper, or card board, of superior quality, with heavy borders in silver and black. They are a pious substitute for a pagan practice, and one which should find favor with Catholics everywhere.

Notes and Remarks.

The letter recently addressed to his Delegate in this country by the Holy Father on the subject of religious congresses speaks for itself. It is plainly a rebuke to liberal tendencies, and a discountenancing of representation of the Church in such polytheistic symposiums as the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago during the World's Fair. Although we felt obliged to protest against Catholics taking part in the proceedings of that assembly, we never for a moment doubted the high motives of those who were disposed to do so; and we think it outrageous that they should now be designated by name in Catholic papers as representatives of the Church who have merited censure from its head. And we are moved to remark furthermore that there ought to be some way of preventing the publicity of Papal messages which chiefly concern the hierarchy, and the discussion of which in the secular press is an outrage, and in Catholic papers a scandal.

In presence of forty-three archbishops and bishops, many of whom journeyed from distant sees, the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe was solemnly crowned by the venerable Archbishop of Mexico. The minister-missionaries wisely reconsidered their insulting threats, and no cloud appeared to mar the brightness of the festivity. For days before the coronation, large streams of pilgrims poured into Guadalupe, which seemed transformed for the time into the camping-ground of the nation. When the solemn ceremony ended, the great throng dispersed as quietly as it had assembled, singing hymns in honor of the Mother of the world's Redeemer.

In an indignant outburst against the machinations of a paper trust, a metropolitan journal editorially remarks: "The newspapers—daily and weekly—are the people's school and also their library. It is to them that the people look for information of all that is happening in all departments of human activity in all parts of the world. It

is through them that the people are brought into touch with the best thought of the foremost leaders in science, philosophy, politics, and religion."

There is, unfortunately, too much truth in the first of these statements. We say *unfortunately*, because the school and library in question can not be unreservedly commended. It is not always a blessing that people should have information "of all that is happening in all departments of human activity": much of what is happening may well be left unrecorded. As for the statement that the newspapers bring the people into touch with the best thought in science, philosophy, etc., the journal from which we quote is a living proof that many papers bring their readers into touch with the very worst species of sensationalism. Could a paper trust or any other agency destroy hundreds of such journals, the world would be all the better off. An unprincipled newspaper is one of the devil's most successful agents.

One of the most gratifying results of Father Elliott's mission work among non-Catholics is "The Apostolate of St. Francis de Sales," or a permanent mission to such of our separated brethren as live in the Catholic Diocese of Cleveland. Bishop Hortsmann has recognized the excellence of the Paulist Father's ideas, and has commissioned two of his priests to devote themselves exclusively to the work which Father Elliott began. This "Apostolate" is too good an enterprise to be confined to one diocese; and, since it has now received the Pope's approval, there is no doubt that the example of the Bishop of Cleveland will be followed by many other ordinaries, at least in dioceses where the clergy are sufficiently numerous to admit of establishing such missions. Good to Catholics and non-Catholics alike can not but result from such praiseworthy undertakings.

Ever since the publication of the Sovereign Pontiff's letter on the Oriental churches Catholics have displayed reawakened interest in Eastern ecclesiastical matters. One of these Oriental churches about which a good deal of misinformation has been given to the world is that of the Copts. The Coptic Church, like most Eastern ones, comprises Catholics and schismatics. According to the most reliable statistics prepared by Mgr. Kyrillos Macaire, the new Bishop of the Catholic Copts, the number of these latter is about 12 000 They are thus distributed: 600 in Lower Egypt, 2,500 at Cairo, 8,000 in Upper Egypt, and 1,000 in Jerusalem. The last mentioned, as well as those in Lower Egypt, being deprived of priests of their own rite, follow the Latin rite. The number of schismatic Copts is far greater. Instead of 500,000—the figure which it has been the custom to give,—Mgr. Macaire states that their number is nearer 1,500,000. It will be seen that there is in the East a vast field for Leo XIII.'s sagacious charity, and for the prayers of all the faithful as well.

In view of the Pan-Anglican conference to be convened in London in 1897, Catholics should redouble their prayers for the conversion of England. The Holy Father's letter to the English people has had a blessed effect, and there is no telling how far the influence of it may extend during the next two years. The change of attitude adopted recently toward the head of the Church in England is full of promise for the future.

A recent writer in the *Catholic Magazine* offers the happy suggestion that some of the old prayer-books issued by William Caxton, the father of English printing, be republished. These old books contain many beautiful prayers, which, it must be confessed, have not been excelled by later attempts Note, for instance, the quaintness and beauty of these appeals—one to the Blessed Virgin, the other to our Guardian Angel:

"O Blessed Lady, Moder of Jesu and Vergyne Immaculate, thou art wel of comforte and Moder of Mercy, singular helper of all who trust to thee; be now gracyous Lady, medyatryce and meane unto thy Blessed Sone, our Savyour Jesu, for me; that by thy intercessions I may opteyne my desyres, ever to be thy servannt in all humilite. And by the helpe and socour of al holy payntes hereafter, in perpetuell joy ever to live with thee. Amen.

"O glorious Angell, to whom our Blessed Lord, of His most mercyful grace, hath taken me to kepe, to thee I, sinful creature, crye and calle with

hertely minde; beseeching thee ever to be singular comforte to me in all my nede. Suffer me never to be overcome wyth temptacyon or synfull dede, but helpe me that by grace I may ever in virtuous living procede. At the hour of my deth be present, that my ghostly enemy in me have no power. And after bryng me to blisse, where ever wyth thee I may live and prayse our Savyour. Amen."

Those who appreciate the services rendered by Caxton to English-speaking peoples must regret that so little is popularly known of a life in which there was so much edification. The inscription on his tomb, as recorded by an ancient writer, ran thus: "Of your charities pray for the soule of Mastyer Wyllyam Caxton, that in hys tyme was a man of moche renowned wysdome and connyng, and decesyd full Christianity, the yere of Our Lord 1491. Moder of Mercy, shyld hym from th' orrybul Fynd. And bryng hym to lyff yternall that nevyr hath ynd." The last volume published by Caxton was entitled "The Art and Craft to know wel to die."

The name of an humble nun, Sister Mary Regis, of the Presentation Convent, Youghal, County Cork, Ireland, deserves to be enrolled among the benefactors of the Irish race. Her rare skill as a lace-designer enabled her to provide remunerative employment for hundreds of her countrywomen, and gave an impetus to what promises to be one of the chief industries of Ireland. There are numerous convents throughout the country where industrial work—weaving, spinning, dyeing, etc.,—is carried on to an extent altogether beyond what might be expected. Irish nuns have thus grappled with the industrial problem, and done more toward its solution than all the theorists in Great Britain.

The tedious discussion of woman's "rights" and woman's "place" has clearly demonstrated that *woman* and *logic* are not necessarily contradictory terms, as many men have asserted. It is positively refreshing to have the tables turned on us in this fashion by a woman writing in the *New Budget:*

"Why do men always judge us as a sex, and one another as individuals? When a man does a thing badly you say, How badly that man does that thing! When a woman does a thing ill you say, How incompetent women are! Aunt Margaret steers badly, and you—forgetting the crowd of men who steer equally badly—charge us all, the whole sex of us, with her sins. A woman on a paper does something she should not. We will have no more women on the paper! cries the indignant editor. The girl clerk of a friend of mine had measles; he declares he shall keep to men clerks in the future. Don't you think this is a little hard on us?

"Every woman is always charged with all the faults of all other women in addition to her own. The accumulation is something terrific. Let me try to put it systematically: A woman you know steers badly and is rude. You say, in your haste, All women steer badly and are rude. Another knows a woman who is mean in money matters. He is quite sure all women are mean in money matters. Another knows a woman—well, two, perhaps—who can not keep a secret. Nothing will convince him that *any* woman can keep a secret."

Who will say after this that women are incapable of intellectual arguments?

So remarkable an event as the fiftieth anniversary of the conversion of Cardinal Newman, which occurred on the 9th of October, ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed. It recalls the long train of distinguished converts who followed him into the Church, and did so much to re-establish the old faith in England. From the view point of the Church, the conversion of Newman was one of the greatest events of the century. What it meant to those whom he left behind we may know from the proverbial regrets of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone; what it meant to those who followed him into the fold we may easily imagine. There could be no more desirable result of the celebration of the anniversary than a revival of popular interest in Newman's incomparable writings.

An esteemed correspondent, writing from Honolulu, informs us that the only clergyman of any denomination to visit the cholera hospital during the recent epidemic was a Catholic priest, Father Valentine, whose escape from the infection, to which he was exposed for three weeks, was cause of rejoicing throughout the city. From another correspondent in the Sandwich Islands we learn that a brother of the sainted Father Damien will soon be stationed at the leper settlement on Molokai. He has already arrived from Belgium.

The Holy Souls to the Children.

IF you had a little playmate
Who was in some sore distress,
You would lend her swift assistance:
And for us will you do less?

If you only knew our sufferings,
Deep would be your childish grief;
Hear our cries, you pure young children,—
You can win for us relief.

Lift your fair young hands in pleading
At our Blessed Lady's shrine;
Pray for us with lips unsullied
To the tender Heart Divine.

You are dear to Him whose mercy
Bids us linger here in pain,—
Pray, O pray for us, dear children,
That release we may obtain!

A Little Hero.

BY AUNT ANNA.

"HOW old are you, my little fellow?" I inquired of the small Mexican boy, with large, soft black eyes, who was helping his mother to wring and hang up the clothes at the *rancheria* where we had been lodging for a fortnight.

"I have ten years, *señora*," he replied, in the sweet broken English which falls so softly from the Spanish-American tongue.

"You seem to be of great assistance to your mother," I continued.

She looked at him fondly; he returned her glance with equal affection.

"He is all that I have, *señora*," she said. "He *is* of great help, and of much company to me in the valley where we live lonely. Only my sister she live one mile away. Yes, Ignacio he is a good boy. Once he save me the life."

"Now, mamma," the child said, "that is not so much to tell, and you make me have shame so. Why not try to save the life of the mother? And who if not I? But maybe that bad man will not kill you; but, God knows, maybe he will."

"Tell me about it, Ignacio," I pleaded. "I am curious to know how such a little fellow as you could have done such a great deed."

"Yes, *señora*, I will tell you," said the child, simply, sitting down on an inverted bucket; "for mamma she will think it much more worth, and will take so long to tell that the washing will not be done until late, and then we will not be early at home. Now I rest till there are some more clothes to be hang, and so I will tell it to you."

"Ignacio says true," said the mother, with a little laugh, which brought dimples into her cheeks, making her seem almost as young as the child,—she could not have been more than twenty-five. "When I churn sometimes, maybe I will speak with a neighbor who passes by; and the little Ignacio he will take the dasher from my hand, and he will say: 'Talk now, mamma, and I will churn that the butter may come.' He is a wise child,—eh, Ignaciocito?"

"That I do not know, mamma," said the boy, showing his pearly white teeth through a brilliant smile; "but I think not. But I *do* know that I can work and talk at one time, but the poor mamma she can not."

The mother looked up from her work, her beautiful eyes, the counterpart of her little son's, beaming with pride and satisfaction. "Yes, tell to the lady that little story, Ignacio; and she will see if it is too much I say of you."

"Yes, mamma," replied the boy. "Now I begin. The father is dead, as perhaps you know; and mamma and I we live alone, close to the river in the valley. Tia Seraphina she is not so far, but our house she can not see for the willows; but her house we can very well see, for it is on the hill. Sometimes she say it is not well that we live lonely down there; but what else? It is there that we have our little place, and our two horses that were of my father; and the cow, and some little pigs and two or three big ones. It is by all of these and the washing that we must live."

"That is true, Ignacio," I said. "You are a wise little boy."

"*Gracias, señora!*" with a charming smile and graceful wave of the hand that would have done credit to a Spanish *hidalgo*.

"Well, to go on. It was Antonio Diego Moreno,—all know him for a thief and a drunken man. Many times my mother has given him to eat; he has never done harm. But once, when he have said to us that there is a letter in the post-office at Santa Brigida for the mother, she have said, not thinking: 'Yes, I go there to-morrow. Maybe it is of the estate of my brother Domingo Gonzales in Old Mexico that I get fifty *pesos*.' Then he grunt and he go away. When we have got the money, my Aunt Seraphina she say: 'It is better to give it to keep to Padre Tomas, at the mission; but my mamma think she will lend it to Pedro Tomares, who ask for it; and will pay it back at the end of two years, with good interest every month.' So we wait for Pedro to come up from far in the valley with his team, when he go every week to the town. One night we lie in bed, and the door is opened. I see the head of a man, and I call out: 'Who is there?' And he say: 'It is I—Antonio,—and I want that money. You give it to me pretty quick, or I kill you both. Maybe I kill you any way, so you do not tell.' My mother cry out, and I shake in my bed from fear. My mother she cover her head and cry, but I sit up in my bed and I pray in my mind. Then I say: 'Wait, good Antonio; sit down on the stool by the fire, and I get you that money.' Then he sit down, and I get out of my bed, and I go to my mamma, and I say, so that he can not hear: 'When we are gone out, *madrecita*, get up, fasten well the window and door, and crawl out into the brush by that hole in the wall near your bed, and stay there till some one come.' Then I go back to him and I say: 'My mamma have told me where that money is. If you will let her stay in her bed, we will go and find it.'—'Where is it?' he say.—'Buried under a big stone in the field of oats,' I say.—'Come!' he say; and I go.

"The moon is shining bright when we go out. I am only afraid that my mother will not do what I tell her; but I think yes she will. And then I pray much to my lovely patron St. Ignacio and our dear Lady of Guadalupe. Well, we go along pretty far, till I come just where I tell him that money is, under the stone,—I fool him: it is not there. But there is my horse, my good Feliz; and in a minute I am on his back, and I am very soon at Tia Seraphina,—like flying I am there. Soon my Uncle Constantin and my cousin José are on their horses—oh, very good horses and fast!—and in ten minutes we are back. There is Antonio Diego Moreno

pounding on the door, but he can not get in. But he run off when he see them; and pretty soon they catch him, and whip him so good that he fall down and nearly die. Before this, when she hear us, my mother she come from the brush, and we cry and cry, and kiss, and cry some more. That is all, *señora*. That is not so very much to do."

"Is it not much to do, *señora?*" said the proud mother, wiping the suds from her hands, which she placed lovingly on the head of her beautiful, black-haired boy.

"It was a brave deed, Ignacio," I said. "You are a little hero."

"No," replied the boy. "The men are for that. It was only to think quick. It is not a joke to lose fifty *pesos*, and maybe to be kill as well."

"And where was the money all the while?" I asked.

"In the bed of the mother. The stone is pretty big; and when Antonio he lift it up and look under, I know that take some time. Then I know when he find I play him trick he go back to the house, and that pretty far; and all that give me time. Then when he find the door fast, he think my mother got the money in there, and he try to break the door. But I know that is a strong door, and he can not soon break it; and that give more time."

"And what of the robber?"

"Oh, he have run away after a while—maybe in the morning. We see him not any more in the valley. But near San Quentin, the same month, is a house burned with an old woman; and he is arrested for that. Now he be hanged, I think," said the boy.

"Thank God it is not for thee or me that he hangs!" exclaimed the mother, uplifting her great, dark eyes. "Now, is not that something to be proud for Ignaciocito?" she added.

I nodded, smiling.

"Now, are you ready, mamma?" asked the boy, putting his shapely hands to one side of the tub, while his mother lifted the other. "Excuse, *señora*,—it is now work again," he said, with a backward flash of his laughing eyes.

Later, when speaking to my hostess of the episode which the boy had related so simply and modestly, she said in the calm, dignified manner peculiar to the Mexican matron of the better class:

"It is all true, *señora*. Ignacio is a brave little fellow; but why not? Poor they are now, and for their living they must work; but they are of the old Spanish blood, of the old captains, both the mother and the boy. Here where we are living, farther than a man can ride in a day, their fathers owned all the land. It is what one would expect, *señora*, if one knows the whole story."

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VII.

When Mr. Colton went home to dinner, his family were much interested in all he had to tell them about the boy who had come to Leo's rescue.

"And what do you think the poor lad chose when I insisted upon giving him a present?" he inquired. "A sled for his little sister,—a sled named—Shoo-Fly or Tryphon. Yes, I remember he mentioned Tryphon—why, what is the matter, my daughter?"

Elizabeth had suddenly grown pale.

"No—nothing, father," she answered. "What else did the boy say?"

"My dear, I am afraid the excitement of last evening was too much for this little girl," remarked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Very possibly. I will give her a soothing and strengthening cordial," said Mrs. Colton, who looked quite fagged

out herself in consequence of her recent terror and anxiety.

"Tryphon," repeated Elizabeth, softly, as soon as she could get away alone. "How could he know the name so well unless he took my sled? Of course he did not ask for one for himself because he had Tryphon. Why did he not give that to his sister,—the sister he said I reminded him of? But I do not care now; he is welcome to it. I'm glad father is going to help him to make his way; and I'll never pretend I know him, or tell any one he is the boy who took my sled."

Several weeks passed, having brought day by day only the monotonous round of school tasks and little home duties to Elizabeth and her companions. The winter was wearing away, and Mother Rosalie's feast was approaching.

"So our class are to have the 'compliment' this year?" said Sarah Martin to Joanna Margeson during recreation.

"Yes, for the first time within the memory of the oldest pupil of St. Catherine's," she returned. "And we are to decide by vote who shall have the privilege of presenting it."

"Emily Davis wants it, and so does Mollie Gerrish," interposed a classmate.

"I know who *I'm* going to vote for," continued Joanna. And, with school-girl disregard of etiquette, she whispered a name to her friend.

"And I too," said Sarah, with a nod.

"Oh, of course Elizabeth Colton!" retorted the other girl. "Well, perhaps," she added frankly, after a brief silence, "Elizabeth *would* be the best choice."

"To speak the compliment"—or, in other words, to make the short address—to Mother Rosalie upon her feast was an honor much prized at St. Catherine's. Hitherto it had always been considered a prerogative of the higher classes, but this year it was accorded to class No. 3.

The afternoon of the voting was an exciting occasion.

"Mollie ought to have it. Let us all vote for her," Elizabeth had said many times.

Joanna and Sarah Martin, however, were not enthusiastic over her proposition; and she could not understand their indifference, having really no thought of being chosen herself. Elizabeth had never taken part in the school-dramas; for at Christmas and in the summer she generally went away to her grandmother's in New York a day or two before the beginning of the regular vacation. Perhaps it was because she had never spoken before the school that her classmates thought to put her forward now. At all events, to her genuine surprise, she found herself selected to represent them by a flatteringly large vote.

"Oh, I am half sorry it is not you, Mollie!" she said, apologetically, to her deskmate.

"So am I; but never mind," answered Mollie, trying to be generous.

Elizabeth, notwithstanding her gratification, wondered if she ought not to resign in Mollie's favor.

"It does not seem right to be pleased and delighted when Mollie is so disappointed," she owned to Sister Mellooeesa.

The latter responded decidedly:

"Mollie has taken part in several dramas; and for this occasion you are my choice, too, Elizabeth."

Sister Mellooeesa forthwith handed her the sheet of paper upon which the compliment was written, saying, with a smile:

"I know, dear, you will not be long in learning it. We will rehearse it for the first time on Monday after school. But I nearly forgot! No doubt you have a white frock. The pupil who speaks the compliment is always dressed in white."

"Oh, I have a lovely one, although it is not perfectly new!" answered the little girl. "It is trimmed with lace, and came from Paris. My aunt brought it to me."

"There is no necessity for anything elaborate: a simple white frock is all

that is required," continued her teacher. "I wished to tell you in the beginning, to avoid any possible misunderstanding."

That day Elizabeth played tag with Joanna all the way from school. She was in such gay spirits that it seemed as if she must keep skipping and frolicking all the time. Arrived at the house, she rang the door-bell as imperatively as if a messenger with twenty telegrams, announcing as many family disasters, were waiting without; and when admitted with more than usual alacrity by the housemaid, stumbled up the stairs. Having reached the library, she upset a light wicker chair that stood in the way of her triumphal progress; and finally swept a pile of newspapers and magazines from the table onto the floor.

Mrs. Colton was reclining listlessly in an arm-chair by the window.

"What is the matter, my *dear* child?" she exclaimed, in a tone more emphatic than doting, it must be acknowledged.

"I've been chosen by all the class to speak the compliment for Mother Rosalie's feast," announced Elizabeth.

Her mother's pale face brightened with ready interest.

"That is indeed an honor, dear," she said, patting the little girl's cheek. And this time the "dear" expressed something of the affectionate pride she felt in her ambitious and ardent young daughter.

"And Sister Mellooeesa says I'll have to wear a white dress. I told her that would be all right, because I have the one Auntie sent me."

"It was rather small last summer. I am afraid you have quite outgrown it by this time."

Elizabeth's face fell, and she looked so disconcerted that her mother hastened to add:

"Do not worry, child. I will see that you are suitably provided."

Elizabeth thanked her with a kiss, and went away, to shut herself up in her own room to study her lines.

The Paris frock, notwithstanding its furbelows, was found to be altogether unsatisfactory.

"Never mind. I will make you a new one," said her mother cheerily, yet checking a tired sigh. From the time of Leo's narrow escape from drowning she had been in a low and nervous state of health, due to the shock of the accident and a severe cold contracted that evening.

Thoughtless as Elizabeth often was, she had not failed to notice how easily her dear mother became fatigued, and what an effort it was for her to attend to the management of her household and her usual duties; therefore the little girl felt a twinge of self-reproach for expecting her to take so much trouble now. As the good lady, however, was not only willing but desirous that she should have the dress, she shut her eyes, figuratively speaking, to everything else, saying to herself:

"Oh, after all, mother won't mind! She won't look upon these preparations as a trouble, and I know she will like to have me say the compliment."

In those days a new frock which was to be something beyond the ordinary was often a matter of two or three weeks' preparation; for it was the era of exquisite needlework and embroidery, when the beautifully set stitches in the garments of her children symbolized the mother's gentle, home-loving life and care.

"To-morrow morning I shall go down town and buy the material," planned Mrs. Colton. Unfortunately, when the day came she was so ill that the shopping had to be postponed. "I shall be better to-morrow," she said to Elizabeth; "do not be discouraged."

At length a beautiful lacy fabric was actually purchased, and Elizabeth's misgivings were at rest.

(To be continued.)

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

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May They Rest in Peace!

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

REQUIESCANT IN PACE! 'Tis ever
November's compassionate dirge;
'Tis the undertone of the forest's moan,
The sob of the ocean's surge;
It runs through the night-wind's threnode,
A sad and a haunting refrain,—
May they rest in peace! May they win release
From their exile and grief and pain!

Requiescant in pace! We echo
The chant of the forest and sea,
And peace anon o'er our loved ones gone
Will break in response to our plea;
We can, if we will, pay their ransom,—
Can open their prison-door,
And proffer them joy that knows not alloy,
Nor will know it for evermore.

Requiescant in pace! Ah, Mother,
Thine, too, is November's prayer;
For thy Heart condoles with those stricken souls
Who fain would thy glory share:
Then plead, we entreat, for our dear ones,—
Plead on till the moment when
To thy fond request, "Lord, grant them rest,"
Thy Son gives the answer, "Amen!"

THERE is something beautiful in great and pure affections. After the pleasure which they afford has passed away, there remains the happiness of recollection.

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

I.

THE recent publications of the Fathers of the London Oratory, and of several eminent English priests and Jesuits, have brought to light many valuable documents concerning the times of persecution in England, and the story of those dark and terrible days has been told in all its thrilling details. It is not so as regards Scotland, where, in spite of recent works on the subject, there is still much that is comparatively unknown, or at least obscure. The difficulty of communicating with the Continent, the extreme severity of the persecution, the scarcity of priests and missionaries,—all contributed to increase this obscurity; and the annals of the persecuted Scotch Church are as yet incomplete and confused if we compare them with those of its English sister. Still, amidst the sad confusion of those terrible days certain figures of surpassing heroism stand forth, like stars in a dark night on a troubled sky. Among them is that of a young Jesuit missionary, Father John Ogilvie, martyred at Glasgow on the 10th of March, 1615.

Before telling the tale of his short

life and bitter agony, it is necessary, if we wish to make our story clear, to review, however briefly, the fortunes of the Catholic Church in Scotland from the fatal day when the ancient faith was officially abolished throughout the country. On the 17th of August, 1560, the Scotch Parliament adopted a Calvinistic profession of faith; and it must be owned that the bishops who remained in Scotland were too alarmed or too discouraged to oppose a vigorous resistance to this iniquitous proceeding. Their chief, Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, had left the country; and, of all his colleagues, only the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane showed sufficient firmness.

A few days later, on the 24th of August, the Parliament completed its evil deed by abolishing the supremacy of the Pope. At the same time a law was passed prohibiting the celebration of, and even the assistance at, Mass under the severest penalties—exile, loss of property, and even death.

The nominal sovereign of Scotland at this critical period was the young Queen dowager of France, Mary Stuart, who had only reached her eighteenth year. The unholy decrees of the Scotch Parliament were never signed by her; but, although she remained steadily attached to the ancient faith, she was too young and too inexperienced to contend successfully with the fanaticism of her people.

The following year, 1561, when she arrived at Leith, she found the land of her birth a prey to religious and political warfare. The treachery of her nobles, the secret enmity of Queen Elizabeth, her neighbor and cousin; the fanatical violence of the Calvinists, headed by John Knox,—all contributed to render the young Queen's position one of extraordinary difficulty. It would have required the intellect of a genius, a will of iron, and long experience of men and things, to steer through these troubled waters with anything like success. No wonder, then, that a girl of nineteen, brought up in a foreign court, found herself unable to cope with difficulties that would have taxed to their utmost the powers of a consummate politician.

If, however, Mary Stuart was unable to re-establish the true faith in her ancestral kingdom, she proved her devotion to the Church by the generosity with which she remained faithful to its teaching through dangers and difficulties, even unto death. In the days of her brilliant youth at the court of France she had known a French Jesuit, to whom she had promised that she would suffer death rather than renounce her faith; and on the eve of her execution at Fotheringay she was able, with a clear conscience, to send him a message stating that she had kept her word.

During her short and troubled reign the unfortunate young sovereign had one friend whose interest and assistance never failed her. Pope Pius IV. followed with keen pain the events that were passing in Scotland; and in 1561 he sent a Jesuit named Nicolas de Gonda to the friendless Queen, with instructions to strengthen her in her fidelity to Rome, and to assure her of the faithful affection of the common Father of Christendom.

But Mary Stuart's movements were too closely watched for her to communicate freely with the Papal Envoy. Gonda had only one short and stolen interview with the Queen. Several of the Catholic bishops were afraid to receive him; others were satisfied with writing to him. It is not surprising, therefore, that on his return he should have drawn a dark picture of the religious and political state of Scotland. In this report, published by a German periodical * some seventeen years ago, Father de Gonda represents the Queen as closely watched; and, to all intents and

* The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, 1878.

purposes, a prisoner in the hands of her own subjects. Treachery and apostasy on all sides, and everywhere the evil influence of the English Government serving the cause of Calvinism.

All through the kingdom the monasteries and convents were destroyed, and the celebration of Mass prohibited save in the royal chapels. De Gonda deplores the apathy of certain bishops, the apostasy of many priests; but he concludes by praising the courage of a handful of brave men, who still fought on for the defence of the ancient faith; "although," he mournfully adds, "they are but a few where an army would be needed."

In 1566 Pius V. succeeded Pius IV. on St. Peter's Chair, and continued from afar to watch over the perishing Scotch Church. The Queen sent William Chisolm, Bishop of Dunblane, to congratulate him on his election, and at the same time to inform him of her difficulties. In answer the Pope sent the Bishop of Mondovi as legate to Scotland, with a large sum of money for the young Queen, and promises of further assistance. But, the Protestant lairds having declined to receive him, the Nuncio never went farther than Paris; and a portion of the money sent by the Pope was taken to Scotland by Edmund Hay, rector of the Jesuit College in Paris; and by John Beaton, a Scotch gentleman in the Queen's service.

The last public ceremony performed in Scotland according to the Catholic ritual was the baptism of Queen Mary's infant son, James, on December 19, 1566. The baby prince was christened by the Catholic Bishop of St. Andrew's.

After the downfall of Queen Mary and her imprisonment in England, the condition of the Catholic Church became still more hopeless. Countless priests and religious sought a refuge abroad. Thus the Franciscans, to the number of eighty, fled to Flanders; and the universities on the Continent were peopled with Scotch priests. Those who remained in their own country continued to exercise their sacred ministry amidst perils of all kinds. The penal laws were carried out with unsparing rigor; and the missionaries, hidden among the wild hills and forests, could say Mass only at night, and visit their scattered flocks under all kinds of disguises. Our hero, Father John Ogilvie, was dressed as a soldier; a Capuchin, Father Lindsay, assumed the guise of a shepherd.

After the first moment of bewilderment and panic, the Scotch Catholics, both priests and laymen, seem to have grown stronger for the struggle; and in the year 1608 we find the Protestant ministers ordering extra prayers, "because of the daily progress of papistry and idolatry."

When, in 1606, James I. ascended the throne of England, the Catholics of both kingdoms hoped for better times. They knew that the King himself was a strong Protestant, and especially jealous of his spiritual supremacy; but, on the other hand, he was, they remembered, the son of a mother who had loved the faith even unto death; and, on ascending the English throne, he had spontaneously promised the English Catholics the free practice of their religion. Their hopes were cruelly disappointed. James, whose promises had been made when he wished to obtain the support of the faithful, had no intention of keeping them. He gave full power to Cecil, the bitterest enemy of the Catholics; and deliberately made use of the fines and taxes levied upon the "Papists" to replenish his exchequer. Says an historian: "When James began to feel considerable embarrassment how to satisfy the claims of his own countrymen, crowds of whom had followed him to England, he hit upon the ingenious expedient of transferring to them his claims against the Catholic recusants."

After the Gunpowder Plot the condition of Catholics became worse. An oath

of supremacy was demanded of them, drawn up in terms so ambiguous that, among the faithful themselves, opinions were divided on its lawfulness. Some laymen, and even a certain number of priests, contended that it denied only the Pope's temporal authority over princes, not his spiritual jurisdiction. At length, however, Rome decided the question by condemning the oath as unlawful.

In Scotland matters were, if possible, still worse. The penal laws were the same as in England, but were, perhaps, carried out with still greater contempt for even the common forms of legality and justice. The Scotch prisons were filled with Catholics, of all ranks and ages, many of whom died of misery and hunger; in fact, the French ambassador in London does not hesitate to write home that the condition of the Church in Scotland was even more deplorable than in England.

In 1607 the Scotch Catholics were required to take the oath of supremacy; and, as had been the case in England, many consented to do so, either because they misunderstood its real import, or because they feared that, in case of refusal, they would be driven from their homes, deprived of all they possessed, and left to die of hunger.

The measures against the Papists were carried out, not only by the officers of the law and by men paid by government, but the lairds and other landlords often took the law into their own hands; and it was no unfrequent event for them to raise a troop of from three to four hundred men, pillage the houses of the Catholics, destroy or carry off their goods, and throw the unhappy "recusants" into prison, where they were left to perish. Father Lindsay, in a letter to Father de Gamache, chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria, relates several instances of this kind of outrage, and tells how certain lairds used to hunt the Catholics "day and night."

In spite of this cruel persecution, the missionaries never wholly abandoned the country; and among these brave laborers in Christ's vineyard the Jesuits worthily hold their place. Their superior, under James I., was Father James Gordon, a man of great ability and courage, who made many conversions and exercised considerable influence over the Catholics. He was several times obliged to leave Scotland, owing to the violence of the persecution; and returned, after two shipwrecks and many adventures. Finally, he was sent into exile by James I.

In 1587 Father Abercromby and Father William Ogilvie landed in Scotland. The former, it is said, received the abjuration of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. It is asserted, with sufficient proofs, that the Queen had at one time a strong leaning toward Catholicity; but if she was really received into the Church, her conversion could not have been very solid, as she evidently died a Protestant. Be this as it may, Father Abercromby's acquaintance with the Queen was enough to expose him to the hatred of the Scotch ministers. He was at length obliged to leave the country, and became rector of the Scotch College in Rome. Father Gordon, writing in 1615, states that in the whole of Scotland there was only one priest left. It is probable that he was mistaken; for the Fathers were so closely disguised and so carefully hidden that their existence was often unknown, even to their own brethren. At any rate, their numbers were greatly reduced; and Father Gordon then determined to send to Scotland two of his own subjects—Father John Ogilvie and Father James Moffet.

It required no ordinary amount of courage and prudence to venture on a mission so perilous. The Earl of Angus, a convert to the faith, who was living in Paris in the year 1610, says in a letter to the Father General of the Jesuits: "I especially entreat your Reverence to send none to Scotland but such as both desire

and are able to bear with a courageous heart the burden and heat of the day."

The story that follows will show us whether Father John Ogilvie possessed the qualifications required of those who volunteered to serve the desolate Church of Scotland. Fortunately for us, there have come down to us, through the confusion and darkness of those troubled times, documents of rare value, written either by the martyr himself or by his companions and friends, which enable us to follow him step by step through the different stages of his *Via Dolorosa*.

These documents—which have been published by Father Forbes-Leith in his French life of Father Ogilvie,* and in part by Father Karslake, a Scotch Jesuit,†—consist of an account of our hero's imprisonment and torturings, written by Father Ogilvie himself, and completed by his fellow-prisoners; of the official reports of his trials at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and finally of the testimonies of the witnesses called upon to give an account of his martyrdom with a view to his subsequent beatification. These depositions are corroborated by an account of the martyr's death written by his enemy, Spottiswood, who, in spite of his desire to blacken his victim's character, unconsciously confirms the other and more favorable testimonies.

* "Martyre de Jean Ogilvie, de la Compagnie de Jésus." Leroux, Editeur. Paris, 1885.

† "An Authentic Account of the Imprisonment and Martyrdom of Father John Ogilvie." Glasgow, 1878.

(To be continued.)

WHAT sweet charm or commanding grandeur or satisfying worth can be looked for in persons, the highest palpitations of whose hearts are raised by the touches of pride, money, and vanity? More patience, sincerity, studious seclusion, meditative consecration, and steady sympathy are the foremost want of our age.—*W. R. Alger.*

A Life's Labyrinth.

XII.—At Mountheron.

CONSTANCE occupied a seat opposite to the Marquis at table, and was thus enabled to observe him closely. She thought him handsome, but could not help contrasting him with her father, whose place he had, however unwittingly, usurped.

While they were still at luncheon a telegram was sent from Mountheron to Lord Kingscourt. It had arrived from London that morning, and requested him to come up to see his solicitors at once, on business of importance. He was very much discomfited by the news, as he had hoped for at least a short interview with Constance that day. But it was urgent that he should go almost immediately, and he was compelled to take hasty leave of the company.

"When shall you return?" asked Lady Cliffbourne.

"I do not know," he answered, somewhat ruefully. "I shall be running about the country for the next few weeks; probably I shall not finish my business before you all go up to town. When will that be, do you think, Lady Cliffbourne?"

"Possibly six weeks from now," was the reply.

"In that case I may be able to run down again," he said, looking wistfully at Constance, who preserved her composure perfectly. As a matter of fact, the news was something of a relief to her; for, deeply as she loved him, the thought of her father was uppermost in her mind, and must remain so until she had accomplished or failed in the task she had set herself to perform. Under existing circumstances she felt it impossible that their relations should be other than that of friends. Lord Kingscourt, she well knew, thought otherwise. His mind and heart were unequal to the double strain.

On his part, the Earl realized as fully as herself that, for the present at least, outward appearances should not be permitted to indicate that their position with regard to each other was more than that of friendliness; he succumbed, therefore, to the situation with as good grace as possible. But as they parted, gently returning the fervent pressure of his hand, Constance gave him such a pretty, shy glance of affection and trust that he went away with a heart comparatively light. The Marquis accompanied him; Lady Markham repaired to her own room to take her customary *siesta*, and Lady Alicia and Constance were left alone. The former led the way to the library, asking the girl to follow. As the heavy *portière* fell behind them Lady Cliffbourne said:

"Dear child, I know all. Lord Kingscourt has told me of your heroism, the story of your ideal home, as well as of his gratitude toward your father and his love for yourself. Whatever I may think of the wisdom of this heart entanglement, I have no doubt of its earnestness on both sides. As long as you choose to keep your own counsel with regard to your private affairs, I shall not disturb you by a single question concerning them. But you are a very young and inexperienced girl; and, in spite of the wonderful strength of character you have already shown, there may be pitfalls ahead of you, and my counsel may at some future time be of value to you. Therefore, I wish you to bear in mind that if I can ever help you either with advice or money, you may count on my willing assistance."

"Thank you,—oh, thank you, my Lady!" exclaimed Constance, looking up at her with grateful eyes.

A peculiar expression passed across Lady Cliffbourne's face, and her gaze rested curiously on that of the young girl at her side. Presently she continued:

"One word more—nay, two. I beg that you will not say 'My Lady' when you address me. It savors too much of a menial."

Constance blushed.

"I thought it was usual," she replied, humbly.

"It is," said Lady Cliffbourne; "but, then, our relations are somewhat unusual, and we will dispense with that form of address in future."

Constance sighed as she thought how much more of truth than she was aware of dwelt in that simple remark.

Lady Cliffbourne resumed:

"Lord Kingscourt tells me that your father was accustomed to call you Alice. You have two names, then; and you prefer that of Constance, perhaps?"

"Lord Kingscourt is right," was the reply. "It may seem odd that one should change one's name at random, but I have a right to both. Call me Alice, Lady Cliffbourne, if you prefer it."

"I like Constance better," said Lady Cliffbourne, with a sad smile. "I have already told you why."

Once more she regarded the girl with the peculiar expression that had passed over her features a moment before. Holding her at arm's-length, she looked at her intently.

"My dear child," she remarked, "you remind me of some one, but who it is I am unable to determine. It is a resemblance that baffles me. Something in the eyes, I fancy, and in the quick turn of the head. Was your mother an Englishwoman?"

"Yes," replied Constance, in a low voice. She dared not trust herself to say more.

"I may have known her," said Lady Alicia, slowly and wistfully. Then she added, in her usual tone: "But I have promised not to question you, my dear, and I shall not fail to keep my word. Now leave me,—I have an engagement with my steward at two, and it is just the hour. At half-past three Lady Markham and myself go for a drive. I shall expect

to see you at dinner this evening; we shall be entirely alone. You may spend the afternoon as you please."

The remainder of the day was spent by Constance in writing a long letter to her father, in which she related every detail of the past twenty-four hours.

Three days passed uneventfully, and Constance performed her few light duties so well that she at once became indispensable to Lady Cliffbourne. A brief note came from Lord Kingscourt to the latter, enclosing a letter for Constance, in which he begged her to take him into her confidence; basing his right to assist her in her self-constituted mission on the gratitude he owed her father, if she would not allow him what he considered the chiefest and most natural privilege. He implored her to take his appeal under consideration, announcing his intention to return in a fortnight.

Constance pondered on his words for a long time, unable to come to a conclusion, but feeling inclined to pursue the course originally intended. While she longed for some one soul in whom she could confide her secret, to whom she might turn for help, she was unable to satisfy herself that the time had yet come for such a step. She was anxious to go to Mountheron, feeling that at Cliffbourne there was nothing to stimulate her search for the real criminal, whom she had thought from the first might be discovered, or at least that her father's innocence might be established, by evidence to be found only in the old castle. During this time she had constant recourse to prayer, bidding herself to have patience, and reflecting that the secrets of eighteen years were not to be revealed all at once, and that the hedges which had been so skilfully placed around a now almost forgotten tragedy, could not be demolished in a day. A way was to be opened to her sooner than she had expected.

One morning Lady Alicia said to her:

"My dear Constance, I am in a quandary. By this morning's mail I have received a summons to town on a business matter, in which the Marquis is also included. I shall be absent a fortnight, perhaps a little longer,—lawyers are so uncertain: one can never depend on them. Felicia accompanies me. But as I shall return here, and there will be nothing for you to do in town at present, and Lady Markham is about to pay a visit to Staffordshire, to leave you alone with the servants is out of the question. The Marquis has an invalid sister who resides with him at Mountheron; I am sure she would be glad to receive you, as she likes company, and is at present alone. Would you object to going there until my return?"

The heart of Constance fluttered wildly in her breast. Here indeed was the realization of her hopes. She answered with an enthusiasm that surprised Lady Cliffbourne:

"Oh, I should like it of all things,—that is, if you feel assured that I shall be welcome there! I have heard much of Mountheron, and I long to see it."

Lady Cliffbourne smiled a little sadly.

"You have all the romantic admiration of a young girl for the ancient and picturesque," she said. "Well, you will find it there. But do not let Mountheron or its glories win you from an older allegiance. I shall grant you but a fortnight with Mrs. Ingestre, my dear."

"Do not fear," answered Constance. "You will not be as anxious to have me, Lady Cliffbourne, as I shall be to return to you."

"It is many years since I have been within the walls of Mountheron," said Lady Cliffbourne,—"many sad and lonely years."

"I had thought you paid a visit there but a short while ago," replied Constance, in some surprise.

"Ah, yes, I remember!" sighed Lady Cliffbourne. "On the day you came here

first I told you I was to dine and sleep there on the next, I believe. But my heart failed me at the last moment; I was obliged to send an excuse. There occurred the tragedy of my life. You have heard of it, of course,—if not before you came to Cornwall, since you have been in the neighborhood. The Marquis has constantly tried to prevail on me to go there at least once; thinking that, as it is the first step which counts, I may in time be persuaded to make a longer stay. But I am afraid I can not."

"I *have* heard the sad story," said the young girl; "and I do not wonder at your reluctance in going to Mountheron."

Her voice trembled, her eyes were filled with tears,—tears for the mother for whom but a short time before she had felt only sentiments of aversion and indignation.

"My dear child, you have a most tender heart," remarked Lady Cliffbourne, equally moved. "Your sympathy touches me beyond measure. God grant that your young life be spared from even the shadow of such a sorrow as I have known!"

Then, recovering herself, she proceeded to make arrangements for the morrow's flitting. While thus engaged Mrs. Ingestre was announced. She had driven over from Mountheron to ask Lady Markham to spend a few days with her,—not that she had any special desire for that lady's company, but because she felt that the courtesy was due her by reason of old acquaintance and her connection with the family. She was charmed with Constance, expressing great surprise that Roland—as she always called her brother-in-law—had not mentioned her. Much pleased at the prospect of having a young and beautiful girl for a fortnight's companion, she proposed that Constance return at once with her to Mountheron.

Lady Cliffbourne having agreed to the proposition, Constance was sent to make her preparations. The packing of her box, to be carried to the castle later, was relegated to Felicia; and in one short hour from the time she had first heard of the project the young girl found herself seated by the side of Mrs. Ingestre, behind a pair of lively bays, bowling along the fine, level stretch of road which lay for a couple of miles between Cliffbourne and the gradual ascent leading to the Castle of Mountheron. She could scarcely believe her senses. That for which she had longed and prayed, which she had not known how to compass, lay now at her hand.

Mrs. Ingestre was an ardent admirer of Lady Cliffbourne; and Constance soon perceived that, while not in any sense a gossip, she had a very transparent, albeit a clear, well-balanced mind; and that from her she would be likely to learn much which she wished to know, and which might be of great service to her. And yet she had not left Lady Cliffbourne without a keen pang, second only to that which pierced her heart when she parted from her beloved father. As she strove to collect her thoughts, a wild longing seized her to see her parents reunited, whatever the result of her mission; and her heart grew sick at the possibility of failure. But her naturally hopeful disposition speedily reasserted itself, and she gave her whole attention to the conversation of her companion, which soon turned upon the reluctance of Lady Cliffbourne to visit Mountheron. Mrs. Ingestre fully sympathized with this reluctance.

"I can the more readily understand her feelings on the subject," she said, "from the fact that, in some sense, the sight of the old scenes would revive memories that must be insupportable to her. If she had believed her husband guilty, and had steeled her heart against him, she might the more readily have accustomed herself to visit her old home with comparative indifference; but having clung to him as she did, never having believed

him guilty, I doubt if she could be proof against the emotions which a sojourn at Mountheron would excite in her heart."

"And did she never believe him guilty?" asked Constance, in surprise. "I had heard a different story."

"*Never!*" replied Mrs. Ingestre, emphatically. "Those who knew nothing of her circumstances may have thought her weak,—as she was physically, owing to the long illness which ensued upon his trial and conviction. Her father was a man of iron,—a man of iron, my dear Miss Strange." (She looked at Constance sharply.) "I feel that I may trust you; and, when all is said, there is nothing all the world might not hear *now* in what I am about to tell you. I was in a position to know—to *know.* I assure you, Miss Strange, that when it took place, it was only on condition that she would sign a deed of separation from her husband, promising never to see him more, that her father, fearing for her reason, and anxious to divert as much disgrace as possible from the family, already crushed to earth by the blow, arranged to have him escape. Iron window bars were cut, and a rope found dangling from the sill; but Lord Stratford never did that,—*never.* The old Earl connived at it all. It was with her a question of death or liberty for her husband, and she sacrificed herself for his sake. I fancy that not the least of what she has had to suffer has been the conviction that, while living, he must have thought her what all the rest of the world believed her to be—a wife who had deserted her husband in the hour of his greatest extremity."

"You spoke of a deed of separation," said Constance. "Was there not a divorce granted by process of law?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Ingestre. "That is an error under which the public has labored all these years. It was bruited about somehow, as such things always are, that a separation had been agreed on. That was soon magnified into a divorce, and spread abroad, with other sensational details. You know there was a child—a little girl,—who was stolen, Lady Cliffbourne has always imagined, by her own father. But I put little faith in that supposition. The child was traced some distance with her captor, but they were lost at sea. Poor Alicia! poor girl! hers has been a real martyrdom."

"Does Lady Cliffbourne ever speak of her husband?" inquired Constance.

"Never," was the reply. "But there have been occasions, particularly before the death of her father, when it became necessary that she should assert her feelings concerning him. Her love for him has remained unchanged; and she will always be faithful to his memory, be he living or dead. The world does not know her, nor what she suffers; for outwardly she is always calm and composed, even cheerful and happy. But it is her great unselfishness and regard for others that enable her to act as she does. She is an heroic woman."

It would be impossible to describe the joy that filled the heart of Constance at this latest revelation from Mrs. Ingestre, of whose existence she had never heard until that morning, and through whom she now hoped she would obtain valuable aid and information. She fancied her father's state of mind when he should learn that his wife's efforts in his behalf had been prompted not by pity, but the most unfaltering love; that she still cherished his memory, and that she had never obtained a legal divorce from him.

"Oh," she said to herself, "it can not be but that all this means a favorable termination to what I have undertaken to do! Heaven is propitious to my prayers; the way is being smoothed for me; all will yet be well."

Soon she found herself approaching the castle, up the rugged ascent to the level of the well-kept park, and on through the

brilliant gardens. A few moments more and the carriage stopped before the front of the imposing pile; and, like one in a dream, Constance passed, a stranger and an alien, through the portals of the very house where she was born. An old but well-preserved woman, attired in the housekeeper's traditional black silk, was descending the stairs as they entered.

"Ah, Mathews!" said Mrs. Ingestre, in a sweet voice, "I have not brought Lady Markham, who is to visit elsewhere; but here is a young lady, Miss Strange, who will abide with us for a fortnight,—while Lady Alicia is absent in town. You will give her the east room, Mathews; I shall want her to be close to me, and I know you will make her comfortable."

Mathews saluted Constance with an impressive courtesy, as she said, with the familiarity of an old retainer:

"I beg pardon, ma'am! but the name is strange to me. I never heard that Lady Cliffbourne had any relatives of that name, and I've been in the family, girl and woman, for forty years."

"Relatives!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingestre, looking smilingly at Constance, who also smiled and blushed deeply. "Miss Strange is not a relative of the family," she continued. "Why did you think she was?"

"Not a relative!" cried Mathews. "I noticed the young lady's resemblance to Lady Cliffbourne as a girl the moment I caught sight of her coming through the door; and the oddest part of it is that her eyes are exactly like—"

She ceased abruptly. Mrs. Ingestre looked critically at Constance, whose face was suffused with blushes.

"Yes, you are right, Mathews. Miss Strange does undoubtedly suggest Lady Cliffbourne, who does not suffer by the comparison," frankly said Mrs. Ingestre, as she surveyed Constance intently.

Mrs. Ingestre's maid now appeared, and took her wraps; while Constance followed the housekeeper, who conducted her to the room designated, which had already been placed in order for the use of Lady Markham. Lady Cliffbourne had confided something of the young girl's story to Mrs. Ingestre during the brief visit of the morning; and that lady had gathered from her remarks that she was more of a guest than a paid companion at Cliffbourne, and had promised that she should occupy the same position in the household over which she herself presided.

"You have not brought a maid, Miss?" inquired the faithful Mathews, as she opened the door. "I will send up one of the under housemaids?"

"There is no need," said Constance simply; "I do not require any assistance. I am Lady Cliffbourne's companion, and accustomed to wait upon myself."

Mathews gazed at her in astonishment.

"Lady Cliffbourne's companion!" she exclaimed. "You might well pass for her daughter, Miss, if the Almighty had seen fit to leave her that blessing. And not even a relative! Well, well! But I am sure you have a kind friend in Lady Cliffbourne, God bless her!"

"You are right," replied Constance. "She is kindness itself. Never did a companion have a less onerous position than mine has been since I went to her. My lines have been cast in pleasant places, I assure you."

"How long have you been at Cliffbourne, Miss?" asked Mathews.

"About a week," was the reply.

"Well, well! And you're *not* a relative!" continued the good woman, as she slowly took her departure, leaving Constance in a state of considerable agitation.

After removing her hat, she went to the glass. Yes, there *was* a resemblance, she thought; even Lady Cliffbourne had detected something of it. But that must have been a likeness to her father; for she was aware that her eyes were like his. Fearful that in some way it might reveal her secret prematurely, she now regretted

that she had not thought of assuming a disguise.

"But in that case poor Lady Markham would assuredly have found me out, with her lynx eyes," she said, turning from the mirror to the open window, from whence she could view the broad and beautiful ocean, and hear the boom of the billows as they broke over the rocks a mile distant. There she sat in deep thought until luncheon was announced.

(To be continued.)

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—George Eliot.

SOME years ago, when I was fishing for autographs, and found not infrequently that my lines had fallen in the pleasantest possible places, I received a tiny letter, very plainly addressed and bearing the Queen's head in the corner. I broke the seal, and read, with pardonable agitation, a kind acknowledgment of certain verses which I had intrusted to the post some weeks previous. Doubtless these verses were imitative, immature, and hardly worth a second reading. Possibly there was just music enough in them to awaken a slight interest in the writer; but it is more than likely that my local habitation, as viewed in the mind's eye from beyond the sea, by one who was at the time the subject of universal admiration, was the actual cause of her acknowledgment.

The writer of this letter said that she imagined me an almost solitary singer in a remote corner of the earth; that she loved to think of me diligently cultivating a little garden in a vast desert; that I seemed to have had no inspiration but that of nature, which was the best of all inspirations; that she hoped I would keep my heart pure and my voice clear; and she begged that I would ever remember what that marvellous philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, had written (she had just laid aside the volume of his thoughts): namely, an instrument that is left unstrung for a season can never again be kept in tune; and that she was my friend and well-wisher—George Eliot.

How I cherished that charitable and charming letter until I had lost interest in my garden, or discovered in an unlucky hour that as a practical gardener I was not a monopolist! Moreover, there were roses and sweetbriars enough in what may have seemed a desert to English eyes, but was over-fruitful in reality and prodigal to a degree.

Well, by and by I found myself in London. No sooner had I begun to regain my self-possession, and to feel almost at home, than I grew suddenly enthusiastic, and resolved to learn if possible something concerning the authors who are the subject of so much comment at a distance, but who are absolutely swallowed up in the tumultuous life of the immeasurable and inexhaustible city. I had told a London acquaintance of my treasured autograph—the letter above referred to,—and was rather astonished to hear that it would not be considered indelicate of me to call. I hesitated, notwithstanding the indisputable fact that I was an American. I repeat it, I hesitated. I thought it over for three days and three nights, and then I wrote a brief note to the author of "Daniel Deronda," and awaited the result. An interval of several days followed, during which my interest in authoresses increased and diminished. I had about resigned myself to destiny when the postman's rap seemed to have something prophetic in it, and so it had. A small letter was handed to me by the beaming landlady, who always delivered letters as if they were the specialties of her house,

and no one could hope for letters under any roof but hers.

A tiny envelope, quite like the old one filed away among the archives of my adolescence; small, running hand, very plain and neat; occasionally a line linking two words, where the tail of the *y* had been spun out and woven into the next word without breaking the thread, or where the cross of the *t* turned a back somersault and became the first *h* of a word following. Oh! here is the letter:

BLACKBROOK.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your note has been forwarded to me in the country. We shall not be in town again for a fortnight; but if you are still there on Sunday the 16th, and will call at the address which you know, I shall be happy to see you at any time between half-past two and five.

I remain sincerely yours,

M. E. LEWES.

Here was George Eliot again, but in this case she signed her letter with the name by which she was known among her friends. No reference to solitary gardens in far-off deserts by the windy sea; no Marcus Aurelius business now. I had outgrown that, and she had forgotten it long since. Sunday was slow a-coming. Friday, as is frequently the case, preceded it. With Friday came a postal card bearing this legend:

THE PRIORY, Friday.

We shall be glad to see you on Sunday,—at least I shall be visible; though probably Mrs. Lewes may not, she being ill this week. If you are able to be in town Sunday week, that would be the better time to see Mrs. L. G. H. L.

(George Henry Lewes, the writer of these lines, was the reputed husband of George Eliot.)

Of course I waited till Sunday week. The Professor's autograph was carefully laid away with the other keepsakes of travel, and I took care to inquire of the proper authorities what would be expected of me on this august occasion.

Opinions differed. Some thought that the autograph letters were forgeries, and that the whole was a stupendous joke; others, that I would probably be allowed to enter the audience chamber, cast one glance upon the lady, and would then be borne out of the rear entrance in a fainting condition. It was rumored that she never received anybody less in rank and title than a duke; and that no one spoke to her except through a middle man, who, it was hinted, was the Professor.

The mildest statement concerning the Lewes' reception shaped itself something in this fashion: You are admitted one by one; you are passed from hand to hand until within a convenient distance of the hostess, who sits on a throne at the top of the room; you are then permitted to bow, say one or two brief sentences—which are of course prepared beforehand,—and the next moment you are gently conducted to the rear, where you may stay or go, as you please. Nothing but a genuine appreciation of the genius of George Eliot could have drawn me to the front after the rumors which I heard from several sources,—and these rumors, I assure you, I have scarcely exaggerated. In my heart I believed that the customary suit of solemn black would be all that was required of me; as for the rest, I wanted to see her—she could not possibly have had any interest in me,—so I went quietly, complacently, and, I trust, with sufficient modesty, to have secured me a welcome at the hands of almost any stranger.

It was Sunday at the Priory, North Bank, in the west end of town. There was a garden wall of uncommon height, a massive gate within it, closed, as usual. On one side of the gate, in small letters, was this legend, "The Priory"; on the other side the two bell-pulls for visitors and servants. Above the wall the upper half of the top windows of the Priory were just visible. I rang the visitors' bell and waited. The gate was unlocked mysteriously. I heard no footstep upon the gravel walk within, but the bolt slid back and the gate swung partly open through some invisible agency.

I entered. At the farther end of the walk, on the steps before the main entrance to the Priory, stood a maid patiently awaiting my approach. Beautiful lawns spread about the dark walls of a house which looked as if it might easily, at some earlier period, have been the abode of a religious order. The foliage was not dense, but sufficient to embellish the spot. There was a noticeable lack of all superfluous ornamentation. The Priory was evidently an English home, the centre of domestic tranquillity. The maid disappeared with my card.

I was left in a broad hall, the walls of which were lined with books mostly stored on shelves just high enough to be serviceable; a few pictures hung above them; a few terra cotta casts—miniature reproductions of the antique—graced the apartment. Enter the Professor, a slender, nervous, scholarly-looking gentleman, who greeted me as cordially as if I had been an old friend of the family. He led me at once into the long drawing-room, at that moment occupied by the hostess and one guest.

"My dear," said the author of "The History of Philosophy," a "Life of Goethe," "Ranthorp," etc., "here is Mr. Stoddard!" I was led to an old-fashioned sofa that stood at one end of the room, some distance from the wall. My hand was held for a moment by a lady in very plain attire, who is thus vaguely described in Routledge's "Men of the Time": "George Eliot, said to be the daughter of a clergyman, born about 1820."

Somewhat to my surprise, I found her intensely feminine. Her slight figure—it might almost be called diminutive,—her gentle, persuasive air, her constrained gesticulation, the low, sweet voice,—all were as far removed from the repulsive phenomenon, the "man-woman," as it is possible to conceive. The brow alone seemed to betray her intellectual superiority. Her face reminded me somewhat of the portrait of Charlotte Bronte, with which everyone is familiar. Yet there was no striking similarity; I should rather say, the types of face and head are the same. When she crossed the room to call attention to a volume under discussion, she seemed almost like an invalid, and evidenced, also, an invalid's indifference to fashion and frivolity in dress. The guest, who sat careless, crosswise in his chair, was Edward Burne Jones, the pre-Raphaelite artist, of whom Swinburne sings:

> Though the world of your hands be more gracious
> And lovelier in lordship of things,
> Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
> Warm heaven of her imminent wings.
> Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
> For the love of old loves and lost times;
> And receive in your palace of painting
> This revel of rhymes.

Burne Jones had evidently not arrayed himself for the occasion. He wore a blue merino shirt, collar and cuffs as blue as indigo; artist jacket, and a general every-day air that bordered upon affectation.

The conversation which I had interrupted was soon renewed, and it was better than a thousand books to hear the riches that these three souls lavished upon one another. Art, philosophy, the music of Wagner; Rome ancient and Rome modern; Florence—how they all love Florence and how they detest modern Rome! All English people seem to inherit the love of Florence. The conversation was presently interrupted again. Some one entered, and, having said his opening lines, withdrew to a chair and subsided. The artist departed; the artistic atmosphere grew thinner and thinner; the three who had been discoursing like prophets upon a mountain came down out of the high places; and it was discovered that, after all, they were only a little more than ordinary when taken off their guard. Professor Lewes was the life of the circle, which increased as the reception hours drew to a close. Mrs. Lewes was always the same placid, self-poised, kind-hearted, womanly soul, who suffered no

one present to feel neglected; for she took care to call the forlorn ones to her and distinguish them for a moment at least. Perhaps it is half true, the strange story that I heard in all its variations; for there were those present who sat transfixed and gazed rapturously upon the creator of "Romola" and "Adam Bede." Every syllable she uttered sank into fertile hearts. They will all spring up, blossom and bear fruit—but not in this paper.

It is said that there were note-books that went regularly to the Priory to gorge themselves with wisdom. It is said that the Professor dipped his pen into the pages of "Daniel Deronda." I know nothing of this. I can speak for the homely home that seemed almost bare, and for the homely hospitality, than which nothing could have been less pretentious. And if I had ever for a moment feared the fate that might await me at the Priory, the exquisite charm of the hostess, as she detained me to renew an invitation which was to embrace the season—each Sunday from 2½ to 5 p.m.,—was sufficient to dismiss me in the best of humors.

I shall never forget the absolute repose of Mrs. Lewes, the deliberation with which she discussed the affairs of life, speaking always as if she were revealing only about a tenth part of her knowledge upon the subject in question. With her it seemed as if the tides had all come in; as if she had weathered the ultimate storm; as if circumstance and not desire had swept her apart from her kind and left her isolated, the unrivalled mistress of all passionless experience. Sad days were in store for her. The death of Professor Lewes, and anon a second marriage that puzzled the world, and was brief and almost tragic in its close.

The amiable Professor accompanied me to the door, and was so kind as to offer me a cigar of the very best brand. People, mild-eyed ladies with severely correct escorts, followed us, still dazed with the delicious awfulness of their interview. A young woman, without escort, stalked solemnly up the gravel path, gurgled at the threshold and passed into the presence of the high-priestess. The Professor shook me warmly by the hand and whispered: "That is Miss ——." But I failed to catch the name. I smiled knowingly, turned on my heel, and it was all over.

(To be continued.)

Notre Dame.

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

I.

OUR LADY OF THE WEST—the fresh, young West,
So full of promise for the years to come—
She stands right queenly on her gilded dome,
And claims it all: its all of first and best,
Its all of hearts and souls, that can not *rest*
But in the Truth, or out of Truth's one home:
Ay, claims it all—for Jesus and for Rome—
What though unheard, though scorn'd, her loving quest.

And lo, the realm beneath her feet! Look round.
This wide domain, these structures chaste and fair—
Are they a vision soon to melt in air?
For seems it that I tread enchanted ground.
If I but dream, by some magician bound,
Ah, let not hope awaken to despair!

II.

No dream, my soul. For here, where Science rules
A chosen band well skill'd to teach and guide,
The Seat of Wisdom doth Herself preside
O'er truth's diffusion through harmonious schools:
Not Godless knowledge—making apter tools
For devils' purposes—the food of pride:
Nor hollow cant—stern duty set aside—
That "swells the endless multitude of fools."

The Cross their banner, Mary's favor'd sons
Preach *first* th' Evangely of Christ and Paul—
The one "Divine Philosophy," in sooth:
So simply clear that he may read who runs;
Yet compassing and consecrating all
That deepest minds can glean and store of truth.

III.

Mid yonder trees another stately pile,
With temple at its side! Approach: for there
One vision more of structures chaste and fair
Will well repay the intervening mile.
And let our guide recount for us the while
How blossom'd forth, from desert wild and bare,
These gardens of true life and culture rare:
Romantic tale, might many a league beguile.

'Tis here Our Lady's daughters take their part
In working out her high and gracious plan.
They aim to form the woman in the girl:
Their chiefest care for virtue's priceless pearl;
Nor foolishly unsex "the lesser man,"*
And strain her brain to rob her of her heart.

IV.

Thy daughters, O my Queen; and call'd to pray
As thou didst in thy dolors: evermore
With tender sympathy musing o'er and o'er
Those Sorrows Seven: and thus, from day to day,
Keeping thee company along the way
Of perfect sacrifice.
Unworldly lore,
O worldling! Truly. And is this their store,
You ask, for schooling maidens bright and gay?
Not *all* their store, O sage one! But the rest
Hath hence its sanction.
Culture, understood,
Must lead its votary to a *higher* good.
What feeds self-worship, then—is this the best?
Or that which takes self-conquest for its test?
Which shapes the nobler, lovelier womanhood?

V.

Farewell, Notre Dame! Saint Mary's, and to thee!
Visions of beauty not beheld in vain:
An earnest of the boon redeeming pain
Did purchase for us—present and to be.
Farewell, ye temples rich and pure: to me
Unrivall'd trophies of faith's patient gain:
Nor only here, on Indiana's plain,
But o'er this continent from sea to sea!

Our Lady of the West! who love thy sway
And long to hail it under every sky,
Know nought of anxious tremors while they pray.
Like yon Saint Joseph's River, gliding by
So calmly that its flow deceives the eye,
Thy gentle power securely makes its way.

* "Woman is the lesser man."—*Tennyson.*

Our Lady's Well.

A CASTLE—one of the old Geraldine castles of Munster—stood on a steep rock; at one time perched there impregnably, like the proud and warlike race it sheltered; now, like them, a mournful ruin, and a relic of the sad but not inglorious past. The rich autumn sun shone upon it; a few jackdaws cawed on its grass-grown summit. No warder trod its battlemented roof; no kern or gallowglass loitered around its foot; no knight or high-born dame tenanted its walls,—it was all alone; the sun shining and glistening on its buttresses and coignes as if in mockery, and the light breeze playing hide-and-seek with the sparrows through its vacant windows and manifold crannies. I viewed it in its loneliness, and was sad to see.

At its foot, as if in utter scorn, stood a thatched cottage. Your hand might easily touch the roof. Half of one of the side walls was saved from tottering by a support of roughly placed stones, evidently erected by some apprentice hand; and over the door hung a sign-board, declaring to the passers-by that the occupant

of this primitive hotel was licensed to sell tobacco and snuff, and that board and lodgings might be had on the premises.

I own I was amused at the sight, and paused a moment as I looked toward the cottage. While gazing I heard an elderly female voice humming pleasantly one of our beautiful Irish airs. Noticing some long clay pipes in the window, some jars of children's sweetmeats, and other tempting patterns of the good things to be had within, I ventured toward the door; knowing that as a last resource I could call for tobacco or snuff as an excuse for intruding, if I found myself looked upon as an intruder.

"God bless you!" said I, in the form that has succeeded the good old Irish salutation—"God and Mary be with you!"

"And you too!" said the landlady; and, handing me a chair, in a kind tone she invited me to be seated.

I made some inquiries about a holy well of which I had heard. She gave me much information about it; and, among other things, related a detailed and circumstantial account of cures performed there. But for the present I prefer giving a history of a cure vouchsafed to the good woman herself at one of the many wells dedicated to Our Lady throughout Ireland.

"You see on my face," said she, "what the small-pox did when I was a child?"

I looked, and saw the deep marks that in other days, before vaccination became general, that fearful scourge usually left on those who survived it.

"Well," she continued, "I had always weak sight. I grew up, and after a time my poor father and mother died, and my brother and sister were buried the one day. We lost all we had; and, from care and trouble and the dint of tears, pains came in my head — in my temples, in my eyes. Day and night I cried bitterly. And, between the grief and pain, I didn't care much what became of me—whether I lived or died. I was so bad that I didn't lie on a bed for a twelvemonth; and no one in the house could get any sleep, with my crying and sobbing. There was a new end built into the house. There I had my bed,—that was my room; but when the pain would increase I could not stay there: I went marching through the house like a person that came out of an asylum."

"And did you try no remedies?" I asked. "Did you not see the doctors?"

"Oh, don't be talking of doctors and remedies! I tried them, my dear, till I was tired of them."

"It is a wonder you didn't go into an hospital to undergo a course of treatment."

"When I was a girl there were few hospitals; and, in any case, poor persons had no chance to get into one of them unless they had influence. And even if I could go there, I would not do so. I'd rather suffer anything at home. I could not bear to think of leaving home, and so I suffered and suffered away."

"Well," I went on, "and how did the change come?"

"I'll tell you," she replied, throwing a little bit of turf at the robins that were making their way in through the open door. "I dreamed three times that I heard a voice telling me to go to Our Lady's Well. The first and second time I was so troubled with the pain, and thinking of nothing else, that I turned a deaf ear to my dream. But after a while—it may have been a month or so—the voice called me again, and this time so loud that I thought everyone in the house heard it. The voice said distinctly: 'Rise and go to Our Lady's Well.'

"That very day I prepared myself, in the name of God, and set off. I took a little girl with me, — not that I could not see to make my way, but for company. We started about noon, and the well was in the middle of a large field. A woman was sitting at the well, —a small, nice, snug little woman. She gave us the time of

day and asked our errand. I told her that I had promised to pay twenty-one rounds for my eyes and the pains in my head.

"'You are doing a good thing, young woman,' said she; 'and here is some bread,'—taking three crumbles of bread out of a nice white napkin and giving them to me. 'Put one of them every night, with a little water of the well, to your eyes.' I took the three crumbles of bread and applied one of them to my eyes, then bent down to say the salute to the well."

"'Salute!'" I repeated, in amazement. "I never heard of a 'salute.'"

"Oh, indeed there is a salute, then!" she answered.

"And what is it like?" I asked. "I really never heard of it. I have heard of holy wells and rounds, and have myself paid them; and I do believe I owe my sight in my young days to rounds paid, and to bathing my eyes with the water from the well; but I have never heard of a salute."

"I will repeat it for you," she replied.

"Oh, do if you please!" I said.

She bent her head.

"You bend this way over the well and salute it."

Then she gave the salutation in Irish. I followed her; but, not being an adept in the Celtic tongue, I begged her to translate it.

Again assuming a devotional attitude—putting her hands in the form of prayer, and bending her head,—she began:

"Salute: God bless you, blessed well! Complaining my case, I come to you, blessed well, and ask your charity in the name of God."

"And that charity it gave to me, thanks be to God!" she added, with an earnestness and gratitude that edified me.

I was also very much struck, I confess, by the well-chosen English words into which she translated the Irish salute; the more so as she did it without a moment's hesitation. I looked at her closely, and fancied I could notice in her gestures and manner traces of a position not entirely so humble as her present seemed to be.

"When I looked up after repeating the salutation," she went on, "I couldn't find tale or tidings of the nice, snug little woman. Where she had gone in the big field I could not imagine. I did not give it a thought then, but went on and paid my rounds. That same night and the two following I put the crumbles of bread, with a handkerchief steeped in the blessed water, to my eyes; and on the third night there was not one within the four seas of Ireland that slept as soundly. All the pains left me, and, glory to God and the Holy Virgin, I was as well as ever I was! But I have often been thinking since what became of the little woman. I asked the child who was with me when I missed her where the little woman went or what became of her; but she couldn't tell any more than myself."

"You seem very happy," I said, remembering her humming at my entrance.

"Dave and I *are* happy. (Dave is my brother.) Oh, Dave and I are *very* happy, thank God! He was cured at Tubbernooraun—the Well of Rejoicing."

The story of his cure, and some other traditions and tales regarding the Well of Rejoicing, I will give another time. I did not ask for tobacco or snuff; indeed, I had forgotten that there was, on entering the cottage, a thought in my mind concerning them. It seemed a pleasure to have met one who took such an interest in the beautiful and pathetic legends in which the Isle of Saints abounds. And it was with a real heartiness that I acceded to the good woman's kind invitation to call now and again in passing, to have a *seanachus* (conversation).

A different feeling possessed my mind when, on leaving the cabin, I looked again at the keep on the height. Beside it I noticed for the first time the tombstones

of a graveyard, and standing in their midst an old monastic ruin,—typifying even to our own time the persecuted and plundered Church of the penal days, mourning over her martyred children. Castle and chieftain went down, I thought; monk and monastery followed; but the lovely and romantic dales and glens of Ireland retain the sacred traditions and faith of our land.

R. O. K.

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XC.

THE author of "The Imitation of Christ" gives us a little meditation which summarizes the general weakness of human nature,—the emptiness of what men, intellectual and otherwise, take pride in. He begins thus bluntly: "Of thyself, thou always tendest to nothing. Speedily dost thou fail, speedily art thou overcome, speedily disturbed, speedily dissolved." This tendency to general failure and overthrow will be admitted by all; for we are creatures of humor. Even our best and most exalted acts are often prompted by humor: we do a thing because we like to do it.

"Thou hast not anything in which thou canst glory, but many things for which thou oughtest to abase thyself; for thou art much weaker than thou canst comprehend. Let nothing, then, seem much to thee of all that thou dost. Let nothing appear great, nothing valuable or admirable, nothing worthy of esteem, nothing high, nothing truly praiseworthy or desirable, but that which is eternal. Fear nothing so much, blame and flee nothing so much, as thy vices and sins, which ought to displease thee more than the loss of anything whatsoever. Some persons walk not sincerely before Me; but, led by a certain curiosity and arrogance, desire to know My secrets, and to understand the high things of God, neglecting themselves and their own salvation. These often, because I resist them, fall into great temptations and sins, through their pride and curiosity. Some only carry their devotions in their books, some in pictures, and some in outward signs and figures. Some have Me in their mouths, while there is little of Me in their hearts. Others there are who, enlightened in their understanding, and purified in their affection, always pant after the things eternal; are unwilling to hear of earthly things, and grieve to be subject to the necessities of nature. And such as these perceive what the Spirit of Truth speaketh in them; for it teacheth them to despise the things of earth, and to love heavenly things; to disregard the world, and day and night to aspire after heaven."

Here we have the false method effectively analyzed, and the true method set forth. Our author often warns the intellectual of the danger of too "curious" religious studies and investigations,—cultivating the theoretical at the cost of the practical,—"neglecting themselves and their own salvation."

There are also many persons of good repute, pious, busy with charities, institutions, and other good works. They keep the threads of these pious ventures in their own hands; the thing could not go forward at all without their personal management. Now, all this, as contrasted with the careless, "ne'er-do-weel" class, seems admirable, and is often accepted as an excellent example. This generally proves one of the delusions. Some affront or check is given; the affair may not be carried out "in one's own way,"—and, to our astonishment, the whole is "thrown up." The truth is, there is a spurious as well as a genuine charity.

(To be continued.)

The Third Order of St. Francis.

BY A MEMBER OF THE THIRD ORDER.

THERE is a misapprehension among some people, and it has been stated in print, that the Third Order of St. Francis is a "mere sodality of persons, who, by performing certain duties laid down in their rule, become partakers in the merits and good works of the Order to which they are thus in a manner associated. They are not religious, being bound by no vows, but are on the same footing as the members of the sodalities," etc. Now, the Third Order of St. Francis *is* a real religious Order, and does *not* resemble any sodality whatever, as can be seen by referring to the best-known and most authoritative writers on this subject.

In "St. Francis' Manual" we read:

"A religious Order in the midst of the world! This was a new thought, but one with which the Holy Ghost had inspired this apostolic man [St. Francis of Assisi]. As the whole world could not go into a cloister, the spirit of the cloister was to come into the world and found a holy society, imbued with the same spirit of penance, of contempt for the world, of prayer, of the love for God and men,—in short, with the same struggle for perfection that was thought to belong to the cloister alone. Through this Order every house could become a cloister, every room a cell. People could pursue their callings in the world, and yet enter a religious Order.... A confraternity has also certain statutes, which have for their object to maintain a certain degree of conformity among its members in the exercise of its good works; but the Third Order has a *rule* which is to regulate the whole life of the Tertiary. One must go through a year of probation, as in any of the regular orders, and then make a formal profession. In this profession we promise to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to the saints, to keep the rule of the Third Order for our whole lives, to observe the Commandments of God; and for any infraction of the rule to perform the penance imposed by the superiors of the Order."

In the "Seraphic Guide" we are told: "A true vocation from above is essential to become a member of the Third Order. It can be obtained by fervent prayer and a pure life. This vocation is like unto the gem mentioned in the Gospel. Whosoever, by the grace of God, finds it should sacrifice everything to purchase it.... By entering into this Order one separates one's self as decidedly from the world as by entering into a convent."

The "Seraphic Manual" observes: "He determined to bring the cloister to such as were unable to go to it,—that all who desired might enjoy the advantages of a religious life without infringing upon obligations already contracted."

Pope Benedict XIII. expresses this most explicitly. "We ratify and declare," says the great Pontiff, "that the Third Order is truly and in the proper sense of the word an Order, uniting within itself the people of the world, who are scattered throughout the world; for it has its rule, proper to itself and approved by the Holy See; its novitiate, its profession, and a dress the material and form of which are determined."

Nor can it be said that the new rule given by his Holiness Leo XIII. (himself a member of the Third Order, as was also Pius IX.) has in any way changed its character; for he expressly states that "it must not be thought that in consequence of this act anything is taken from the nature of the Order, which We by all means wish should remain unchanged and intact."

It is easily seen from all this how far removed the Third Order of St. Francis is from all sodalities and confraternities whatsoever.

The November Devotion.

OF the three states, heaven, hell, and purgatory, some one of which awaits each soul in the very moment of its separation from the body, perhaps the last mentioned is that in which ordinary Catholics evince the deepest and most practical interest. The other two undoubtedly claim, and with justice, no little portion of our concern. Heaven is the ultimate goal toward which, albeit with stumbling feet, we persuade ourselves we are striving. Hell is the incomparable evil that must at all hazards be shunned,—the final abode of an endless despair that we can not bear to think upon as ever to be ours. But neither of them affects us so closely and immediately as does that probationary prison wherein, with patient anguish, the souls of the faithful departed await the term of their deliverance.

Nor is it strange that this should be the case. It is only natural that our chief interest should centre in that state which will most probably be ours when, soon or late, we bid farewell to the material world and take our flight across the gulf of death. We all expect to sojourn for a more or less lengthy period in the cleansing fires of purgatory. We dread hell, but even in our saddest hours we do not expect to go there. In the very act of wilfully and grievously offending God, there is, in the mind of the laxest Catholic, some sort of an intention to repent of his sin, to seek God's pardon, and so escape eternal perdition.

As for any expectation of passing at once from earth to heaven, the nearer we approach to the perfection of the saints, the lesser grows our hope of such extraordinary mercy on the part of God. "If we seriously reflect upon it," says Father Faber,—"upon our own lives, upon God's sanctity, upon what we read in books of devotion and the lives of the saints,—I can hardly conceive any one of us expecting to escape purgatory, and not rather feeling that it must be almost a stretch of divine mercy which will get us even there."

Be our lives as good and holy as they will, our penance and mortification ever so earnest and persevering, our conformity to God's will as perfect as we can make it, our strongest rational expectation can scarcely look for utter exemption from the purgatorial flames. At most we may hope for a brief probation in the King's prison.

Purgatory being thus our probable destination when the record of our life's trials and hardships and temptations and lapses is finally closed forever, it certainly behooves us so to study its conditions and meditate on its penalties that we may become penetrated with a salutary fear thereof, and be led to do what in us lies to make our stay there as brief as possible.

An ancient writer on purgatory holds that no soul truly devoted to the honor and service of the Mother of God can long be detained in that abode of suffering. These are his quaint words: "The lioness and the tigress, though never so fierce by nature, will leap into the fire to save their young ones, or perish there. God forbid we should make any comparison between the Blessed Virgin, Mother of the Lion of Juda, and these wild beasts; and yet, since we must allow so much tenderness to such cruel and savage mothers, we may not doubt but that the Mother of Mercy, seeing her beloved children in purgatory, will fly thither to fetch them out."

The month set apart by the Church as especially devoted to the interests of the holy souls should not be allowed to pass without witnessing in our inner life a reawakened dread of the exile and woe that await us beyond the tomb; and an intensified sympathy with the faithful departed, whose pitiful lamentations are echoed in the lugubrious soughing of the chill November winds.

Notes and Remarks.

An Anglican gentleman declared, in a meeting recently held in England to express sympathy with the Holy Father, that he had the honor of belonging to an Anglican society whose president had requested them on that day to say three "Hail Marys" as an act of reparation for the insults offered to the Holy Father. There have been many assurances of late that this sentiment of affection and veneration is general among our Anglican brethren. The time was indeed ripe for the apostolic call of the Supreme Shepherd of Christendom to the sheep that have strayed. That call has already been answered in an unmistakable way by a few favored souls, but its effects have been greater than appear on the surface. The English press, as a whole, has received it in a reverential spirit; and it has no doubt brought thousands of souls a long stride nearer to the one true fold.

Our French exchanges, in their biographical notices of the late M. Pasteur, make special mention of the filial devotion ever manifested by the eminent scientist toward his humble parents. When his native village of Arbois gave him on one occasion a magnificent reception, Pasteur, instead of glorying in the achievements of his genius and his industry, referred all the credit of his success to the father and mother, the village tanner and his wife, who inspired him with lofty aims, and taught him the perseverance which alone can achieve their attainment. He honored his parents, humble though their condition, and valued their affection above all the prizes awarded to his labors in behalf of humanity.

The Irish people might easily do worse than adopt the following suggestion which Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, offers in a letter to the Hon. Edward Blake: "Let a great national convention be held in Dublin, composed of chosen representatives of the clergy and people of Ireland, and of an advisory representation of the Irish race abroad. In that convention let Ireland speak out her mind. Let not her voice be like a broken musical instrument, emitting discordant notes and jarring sounds; but let it, on the contrary, be clear, loud and emphatic, insisting on unity and condemning faction. Let her point out and uphold the Parliamentary representatives whose methods and conduct she approves; and let her mark out and condemn those whose intolerance of control, personal jealousies and animosities have done so much to break the unity and waste the strength of the National party."

Mr. Blake has this to say of the Archbishop's plan: "I am free to confess that, subject to the judgment of Mr. McCarthy and others on the spot, I incline to the view suggested by your Grace, that the case is one for a national convention. And I should greatly rejoice if it were found possible to invite, as sharers of our deliberations and advisers on our course—even although without any formal vote,—representatives of those Irish abroad who have during the existence of the Constitutional movement so strikingly proved their political sagacity and their largeness of view, and their determination to give their support to a policy which, in my deepest conviction, offers at once justice to Ireland and peace, harmony and strength to the United Kingdom."

The late Father Joseph Hirst was another of those great English priests who adorned the Church by rare learning as well as holiness of life. Though of a well-to-do family, he was disinherited in consequence of his conversion. He received an excellent education, however, and in his twenty-fifth year entered the novitiate of the Rosminian Institute of Charity. He was a great linguist, but it was as an archæologist that he was specially distinguished. He was eagerly welcomed into the learned societies of all countries, and contributed to various scientific review articles which well deserve to be preserved in book form. Father Hirst also wrote six very successful biographies, b sides discharging the duties incumbent upon him as president of Ratcliffe College. His unsparing labors, and especially his devotion to study, induced painful maladies, which he bore with a fortitude truly heroic. His early death (he was only fifty-three years old) is

lamented by all classes, but the example of his beautiful and helpful life remains as a boon to Catholic manhood. May he rest in peace!

The conversion of Mr. George R. Davidson, formerly Brother Aloysius and director of the Episcopalian religious order founded in New York about a year ago, has naturally excited considerable comment, and not a little adverse criticism of the sincerity of the Ritualists as a body. It is quite intelligible that Low Church Episcopalians, noting the number of their High Church brethren who eventually "go over to Rome," should regard ritualistic practices as a direct step toward the true Church, and should accuse those who countenance such practices as disguised adherents of the Papacy. Yet it is none the less true that the accusation is false. We believe that the converts to Catholicity from Ritualism are earnest seekers after truth who have merely followed faithfully the divine guidance afforded them. One lesson that some Catholics would do well to learn from such conversions is that of charity. To question the good faith of all Protestants indiscriminately is to ignore the spiritual life and trials of such men as Cardinals Newman and Manning, whose sincerity during their Protestant days it would be most uncharitable to doubt. God's ways are incomprehensible, and the process of converting an unbeliever is frequently a work of grace too elaborate to be readily understood of all.

In the *Nineteenth Century* a Protestant clergyman, who has had exceptional opportunities for observing, gives a painful account of the status of religion among the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Their attitude toward religion, he says, is simply agnostic. "With sorrow and reluctance must it be confessed that the majority of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are without, or at least profess to be without, any religious beliefs at all. It is sad, it is deplorable; but it is true." The writer believes that this condition is due chiefly to the influence of the dons, who mingle freely with the students, and are too often hopelessly lost in infidelity. Their opinions, epigrams, and flippant jests about religion are quoted with satisfaction by the younger men. "Look at the morning service in a college chapel: the men lounge about in various irreverent attitudes, making no pretence of attention to the service. Perhaps three times a term on a Sunday morning there is a sermon, usually on some obscure point of Biblical criticism, which profits its hearers about as much as would half an hour's reading aloud of a railway guide."

It is sad to think that these venerable Universities, founded and fostered by the Popes in Catholic days, should now become the camps of infidelity. It is sad, but not surprising. These men know the true Church only as they have seen her caricatured, and it is not to be expected that University men could have much respect for English Protestantism.

The history of controversies is not, as a rule, exhilarating reading, but the discussion of the Manitoba school question has been lightened by an incident which will no doubt excite widespread sympathy with the aggrieved Catholics. When the Provincial Government refused to execute the "remedial order" which restored their rights to the parochial schools, the three Catholic members of the Canadian Cabinet resigned their portfolios. Two of the members were cajoled into resuming their offices, but M. Angers was implacable. As a last resort, the Canadian Premier offered M. Angers a "life place" on the supreme bench, hoping thus to draw him out of the political arena, and to end his championship of the Catholic schools. The reply of this true patriot is worthy of remembrance. "I can not accept your offer," said he, "because in accepting it I would have to abandon the cause of Catholic schools; and my conscience makes it my imperious duty to remain at my humble post, to struggle at the proper time for a just, holy and noble cause." The words no less than the conduct of M. Angers require comment.

Now that the days of grace allowed to the religious orders in France have expired, there is much speculation as to the course they will pursue. Cardinal Richard has issued a dignified letter of protest against the action

of the government, but the policy he recommends is peaceful agitation. As showing the need of a more efficient and widely circulated Catholic press in France, we may cite the words of Mgr. Bonnefoy, Bishop of La Rochelle, who says that "many of the simple laboring classes in France are by no means alive to the gravity of the situation induced by the new tax. There is an impression that the complaints of the religious are rather a demand for privileges than a claim for mere justice." This ignorance is as droll as it is dense, in view of the fact that the new tax levied on religious property is about six times as large as that levied on the most prosperous business corporations.

The Papal Autonomy Order, whose object is to create a public opinion favoring the cause of the Pope's temporal independence, has existed for some years in Europe, and several international conferences have been held. At the last of these, in 1893, the Hon. Edmund Dunne was asked to undertake the establishment of branches of the Order in the United States. Judge Dunne has secured the permission of Archbishop Kain to orgauize branches in the Diocese of St. Louis; and other members of the hierarchy are likely to favor the project. The restoration of the Pope's temporal power is only a question of time, but the formation of an enlightened and just public opinion on the subject can not but hasten its re-establishment.

It is not often that the Devil's Advocate looms up serenely centuries after the canonization of a saint, but that is what has happened in the case of St. Francis de Sales. A recent writer, reviewing an ostensibly historical work, quotes a declaration that St. Francis was wont to talk indecently, and often cheated at cards The sacrilegious libel worked its own defeat, however; and the disingenuous scribbler must have been astonished when he found himself buried under a mass of historical evidence, which, while it bore him to the dust, exalted the Saint even higher in popular veneration. Another good effect: interest in the writings of St. Francis has been stimulated anew.

Obituary.

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

Hrb., xiii. 3.

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

The Rev. James Vila, who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 20th ult., at Santa Barbara, Cal.; the Rev. Henry Behrens, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, who passed away on the 17th ult.; and the Rev. N. M. Freeman, who departed this life on the 9th of September, at Metuchen, N. J.

Mr Timothy Creeden, of East Orange, N. J., who died suddenly on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Edward Martin, who yielded her soul to God on the 6th ult., at Decatur, Ind.

Mrs. Pauline Ludeke, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who expired on the 13th of September.

Dr. Edward J. Harvey, whose death took place last month, at Redbank, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Bowers, of Maples, Ind., whose life closed peacefully on the 22d ult.

Mr. Thomas B. Duncan, who died a happy death on the 26th of September, in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Michael Nolan, of the same city, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 28th of September.

Mrs. Catherine Keane, who breathed her last on the 1st of September, in Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Katharine Haas, of St. Paul, Minn., whose beautiful soul was released on the 28th of August.

Mr. Edward and Joseph Benson, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Rosanna Cashmyer, Baltimore, Md.; Mary R. McFadden, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Susan E. Devitt, Mrs. Margaret Heaney, and Mr. Charles McGinnis, New York, N. Y.; Mr. John Farrell, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Mr. John McCarthy, Joseph Smith, Patrick and Peter Brady, Patrick Russell, and James Boyle,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs Sarah Egan, Galway, Ireland; Mrs. B Shaughnessey, Milford, N. H.; Mr. James McGee, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Francis Flynn and Miss Hannah Deeny, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Daniel Rielly, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Patrick J. Martin, Peabody, Mass.; Mr. Edward Dougherty, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Bannon, Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Maurice J. and John Toohey, Manchester, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Brady, Toledo, Ohio; Vincent McCullough and Patrick Flynn, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Joseph E. Collins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Daly, Quarryville, N. Y.; Miss Katharine Greenan, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Sarah Gallagher, Marysland, Minn.; Mrs. H. Devlin, Guelph, Canada; Mr. Henry Scanlan, Carrolltown, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Nolan and John W. Nolan, Anoka, Minn.; also Mrs. Ellen Trodden and Edward Fallihee, St. Paul, Minn.

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

The Baby Campaigner.

BY ELIZABETH GILBERT MARTIN.

URING one of Napoleon's Austrian campaigns there was living near the city of Augsburg a young widow who was the mother of a baby son. Her husband had been killed in battle only a few months before. When hostilities broke out anew, the widow moved into Augsburg, thinking that she would be safer there than elsewhere. But the rapid advance of the French troops soon began to make the Austrian sympathizers in Augsburg tremble. They had taken advantage of the early defeats of the French in the Spanish peninsula, in the spring and summer of 1809, to harass their Bavarian neighbors; and, now that a French army was at their gates and about to march through their city, they dreaded a terrible retaliation.

Among those whose fears were most excited by this expected advent of hostile troops was this young widow. Her personal knowledge of the dire horrors of war drove her almost to her wit's end with apprehension. Hastily resolving to flee to a neighboring town where she had relatives, she seized her baby and set out. But, in her confusion, she took a wrong direction, and passed out of the city by a gate which led her directly into the presence of the French outposts.

Here she was soon found by General Lecourbe,—but not soon enough to save her from an agony of alarm. Trembling, sobbing, almost distraught, she threw herself at the General's feet, imploring him to kill her at once rather than abandon her to the insults of his soldiers. General Lecourbe was a kind-hearted man; her tears were answered by his own; and, raising her, he gave her a safe-conduct through the French ranks, and an escort to take her to her friends.

While this was going on the order was given for the troops to march. In the hurly-burly that ensued the mother was somehow separated from her baby, which was left behind, while she was hurried forward by her escort to her place of destination.

And now a curious thing happened,—a thing strange and touching in the testimony it bears to the depth of goodness latent in human nature. Perhaps it may have been the cries of the deserted baby that arrested the attention of a French grenadier. He may have been a father, with little ones at home, the memory of whom was tugging at his heart-strings. I do not know. Constant, who tells the story, and declares that he witnessed part of it, does not mention even the name of this hero of kindliness. He was only a common soldier. But he picked up the baby, inquired whither its mother had been taken, and silently promised himself that if his life were spared he would yet restore it to her arms. He had a leather bag made, in which he put the child, and slung it about him in such a way that his knapsack would afford it some shelter, and marched off with his

company thus burdened. His comrades jeered him at first, but they soon came to appreciate the beauty of this golden deed; and doubtless many a man among them played nurse to the baby in the intervals of fighting during the long campaign. For it was six months before the French came back to Augsburg, after the great battle of Wagram had once more enabled Napoleon to dictate his own terms of peace to the Austrians.

During all those months our soldier—fortunately never wounded—had carried the little waif about with him. When fighting was going on he would dig a hole in the ground and lay the baby in it, taking care that it should have air enough to breathe. When the battle was over he would come back for it, feed and play with it, and perhaps look on it as a sort of warrant for his own safety,—a pledge deposited in the bank of Divine Providence. And he grew so attached to it that, as the army turned again toward Augsburg, he began to suffer from the thought of having to part with it, should he find the mother alive.

And what about that mother all those weary months? Of course she had missed her child immediately, and implored the soldiers who were escorting her to take her back to look for it. But they were under orders, and did not heed her entreaties. She reached her friends in safety; but, mother-like, she rushed back at once to Augsburg as soon as the French had left it, seeking for her child, or some tidings of it. She sought in vain: no one could tell her anything about the little fellow; and, after bitter mourning, she gave him up for dead.

Six months later she was sitting at work in her room when a message was brought to her from one of the French soldiers stationed in the great city square. He could not leave the ranks, so said his messenger; but if she would come to him, he had something precious that belonged to her, and which he wanted to return. The poor woman never once thought of her baby. He was dead and in heaven. But it was worth while to see the soldier, even if she could not imagine what treasure of hers could possibly have fallen into his hands. So she went to the square and asked for the grenadier by his name. He stepped out of the ranks, lifted the baby from the leather bag that had cradled it so long, and put it in its mother's arms. Imagine her joy and gratitude!

One other trait, that lends a finishing touch to this portrait of one of the world's unrecognized heroes of charity, is to be added. The grenadier, fancying that the mother might be in poor circumstances, had taken up a collection for her among his comrades; and, without referring to it, left twenty-five gold *louis* in the pocket of the little fellow's frock. A gold *louis* was worth about five dollars of our money.

In the scale of divine justice which do you think will weigh the heavier—this victory over himself by a private soldier in behalf of human kindliness, or all those combined which were won by Napoleon in behalf of human pride and ambition?

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.

Little Mollie Gerrish showed unusual amiability in regard to the address.

"Let me see if you know it," she proposed one day, pausing before her friend, who was walking up and down the school garden, conning it over.

"Don't you mind?"

"No: I should like to hear you say it."

Elizabeth at once began. After that, for the sake of practice, she often rehearsed

thus; and picked up a number of little points, as Mollie had a natural taste for elocution, and enjoyed having something to do with the compliment, after all.

It was now scarcely more than a week before Mother Rosalie's feast. Elizabeth was "letter perfect" in her lines, and Sister Mellooeesa was more than satisfied. Not much progress had been made on the white frock, however. Mrs. Colton had not been well enough to sew.

"I have sent for Miss Pincett to come and make it; you shall have it without fail," she assured Elizabeth.

Seldom was a dressmaker called in to make little girls' frocks. Elizabeth felt very important. But, alas! Miss Pincett could not come, and there was no time to be spared to seek for other assistance. Summoning all her energy, Mrs. Colton declared:

"I'll go right to work and finish it myself. How indolent I have been!"

Elizabeth was delighted. She knew she would be sure to have the dress, after all.

There were many accessories to be thought of—white slippers, gloves, and ribbons still to be bought, and only a few days left. But no matter,—"Mother will manage it all."

Mrs. Colton had begun to sew with eager determination, yet Elizabeth saw that the kind hands which held the gauzy fabric and made the needle fly so swiftly trembled as if unequal to the task. A variety of contending emotions struggled in the little girl's heart. It is so hard to be unselfish when one wants a thing very, *very* much! She thought of a passing visit she had made to the church on her way home from school,—scarcely more than a tripping in and out again; but the remembrance gave her courage. Suddenly throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she cried:

"O mother dear, don't bother about the dress! You are not able to do it."

"Nonsense, my love!" replied Mrs. Colton. "I shall get through it very well, and I do not want you to be disappointed."

"But I shall *not* be disappointed, and no one else will either. Mollie Gerrish knows the compliment as well as I do, and she has a white dress that she wore in the Christmas play. She offered to lend it to me, but I could not wear it, I am so much taller and larger. Sister Mellooeesa will let Mollie take my place, and I can have the address another time."

At first her mother, although really weak and ill, would not hear of any such arrangement; but the brave little girl, having once made up her mind, was not to be easily dissuaded, and at length gained her point. When she stated the case to Sister Mellooeesa, it must be admitted that the good nun was considerably disappointed.

"You should have told me before, dear; she said. "What should I have done if Mollie had not learned the lines!"

Elizabeth thought it unnecessary to explain that it was a fear something of the kind might happen which had made her willing to go over them with her friend so often. A rehearsal proved the latter to be so well prepared that Sister Mellooeesa was appeased, even if she did not, perhaps, realize how much heroism there was in Elizabeth's ingenuous act of renunciation.

Mother Rosalie's feast-day came, and Mollie spoke the compliment with charming grace. She was a pretty picture, in her soft white frock, with her fair hair hanging in ringlets on her shoulders, her blue eyes shining, and the delicate color coming and going in her dimpled cheeks.

Admired by her classmates, commended by Mother Rosalie, she was excited and happy. Not so happy, however, as the little girl who sat in the ranks of class No. 3, clad in plain dark merino,—a little girl whose lips moved during every word of the address, as if she were saying it over in a whisper.

IX.

The day that Morgan Tracy entered upon his duties as office boy, he had been sent up to the house to see Mrs. Colton, at that lady's special request. Elizabeth was not at home; and thus it happened that, although he was in her father's employment, she did not for many weeks again encounter the stranger boy who had proved himself a hero, and yet to whom she was perfectly convinced might be applied the harsh and disgraceful epithet of "thief."

Mr. Colton was satisfied with the way he did his work, and had no fault to find with him.

"At least he is behaving himself in the office," Elizabeth reflected. "Now that he has a good chance to make his way, I dare say he has turned over a new leaf."

One afternoon toward the close of the winter, when the young folk feared every snow-storm might be the last, the little girl stood on the sidewalk in front of her home, watching the Margeson residence opposite, and waiting for Joanna to come out and go to walk with her. A few stray flakes floating in the air gave promise of another fall of snow before night. Suddenly a boy came along the street,—a sturdy, rosy-faced boy, with a good-natured smile. His clothes were no longer ragged, and a neat cloth cap replaced the old fur one; yet she knew him at once. It was Morgan.

"Hullo!" he said, halting before her. "Your father sent me up with a note."

"I'll hand it to mother—unless," she added hesitatingly, "you would like to go in and get warm."

"Oh, I am not cold!" laughed the boy. I would rather stay here."

Elizabeth took the note, and went into the house. She returned directly, saying:

"You are to wait for an answer."

There was an awkward pause, during which the boy dexterously pelted the lamp-post some twenty feet away.

Elizabeth watched him in silence.

"Have you coasted much lately?" he asked, shutting one eye and darting a quizzical glance at her from the other.

The reason he shut one eye was that a snowflake had blown into it, and perhaps the quizzical glance had reference to her haughtiness on a former occasion; but they met with a different interpretation.

"This is *too* much!" she said, under her breath. "I have forgiven him for taking the sled—I would give him a hundred, if I had as many and he wanted them, after what he did for Leo,—but he is entirely too bold to taunt me with my loss."

His audacity quite deprived her of the power of speech.

"Have not coasted much?" he went on, as she shook her head. "Why, what has become of Tryphon?"

This was past all endurance.

"Well," broke out Elizabeth, facing him with flashing eyes. "Tryphon is gone,—stolen, do you hear? And there are people who think *you* can best tell what has become of it."

Morgan started back as if struck by a harder snowball than even *he* could make, and his face grew white.

"Do you mean to say *I* stole your sled?" he cried, angrily, coming up close to her, and excitedly clenching his hands.

"Oh, I did not mean to blame you!" she faltered, a little frightened: "I have felt that you were welcome to it and my skates too, and my five dollars in the bank,—all my things, in fact, for saving Leo. And—you need not bring it back—"

"I *can not* bring it back!" he retorted, scowling, and too indignant to notice her willingness to sacrifice her treasures.

"No—no: of course not. Perhaps you have sold it," continued Elizabeth. "I do not want it, I assure you."

"But I can not bring it back, because I *never took it*. Do you not understand?" he repeated, fiercely. "What made you think I did? What right had you to

accuse me? Have you spoken ill of me to people—to your father? Yet, if you have, how is it that he trusts me?"

"I—I—accused the ragged boy who was on the coast," stammered the little girl, becoming more and more confused and uneasy; "but—but—nobody knows *you* are that boy. I thought I would not tell any one after the night at the lake."

"You are not so unkind, after all," said Morgan; "and I ought not to have spoken so rough. Still, what would *you* do if somebody called you a thief?"

Elizabeth drew herself up proudly.

"I may not be able to prove that I did not steal your sled, but *you* can not prove that I did; and a person ought to be believed innocent until found guilty. I have learned so much since I have been in the law," Morgan went on, with the air of a chief-justice.

Elizabeth was wrought up to a pitch of great distress. Now, for the first time, she realized that she might be gravely mistaken.

"But you told me I might lose the sled some day," she argued. "It seemed, afterward, like a threat; you know the name so well, too; and, then, I'm almost sure I saw you going off with Tryphon."

Morgan was a bit taken aback.

"I did not mean anything by saying that; I was just vexed because you would not let me take the sled," he retaliated. "And I remembered the name because it is a queer one. As for seeing me running away with it, you didn't,—that's all!"

This explanation, if not convincing, was at least possible.

"I wish I had not said anything to you about its being stolen!" declared Elizabeth.

"I don't," rejoined Morgan; "because I would not for a million dollars have any one suspect me, without giving me a chance to right myself. I dare say now if I tried to hunt up your old sled for you, and succeeded in finding it, you would say: '*Of course;* for he knew where it was all the time!'"

"No, I would not," she maintained.

"Well, if you will tell me you believe me now when I say I did not take it, I'll do my best to find it for you."

The eyes which met her own were so honest, and his manner so frank and fearless, that Elizabeth could no longer distrust him.

"Yes, Morgan: I believe you," she said, heartily; "and—and—I am awfully sorry I suspected you."

"All right, then. I'll—"

But Morgan's protestations as to what he would do were cut short; for Mrs. Colton, who had been tapping at the window for some time, at length attracted Elizabeth's attention. She ran into the house, and brought back the note which he was to take to her father; and the office boy hastened on his errand.

The little girl's first impulse was to return and tell her mother all about the conversation; yet, on second thought, she shrank from doing so.

"Mother warned me against rash judging," she said to herself; "and, although I hate warnings, I see she was right."

Joanna did not come out; and, being now in no mood to go and inquire for her, Elizabeth went to walk alone.

The snow was falling thick and fast when she reached home.

"If my sled had not been stolen, what grand coasting I could have to-morrow!" she said. "There is no chance of getting it back now: it has been gone too long." And then she added, inconsequently: "How silly it was of me to offer Morgan my skates! Of course they would not fit him. He might have given them to his sister, though. But, my! I could see he cared no more for anything I had than for the snow under his feet, when I accused him of taking Tryphon."

(To be continued.)

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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

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A Song from Heine.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THOU, like unto a blossom,
So pure, so comely art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals down into my heart.

Meseems, my hands should folden
Lie rev'rent on thy hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So pure and sweet and fair.

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

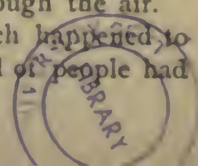
A New Scapular of Our Lady.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

THE great sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel is her church bearing that title at Genazzano, a small town about twenty-four miles southeast of Rome. In pagan times Genazzano was the scene of the revolting rites connected with the worship of Venus. When Christianity took root there a church was built under the auspices of Pope St. Mark (A. D. 336–352), and was one of the earliest known to have been dedicated to Our Lady. This church bore the title of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. It stood near the ruins of the temples and statues of Venus,—a memorial of the triumph of purity over sensuality. The 25th of April each year—a day set apart for heathen games and sacrifices—became in Christian times the festival of Our Lady of Good Counsel (it has since been changed to the 26th), and was celebrated by the people of the neighborhood with every sign of rejoicing. Thus for centuries was our Blessed Lady honored under this special title on the mountain which bore, half-way up its ascent, the little town of Genazzano.

The place, however, was destined to become the seat of a more widespread devotion. At Scutari, in Albania, in the humble little Church of the Annunciation, there was in the fifteenth century an ancient picture of the Virgin Mother, said to have been miraculously conveyed thither from the East. When the Turks threatened to overrun the adjacent country this picture was removed from its position by invisible hands, and borne southward toward Rome, enveloped in a white cloud, which floated quickly through the air.

On April 25, 1467, which happened to be a Sunday, a large crowd of people had



assembled at Genazzano for the patronal festival, when, in the sight of all, a white cloud, floating through the heavens, descended toward the ancient church of Our Lady, and remained stationary near the rough wall of one of the chapels, which was undergoing enlargement and was still unfinished. At the same time all heard wonderful music in the air as the cloud descended; and, to the astonishment of the multitude, the bells of Our Lady's church, untouched by human hands, broke forth into a peal of welcome, to be answered in the same marvellous way from the bell towers of all the other churches of the town. As the cloud cleared away it was discovered that a picture of the Madonna was stationary by the rough wall toward which the cloud had moved, where it remained, upheld, as it seemed, by angel hands. The picture, which to the delighted people appeared to have come from Heaven, was hailed with acclamation as the "Madonna of Paradise." A few days after its arrival it was identified as the ancient fresco from the Church of the Annunciation at Scutari, by two men who had witnessed its removal from that place, and had followed its course.

The Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano, then served by the Hermits of St. Augustine, had fallen into a state of great dilapidation. A devout Augustinian Tertiary, known in after years as the Blessed Petruccia, had given all her substance toward its restoration, hoping by her example to stir up the zeal of her fellow-townsfolk. She had begun by enlarging the Chapel of St. Blaise, on the north side of the church; but the funds at her disposal would suffice to accomplish only a very small portion of the work; and as no one else came to the rescue, the restoration stopped, amidst the jeers of those who had tried to dissuade the holy widow from her project. She, however, was full of confidence in the help of the Madonna. Though eighty years of age, she hoped to see the completion of her work, and her confidence was rewarded.

The miraculous advent of the picture stirred up the enthusiasm of the country, and the church was thoroughly restored; the Chapel of St. Blaise, where the blessed picture had rested, becoming a rich and beautiful shrine for the Madonna in the lifetime of the holy woman who had begun its restoration, and who was laid to rest at the foot of its altar. From the ancient church which it had made its resting-place the miraculous picture came to be called by the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Since the time of its coming the picture has remained in its first position near the wall of St. Blaise's Chapel, unsupported in any way, as many eye-witnesses have testified. Although the main church has been twice rebuilt, the shell of the chapel remains as it was in the fifteenth century.

The shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel during the four centuries of its new life has grown into one of the most favored in Italy—the scene of many miracles, and the resort of countless pilgrimages. The little chapel of Blessed Petruccia has been adorned with priceless gifts from the great ones of the earth, anxious to show devotion to the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

The loving devotion of Pope Leo XIII. to the Mother of God has been shown in various ways throughout his pontificate, one of the most recent proofs of which is the grant to the Hermits of St. Augustine of the faculty to bless and impose upon the faithful the Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Moved by the growing need of our Blessed Lady's special help and protection under the difficulties which oppose the faithful practice of the Catholic religion in our age, these good religious suggested a new method of propagating the devotion amongst the faithful. Our Lady's title of

Madonna of Good Counsel seemed to speak of the special need of these days—the gift of Counsel. In so many nations claiming to be Christian education has been divorced from religion; the training of the young has been taken from the Church and given to her enemies; and by these means everything good and holy has been brought to contempt. God and His saints have been driven from the schools, and everything pious and devout has been held up to ridicule. Nothing has been neglected by which faith may be weakened and eventually destroyed. The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel must needs be invoked to put an end to these evils, and to make Catholic principles flourish as of old.

With this end in view, these pious religious petitioned the Holy Father to deign to grant faculties to their Order to institute a scapular to be worn by the faithful, and thus to afford an easy and popular method of spreading the devotion more widely. It was already well known that Leo XIII. had shown, even when a young ecclesiastic, a special love for the devotion. When he became Pope he followed the examples of many of his predecessors in enrolling himself in the Pious Union; and the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel in the Pauline Chapel—a beautiful copy of the miraculous picture enthroned over the altar there by Pius IX.—had often been the object of his long and ardent prayers. A small copy of the picture, moreover, was always on his writing-table. The Holy Father, therefore, as had been expected, was full of sympathy with the project. He himself suggested the design for the Scapular. One portion was to bear a copy of the miraculous picture, with the title beneath, *Mater Boni Consilii;* the other the Papal Tiara and cross keys; and underneath the adaptation from Scripture, which the Holy Father had long before written, with his own hand, under one of the copies of the famous Madonna: *Fili acquiesce consiliis ejus,*—"My son, hearken to her counsels."

After the Decree had been issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the Scapular thus formally approved of by the Holy See, the Holy Father gave a further proof of his devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel by declaring his resolution of being the first to receive and wear the new Scapular. Accordingly, the Pontifical sacristan, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Piffari, the confessor of His Holiness, invested the Vicar of Christ—humbly kneeling to receive it like one of the simple faithful—with the Scapular of Good Counsel.*

Since then many thousands of Christians have hastened to enroll themselves amongst the clients of Our Lady of Good Counsel; for the Holy Father, not content with the sympathy and encouragement he had already given to the work, would also attract the faithful by the promise of special rewards. Accordingly, the treasury of the Church was opened in an unusually liberal way. Besides a plenary indulgence on the day of admission (which may be gained, if preferred, on the Sunday or some feast immediately following), and on the 26th of April or within the octave; plenary indulgences are also granted for the Feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification, and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the Feast of St. Augustine, and *in articulo mortis.* To gain these, confession and Communion are required. Partial indulgences of seven

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* Any priest may obtain the faculties for investing with the Scapular by applying: Al Rmo. Padre Ministro Generale degli Augustiniani, Collegio S. Monaca, Via S. Officio I., Roma. Printed linen pictures for the Scapulars may be obtained of C. Viano, Via del Seminario 86, Roma, at a cost of 2 francs per 100. The Scapulars themselves must be made of white woolen material, and connected by cords or ribbons. Investment by an authorized priest is all that is necessary; no roll of names need be kept.

years and seven Lents may be gained on the Feasts of the Presentation and Visitation of Our Lady, without approaching the Sacraments, by visiting a church and praying for the intentions of the Pope. But the special favors granted are those of an indulgence of one hundred days every time Our Lady of Good Counsel is invoked, either vocally or mentally; and a like indulgence of one hundred days for every good work done with a contrite heart for the conversion of sinners.

When we reflect that these partial indulgences may be gained every day, times without number, we can realize how highly the Pope has favored this new Scapular; and consequently how earnestly he desires the faithful to make use of this easy means of honoring the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, and of obtaining her special help in these troubled times.

A Life's Labyrinth.

XIII.—A Memorable Afternoon.

At one o'clock Mrs. Mathews brought up luncheon, saying that Mrs. Ingestre was so fatigued from her drive that she would rest during the afternoon.

"She asked me to take you about the castle, Miss, and show you the different rooms, old and new. Would you like it?"

"Very much indeed," said Constance. "I am a stranger in England, having lived in Greece all my life; so that everything is new and interesting to me."

"Your parents must have been English, I think?" continued Mathews. "You speak the language perfectly."

"They were," replied Constance, briefly. "When shall you be at leisure?"

"In an hour," said the housekeeper. "Would you like to rest first?"

"No," answered Constance. "I do not feel fatigued."

"Very well, Miss. I shall come for you at two."

Punctual to the hour, she reappeared, carrying a large bunch of keys. We shall not weary the reader with a description of the lofty rooms, faded tapestries, and semi-barbaric splendor of the older portion of the castle, now entirely abandoned as a dwelling-place; although to Constance they possessed an interest second only to that which she felt in anticipation at the prospect of visiting the apartments once inhabited by her father and mother, before the terrible event which had separated them; nor of the long, dimly-lighted picture-galleries, where she sought, and not vainly, to discover the lineaments of her beloved father among the quaint and faded portraits of his ancestors; nor of the splendid drawing-rooms, *boudoirs*, banqueting halls, etc.,—more modern, but seldom used by either the past or present generation. They came at last to a magnificent, wide corridor in one of the newer wings of the castle, extending through its entire length, the deep-embrasured windows at either end facing north and south. On one side of this corridor was a blank wall, on the other four doorways gave entrance to the apartments beyond.

With a prophetic quickening of her pulses, Constance felt that these were the rooms formerly used by her parents, and she resolved to make an effort to inspect them also.

"This part of the castle is very pleasant," she said, pausing near an immense window, through whose emblazoned panes the afternoon sun was pouring, making the tiled floor to appear as if paved with beautiful, parti-colored jewels.

"It is, Miss,—or rather it was, I should say," answered Mathews, with a sigh. "These are the rooms once occupied by the former Lord Stratford and his wife. You have heard the story, Miss?"

"Yes," said Constance, "I have heard it. Were you here at the time?"

"Yes, I was housekeeper then as now, Miss," replied Mathews; "and I would not live the terror of them days over again for worlds. To-day all love, happiness, peace,—two hearts united as never were hearts in this world before; to-morrow, murder and desolation, and—I can't speak of it without crying, Miss, even after all these years, especially when I stand here."

Constance looked at the faithful soul with a feeling that almost amounted to affection, as she replied, as indifferently as she could:

"Are you the only one remaining of the old servants?"

"No, Miss. There is Orrin the steward, and Buffum the butler, true as gold both. There's Nadand, the valet of the former Marquis—him that was murdered. But I don't count on him,—indeed, I've an unspeakable loathing for him."

"Is he an unpleasant man?" inquired Constance, anxious to know the ground of the housekeeper's aversion.

"No, I can't say he is, unless being quite taciturn and keeping to himself is unpleasant. But he always held Lord Stratford guilty, and he's the only one of the servants that did. That's why I can't abide him."

"Strange that he should have been retained in the service of the present Marquis. But *he* also may have believed his cousin guilty."

But whatever might have been the opinion of Mathews on this subject, she was too loyal to her employees to air it before an entire stranger, no matter how favorable the impression that stranger had created in her mind. That she felt strongly drawn to the young girl, however, was evidenced by what ensued.

"Are the rooms ever shown to visitors?" asked Constance, with a very charming, wistful expression, which had an immediate effect on Mathews.

"That is as *I* please," answered the old woman, not without pride. "I have authority to do as I like about that. But I never offer to show them,—indeed, I am nearly always particular not to mention anything about them. Somehow, what I said to you slipped before I was aware of it. You can understand that a person like me would not be anxious to mention the subject to curious folks, as most of them are; for there isn't any more real friendship or sympathy in this world than would go on your thumb-nail."

The young girl smiled brightly as she answered:

"You at least are not without a larger share than that, Mrs. Mathews. And I hope you will believe me also when I tell you that my affection and sympathy for Lady Cliffbourne are great, considering the short time I have known her, and the erroneous impression I had formed of her."

"Yes, Miss, I do believe you," replied the housekeeper. "And I don't have to force myself to do it, either; for you have a pair of the most truthful eyes in your head I ever saw. There's a look in them, Miss, when you glance up quick, as you did then, that reminds me—that reminds me—well, I can't make the comparison to a stranger. No offence, Miss, but I can't."

"I shall not ask you what you mean," said Constance, laying her hand upon the arm of the faithful woman, "as you do not wish that I should know. But, whatever it is, Mrs. Mathews, could it serve as a kind of passport for my entrance to those rooms which you so justly hold sacred? Will you show them to me?"

"Yes, Miss, I will," said Mathews.

She selected a key from the bunch she carried, and, unlocking the door nearest the south end of the corridor where they were standing, she gently pushed the young girl forward, and closed it behind them. The shutters were tightly drawn, but Mathews went from room to room opening them; and as the light poured in Constance saw that they had entered what was probably the sitting-room of the suite.

A rich Turkey-carpet covered the floor; luxurious divans and chairs were scattered about the room; but the uncovered tables and mantel were destitute of books or ornaments; and there were no pictures on the walls, although there were traces of where they had formerly hung.

As she passed into the adjoining room, the old housekeeper said:

"That behind us was Lady Stratford's *boudoir*,—you know she was called Lady Stratford in those days. This was her bedroom; that, Lord Stratford's. Beyond them are the dressing-rooms. You wouldn't care to see them, Miss."

Constance followed her silently. The apartments, in their half-dismantled condition renewing her father's pitiful story, seemed to her like a tomb; and yet, in all their desolation, they spoke to her of the occupants who had once lived and loved within them. There, upon that silken covered couch, her mother had often slept the sleep of peace and happiness. In that easy-chair, with its reading desk still attached—as it had been, no doubt, the day he left it last,—her father had spent many a pleasant hour. Beside that window they had stood together in the early morning to welcome the fresh, bright day. Like a half-forgotten dream it seemed to her that upon that broad, luxurious sofa she had climbed and nestled upon her father's bosom.

"This," said the housekeeper, throwing open another door,—"this was Miss Constance's nursery,—the dear baby that they say lies buried in the bottom of some foreign sea!"

The room was entirely empty,—even the carpet had been removed.

"When Lady Cliffbourne came back from Italy," continued the old woman, "she asked permission of the Marquis to have the furniture removed to her own house. I am told—though I've never seen it—that she has a locked-up room there, where everything is arranged just as it used to be here,—toys, little frocks, and everything. Poor lady, it is but a sad consolation, that!"

Not trusting herself to speak, Constance furtively wiped her eyes, from which she vainly endeavored to keep the tears. Mrs. Mathews, observing the action, said:

"It makes you feel sad, Miss; and no wonder. You're not the same as some that has flitted gaily from room to room like pigeons, with, 'O Mathews this and Mathews that!' and not a bit of feeling in their hearts. With such as you one finds a kind of pleasure, if I might use the word, in going through them, if one must at all."

Thankful for this breathing space in which to conquer her emotion, Constance collected her thoughts enough to say:

"It is indeed very sad, Mrs. Mathews. Never but once in my life before has anything affected me so deeply."

Approaching a cabinet with glass doors inserted in the thick wall, Mrs. Mathews unlocked one of the compartments. The deep shelves were empty, save for a tiny shoe, with the little toe upturned where it had been too long for the baby foot it once had covered. Tenderly, as if it had been a living thing, the old woman took it in her hand and kissed it.

"'Twas left behind, Miss,—overlooked when the things were sent," she said; "and when I cleaned and dusted the place, as I always do with my own hands four times a year, I found it. And while I've never made so bold as to take it to my own part of the house, to put it among my own little things—for if I was to die, God knows where it would be scattered to,—I took it upon myself to keep it here. And I can't explain, Miss, why it should be so, but you're the first person I've told it to in all these years."

Taking the tiny shoe from the old woman's hand, Constance pressed it to her own lips; then, the climax of her emotion reached, forgetting for the moment the

part she had to play—forgetting everything but that here in this room she had been clasped to her mother's bosom and had clung to her father's lips, she threw her arms around the neck of her astonished companion and burst into unrestrained weeping.

"There, now! dear heart, tender heart!" murmured the kind old creature, patting her on the head as though she were a child. "Don't give way so,—don't give way! Ah, sweet Miss, you must either have been a stranger to all sorrow until now, or you must have had a deal of it, to let such a little thing fret you so."

Soon, very soon, Constance lifted her head from the clasp of the comforting arms which encircled her.

"Forgive me!" she said. "You must think me a very foolish girl, as I am. But if you knew what all—what that little shoe recalls, you would feel even more kindly toward me than you do."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," replied Mathews, solemnly; "and, young as you are, I see you have already travelled a sorrowful road. Come now, and have a cup of tea. I will send it up to you in ten minutes. And then if you would lie down a bit, I promise you, Miss, that you'll feel all right by dinner-time."

She was about to replace the shoe in the cabinet when Constance timidly held forth a detaining hand.

"I know it is asking a great deal, and you are at liberty to refuse me if you must, but could you let me keep that little shoe while I am here? It reminds me of something—of some one. It would be a great comfort to me, Mrs. Mathews."

The old woman hesitated, with lips compressed, her forehead wrinkled with a frown of perplexity.

"Yes, it is mine," she said at last; "no one else has any claim to it. I could not wound my lady after so many years by offering it to her; 'twould only remind her again of long ago. Take it, Miss, since it seems to recall some one once dear to you,—maybe a little sister. Why should you not have it as well as to let it lie mouldering here? Take it, my dear, if it will be a comfort to you; and maybe you may keep it, if you will."

Thanking her with her eyes more than her lips, Constance took the precious treasure and placed it in her bosom. Retracing their steps through the various rooms, they again entered the corridor and walked down a narrower passage, in order to regain that portion occupied by the present inmates. On the way a man came out from one of the rooms. Passing them, after briefly saluting Mrs. Mathews, he looked narrowly at Constance.

"These are the Marquis' rooms, Miss," said the housekeeper; "that is Nadand, his valet."

Constance said nothing. She had not noticed him particularly; but regretted the fact, as she was anxious to see the one man among the servants who had believed in her father's guilt.

Evidently he had observed her more closely; for as Mathews, after leaving her, was returning to the back part of the castle, he suddenly appeared again. Stopping her abruptly, he asked:

"Who was that young lady, Mrs. Mathews?"

"She is Lady Cliffbourne's new companion," said the housekeeper.

"Lady Cliffbourne's companion!" he repeated. "What is she doing here?"

"I have not inquired, Mr. Nadand," answered Mathews. "You had better ask herself, if you are curious to know."

"I thought she resembled the family," said Nadand, apparently not noticing the housekeeper's manner. "Yes, she looks like them. Strange!"

"*That* is her name," said the housekeeper, as she passed on. So great was her dislike of the Frenchman that, though he expressed her own thought, and thus

strengthened her opinion with regard to Constance, she could not have persuaded herself to admit that their views on any subject could be identical.

At dinner the Marquis received Miss Strange politely, if not cordially; expressing his gratification that Mrs. Ingestre would have so pleasant a companion during his absence.

The next day was Saturday. The young girl rose early. The servants were not yet up as she passed noiselessly down the stairs and into the garden, where she wandered about for an hour. The grounds were extensive, the paths so many that they bewildered her. As she walked slowly along, inhaling the fresh, dewy sweetness of the morning, she caught sight of a graceful stone cross, surmounting a small building barely visible through an undergrowth of trees. Turning her steps toward it, she soon paused in front of a small but beautiful chapel. The door was open. At the altar a white-haired priest was saying Mass, served by an old man whom she recognized as the butler. Mathews and three of the female servants knelt in one of the pews. Near the door were a few men who looked like laborers.

Constance entered noiselessly, remaining in the back part of the chapel. When Mass was over she found Mrs. Mathews in the porch. Said the housekeeper:

"I see you are a Catholic, Miss."

"Yes," replied Constance, smiling, "and also an early riser. How pleasant to be able to assist at Mass every day! Does the priest reside here?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply. "He is a fine old man. He was formerly parish priest in the village, and had three other parishes to attend besides; but he had a bad paralytic stroke, and the Marquis had him sent here."

"How does he spend his time?" asked Constance.

"I believe he writes books, Miss," said the housekeeper. "I know he reads a great deal. Would you like to go into the vestry and make his acquaintance?"

Constance having expressed a desire to do so, they walked around by the side of the church to the vestry.

"Good-morning, Father Pittock!" said the housekeeper, after she had opened the door to his cordial "Come in!" "This is a young lady from Cliffbourne—Miss Strange. I am sure you will be glad to make each other's acquaintance."

The old priest was very kind and friendly, conducting them to his sitting-room, which was back of the vestry. Next to it was a small bedroom.

"Here is my domain," he said, as they sat down. "Here I read, study, take my meals, and receive the few visitors who honor me with a call. Just behind, in a little two-roomed cottage, lives old Peggy, a pensioner like myself, who 'does' for me and cooks my meals in her tiny kitchen. I have few duties and no cares; so you see, Miss Strange, I lead an ideal life."

"Have you been here long, Father?" she faltered, thinking he might have known her father.

"About fifteen years—in Cornwall, here, and in the village," he said.

Constance sighed. He could hardly have known him save by hearsay, she thought. But she liked his kind, noble face and clear, penetrating, but gentle eyes. Glancing around the walls, she saw that they were lined with books.

"What a fine library!" she said. "You must be a great student, Father?"

"I spend my life with my books," he answered. "They are one's best friends, after all."

Here the old woman came in to lay the cloth for breakfast, and Mrs. Mathews rose to go. The priest accompanied them to the door.

"I say Mass every morning at half-past six, my child," he observed, "except Sundays; then we have it at eight, to accommodate visitors, and also the farm

hands, some of whom generally go to confession. Occasionally the Marquis goes down to the village, but usually he hears Mass in the chapel."

"Thank you!" replied Constance. "And may I come to see you again, Father?"

"Surely, my child," he said. "My time, services, and library are very much at your disposal. I shall be glad to see you often. Did I understand Mrs. Mathews to say you are a friend of Mrs. Ingestre?"

"I am Lady Cliffbourne's companion," said Constance.

"Oh!" he answered; adding quickly: "You will be doubly welcome on that account. Lady Cliffbourne is a valued friend of my own."

(To be continued.)

A Request.

WHEN the last sad rites are o'er,
When to Love for evermore
Is left only vain regret,
Dear ones, O do not forget!

No fair sculptured stone I crave,—
No, nor flower upon the grave
Crumbling 'neath whose sod shall lie
This poor clay that once was I.

Even tears I would forego,
Could my parting spirit know
That for them, though truly shed,
But one prayer was left unsaid.

Though the drops should fall like rain,
Weeping can not ease my pain,
While amid the gloom I fare,
Longing, pleading for a prayer.

Love me, mourn me, if you must,
Even when my bones are dust;
But ere yet this heart is clay,
Let me ask it while I may:

O when the long fight is past,
And life's dream is spent at last,
May I still remembered be
By the *Aves* told for me!

M. E. M.

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

II.

JOHN OGILVIE was the descendant of a noble and chivalrous race. His ancestors were renowned in Scottish history for their martial spirit. In the sixteenth century Lord Ogilvie, of Drummuire, was called "*Magnum virum et bellicosum.*" Another Ogilvie, Sir Walter, who was killed in an encounter with the Highlanders, was, says an ancient ballad, "stout and manful,—never known to turn back." The lion-like courage and strength of will for which the lairds of Drummuire were celebrated are to be found, purified by higher motives and illumined with the beauty of sanctity, in their Jesuit descendant, of whom it may be said that, like Sir Walter Ogilvie, he was "never known to turn back."

John Ogilvie, whose heroism was so far to eclipse that of the warlike lairds whose blood ran in his veins, was born at Drummuire, or Drum, near Keith, in 1580. His father, Walter Ogilvie, was a Protestant, but many members of his family were noted "Papists." When still a mere lad, John was sent to pursue his studies abroad. He visited France, Germany and Italy; and was more occupied, we are told, by thoughts of religion than by the pursuit of human knowledge. He had heard the merits and demerits of the old and the new faith vehemently discussed at home; and his earnest mind was drawn to the ancient religion, in spite of the heretical influences that had surrounded his childhood. At length, wearied by the endless discussions, that seemed to produce confusion instead of bringing light or strength, he turned to prayer as the one means of obtaining peace of mind. He begged God fervently to help him, and strove to calm his

anxieties by the thought of Him who desires our salvation and has promised rest to the weary and heavily laden. His filial confidence was rewarded; and to the straightforward and generous soul, so ardent in its quest for truth, God gave not only the gift of faith, but the grace of the priesthood, and later on the crowning favor of martyrdom.

Having clearly recognized the Catholic Church to be the only true Church, John Ogilvie made his abjuration; and in the year 1596 we find him at the Scotch College of Louvain, in Belgium. The rector of the College, Father Crichton, having been obliged, for financial motives, to diminish the number of his scholars, young Ogilvie proceeded to the Benedictine College of Ratisbon. Finally, in 1598, at the age of eighteen, he was received into the Society of Jesus by Father de Alberi, Provincial for Austria. He made his novitiate at Brunn in Moravia, his philosophical studies at Gratz; then, after teaching literature at Vienna for three years, he was sent to Olmutz, where he studied theology, and at the same time directed the Confraternity of Our Lady. For many years after his departure from Olmutz, the remembrance of the young Scotchman remained alive in the hearts of the children whom he had trained to piety. His was a character well fitted to leave its mark upon all those with whom he was brought into contact. He was a model religious—obedient, devout, kind to others, ever ready to help them at the sacrifice of his own pleasure.

His natural gifts were of a high order; his intellect singularly quick and clear, well fitted for controversy and discussion; his speech ready and fluent; his temper very sweet and bright. To the solid virtues of a religious he thus united the qualities that make men popular and influential. One very characteristic trait in his strongly marked individuality was his keen sense of humor. We shall see how in the midst of excruciating sufferings his quaint and irrepressible cheerfulness breaks out again and again.

In 1612 there were but few priests left in Scotland; and, as we have seen, these few were so carefully concealed that Father James Gordon, Provincial of the Scotch Jesuits, knew for certain of the existence of only one priest, who was old and infirm. He determined then to send two of his subjects on the desolate Scottish mission, and chose for this purpose Father James Moffet and Father John Ogilvie. The latter ardently desired to be sent to Scotland; he had been ordained priest in Paris in 1613, and his one desire was to win the martyr's crown.

With the two Jesuits was a Scotch Capuchin, Father John Campbell. The three were closely disguised, and had, as was the custom of the missionaries of those days, adopted false names. Father Moffet took the name of Halyburton, Father Campbell that of Sinclair; and Father Ogilvie, perhaps in remembrance of his father, Walter Ogilvie, assumed the name of Watson—son of Wat, or Walter.

The three travellers reached Scotland safe, in spite of the government spies that were stationed in all the seaports. On landing, they immediately separated. Father Campbell went to Edinburgh, Father Moffet to the Lowlands; and our hero proceeded north of Edinburgh, and began by visiting a brother, who lived at St. Andrew's, and whose conversion he had very much at heart. Father Gordon seems to have regarded this proceeding with some misgiving. A long experience had taught him to distrust even the strength of family ties when religious differences existed. But John Ogilvie was not one to count the cost if he thought that his own danger might be the means of serving others. He did not succeed, however, in converting his brother; and after a stay of some weeks in the north he returned to Edinburgh.

III.

The secrecy which the Catholics of those troublous times were obliged to practise in order to escape the notice of their enemies makes it all but impossible to follow the missionaries in their different journeys and changes of abode. We know, at least, that Father Ogilvie spent the winter of 1613–1614 in Edinburgh, under the hospitable roof of a Catholic lawyer, William Sinclair, whose testimony as to his guest's mortified life, religious virtues, and apostolic zeal is one of the most important in the process of canonization. Our hero's travelling companion and fellow-religious, Father Moffet, was arrested in the course of that same year, tried and condemned to death; but his sentence was subsequently commuted by the King into that of perpetual banishment, with pain of death if he returned to Scotland.

Toward the end of March, 1614, Father Ogilvie went to London, where he seems to have stayed for two months, on business of a very serious and mysterious nature, apparently connected with the King. The martyr's biographers believe that certain words uttered by Father Ogilvie just before his death contain an allusion to this secret mission. He then said that the Jesuits had rendered the King a service greater than had ever been rendered to him by any bishop or minister in the kingdom. If, as may possibly be the case, this "important service" was connected with the Father's embassy to London, the King, so proverbially forgetful of favors received, showed himself even more ungrateful than usual in his subsequent conduct toward the Jesuit missionary.

It was probably during his stay in London that Father Ogilvie paid a flying visit to his Provincial, Father Gordon, who resided in Paris. We gather from a letter written by the Provincial to the General of the Society, in April, 1614, that he seems to have been somewhat alarmed at the apparent unconsciousness of danger with which the young Scotchman undertook the journey to Paris. He knew how closely watched were the movements of the Catholics, of the priests especially; and that, even in the French ports there were paid spies, whose duty it was to give notice to the government of the arrival of any traveller whose priestly character was suspected. Absolute indifference to danger was one of Father Ogilvie's characteristics; it came to him as a heritage from a long line of warlike lairds. But if this fearlessness sometimes excited the anxiety of his superior, it served him well later on, and enabled him to defy, with a smiling countenance and a dauntless heart, the worst perils and sufferings that imagination can conceive.

In June, 1614, we find Father Ogilvie back in Edinburgh; and the testimony of William Sinclair, to which we have alluded, informs us that he remained there about three months, during which he did much good among the persecuted Catholics, whose courage and endurance he kept up by his words and example. His talent as a controversialist and his sweet, winning manner enabled him to gain considerable influence even among the heretics, a certain number of whom he brought back to the Church. Among his friends and converts we find many well-known Scotch names: Maxwell, Wallace, Eglington, together with others less known to the world, but no less glorious in the sight of Heaven. His converts seem to have caught something of his own generous spirit. A poor woman, named Marion Walker, at whose house he often said Mass, was arrested, thrown into prison, and died there of want and misery. Another witness informs us that just before his arrest Father Ogilvie had received five converts into the Church. Many young men came to him to be instructed; his brightness, intelligence

and enterprising spirit won their respect and affection.

Our hero's life during those busy months was one of constant peril. He said Mass before daybreak, to avoid notice; and in the daytime he used to visit his converts, his penitents, and the Catholic prisoners,—always closely disguised, however, and under an assumed name. At nightfall he was accustomed to say his Breviary and make his meditation. But, in spite of his care to avoid observation, it was difficult to escape from the prying curiosity of his Protestant neighbors; and we shall see later on how a woman, who had watched him repeating his prayers in an unknown tongue, accused him of practising magical arts.

Early in October of that same year, 1614, Father Ogilvie went to Glasgow, where he arrived dressed as a soldier. If Edinburgh was a post of danger for a Catholic priest, Glasgow was perhaps yet more full of perils. King James I. had only recently re-established the Scottish episcopacy, according to the form of the Anglican Church. His object was to neutralize the revolutionary tendencies of the national "Kirk," whose independent theories in matters of religion inspired him with almost as much fear as the profession of faith of his "Papist" subjects. The new bishops lately appointed by the King possessed but little authority. They had recently been the first to oppose the re-establishment of the Scotch episcopacy; and it was shrewdly suspected that the large revenues bestowed upon them by the King, with the title of bishop, had helped in no small measure to modify their opinions on the subject. At any rate, from being violently opposed to the sovereign's spiritual jurisdiction, they were now most eager to atone for the past by an excess of zeal in the King's service.

Spottiswood, the new Archbishop of Glasgow, was a fair example of this class of men, among whom, in return for the honors and riches bestowed upon them, James found instruments docile to his will. Spottiswood, whose morals were far from exemplary, and whose religious opinions had changed as best suited his worldly interests, was aware that the safest way to gain the King's favor was to affect a violent hatred of the Catholics in general, and of the Jesuits in particular. The capture of one so remarkable as Father Ogilvie would be considered, he well knew, as a striking and efficient proof of his zeal in his sovereign's service.

At Spottiswood's instigation, a plot was concocted to entrap the Jesuit missionary during his stay in Glasgow. A man of good position, named Adam Boyd, consented to act a traitor's part. By feigning an ardent desire to embrace the true faith he succeeded in gaining the Father's confidence. Father Ogilvie consented to meet him at an appointed place, for the purpose of giving him the necessary religious instruction previous to receiving him into the Church. Boyd informed the Archbishop of the time and place of his meeting with the unsuspecting Jesuit; and on the 14th of October, in the afternoon, Father Ogilvie, who was still disguised as a soldier, was arrested on the public square of Glasgow. In his own account of his imprisonment the martyr has related these events and those that followed. We shall often quote his words. In their simplicity and straightforwardness, they give us a true picture of his character and demeanor.

The prisoner was then taken to the house of the magistrate. Spottiswood hastened there with a large company. "He called me out," says Father Ogilvie. "I obeyed, and he struck me a blow, saying: 'You are an over-insolent fellow to say your Masses in a reformed city.'—I replied: 'You do not act like a bishop, but like an executioner, in striking me.' Then, as though the signal had been thus given them, they showered their blows from all

sides upon me; the hair was plucked from my beard, my face was torn with their nails, until Count Fleming restrained them by his authority and by main force."

The prisoner, still stunned and bleeding from the blows he had received, was robbed of his books, money, and relics, and carried off to the Tolbooth prison to spend the night. The cruel treatment he had received had not broken his spirit; and the keeper of the prison observed that he was "a strange sort of man," very unlike the usual prisoners; whereupon Father Ogilvie made answer: "*They* are afraid of being taken and punished, but *I* glory in my cause."

That night Spottiswood wrote the King a long letter. He described the Jesuit's arrest, gave a list of the articles found in his possession, and suggested that the torture called the "boots" be used to make the prisoner reveal the names of those who had received and befriended him since his arrival in Scotland. With fiendish malice he worked upon the King's naturally suspicious temper, magnifying Father Ogilvie's arrest into an event of almost political importance, which closely concerned the sovereign's personal safety and influence.

Early next morning Spottiswood sent forth emissaries, with injunctions to discover the place where his prisoner had lodged. They succeeded in finding the inn where he had a room; and, alas! owing to the treachery of a Frenchman, were able to lay hands on his luggage, part of which had been carried off by one of his friends. Among his belongings were certain papers of importance,—one written by Father Patrick Anderson, the other by Father Murdock, two very eminent Scotch missionaries. These papers contained a great number of names and addresses, and a list of articles belonging to the Jesuits in Scotland. With these papers, the Archbishop's messengers took several relics, among them a packet containing the hair of St. Ignatius, which, says Spottiswood in his account, "I think was his chiefest jewel."

On the same morning, October 5, the prisoner was taken from the Tolbooth to the Archbishop's palace. "I am brought up," he writes, "ill as I still am from the blows of the previous day, and with unusual trembling upon me." Nevertheless, in spite of his physical weakness and fatigue, the confessor bore himself bravely and resolutely.

(To be continued.)

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—The King of Tigre.

TAKE down your "Life Among the Modocs," turn to page 54 and read: "I rode down to the bank of the beautiful, arrowy Klamat (misspelled Klamath), with about a thousand peaceful Indians in sight.... As I rode I saw a tall, strong and elegant looking gentleman in top-boots and red sash.... Up to this moment it seemed to me that I had never seen a perfect man; and I thought, from the dark and classic face, that he was neither an American, German nor Irishman; and vaguely I associated him with Italian princes dethroned, or even a king of France in exile. He was surely splendid, superb, standing there in the morning sun, in his gay attire, by the swift and shining river; smiling, tapping the sand in an absent sort of way with his boot. A prince,—truly nothing less than a prince! The man turned and smiled good-naturedly as I dismounted, tapping the sand with his top-boot, gently whistling the old air of '49, but didn't speak."

You will read anon of the poet boy, the waif who was destined to achieve

fame in the world, though at that time he did little else than flaunt his long flaxen curls in the wind on a thousand hill-tops, and kiss his hand to the sun at frequent intervals. He approached the arrowy Klamat, where there was a rude ferry and a ruder ferryman. The prince and the poet reached the other shore, and both were penniless.

"Chalk that!" said the prince, with a superb gesture that irritated the provincial Charon. A row ensued. The prince, who had recently crossed the stream in better circumstances, clutched the boatman and demanded a return of the gold which he had then scattered with a lavish hand, permitting the ungrateful fellow to retain only his legitimate fee. The prince and the poet then ascended the hill,—the prince in top-boots, the lad on his wiry mustang. On the summit of the hill another prince appeared. "A costly cloak on his shoulder, yellow buckskin gauntlets, a rich red sash about his waist, where swung a pair of Colt's new patent, and a great gold chain made up by linking specimens of nature's gold together, completed this man's attire. His great hat sheltered him like a palm." He rose in his wooden stirrups, jingled the bells of steel on his huge Spanish spurs, and said, with much flourish of course, "Money, mule and watch, all gone, and you on foot and alone—Prince Hal, the man of all others," etc. It was too true. Prince Hal, on the turn of a card at the last camp, had lost everything but hope and his unrivalled personal appearance. "Ah!" moralizes the poet at this stage of the narrative, "the grand old days are gone; the gay gamblers with their open pockets and ideas of honor!"

Why need I add what is evident to all? Prince Hal fathered that flaxen-haired boy; saw him through a thousand battles; nursed him in sickness; worried him in health—for the indescribable charm of the man of mystery drew the poet by a single hair through fire and water,—by night, by day, in season and out of season. And then the prince vanished into space, and reappeared at intervals, lonely and far off, like a wandering comet; a brilliant, erratic, fascinating adventurer, who returns in the last pages of the "Unwritten History," when the Modoc has ceased from troubling, and the poet and the prince lie down together, and leave nothing to be desired but an extensive sale of this romance of their youth. The poet writes: "The prince and I had at last pitched our tent for good together. I had told him my ten years' battle just past, and he had recounted his. He had crossed and recrossed the Cordilleras and the Andes, sailed up and down the Amazon, fought in Nicaragua, and at last raised an old Spanish galleon from Fonseca filled with doubloons and Mexican dollars that had gone down in the sea half a century before." What more can be added, save this? "There is a tinge of grey in his hair and a touch of sadness in his face!"

So much of the revelation of the poet. I borrow without leave. Time passed. It can not be expected that those rovers ceased for good and all to sail the seas over. Voices cried to them from the four quarters of the globe, and their hearts would not sit still. They struck tent and were soon lost to each other. At intervals these unresting souls met in their orbits, and held communion for a little while. Again they buried themselves in remote seas and trackless deserts until, at last, the prince—who was by this time at least a king—made his bed in the best chamber of the Langham Hotel, Portland Place, London, W. C.

There came a page in buttons, with the compliments of the King of Tigre; and, "Will you do me the pleasure to dine with me this evening?" I did so. Without more ado, let me confess that there was a tinge of grey in his hair, a touch of sadness in his face, and a subtle intoxication in the very atmosphere of the King.

His eye was kindly and fond; his massive frame commanded admiration; his low, rich voice beguiled one; and his conversation, which was more like a soliloquy than an attempt at dialogue, captured the imagination of the listener, and led him on from height to height until the spirit scorned all obstacles and sat perched on the summit of ambition, defying fate.

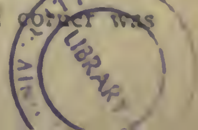
In justice to both parties, let me state that this psychological phenomenon took place before dinner, and was repeated on several occasions when we were both in reasonable and sober moods. To him, the King of Tigre, all things seemed possible. I think I must, against my will, have followed whither he chose to lead me, had it been his pleasure to take me captive. I believe that his apostles hang breathless upon his words; that his tribe is swayed with one impulse, like corn in the wind; that at his call his legions will gather like the storm-clouds; that before his wrath they perish, and at his signal they are prepared to fall upon the land like locusts, and lay waste cities and overturn governments, and establish new customs and new peoples and new religions.

All this you gather from the tranquil soliloquy that flows on like a Persian poem embroidered with metaphor, sparkling and full of color. He never boasts of power or influence; he never rails at men and things, loading the air with vulgar threats. He is no sandpiper; he is the personification of power in repose. During the relation of his experiences, his hopes, his philosophy, it dawns upon you that this is a man who can do great deeds, but who is patiently awaiting the hour to strike; and that it is supreme wisdom or prophetic knowledge of things to come that bids him wait a little, and a little, and yet a little.

When we parted in London it was with a light and graceful farewell. He talked of Cuba and Mexico; of the wealth that lies untouched about the sources of the Amazon; and of the sea islands with their unspoiled races,—these especially appealed to the sentiment that he betrayed at times, such as he shares in common with every big-hearted, full-blooded, generous soul. I heard of him, here, there, and everywhere; journeying hither and yon; recruiting, strengthening the trust of his tribe; speculating, recklessly it seemed to me,—for fortunes were staked on the turn on the market; and if he lost, he lost all. That mattered little to him, however; for the aspect of the man was unchanged whether penniless or backed by millions.

I heard of him in New York,—learned that he was disabled, a prisoner in his chamber. Presenting myself at the hotel, I was at once conducted to his apartment, where he lay in his bed, day after day, reading, dreaming, planning,—not for himself only, but for the band of adventurous souls nourished by his inexhaustible enthusiasm. I found him the victim of old wounds that from time to time break forth afresh and compel him to repose for weeks together. His cigars were delicious, his talk as inspiring as ever. Indeed, I am not sure that he was not more fascinating, chained to Caucasus, with the vultures preying upon his vitals, than when in robust health, merely a man amongst men. Now he was a kind of Prometheus bound; but the spirit was as fiery as ever, and as free as when he stood with one foot on sea and one on shore, seeking new worlds to conquer.

He recovered; he will probably continue to recover after sieges that lay low his betters have spent their rage, and he will still wear the bloom of perennial youth when I have withered and blown away. He came to my rooms—dainty rooms that had been deserted for the season by a pair of sisters, who gave me leave to rest there until their return. Everywhere one saw the touch of the woman,—"the refining influence," I think you call it. Every nook and corner was



like a little shrine; sentiment breathed from the innumerable brackets on the wall, the tidies on every article of furniture, the lace coverings of the bed, the books, the bodkins, the forgotten sheaf of hairpins that lay under the mirror.

The King of Tigre came, saw, and collasped in beuty's bower. A touch of nature, human and feminine to the last degree, had conquered him. I believe he would have married on the spot, at the shortest possible notice and on the most reasonable terms. What were kingdoms, principalities, powers to him then? Nothing; not so much as the Havanas which we were then burning at the written request of the young ladies pasted over the mantel—they liked smoke. Kings are but human. We talked of marriage and of monasteries. It was a question whether his Majesty of Tigre espoused the firm in my rooms immediately upon the return of the sisters, disbanded his legions, and reigned over a fireside, first floor front, only a block from Madison Square, or gathered me to his breast and strode into some monastery in the antipodes, where the gates that clanged after us would wake no echo and imprison no regrets.

The question was laid on the table; for at that moment—the precious moment on which hung the fate of possible princes and presidents — some one entered and fell an instant victim to the ravishing philosophy of the King of Tigre. What was the result? I returned to the parental bosom with the usual souvenir—a flattering photograph properly endorsed. He and his latest knight went off on a royal skirmish, and the day of their return is unannounced, though it may be close at hand. Why do I betray these confidences? It is not from the desire of gain nor with the hope of losing reputation. I have been glancing through a borrowed copy of the fair-haired poet's "Songs of the Sunlands." I find there a leaf which has been diligently thumbed. It is my pet poem, underscored and wreathed with notes of admiration. Do you know it? Let me read it to you,—it won't take long:

KING OF TIGRE.

King of Tigre, comrade true!
  Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonseca blue?
  Wearing Amapala now?
  King of Tigre, where art thou?

Battling for Antilles' Queen?
  Saber hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust or laurel green?
  Raving love or marriage vow?
  King and comrade, where art thou?

Sailing on Pacific seas?
  Pitching tent in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
  Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
  Soldier-singer, where art thou?

Coasting on the Oregon?
  Saddle-bow or birchen prow?
Round the Isles of Amazon?
  Pampas, plain, or mountain brow?
  Prince of rovers, where art thou?

Answer me from out the West!
  I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
  Reach a hand with lifted brow,—
  King of Tigre, where art thou?

Where art thou, O mysterious monarch? Echo answers by postal card. Under the palms, beside tropic seas, lighting the slow-match that shall eventually blow Mexico to Halifax. What though your post-mark is cunningly obscure? What though your lines reach me through the cross-scent of several legations? I know your touch. I recognize the latent charm that won me long ago, and respond to it at once. To you and to yours, greeting! When you pass my port, resistless rover, pause a moment while I dip my colors; for you are of those who breed romances, and without whom life were indeed a blank. Some one at my elbow has just whispered: "I don't believe the half of this!" Believe it! Believe everything, my sweet child; for thus only do you avoid the risk of some day spurning a royal truth.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCI.

WHAT is a "good work"? Not prayers or offices or rosaries or Masses or Benedictions, or other "outward works," as so many fancy. The whole art and mystery and the true spirit of piety, as distinguished from the spurious article, are thus summarized: "Without charity"—*i. e.*, the love of God—"the outward work profiteth nothing. But whatever is done out of charity, be it ever so small and contemptible, it all becometh fruitful; inasmuch as God regardeth out of how much love a man doth a work rather than how much he doth."

XCII.

In most books of devotion for the Holy Communion the prayers are usually cast in a form that is suited to the highest tone of piety. There is often, however, a sad discrepancy between the real state of the reciter and the prayers he utters, and he feels it too. Now our author takes due account of the condition of the poor sinner, who feels cold and indifferent and unintelligent, and he deals with him accordingly.

The topics he dwells on are truly forcible and compelling. "The angels and archangels stand in reverential awe, the saints and the just are afraid, and Thou sayest: 'Come ye all to Me.'" On which invitation the devout À Kempis adds: "Unless Thou, O Lord, didst say this, who could believe it to be true? And unless Thou didst command it, who would venture to approach?" How original and striking this! He then recalls the immense efforts of Noah, Solomon with his Temple, Moses and the Ark: "How much did they endeavor to do to please Thee! Alas! how little is it that I do! How short a time do I spend when I prepare myself to communicate!... Why am I not more inflamed in seeking Thy adorable presence?... 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?"

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

The utter hopelessness of all attempts at Christian reunion otherwise than by the unity of all Christians in the Catholic faith was felt by intelligent Protestants long before the present era of good feeling. In 1640 the British House of Commons sent a message to the Lords on "the increase of Popery." The question of reunion was even then discussed; but Mr. Rouse, the speaker of the House, recognizing the unchanging character of Catholic truth, deprecated all efforts to effect a compromise. "For," said he, "the Pope being fastened to his errors, even by his chair of inerrability, he still sits unmoved; and so we can not meet unless we come wholly to him. A man standing in a boat tied to a rock, when he draws the rope doth not draw the rock to the boat, but the boat to the rock." We have seen no other statement of the case so direct and forcible as this. We pray that our Anglican friends may have grace to fasten their rope to the rock and pull!

The Rev. Brooke Herford's Dudleian lecture at Harvard College, which the *Pilot* characterizes as "worthier of the worst anti-Catholic days of Music Hall than of the classic platform of the great American University," has called forth a number of very able replies, which have considerably discounted the face value of the Dudleian orator's statements. The day is gone by, thank God, when distorted history, perverted criticism, and rhetorical clap-trap concerning the Church, are allowed to pass unchallenged.

The speaker or writer who indulges nowadays in such congenial pastime is safe to see himself pilloried with commendable promptitude, even though his reputation for scholarly attributes be notably higher than that of the Rev. Brooke Herford. Fathers Tracy, Barry, Maley, Moyes, and Doonan, S. J., have probably brought this truth home to Mr. Herford in a manner sufficiently vivid to impress even one who scrupled not to say to a Harvard audience: "It is difficult to speak too strongly of the general opposition of the Church to the progress of science, and to the exposure and extinction of what the educated world now recognizes as superstition."

Old age has in nowise weakened Mr. Gladstone's detestation of Turkish rule. "I see in mind," he wrote the other day, "that wretched Sultan, whom God has given as a curse to mankind, waving his flag in triumph; and the adversaries at his feet are Russia, France, and England. . . . May God in His mercy send a speedy end to the governing Turk and all his doings. As I said when I could say and even sometimes do, so I say in my political decrepitude or death."

Were the veteran ex-Premier still at the helm, England's foreign policy would undoubtedly be a vigorous one, so far at least as the Sultan is concerned; and the poor Armenians might reasonably expect the speedy dawn of a brighter day.

The disastrous consequences of the purely secular instruction imparted to youth is commanding attention in all countries in which Godless schools prevail. Even the warmest friends of such schools in France begin to deplore the legitimate results of the training given to French youth. The proportion of minors among the criminals and suicides of that country is constantly increasing; and, according to a distinguished magistrate, M. Guillot, disregard of religion is most frequently equivalent to the abandonment of all ideals. "Country, family, duty," he says, "are words that provoke a smile quite as readily as does the word religion." As far back as 1892 there were in France eighty-seven suicides of children under sixteen; and of minors ranging from sixteen to twenty years of age, no fewer than four hundred and seventy five. "The level of morality," confesses another French writer, "is becoming lower among the people, and the continuous increase of young criminals constitutes a real social peril." As well expect figs from thistles as to look for morality among the graduates of intellectual gymnasiums wherein religion is ignored.

We notice with regret that few of the many religious papers published by our separated brethren have quoted or commented upon the Pope's recent instructions to the librarian of the Vatican. Many of them give publicity to various rumored sayings and doings of Leo XIII., even printing from time to time bogus bulls and encyclicals; so we think they should have the manliness to tell their readers what Leo instructed his librarian to do in connection with certain MSS. "Publish," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "everything that is of interest; suppress nothing for the sake of policy, even though it may reflect upon the conduct of ecclesiastics. If the Gospels were to be written at the present time there would be those who would suggest that the treachery of Judas and the dishonesty of St. Peter should be omitted, in order not to offend tender consciences."

In estimating the benefits which mankind has derived from the Church even in the material order, account should be taken of the labors of our missionaries in behalf of science and language. M. Valerian Groffier recalls the interesting fact that at the Universal Exposition at Lyons fully six hundred volumes dealing with travels and geography, besides numerous maps, were contributed by Catholic priests. Others of the missionaries occupy all their scant leisure by reducing barbarous tongues to writing. The late Father Czimerman, a Hungarian Jesuit who labored in Africa, published in the Kaffir tongue a catechism, prayer-book, Bible history, and a volume on the "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin." Referring to these works, a recent writer says that "they signify nothing more or less than the foundation of a Kaffir

literature; for scarcely anything is known to have been printed in this tongue. Professor Toth-Mike has sent the volumes to the Hungarian Academy, where they will be preserved in the library as a memorial of this worthy Hungarian priest, who, while preaching the Gospel to the wild races in the darkest quarter of the world, also found time to be a pioneer of Oriental culture and civilization."

The crowning of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, will be a memorable event in the history of that city. The fame of the shrine, its connection with the happy issue of the war of 1812, the ceremonial pageantry, and the fact that Our Lady of Prompt Succor is the Patroness of Louisiana, — all these circumstances combined to make the occasion noteworthy. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, in presence of a large assemblage of the clergy and laity. In every church of the Archdiocese a solemn novena had been made in preparation for the ceremony, and when the hour for it arrived every church bell in the great Archdiocese of New Orleans rang out in jubilee. The shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor is the second in America to receive this solemn coronation.

There is, perhaps, no spot in the wide world where the beauty of Catholic life is more obvious than upon the island of Teneriffe, one of the Canary group. In olden times it was happily called "The Pearl of the Fortunate Islands,"—a title which is now more appropriate than ever. Its beauty, however, is of a kind which all globe trotters do not appreciate; and probably many of them agree with the old lady who thought that "the sin of Cain must be very prevalent on this island," because of the number of wayside crosses! A writer in *The Month* tells us that not only are Calvaries common upon the roadside, but the sign of our redemption is to be seen over almost every house and gateway. In the mountains, Calvaries consisting of three crosses are constantly to be seen; and sometimes a rough wooden cross is erected to mark the spot where a coffin has been rested. Scarcely less numerous are the whitewashed chapels that sprinkle the island. Mass is said in them only once or twice a year, but they are carefully tended; for the people believe that wherever the Holy Sacrifice has once been offered, troops of angels are left ever afterward to guard the hallowed spot.

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It was at Santa Cruz, the chief seaport of Teneriffe, by the way, that the English were beaten in fair fight by the Spaniards, and that Nelson lost his arm. Two British flags captured on that memorable occasion were deposited in the Church of Our Lady de la Concepcion. Some years afterward two young midshipmen, ashore from an English man-of-war, purloined them, and carried the trophies in triumph to their ship. It is to the lasting credit of the English Government that it condemned their action, and afterward returned the flags to Spain, with many apologies for the indiscreet action of the middies. The trophies now hang, one on each side of the altar, in the central chapel of the Church of Our Lady at Santa Cruz.

There are, unfortunately, a certain class of Catholics who seem imbued with a spirit of latent opposition to all manifestations of the supernatural about which the Church has not pronounced authoritative judgment. Their primary impulse is to deny the supernatural character of apparitions, presumptive miracles, providential answers to prayer, and the like; and they really display more prejudice in judging such matters than do many Protestants. To this class it may be useful to read the following extract from a paper on "The Miracles of St. Anne" (of Beaupré, Quebec), published in *Godey's Magazine* for November:

"I spoke," says Mr. Cleveland Moffet, the writer of the article in question, "with men of fine understanding — business men, journalists, politicians, — all dispassionate observers, not likely to be superstitious, and not particularly orthodox in their religious views. They one and all expressed their firm conviction that the cures effected by Good St. Anne are not 'all humbug,' not ordinary 'faith cures'; and that things are happening

at Beaupré every year which nobody has ever yet explained, and which nobody can explain on a basis of what we call rational law."

It takes very little to fill the hearts of some controversialists with rejoicing. Some time ago, we are told, Lord Roseberry very sensibly pointed out at Cardiff that, as a matter of indefeasible right, the present endowments of the Church of England properly belong to their original owner, the Church of Rome, from whom they were taken by Parliament. The church papers made great capital out of the fact that the ex-Premier declared that he had not leisure to engage in correspondence with a gentleman who wished him to point out by what Act of Parliament such transfer of endowments had been made. Lord Roseberry's declining to discuss the matter was quite right, and would still have been right even had he enjoyed a superabundance of leisure. The gentleman who desired to engage in correspondence on the point in question has only to consult any good history of England during the Reformation epoch.

As a graceful apology for making a private concern a matter of public gossip, the following, from one of the Dublin *Freeman's* staff, is noteworthy:

"Behold the writer of the 'Ladies' Letter' on the horns of a dilemma. It is impossible to ignore an event so interesting and so happy as the engagement of Mr. John Dillon and Miss Mathew. It is indelicate to write of the private affairs of any one, and above all of a refined young lady like Miss Mathew, in the newspaper. And yet we do so write, without disrespect, of ladies who, whether as princesses or poets, or in any other way, become persons of public interest. So, as Miss Mathew is a person of far more interest in Ireland than, say the Duchess of York or Princess Maude of Wales, our gossip column must say a word about the lady who is now the most interesting woman in Ireland."

The "word" said is a generous tribute to the eldest daughter of Sir James Mathew, one of the few Catholic judges on the English bench. Mr. Dillon's bride-elect is the great-grandniece of perhaps the most famous Irishman of the century—Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

Thirty-three years ago two young priests left France with the late Bishop Dubuis, to labor in the new and extensive diocese of Texas. Both of these priests have since become bishops,—the one being Mgr. Heslin, of Natchez; and the other, the Rt. Rev. J. A. Forest, D. D., recently consecrated Bishop of San Antonio, Texas. Bishop Forest's fitness for the apostolic office was conspicuously shown during the three and thirty years of his priesthood. It was no slight tribute to the new prelate's zeal and piety that Bishop Heslin could say at his consecration: "The churches and schools and convents which he has built—partly with his own hands,—the conversions he has brought about, the good he has done among all classes, and the esteem in which he is held, even by those outside the Church, bespeak his worth more eloquently than words." We congratulate the Catholics of the Diocese of San Antonio upon the appointment of so worthy a chief pastor.

Notable New Books.

OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. Vol. II. By the Rev. Sylvester J. Hunter, S.J. Benziger Brothers.

The first instalment of Father Hunter's work was so warmly praised by Catholic reviewers that this second volume has been awaited with more than ordinary interest. We are happy to state, however, that whatever expectations were formed are abundantly justified by the masterly manner in which the work has been continued. The fact that so capable a hand as Father Hunter's was moved to undertake a popular treatise of dogmatic theology proves that there is among the laity a growing demand for fuller knowledge of the Church's teaching. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We may hope that it will create in America a condition which we have often admired in England—the existence of a large body of Catholic laymen, each of them an unconsecrated apostle, and each thoroughly instructed in Catholic teaching.

Father Hunter's success in this work proves that even so difficult a subject as theology may be popularized without losing anything of its exactness. His theses com-

prise the One God, the Trinity, the Angels, the Creation of Man, the Incarnation and the Blessed Virgin. Yet none of these great mysteries could have been treated with more clearness and accuracy if the technical language of the schools had been employed. Another feature of the work not common to treatises on theology is the account given of the part played by particular saints in the development of Catholic dogma, or, more frequently, of Catholic devotions.

The third volume of Father Hunter's work, we are told in the preface, will appear before the end of the present year. Needless to say it will be eagerly welcomed.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF AN EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT. By the Rev. B. Hammer, O. S. F. B. Herder.

With the approbation of the Archbishop of St. Louis, Father Hammer has given to clergy and laity a book that is well worth studying. Its very arrangement of subject-matter shows the practical guide of souls; for each day's exercise consists of a meditation for the morning, a chapter for spiritual reading, an afternoon conference, and an evening meditation, with points for next morning. The considerations presented are those that most closely concern man's salvation and sanctification, and they are set forth with a simplicity and directness which carry with them a holy unction.

We deplore, with Father Hammer, the indifference of the world for things spiritual; and we hope that the efforts made by this devoted son of St Francis may be crowned with success and lead souls to God.

PETRONILLA AND OTHER STORIES. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Benziger Brothers.

The short story is having its "innings" now. The old three-volume novel is obsolete, and the novel itself seems almost obsolescent; but the novelette—the drama in one act—has grown in popular favor. Miss Donnelly has made a most acceptable contribution to the store of Catholic fiction by her volume of short stories. They are of varying merit, but they are all meritorious; at least one of the best will not be new to our readers. The tale which gives its title to the volume is the longest, and perhaps the most readable. Like most of Miss Donnelly's stories, the action concerns itself almost exclusively with young women, the men being introduced merely as useful bits of stage-furniture—as villains, for instance, or as necessary adjuncts to a marriage ceremony. The author's strong sense of dramatic effect, however, and the swiftness of the action, prevent even a slight sense of monotony; and the reader follows the fortunes of good young women, and of silly young women who afterward become sensible and good, with eager interest. No one can look within the dainty covers of "Petronilla and Other Stories" without being entertained and profited by it; and in this day of vapid plots and doubtful tendencies this is very high praise. We wish there were more of such short books for our young people.

ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION, VOCAL AND PHYSICAL. By the Rev. P. Williams, O. S. B., and the Ven. C. Sullivan, O. S. B. Atchison, Kansas.

From St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, there comes a most attractive text-book on a subject too often but indifferently developed by instructors,—namely, elocution. "Elements of Expression" it is modestly called, yet it embraces the best features of the best systems. Elocution is treated as both a science and an art; and the exercises given are not only well adapted to the end proposed, but they are taken from our best Catholic writers. The basis of the method developed in this excellent work seems to embody what is most practical in Delsarte. We cordially commend the book to all teachers and students of elocution.

CHAPTERS OF BIBLE STUDY. By the Rev. Herman J. Heuser. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

This Association, which has already given us a number of excellent books, has formed the design of publishing in booklet form some of the lectures delivered at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh this year. Father Heuser's lectures form, we believe, the second issue of this valuable and attractive series.

The sub-title of the work describes its character: it is "a popular introduction to the study of the sacred Scriptures." Father

Heuser's learning and literary grace—qualities that have made him so notably successful in editing the *American Ecclesiastical Review*—constitute him an ideal guide to that sacred treasure-house of truth and beauty. These studies, which show the origin, authenticity, and character of the Bible, are obviously not technical; but they are the product of ripe scholarship, and the fruit of many years' devoted and reverent study.

On every page one admires the author's way of putting things—the popular illustration, the absence of complex relationships, and too subtle distinctions. The chapters most remarkable for this, and those which will best stimulate popular interest in the Sacred Book, are, we think those entitled "A Source of Culture," "English Style," "The Use and Abuse of the Bible," and the "Position of the Church." The Encyclical of the Holy Father on the study of Scripture forms an appropriate appendix to this valuable and handsome little volume, which we hope may have a wide circulation.

A BRIEF TEXT-BOOK OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. Catholic School Book Co.

That the teaching of sound philosophy is not neglected in Catholic schools and colleges may be known from the constantly increasing number of text-books dealing with moral science. Moreover, as the author of the present work observes, the discussion of ethical questions, which was formerly confined to trained philosophers, has become, so to speak, epidemic; it is therefore of the utmost importance that popular treatises setting forth the true principles of moral teaching should be within easy reach of the people.

Father Coppens' work, though confessedly brief, differs in no important respect from most other text-books of moral philosophy. The features which will recommend it most heartily to teachers are its simplicity, its freedom from superfluous matter, and a conspicuously happy way of stating distinctions and illustrations. Father Coppens' experience among youthful rhetoricians no less than philosophers has, no doubt, helped him to this end. The same may be said of the "answers" to the objections which follow each thesis: they are sometimes so happily phrased as to compel remembrance. Thus under the thesis, "Duelling is opposed to the natural law," we find this objection and answer: 'A duel may be necessary to avoid the imputation of cowardice. *Answer:* It would be moral cowardice to do a wrong action through human respect." A happy answer indeed.

Another advantage which teachers and students alike will appreciate is the numerical references to the author's "Mental Philosophy," wherein propositions, which in this book are properly assumed, are carefully demonstrated.

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. George W. Niedermayer, rector of St. Augustine's Church, Newark, N. J.; and the Rev. Peter Bausch, C. SS. R., who lately departed this life.

Mother Dolorosa and Sister Dolores, Holy Name Academy, San Antonio, Fla.; Sister Mary Aloysius, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Mary Mechtilde, Ursuline Convent, Alton, Ill.; Sister Mary Cecilia and Sister Mary Bertille, of the Order of Mercy; Sister Mary Hyacinth, of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Sister M. Emelia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Ephrem, of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—all of whom lately passed to their reward.

Mr. James Neagle, of Ivesdale, Ill., whose sudden but not unprovided death took place on All Souls' Day.

Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams, who was called to the reward of sufferings patiently borne, on the 7th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Miss Christina M Foley, a fervent Child of Mary, who died a precious death in New Haven, Conn., on the 21st.

Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. James Picket, Mr. Michael Sweeney, Mrs. W. Bloom, and Mrs. B. Poggott,—all of Detroit, Mich.; Daniel and Patrick Doyle, Neola, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Cotter, Mason City, Ill.; James Quirk, Ferryland, Newfoundland; Henry Carew, Cape Broyle, Newfoundland; Mrs. Edward Garrity, Kensington, Conn.; Mr. James Renehan, New Britain, Conn.; Edward McCabe, Mount Oscar, Rigaud, Canada.

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

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Advent of Winter.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

OH, the flowers are all dead!
In each dreary garden-bed
There are only wilted stalks to tell the tale
Of the beauty and the bloom
And the odorous perfume
Of the blossoms fair that scented once the gale.

Far away the birds have sped,
For they stand in awful dread
Of old Winter, with his icy breath and hoar;
To the sunny South they've gone,
Where the meadows never don
The snow-dress, and the bleak winds never roar.

Oh, the summer tints are fled
From the sombre skies o'erhead,
All the deep, translucent blues are changed to grey;
And the sunbeam's merry smile,
That so gladdened us erewhile,
To a stern and chilly frown has given way.

And yet it must be said
That our young folks do not shed
Many tears because the winter is begun;
Every season has its joys
For light-hearted girls and boys,—
And to snowball, slide or skate is glorious fun.

WHAT is time?—the shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries. These are but outward signs,—the measure, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this,—then tell me what is time?—*Longfellow.*

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.

MORGAN returned to the office in an excited and perturbed state of mind. His heart burned with indignation at the accusation that had been brought against him; his brain was busy with plans for refuting it. His attention wandered from his duties; he came near making a mistake in regard to a message he was sent to deliver; and was very glad when business hours were over at last.

Although somewhat of a street Arab and waif at the time of the accident at the lake, his wandering life had been only of a few months' duration. Poor as it was, his mother, as long as she lived, had kept a home for his sister Polly and him; and the kindly neighbors who cared for her in her last illness afterward obtained for Polly admittance to the orphan asylum of the Sisters of Charity, and assured Morgan he was welcome to a meal and shelter among themselves at any time. When he had done well during the day, and could bring some little addition to the frugal supper, he was not slow to avail of these invitations; otherwise he kept away. Before the winter set in, he frequently slept in doorways or the empty packing-cases left outside the shipping doors of mercantile houses. As the weather grew

colder, he found that he could always earn a lodging at aged Barney's out at the lake, by breaking wood for the old man's fire, bringing his stores from town, etc. Of the friends to whom he went after an interval of what he called "good luck," was Mrs. O'Day, a hard-working widow, with four small children to support.

"Sure, Morgan my boy," she was wont to say, "what pride you have, never to come anear us except when you have something in your hand! Isn't it many a bit and sup and night's lodging I owe you for past kindnesses of your good mother that's dead and gone—the Lord have mercy on her!—let alone the helpful turns you yourself have done me in carrying my baskets of laundry work to and fro, and such like?"

When Morgan became possessed of a steady situation, it was at Mrs. O'Day's he chose to install himself as a regular boarder, to the delight of the children, and the material assistance of his worthy hostess. A pious, unselfish soul, she gave the orphan boy a motherly sympathy and interest; and his position in the family was half that of patron, half of counsellor, and oldest son.

As for himself, when he wanted advice, it was usually to her that he turned for it, having great confidence in the judgment of the simple but sensible woman. So now, as, angry and stung by the sense of injustice, he thought over all Elizabeth had said, he determined to consult Mrs. O'Day about it.

"Is it *you* take aught belonging to another!" exclaimed his friend, when he related the circumstances. "I'd liked to have been there to give you the cha*rac*ter you deserve. Sure what conscience has the slip of a girl to be after accusing honest people in that way? I wonder at her, and she the daughter of a *liar* too!"

Morgan did not deem it necessary to frown down these indignant words as disrespectful to his employer. He knew Mrs. O'Day meant that the daughter of a *lawyer* might be presumed to come naturally by more penetration than other people. Either her resentment had the effect of cooling his own, or his had burned itself out, leaving a chance for fairer second thoughts to assert themselves.

"Still, I can't say, from the way she looked at it, that she was altogether to blame," he admitted. "You see, I got mad when she would not let me take her sled,—though, after all, it is not surprising that she would not, since she had never laid eyes on me before. And then when I told her to keep it as long as she could, she thought I was threatening her. Of course when the sled was run away with she had no right to be so sure *I* was the boy who stole it. But, then, on the other hand," he continued, with an effort to be just, "perhaps not *knowing* me, you understand, it was not so strange that she should suspect the boy who spoke to her on the coast."

"I don't see how any one could look you in the face, my lad, and take you for a thief!" said Mrs. O'Day, bluntly.

"Thank you, ma'am!" replied Morgan, coloring slightly. "Yet you can't always tell by looks either. Naming no names, there's a fellow that I run across sometimes who has the mildest, most honest-appearing face, and will stare you right in the eyes as unflinching as you please; and still he is one of the greatest rascals."

"Well, for all that, the young lady ought to have known better than to take you for the likes of him," insisted his adviser, stubbornly. "How would it be for you to lay the whole tale before her father? Like as not the little mischief-maker will be setting him against you the next thing, and then good-bye to your fine position."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Morgan, hastily. "That would not do at all. You see, she

kept her suspicions to herself, and really meant to be friendly."

"Indeed she might, *asthore*, and you after saving her brother!" replied the good woman.

"Just what *she* said. Oh, you know, they all make a great ado about that, as if a fellow could have done anything else!"

Mrs. O'Day declined to argue the question, and went on with the ironing upon which he had found her engaged.

"Then I don't see anything to be done but to let the whole affair drop," she remarked, after a pause.

"No, no!" objected Morgan, whom this advice did not please either.

"What, then?"

"I'm going to find the sled."

"Wisha, is it dreaming of turning detective ye are, and tracing it after two months and more? Don't be starting out on any such wild-goose chase, then."

"I'm determined to clear myself," rejoined Morgan, doggedly.

Mrs. O'Day, finding, like most persons whose advice is sought, that she was expected to listen rather than suggest, set herself to do so.

"I'm going to put Big Jim on the watch, first of all," said the boy. "He is not on that beat, but he will have his eyes open all the same. And, of course, I'll keep a sharp lookout. Maybe I'll hit upon a clue when I least expect it."

Big Jim was a stalwart Irishman, stern and uncompromising in doing his duty as a member of the police force; but large-hearted too, with a pity for the misery with which his occupation so often brought him into contact.

"I'll help you to the best of my ability, my boy," he promised, when Morgan asked his aid; "for I understand it is not for the value of the article you are so eager to recover it, since that is a small matter; but because even the shadow of a suspicion is more than an honorable, high-spirited fellow like you can put up with."

Morgan, on his part, entered upon his *rôle* of amateur detective in a theatrical manner, which showed that he was not unfamiliar with the luridly picturesque class of literature found in the pages of the "Penny Dreadful" and the "Shilling Shocker." Soon, however, he dropped romance, and contented himself with frequenting the coasts in the evenings; and in his intercourse with the youths of his acquaintance—bootblacks, messenger and errand boys—managed to turn the conversation to the subject of sleds whenever there was an opportunity, with the idea of finding out if they knew anything of the theft. But his efforts met with no success; it was growing very late in the season, and soon all sleds would be relegated to the obscurity whence there is no return until the first snow of the following winter.

"My opinion is, you are on the wrong track entirely," said Big Jim, when the lad acknowledged his discouragement. "It is not among busy fellows like those you have been inquiring of that the scapegraces are to be found. Dishonesty is not always clothed in tatters, by any means. As it has turned out, I have not been able to be of much service to you; but watch the idlers,—watch the idlers!"

Following this hint, on Saturday, which was always a half holiday at the office, Morgan went about to the various places where a presumably better class of boys congregated to coast, and occupied himself in scrutinizing the merrymakers and observing their sleds.

He saw none exactly like Tryphon, however; and, having been the rounds, lingered on the summit of a long hill near the outskirts of the town, gazing intently at the mirthful, boisterous throng of urchins making the most of the waning winter's afternoon.

"I may as well give up the search," he said to himself.

As he moodily reached this conclusion

his eyes fell upon a boy of about his own size, who was trudging up the coast, dragging after him a sled that appeared to have sustained much hard usage.

The boy reached the top of the hill, and Morgan continued to observe him casually. His clothes were good, yet he had an unkempt air. His short overcoat, although of expensive cloth, had lost one or two buttons, and the braid upon it was worn and frayed; his hat looked as if it had been used as a football several times too often, and his rubber boots were cracked and broken, as if they had been set too near the fire to dry.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" he demanded, surlily.

He had a handsome face, restless black eyes, and a shock of dark curly hair; but, although he seemed a leader among his companions, Morgan mistrusted him even before he spoke.

"I'm looking at you and at your sled there; have you any objection? If so, pray mention it, and I'll shut my eyes when you go by," answered Morgan, satirically.

"Well, there is no use of your casting eyes on that sled. It is mine, and I'll knock down any fellow who says it isn't!" retorted the boy, placing himself in front of it. So saying he threw himself upon the sled and went speeding away down the coast.

What a splendid sled it was! Despite its weather-beaten appearance, how easily and swiftly it outstripped all the others,—skimming smoothly over the snow, on and on, stopping at last only just short of the railroad track in the hollow.

He came up again, and his inquisitor took another look at the sled. What could have so marred the paint on the sides? Why, where was the name?

Morgan stopped abruptly in the act of rolling a snowball. "Has the name been scratched off?" he soliloquized; "and if so, why?"

He began to feel excited.

Down the hill went the boy once more, and a second time passed all the others.

"What is the name of your sled?" asked Morgan, when he returned.

"Viking," was the answer, jerked out unwillingly.

"Why did you scratch the lettering off?"

"Who says I did? If any one says so again I'll knock him down," replied the boy, who was apparently always on the aggressive.

"You'd better not try any nonsense with me; for I've more muscle than you," said Morgan, defiantly.

The boy "eyed him over," as he would have expressed it; and then, remembering perhaps that discretion is the better part of valor, turned away to coast again.

Morgan had no wish to pick a quarrel with him at this time. The strong suspicion aroused by the boy's own manner, the resemblance of the sled to one the picture of which had been in his mind a long while, the circumstance of the name being apparently purposely obliterated, and the unwillingness of the possessor to enter into any conversation upon the subject,—all led him to a sense of certainty. This sled was none other than Tryphon; this was the boy who had stolen it from before the Coltons' door.

If Morgan could have thrown up his cap and given a rousing "Hurrah!" at his discovery it would have done him good. Notwithstanding his eagerness, he did not lose his head, however.

"No, it won't do to quarrel," he said to himself. "I'll keep clear of the fellow, and just wait around for a while."

He made friends with the other boys, and accepted the invitation of several of them to take a few turns on a double runner, but still furtively examined that one particular sled whenever he had a chance. There were some faint traces of the name left.

"That first letter was never a *V*, though," he reflected. "It looks more like—I am

sure it was a *T;* and Viking has only six letters, but there were seven in this name. Yes, Tryphon it is, unless I am wofully mistaken. Well, my fine gentleman will have to explain how he came by this piece of property, at any rate."

At last, with the approach of dusk, the coast began to be abandoned; and, like the others, the boy of the sled in which he was most interested started to go home. Morgan followed, lagging behind a trifle. After a tramp of perhaps ten minutes, the former stopped at a house which would have made a pretty residence had it not been so neglected. It was dingy and gloomy; and a small garden, which in summer might have been transformed into a blooming paradise, showed, even in the twilight and through its covering of snow, that it had long been abandoned to brambles. The boy dragged the sled in and slammed the door. Morgan waited to make no further observations, but hurried away to Policeman Jim.

"All right!" responded his friend, when he heard the account. "I'll attend to the matter in the regular way; but, if your surmise is correct, you may rely upon it, the little Colton girl will have her sled by Monday evening."

Morgan went home to Mrs. O'Day's in high good humor.

On Monday Jim said:

"We must wait till after school. The best way will be to stop the lad with the property in his possession, and demand how he came by it."

Monday afternoon Morgan grew so restless that he could stand the suspense no longer, and asked his employer to allow him to go out for an hour. As he seldom made such a request, Mr. Colton consented. That gentleman could hardly fail to have been surprised, however, had he beheld his errand-boy a short time later run up the steps of his own residence and ring the bell.

Leo, who had just come in, saw him from the window, and rushed to open the door.

"Please may I speak to Elizabeth?" began the unexpected visitor. "I have something to tell her about Tryphon."

"'Lizabeth!" shouted Leo.

His sister, who had been leaning over the banisters of the second story, to ascertain who the "company" might be, catching the word Tryphon, needed no further summons, but came skipping down the stairs in a flutter, feeling very friendly toward Morgan; for, once convinced that she had been unjust to him, she was eager to show her penitence.

"Well, well, how clever you are!" she declared when he related the circumstances of his discovery. "How glad I shall be if it is really Tryphon! Once you have set your mind on carrying out something you have attempted, it is so nice to succeed; isn't it? When do you suppose your friend, Policeman Jim, will bring the sled? What does the boy who took it look like?"

"I thought," ventured Morgan, coloring with pleasure at the warmth of his reception,—"I thought perhaps you and Leo would come with me, and I'd show you the house where the boy lives."

"We will!" exclaimed Leo, puzzled to understand how Morgan should know so much about the unlucky sled.

"Mother has gone to drive, it is such a beautiful day; but she will not mind," added Elizabeth.

Accordingly the three were soon hurrying along the streets toward the less thickly settled part of the town.

Leo kept up a lively conversation with Morgan, about double runners, policemen, miniature printing-presses, etc.; but his sister, while frequently putting in a word, gave much of her attention to the surroundings, as they passed through the unfamiliar neighborhood.

"Sarah Martin lives somewhere around here," she said. "Once Joanna and I

walked home with her. It is a long way for her to come to school."

The two boys were now talking of Big Jim.

"I reckon he has arrested the boy by this time," observed Morgan.

Elizabeth came to a stand-still.

"Arrested him!" she echoed. "Why, I did not know he was going to do that! I only wanted my sled back."

Morgan stared at her.

"Of course if he finds that the sled is really yours, he will arrest him," he said.

"Oh, dear, dear!" murmured the little girl, wishing she had had a chance to consult her mother about the expedition on which they were bound, and had, in fact, confided to her the whole story. Such reflections were now of no avail, however; and the young people hastened on. At length, just after they had turned a corner, Morgan said, pointing to the dingy house and garden surrounded by a fence with broken palings.

"There,—that is where the boy lives!"

"*There!*" ejaculated Elizabeth, growing white. "Oh, it can not be! Why, that is Sarah Martin's house!"

"The boy lives there; that's all I know about it," reiterated Morgan, decidedly.

Elizabeth turned, and looked steadily at him in a scared way.

"O Morgan, what have you done?" she cried.

Morgan's face flushed crimson. Before he had time to ask an explanation, however, the door of the house flew open, and a girl rushed out, wringing her hands, and lamenting distractedly. It was Sarah herself.

"Dear Sarah, I'm so sorry!" said Elizabeth, running up to her. "It will all be made right some way."

"Oh, I hope so!" responded Sarah, too agitated to be surprised at the appearance of her schoolmate, and evidently in no way connecting the latter with the cause of her affliction. In fact, so engrossed was she in the thought that it seemed quite natural everyone should know of the matter. "I was just going to hurry down to your father's office," she added, "to ask if he could not do something about it."

"Here is a pretty afternoon's work!" groaned Elizabeth, under her breath. "Morgan has gone and got poor Sarah's brother arrested, and now Sarah is posting down to father to get him off!"

An unpleasant consciousness of being to blame for it all rendered her still more unhappy.

"Mr. Colton does not attend to that kind of business," interposed Morgan, feeling that he had overshot the mark, and wondering uneasily what his employer would say.

(To be continued.)

A Great and Good Sculptor.

The celebrated Italian sculptor Canova, though wealthy and titled, was ever the same simple, unostentatious man, caring nothing for personal luxuries. Not only the pension of 3,000 crowns granted him by the Pope, but a great part of the fortune acquired by his labors, were bestowed in acts of charity and upon unfortunate artists. On the occasion of a bad harvest, he maintained the poor of his native village one whole winter entirely at his own expense.

The manner in which Canova conferred a favor reflected additional honor on his character. A poor, a proud and bad artist was in great danger of starving with his whole family, for no one was willing to employ him. Canova, knowing this man would refuse a gift, requested him to paint a picture, leaving the subject and size to his own choice; and saying he had set apart four hundred *scudi* for the purpose,—half of which he would pay on the spot, and the other half when the work was finished; adding that the sooner he received it, the better he should be pleased.

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

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Losses.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

NOT wholly lost are the departed
  Whom we have laid away with tears;
Their absence leaves us broken-hearted,
  But memory fills with balm the vacant
    years.

The truly lost are those who wandered
  Aside in paths of poison briars,
Where happiness and youth are squandered
  Upon the vintage of corrupt desires.

Theirs are the lost the wide world over,
  Whose wilful lambs outgrow the fold,
Whose aching hearts can not recover
  The image beautiful in days of old;

Who know they loved a lie that led them
  Down barren paths to utter woe,
With hollowness and falsehood fed them,
  Then fled like phantoms from the morning
    glow.

Abyssinian Devotion to Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

THE study of devotion to our Blessed Lady in the various churches of the ancient East has much to make it attractive to devout Catholics. It is always a satisfaction to find some evidence that lends fresh support to a doctrine and a practice so much misunderstood and so frequently assailed. Facts are ever the most convincing arguments, and the fact that Marian devotion is widely spread among all the ancient Christian nations is in itself a plain proof of its antiquity. As Tertullian said of old, what is one among many comes not of error,—*Quod apud multos unum invenitur, non est erratum.* To many around us these facts can not speak, for the simple reason that they are not known. There are those who delight to sound the praises of "the ancient and unchanging East," while they allow themselves to speak of our Marian devotion as a modern Roman corruption. If these good people knew more about the faith and the devotional practices of the Christians in the East they would hardly deal out such unequal measure. With all the facts before them, some robustious Protestants would at least include the Eastern and Western churches in a common condemnation; while there are surely many who would be led to look at the devotion itself in quite another light.

But, apart from the help this evidence may haply lend to some who are seeking the truth, the study has surely sufficient charm for its own sake. What client of Mary does not rejoice to find her held in honor throughout the whole world, and hear the sweet sound of her praises rising in so many varied tongues? And if we ourselves do not need the East to teach us

this devotion, we may still find something to learn from its example.

On former occasions we have touched upon the subject of Marian devotion among the Greeks, the Syrians, the Copts, and the Armenians. Taking but a few of the flowers that bloom in such abundance on these fair fields, we have brought together some of the prayers and hymns to Mary which may be found in the Greek and Coptic office-books, or in the writings of St. Ephrem the Syrian, St. John Damascene, and St. Nerses the Armenian. And we have seen that these Christians of the ancient East are in nowise behind the faithful of the West in devotion to the Holy Mother of God. But we have not yet gone the round of the Eastern churches; and among those still unnoticed is one that might fairly lay some claim to the foremost place—the Ethiopic Church of Abyssinia.

Where so many are excellent, it is by no means easy to say which is really the best; but the Marian devotion of the Abyssinians is, in one way, the most striking and conspicuous of all. In antiquity, indeed, it must yield to the Syrian hymns of St. Ephrem; in abundance, it may be surpassed by the prayers of the Greek liturgy; and in tenderness or richness of imagery, it can hardly excel the Coptic and Armenian hymns. Yet if we look at the Ethiopic liturgical works and manuals of devotion in a collection, such as that at the British Museum, we shall find that the name of Mary holds a more prominent place than it does in any similar literature in whatever tongue.

In calling attention to the Ethiopic prayers and hymns to Our Lady we are not, so to say, turning an entirely fresh soil. Some thirty years since, Mr. Rodwell, an Anglican clergyman, made some translations from the Abyssinian liturgical manuscripts of the British Museum. His work, like so many learned publications of this kind, might have escaped the notice of Catholic readers, had not their attention been drawn to it by an able article in the *Dublin Review** on "The Witness of Heretical Bodies to Mariology." A recent writer on "Early *Dublin Reviewers*," in the pages of the *Irish Monthly*, is inclined to assign this paper to the late Dr. Ward; but, unless we are much mistaken, a considerable part of it, if not the whole article, is certainly from another pen. A prose version of a long Ethiopic hymn, which Mr. Rodwell had courteously communicated to the writer, is given bodily in this interesting article.

The *Dublin Reviewer* attempts to fix the date of the hymn by intrinsic evidence, and decides that it was written in the fifth century, between the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon. There is, doubtless, considerable force in the very ingenious arguments on which this conclusion is based. But the matter is hardly so certain as the writer would seem to imply. "If either Catholic or heretic," he says, "had begun to touch our hymn after Chalcedon, the parts which concern the Incarnation must certainly have borne marks of change or additions. While the document, therefore, could not by any possibility be later than the rise of the Incorrupticolæ, in all probability it belongs to the time between the Council of Ephesus and the Council of Chalcedon."†

Apparently, the writer was not aware that what is in substance the self-same hymn may be found in the Coptic Theotokia. In this form it has not a few variations, among them some of those very omissions and additions which this writer would anticipate in the work of a later hymnographer. This may, of course, be taken as a curious confirmation of his words. But when we remember the dependence of the Abyssinians on the Alexandrian Church, it is only natural to regard the Coptic hymn as the source

* April, 1868.

† Ib., p. 354.

from which the Ethiopic version was derived. And though it is, doubtless, possible that the latter may represent the work in a purer form, we are by no means sure that this is actually the case.

Our readers have already had an opportunity of observing that remarkable agreement of Coptic and Ethiopic hymns, which so plainly shows their close kinship. Mr. Rodwell's prose version of the aforesaid Abyssinian hymn has recently been reproduced in a work by Father Livius, C. SS. R., which was noticed in these pages in March, 1894; and one of its most striking passages was quoted by the reviewer. But two weeks before this, our paper on "Coptic Devotion to Our Lady" had appeared in these columns, containing *inter alia* some versions of hymns from the Theotokia. As the close resemblance of one of these verses to the passage cited from Mr. Rodwell's hymn has apparently escaped attention, we venture to reproduce them together:

"Than all saints thou art more mighty.
Full of grace, do thou pray for us.
Thou art higher than the Fathers,
And more glorious than the prophets;
And thou speakest with more freedom
Than the Cherubim and Seraphs;
For thou art mankind's true glory,
And of all our souls the guardian.
For our sake beseech our Saviour
That in faith He may confirm us;
Grant us grace, our sins forgiving,
Show us mercy through thy pleading." *

"All the saints shall say to thee, as is their due: Pray for us, O thou who art full of grace! Thou shalt be exalted above archbishops, honored greatly above prophets. In thee is majesty of aspect exceeding the majesty of Cherubim and Seraphim. Thou art truly the glory of our race and the petitioner for life to our souls. Pray for us to our Lord Jesus Christ, to strengthen us in the right faith, even in the faith of Him; and to bestow compassion and mercy upon us, and to forgive us our sins in the multitude of His mercy." (P. 328.)

These might surely be taken for two independent renderings of the same text. And we fancy it would be easy to find many a passage in the Homer of Pope or Chapman which would show more points of difference from each other, and still more from a prose version of the same lines of the original. But our first extract was translated last year, by the present writer, from a Coptic hymn printed at Rome in the last century; and the other version was made thirty years ago from an Ethiopic manuscript from Abyssinia. It was surely a strange fortune that brought them thus together in the New World of the West. These, however, are but isolated verses, and the reader will naturally ask whether this close agreement is confined to these stanzas alone. Mr. Rodwell's hymn fills four pages of the *Dublin Review*. Have its remaining verses a similar parallel in the Coptic Theotokia? If the reader has the curiosity to compare the rest of Mr. Rodwell's translation with the Coptic compositions which we have been privileged to render in these pages, he may be inclined to answer in the negative. It must be remembered, however, that our versions were but brief extracts from a rich volume of Coptic hymns to Our Lady; and, as may be gathered from what we have said above, the greater part of the Ethiopic prayer may be found in its pages. Some of the verses are combined together in much the same order, while many more may be seen scattered throughout the volume.

It is not our present purpose to offer translations from these Coptic verses. We are dealing now with Abyssinian, not Egyptian, devotion to Mary; and the native matter is so abundant that we can ill spare space for extraneous topics. We must, therefore, leave the Coptic hymns for some future occasion, and turn our attention to the Ethiopic literature.

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* THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XXXVIII., p. 256.

Some idea of the extent to which Marian devotion prevails among the Abyssinians may be gathered from the first sight of the Ethiopic catalogues of the British Museum. It is not merely that the hymn-books and office-books have many prayers or hymns in her honor; or that there is a special manual of Marian praise, like the Coptic Theotokia. There are several different works thus devoted to her name and the legends of her life and miracles. And, if we may judge from the number of copies which have found their way to our national library, they are among the most common and most popular books of the Abyssinian Christians.

Among the Ethiopic manuscripts mentioned in the first catalogue compiled by Dr. Dillmann in 1847, there are six copies of the *Weddase Maryam*, or "Praises of Mary"; four copies of another Marian work, the *Organona Weddase*, or "Organ of Praise"; and one copy of the two combined in one. Since the date of this catalogue the British Museum has acquired the bulk of the Magdala Collection of Ethiopic manuscripts, which were taken by the conquerors in the Abyssinian war of 1868. And a catalogue of these new treasures was published by Dr. Wright in 1877. In this we find six copies of the *Organona Weddase*, one separate copy of the *Weddase Maryam*, and two copies of both works together. Besides those, there are four copies of the *Nagara Maryam*, or "Saga of Mary"; two books of homilies or discourses for the feasts of Mary, and a book of Marian prayers. This brief statement by no means exhausts the list of manuscripts which bear witness to the Abyssinian devotion to Our Lady; for, besides the above and some other works especially associated with her name, countless prayers and salutations and hymns in her praise are found scattered through the other liturgical manuscripts of the Abyssinian Church.

Dr. Wright's invaluable catalogue of the Magdala Collection is no mere list of names. The learned editor has carefully classified the various Ethiopic manuscripts, giving in each instance some account of the codex and its chief contents, together with such notices of its origin and history as may be forthcoming. And the value of his volume is still further enhanced by excellent *fac-simile* reproductions of some pages of the best manuscripts, many of which are adorned by pictures of Our Lady with the Infant Jesus.

We regret to say, this accomplished Orientalist has but scant sympathy with the devotions of these Eastern Christians, whose language and literature he understands so well. He regards the legends of Mary's miracles with mingled pity and contempt, telling his readers, in the preface, that they may haply find some amusement in "the melancholy spectacle of Mariolatry run mad." We should have thought that no "Mariolatry" could well be other than mad. But the writer is probably using the familiar nickname without any very definite meaning. While we deplore this unfortunate language, we may at the same time take it as a witness to the exuberance of Abyssinian devotion to Mary.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

For one soul saved by scolding and fault-finding, ten are saved by sweetness. For one soul saved by fear of hell, ten are saved by the thought of the love of God. A gentle voice and a pleasant face make religion beautiful to the miserable and the sinful, whereas gloomy looks and a harsh or condescending manner make religion seem a thing to be avoided. Do you wish to draw souls to God? Then let your souls reflect His love. Be gentle, be sweet, be patient. Practical people may sometimes condemn you, but only thus can you imitate our Blessed Lord.

A Life's Labyrinth.

XIV.—The Subterranean Chamber.

CONSTANCE spent part of the morning reading to Mrs. Ingestre, whom she found an amiable companion. At luncheon the Marquis announced that, although Lady Cliffbourne was starting for London that morning, he would not be able to leave until Monday, owing to some urgent repairs that were being made at the castle.

The day passed very pleasantly. Mrs. Ingestre having ordered the carriage in the afternoon, they took a drive along the beach. About four o'clock Constance betook herself to the chapel, thinking that she would like to go to confession. A few women were kneeling in the aisles,—tenants they seemed to be. Father Pittock was in the confessional. After she had received that Sacrament, she remained kneeling for some time before the altar. When at length she went out into the porch she found the priest walking up and down, reading his Office. She would have passed him with a salutation, but he detained her, asking her if she would not like a stroll among the ruins of the older part of the castle, where the former chapel had been situated. Eager to learn all particulars, and to become familiar with the places—a knowledge of and familiarity with which might eventually aid her in her search,—she at once accepted his proposal. He went for his hat and stick, and they set forth.

Constance was surprised at the extent of the ancient dwelling of her forefathers, now fallen to decay.

"Here," said the priest at last, pausing before a large structure, partially unroofed, the greater part of which had fallen into an unshapely heap of huge stones,—"here are the ruins of the old chapel."

"It seems only a pile of *débris*," said Constance; "but if one could climb over those stones and descend to the other side, one might be rewarded for the effort. I fancy there must be some sort of vault or chamber there."

The priest looked about him, measuring with his eye the distance between the spot she pointed out and the new chapel, some five hundred feet distant.

"I must admit that I have never had the curiosity to examine it," said the priest. "Besides, my old limbs are not fit for exploring; and I live so much alone that I seldom have a visitor who would be likely to feel an interest in examining what lies behind that pile of stones. You will see by yonder path that in former times, at least, curious persons descended thus far; and, perhaps deterred by the crumbled mass of fallen masonry, did not seek to explore what lay behind."

Constance left his side, and walked to the spot where the descent seemed easy, and where the path indicated by Father Pittock began. Stooping, she peered into the depths some twenty feet below; then cautiously she descended as far as the top of the pile of stones, which seemed to have fallen simultaneously into one great heap at the bottom.

The priest watched her from the opposite side of the ruin. Presently she returned, saying:

"I have had considerable experience exploring old ruins in Greece, and have always been interested in them. I think, Father, that behind that heap of broken wall one might find a large chamber. Perhaps the body of the chapel is there, and still remains intact. What do you think?"

The priest looked at her curiously.

"Why, are you a native of Greece?" he inquired, apparently not noticing her question.

"No, Father," she replied, with a certain reserve. "I am an English girl, but have lived in Greece since I was a child."

"And I take it you would like to see what lies behind that mass of broken stones?" continued the priest, with a quizzical smile.

"Frankly, I should," said Constance, smiling in return. "With infinite labor one might wedge one's self through the narrow opening, which gives a glimpse of the black darkness beyond."

"It might be dangerous," said Father Pittock. "I do not think those stones have been disturbed for many a year, although the people hereabouts declare that lights have been seen from time to time flashing through the openings of the ruins. However, I attach no importance whatever to the rumor. Country people are always superstitious; Cornwall folk particularly so, I think."

Once more the priest regarded the young girl with a peculiar expression; it was as though he wished, yet hesitated, to make some further remark on the subject which now interested them. At length he said:

"Miss Strange, I believe I could conduct you to that chamber which you fancy lies behind the *débris* yonder,—in fact, I *know* I could. About three years ago, while having some repairing done in the chapel, I made a discovery, which I mention now for the first time. It may seem odd to you that I have withheld the information so long, and now speak of it to a stranger. But the Marquis takes no interest whatever in antiquities or old ruins. He is modern to the heart's core. To the dependents of the castle, you will at once understand, it would have been neither prudent nor in good taste to reveal it."

"Is it an important discovery, Father?" inquired Constance. "If you should see fit to communicate it to me, I shall keep the information a profound secret. And I assure you I shall be deeply interested. Old ruins have always had for me the greatest charm."

"I can not see how, in our day, the discovery I have made could be of much importance," replied the priest. "Nevertheless, at one time, particularly during the Cromwellian persecutions, I can well imagine that it would have been. And I think, Miss Strange, that I know of a subterranean communication between the present chapel and this ancient ruined pile, which was the former one. I also believe that by lifting a certain trap-door behind the altar of our little chapel over there, and descending some steps, we should find ourselves in a corridor leading to the old chapel, where in the Ages of Faith the Mountherons worshipped."

"You only *think* so, Father,—you have never investigated?" asked Constance, in surprise.

"I have never investigated," answered Father Pittock, with a smile. "Although often tempted to do so, I confess I have felt too lazy until to-day; not seeing any benefit to be derived from it, even if my conjectures should prove correct. But I am willing to make the experiment this moment, if you are desirous of testing my impressions."

"It can be the work of only a few moments—perhaps a quarter of an hour," said the girl, looking at the new chapel,—so called by contradistinction, although it was over two hundred years old.

"Let us try it, then," answered the priest.

So saying he began to retrace his steps, Constance walking beside him. As they went along he continued:

"One day, about two years ago, some men were repairing the wainscoting of the vestry, which had become worm-eaten and mouldy. Mrs. Mathews also took the occasion for a general overhauling of cupboards and airing of the heavy rug that covers the floor; and had brought down a couple of housemaids for that purpose, as my old Peggy is entirely inefficient for such work. While taking

their luncheon at the noon hour the women had gone out to a bench in my little garden, where they were seated as I passed into the vestry. The broad light of the midday sun fell full upon the stone floor as I entered, revealing very distinctly a square block in the floor much larger than the others, which was, as near as I could judge, on a line with the altar, on the other side of the wall. It looked so much like a trap-door, there being no evidences of cement between the interstices, that I began to examine it. While I was thus engaged the women came in with the carpet, which they were about to lay once more on the floor. However, I managed to prevent them from doing this, saying that I thought it would be the better for a night's airing, as it was summer time.

"After they had finished the rest of their work, replaced the various articles in the cupboards, and departed, I made a further examination of the stone,—finding the impress of an iron ring which had at one time been used to lift it. Having pried it loose with a long flat wedge I happened to have in the house, I swung it back, and found apparently nothing but a space under the floor, perhaps four feet in depth. Taking a plank sufficiently thick to bear my weight, I climbed down, lit a match, looked about me as best I could in a half-stooping posture; and discovered that a few feet away, so as to be entirely screened from observation from above, a flight of steps led into a long corridor, at the end of which I could detect a faint gleam of light. I at once conjectured that I had come upon a subterranean entrance to the former chapel; and, alarmed lest some one coming into the vestry might discover the open trap-door, I at once went back. After returning to *terra firma*, and traversing the space between the chapel and the ruins, I felt convinced of the correctness of my opinion. That is the whole story,—which I am prepared to verify, if you choose to explore the subterranean passage. After all, I can see no reason for secrecy in the matter, and the time occupied can not be great."

He looked at Constance smilingly; she returned his glance with sparkling eyes, eager for the adventure. No doubt her beloved father knew of this underground corridor, and the purposes for which it had been formerly used.

"O Father, I shall enjoy it very much!" she exclaimed. "And there can not be the slightest danger. Let us make the effort, at any rate."

They were soon in the vestry. Father Pittock threw up the end of the carpet, sending a cloud of dust into the room. By the dim afternoon light Constance could easily see the trap-door in the stone floor. Leaving her for a few moments, he returned with a small lantern and about five feet of plank and a wedge with which he lifted the door without difficulty. After inserting this into the hole, in the manner of an inclined plane, he lit the lantern and descended.

"I go first," he said, "in order to test the air of the passage; although I have no fear on that score, because there is, or was, an opening at the farther end, through which the light of day is plainly discernible. After I have satisfied myself that all is safe, I shall return to the foot of the plank and report. You are not afraid, my child?"

"Not at all, Father!" replied the fearless girl who had bearded Spiridion in his cavern. "I am only impatient."

The head of the priest disappeared, the light followed; while one might have counted twenty there was utter silence and complete darkness. Then Constance, on her knees before the opening, saw the flicker of the lantern once more, and heard the voice of the priest saying:

"All is well. You may descend,"—which she did at once.—"It is very dusty here," said Father Pittock, at the top of

the steps, swinging the lantern above his head; "but for the rest, I fancy there will be no trouble,—or at least very little. Follow me."

Slowly and cautiously he descended the wide stone steps, twelve in number; Constance following closely in his wake. Arrived at the bottom, they found themselves in a narrow passage, scarcely five feet high, but apparently very long. Both were obliged to stoop, in order to prevent their heads from touching the roof of the tunnel. Bats, scattering clouds of dust, flew in front of them; rats, disturbed in their burrows for the first time in many years, scurried up and down the passage, squeaking as they ran. It seemed a long time that they walked in darkness, only faintly illumined by the lantern which Father Pittock carried; in reality it was but a very few moments.

Gradually their way became clearer. They could now distinguish the rocky projections of the walls; the tunnel grew wider, ending suddenly in an immense mass of fallen stones, which blocked their passage, but through one side of which the light penetrated, and it was possible to squeeze one's way. This feat safely accomplished, they found themselves in a large, arched, vaulted chamber, whose many massive columns must once have upheld the vaulted roof of this apartment as well as the stone floor of the dismantled chapel above.

They sat down on a marble slab, which looked as though it might once have been the cover of a tomb. Glancing around them, they saw several similar pieces of solid stone scattered here and there in confusion.

"This must have been either a subterranean chapel or a burial place,—perhaps both," remarked the priest.

Constance shuddered. Her young spirit, though acquainted with human sorrow, had had no familiarity with death. She looked about her. On all sides were those cavernous archways, leading, she knew not whither. The spirit of curiosity was strong within her.

"Come, Father!" she said. "Let us see what lies beyond those arches."

The priest arose at her request, and they went forward, finding themselves in another chamber, where the remains of an altar were plainly visible. It had been formed of numerous small squares of parti-colored marbles, and must once have been an exquisite work of art. It was surrounded on all sides by solid fragments of masonry; behind it an almost imperceptible opening admitted a bright ray of light.

"We are now standing underneath the spot where the path leads down to the ruins," said the priest. "I feel confident that this is the remnant south wall of the chapel, which fell fifteen years ago, after a season of very wet weather, carrying the altar and floor along with it. I should imagine it quite a task to remove those outlying stones. Probably that is the reason tourists and visitors never try to penetrate the ruins; as for the rustics, they are too superstitious."

"Yes, I think you are right, Father," observed Constance. "Probably no one is aware of the existence of this subterranean chamber. And yet it seems strange that it is so. The Marquis at least should be aware of it."

"The present Lord Stratford was not born here,—he never resided at Mountheron until he came to the succession, I understand," replied the priest; "though no doubt he visited the castle at various times. Young men do not bother themselves much nowadays about antiquities, unless they have a taste for such things, which is rare."

Constance approached nearer the altar, making her way with difficulty through the ruined pile of masonry.

"Penetrating here from the outside," she said, "one could scarcely know of

the existence of this room. Father," she continued, "I think you ought to give this discovery to the world. It is most interesting; and who knows but, with proper appliances and sufficient search, it would more than repay exploration? There may be treasure hidden away in this vault."

"Perhaps I may act on your suggestion," was the reply; "but not with the purpose of finding concealed treasure. The old Lords of Mountheron were wiser in their generation than to conceal their treasure here."

The back of the altar faced a cranny between the fallen rocks outside, which let in some beams of light. As Constance bent to examine the lower portion, she saw that one of the stones had become dislodged and lay upon the ground. Lifting this with the idea of endeavoring to insert it once more in its proper place, as it was very small, she noticed that a piece of paper adhered to its inner side. It was old and yellow, with pencilled characters faintly inscribed upon it. After replacing the stone, she made her way over the broken masonry to the side of the priest, holding her trophy in her hand.

"See, Father!" she cried. "I found this piece of yellow paper sticking to the inner side of one of the stones of the altar, which had fallen out, and which I have restored to its place. I mean to keep it as a souvenir."

"There is writing upon it," said the priest, examining the faint characters. "If you should put yourself to the task of deciphering it, who knows but what you might unearth some wonderful secret of the ancient Mountherons?"

He returned it to her, and Constance put it in her pocket-book.

Slowly retracing their steps through the archways and the long, narrow passage, they reached the foot of the steps; not so much fatigued as oppressed by the damp, mouldly atmosphere of the underground chamber. Both felt relieved when they reached the vestry, the door of which Father Pittock had taken the precaution to lock before going down, so that no curious interloper should discover the secret of the passage and vault.

Constance speedily removed all traces of dust from her garments, and eagerly sought the open air.

"Miss Strange," said the priest as they parted, "I can not explain even to myself the readiness with which I imparted to you the secret I had previously mentioned to no one. Yet I assure you it was in no sense a burthen on my conscience; for I seldom thought of it."

"Have no fears that *I* will reveal it," replied Constance. "I am but a sojourner here, Father, and when I go that little secret shall accompany me,—unless circumstances now unforeseen shall, with your permission, decree otherwise. And I appreciate your great kindness, Father, very much indeed."

Father Pittock once more betook himself to his Breviary, while Constance returned to the castle. After she had gone to her room that night she bethought her of the faded paper reposing in her pocket-book, resolving to try to decipher its contents on the morrow,—little thinking that it held the key of the mystery, to the solution of which she had dedicated her life. And thus, with the thought of her absent father in her heart and a prayer to Our Lady of Good Counsel on her lips, she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Oh, I feel such an intense love for God when sorrow touches me that I could almost wish my heart would always ache! I feel so near to Him, I realize His love so thoroughly, so intensely, at such times. —*Edwin Booth, written after the death of his wife.*

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

IV.

THE judges before whom Father John Ogilvie appeared were eleven in number, most of them barons and lairds. Spottiswood took his place among them. A certain number of Catholics, chiefly of humble rank, accused of being the Jesuit's accomplices, were brought up at the same time before the judges. Some of them grew alarmed, and owned that they had seen the Father say Mass.

As to our hero, he was in full possession of his mental and moral strength. He promptly answered the judges' questions as to his birth, parentage, profession, and religious order; owned that he had come to Scotland "to unteach heresy," and that he received his jurisdiction from the Pope, the representative of Christ. When questioned about the Gunpowder Plot, he retorted by reproaching them with their own disloyalty toward the King, when, "on the 17th of September, 1596, with a great band of armed men, you wanted to kill the King along with the Council in the Parliament House." The scene here alluded to by the prisoner had actually taken place in Edinburgh twenty years before.

They then spoke of Father Garnett. "He was innocent," answered Father Ogilvie; "and would not for the whole world have betrayed the name of one who made sacramental confession to him.... He is a martyr if he died for the seal of confession.... If the things are true which he wrote from the prison, and which the ambassadors of two kings and a great many other gentlemen have witnessed to in writing,... he died happily and holily, and was innocent of the Gunpowder Plot." He added, with a touch of that quaint abruptness so characteristic of Father Ogilvie's quick and bold spirit: "I will mind my own business now as he did his then. Every man for himself and God for us all."

It was about twenty-six hours since the prisoner had touched any food; he was feverish and exhausted, although his courage kept him up. Some of the judges, having noticed that he was shivering, sent him to warm himself near a fire. Here he met a Highlander, who began insulting him because he was a Jesuit, and who wound up his abusive speech with the words: "If it were not for the respect I have for so many noblemen present, I would send you straight into the fire." Nothing daunted, the prisoner merrily replied: "If you should decide to put me into the fire, it could never happen more conveniently than now, as I am very cold." The bystanders joined in the laugh excited by the Jesuit's irrepressible good temper, and the man himself amicably promised to do anything he could for him.

A ridiculous attempt was then made to prove that the prisoner was not what he gave himself out to be—a son of the noble house of Ogilvie,—but a native of Glasgow; and his supposed mother was sent for, and called upon to recognize her child. She stoutly declined to do so; and among the reasons she gave was that her own son was a *halfin*—that is to say, a dull-headed fellow,—whereas the prisoner before her was remarkably sharp and clever. "And so," adds Father Ogilvie, "I have my laugh at those who had their laugh at me."

On being taken back to the Tolbooth, the confessor was fastened with two large rings to a lump of iron about two hundred pounds in weight, shaped like a pole. Meantime Spottiswood wrote again to London to the King's chamberlain, Murray, urging the necessity of making Father Ogilvie confess who had received

the Sacraments at his hands; hinting at the existence of vast conspiracies, and asserting that there were then in Scotland a Papal Legate and twenty-two Jesuits under his command.

These manifest falsehoods were well calculated to work upon the King's suspicious temper, and to urge him to deeds of violence. The Catholics who had been arrested as Father Ogilvie's accomplices were now tried and condemned to death, but subsequently reprieved and banished. They were chiefly persons of small means and humble position, whose arrest was not likely to bring Spottiswood much profit or glory; whereas if he could succeed in implicating persons of considerable rank in the supposed conspiracy, he felt that he could count on a speedy increase of his own fortunes and of the King's favor. With this object in view, he obtained leave to submit his prisoner to a most painful torture, commonly known in Scotland as the "boots," or the "stocks."

In his own account Father Ogilvie, probably from humility, passes rapidly over this particular phase of his bitter passion; but the witnesses, whose testimony was collected with a view to his beatification, give us a touching picture of his demeanor during this period of excruciating suffering. The "boots" consisted of four pieces of iron fastened together so as to form a kind of case, into which the victim's leg was introduced and tightly compressed, either by means of screws or by pieces of wood that were hammered in between the iron case and the leg. The pressure was so great that it generally happened that the limb was utterly crushed.

Father Ogilvie endured this fearful torment with marvellous courage. He was questioned all the time as to the names of those who had heard his Mass, who had received him in their houses, assisted and befriended him in his missionary work. Loyal to his friends, the descendant of the warlike Ogilvies proved himself, as his ancestors had been, "stout and manful." He opened his lips only to pray, or else, wonderful to relate, to joke! The witnesses to whose precious testimony we have referred give us a moving description of his gallant bearing under that fearful ordeal. We feel inclined to weep rather than to smile when they tell us how he laughed pleasantly and merrily while his bones were being crushed by the cruel iron.

Once a sudden twinge of pain forced an involuntary cry from his lips, whereupon a man present told him that he should be tortured until the marrow had been forced out of his bones. Father Ogilvie then stretched out his leg and bade the executioner continue his work to the end. Now and then he was heard to murmur in loving accents: "Lord Jesus, in whom I trust, grant that I may be found faithful! Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Even Spottiswood and the Protestant ministers marvelled at their victim's cheerfulness and courage. The fame of his patience spread far and wide, and we are informed that many Protestants begged to be instructed in a religion that could inspire such heroism.

The Privy Council of Scotland judged that Father Ogilvie was a prisoner of sufficient importance to be summoned to Edinburgh; and though Spottiswood was evidently unwilling to relinquish his prize, he was at last obliged to obey the orders sent to him; and the martyr was transferred from Glasgow to Edinburgh in December, 1614.

In order to weaken the favorable impression produced on the public mind by Father Ogilvie's extraordinary firmness, the cowardly and unscrupulous Archbishop caused reports to be spread to the effect that the brave martyr had at last given way under torture, and betrayed his friends and benefactors. Consequently a

large number of Catholics of the poorer classes mingled with the crowd that assembled to see him pass when he left the Tolbooth. The Protestants through hatred of a Jesuit, the Catholics through anger at his reported weakness, equally loaded him with abuse, and pelted him with snow and mud, as he rode, maimed and bruised, through the streets of Glasgow.

Here again Father Ogilvie's marvellous energy and spirit enabled him to bear, not only the outrages of his enemies, but, what was far more painful, the unmerited contempt of his friends. "I rode on gaily through the streets," he tells us, "as if I cared naught for it." A woman in the crowd having loudly cursed the prisoner's "ugly face," Father Ogilvie turned round and smilingly invoked the blessing of Christ on her "bonnie countenance"; whereupon she protested that she regretted what she had said. "The heretics," adds our hero, "took notice that I gave back blessings for curses, and was good humored with those who were angry." The long journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh—a distance of about forty miles—must have been a painful one performed in the depth of winter by a prisoner whose strength and power of endurance had already been tried by the most fearful torments.

On December 8, 1614, Father Ogilvie arrived at his destination. His relentless enemy, Spottiswood, had hastened to Edinburgh before him; and on arriving, the prisoner was lodged under the same roof as the Archbishop. He was, however, subsequently transferred to the Castle of Edinburgh, probably because the instruments of torture were kept there. These were shown to him daily, and he was threatened with a succession of frightful torments if he persisted in his refusal to betray his friends.

At first he was allowed to receive all those who wished to see him; his enemies hoped that by this means they might in time discover the persons whose names he so resolutely declined to reveal. He was ready to speak of his religion to all who came to see him, and willingly related the story of his conversion and that of his religious vocation; but on other and more dangerous subjects his lips remained sealed, and he repelled all attempts to make him speak, with a good temper and dry humor that, under the circumstances, are irresistibly touching. "If I would betray myself," he writes, "they promise me liberty and rewards; and if I should turn heretic, they promise me a provostship at Moffat and a grand marriage!"

On the 12th of December the confessor was made to appear before a commission of four members, to which Spottiswood was added. They questioned him closely about his friends and benefactors, the places where he had lodged, etc. Father Ogilvie answered with much spirit that he would 'not slay the innocent by his own stupidity'; adding that he could not answer their questions without losing his soul, offending God, and ruining his neighbor. His enemies next invoked the authority of the King. "All things which are due to the King I will render him," replied the priest. "I have committed no crime. If I have done anything, let them prove by witnesses that I have offended against the whole state or part of it. Since you can not do anything of the kind, why do you annoy me?" "Then I was commanded to depart," continues the martyr; "and they considered by what torture they would compel me to reveal everything."

The torture which was decided upon by the humane commissioners of James I. was a horrible one—deprivation of sleep. "For eight days and nine whole nights," writes our hero, "they forced me to keep awake with styles, pins, needles, and pinchings; threatening me with extraor-

dinary tortures, and promising me great rewards."

Father Ogilvie's historians, whose information is drawn from the testimony of contemporary witnesses, give us particulars for which we might seek in vain in the martyr's own brief account of his sufferings. During these eight days and nine nights he was unceasingly tormented by a band of executioners, who took their turn in torturing their helpless victim. They stuck needles under his nails, struck him, pricked him, twisted his arms and legs, and occasionally trampled him under foot. In all the annals of our English martyrs we find no instance of a torture so protracted, of sufferings so refined and so cruel.

At last, on the ninth night, as the martyr seemed in a dying state, a doctor was sent for, who declared that he had only three hours to live. His tormentors, who wished to spare his life in order to tear from him the information he so resolutely refused to give, allowed him to sleep for a few hours. They then roughly awoke him, and dragged him before his judges in a pitiable condition,—weakened in mind and body, utterly confused and bewildered from pain and want of sleep. In a very short time, however, the Father recovered his extraordinary presence of mind; he had come out of this fearful ordeal physically exhausted, but with an unbroken will, and a resolute heart to suffer to the end whatever his enemies might have in store for him.

"The report of my watchings had spread all through Scotland," he writes; "and many were indignant and compassionated my cause." A certain gentleman who had been present during the torture threatened him with still worse torments, and then the martyr indignantly cried out: "Bloodthirsty monsters that you are, I make no account of you all in this cause! Act according to your heretical malice; I care nothing for you.... I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than you, with all your friends, are able to inflict. Cease bringing up such things to me. Rather put them before weak women. Those things do not terrify but enkindle me. I laugh at them just as at the cackling of so many geese." After a time the man whose cowardly attack had called forth this burst of indignation returned and asked the Father what he most wanted. "A bed to sleep on," was the prompt reply.

On the following day the commissioners returned. "I was so weak," writes the martyr, "that I scarce knew what I said or what I did, or in what place I was." Nevertheless, his brave spirit had not deserted him; and when his enemies had the impudence to remind him of their "clemency in giving him the 'watchings' instead of the 'boot torture,'" he vehemently replied: "You have almost extinguished and killed the sensitive part of my brain by the watchings; what more harm could you have done to me except taking my life?" As they threatened him with still more cruel torments, he said, with a touch of his old playful spirit: "Try your boots. With God as my guide, I will show you that in this cause I care no more for my legs than you for your leggings. I do not trust in myself, but in the grace of God. And therefore do not try to make me add to or take anything from my words; but let them quickly do what, by God's permission, they are going to do to me. I sue for nothing; one thing only I beg for—that they do quickly what they are going to do."

(To be continued.)

Of what uncostly material is our earthly happiness composed—if we only knew it! What incomes have we not had from a flower, and how unfailing are the dividends of the seasons!—*Lowell's Letters.*

To M. B. F.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN we shall meet, through chance or call of duty,
Though Autumn sere or Winter stern be king,
The world, transformed, will glow with sudden beauty,
And earth and sky don all the charms of Spring:
For eyes will beam a light than sunshine fairer
As hand clasps hand and hearts responsive beat,
And lips will murmur dulcet music rarer
Than nature's melody when we shall meet.

When we shall meet and scan each other's faces
As once we scanned them in the years gone by,
The ravage wrought by Time's relentless traces
Will futile prove to win or tear or sigh:
Though gone the beauty that was youth's adorning,
Each soul will leap its kindred soul to greet,
And pulses throb as in life's radiant morning
With ecstasy of joy when we shall meet.

When we shall meet, perchance no more to sever
The blest communion of the olden time,
Our spirits twain, e'en more attuned than ever,
Will prove the sweets of friendship's golden prime.
The path of duty will grow smooth and pleasant,
Our transient sorrows pass like shadows fleet,
And life itself seem benison incessant
To you and me, dear friend, when we shall meet.

IF thou willest what thou oughtest, thou canst do what thou willest; for obligation can not transcend ability.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—A LONDON SUNDAY.

A LONDON Sunday is positively sickening. The atmosphere of the great city, which is at all times depressing, quakes with the uninterrupted thunder of ten thousand irritating church bells. The streets are comparatively deserted. There are only two institutions that are patronized by people who seem to feel any real interest in the hour, and these are the railway stations and the public-houses. The latter are not opened to the besieging customers until after divine service has come to an end, and then how the thirsty souls drink at those fountains flowing with gin and bitter beer!

On one of these exasperating days I rose in my wrath, called a hansom, and drove rapidly to the Tabernacle in Newington Butts. I had heard of Spurgeon in my cradle; a long line of volumes, which, I am proud to say, I never dreamed of opening, used to awe my youthful eyes with their grey backs lettered in pale gilt. I resolved to hear with the naked ear a preacher who outpreached Beecher in popularity, and was the only living rival of the celebrated Moody and Sankey combination.

My hansom dashed through the silent streets, flew over Waterloo Bridge like a winged chariot, and spun about on the dismal Surrey side of the Thames, until a cloud burst over us; and the cabby, with amazing presence of mind, dropped a glass shade down before me, and I was incased from the weather in a rather roomy coffin on two wheels. A sudden gust brought us to a stand-still at one of the street corners. An old apple-woman, with her wares, was bowled off the curbstone, to the huge delight of the natives of Surrey. A light

awning on the opposite side of the street suddenly rose into the air, and descended like the wrath of God upon the heads of those who had sought momentary shelter beneath it. Half a hundred umbrellas went wrong-end-to, and the Sabbath was badly broken. The squall was brief, though furious. A brown blister on a cloud, which passes for the sun in that latitude, made its welcome appearance; and we hastened to the doors of the Tabernacle, which were besieged,—they usually are in Surrey.

A friend had kindly provided me with a ticket of admission. A special policeman conducted me to the reserved door, and I was handed on from usher to usher until I found myself at last in a box-pew, in a large lecture hall with circular galleries, and a rostrum at the top of it all. The whole concern smelt common. I naturally associate the "odor of sanctity" with frankincense and myrrh, and all the rich spices and perfumes that have pertained to religious ceremonials from the dawn of creation to the present day. There was a noticeable absence of harmonizing elements in the Tabernacle in Newington Butts.

Ticket-holders swarmed and filled up the body of the house; the tumult of the throng without increased, and fell ominously upon my ears. I hate a crowd, and a fanatical crowd above all others. At five minutes to eleven the doors were thrown open, and the rest of the sinners rushed in. The scene was as disgraceful as such scenes ever are. Little women were thrust rudely aside by excited men in search of the best seats still unoccupied. Large woman crushed small and defenceless men, and bullied the weaker members of their own sex. The gallery seats were filled immediately; and then a few more, who were not to be frowned down nor stayed in their fell purpose, squeezed themselves into the mouths of the pews, and the unlucky occupants had to sit spoon-fashion to the end of the service.

Fortunately, the preacher was prompt. The crowd of disappointed Gospel-seekers without was dispersed by a supplementary shower, and in the midst of it Charles Haddon Spurgeon entered and began his work without delay. A burly, round-faced Englishman, rather undersized, I judged, though his breadth may have deceived me; a well-fed, busy, self-satisfied man, whose astonishing success began in his seventeenth year in a barn at Waterbeach, and continued to the day of his death.

He was known as the "Boy Preacher"; came up to London from the provinces in his nineteenth year; outgrew his first church; preached four months in Exeter Hall, while a new church was being built for him—that soon failed to accommodate the congregation which must then have looked upon him as one inspired; went to the Surrey Music Hall, and in 1861 opened the Tabernacle in Newington Butts, which, though an immense structure, was by no means large enough to accommodate the multitudes who were desirous of hearing him. He was surrounded by his elders, all commonplace-looking men. The music was of that nondescript order called congregational—a long roar that seemed to be struggling to follow some familiar routine, and did passably well, as far as mere noise is concerned, until the end of the stanza was reached. Then everybody ravelled out, and seemed to be proud of hanging on to the last note until he or she had succeeded in outsinging the next singer.

There was nothing slow in the service but the music, and fortunately there was but little of that. The "Boy Preacher"—they are always "Boy Preachers" until they die of old age—rose briskly, and fondly pawed the bible while praying. His manner was light and conversational. He seemed to feel that he was on the very best of terms with the Creator. He kindly advised his Maker as to His future

interests in London; recommended some changes in His administration; reproved Him slightly for having permitted the sinner to flourish in high places while the saints were having a pretty tough time of it in Surrey. He recommended all Baptist institutions on the earth; and trusted that God the Father would exercise a little more discretion, and bear in mind that His church (the Baptist, whether hard-shell or soft-shell I am unable to state) felt grieved that the impious and idolatrous little Church of Rome, around the corner, in Europe and elsewhere, was not razed to the earth, and its very memory stricken out of history. Then, thanking the Creator courteously for His kind attendance that morning in spite of the weather, he concluded with a merry little "Amen," which was like a good-morning to a creditor, and as much as to say, "Our interview is ended."

He talked in a rambling fashion for about seventy minutes. He began with the weather, and he assured us—I suppose in consequence of private dispatches received at the last moment—that the storm had been sent expressly to try the hearts and the reins of the people, and to see if they would venture out to the house of the Lord and become worthy to be called God's people. It was evident to us all that that was just our case. He quoted freely from the poets; they were apparently all the same to him, whether it was Dr. Watts or Tennyson. The man's imagery was simple and plain as day. It was all commonplace. There was not from beginning to end an original idea, or a solitary period so well turned that the mind was sufficiently quickened by it to retain it without effort. There was no charm in the delivery; the manner of the preacher, on the contrary, was rather objectionable. He hung upon the desk, and used his large copy of the Scriptures with more or less violence in the heat of his discussion.

Sometimes his knee was in a chair by the side of the desk,—a half-kneeling attitude that was not by any means pleasing in a man of his bulk. Now and then antiquated enthusiasts cried "Amen!" or groaned audibly; and it was evident from the first that he had the sympathy and strict attention of the majority of his hearers. What else could be expected from such an audience? He was gracious enough to state that, though he had no connection with the opposition house, he had at the same time no objection to Messrs. Moody and Sankey; in fact, Sankey was to have sung a solo for him that morning, but was unavoidably prevented (by the weather, perhaps); and he trusted that his God would not forget that there was much work to be done in London and throughout the world, and that he could not do it all himself.

After a rattling benediction, the famous preacher departed through the door in the rear with the air of one who had returned to the abodes of the blessed. He probably went forth to receive the congratulations of his admirers, of whom I was the least, and then fell upon a well-earned dinner of British beef and beer.

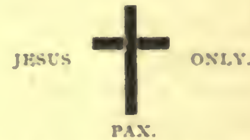
"Look on this picture and on this." In the following you shall see how Holy Church attracts some who are not yet within her bosom. One London day, in Oxford Street, mousing among the book-stalls that are so numerous in that great thoroughfare, my eye fell upon a small volume entitled "Brother Placidus." It was announced as the first of a series of "Llanthony Abbey Tales." I saw at a glance into the preface that the reader was requested to say three "Hail Marys" for the anonymous author. I purchased the book for a few pence, and returned to my chambers to peruse it. The story was in brief as follows:

A wealthy and supremely handsome youth, weary of the London season, and of life in general, strode the streets, a victim

of hopeless melancholy. In vain his chum, another equally beautiful and well-to-do lad, strove to enliven the drooping spirits of the Earl of Eyelashes,—I will call him such, because his marvellous lashes lay in thick masses upon his cheekbones, and he was altogether a frightful swell. A mob in a retired street attracted the disconsolate pair. A monk was being stoned by the populace. The young fellows, with that chivalrous spirit so noticeable in the aristocracy, defended the meek and lowly one, and escorted him in safety to the door of a small chapel, where he was appointed to preach. Their curiosity being greatly aroused, they entered, and listened to words which were like a revelation from heaven. They were invited to withdraw from the fickle world and find repose in the cloistered life. Magnetic glances were exchanged by the monk and the Earl; the sympathetic eyes of these strangers were riveted upon each other; the eyelashes drooped more and more, and at that very moment the Earl's fate was sealed. He disappeared.

There was consternation in the highest circles of London society. Men wondered and women wept. At last a letter, dated Llanthony Abbey, and signed Brother Placidus, explained all. The Earl had put off the pride of birth and his faultless raiment, and was now a seraphic novice in the wilds of Wales. Daily he grew more saintly, more beautiful. The other novices, who were all singularly lovely, fell at his feet and kissed the hem of his garment, until finally, in a triumphant hour, when Brother Placidus, in the presence of a select party of invited swells just down from London, was about to complete his novitiate, and be received into the English Order of St. Benedict, his spotless soul suddenly and without a moment's notice fled heavenward and left the worthless body wrapped in eternal sleep. Everybody rejoiced at the miracle, and went back to London to spread the good news,—everybody save only the Earl's former chum, and he remained at Llanthony Abbey to do the celestial novitiate business, and to become the hero of the second of the series of Llanthony Abbey tales announced on the back cover of the story of "Brother Placidus."

Shortly after reading this highly dramatic though carelessly written story, I saw in a morning journal that Father Ignatius, O. S. B., the reputed author of the above tale, would preach in a side street,—probably the very one where the Earl met and defended him a few years before. I went thither in the evening, in a mood worthy of Brother Placidus in his worst days. A group of young men stood in the doorway. One of them placed in my hand the following circular, which I have religiously preserved:



NOTICE TO THE CONGREGATION.

The sittings at this service are let for the purpose of assisting the religious works of the Society supported by the preacher. The offertory before the sermon is to defray the heavy expenses of these services, which otherwise would devolve upon the minister. It is, therefore, confidently hoped that our London congregation will not any longer allow the burden, as at present, to fall almost entirely on the preacher; but that *each person* will contribute according to his means toward the expenses, in order that these "mission services," which have been productive of so much good, may be continued in London. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The hall, which was not a chapel, was dimly lighted and densely crowded. The audience was composed chiefly of men, and the majority of these were young and good looking. A table at the top of the hall was covered with sombre drapery. A cross stood upon it, flanked with tall, flickering tapers. There was an ominous hush; a door was hastily opened, and a slender, nervous figure, clad in the black robes of the Order of St. Benedict, entered and at once knelt by the table in silent

prayer. Then a hymn was read and sung by as many as could sing; after which Father Ignatius began his sermon and held us deeply interested for about an hour. His text was "Jesus only." He urged upon us the necessity of following Him, not in the spirit, but in the flesh. We must sell all we have and take up His cross—here the monk seized the crucifix and held it aloft,—and live for it and fight for it and die for it, if we would be saved. His voice, which was low and sympathetic when not overtaxed, soared into a screaming falsetto, and broke more than once, as the preacher waxed hot and grew almost frantic in his earnest exhortation.

The audience was doubtless touched. Many wept; some were on their knees during the whole discourse. I seemed to realize that young men of the Brother Placidus temperament must sooner or later succumb to the peculiar fascinations of this emotional and picturesque man. His poetic and flowery faith is as far removed from the dust and ashes over at the Tabernacle as pole from pole. Yet all this is counterfeit and spurious. He is no Catholic; and the Order of St. Benedict, of which he is superior, was founded by himself, and not by St. Benedict. The Church of England repudiates him. He has actually been stoned in the streets of London, and is often reviled and insulted when he goes abroad in the robes of his order. But you may buy his photograph in the shop windows, and you will read of his mission work slowly gaining ground; and once in a while there is an infuriated father or an irate guardian in the police court, who calls upon the law to restore to him the romantic boy who has fled to the abbey in Wales under the wings of Father Ignatius.

I wished much to visit Llanthony, but this brief letter touched me so deeply that I shot off in the opposite direction by the first available train:

JESUS ONLY. PAX.

LLANTHONY ABBEY, St. Lawrence's Day.

MY DEAR SIR:—As yet we have no guest-house here, and are therefore entirely unable to receive visitors unless desirous of trying their vocation for the consecrated life. Only our west cloister and great choir are built. God bless you and show you His ways! In Jesus only.

Believe me, yours affectionately,

IGNATIUS, O. S. B., Superior.

I fear me, Father, that my eyelashes were not of the required length; but let that pass.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCIII.

NOTHING could be finer, more exact or more inspired than our author's description of the priestly office. It is a strong protest against the spirit of routine, which so enfeebles the performance of official duties:

"Oh, how great and honorable is the office of priests, to whom it is given to consecrate with sacred words the Lord of Majesty, to bless Him with their lips, to hold Him with their hands, to receive Him with their own mouths, and to administer Him to others! Oh, how clean ought to be the hands, how pure the mouth, how holy the body, how immaculate the heart of the priest, into whom the Author of purity so often enters! From the mouth of a priest nothing but what is holy, no word but what is becoming and profitable ought to proceed, who so often receiveth the Sacrament of Christ. Simple and chaste should be those eyes which are accustomed to behold the Body of Christ. Pure and lifted up to heaven should be the hands which are used to handle the Creator of heaven and earth."

There are various ways and fashions of saying the Holy Mass. Some linger slowly

and laboriously over its rites and ceremonies; others will hurry through at "post-haste." How sagaciously our author suggests the "golden mean": "Be neither too slow nor too quick in celebrating, but observe the good, common medium of those with whom thou livest,"—not any personal humor or fancy. If thy neighbors are busy, working folks, be brisk and energetic; if they are not over-zealous and come but rarely, make the Sacrifice inviting by a certain promptness and animation, so that they shall not be repelled. "Thou oughtest not to beget tedium or weariness in others, but keep the common way." In a word, here is the golden rule: "Rather accommodate thyself to the utility of others than follow thine own devotion and affection." This precept, perhaps, gives us a higher opinion of the good sense and wisdom of our author than anything else.

(To be continued.)

Crowding the Canvas.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

EVER since people have been wearing rich fabrics and delicate laces and costly furs and rare jewels there has been much moralizing and expostulating about the undue amount spent for dress by womankind. It is no wonder that the cautious have become alarmists. The misdirected love of finery has had a large share in adding to the misery and wickedness of the world. Every day weak men go to prison because of exorbitant demands made upon meagre purses. For dress an army of women have bartered their family's peace, their husband's honor, and their own souls. That this is so sadly true does not make a companion-danger less worthy of notice.

There is a large and rapidly increasing number of women who, although they would not be guilty of the vulgarity of dressing beyond their means, are guilty of a no less reprehensible breach of morals and decorum. The so-called artistic rage which is spreading over the country like a prairie fire has a menace in its train. In a way it is to be commended. It is immeasurably better to discuss the coloring of an old Persian carpet than to be engaged in ferreting out the secret motives of one's neighbor. It is a far more elevating occupation to hunt for colonial china in auction rooms than to be engrossed in the inane chatter of those who have never learned to reach beyond their own feeble brains for a thought. Homes are made attractive by the harmless lore concerning laces and tapestries and pottery, with which the woman of to-day is storing her busy brain; and whatever impulse makes the home more sweet must, when kept within bounds, help the inmates of that home, and send out a gleam into this "naughty world."

But—there is always a *but*—this same impulse often becomes a monster, which turns and rends its unsuspecting entertainer. The same motive which formerly made Mrs. Prosperity buy a bonnet for which she could not pay, now makes her a frantic seeker after curios of all sorts—Delft-ware, prayer rugs, Venetian glass, first editions, or grandfathers' clocks. The money laid aside for charity and religion goes for old mahogany chairs; and a grotesque Hindoo god absorbs that which was intended to furnish a cot in the hospital. Her house is filled with the costly and the needless; and the result of her strivings is the undoing of all for which she longed, for she has made a junk-shop out of what was intended for a home. She has crowded her canvas, which Nature, that most painstaking artist, never does; and henceforth she is a slave to material things, which are the assassins of one another.

Decorators tell us that the most valuable feature in a room is space, but we fill that space with incongruous rubbish, and call ourselves disciples of the artists of all time. The picture in a gallery about which sympathetic crowds gather is not the one in which rich costumes and fine upholstery jostle each other; it is the one in which the soldier is dying in a solitary waste of snow; or where, in a desert of Gerome's, a lonely lion stares at the moon. The king of beasts suffices. A whole menagerie would do less. But Mrs. Prosperity has that little learning which is so dangerous; and she is a victim of nervous prostration when a maid breaks a Sevres plate, and an enemy for life of the acquaintance who acquires a more varied collection of antique beer-mugs than her own.

The gift of simplicity is the possession of but a few of the seekers after the beautiful; but to that limited class any one may belong who can discern the tawdriness of an overcrowded canvas, and the undying charm which lies in a few objects properly grouped. And when the lesson is learned and heeded there may be something left for the cot in the hospital and the beggar at the gate.

An Unappreciated Inheritance.

IT is a fact as strange as indisputable that non-Catholic Christians should now be going back to the beautiful old liturgical services and many Catholics themselves setting them aside. Intelligent Protestants are in admiration of the ancient Catholic prayers, hymns, and ceremonies, and are adopting them to a great extent in many places. The old prayers are found to be pithy and unctuous; the ceremonies sacred and solemn; the hymns melodious and soul-stirring, and possessed of a distinct quality, attributable to usage by generations of Christian people. English-speaking Catholics, on the other hand, seem to prefer "fancy devotions" of all sorts, especially "up-to-date" prayers, for the most part composed by Italians and Frenchmen, and intended, of course, for the Italians and the French.

Our popular hymnology, it must be admitted, is largely of the Moody and Sankey order, only inferior. Our vernacular prayers are bad enough, but our hymns are even worse. Vespers, a part of the Divine Office sung by saints through ages, the noblest expression of the divine praises possible on earth, is becoming less attractive to our people, though processions and other services and devotions are popular enough. As for Compline, "the most beautiful set of night prayers in existence," it is almost unknown to American Catholics.

The attendance at High Mass is falling off in many places, sad to say. Not a few persons much prefer — no wonder — to attend a Low Mass, anywhere they can, than to hear small or unskilled choirs attempting to render "the great Masses." If one sees a musical friend at the ordinary High Mass when he could have been present at a Low Mass, one may be sure he is doing penance. It has often been remarked that the smaller and more untrained a choir is the more pretentious its members are. There is nothing less uplifting than to hear such choirs performing what they call an effective Mass. The effect on those who have sensitive ears and are not gifted with the power of going out of themselves is painful to anguish. The grand old music which the Church sanctions for use in her services has been replaced by the kind which favors operatic effects. The result is that persons whose musical taste is educated and formed stay away from High Mass. The music is a positive distraction to them.

It is the same with religious literature. Catholics have allowed such books as

those of St. Francis de Sales, "The Spiritual Combat," and "The Imitation," which nurtured the solid piety of our forefathers, to lapse into comparative oblivion, whilst edition after edition of these books is sold among non-Catholics. The Anglicans have "brought out" the writings of St. Francis; theirs is the best edition of "The Spiritual Combat." As for "The Imitation," we venture to assert that it is now more widely read by Protestants than by Catholics. As many as six different editions of it are issued by one Protestant publishing company, who assure us that "The Imitation" is in constant demand. Instead of these books, which, with the New Testament, should form the nucleus of the Catholic family library, we have tawdry though high-priced subscription books, many of which are not worth the paper they are printed upon, and the cost of which would provide a number of really valuable works.

Any sign of dissatisfaction with this order of things, any expression of preference for the old-fashioned prayer-books and the old-time devotions, is gratifying. We have been much interested in Father Kirwin's plea for a revival of liturgical services, already referred to in these pages; and have observed with gratification that "fancy devotions" are not everywhere encouraged, and that steps have been taken here and there to restore the religious customs and practices of former and wiser generations. For instance, it is ordered by a decree of the Provincial Synod of Westminster that the children in our schools should be taught the Church music, in order that they may be able to sing at our services, and so save the expense of singers hired at a high price; and in order that gradually the whole congregation might be got to join in the singing. In the Archdiocese of Dublin there is a law prohibiting Mass to be sung unless the *Introitus*, *Graduale*, *Offertorium*, and *Communio* are rendered. The English Benedictines are bringing out a new edition of the works of St. Francis de Sales. From another quarter comes an advice against the wearing of many scapulars,—an exhortation to select the one to which we feel most devotion, use it faithfully and understandingly, try to gain all the advantages it affords in the way of indulgences, etc.; and be content.

We may conclude these remarks by quoting two practical suggestions offered by the Rev. Father Kirwin in the pamphlet to which we have referred. As the best way to revive liturgical services is to begin with children in our schools, he suggests that they be taught the meaning of the words of the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei;* and that these, and not hymns in English, should be sung at the Children's Mass—especially that they should be taught to sing the *Credo* in plain chant. He adds: "I never could see why in this way the whole congregation should not be got to join in singing the Mass service, in the same way in which they commonly sing the Benediction service. It is just as easy 'to pick up' the tune of a plain chant *Gloria* and *Credo* as of an *O Salutaris*, 'Litany,' or *Tantum Ergo*."

The use of the Missal and Vesper-book by the laity would soon reveal the powerful influence for good of the liturgy. The august Sacrifice of the Altar would be better understood, and the attendants would be moved to unite themselves with the Divine Victim. What can we want for soul or body that is not petitioned for in the prayers of the Missal? Users of the Vesper-book would soon learn to appreciate the psalms, the majestic office hymns, the *Magnificat*, "Our Lady's own glorious hymn of praise," and those sweetly-varying antiphons. And the blessed result would be a deeper, more earnest, serious and sincere character in the spiritual lives of Catholics.

Notes and Remarks.

"There is no Roman Question," said Signor Crispi some years ago, alluding to the supposed helplessness of the Papacy. That there *is* a Roman Question, however, has lately been brought home in a way very unpleasant to him and his royal master. King Carlos, of Portugal, recently advised his uncle, King Humbert, that he intended to pay him a friendly visit at his country house. Signor Crispi hoped to drag Carlos to Rome, and thus force upon him a tacit acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Humbert; he therefore bundled Humbert off to Rome, and urged him to announce that he wished, in his own capital, to give his royal nephew a reception worthy of a king. Meanwhile the Holy Father informed King Carlos that a visit to Humbert at Rome would be construed as a personal affront to the Vicar of Christ. Between offending Leo and gratifying Humbert, the King of Portugal chose without hesitation. He made Rome howl (at least the royalist portion of it), and the humiliation of Humbert and the discomfiture of Crispi are now the jest of every court of Europe. The Italian Premier, it is said, is planning a revenge.

Whatever may be said of President Cleveland's position on the "silver question," at least he writes good Thanksgiving proclamations. No one can read his pronouncement fixing the national feast for Thursday, November 28, without recognizing the robust Christianity which dictated it. There is humble acknowledgment of the "constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God." President Cleveland exhorts all citizens to pray for a continuance of the divine benevolence and protection, and closes with this appeal to Christian charity: "Let us also on the day of our thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity show the sincerity of our gratitude."

Any new light on the career and personality of Abraham Lincoln is a thousand times welcome. We have read with deep interest the account of his boyhood in the current number of *McClure's Magazine* One never tires of reading about "Old Abe." After Washington, he is the greatest of Americans. To compare Grant or any other of our "great generals" with Napoleon is ridiculous. In less than half a century the names of our now famous generals and statesmen will be confounded, and it will be wondered why monuments were erected to some of them. But as time goes on the greatness of Lincoln will be conceded by the whole world, and his name will be linked in imperishable glory with that of the Father of his Country. It is not generally known that Lincoln's first teacher was a Catholic—one Zachariah Riney. The writer in *McClure's* tells us that in those days many of the itinerant teachers in Kentucky and Indiana "were Catholics—strolling Irishmen from the colony in Tennessee or French priests from Kaskaskia." The deep religiousness of Lincoln's nature is no doubt attributable in great measure to his first teacher.

A priest of the Congregation of the Mission, who had an interview with the Holy Father last summer, reports that, touching on the subject of England's return to the faith, Leo XIII. exclaimed: "Ah! if it were given to me to see only the dawn of the beautiful day that will bring the great English people to unity of faith, how gladly would I sing my *Nunc dimittis!* They are so powerful a people, and the English are so good, so naturally religious. I have been told that the union of the Oriental churches is a utopian dream. But no: it can not be utopian; because in the midst of this society, upset by revolutions, only the religious idea stands firm."

In the discourse pronounced at Pasteur's grave by M. Poincarré, Minister of Public Instruction, the name of God was not mentioned. The grand-master of the University of France thus conformed to the precepts of official rhetoric, but his oration affords a singular contrast with the sentiments of the man whose eulogy he was delivering. Only last year Pasteur was present, seated on the platform, at a distribution of prizes in the communal schools of Garches. A number of

speeches were made. There was talk of instruction, of emancipation through science, of the benefits of the new *régime*, and other similar topics. After the ceremony Pasteur approached the parish priest, and, accompanying his words with a sympathetic gesture, said to him: "I have sympathized sincerely with you, Father; for you must have suffered in not hearing God's name pronounced during these proceedings." And it was in a speech over the grave of this believer that M. Poincaré shunned all reference to the Deity!

A Sister of Providence, connected with the orphan asylum in the city of Fruges, France, is the latest recipient of extraordinary favors at the hands of the Venerable Joan of Arc. The religious was afflicted with caries in both feet, from which a fetid pus kept constantly running, and which were swollen to an enormous size. In her desolation she made a novena to Joan of Arc, and as a consequence the disease disappeared so completely that not a trace of it remained. A commission of inquiry spent about three weeks in examining the cure, and recently forwarded their report to Rome. It is said that the Holy Father, on reading the report, exclaimed: "Why, this is really a miracle of the first order!" Indeed no physician would hesitate for a moment to declare such a cure beyond the power of medical science.

A noble career is that of Lord Halifax, who has zealously expended the best years of his life and the whole weight of his influence in the cause of Christian reunion. His patent of nobility is in his great heart rather than his coronet; and, though he is no Catholic, we have always thought of him as worthy to stand beside the Duke of Norfolk. In an eloquent though not strictly logical plea for the union of the Anglican with the Catholic Church, Lord Halifax said:

"God has established one kingdom upon earth. He did not intend that its members should profess a different faith or be debarred from the participation of the same Sacraments. On the contrary, there is but one faith, one Lord, one Baptism. To me it seems we are in some sort at the branching of two ways. Despite all that it has accomplished, despite all brilliant appearances to the contrary, the Oxford Movement will have failed in its object if we ever allow ourselves to forget the duty of doing all in our power to heal the schisms of the sixteenth century. Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Vaughan discern in the present signs that something is preparing for England in the secrets of Divine Providence. If, as I firmly believe, what is opening out before us is the opportunity of furthering the reunion in one visible fold of all who call on the name of Christ, let it be ours to spare no efforts to co-operate with the gracious designs of God's good Providence, and to hasten the day when, instead, as is too often the case now, of having to defend ourselves against our brethren, we may be enabled in our vast and united army to set ourselves to fight with all the sin and evil of the world, and to bring home the light of the glorious Gospel of God our Saviour to the ends of the habitable earth."

We are glad to see that Lord Halifax rests his main hope for reunion on prayer. We know where a man of his good life and serious purpose must ultimately arrive; meanwhile we look upon his labors among non-Catholics in England as a special apostolate.

One of the most embittered enemies of so-called clericalism in France, M. Horteur, vice-president of the General Council, died recently—and, according to the reports, died "fortified by the Sacraments of the Church." Horteur is not the first French politician who, at the final moment, has given the lie to the political opinions of his lifetime; but, unfortunately, such tardy repentance can not repair the evil accomplished. Paul de Cassagnac thus scores the departed deputy: "With the rest of his band, he expelled religious and closed sanctuaries. With them, he robbed the schools of the crucifix. With them, he sent seminarians, their bundle on their backs, to the barracks. With them, he spoiled the Church treasuries. With them, he voted the infamous law which will reduce religious priests and Sisters to destitution. Ah! he was hearty and vigorous then. When one's health is robust, one defies God. But he fell sick, and he grew afraid, and denied his past, and called for the priest. They are all alike."

The late Sir Charles Hallé, who died recently in Manchester, England, has been placed by certain musical critics in the same rank with Liszt, Chopin, and other masters of melody who have glorified our century.

Few musicians, indeed, have excelled him as a performer. He also found time for original compositions, though he is, perhaps, best known by his edition of the *sonatas* of Mozart and Beethoven, and Bach's forty-eight fugues. Sir Charles was a convert to the Church, and one of his daughters is a Sister of Charity. His career was marked by simple, unostentatious piety; and his charity is illustrated by an incident related by Bishop Bilsborrow at his funeral. Many years ago, it appears, the musician noticed that the postman was struggling along under an unusually large budget of mail and a heavier burden of liquor. The man had a large family dependent on him for support, and if his condition were discovered his discharge was assured. Moved by compassion for the wife and children, Sir Charles took the postman into his house, put him to bed, and then distributed the letters himself.

We notice that some of our exchanges in this country have accepted as fact unfounded rumors concerning a settlement of the Manitoba school question. The *Vérité*, of Quebec, authoritatively denies that there have been any negotiations in progress between Mgr. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface, and the Manitoban ministers. The question is not yet settled; but the indications are that, in case Manitoba refuses to do justice to the Catholic minority, the Dominion Government will coerce the refractory province.

The life of Father Weinzaepfel, who died at St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana, last week, was not only a devoted and laborious one: it was saddened by one of the most infamous acts of injustice ever perpetrated in America. More than fifty years ago, with the priestly chrism still fresh upon his hands, he was sent to labor among the little congregation of Catholics at Evansville, Indiana. There was some disaffection in the parish and a diabolical plot was laid to destroy the usefulness of the young priest. A woman of loose character, whose husband was an infidel, accused Father Weinzaepfel of criminal assault in the church; and, although the "evidence" produced at the trial was altogether absurd and contradictory, so intense was the bigotry of the time that the priest was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. To their credit be it said, however, thousands of honest and influential Protestants denounced the "trial" as a cruel outrage; and after a year's imprisonment Father Weinzaepfel was released. Many years afterward the unfortunate woman declared upon her deathbed that the charge was groundless and her evidence a perjury. Needless to say, Father Weinzaepfel never lost the confidence of his people, and his labors among them were blessed with a full measure of success. *R. I. P.*

The Applied Christian Workers and other social reformers who lately convened in Plymouth Tabernacle, Detroit, discussed some weighty subjects; and, if we may accept the newspaper reports, not without some measure of success. Dr. Wood denounced barter, and advocated the ludicrously un-Protestant doctrine that poverty, far from being one of the greatest evils, is necessary not only for salvation, but for the prosperity of the commonwealth. Dr. Edwards advocated a strong Christian press to counteract the effect of the pernicious literature of the day. Dr. Bennet said that the treatment of the laborer illustrates the chasm that separates the teachings of Christianity and their application by "the Church." But the delegates in the back pews woke up when another of the brethren, Prof. Herron (he ought to be a "Doctor," too), declared that Protestantism is practically a caste religion, in spite of its home and foreign missions, and its ridiculous overtures to the poor. The sects, he said, were enslaved by money; and only a new Declaration of Independence—the throwing off the yoke of wealth—could entice the poor to the meeting-houses.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of St. Joseph as patron of the Universal Church will be celebrated on the 15th of December, the third Sunday of Advent. The Holy Father has granted permission for a solemn votive Mass of the Patronage of St. Joseph, with *Gloria* and *Credò*, in all churches in which special devotions shall have been held in honor of the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin.

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.

"BUT I am sure Elizabeth's father would advise me what to do," said Sarah. "I have no one else to help me out of the trouble. Pa is on the road as usual, and ma is off in hysterics"

"Tell us," queried Elizabeth, anxiously, "did Big Jim come here? Did he—find your brother?" she was about to add, but Sarah interrupted.

"Oh, a policeman came—if that is what you mean,—and asked for Tom, saying he was suspected of having a sled which did not belong to him. A neighbor's boy who was hanging around the door called out that he *did* have a sled; and then the officer wanted to know how he came by it. I answered that I could not say, and that Tom was not at home. Unluckily, the meddling little urchin blurted out that he was up at the coast on Reservoir Hill, and the man went off after him. I was going to follow, but I thought it would be best to run off and get some one to speak for him. Bother the old sled! I don't know how Tom happened to have it, I'm sure; but it is not worth much of anything. I must hurry away as fast as I can."

Instead of doing so, however, Sarah paused and looked at her companion, as if struck by a sudden thought.

"How did *you* know about it, anyhow?" she asked. Then, as the truth flashed upon her, she thrust her friend away, and, putting her hands to her head as if to keep her brain from spinning round, exclaimed despairingly: "I understand it all now. Why did I not think of it before? The sled was yours—the one you lost; and it was you, Elizabeth Colton, that sent the policeman here after my brother. Of course, then, your father will not help me. Oh, what shall I do? The other children say Tom told them he found the sled. I will not believe that he—"

She could not utter the words "stole it"; but, weeping bitterly, dashed back into the house, leaving the door ajar.

Elizabeth pushed it open, entered, and found poor Sarah sitting on the stairs, with her head bent down and resting against one of the steps, literally bowed to the dust. She was sobbing as if her heart would break, and fervidly kissing a little miraculous medal that hung from her neck by a blue cord.

"Indeed, Sarah, I did not mean to,—I did not know," protested her schoolmate, in distress. "Morgan traced the sled,—not that I want to cast the blame on him either; but he discovered where it was, and told Big Jim, the policeman. He did not know that any friend of mine lived here; he just thought of getting the sled for me, because O Sarah! I accused him of taking it. And he was so angry, and so anxious to show me he did not, that he was just determined to find it. And I—why, I thought I'd like to have it again when he told me he knew where it was. I never thought of having the boy

punished—but what are we losing time for?" she added, quickly returning to the doorsteps, where Morgan and Leo were waiting, perplexed and dazed.

"Morgan, can't you hurry after your friend Big Jim, and tell him that he must not arrest the boy even if the sled *is* mine? I don't want it,—I won't have it; do you hear?"

Morgan was inclined to demur; but she looked so imperative, and the sight of Sarah's tears had so softened his feelings, that he hastened away to find Jim, with Leo scampering after him.

"Morgan will arrange it all," declared Elizabeth, with a confidence in the ability of that young gentleman which, had he overheard the remark, would have done much to blot out his old score against her.

At first poor Sarah sulkily averred that Elizabeth seemed "to accuse *everybody* of stealing the horrid old sled"; but, encouraged by the hope that her companion had only made another mistake, as well as by the latter's forbearance under her reproaches, and assurances that it would turn out all right, she dried her eyes, and, with the expectation perhaps of diverting her mother's indisposition, invited the visitor into the living room, or family parlor.

Elizabeth had not been there long before she realized what people meant when they said the Martin young folk had no "bringing up." She vaguely understood why it was that Sarah had "tantrums" and sullen moods; at the same time she was conscious of a wondering admiration for the girl who bravely struggled against so many difficulties.

Mrs. Martin reclined upon a sofa, gasping and moaning in the kind of hysterics which seem to depend very much upon the will and natural disposition. Sarah was bathing the lady's forehead with cologne water; while a younger child was fanning her briskly, occasionally bringing the fan down with a flap upon her face,—a proceeding which called forth a rather vigorous protest for one who, between intervals of bewailing her lot, signified an intention of taking a speedy departure from this earthly sphere.

In the middle of the floor two small boys were quarrelling over the possession of a train of battered toy steam-cars, and making a deafening noise.

"Here is Elizabeth Colton, ma," said Sarah. "She knows about our trouble, and says it will come out all right; so you need not worry yourself any more."

Mrs. Martin took her handkerchief from her eyes and looked at Elizabeth.

"You think it will be all right, my dear?" she said, as if the latter might be regarded as an infallible authority. "Ah, thank you! I was sure it would be, but these shocks are so bad for my nerves. Lucy, the cologne! Nina, the fan!"

The martyr to her feelings collapsed again, and Sarah had to supplement the fanning by raising a breeze with a newspaper; while Elizabeth looked on in astonishment. She had never known her own mother to faint except on the evening when Leo came near being drowned; and Mrs. Colton, although not strong, had never given way to hysterics.

"You have made me a little better by your good news," resumed Mrs. Martin presently, welcoming the opportunity of relating her trials to a sympathetic listener, yet bethinking herself that it would not do to recover too quickly.

"I am glad of that," said the little girl.

"Ah, my dear, you are a good child and must be a great comfort to your mother!" the sufferer continued. "A very nice person, your mother, I've heard, and of an aristocratic family. I am of very good family myself, dear; but, unfortunately, I married a plain man, who had made his own way, but was without the advantages of early culture. I sigh for cultured and refining influences in my home, my dear. My children are a great trial to me. There

is Sarah, now, so uncouth and stubborn and ill-tempered—"

Elizabeth was about to attempt some excuse for her friend, but Sarah signed to her not to do so.

"And, then, the younger children are so rude and ill-mannered; although I really do not see why they should be. And Tom is so wild. I do not know whether he stole the sled or not, child; but I dare say he did. He will break my heart some day; in fact, he has begun to break it now. With such children how can one surround one's self with cultured and refining influences? I try to forget my disappointments in books; for reading is a great solace. Are you familiar with Mrs. Twaddle's works, my dear? You ought to be, such beautiful pictures of life as they present. No family discord, everything serene, and everyone following the bent of his or her own happiness without interference; children always well-behaved and cared for by the governess; money always plenty; no clothes to mend nor stockings to darn,—who ever heard of a heroine darning stockings?"

At this point Mrs. Martin was again overcome by her emotion; and Elizabeth's eyes, wandering in the direction of the gaping knees of the small boys' hose, led her to the conclusion that the lady must be a heroine out of Mrs. Twaddle's novels.

"What a queer woman Sarah's mother is!" she said to herself.

Meantime Sarah had made peace between her young brothers, straightened some of the furniture of the little room, and given certain necessary orders to a slatternly servant. In fact, she showed herself during those few minutes more skilled and helpful at home than Elizabeth would have proved in as many days. Tidy she was not, else perhaps the torn stockings would have before received attention; yet, considering her want of "bringing up," she did very well.

They had expected Morgan back directly, but still neither he nor Leo came.

"Let us go after them!" cried Sarah, regretting that they had been restrained from doing so before by the confusion of Mrs. Martin's hysterics, or "high-strikes," as the skeptical maid-of-all-work denominated them. Catching up her hood and cloak, Sarah ran out, putting them on as she went. Elizabeth followed, and they hurried up the street.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

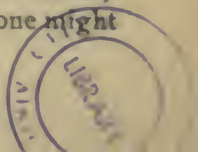
A Legend of the Harz Mountains.

On a spot now covered by a pond once stood a stately castle with lofty walls and battlements. A wealthy knight, whose name has been drowned in the stream of time, dwelt in it in luxury and splendor. Every dawn brought a new festival, and night was turned into day. Neither propriety nor virtue ruled in the gorgeous assemblages of his numerous guests.

Once the lord of the castle gave a brilliant entertainment. The merriment of the guests rang out into the night, and loud music smothered the rolling thunder, which could be heard in the distance. The night grew darker, and the waves of the Zorge murmured with a hollow moan, and the flowers grew wet with dew. The heavens gathered blackness; the water of the river seemed to sing a death-song, and the flowers on its banks to weep.

An old man stole softly and slowly up to the castle. His garments betrayed the greatest poverty, but his countenance was noble, and his thin locks were dripping with dew. He entered; the servants paid no attention to him, but sat drinking. He mounted the stone stairway, and reached the ball-room, where knights and ladies whirled in the dance, regardless of the storm.

Not venturing to enter, he stood timidly near the door, hoping that some one might



take pity on his condition. He did not stand long unobserved. The master himself perceived him, but his heart was not touched with pity. With a countenance red with anger, he pounced upon the trembling man and thrust him out of his humble posture, exclaiming:

"Insolent beggar! how couldst thou dare to enter my castle? Thou shalt pay dearly for thy impudence, and go down more quickly than thou didst come up!"

So saying, he seized the poor man, dragged him to a window, and, amid the laughter of the guests, threw him into the depths below the castle. But the beggar reappeared at once in the midst of a wonderful light, and cried in an awful voice, before which all merriment died away:

"Cursed are ye who despise the poor and give them over to death! Cursed be this spot, with all your pleasure and luxury!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when a hissing flash of lightning, like a fiery serpent, pierced the castle; a fearful clap of thunder followed; the earth opened, the castle sank in the hidden deeps, and was seen no more. Only the lonely wanderer hears in the stillness of the night a gloomy noise, like distant merriment and shouting, mingled with smothered groans and a horrible dirge.

Mark-with-the-Net.

American mothers tell their little ones of the sandman who, when day is done, comes with his bag of sand and sifts it over the eyes of the children, making the small eyelids close, and bringing "pleasant dreams and sweet reposes." In Sicily they do not have our American and English sandman, but they have another good messenger, whose efforts answer every purpose, and they call him Mark-with-the-Net. Just when the swallows fly home and the sun hides from sight he comes, they say; and with him he brings the most wonderful net, of the softest twine that ever was, made into a sort of cradle, and he throws it over the children; and their heads droop and their eyes shut fast together. He does not run away whenever he has one of these little human fishes in the soft twine cradle; but he waits until it is full, and then gets into his boat with his load, and makes all haste for the beautiful Island of Sleep.

"Ah," say the sea-gulls, "there goes Mark-with-the-Net! He has been fishing." "Oh!" say the fish, "so long as he does not get us, what do we care?" And the waves laugh and call: "Mark the fisherman, we will be ready to help you back with your guests when morning comes." And Mark-with-the-Net laughs too, but not loud enough to wake the youngsters. And he rows and rows, and pretty soon they reach the Island where the poppies grow, and nightingales sing lullabies, and soft wind murmurs cradle songs.

There the children sleep all night; but as soon as the first flower uncloses in the morning and the sun peeps above the sea, Mark-with-the-Net unties his boat, and stows away the cradle full of children; and plies his oars softly, and takes each one back to where the dear mother is waiting.

And, so runs this quaint and fanciful legend, it is only good children that take this nightly journey with the kind fisherman; and the mothers are wont to say: "Hush! and be good, my dear, or Mark will not come for you."

Then the children are quiet; for they think it a great thing to be rowed off to the beautiful Island of Sleep, where nightingales sing and the poppies grow.

FRANCESCA.

MANNERS, it is said, easily and rapidly mature into morals.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

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

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That They May Know Eternal Rest.

WHEN those long parted converse hold,
And happy greetings all are said,
There falls a hush, and each heart knows
The other's thoughts are of the dead,—

Of father, mother, and of friends,
Whom absence but the more endears;
And soul-communion closer grows
As each one reads the other's tears.

So loyal children of the Church,
And those who are among the blest,
Crave mercy for the suffering souls,
That they may know eternal rest.

Our Lady's Sanctuary in Mexico.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

SURELY 'tis for the consolation of the many on whose lowly heads the crown of earthly glory can never set that, so often, to one from their ranks has the Queen of Heaven revealed herself and chosen him her message-bearer. It was upon the transfigured face of a simple peasant girl that Our Lady of Lourdes shed her smile of ineffable sweetness; while with tenderest encouragement she let fall, in unison with those rude-carved ones slipping through Bernadette's joy-palsied fingers, bead after bead of her own gleaming rosary,—pearl-crystallized echoes of all the *Aves* that have floated up from earth since the morning of her divine Motherhood.

And it was on the coarse cloak of a poor Indian that Our Lady of Guadalupe (sometimes called the Lourdes of Mexico) suffered her image to be miraculously limned by a flash of celestial light. Thus runs the ancient legend,—so sweet, so impressive, as are all others of our Church, handed down through centuries, entwined with the veneration of the peoples whose spiritual lives they bore large part in shaping.

One day an Indian, Juan Diego, of the village of Guadalupe, while climbing the hill of Tonantzin (Mother of the gods: site of an Aztec temple), on his way to consult a physician about a dying child, lifted his sorrow-drooped head, suddenly to behold, standing upon a cushion of soft white clouds, a "Beautiful Lady." Like little Bernadette, in attempting to describe her he could but stammer those two words: "Beautiful Lady."

Falling on his knees, he gazed in awe, while she commanded him to seek at once the Bishop of Mexico and bid him build a church upon that spot to her, the "Mother of God." Walking as in a trance, Diego straightway turned back; and, gaining audience with the Bishop, delivered his message.

"My child," replied that prelate, "thou hast dreamed, and not yet wakened."

Sorely grieved, the Indian again toiled up the hill, to find the glorious apparition still throned upon its arid height, angel-attended. On hearing the report of Diego's ill success, Our Lady pressed her right foot on the earth, and thence gushed forth a cool stream, in which she bade him lave his hands, and return once more to the Bishop; at the same time adding:

"Give thyself no fear for thy child's life. On thy return she will run to meet thee—cured."

This second interview so moved the Bishop that he commanded Diego to bring back some visible token, dispatching two men to follow and watch his every movement. Arriving at the hill, however, a mist obscured the watchers' eyes; and when it dissolved the Indian stood before them, his arms filled with beautiful flowers, which he declared he had plucked, at Our Lady's behest, from the bosom of the barren rock.

It was while in the act of delivering these miraculous blossoms to the still doubting Bishop that a greater miracle was accomplished. A flash of supernatural light revealed to the prelate a picture of the "Beautiful Lady" herself sketched upon the mantle of Diego. Falling in veneration before it, the Bishop forthwith vowed his life to the fulfilment of Our Lady's mandate. The precious cloak was placed in his oratory, and the erection of the church begun.

Of that first edifice Juan Diego became sexton, and lived a recluse in the shadow of its towers till the end of his long life, giving praise to Our Lady for her signal favors to him and his child. Through the efforts of devout Jesuits the worship once offered on that hill to the "Mother of the gods" was transferred to the "Mother of the one risen Lord." The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe became the holiest shrine in Mexico. When Dom Miguel Hidalgo undertook to wrest the land from Spanish dominion, it was this painting of Our Lady that adorned the banners of the victorious insurrectionists, her name their watchword—"Long live our Mother, most holy Guadalupe! Long live America, and death to bad government!" This war-cry of Mexican independence is still the text of the President's address on their Fourth of July—repeated by him at eleven o'clock on every 15th of September, anniversary of the day and hour when Hidalgo first uttered it in 1810, at the door of the little church of Dolores. The Order of Guadalupe was made by Emperor Iturbide the highest honor of his court, and after his execution the first act of the Republican Congress was to constitute Lady Day a national holiday.

The present church, the fifth erected since 1533, is remarkable for its magnificent embellishments. Thirty-six tons of silver were used in ornamentation of the high altar designed by Tolsa, the famous sculptor of Iturbide's monument, at a cost of 1,180,000 dollars. Within the tabernacle, framed in gold, silver, crystal, and precious stones, is preserved the venerable image. The picture is wrought upon a coarse textile fabric, good in artistic effect, and, though three hundred and fifty years old, retaining its original freshness of color and strength of outline. An examination of the garment shows no difference in fashion or material from the cloaks, or blankets, usually worn by Indians of Diego's days and nation; but no test to which the painting has ever been submitted can reveal by what medium celestial artist-hands transferred the holy outlines to such seemingly unworthy canvas. It is not distemper, water-color, nor oil.

"The beauty of this picture," says a well-known Catholic writer,* "appeals

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* Christian Reid. See Vol. XXXIII. of THE 'AVE MARIA," pp. 553-5.

alike to the eye of faith and the eye of artistic appreciation. The beholder is astonished by its grace, tenderness, and dignity. There are indeed few representations of the Virgin of Nazareth and Queen of Heaven which surpass it in these respects. Clothed in a sunlike garment and wrapped in a mantle embroidered with stars, the majestic yet benignant figure stands upon the crescent moon,—the Woman of the Apostle's inspired vision, yet the tender Mother of the faithful, as the bending face implies; while in exquisite pose, the hands are clasped, as if in prayer, upon the breast. Even those who have no belief in the gracious miracle which wrought the picture can hardly look upon it unmoved, so compelling is the charm of its blended sweetness and majesty; while no one can wonder at the ecstatic love with which the Mexicans gaze at the image of her who so appeared to one of the poorest of their race, and impressed her radiant likeness upon his blanket as a marvel and token for all generations."

Over the spring of brackish water marking the footprint of Our Lady, in which thousands of the afflicted have washed and been "made whole," rises a chapel, called "the Chapel of the Little Well." Thence a stone staircase leads to the church proper, built on the very spot where flowers sprang up at our Blessed Lady's bidding. The reconstruction of this edifice, begun in the year 1888, is now completed; and a gold and blue morning of October—precious month, October, that,

Like a fair young nun, stands hushed, with parted lips,
Listening to the rush of countless angel wings,—

the occasion of its solemn dedication,—saw gathered together an enormous concourse of devout pilgrims, mingling their rejoicings with those of the rude native population, more than one-half Indian, whose fervor and eager participation in every ceremony pertaining to the glory of Our Lady, "the Mother of the soul," as they name her, must bring passing sweet reward to those zealous and devoted priests who have led them, as children by the hand, across the barren desert, and trained their darkened eyes to look into the Light.

A Life's Labyrinth.

XV.—A Revelation.

THE next day being Sunday—a day when it had always been the custom at Mountheron to relieve the servants of as many duties as possible,—an early dinner was served; after which Mrs. Ingestre retired to her room, requesting Constance to be in readiness for a drive at four, when the tide would be low and the beach in fine condition.

After early Mass the young girl had spent several hours writing notes for Mrs. Ingestre, reading a chapter in "The Imitation," and a couple of chapters from the Life of St. Francis de Sales, for whom Mrs. Ingestre had great admiration. Feeling, therefore, that her religious duties had been performed for the day—at least until evening, when Benediction would be given,—Constance occupied the intervening time in writing to her father, the tone of whose letters was so full of loneliness, doubts of her ability to carry out her intentions, and even fears for her bodily safety, that it needed all her store of good spirits and youthful confidence to reassure him and herself. She represented to him that so far everything had been in her favor; that she was now on the spot where she could take whatever observations were necessary to her purpose; that, although as yet she had not found even the shadow of a clue to the murderer of her uncle, her unbounded faith in God and the assistance of His Blessed Mother,

joined to the continuance of the irresistible impulse which had animated her from the first, impelled her to believe that the original thought had been inspired through that divine care which never proves false to those who place themselves under its guidance.

Everyone she had met was kind to her, she wrote; from Lady Cliffbourne—to whom she felt herself drawn by bonds of natural love, which her thoughtful consideration and gentle manner had so strengthened as almost entirely to have dissipated her former prejudice and indignation, in which she knew her father had never shared,—to the old housekeeper, steward, and butler, who had known and loved her exiled father, and who still cherished his memory in secret, believing him innocent of the crime with which he had been charged.

But she said no word of Pierre Nadand, the valet of the late Marquis, as he was still of the present, whom she had met several times since that first day, in the corridors, on the terrace, or in the garden; whose sinister face and lowering brows, which a long livid scar across the left cheek served to make still more saturnine, filled her with an involuntary repulsion. With a quick bow and a sharp glance of the eye he had passed her again and again during the three days she had been at Mountheron; and Constance wondered whether he, too, saw the resemblance which had so impressed the others. She felt him to be of a very different order, and augured no good from this close if casual inspection. Her careful Christian education and natural virtue debarred her from a premature judgment based only on a personal repulsion, without the slightest proof, so far, to substantiate it; yet her woman's intuition, stifled and held at bay with all her persistence, would repeatedly assert itself; and she felt, in spite of all her endeavors to banish the conviction, that if the murderer of the Marquis of Mountheron were yet to be discovered, the valet was aware of his identity.

Having finished her letter, she sat deep in thought until the clock striking the half hour after four aroused her from her reverie. At that moment Mrs. Ingestre's maid came to the door to say that her mistress was suffering from a bad headache, but hoped that Miss Strange would not forego her drive on that account. Saying that she would prefer a walk on the beach, if Mrs. Mathews would accompany her, Constance went in search of the housekeeper, whom she found in her little parlor, taking a cup of tea. Mrs. Mathews readily accepted the invitation, stipulating that Constance should take some tea and buttered crumpets, as the hour for supper was still far distant, and their walk might be prolonged.

It was nearly six when they set forth, descending by the cliff road to the beach, and turning their steps eastward, in the direction of the village about two miles away. Though discreet, Mrs. Mathews was communicative to a certain extent; and Constance learned during the walk that the present Marquis, though now entirely reformed and an excellent master, had at one time been a spendthrift, given to all kinds of irregularities, and by no means a favorite with his predecessor,—who had several times paid his debts, however, owing to his affection for the young man's mother, to whom he had once been attached. After the tragedy which had suddenly wrecked so many lives, the Marquis had entirely changed his manner of life; and it had become a matter of wonderment that he had not married.

Absorbed in these details, the couple had nearly reached the outskirts of the village when Constance suggested that they had better retrace their steps, in order to be in time for Benediction. There were several pathways leading from the castle

to the cliffs, and at the foot of one of these they met the valet, evidently about to take a stroll on the beach. Passing them with a slight salutation, he continued in the direction of the village. They had not gone far on their homeward way when Constance missed her handkerchief,—a pretty trifle, which had been given her by old Nestoria on her last birthday. She proposed that they return in search of it; which they did, finding it about half a mile farther back.

"I do not see Nadand," said Mathews. "He ought to be straight ahead of us, and the beach is empty."

"Possibly he may have returned by way of the cliffs," said Constance. "He does not look like one fond of walking. Is not that the Marquis yonder, coming this way?" she asked, pointing to the figure of a tall man advancing with rapid strides in their direction.

"I believe it is, although my old eyes are failing me fast," was the reply. "The Marquis is a great walker,—a true born Englishman in that way. There is seldom a day he does not cover his twelve miles morning and evening. He has been getting a little stout lately; I make no doubt he will do all he can to decrease his flesh."

Once more retracing their steps, Constance and Mrs. Mathews walked briskly toward home. But the evening, which had been so fair, began to change, and in a few moments a sudden shower was upon them. Hastily seeking the shelter of the overhanging cliffs, where some of the rocks had been so worn by the tide as to form recesses wherein several persons could sit with comfort, they resigned themselves to the rain; which, instead of being a shower as they had hoped, now began to assume the proportions of a storm.

"No Benediction for us this evening," said Mrs. Mathews, ruefully. "It may be half an hour or more before we get out of this, Miss Strange. I believe I'll say my Rosary; for if I leave it till bed-time I'll be wofully sleepy and distracted."

"No better way of spending our time in this little cave," replied Constance. "I will do the same."

Therefore it was that the twain were sitting side by side in profound silence, on a projecting shelf of rock-wall within the entrance of the miniature cavern, when two shadows fell across the sand outside, which they recognized as those of the Marquis and his valet.

Almost involuntarily, Mrs. Mathews put her finger to her lips to enforce silence on Constance, who nodded quickly in reply. The sole motive of both arose from a feeling of embarrassment at such close proximity to the two men seeking shelter like themselves.

Instead of entering the adjoining little cave, similar in every respect to the one in which the two women had taken refuge, the Marquis and his valet stood under the roof-like projection of the rock overhead. They had evidently been engaged in conversation; for the Marquis said, as if taking up the thread of a discourse:

"That was a bad business, Nadand. I have never ceased to regret it. A month longer, and all would have been in my hands. But, as we were to have had share and share alike, and I fulfilled my portion of the contract, I don't see what you have to grumble about."

"How many times have I not told you, my Lord," answered the valet, in no very respectful tone, "that my share brought me little profit! I dared not sell what I had in bulk, lest I should be suspected, after the scent was roused about the other affair in which your late unfortunate cousin was concerned. They would have put two and two together, and, *voilà*, where would have been Nadand?"

"As far as that goes, you are right," assented the Marquis. "I had facilities which you had not. My share went to

America, and flourishes there still in the shape of an immense and magnificent ranch in Colorado, which is becoming more profitable every year. I think of going out there next autumn."

"Oh, that was wise, my Lord!" said Nadand, with a sneer. "You had, and still have, the best of the bargain."

"The fault was not mine," said the Marquis. "I see no reason, as we started equal, why you should have a claim upon me after eighteen years. As I promised at the time, I retained you in my service after the unfortunate—removal of my cousin. Your perquisites have been many; you should have a goodly penny saved,—and would have, were it not for your infernal habit of gambling."

"Which you share, my Lord," retorted the valet, brusquely.

"I play for somewhat higher stakes, though," answered the Marquis, coolly. "You surely can not mean to imply by your conduct and obscure reminders during the past few months, that I owe you anything?"

"I am getting old, my Lord," said the Frenchman. "I am tired of service, and wish to go back to my own country. All I ask of you is five thousand pounds. That would keep me in comfort for the rest of my days."

"How would you like it—slap down or in quarterly instalments?" replied the Marquis, sneering in his turn. "Upon my word, that is a cool demand. Nadand," he continued angrily, raising his voice as he spoke, "I should not be surprised if the whole story were a lie, and that you have had the diamonds hidden away all these years; but, with your grasping nature, you wish to bleed me as much as you can to the very end."

"My Lord," said the valet, "I have always told you the truth. On one of those gems I realized a thousand pounds. My brother disposed of it for me in Constantinople. I gave him half the proceeds to buy his silence. The rest of the diamonds I had in a place I thought safe, but—when I went to search for them they were gone."

"Perhaps *I* stole them, Nadand," said the Marquis, with a chuckle. "What if I followed you, saw you deposit them in a place of safety, and, presto, as soon as you were gone, unearthed and put them in my own pocket?"

"Whatever may be your disposition to-day, my Lord," said the valet, in an insolent tone "at that time you would have been capable of such a proceeding. However, I am satisfied you had not the opportunity to put them in your pocket, even if you had so desired. Long ago I gave up all hope of finding them. From the nature of the place where they were concealed, it would be impossible that I should search for them alone; and to engage the assistance of others would justly excite suspicion. That aroused, my Lord, I doubt if you would be much more safe than myself."

"You mean that you would reveal my complicity?" asked his lordship.

"That is what I mean," said the valet.

"Nadand, you are a most contemptible fellow," said the Marquis. "For eighteen years you have made my life a torture. You are a pastmaster in the art of black-mailing. There are times when I could strangle you. I have never believed your story about the loss of those diamonds. If what you say is true, why have you never given me a clue to the place where you deposited them? Can you, mean as you are, think me so contemptible a cad as to fancy I would steal them or betray you?"

"No," said the valet, sullenly. "I believe you would recognize my right to them as per agreement; and betray me you dare not. But neither you nor I, my Lord, as I see it, could recover them without the aid of others, as I said before; and the fact of their being in that particular place would excite suspicion against me." He stopped

suddenly, then blurted forth abruptly: "To tell the truth, my Lord, I was drunk when I hid them; and there was a combination which I lost."

"Ah!" said the Marquis. "Well, that complicates matters. But I have an idea. Have you been drunk since?"

"Occasionally," answered the valet.

"And have you ever, while in that condition, had an inkling in your mind of the transaction,—a conviction that if you went in search of them you might be able to find them?"

"I have, my Lord," said the valet; "and it has been with difficulty that I have prevented myself from doing so, although in my sober moments I have often made the effort."

"I have heard of similar experiences," said the Marquis, earnestly. "What if we try the experiment?"

"Thank you, my Lord!" replied the valet. "I do not care to make the trial."

"Would be afraid to trust yourself with me, perhaps?" said his master.

The valet remained silent.

"You are a coward, Nadand," said the Marquis. "I should feel free of an incubus if I were well rid of you. Besides, you are a constant reminder to me of something I would rather forget. The Marquis of Mountheron—since a certain lamentable occurrence—has endeavored to do his duty in a manner unknown in the time of Roland Ingestre. I will draw up a contract which you shall sign, and in which I shall specify a certain sum to be paid to you—under certain conditions—during the term of your natural life, as an acknowledgment of faithful service. Will that be satisfactory?"

"It depends upon the sum specified, my Lord," answered the valet.

"You assume too high a hand," said the Marquis. "Remember, this is not a one-sided affair."

"I think that honors are even," observed the valet; "though at present the situation is in your favor, my Lord. You have health, wealth, position, and you are comparatively young. I am old—or getting old,—my health is failing. I long for a period of repose before I die. If you come down with something handsome, it will be no more than my due. And I will say to you frankly that it will be better for both that the lost diamonds should not be discovered in our lifetime. It might make things unpleasant, even so far as to excite suspicion that the guilty man had not—"

"Villain! what do you mean?" shouted the Marquis. "You are even a greater knave than I thought you."

"Sh!" said the valet, quietly. "Some one may hear."

"Be wary of your tongue," continued the Marquis, "or it shall go ill with you. I could wring your cowardly neck in a moment—"

"Sh, my Lord!" interrupted Nadand, in the same composed tone. "You are speaking above a whisper, and I think I hear a sound outside."

"It was only a gull," said the Marquis, advancing a step, and speaking in a lower tone. "A gull—see where he flies! But you can not make a gull of me, my friend. Come! the rain is over."

With a long, quick stride, the Marquis emerged from the shelter of the rock, closely followed by the valet, whose noiseless footsteps and catlike tread seemed like that of a treacherous beast of prey.

During the foregoing conversation not a sound had passed the lips of the two women seated far back against the wall of the little cave. Scarcely had they dared to breathe, lest their proximity should be revealed; while with loudly beating hearts they peered with strained eyes into the fast gathering darkness. Closer and closer they had clung to each other as the ignominy and horror of the revelation betrayed themselves, till at last the arms of the woman clasped the form of the girl in a rigid embrace, of which neither,

in her terror and emotion, was conscious.

Fully five minutes elapsed before either spoke. Mathews was the first to break the silence. Loosening her clasp about the waist of Constance, she endeavored to sit erect, but her strength failed her.

"O my God!" she exclaimed, "to think what we have heard this day,—to think of the mystery and shame and sin that have been revealed to us this terrible day! O Miss, you can understand *some* of what we have heard, but not *all!* But I can—I can! And, O my gracious Lord, what am I to do, what *shall* I do?"

Noticing that Constance did not reply, she became aware that the head of the young girl still rested in a limp fashion against her shoulder. It took but a glance to convince her that she had fainted. Mrs. Mathews at once placed her in a recumbent posture, removed her hat, and blew into her face, as the air in the cave was somewhat close. This proving ineffectual, she ran out to the beach, where she had only a few feet to go until she reached the swell of the waves which were fast rising. Dipping her handkerchief in the breaking wave, she ran back to the recess and bathed Constance's face and hands with the cool water. This revived her at once; she opened her eyes, looked about her, and presently, with the aid of Mathews, stood on her feet.

"Come," she said, in a sepulchral voice, gazing about her as one dazed,—"come, let us hurry away from this place: they may return."

"Do not fear, my child," said the kind woman, concerned for the moment only with the strange weakness of her companion. "They will not come back; but even if they should, we need not be alarmed. Your mind is distracted by what you have heard."

But Constance, catching Mrs. Mathews' arm, drew her forward as fast as her own lagging steps would permit, saying as they went:

"Let us walk in close to the cliffs, where they can not by any chance see us, Mrs. Mathews,—not by *any* chance."

"We shall need to do that now, dear child," answered the housekeeper; "for the tide is rising fast. But there is no danger that we shall be seen: they have gone up to the castle by the cliff road. See, as far as the eye can reach there is no one ahead of us."

Constance walked on silently for a few moments, clinging like a feeble child to the housekeeper's arm. After they had passed the rocks, and were well in shore upon the broad beach which was the shortest and easiest walk homeward, she paused abruptly, and, placing herself directly in front of the housekeeper, her sweet face pale as marble, her beautiful eyes distended, she asked:

"What did they mean? What had they done, Mrs. Mathews? Oh, tell me truly, as you value your soul's salvation, what do you think they had done?"

Unnerved by the experience of the last half hour, horror-stricken by its revelation, and compelled by the intense earnestness of her companion, the old woman replied, clasping her hands together, and looking heavenward as she spoke:

"Stolen the diamonds—the Marquis' diamonds, missed after his murder; and, more than that—worse than that—far more terrible. Lord forgive me, if I think what I should not! I can not say it! O Miss, you do not understand!"

"*I* not understand!" cried the young girl, seizing the housekeeper's hands in her own,—"*I not understand!* Who can, then, if I can not? For I am Constance Stratford, and these men are the thieves and assassins that have ruined my father's life, and made him a heart-broken exile for nearly twenty years!"

"Nursling of my heart, sweetest bird that ever nestled in Mountheron! my old eyes did not deceive me!" exclaimed the old woman, flinging her motherly

arms about the trembling girl, and clasping her to her faithful bosom.

Her secret once revealed, Constance suffered her agitated heart to lean with entire confidence on the sympathy and unswerving fealty of the old woman, by whose side she slowly walked in the direction of the castle.

The flood of their mutual emotion once spent, sober thoughts began to reassert themselves. When they reached the castle, Mathews conducted Constance at once to her room, undressed her as though she were a baby, and put her to bed. Oh, how sweet were these tender ministrations to the forlorn heart of the lonely girl! As soon as her head touched the pillow, the good old woman went downstairs for a delicious egg-posset, which she made Constance swallow; although the latter had assured her she did not feel in need of refreshment.

"It will make you sleep soundly, my dove," said Mathews; "and I shall not stir from your side till I know you are fast asleep. To-night I shall make up a bed for myself in the little dressing-room. After all that passed to-day I wouldn't like to leave you alone; you might have a nightmare. Sleep to-night, Miss Constance,—only sleep. To-morrow we'll think what is best to be done."

Soothed by the motherly voice and cheered by her kind companionship, Constance soon found the repose which her sorrowing heart and overwrought nerves demanded; but many were the tears that fell upon the white coverlet and many the prayers that ascended to Heaven before Mathews left the bedside of her newly-found young mistress, and sought the rest she, too, so much needed after the experience through which they had passed.

(To be continued.)

How much we get out of life depends upon how much we see in it.—*Lowell.*

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

V.

FATHER OGILVIE was then taken back to his cell, where a Scotch laird came to see him and reproached him shamefully for his disobedience to the King's orders, adding: "If I were the King, I would cook you in wax." The priest only laughed at his visitor's anger. "As I saw he was not to be appeased with courteous words, I joked him. When I wanted to drink his health across the table and he would not accept my challenge, I took him off in jest to get him out of his bad temper, and made them all laugh."

The royal commissioners seem at last to have come to the conclusion that nothing was to be got out of a prisoner who joked with his tormentors, smiled when under torture; who, when exhausted by pain and unrest, preserved his boldness, cheerfulness, ready wit, and prompt repartee. They gave the priest back to Spottiswood, who had been present all through the proceedings at Edinburgh, unwilling to relinquish his claim over so remarkable a captive. The Archbishop decided to return to Glasgow; and on Christmas Eve, 1614, Father John Ogilvie and his chief persecutor arrived in that city, which they had left about three weeks before.

Father Ogilvie tells us how, on his return to Glasgow, he "was fastened by one foot with a bolt and two iron chains binding the iron." The martyr's cheerfulness remained undiminished, and the heavy iron chains with which his limbs were loaded had no power to crush his bright spirit.

Meantime the wildest stories were being circulated as to the magical practices to which the Jesuit prisoner had

been addicted; and among the ignorant lower classes these absurd tales were eagerly believed. A woman who had seen him saying his Breviary at night reported that he must be a magician; another added to the story, and asserted that a crowd of black animals used to assemble round him and bring him food.

The "preachers" must have sorely tried the prisoner's patience when they flocked to his cell, anxious to discuss with him; but his ready wit easily shattered their arguments. The Bishop of the Isles, Andrew Knox, boasted to him that he could say Mass as well as he. Father Ogilvie, who knew that only a short time previous, his opponent had been violently opposed to the Episcopalian Church, boldly answered: "When I was a boy you held as an article of faith that there was not any head of the Church: now all swear and subscribe that the King is the head of the Church in his own dominions. You yourself formerly swore and subscribed the contrary.... At Paisley, you said you would openly declare him to be a devil who should be made a bishop; yet fifteen days later you yourself were made a bishop! And, not content with the episcopate of the Isles, you have taken another fatter one in Ireland."

The Bishop seems to have been struck by the good sense and boldness of the prisoner's replies, although they were directed against himself. "Mr. Ogilvie," he said, "you are a spirited fellow. I wish that many of your sort were following me." How surprised must the craven "prelate" have been at the martyr's ready reply! "I would rather follow the executioner to the gallows, because you are going straight to the devil." The Bishop remonstrated with the prisoner for the freedom of his speech. "You must forgive me, my lord," answered the martyr. "I have not learned court phraseology, and we Jesuits speak as we think. I may not flatter you.... If you do not wish me to say what I think about you, you had better bid me hold my peace, and I will say nothing. But if you wish me to speak, I shall say what I think, and not what you like."

Spottiswood himself seems at last to have been considerably puzzled what to do with this remarkable prisoner, whose irresistible good temper and quick repartee gave him an undoubted advantage over his enemies, and whose heroism under the severest torments had made him celebrated throughout the country. Father Ogilvie tells us that once at dinner the Archbishop exclaimed that he would be willing to be hanged himself if his prisoner ever escaped; "for," said he, quoting a Scotch proverb, "he would put saut in their kale,"—that is to say, he would do irremediable mischief to the Protestant party if he recovered his liberty.

From the moment of the young Jesuit's arrest the King had been kept informed of the affair in its smallest details; and now, with the love of controversy that was one of the characteristics of King James, he sent the prisoner a list of questions, which the latter was to answer; and upon those answers his subsequent fate was to depend. On January 28, 1615, Father Ogilvie was summoned before a tribunal composed of seven members, among whom were the *pseudo*-Bishop of Argyle and the Archbishop of Glasgow. The latter read aloud the five questions to which the King required an answer. These questions related to the power attributed to the Pope of deposing and excommunicating an heretical king, and to his spiritual jurisdiction over the heretics and over the faithful. Father Ogilvie answered with his usual firmness. When he said that he "condemned both the oaths proposed to the English, of supremacy and of allegiance," he must have known that he was, in fact, signing his own death-warrant,—these being points upon which the King was particularly tenacious and unforgiving.

After relating this incident, the martyr's written account of his captivity suddenly breaks off. Happily for us, we have, as a guide through the closing scenes of his passion and death, the testimony of his enemies and that of his Catholic fellow-prisoners, who, taking up the narrative where it was left by the confessor, continued it to the end.

Before Father Ogilvie's answers to the King's questions were actually sent to London, he was again asked whether he persisted in his previous declarations; he replied in the affirmative, and cheerfully signed a paper in which his answers had been taken down. From that moment he knew that his fate was sealed; and after so many and such hard conflicts for the faith, he felt that he was at length drawing near the final struggle, beyond which was eternal rest.

About this time Spottiswood, who, in sending the martyr's declarations to London, had added to them notes and explanations, which represented things in a "calumnious way," was suddenly called to Edinburgh on business. He left his prisoner under the care of his wife, who appears to have shown some kindness toward her husband's helpless victim. Father Ogilvie's fellow-prisoners in relating this fact slyly inform us that the "Archbishopess" was especially indulgent "when according to her custom, she had been indulging very freely in certain potations." However, these moments of comparative liberty and quiet were not lost upon the martyr, and we have reason to bless the "Archbishopess" for her kindness; for it was during this time that Father Ogilvie wrote the precious account of his captivity from which we have so largely quoted. In this narrative, so simple in its form, over which we linger with thrilling interest, the noble confessor unconsciously gives a graphic picture of himself. We seem to see and hear him all along, with his dry humor, bright wit, clear intellect, and absolute devotion to the cause of Truth.

Besides the account of his imprisonment, Father Ogilvie wrote several letters during this short space of free time. They have fortunately been preserved; and they show us how, by a rare and admirable combination, our martyr united to a bold spirit and ready tongue a most tender and loving heart.

The first letter is addressed to one of his fellow-prisoners, John Mayne, to whom he entrusted the manuscript history of his captivity. He asks him "to hand these documents to the rector of the first Jesuit college you come to, and ask him to send correctly made copies to Father Claude Aquaviva, and to pray for me." The last lines of this short letter run thus: "The danger of being caught writing does not allow me to give descriptions, go into details, or make corrections, nor even to note down any considerable part of the facts. So my brothers must in their charity excuse and correct any blunders; and pray for John Ogilvie, and for the rest who are fellow-prisoners with him for the Catholic faith."

Mayne had been condemned to death, but he was reprieved and sentenced to perpetual banishment. He carried out his friend's behest with scrupulous fidelity, and Father Ogilvie's touching narrative was given by him to the Father Rector of the college of Bordeaux when he landed in that town. Before the end of the same year (1615) it was made known in Rome and in the principal establishments of the Jesuits in France and Italy.

Another letter is addressed to Father Claude Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus. It runs thus: "Most beloved and most worthy Father, dearest object of the affection of my heart after Christ and the heavenly court! My punishments are terrible and my tortures sharp. Your paternal charity will make you pray for me, that I may undergo them with gener-

ous courage for Jesus, who triumphed over everything for us. And may Christ long preserve you as a most skilful leader of His own soldiers and as a bulwark of His Church. To your Very Reverend Paternity, your little servant in Christ and most unworthy little son."

The great religious and tender Father to whom were addressed these lines, so full of filial love and reverence, had gone to his rest a few weeks before—on the 21st of January, 1615. Cut off from the outer world as he had been since the previous October, our martyr had not heard of Father Aquaviva's death; but we may fondly believe that his affectionate appeal found an echo in the courts of heaven, and that the prayers of the holy General of the Society were not wanting to his "little son and servant" during the closing scenes of his bitter passion.

A third letter is addressed to Father Alberi, an eminent member of the Order, who when Provincial of Austria, had admitted the young Scotch postulant, John Ogilvie, into the Society. The captive confessor reminds Father Alberi of this fact, and recommends to his charity his fellow-prisoner, John Mayne, for whom he begs "a little of that kindness which I myself have experienced." He goes on to speak to him of the manuscript entrusted to Mayne, and ends thus: "This letter is dated from my prison at Glasgow, where I am stretched on the ground and loaded with chains weighing over two hundred pounds.... I endured the torture of forced watchings for eight days and nine nights; now I expect two more tortures; and then death. I am still awake—the 22d of February, 1615." In the last sentence we seem to recognize a playful allusion to the horrible torments through which he had passed; and we may imagine how good Father Alberi's eyes must have filled with tears as he read the farewell letter of his spiritual son, and perceived the brave, bright spirit undaunted to the last.

At the end of a fortnight a letter came from London, stating that Father Ogilvie was to be judged and executed according to the law, if he persisted in the doctrines contained in the paper sent to the King. The Jesuit had denied his sovereign's supremacy in spiritual matters, and this in the eyes of James I. was a crime beyond forgiveness. Our hero vaguely heard that news had come from London; but his jailers when questioned by him answered that they knew nothing. "Well," he observed, "I can tell you that to-morrow or the day after a priest will die." Spottiswood, who had returned in haste to Glasgow on hearing that orders had been sent from the government, gave the martyr the information he desired; adding, however, that he was to be tried not on account of his priesthood, but on account of his treasonable views,—a vain attempt to rob him of the martyr's crown in the eyes of public opinion.

Several ministers from Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as a certain number of noblemen, among whom was the Marquis of Lothian, visited the confessor during these last days of his life. Some came from curiosity to see the young Jesuit, whose extraordinary courage had made his name a household word; whilst others endeavored to shake his constancy by their arguments and promises.

The martyr's firmness and serenity remained unshaken. The worst was over. The fearful torture, the long imprisonment, the harassing discussions,—all were past; only a short, sharp struggle remained, and then the palm for which he had so longed would be within his grasp. After his six months' conflict, no wonder that he hailed the approach of death with inexpressible joy, and that the day before his trial he joyfully invited the bystanders to be present at his nuptials on the morrow. In imitation of his Master, he even insisted on washing the feet of his companions, who, in their account,

have carefully recorded this last act of brotherly charity.

Father Ogilvie knew that his trial was a mere form, and that his execution would take place immediately afterward. Perhaps he was aware that Spottiswood had caused the scaffold and gibbet to be erected beforehand, so that there might be no interval between his victim's condemnation and his death.

(To be continued.)

King's Almoner.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

WHO is she cometh forth
 Twelve stars crowning her,
In her hands gifts of worth,
 Moonlight gowning her?
She is the King's Almoner,
 The King's purse hers to hold,
 Broidered with gems and gold,—
Wonder past compare.

Why so young, why so fair?
 Kings' almoners are grave
Old men in minever,
 Lutestring and ermine brave,
Velvet hoods on their hair;
 Old wiseheads, still and gray;
 All unlike her are they,—
Whence this King's Almoner?

Know you not whence and where
 Comes the King's Almoner?
Mary, beyond compare;
 All hearts shall turn to her.
Queen, who in Stable bare
 Kissed thy new-born Son,
 Hear me, Most Holy One,
Bounteous King's Almoner!

Mother of Heaven's King,
 Bounteous King's Almoner,
Ope to my needy prayer
 Thy purse, O Pursebearer!
Give me what I entreat
 From thy Son's gems and gold,
 That I my babe behold
Safe out of darkness, Sweet!

Abyssinian Devotion to Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT may be well to add, in passing, that we are by no means concerned to deny the possibility of occasional extravagance or errors in the Marian prayers and legends of this separated Eastern Church. Among ourselves, great care is taken to prevent any such abuses. Prayers and devotional practices are watched over and, if need be, restrained and corrected by the bishops or the Roman Congregations. Reported instances of miraculous intervention are juridically examined, and our lives and legends of the saints are revised and corrected by historical criticism. Remembering some cases where erroneous opinions in pious works have thus incurred censure, we might well fear to find more frequent instances of this among Christians who have been without the advantage of Roman revision; while their theology, on yet more fundamental questions, has not been free from the taint of heresy. But if the gold be mingled with some little dross, it will not therefore lose its value. We must add, however, that we are merely speaking of what is probable. So far, no instance of any such error or corruption in these Abyssinian devotions has come before us. On the contrary, such passages as we have read are as remarkable for the soundness of their doctrine as for the warmth of their devotional spirit. Let us take, as a pleasing example, the following fine passage in the opening pages of the *Weddase Maryam*, which we find in a beautifully written Ethiopic manuscript of the seventeenth century, in the Magdala Collection: *

"O Maiden, who shall be able to tell thy greatness, and who shall be able to

* Oriental, 559, f. 134.

declare thy praise? There is none that is like to thee among all things that are created and made. Thou art the Mistress over all; thou art lifted up high above the height; thou art exalted over the summit. The heavens and the heaven of heavens shall praise thee, because thou didst bring forth Him that created them. The angels too shall glorify thee, because thou hast borne Him that created them. Man and the beasts and all flesh shall bless thee, because with thy milk thou hast nourished Him that feedeth them. The earth, with its mountains and all the hills that are founded thereon, shall sing to thee; because thou hast borne upon thy knees Him that established them. The seas and the rivers shall declare thy greatness, because within thy narrow womb thou didst encompass Him that made them deep and spread them abroad. Fire and heat and lightning shall make known thy glory; because in thy hands thou hast held Him of whose terror the fires were fearful, and the lightning trembled at the going forth of His voice. The Cherubim and the Seraphim shall bow down before thee, because thou hast carried on thy back Him that rideth upon them. I will sing to thee, O Mother of the Sun of Justice, because all creation singeth thy praise! Wheresoever the name of thy Son is declared, there shall thy name be declared; wheresoever the Godhead of thy Son hath reigned, there shall thy greatness be made known. When thy only Son was lifted up and sat at the right hand of His Father, there was the perfect Manhood which He took from thee as it is one with the Godhead."*

In speaking of the Ethiopic hymns, we are using the word "hymn" somewhat loosely. The reader will look in vain in these compositions for the rhyme or metre of our own poetry, or even for that more primitive system of equisyllabic lines which is adopted by the Syriac, Armenian, and, in some measure at least, by the Coptic singers. But if the outward form is wanting, the soul of religious poetry is surely here. However rugged the original, however imperfect our rendering, the reader can hardly fail to note the sublime thoughts and the tender devotion that animate this Abyssinian song of praise. In the balanced antithesis of its parts, we seem to hear an echo of the "thought-rhythm" (as Ewald well calls it) of the Hebrew psalmody.

These, however, are minor matters. The real interest and value of this Ethiopic hymn lie in something far deeper—the solid theological character of its devotion to Our Lady. It is hardly too much to say that the few stanzas here cited from this old Eastern hymn, all simple and unadorned, and without parade of learning or argument, give the true foundation of all our devotion to Mary, and at the same time supply the best possible answer to those who would condemn it. It is a true hymn in Mary's praise, the opening portion of a special work in her honor, and each verse is addressed directly to her. Yet through the whole there runs but one thought, all is one lively expression of faith in one great truth—the Divinity of the Incarnate Word. The unknown author of the prayer, and the Abyssinians who use it, do but realize the Incarnation as a fact,—the one great, central fact in the world's history; and their devotion to the Blessed Mother of God flows from their simple faith.

Theologians or apologists who are called upon to defend the *cultus* of Mary and explain its motive, are accustomed to give the same account of it. But here the doctrinal foundation of the devotion may be seen not in a reasoned defence, but in the devotion itself. To some this simple song of praise will be more convincing

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* Some may suspect a trace of the Monophysite error in the closing words, but the phrase is surely susceptible of an orthodox sense.

than many a labored argument. At the same time it should surely be enough to satisfy those who fear that the Son may be forgotten in the homage paid to His Mother. St. Bernard has told us that all praise given to the Mother redounds to the glory of her Son; and his words find an illustration in this Ethiopic hymn.

The above passage from the *Weddase Maryam* shows us that the Abyssinians hold fast by the true foundation of Marian devotion. Whatever the shortcomings of their doctrinal system, or the errors by which it has been overlaid in the course of their dark and troubled history, they still have a deep and simple faith in the great, central truth of Christianity: that God was manifested in the flesh, and that the Son of Mary is in very deed the Son of God. From this source flows all that rich stream of Marian praise that fills so many pages of their liturgical works, and that *pia credulitas* which delights in so many legends of her miraculous intervention. With those legends we are not now concerned. We may, however, give a further specimen of Ethiopic prayers to Mary; and we will take it, not from the aforesaid collection at the British Museum, but from some Ethiopic manuscripts which a singular good fortune has placed in our hands.

The present writer was preparing to follow up the paper on "Coptic Devotion to Our Lady," by a similar notice of the devotion in the neighboring Church of Abyssinia; and he was thinking of making some researches for this purpose at the national library, when a friend asked him to examine some manuscripts brought back by a certain traveller in the East, as the owner wished to know what was the language in which they were written and the subject of which they treated. A glance at the manuscripts showed us that they were in the Gheez or Ethiopic tongue, and we had not gone far when we discovered that they contained some of the prayers and hymns to our Blessed Lady which we were about to seek elsewhere. From these manuscripts, thus strangely brought to us from afar, we take the following brief extract, which may serve as a specimen of the whole:

"May God, the giver of light, Three in Persons, One in Godhead and in Substance, enlighten the eye of my understanding that I may see the face of the Word in thy good covenant, O Mary, Mistress of all that are above and all that are below! Hail to the memory of thy name, that is likened to a star; for in its light, the revelation of the nations, is our darkness covered! O Mary, tabernacle of God, and hope of salvation that hath come down and dwelt in thee,—not as the cares of our first father and mother, that were cast forth from the garden in sorrow hard to bear! Hail to the hair of thy head, that a band of purple bindeth!... O Mary, covenant of mercy, whereunto thou art established before the congregation, beseech Him to give me freely the life of the soul!... Hail to thy face,—the face of holiness that is glorious, whose beauty is more pleasing than the sun and the moon! O Mary, miracle of the covenant and rainbow of light from the Merciful Father, which Noe received (as a sign) that the deluge should not again destroy the earth!... Hail to thine eyes, that are like two lamps which the artist hath hung in a lofty tower of flesh!... O Mary, thou art the fountain of meekness and mercy: save me by thy covenant and deliver me from destruction, because without thee there is no salvation that availeth!"

While these prayers breathe the same spirit which we find in the hymns of the Copts and Syrians and Armenians, or in our own Western prayers, there is, none the less, something very singular in the form in which these Ethiopic hymns are cast. The same curious series of *salaams*, or salutations, to the head, the hair, the

eyes, etc., abound in the Abyssinian hymns to the other saints.*

Such are some of the signs of the devotion to Our Lady which still lives and flourishes among the Christians of Abyssinia. If that ancient Church has unhappily lain long in schism, and has, moreover, admitted some errors into its creed, its love of Mary has proved a safeguard against the attempts of Protestant missionaries, who might else have led some of its children still further astray. No students of the Ethiopic liturgical writings can be surprised to learn that, in 1868, a synod of the schismatic Abyssinians excommunicated the Protestant missionaries because of their lack of due reverence for the ever-blessed Virgin. But we may well hope that before long this Marian devotion may prove something more than a safeguard against further errors. In his recent attempts to reunite the separated Christians, whether in the East or in the West, the Holy Father laid great stress on prayers to Our Lady as a means to this end. As was natural, special prominence was given to this in his letter to the English people.

But if the ancient devotion of our country to Mary is a good reason for trusting that her prayers will avail us now, there is, if possible, still more reason for expecting this help in the case of the Abyssinians. Here it is not merely the memory of the devotion of Catholic ancestors in the past, but the devotion even now practised by the schismatics themselves that gives us this assurance of her aid. May she who is called the Mother of fair love, and of knowledge, and of holy hope, bring her separated children from their darkness to a fuller knowledge of the faith, and from their state of schism to the unity of fair charity in the one true Fold!

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* The present writer has given an instance of this in an Ethiopic hymn to St. Joseph. See "Eastern Devotion to St. Joseph," *Dublin Review*, April, 1895.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—An Arabian Night.

TOWARD sunset we pulled to shore. The barge sat upon the water like a huge gourd. A dozen dusky Nubians, with ribs of steel and muscles of iron, pulled the long oars, that rose and fell upon the river in rhythmical cadence, while they chanted in deep gutturals a melodious though monotonous legend of the Nile. The island was bathed in radiance. We approached a crumbling terrace, from which the fine grass fell in fringes; and all the wide stairs that led from the river to the rock above were broken and overgrown with mosses and trailing creepers. A floating vine served for a cable to draw us to the land. The crew, clad briefly in a girdle of flaming colors, leaped overboard; and a moment later we lay safely moored under the tall palms of Philæ, the sacred isle. Michel, with his well-trained retinue, proceeded at once to lay dinner in a superb pavilion overhanging the eastern branch of the river; and while our appetites were sharpening we scattered in pairs among the temples, corridors and tombs that cover the island from shore to shore.

You know Philæ, the tropical oasis in the Nile, a few miles above the first cataract,—a garden in the desert, walled about by huge cliffs as black as night, as smooth as glass, as hard as adamant? These are the iron gates of Nubia; and many a king whose glorious day is almost lost in history has left his seal indelibly engraven on the rock.

We had reviewed hastily the antiquities and the interesting ruins of the island when we were summoned to our repast. Seated on fallen columns, among pillars and obelisks that have survived the siege

of time, we feasted. There were Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, and infidels grouped on the eastern terrace awaiting moonrise. The shadows deepened among the hills; the last flush of sunset faded like a rose; and the delicate afterglow seemed to be spirited away by the deep, strong current that swept about our island, flowing forever through the desert into the green and fertile northland, the land of Goshen!

I wonder if any one of us realized at that moment that he was sitting among the ruins of a race once more affluent, more poetic, more artistic than our own; that it had its revelations, its religious development, its triumphs and its decay; that Osiris, the god of that people, was so adored that even his name was not uttered by profane lips; and in those days the most terrible of oaths was this, "By him who sleeps in Philæ"?

We divided the cold turkey and champagne within reach of that undiscovered tomb. At our backs loomed one of the most splendid and perfect temples of the East. True, it is but two thousand years old—the paint was hardly dry when King Herod decreed the slaughter of the Holy Innocents,—but it was sacred to Osiris. Christians have worshipped in it since, and have deserted it in their turn; and there is every prospect of some person—one of the divinities of the nineteenth century—getting a lease from that mercenary and improvident Khedive, whose popularity is based upon a fiction which is a pure satire upon facts, and building a sanitarium for sick Englishmen and sicker Americans who have money enough to enjoy its privileges. It was not well for us to feed thoughtlessly so near to the holy of holies without as much as "By your leave, Osiris"; or "Isis, I hope you don't object to smoke."

Anon there was a flush in the East. A wave of delicate color swept over the sky; the black walls beyond the river drew nearer to us; a silver thread of light ran along their rough and rugged tops; a flake of cloud—just one flake in a sky that is forever cloudless—caught fire, and then the great, glimmering, golden shield—the moon—rolled slowly and serenely into space. Our temples were transfigured; the delicate reliefs were magnified; even the imperishable tints that have withstood the wind and the sun these twenty centuries were distinguishable; colonnades of pallid columns stretched down the island, and every tomb gathered its melancholy and funereal shadows on its sides, where they hung like trailing palls. We were all silent now. A little gust of wind swept down the valley like a sigh; the palms of one accord bowed their plumed heads to the east. It was thus the full moon crowned a Nubian solitude that supreme and memorable night.

No sooner was the moon well up than there was a sudden stir in Philæ. Michel mustered his forces, and bore the properties of the camp to the barge that was still moored under the terrace. The caravan was about to depart. Whatever was to be done in opposition to this predestined plan had to be done at once. I stood apart from the busy groups musing and mutinous. A form approached me—a friend whose love of travel, whose knowledge of the world, and whose deep appreciation of all that is pathetic and poetic in the decadence of that superb East, had won my sympathy and esteem. "Do you return?" said the voice, scarcely above a whisper.—"Not willingly," I replied. "Why may we not remain? The island is not half explored. Here are weapons and provisions. We may hail the barge at sunrise, and rejoin our friends without discommoding them in the least. I choose to remain. Will you join me? Is it a bargain?" It was a bargain struck on the instant.

Without delay I secured a rifle from Yussef, the pearl of dragomans. A double

portion of cold meats and wine was stowed away in a convenient corner. We had our torches, and surplus garments ample enough to protect us from the chill air of the night. The caravan repaired to the terrace. How the palms glistened in the moonlight! How the barge rose and fell on the dark surface of the river! "All aboard!" cried the caravan in lusty chorus. "All aboard," said I; "for two of us remain on Philæ until sunrise; but the barge returns for us at that hour. *Bon voyage!*" There was no objection raised; there was no exclamation of surprise; we were of age, of one religion and of one mind. It was our affair, and no one was authorized to oppose us. With deft hands the Nubians cast off the vines that bound them to the island, and swung slowly into the current; they fell upon their oars and sang, while the barge swam onward and faded like a phantom in the shadow under the Nubian shore.

A last farewell floated over the water to us. It was then that we realized that we were truly alone on an island in the Nile, with no hope of escape before sunrise. Again we heard voices—a song wafted on the tranquil air, growing fainter and fainter as our friends retreated down the narrow valley. We lighted our torches, and began a thorough survey of the great temple. From the top of the lofty Pylon to the obscure recesses of the Hypogelum we scoured the sculptured stones with flame, and read vaguely, but with awe, the secret history of Osiris. There it was, page after page, from the advent to the transfiguration; a very sacred and mysterious revelation, which in many instances seemed to foreshadow the advent of Our Lord. Doubtless the night and the awful sense of solitude, from which it was impossible for us to escape, heightened our singular enthusiasm. The place seemed thronged with spirits. You know it is written, "Statues sleep in the daytime; in the night they wake and become ghosts." What faces and forms started into life under the glare of our torches! They seemed actually to move in the quivering light. Isis, with extended arms, fringed with feathers, a winged goddess.

The mitred Athos, with an evil eye set in the clean-cut profile; rows of ibises, giants with coiled beards; deities crowned with serpents, and sphinxes half human, half beast. We lost our reckoning more than once, and threaded gloomy halls where clouds of bats poured upon us,—mildewed creatures, with fetid breath, that fastened upon us like vampires, and were with difficulty beaten off; they drove us from their solitudes—solitudes centuries old,—and when we had fled into the halls above them, we could still hear the low thunder of a myriad slimy wings flapping in a whirlwind of desperation and despair!

How sweet, how delicious the night air on the terrace! We sat there till the moon had sailed half across the heavens, and then we climbed to the topmost balcony of the temple and sought repose.

Night-birds darted by us, now and again sweeping down within our reach, and screaming with affright; strange echoes wandered among the deserted chambers. Yussef's rifle lay by my side. I slept the half sleep that is like drunkenness. I seemed conscious of my surroundings, and nevertheless I dreamed incessantly. Once I sprang to my feet with a shriek of horror that was scarcely calculated to cheer my companion. In my dream I seemed to be hanging upon the very edge of the temple terrace, and then I slid off into hideous space, and was dashing headlong down to death when I awoke. There was little sleep after that. We sat in the moonlight and chatted, and smoked the consoling and soothing cigarette, and looked down upon the river that stole by, two hundred feet below us.

While we watched the mysterious current whose source is hidden in some

fabulous land, we saw at the same moment a dark object stemming the current and slowly approaching the island. My first thought was of the crocodile, that has been frightened out of Egypt but still clings to the Nubian shore with reckless persistency. We descended to a balcony overhanging the water, at a point within range of our unwelcome visitor. On it came. We saw dark limbs noiselessly propelling the creature; we heard quick, hard breathing, and then the object swam into the white wake of the moon, and we saw a human head and part of a human form buoyed up by a log. It was the Nubian raft, and we were about to be inspected by a native of the soil. A challenge brought no response from the amphibious rascal. The challenge was repeated; and then, after a reasonable pause, I discharged Yussef's rifle into the air. With a grunt, that blackamoor went on the other track and disappeared. It was an unexpected and impromptu rehearsal of the fourth act of "Aida."

We were on the very spot—Philæ, the sacred isle. Here was the temple, a portion of which is represented, more or less accurately, in the picturesque fourth act of Verdi's sublime opera: the moon, the palms, the river, the fragrant jungle, and from time to time strange chants that floated in the air—thrilling, plaintive notes, droned monotonously, bee-like, at welcome intervals till sunrise. How we listened and brooded over the water, and saw in a tideless nook the ivory petals of a great flower that blossomed and unveiled its golden glories until it seemed another moon! It lived, it breathed, it palpitated upon the crystal surface of the stream; it flooded the air with fragrance; all the passion of Egypt, all the poetry of the Nile, all the magnificence and the mystery of the Orient bloomed again in that queenly flower. She was a necromancer; she held me with her conjuration. I saw beyond mountains and deserts, tropical jungles astir with crouching tigers, troops of elephants, droves of gaunt giraffes fleeing before the storm, and the hippopotamuses wallowing in tall river reeds. Abyssinia, Sennaar, Kardafan, Darfour sent embassies to me; and I had for my slaves legions of Berbers girdled with gold, shining with oil, musky and shapely fellaheen. The sun was up when I woke again; the barge awaited us; our boat was on the shore. We had nothing to do but to return to our friends and resume the voyage—but for me that night the lotos bloomed and withered!

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCIV.

THE state of feeling with which one should approach the Holy Table is explained in a very novel and striking way. It is as true as it is novel, and can not be studied too much. "Know," says the author of "The Imitation," "that thou canst not sufficiently prepare thyself by the merit of any action of thine, although thou shouldst prepare thyself a whole year together, and think of nothing else. But it is of My mere goodness and grace that thou art suffered to come to My Table, as if a beggar should be invited to the dinner of a rich man.... Do what lieth in thee, and do it diligently.... I am He that hath invited thee; I have commanded it to be done; I will supply what is wanting in thee; come and receive Me.... If Thou hast not devotion, but findest thyself dry, persist in prayer, sigh and knock.... Thou hast need of Me, not I of Thee."

This disposes in a practical way of all those shrinkings, repugnances, etc. Our author sensibly invites us to "take stock"

of our own state, and admit frankly that we are not eager to approach the Holy Table, and then look for a remedy. Much better this than "covering up" our own deficiencies. An antidote is found for this hesitation to approach the Holy Sacrament, and it is offered in a plain, matter-of-fact way:

"How dare a sinner appear before Thee, and how dost thou vouchsafe to come to a sinner!... I confess my unworthiness, I acknowledge Thy bounty, I praise Thy goodness, and I give Thee thanks for Thy exceeding charity. For it is for Thine own sake that thou dost this, not on account of my merits.... Behold Thou art the Saint of saints, and I am the scum of sinners.... Rejoice, O my soul, and give thanks to God for so noble a gift and so singular a solace left thee in this vale of tears. For so often as thou repeatest this mystery, and receivest the Body of Christ, so often dost thou perform the work of thy redemption, and art made partaker of all the merits of Christ.... 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 first descended into the Virgin's womb and was made man."

XCV.

What a deep philosophy there is in this saying, if we ponder it seriously! It goes to the root: "Never to feel any grief at all, nor to suffer any trouble of heart or body, is not the state of this life, but of everlasting rest." Even many good folk nourish the opposite view, and look for peace and comfort as the state of present existence. "Think not, therefore, that thou hast found true peace if thou feelest no burden; nor that all is well if thou hast no adversary; nor that thou hast attained to perfection if all things be done according to thy inclination." This last advice is one of our author's capital sarcastic strokes.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

A beautiful and impressive service for "the forgotten dead" is held every Sunday afternoon just outside the Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, Algiers. After Vespers the congregation unite in special prayers for the departed; then the clergy go in procession to a cliff by the ocean, and there, with the open sea in front of them, repeat the service ordained by the Church for the burial of the dead. "On the edges of the cliff," says *The Harvest*, "is a permanent catafalque, shaped like a tomb and surmounted with a cross. Over this symbolic tomb, and looking toward the greatest of the world's graves—the mighty ocean,—the solemn service is intoned; and, with lighted candles and swinging censers, prayers are offered up for those who have had no other funeral service."

The devotion known as "St. Anthony's Bread," which has leaped into such sudden and widespread popularity in Europe, has been taken up in some places in the United States with astonishingly gratifying results. The spread of this devotion, which has already been fully explained in THE "AVE MARIA," is everywhere attended by a revival of faith and charity among the people, not to speak of the relief it brings to the poor. One devoted pastor tells us that the alms dropped into the poor-boxes in his church, which formerly amounted to eighteen dollars a week, now reaches the sum of sixty and sometimes even ninety dollars. Doubtless many other good priests, encouraged by these results, will be led to introduce so helpful a devotion into their parishes.

The eminent publicist Mr. W. S. Lilly ranks the appointment of the Catholic Lord Acton to the chair of modern history in Cambridge among the most important events that have for a long time occurred in English academical life. "It is not easy to imagine," he says, "a more signal token of the passing away of that old sectarian spirit which found expression in religious tests; of the nationalization of our great seats of learning, not in

word only, but in deed and in truth." Lord Acton and Mr. Lilly are both men of wide learning and courageous conviction. Lord Acton has already uttered some plain truths in the lecture rooms of Oxford, and Mr. Lilly has done yeoman's service as a Catholic publicist. Writing of Lord Acton in the *Nineteenth Century*, he pays this tribute, in passing, to the great Catholic historian of Germany: "Jannsen has done the like [*i. e., destroyed its legendary history*] for the Lutheran Reformation, putting it before us in its raw and repulsive reality. No one who does not choose to dwell in what Matthew Arnold called 'his own private darkness' can now think of the year 1521 . . . as the date of the beginning of a new era of grace and truth."

The fact that on the rolls of Maynooth, Ireland's great ecclesiastical college, there are this year inscribed no fewer than six hundred and fifty students—the largest number ever registered at one time—seems to show that the missionary zeal which has always animated that most Catholic of countries is still as intense as of old. "No saint," said Cardinal Manning in speaking of the Vatican Council, "had so many mitred sons in that assembly as St. Patrick"; and the indications are that a similar glorious testimony may be given at future Councils. Ireland owes much to Maynooth, and the Christian world owes more to Ireland than it is always disposed to admit.

We are in receipt of the following communication from the Rt. Rev. Monsig. de Harlez, of the University of Louvain:

"Since I wrote the explanation of the disputed text, '*Quid mihi et tibi?*' which you were pleased to publish in THE 'AVE MARIA,' I have received from the East some information worthy of record. A Dominican religious in Palestine informs me that this expression is still used in daily speech, and that it is often one of respect or of modesty. Monsig. Amanton, Delegate in Mosul, was one day making some advantageous propositions to a schismatic bishop to induce him to enter into the true fold. The bishop replied with astonishment: '*Quid mihi et tibi?*'—*Mah lâk in lâk*,—manifesting his surprise that so much should be done to win him over. These words often have the meaning: Why do you address yourself to me? Why do you do me this honor? The second meaning is certainly not that which Our Lord had in mind at the wedding in Cana; but the first approximates very closely to the sense of the words as we have explained it. In any case, it is entirely out of the question that Jesus used the expression in a sense depreciatory of His Mother, or that He wished to say there was nothing common between Him and her."

Says G. Wilfred Pearce in *The Pilot*: "The building and restoration of Catholic churches throughout the world, as reported in foreign and domestic journals of architecture, devoted to the interest of the building trades, in the words of the *British Architect*, 'stuns the imagination in an attempt to grasp the magnitude of the operations, and the enormous sum of money set apart from the revenues of the church to pay for the work.'" According to Mr. Pearce, the number of new churches is 10,981, and the cost thereof more than $360,000,000. In an age when Mammon-worship is so prevalent, it is especially gratifying to know that so much wealth is being applied to religious purposes. America claims about one-fourth the number of the new churches.

Commenting on the danger of introducing into Catholic homes newspapers containing sensational stories, detailed accounts of criminal proceedings, lengthy critiques of questionable dramatic performances, etc., a French exchange truthfully remarks: "The wounds received under the tolerant eye of a father or mother are the most irremediable, because they falsify the conscience. The poison is nearly always fatal when the child finds the cup prepared in the bosom of the family."

If French Catholics are not fully aware of the perils that menace themselves and their country, it is assuredly not the fault of their publicists. For years past M. Drumont has been denouncing the exaggerated political influence of the French Jews; and now M. Georges Thiéband is out with a pamphlet in which he signalizes the danger of the increasing power of what he calls the Protestant party. Both M. Drumont and M. Thiéband are less fanatical and intolerant than their opponents like to credit them with being. The former simply asks that

in a population of 38,000,000 souls, one hundred and thirty thousand Jews—a minority so numerically feeble—should not fill the administrative offices and the magistracy; the latter declares it palpably unjust that Protestants, who number scarcely more than 1,000,000, should practically monopolize the direction of public instruction, and be charged with the education of youth in a country so overwhelmingly Catholic as is France. At this distance it would seem that the only remedy for France's evils lies in the awakening of Catholic electors to the fact that they *can* rule the country if only they will. The supineness of the French peasant before the ballot-box is deplorable.

Referring to the recent disturbance of missionary work in China, the Rev. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, remarked before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions:

"None of us should be either surprised or alarmed because the new and aggressive civilization which Christianity introduces is resisted now as it was at its birth. 'Asia does not want our religion,' the critics tell us. 'Your preaching has thrown Constantinople into a panic.' Neither did the Roman Empire want Christianity. But Europe would fight for it to-day to the last ditch; and Asia will yet swing into column, even if she must endure the baptism of fire through which her younger sister has passed. The Cross is not a picture, but a power. It is not an amulet or talisman, but a spiritual energy. It means that the world is not conquered except by those who suffer and die in its redemption. It is our business to close our ranks and redouble our energy."

This declaration is a sufficient answer to those scoffers who object to the insistence with which missionaries bear the Gospel into unwilling countries. It is also creditable to the courage of non-Catholics and their zeal for the spread of the Kingdom of God,—all the more so because their missions are confessedly unsuccessful. What noble Catholics, what glorious missionaries, many of these men would be! But—it is the verdict of history—Protestantism never evangelized any country.

In view of their comparatively small number, it is remarkable what a large part Catholics play in the intellectual life of England. This has been well shown, as the London *Weekly Register* points out, by recent discussions as to Lord Tennyson's successor in the laureateship. The poet universally judged most worthy of the honor is Mr. Coventry Patmore, a convert to the Church; the one whom Mr. Patmore himself suggests for the place is Mrs. Meynell, also a convert; and the poet to whom it is rumored the laureateship has actually been offered is Mr. Alfred Austin, who is Catholic at least by birth and education. If Lord Salisbury really wishes more Catholic names to choose from, we might still mention Mr. Aubrey de Vere; or, among younger poets of performance as well as promise Mr. Francis Thompson and Mr. Lionel Johnson. Verily the English muse has 'verted to Rome.

Of the late Ruggero Bonghi it has been said that, "although he shared both actively and passively in the wrong done to the Church in Italy, he was withal one of the most honest and honorable of its opponents." Bonghi was a fighter by nature: he was a born revolutionist, and his life was a perpetual conflict with friend as well as foe. This peculiar disposition explains, to some extent, his attitude toward the Holy See. Though reared a Catholic, Bonghi's pen was often bitter in denouncing the policy, and sometimes even the doctrine, of the Church. His influence for evil was immense, for he was unquestionably one of the greatest Italians of the century. His latest writings, however, were a recantation of all that he had written against the Church, and in his last moments he was consoled by the Holy Sacraments. May he rest in peace!

The death is announced of three well-known ecclesiastics, each of whom was remarkable in a different way. The first is Father Patrick O'Brien, of Chicago, one of those brave priests who faced death steadily for months during the yellow fever plague in Memphis,—ministering to the bodies as well as to the souls of its victims, and in many cases burying them with his own hands. The second is the Rt. Rev. Bishop Conroy, who, after a brilliant priestly career, was chosen

Bishop of Albany, where the influence of his zeal and piety was felt in the renewal of popular fervor, and in the multiplication of churches and religious institutions. After ten years of hard labor in the episcopacy he resigned his See, and lived a retired but useful life in New York. The third is Cardinal Bonaparte, grand-nephew of the great Napoleon,—a secular as well as a religious prince. His exalted birth, however, was the least of his qualities; for he was one of the humblest and most laborious members of the Sacred College. His piety was of the exuberant kind, and he was engrossingly devoted to works of charity. He lived an ascetic and retired life, seldom seeing visitors, and never appearing in public. *R. I. P.*

The wrecking of a train on the New York Central by four "intelligent young men," who, without thought of the number of lives they were imperilling, took this means of securing money, is an event calculated to rouse consternation in the minds of all serious people. The youthful felons were all under twenty-one years of age; and it is significant that in the pocket of their leader was found a yellow-covered history of outlaws in the West. As a result of their crime, two lives were lost and a score of persons more or less injured; and if the fifty passengers in the sleepers escaped, it was not the fault of the train-wreckers. Could depravity go further? We are told that these young desperadoes are intelligent, and for this reason a New York daily thinks "their crime is the more difficult to understand." Had they been more intelligent, they would probably have succeeded in wrecking the whole train.

Our Canadian exchanges have none but good words to say of the Hon. J. J. Curran, late Solicitor General of the Dominion, and now Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec. Judge Curran has been before the Canadian people for some thirty years, and no taint of dishonor has ever attached to his name. He is one of the most distinguished Irish Catholics in the country, an exceptionally good speaker, an able lawyer, and a thoroughly upright, conscientious citizen. The Quebec bench will lose nothing of its prestige by the recent appointment; its efficiency will rather be enhanced by the presence among its venerable members of their new associate. The only regret elicited by the appointment is that Judge Curran is removed from the field of active politics, where his scrupulous integrity and conspicuous ability made for the best interests of the whole country.

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. Arthur Van Antwerp, S.J., the Rev. P. A. McManus, Oxford, Iowa; and the Rev. Miles O'Reilly, rector of St. Agnes' Church, Utica, N.Y., who lately departed this life.

Mr. John Raleigh, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose death took place last month.

Mr. John Martin, who died a happy death on the 17th inst., in the same city.

Mrs. Julia Wrinn, who passed away recently at Wallingford, Conn.

Mr. Patrick Fox, who died some weeks ago in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Denis Sullivan, of Salt Lake, Utah, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 15th inst.

Miss Sadie Baker, of Oswego, Ill., who was lately called to the reward of a fervent Christian life.

Master James Gibbons, whose life closed peacefully on the 8th inst., in New York city.

Mr. William P. Byrne, of the same place, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death on All Souls' Day.

Mr. James Kane, of Goodland, Kan.; Mrs. Robert Brown and Mr. M. J. Dever, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; John and Agnes O'Connor, New York city; Mr. Joseph J. McKone, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. James Hanney and Michael Daily, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Luke J. Daly, Mrs. Margaret Bergin, Mr. John J. Garrigan, Mr. Jeremiah Mahoney, Mr. James O'Neill, and Mrs. Bridget Regan,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Richard Mourin, Kensington, Conn.; Mr. Michael and Mrs. Catherine Leahy, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Col. Hampton Denman, Mary and Patrick Cassidy, and Mary Ashe, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Cahill, Syracuse, N.Y.; Mrs. Moses O'Brien, Mendon, Mich.; Miss Emma Quinn, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Michael Crowley and Mrs. M. A. Mullikin, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Katherine Keefe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Rose Cahill and Mr. James Quigg, Brooklyn, N.Y.; also Mr. Edward Feeney, Dorchester, Mass.

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

A Dog that Reformed his Life, and Another that Went to War.

MANY people say that the horse is bound to disappear before the bicycle, the electric carriage, the flying machine, and other symbols of the march of civilization. Like his clumsier kinsman, the ox, the horse is on his way to total extinction. Surely the prophecy, if true at all, can be so only in a very limited sense. The moral qualities of some horses and the beauty of others may be counted on to preserve their species, just as kindred qualities have preserved the dog.

"The *moral* qualities of the dog!" says some young reader. Well, why not, most unobservant little questioner? I have in mind just now a white bull-terrier, getting old and sedate, it is true, but with occasional traces left of the vivacity of his puppyhood, a vastly increased appreciation of human company, and a certain scorn for creatures of his own kind which is visibly growing with his years. But the essence of morals—if that be, as I suspect, the capacity of repressing the lower instincts through sympathy and affection for others—was in Doc from a very early stage in his canine career.

He was the most irrepressibly naughty of puppies at the start. From the day when, a midget about the size of a large man's fist, he was taken from his mother and carried in his master's pocket to his new home, until that other day of which I am about to tell you, he was the greatest mischief-maker in town. I remember that the first performance which brought him into notice was his getting into a platter of mutton stew, and eating his way through it from end to end. By the time he was three months old, not a picture within reach of his leaps was safe on the walls; not a scarf, not a pendant bit of drapery could be left in the room with him alone, and remain intact. Neither scolding nor whipping was of any avail. Sometimes he would resent it with a not very vicious growl, but he never profited by correction of any kind.

One day, however, his mistress coming into her room, which she had left hastily on a sudden call, found one of a new pair of embroidered slippers chewed into fragments. They were a gift; and this time the mishap moved her not to vexation and the dog-whip, but to bitter tears. She sat down and cried like a baby. This was an altogether new demonstration to Doc. He crept up to her in a rather subdued manner, and tried to lick the hand that on such occasions had generally cuffed him pretty soundly. His mistress merely withdrew it. She was too grieved for anger. Then Doc leaped on her lap, only to be put down again. All his overtures were refused, and meantime the weeping continued.

It has always seemed to me that it was the reality of this grief that penetrated Doc's mind and pierced his doggish conscience. Pretence would probably have had little effect on him. But now, after being repeatedly repulsed, his mistress avers that when she did at last look at him,

tears were in his eyes also, and repentant sorrow in every line of his figure. And I believe it—not only because I have seen a photograph of a dog from an Athenian tomb, which, in attitude and expression, symbolizes despairing grief almost better than any picture that I know; but also because Doc was a reformed dog from that day. He never did any more wilful mischief, and every scrap of his mistress' belongings has ever since been entirely safe in his keeping. Doc, however, is a private dog, known to few, and never likely to win historic fame.

I have just been reading the story of another of his species which may fairly be called an historic dog. He belonged to the French army in olden times. Constant, the Emperor's body-servant, gives a suggestive account of him in his "Memoirs." He says he was old, lame, and dirty; but adds that his moral qualities were of a sort that made one speedily forget his external defects. He was present at the battle of Marengo, and received a gunshot wound. At the battle of Austerlitz one of his paws was broken by another warlike missile. One of the regiments adopted him at last, and so long as he was well treated he remained true to its colors; but insufficient food, a kick, or a blow from the flat of a sabre, were injuries he never pardoned. Once inflict them, and the dog, which all the army knew by the name of Corps-de-garde, deserted the ranks and went to attach himself to a new company. And if, after he had done so, he chanced to meet a soldier of his former regiment, he would droop his ears, take his tail between his legs, and hurry off to his new brethren in arms.

In battle he was always close beside the colors he had adopted. On the march he did scout duty—scampering about in all directions, yet always in the service of his own troop; and barking violently whenever he discovered anything that seemed to him extraordinary, and hence to require attention. Constant says that in this way he actually saved his company more than once from ambuscades.

Now, what do you think of all this? Are not gratitude, remembrance of benefits, fidelity to friends and a keen desire to serve them, moral qualities even in a dog?

The Experiences of Elizabeth; or, Play-Days and School-Days.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIII.

Meanwhile Morgan and Leo had lost no time in their pursuit of Big Jim. They scurried away to Reservoir Hill, but he was not there.

"Have you seen a policeman around here?" inquired Morgan of the boys on the coast.

"Yes—a big fellow. Some one said he was after Tom Martin; he asked lots of questions about him, at any rate. But Tom was not here, and we did not let on we knew where he was," answered one of the lads.

Morgan breathed freer and said:

"Well, where is he?"

"Tom you mean?"

"Yes."

The boy looked at him fixedly.

"That is *our* affair," he rejoined; "but the policeman has gone the other way."

Morgan and Leo set off again, and soon met Jim returning.

"The mischievous urchins sent me on a false chase," he said, angrily; "but I think I have an inkling of the fellow's whereabouts now, and am making a bee-line for him."

"Oh, don't,—don't, Jim!" cried Morgan.

Jim stopped and stared at him.

"It is all a mistake," continued his young friend,—"at least not about the main thing; but, you see, the boy's sister

goes to school with Mr. Colton's daughter, and Elizabeth Colton won't hear of his being punished for running away with the sled."

Jim took off his hat and rubbed the top of his head slowly, as if rubbing in the idea.

"I declare," he exclaimed at length, "the chap ought to have a chance to explain how he came by it, anyhow! Perhaps, after all, it may not be her sled, you know."

Morgan was so well satisfied upon this point, however, that he felt confident Tom Martin would be glad to dispense with the opportunity.

"Having once called in the aid of the arm of the law, you should not hinder the arm of the law, my boy," argued Jim, sententiously. "Still, as the dusk has set in, and I might miss him, and furthermore as it is getting near supper time, I'll put off the interview with the lad to oblige the young lady, especially since she is the one who has the complaint against him."

Morgan and Leo parted with Jim at the corner, and hastened in the direction of the Martins' house. They had scarcely gone a block when they were met by Sarah and Elizabeth.

"Things are all right for the present, any way," announced Leo.

"There now! I told you Morgan would manage it!" asserted Elizabeth.

Morgan looked gratified, but a trifle uneasy.

"Of course your brother may yet be asked to explain—" he hesitated, looking at Sarah.

"Oh, I am sure he can do *that!*" she replied innocently, as if before she had expected him to be led away in irons without a chance to say a word in his own defence.

"Come, Leo, we must get home as fast as we can. What will mother say to us for being out so late?" Elizabeth said. "Good-bye, Sarah! Don't worry about the old sled. I wish I'd never had it."

"Good-bye!" replied Sarah; and her schoolmate hurriedly departed with Leo and Morgan, while she returned to the cheerless house, which stood in the centre of the snow-piled garden.

Big Jim, however, did not let the matter rest as it was. That evening he paid a visit to the Martins after Tom had sneaked home.

The lad's bravado all disappeared as soon as he found himself face to face with the stalwart policeman, and he blurted out the truth. Yes, the sled was Elizabeth's, and he was the boy who had taken it.

"But—I never stole anything before,—honest and true!" he blubbered. "I took it on the spur of the moment, and half as a joke, thinking the little fellow who stood guarding it would give chase. But when I'd got a start I wanted to keep it; and after I had tried it, and found it was such a jolly sled, I was *determined* to keep it. I'm sorry now, you bet! I never had much real pleasure with it, after all; for no matter how swift it went, I always felt as if some one were after me."

"Calling 'Stop, thief!' I suppose?" suggested Jim, dryly.

Tom hung his head.

"Well, you will have to answer for it now," continued the burly policeman, moving a step toward him.

Tom grew pale and grasped the back of a chair.

"You are not going to take him away, sir, after he has told you all about it!" shrieked Mrs. Martin, with premonitory symptoms of "high-strikes."

The younger children all began to cry.

"Whew! What a hullabaloo!" ejaculated Jim.

Sarah alone had uttered no sound, but stood watching Jim with pleading eyes. The appeal was evidently not without effect; for, after waving his arms to

command silence, he spoke thus to Tom:

"Well, you deserve a lesson, boy, and no mistake; but as you have owned up, and those who had complaint against you have dropped it for the sake of your sister here, and seeing that it is a first offence, I suppose I'll have to let you off this time."

Tom's eyes filled with tears, and he dropped into the chair. Tom's mother poured forth her gratitude to the big policeman in an impassioned speech from one of her favorite novels. Sarah smiled a wan little smile of intense relief.

Big Jim regarded her for a moment, drew his hand across his eyes, looked from Mrs. Martin, with her fan and smelling-bottle, around the disordered room; then, turning to the culprit, who, shamefaced and humiliated, sat with folded arms and gaze fixed upon the floor, added in a softer tone:

"I tell you, my lad, take this in the light of a warning. Did I not sometimes see you at Father Francis' catechism class when I went to nine o'clock church?"

"I used to go there, sir," said Tom, in surprise.

"And you don't now, I'll be bound?"

"No," interjected his mother, with a sigh.

"Mr. Martin says if he were not away so much on business for his firm, he would insist upon Tom's going regularly to catechism class to prepare for First Communion, as he is long past the age; and the unreasonable man wants me to see that he goes. But what can *I* do? He won't obey me. Of course, having so many cares, I don't often get to church myself, but with the others it is different."

"My wife has six small children to look after, and no maid-servant to help her, yet she never misses Mass of a Sunday, ma'am," answered honest Jim, bluntly. "But promise me, boy, that you will go to the catechism and to Mass reg'lar, and to your confession; and I'll wager I shall not be called upon again to follow you for any such errand."

"I promise, sir!" cried Tom, jumping up. "You may trust me to keep my word."

And he did keep it.

When Jim went away he took the sled with him, and half an hour later left it at the Colton residence. But Elizabeth felt that she never would care to coast with Tryphon again, since it would always remind her of her injustice to Morgan, and the trouble it had so nearly brought to her friend Sarah.

"I shall send the sled to the Home where Morgan's sister is," she remarked. "Some orphan girl, I am sure, will be very glad to have it."

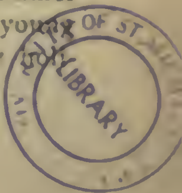
Morgan at first did not altogether approve of Tom's escape with only a reprimand; but Big Jim remarked, with a nod of the head:

"As to that, if we all got what we deserved one way or another, perhaps there's none of us would come off easy; and the lad's conscience has punished him well already, I'll go bail."

There was an awkward and perhaps unavoidable coolness between Elizabeth and Sarah for some time, but it gradually wore away, since each really admired and loved the other. And although the girls at school heard that Elizabeth had found her sled and given it away again, not even Joanna or Mollie Gerrish ever learned *all* the details of its recovery.

The spring came. Morgan remained in the employment of Mr. Colton, and rapidly advanced in intelligence and ability. The play-days and school-days of Elizabeth, Leo, and their companions succeeded one another with the usual regularity, bringing droll, pathetic or merry experiences to each; and at last arrived the summer vacations. But how some of these young people passed the long and happy holidays is another story.

(The End.)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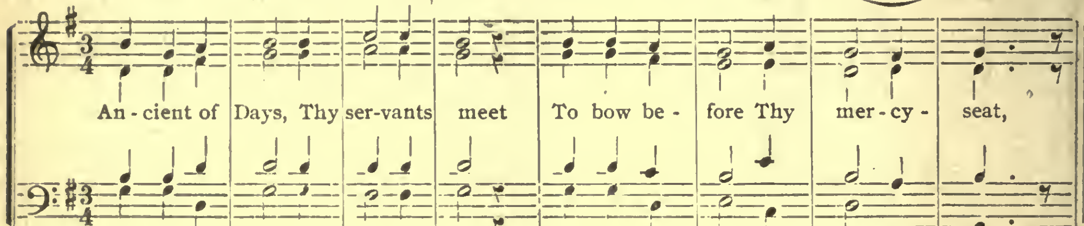
LITANY OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.



Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful palace gate.
Miserere, Domine.

These were the work of Thine own hands,
Thy promise sure forever stands;
Release them, Lord, from pain and bands.
Miserere, Domine.

Lord Jesus, by Thy sacred Name,
By Thy meek suffering and shame,
Preserve these souls from cruel flame.
Miserere, Domine.

By sweat of Blood and Crown of Thorn,
By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
Be Thou to them salvation's horn.
Miserere, Domine.

By Thy five wounds and seven cries,
By pierced Heart and glazing eyes,
By Thy dread, awful sacrifice,
Miserere, Domine.

When here below are lifted up
The Sacred Host and blessed Cup,
Soon with Thee, Lord, may each one sup.
Miserere, Domine.

By Raphael's powers and Michael's might,
By all the ordered ranks of light,
Battalions of the Infinite,
Miserere, Domine.

By Martyrs' pangs and triumph-palm,
By Saints' strong faith, confessors' psalm,
By Mary's name, like Gilead's balm,
Miserere, Domine.

These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
Never denied Thee, but confest:
Grant them at last eternal rest.
Miserere, Domine.

On earth they failed from day to day,
Oft stumbling on the narrow way,
Yet put their trust in Thee for aye.
Miserere, Domine.

Let their chill desolation cease,
Thy mercy shed and give release,
Then grant them everlasting peace.
Miserere, Domine.

Here months and years now come and go,
With summer gleam and winter snow;
Let fall Thy dew and grace bestow.
Miserere, Domine.

Flowers fade and wither, such their doom;
Men fail and find the gaping tomb;
With Thee Thy gardens ever bloom.
Miserere, Domine.

Vision of peace so calm and bright,
After a long and darksome night,
Clothe them with everlasting light.
Miserere, Domine.

For these poor souls who may not pray,—
For gone is their probation day,—
We plead Thy Cross and humbly say,
Miserere, Domine.

Jesus, for Thee they keenly long,
To company with saintly throng,
And, ransomed, sing the new glad song.
Miserere, Domine.

May they with saints in glory shine,
Joined with angelic orders nine;
Link them with Thee in joys divine.
Miserere, Domine.

Enter may they through heaven's door,
To walk in white on yonder shore,
Forever, Lord, for evermore!
Miserere, Domine.

Remember all their sighs and tears,
One day with Thee a thousand years;
Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears!
Miserere, Domine.

As pants the hart for cooling spring,
As bird flies home with wearied wing,
Homeward they turn; Lord, homeward bring.
Miserere, Domine.

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

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To Saint Francis Xavier.

LOYOLA'S words in waves of heavenly light
Resistless broke upon thy soul,
As breaks fair morning on the shores of night
Where in the east cloud-billows roll.

"What shall it profit thee the world to gain,
If thy immortal soul be lost?"
They beat against thy heart in loud refrain—
Thy restless heart, long tempest-tossed.

And thou didst anchor cast in Love Divine,
Unfathomed e'en by seraph heart,
Close bound by triple vow, the sacred sign
That thou from thence might ne'er depart.

And dying, thou in love didst whisper low,
With hope that comes of sacrifice,
"*In Te speravi!*" and earth's latest glow
Was merged in light of Paradise.

CASCIA.

A Type of Our Patroness.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN turning over the leaves of a painter's sketch-book you will often observe in the fancy sketches his pencil has traced, perhaps with a few hasty strokes in a moment of leisure, or in a work betokening care and pains, the same countenance reproduced again and again, with different accessories and varied garb. Nor is the reason of this repetition far to seek. Your own heart will tell you that the ever-recurring features are those of one who is very dear to the artist, whose beauty has captivated him; one who is constantly present to his mind, on whom his thoughts dwell with fond affection.

So it is with our Blessed Lady. In one after another of the women who are considered worthy of a record in the annals of the Jewish nation, we recognize her image. Sometimes indeed it is under strange forms and peculiar circumstances that the likeness to her appears; but there it is, and the eye of faith quickly discerns it. And we know why so many of these Biblical characters resemble Mary more or less closely. It is because of the love God bears to her, the fairest, the most excellent of His creatures,—a love which no human or angelic tongue can ever express in fitting terms. Such is the teaching of the holy Fathers and theologians; amongst others, that of Suarez, who affirms that God loves the Blessed Virgin by herself more than all the other saints together.

Who that reads in the Sacred Scriptures the history of Esther can fail to perceive in her the resemblance to our Blessed Lady of which we have just spoken,—a resemblance to her, moreover, in her character of intercessor,—the character which above all others she delights to

assume, and in which we poor mortals love to venerate her? We have already seen her as our advocate with God foreshadowed in the person of Abigail, pleading for her churlish husband; in that also of the mother of Solomon, soliciting from her royal son a favor for one of his erring brethren. Now again we behold her as a queen; but this time it is not on behalf of one individual that she exerts her influence and offers her petition: it is on behalf of a whole nation, of her own people, the chosen people of God. Esther was a queen, but she was not born in the purple. A lowly Jewish maiden, an orphan, of good but not royal lineage, she had, together with the uncle whose adopted daughter she was, been carried away captive from Jerusalem, and brought to the city of Susan, where the great King Assuerus held his court. Esther is described as "exceeding fair and beautiful.... Her incredible beauty made her appear agreeable and amiable in the eyes of all." On this account, we are told, "she pleased the King, and found favor in his sight"; and was chosen by the proud and powerful monarch to be his spouse in preference to any of the group of beautiful virgins who were brought into his presence, that he might select from their number a successor to the discarded Vashti.

And how, it may be asked, did Esther behave herself when she, an obscure maiden, unknown to the world, a stranger from a foreign land, became the object of predilection to this Eastern sovereign, so that he raised her to his throne and set a crown upon her head? Was she elated by the unexpected good fortune that had befallen her? Was she proud of the conquest her charms had made? Did she rejoice in being an object of envy to all her less favored companions? No: it is recorded of her that when she had to prepare to enter the presence of her royal spouse, she sought not to enhance her attractions with the ornaments other women loved; to set off her beauty to greater advantage by the arts that other women employed: she simply accepted whatever the eunuch in charge of the maidens gave to her. Yet of all the young virgins she alone took the fancy of Assuerus. Her rare beauty fascinated him,—nay more, it awoke in him an affection deeper than that which mere external comeliness could inspire. "And the King loved her more than all the women; and she had favor and kindness before him above all the women; and he set the royal crown on her head."*

O fortunate Esther! Yet what is your advancement in comparison of the destiny of her whom you prefigure! It is not an earthly monarch, but the King of Heaven, the sovereign Lord of lords, who chose the lowly Virgin of Nazareth to be His spouse; and He set upon her head a celestial and eternal diadem. And how did Mary please the eyes of the Divine Majesty? Doubtless she is all fair and without spot; like Esther, among all fair virgins the exceedingly fair one. Mary's perfections are "incredible," as Esther's beauty is said to have been; but her form was only a reflection of the immaculate purity of her soul, the profound humility of her heart. These are the virtues God esteems and loves. It was her humility that attracted the love of the Most High and raised her to her height of glory. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaiden," is the testimony given by her own lips. She possessed in the highest degree that gentleness and modesty of mien which renders sanctity attractive, which wins universal admiration and affection.

Of the Most Holy Virgin it may be said, much more than of Esther, that "in the eyes of all she appeared worthy of love." Her bodily form was but the image of her beauteous soul. St. Jerome says of her that the mere sight of her was equal to

* Esther, ii, 17.

the most sublime lessons in virtue; that it was impossible to behold her without being filled with wonder and holy love. "Her face," observes a recent writer, "was most beautiful; it was her beautiful, sinless soul which looked through her eyes, and spoke through her mouth, and was heard in her voice, and compassed her all about; this it was which would draw to her all those who had any grace in them, any love of holy things. There was a divine music in all she said or did—in her mien, her air, her deportment,—that charmed every true heart that came near her. Her innocence, her humility and modesty, her simplicity, sincerity, and truthfulness; her unaffected interest in all who came near her; her purity,—it was these qualities that made her so lovable,"—lovable in the eyes of God as well as of men.

Let us return to Esther, and we shall see that it was not without a purpose that her youthful beauty and simplicity were permitted to make so deep an impression on Assuerus, to obtain so great an empire over his heart. In the counsels of Divine Providence it was decreed that a great deliverance should be achieved by her instrumentality,—the guilty should be punished, the innocent spared. Assuerus, the sacred historian relates, had about his person a favorite, named Aman, whom he had advanced to the highest position in the palace. To this man all the courtiers and the King's servants were ordered to pay that obsequious homage which is so gratifying to the pride of men whom the favor of princes, not their own intrinsic worth or the deeds they have done, has raised to a post of dignity and importance. One person alone refused to bow down before the haughty upstart. It was Mardochai the Jew, the uncle of Queen Esther, who had brought her up as his own child since her parents' death.

This one exception to the universal homage was so galling to Aman that he felt he could not enjoy wealth, honors or festive amusements while Mardochai would not bend his knee, or so much as rise up when the spoilt child of fortune passed through the gate before which he sat. Thereupon Aman resolved that not only should the obnoxious Mardochai be swept out of his path, but that the whole of his hated nation—that portion of it at least which was scattered throughout the Persian dominions,—young and old, little children and women, should be massacred in cold blood, and all their property confiscated. It was not difficult to persuade Assuerus, who left all such matters to his favorite minister, that this cruel measure was necessary for the safety of the realm, endangered by the presence of a body of foreigners, professing a different religion and obeying other laws than the King's subjects did. Aman had full power to act; he lost no time in publishing an edict for the slaughter of every Jew in the kingdom on a fixed day. The Jews were in the utmost consternation in consequence of the issue of this edict. There was great mourning among them, with fasting, wailing and weeping; for no means of salvation seemed open to them.

Esther had never revealed her nationality to the King, nor was it known to any one in the palace. Mardochai sent a copy of the edict to her, warning her that she, too, was involved in the common destruction, and bidding her go in to the King and entreat grace for herself and her people. "Who knoweth," he said to her, "whether thou art not therefore come to the kingdom, that thou mightest be ready in such a time as this?" Esther prepared to do as Mardochai commanded; for so far was she from being rendered proud and arrogant by her high station that, as Scripture says, "she did all things in the same manner as she was wont when he brought her up a little one." Thus our Blessed Lady continued to show

deference and obedience to Joseph in everything no less readily after she had learned of the exceptional dignity and glory the Most High had bestowed on her, than when, ignorant of her high destiny, she accepted him as her husband and guardian.

Esther arrayed herself in glorious apparel—the royal robes glittering with gold and jewels which she wore on state occasions,—and, accompanied by two maids of honor, sought the King's presence. She was careful to assume a joyous and cheerful countenance, though grief and anguish were in her heart; and she was terribly afraid of the reception she might meet with, since it was forbidden to any one under pain of death to approach the King uncalled for, unless he held out his sceptre as a token of grace. She did not come as a suppliant, in the garments of humiliation she had been wearing, with tear-stained, woe-begone face; she did not throw herself at the King's feet, beseeching mercy for herself and her nation. But in regal garments as became a monarch's spouse, with a smile upon her lips, her eyes sparkling with excitement, she entered the inner court of the palace, where he sat in all his majesty upon his royal throne.

Esther had never before seen the King surrounded with all the splendor and ceremonial of state. When she stood before him, and he lifted up his countenance, his eyes flashing with anger at this unwonted intrusion of one whom he had not summoned to his presence, her heart failed her, her head swam, and she fell fainting into the arms of one of her attendants. The King's wrath was gone in a moment: he left his throne and hastened to reassure her in the kindest manner, with the most affectionate words. "What is the matter, Esther?" he exclaimed. "Fear not: thou shalt not die. This law is not made for thee, but for all others. Come near, then, and touch the sceptre."

Who can fail to be struck with the typical character of this most interesting history? We see Esther grieved to the heart on account of the misfortunes of her people, the Hebrew nation,—subdued, captive, doomed to destruction; a picture of our fallen race, whose ruin a cruel adversary is plotting. Then we see her gloriously interceding for them. "If I have found favor in thy sight, O King! give me my life for which I ask, and my people for which I request." So Mary, our Queen, stands before the great King, in the very sanctuary of His glory. She has come to intercede for us, to obtain deliverance for us; to snatch his prey from the enemy of mankind, to defeat his wiles, to entrap him in his own snares. Charity has moved Mary to regard all men as her brethren, to compassionate them, to help them. She has her eyes ever open to see their miseries, her heart is ever inclined to alleviate them. And, for the love He bears to our sweet Mother, God extends to us the golden sceptre of His clemency.

Assuerus put the dispensation of his favors into Esther's hands; his justice he executed himself. He commanded the wicked Aman to be hanged on a gibbet; but he gave his ring to Esther to seal the letters, written in his name, which were to give deliverance to the Jews. Mary was exalted, as was Esther, not for her own sake alone—that she might enjoy the glory she has merited to all eternity,—but for the sake of her people also: for our sakes, that we may obtain the mercy she asks for us, and which is conveyed to us through her.

Nor must we overlook, in considering the words which Assuerus addressed to Esther, the testimony they contain to the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. The King, when comforting and encouraging her, told her that the law which condemned to death all who should venture uncalled into his presence did not apply to her. "This law is not made

for thee, but for all others." Do we not see here Mary's exemption from the taint of original sin, which made all men unworthy of coming before a holy God, and subjected all to death, the penalty of sin? Esther is subject to the law, but in her behalf the King exercises his prerogative of setting aside that law. Thus we find in the Office of the Immaculate Conception these words: "By one man sin entered into this world, in whom all have sinned. Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God." It is through the favor and grace of God that she is free from the defilement of sin. He made her holy, pure—like to Himself, in so far as a creature can be like to the Creator. It is this sinlessness that gives her the right to plead for us. When we repeat the words that the Church places on our lips, "In thy conception, O Virgin, thou wast immaculate!" we immediately add, "Pray for us to the Father, whose Son thou didst bring forth."

When the Hebrew people were delivered, by the prayer and intercession of Esther, from the sentence of death that had been passed upon them, they recognized with joy the power she possessed over King Assuerus. So Christian people, witnessing the many wonders wrought by Mary's mediation, the many favors they receive daily through her kindness, recognize in like manner, to their great happiness and consolation, the power their Queen has with God in heaven. Esther asked mercy of the King for her people on one occasion only: Mary, on the contrary, presents herself every moment before the throne of God to plead the cause of the human race; she is continually entreating grace for sinners, consolation for the afflicted, liberty for captives, relief for those who are in tribulation. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is touched at the sight of her: He hastens to grant the petitions of an advocate so lovable, so acceptable in His sight. "O happy moment," says St. Thomas of Villanova, "in which so powerful, so compassionate a mediatrix was given to the world! In every storm and trouble and adversity,—if pestilence or war or tribulation threaten us, we fly to thee, O Mary! Thou art our protection, thou art our refuge."

A Life's Labyrinth.

XVI.—A Day of Anxiety.

WHEN Constance awoke the next morning, almost her first feeling was one of disappointment with herself at the weakness which had overcome her the day before, as well as on the previous Saturday. She had overestimated her own strength, but her resolution remained unchanged. In the fresh early morning light she renewed her purpose; and while still laboring, to a certain extent, under the emotions of the preceding evening, and unable as yet to formulate to herself what course she should pursue, she felt that success and victory lay within her grasp, unless some unkind Fate should snatch them from her. She felt that Mrs. Mathews was not only to be thoroughly relied upon, but that her discretion was beyond question; and, now that the deed was done, she could not deny that it was comforting to feel that she might confide in at least one faithful soul,—that she was not utterly alone. She felt also, knowing what she now did, that every moment was precious, and delay dangerous; some unforeseen accidents might change the aspect of affairs altogether; that one day might hold in its grasp untold possibilities for herself and her father.

As her thoughts shaped themselves into first one plan and then another, she became convinced that further action would be impossible without the aid of older and wiser counsel. And as she lay

there in the bright dawn of the summer morning, between thinking and praying, she resolved to send for Lord Kingscourt, confide all to him, and rely upon his advice for future action. At the same time she resolved to communicate nothing of the new and important discovery to her beloved father, who at such a distance, in his weak and delicate state of health, would experience from it nothing but anxiety and alarm, and perhaps even a false hope which time and subsequent events might dispel.

As the young girl calmly reviewed the events of the previous evening, endeavoring to recollect, as nearly as she could, the conversation of the Marquis and his valet, she could not remember that anything was said which would directly fasten on either of them the murder for which her father had been arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for life. But their talk had been susceptible of no other interpretation. Mathews and herself had the same understanding of it,—viz.: that Sir Roland Ingestre, instigated by what motive she knew not, but probably that of impecuniosity, had hired the valet to steal the diamonds and commit the murder; that the dispute between her father and uncle had opened the way to a favorable opportunity, which led to the terrible events that followed. But Constance was the soul of honor; and, while recognizing the necessity of admitting Lord Kingscourt to her confidence, she shrank from summoning him for that purpose to the house of his friend, in order to subserve an end which must eventually be the cause of Sir Roland Ingestre's ruin. But she saw no other way open to her; and reason told her that the roof that sheltered her was in reality that of her exiled father and lonely mother, and bade her not strain a point at trifles where so much was at stake.

Pressing her Rosary ring to her lips, she arose, dressed, and was about to descend to the breakfast room, when she suddenly remembered that there she might possibly meet the Marquis,—something to which she was unequal at present. The entrance of Mathews reassured her on *that* point, at least. The Marquis had already left for London; expecting, she had heard, to be absent a fortnight, as previously announced. At the same time the housekeeper informed Constance that the Marquis had been unaccompanied by his valet, who had suddenly been taken ill, but expected to join his master in a day or two.

"He is no more ill than you or I," she added, with vehemence; "for I saw him peeping through the door of his room as I passed; and when I asked him what he wanted, he said: 'A good breakfast, Mathews, if you please. Send it by Jim.' He is up to some deviltry, Miss Constance, believe me; and I can't help thinking that maybe he's going to take the advice that was given him last night, and—"

"I do not understand you, Mathews," interrupted Constance, anxiously. "You can not mean that he is about to leave Mountheron?"

"No, Miss Constance, not just yet," was the reply. "But, if I'm not mistaken, he does mean to make another hunt for the diamonds; and, if he finds them, take French leave. And I think he may have it in his mind to get drunk, as the Marquis hinted, and perhaps find them that way. I didn't sleep a wink last night, Miss Constance," continued the old woman. "To think of the terrible things that have been done! Your poor father away there in foreign parts so long; your growing up in a strange place like Greece, that I've always fancied was half savage, though you're as lovely as if you'd been in England all your life; to think of your mother away at Italy, and then home here at Cliffbourne all alone, the loveliest woman in the British Isles! Oh, it is terrible—terrible!"

"It is of the future, and what is best to do, that *I* am considering—that we must *both* consider now," said Constance; "for I shall want your assistance as well as your sympathy. All that I ask at present, however, is perfect secrecy."

"Do you see that wall yonder, my darling?" said the housekeeper, pointing grimly in front of her. "I shall be as dumb as that. Send me where you will, ask me to do *anything;* I am at your command. And, what is more, I sha'n't betray, either by look or word, that I ever saw you before you stepped across the threshold Friday morning last. But I'll run now to prepare your breakfast."

While Mathews was away Constance determined to inform her of the circumstances under which she had become acquainted with Lord Kingscourt, whom she concluded to summon at once; as it might reasonably be supposed by the inmates of the household, principally Mrs. Ingestre, that, ignorant of the movements of the Marquis, he had returned to Mountheron for a visit.

When the housekeeper learned of the relations existing between the Earl and her newly-found young mistress her joy was great. He had always been a favorite with her; she had heard some account of his adventure in Greece, in which a young peasant girl had figured as the rescuing heroine. But as Constance modestly related her share in the episode, speaking of the robber Spiridion as of one for whom she felt not the slightest fear, the old woman clasped her hands together and cried out:

"Why, my dear Miss Constance, you are a second Joan of Arc! I can compare you to none other. That's a book I've read over and over; though, indeed, I must say I don't hold much with anything French. I'll easily prove to you that my words are true. Joan was a deliverer, and was there ever a braver young woman? Didn't you deliver your poor persecuted father from despair when he found you and took you along with him to Greece? And is there any who could blame him for it, feeling as he felt—thinking himself to be abandoned by all the world? And didn't you deliver him from desolation in that strange place,—you his comfort and consolation, his prop and his pride? And didn't you deliver the Earl from the bloody brigands that would have taken his life? And wasn't it what happened then and after that made Lord Stratford tell you the secret he meant to have kept till the end of his life? To have told it to you, nursling of my heart, was in itself a deliverance from the torture and weight of it. And aren't you here to deliver the house of your forefathers from the villains and murderers that have robbed you of your own; from the darkness and disgrace that have overshadowed it,—here to restore the glory and happiness of Mountheron?"

Constance smiled at the fervor of the old woman, through the tears that filled her eyes.

"God grant that your last words may prove true!" she replied. "And, though my mind is perplexed and I am uncertain what is best to do, I hope that all will yet be well. One thing I am resolved upon, and that is to summon Lord Kingscourt at once. I must go to Mrs. Ingestre now; but before doing so I will ask you to send a telegram to the Earl, by your own hand. He is now in Cumberlandshire—or was to be there this week. I will write the message at once."

"I can get the light cart immediately," replied Mrs. Mathews. "There are always errands to be done in town, and I can have that as an excuse."

Turning to the writing-desk, Constance wrote the following message: "Come! You are needed. C. S." She addressed it to the Earl, and then placed it in the old woman's hand.

"Nothing for dear Lady Cliffbourne?" inquired Mrs. Mathews.

"No," answered Constance. "From her

more than all others would I wish my purpose and identity to be kept a secret until I have accomplished the one and established the other."

Mrs. Mathews hurried away to deliver her message at the station; and after her departure Constance prepared to go to Mrs. Ingestre, whom she had not seen since the evening before. She found that lady reclining on a couch in her sitting-room, in unusually good spirits, and ready for an hour's reading from a new novel just arrived from Mudie's. But after the young girl had read for about twenty minutes, Mrs. Ingestre declared the morning so bright and tempting that she felt inclined for a drive, inviting Constance to accompany her. They drove, as usual, along the beach, through the little fishing village, and up through the town, and by the high-road home. Mrs. Ingestre informed Constance that the Marquis had gone up to London only for a day, that he was expected back on the morrow; but must finally return to London again on business in which he and Lady Cliffbourne were interested, and which might occupy them much longer than they had anticipated.

The news filled Constance with dismay. If the Marquis and the Earl should meet at the castle, as was natural in the event of the former's speedy return, it would seem strange to the Marquis if Lord Kingscourt should remain there during his absence, particularly as the time of his return seemed indefinite. Weary and perplexed, she sought the chapel; and, after an hour spent in fervent prayer, she knocked at the door of the priest's residence. She found Father Pittock in the midst of travelling preparations.

"My dear child," he said, "I am on the point of departure for London, where I have not been for ten years, and where I had hoped never to go again. But I am summoned as a witness in a case of wards in chancery as interminable as that of 'Jarndyce *versus* Jarndyce.' I shall be gone about a week, perhaps longer."

The young girl sighed. She had not intended making a confidant of him—as yet at least; but she had felt that his pleasant conversation and kindly interest would have been welcome.

"You do not look well," he remarked eying Constance sharply. "This bracing air of ours may be too strong for you."

"No, Father," she rejoined; "I like it very much. But I am concerned about some private troubles which annoy me not a little."

"Take them to Almighty God, my child," said the kind priest. "He will not fail to console and comfort you; and, if He thinks best, remove the cause of your concern."

"I have just come from the chapel, Father," she answered. "I presume it will be locked while you are away."

"I leave the key with my housekeeper," said the priest; "but she is about to take advantage of my absence to visit some of her old cronies in the town. If you will kindly deliver it to Mrs. Mathews, I shall be much obliged. She will let you have it whenever you wish to pay a visit. Only be sure to lock the door; for, though the people hereabout are honest, marauders might be in the neighborhood, and the sacred vessels are valuable. The door of the vestry is already locked, with the key on the inside. The windows are strong and fast."

Having received the priest's blessing and promised to be careful, Constance took her leave. She wore the same gown she had been wearing on Saturday when she explored the underground passage and chamber; and, feeling her pocket-book as she disposed of the key, her thoughts reverted to the paper she had found in the ruins. She opened the pocket-book, took the slip from one of the compartments, and began to decipher it slowly as she walked in the direction of the castle.

Smeared as it was with the red clay, under which it had no doubt been lying for years, partly torn, the characters faded, she succeeded in making out these mysterious words: "Twenty-sixth from east,—seventh from bottom,—fifth from back." The handwriting was unmistakably that of one educated in France, the characters fine and delicate. Without a moment's hesitation, she divined that the writing was that of Nadand, and that the words represented the combination, or key, that she had heard him declare to the Marquis he had lost or mislaid,—the secret of the treasure-house where he had hidden his share of the diamonds, to secure the possession of which her uncle had been murdered.

Carefully replacing the paper in her pocket-book, she pursued her way through the garden to the castle, anxious to see whether Mrs. Mathews had returned. She met her at the servants' entrance, and learned that the message had been delivered. All the fearlessness and courage which were such remarkable characteristics of Constance had returned to her after that long prayer in the chapel. She felt the most unbounded confidence in God; her spirits were almost buoyant. Not so the housekeeper. The events of the past twenty-four hours, joined to a sleepless night, had so upset her that she felt obliged to seek her bed at once. Constance accompanied her to her room, made her sit down in a large, comfortable chair, and rang the bell for a cup of tea.

"Miss Constance," said the old woman, as she sipped the refreshing beverage, "I suddenly went into a collapse on the road coming back. Once I had the heart of a lion, like your own; but, what with the memory of the past and the dread of the future, and the terrible secret we have between us, my mind is nearly gone. O my child! it would have been better to have telegraphed to Scotland Yard at once, and have them send down a dozen policemen to arrest the villains, or at least a couple of detectives to shadow them."

"No, Mathews," answered Constance, calmly, her fortitude increasing as that of the old woman declined. "It is a little too soon for that, and there is no danger to be feared by delay. I am not afraid of the outcome, but my mind is all at sea. When Lord Kingscourt arrives he will know what to do. I will leave you now; and after you have had a good long sleep you will feel much better. Who knows when I may need you, Mathews? Remember this, and do not break down."

The day wore on; it seemed almost interminable. Constance spent a couple of hours with Mrs. Ingestre in the afternoon. Although she had neither requested nor expected a reply from Lord Kingscourt, every unwonted movement in the corridor made her think that a message had come, perhaps to announce his inability to respond to her summons.

After leaving Mrs. Ingestre, she sought Mathews' room, finding the old woman greatly refreshed by her nap, and busily engaged in the weekly mending,—a task Constance insisted on sharing. Many confidences were exchanged during that quiet hour in the housekeeper's room; and Constance learned much of the early, happy life of her parents. When she rose to leave, in order to make some slight preparation for dinner, of which Mrs. Ingestre wished her to partake with her in the dining-room, and after having told of the key of the chapel, which she had forgotten to bring from her own room, she glanced through the window near which Mrs. Mathews was sitting.

"How well one can see the ruins of the old chapel from here!" she remarked, advancing nearer.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mathews. "It was not so very bad until about fifteen years ago, Miss Constance. But the walls fell suddenly one night, after a long time of rain, carrying the altar along with them;

and not a soul has turned a hand to lift it since. There are stories of lights having been seen in the ruins now and again, but I have never believed them to be anything but servants' gossip. I have a fashion of taking a look out of this window every night before I go to bed, and I've never seen anything. Like in all old-time castles, there's a kind of legend that there were secret places in that old chapel where they used to hide the holy vessels."

"In the altar, perhaps?" asked Constance, thinking of the smooth stone she had found on the ground, and had replaced during her visit with Father Pittock."

"I think not,—some place in the walls round about the altar. But they've all fallen in, of course; and there's nothing there now."

The mind of Constance at once reverted to the slip of paper in her pocket-book. Might it not be possible that Nadand had hidden the diamonds in the walls; and after they had fallen dared not seek to recover them, knowing it to be almost an impossibility? She leaned over the sill. The head of a man could be seen moving among the heap of stones. She beckoned to the housekeeper.

"Who is that?" she inquired, in a whisper, awed by the conviction that forced itself upon her.

"It is Nadand," said Mathews, with decision, after a moment. "It is Nadand, Miss Constance,—I am sure of it."

Drawing the heavy damask curtain a little forward, that they might see without being seen, the two women watched in silence. Now the head would entirely disappear, then come plainly into view. After a while the figure emerged from the ruins and took the pathway. It was plainly the valet, walking a little unsteadily, with his head bent downward as if in deep thought.

"Oh, he has been drinking!" said the housekeeper.

"And following the advice of his master, no doubt," replied Constance.

"I think you are right, my dear," said Mathews. "What if he had hidden—"

"I believe we both have the same thought," interposed Constance. "And I believe also that when night comes he will seek further."

Dropping into the arm-chair, Constance clasped her hands together, exclaiming:

"Oh, if I dared but do it!—if I only dared, Mathews!"

"What is it, my blossom?" inquired the servant, solicitously.

"Mathews," cried the girl, seizing her hands, "will you come with me?"

"To watch that drunken villain? He might murder us, darling!"

"I know a way by which, if we are careful, we can see without being seen," continued Constance.

"*You* know a way, precious lamb, and you have been here but three days!"

"Trust me, I do," answered Constance. "Alone I could not face it; but with you, Mathews, I shall not be afraid. Believe me, there will be no danger whatever, if we are but careful."

Mrs. Mathews looked at the young girl with adoring eyes.

"It is of *you*, Miss Constance dear, I think," she said,—"only of you. What matter about these poor old bones of mine? But will it do any good?"

"It can do no harm," was the reply. "And we may learn something more,—something that may help us very much. Ah, I have an idea!" she went on. "I know a way by which danger can be averted should it threaten us. *I* am not afraid, Mathews."

Her tones were full of hope and confidence, which communicated themselves to the mind of the old woman.

"I'll go wherever you lead me, my sweet blossom," she said, reverently, "in the holy name of God!"

(To be continued.)

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

VI.

WE have often noticed in the history of our martyrs that the discipline of the prison seems to have been somewhat relaxed during their last hours of life. In Father Ogilvie's case the guards gave themselves up to feasting and merry-making, and their loud mirth considerably disturbed the prisoner at his prayers.

Owing to their being so absorbed in their jollity, however, he was able to receive the visit of a brave Catholic gentleman and confessor of the faith, John Browne, of Loch Hill, whose son, Father James Browne, a Jesuit, became rector of the College of Douai. In a valuable paper written and signed by him in 1668, Father Browne has related his father's memorable interview with our martyr. Mr. Browne having offered the Father a sure means of making his escape that very night, the latter smiled and affectionately embraced his visitor, but assured him that death for so splendid a cause was more acceptable to him than any life; and that he looked forward to it with so sincere a desire as to fear nothing so much as that he should by any accident be snatched away from it. However, he asked Mr. Browne to render him another and no less important service, which was to remain in the city until God had completed what He had begun in him. This the good gentleman heartily promised. He undertook to keep as close to the Father's side as he could, and we shall see that he faithfully redeemed his word.

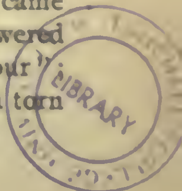
In after years Mr. Browne was accustomed, in the midst of the persecutions he endured for the faith, to dwell with love and gratitude upon the memory of his solemn interview with the brave young martyr. The recollection of John Ogilvie's generosity helped him "very powerfully," we are told, to bear his own sufferings. After thirty years of persecution, he at length sought a refuge at Douai; and it was there that he gave his Jesuit son the particulars which we have related.

Another strange and pathetic incident marked that memorable night, the last that Father Ogilvie was to spend on earth. As we have said, the prison officials were merrymaking, and the prison rules seem to have been considerably relaxed. A woman who lived in Glasgow, opposite the spot where the gibbet was erected, which was close to the martyr's prison, saw, in the bright moonlight, a man cross the open space between the prison and the gallows. His hands were raised and clasped; he knelt at the foot of the gibbet and cried out, in a loud, clear voice:

> "Maria, Mater gratiæ,
> Mater misericordiæ,
> Tu nos ab hoste protege,
> Et hora mortis suscipe."

The woman, who was a Protestant and an ignorant person, remembered the words without understanding their meaning. She related the incident to Lady Margaret Hamilton, sister to the Earl of Abercorn, who in 1663 repeated it to an eminent Scotch Jesuit, Father Rob; adding that she herself had gone to Glasgow for the purpose of questioning the woman more closely. Father Rob, who was for many years rector of the Scotch College at Douai, wrote a paper, in which he relates the incident. This paper, bearing his signature and the date, February 23, 1673, is among the Stonyhurst manuscripts.

After this touching pilgrimage to the place of his last conflict, our hero remained absorbed in prayer until the magistrate, accompanied by some armed citizens, came to inquire if he was ready. He answered that he "had longed for this hour"; and they led him forth, clothed in a torn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and tattered cloak, his own having been taken from him by the Archbishop's steward. But under this ragged apparel his step was so firm, his countenance so bright, that the crowd assembled to see him pass seemed deeply moved. Those who in the previous December had pelted and insulted him, now knew with what heroic generosity he had refused to betray his friends; and all, Catholics and Protestants alike, invoked blessings on his head,—"not without tears," add his fellow-prisoners in their narrative.

He was brought to the Town Hall, which stood on a square called the City Cross. Four judges were there to represent the Privy Council, besides seven other well-known lairds and gentlemen. The proceedings began about eleven o'clock in the morning. William Hay, of Baro, read the act of accusation, in which were enumerated the offences of the prisoner; his chief crime being the answers he had given to the five famous questions. When called upon to present his defence, Father Ogilvie simply but firmly refused to acknowledge the competence of the tribunal, adding at the same time that neither the Parliament nor the King was qualified to decide matters of conscience. He was asked if he objected to the jurymen. He answered that if they were friends, they ought in the same cause to submit to the same lot of calamity with himself; and if they were his enemies, they could not pretend to be fair judges in his case.

The jurymen having been chosen, the trial began. Father Ogilvie was questioned on the power of the Pope to depose heretical princes, on his spiritual jurisdiction, and on various matters of doctrine and discipline. Occasionally he declined to give any reply, knowing well that his answers would be misunderstood and misinterpreted. He strongly protested his loyalty to the King. "In all things in which I ought to obey his Majesty, I will show myself most observant; for if any one should invade his temporal state, I would shed the last drop of my blood in fighting for him; but in those things which the King has usurped to himself—that is to say, in the use of spiritual jurisdiction—I neither may nor can render him obedience."

The martyr's natural boldness did not desert him. Harassed by the insidious questions of his judges upon delicate matters, of which they knew nothing, he exclaimed at last: "You are merely trying to catch me in my own words, and to find pretext for the cruelty with which you long for my death. You appear to me like a swarm of flies besetting on every side a juicy dish; or like fishermen, who are surrounding with their nets a poor little fish in a fish-pond."

The Archbishop then asked the prisoner whether, if his life was spared and he was condemned to exile, he would return to Scotland. To this he promptly replied: "If I should be exiled for any evil deed committed, I should certainly take care not to return; but if I were exiled for this cause which I sustain, I must confess I should not fail to retrace my steps to the country."

After some brief consultation among themselves, the judges pronounced their verdict, and sentenced Father Ogilvie to be hanged, his head cut off, and the four quarters of his body exposed on four different public places. The martyr heard the verdict without either surprise or sorrow; on the contrary, he courteously thanked his judges, embraced the one who read the sentence, and, stretching out his hand to Spottiswood, the chief author of his death, he cordially assured him of his full forgiveness. He then said aloud that if there were any Catholics present, he commended himself in the most earnest manner to their charitable prayers. Having thus fulfilled his duty toward both his friends and his enemies,

"he turned himself to the wall," says a contemporary account, "and gave himself to prayer."

He was left for about three hours alone, while the judges were dining; and he spent the time on his knees, preparing for the short, sharp struggle that was to earn for him eternal peace. When the executioner came to fetch him, the martyr rose and cordially embraced and encouraged the man. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon; but, although so short a time had elapsed between his judgment and his execution, the town was filled with people, who had come from far and near to witness the death of the famous Jesuit. Father Ogilvie's gentle birth, high courage, ready wit, and heroic constancy had made his name celebrated.

As he walked from his prison to the gallows, which was erected on the place called the Cross of Glasgow, at the bottom of High Street, he found several Catholic friends ready to lend him their support and sympathy. Foremost among them were Mr. Browne, faithful to his promise; and John Abercromby, a relative of the Ogilvies,—"a pious and simple man," who was certainly a Catholic, perhaps even a priest; and who, says the shrewd Spottiswood, was observed "to attend him very carefully."

John Browne, who kept close to Father Ogilvie's side as he walked from the prison to the gibbet, was the ear-witness of an incident which is curious as giving a further proof of our hero's perseverance and of the fact that he died solely for the crime of his priesthood. It gives also a familiar and finishing touch to our dear martyr's portrait; and we can so well realize how, even at that solemn moment, Father Ogilvie, with his irresistible sense of humor, must have enjoyed seeing his adversaries fall into their own trap.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

To the Immaculate Conception.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SWEET, pure and fair beyond the morning star
When fleeing darkness makes the heavens black—
All purple-black before the dawn of day;—
Sweet, pure and fair
As none was fair before,
Thou from afar,
Out of the fulgence of the Eternal Ray,
To earth brought'st back
The Gift our primal parents' sin had torn away.

O mystery of the Fall! O hopeless lore
Of that deep sinfulness that could so snare
All beauty in the soul,
And need that thou shouldst the pure Mother be
Of the great God:
O depthless mystery!
The seed that swelleth in the mother-sod,
The child that groweth in the mother-breast,
The force that makes the ceaseless ocean roll,
The power that gives no earthly atom rest—
Force, light, and heat—
All worldly things that be,—
Are clear—to This!

Sin stole our bliss,
And turned God's lap into a judgment-seat:
Sin changed the world,
From Eden hurled
The two whose malice gained Jehovah's wrath,
And made our path
Stormy and weary through this vale of tears:
Yet through the years,
Thou Morning Star,
Predicted from afar,
Wert the resplendent House of God to be.
O Grace's mystery,—
No aftermath,
But springtime's blossom: He,
From the beginning, crowned thee,—
Thou who the joy of Eden dost repeat,
Thou seal upon the truth that man is free,
Thou of all beings unto our Christ most dear.

How vile the sin!
How dread a thing of fear,—
How ulcerous, how vile, how black and base,
How occult,—and how alien to Him
Who, Love Itself, created us for Love!
He bade us enter in
The portal of Joy's home,
Where Peace was dome,
And Grace the word that made His world our home;
His chosen vase!
Into man's soul He poured,
From His deep Heart above,
Splendor and power—
The splendor and the power of a King,—
Till all the heavens thundered, tone on tone,
The splendor and the power of man—Love's flower.

O power flown,
By angels once adored,
Greater we
Than they through God's love-mystery;
Ah, power lost!
Ah, splendor, beauty gone!—
And innocence, a lily burned by frost;
And strength, a battered oak by wild winds torn,—
Wild winds of passion;—
In serpent fashion
Was every hope of life by dark things cross'd,
And all earth's joys are like the bells forlorn
Heard at the day's sad dawn
When in our household one we love lies dead.

Here with this earth,
That waits the second coming of her Lord,
With sun aglow and stars upheld in space,
And fires auroral and the flaming sword
Of summer light reflected,—to His face
His Bride will fulgent greet Him;
Here with this earth, we wait
In the sweet hope to meet Him,
With lighted hearts and clean souls all aflame.
Mary has wed
Our body unto His,
And He that is
Is man's own mate,
Through her from whom the Infant had His birth,
And by whose meekness the Redeemer came—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—A Humorist Abroad.

EARLY one raw morning the Inman steamship *City of Chester* cast anchor in the port of Liverpool. I had scarcely time to breakfast at my leisure when the express left the Northwestern Station for London direct, and in a very few hours I had my lap full of morning papers containing the latest intelligence from the resurrected Babylon. Of course I turned to the amusement column, with the feverish anxiety of one who is in search of pleasure and has for some time been deprived of it. Almost immediately my eye fell upon a special announcement, to the effect that Mark Twain, the American humorist, was to repeat his lecture on the Sandwich Islands every evening, and on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, for one week only. That night—my first night on shore—I failed to connect, and mourned in secret near the pastoral precincts of Hampstead Heath. The next day I plunged into the heart of the city, met a few old friends, made a few new ones, and called at the Langham to see Mark and recover from a severe case of homesickness.

In ten minutes I took in the situation. Mark was in London, bored to death as usual; and had consented to lecture for one week only, just for the fun of it, and to kill time profitably. George Dolby, who brought Dickens to America, and whose baby boy was born during his absence on that famous tour (the child was frequently spoken of as "Dickens' Dolby's Dolby"), and who ran a score of entertainments in London and out of it,—Mr. Dolby had persuaded Mark that he

could not do better than put in a week of colloquial fun at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and see if the English, who know little or nothing of the American mania—lecturing,—would or would not support him in his venture.

There was a first-night such as any author might be proud of. The London *literati* cheered the American heartily, and the congratulations that followed were sufficient evidence of the lecturer's success. On the second night the house was judiciously "papered." There were hosts of people who were unaccustomed to the American entertainment, and nothing but skilful management could have drawn them out. The third night, after the *matinée* of the same day, drew a profitable audience; and from that hour the business of the house increased. Extra seats were introduced; the stage was thronged; Mark stood in the centre of the British public and held his own against the infinite attractions of the city. Saturday *matinée* and evening saw disappointed people turned from the door; for there was not even standing room in the hall.

This great success, so decided and so unexpected in London, fired Mr. Dolby's enthusiasm, and he persuaded Mark to promise him a renewal of the lecture season at the earliest possible moment. Mark was already booked for America, whither he was to accompany his wife. He was but three days in America when he again sailed for England. He had already decided to have a comrade in the semi-seclusion of his apartments at the Langham; and it was settled that I was to join him, playing private secretary or something of that sort, just to quiet my conscience and afford me the shadow of an excuse for lying idle. He sailed; I drifted about for three weeks, and was supremely happy.

One day at Oxford a telegram forwarded from London apprised me of his arrival at Queenstown. Play-time was over: business had begun. For two months in mid-winter we had a large corner room. The windows on one side looked down Portland Place; on the other they took in the chapel, with a spire like a huge extinguisher—I forget the name of the patron saint of the parish,—and hundreds of chimney-pots that smoked rather villainously. Then there were sleeping-rooms adjoining, and all the conveniences for a life of absolute seclusion. Our cozy breakfast, at half-past twelve sharp, began the day. A sleek dependant served the chops and coffee in the large room. His extreme civility was equalled only by the magnitude of the fees, which he not only expected, but exacted with negative politeness.

A dozen morning and evening dailies came to hand with the cigars; and then the mail, which was usually served with the first round of toasted muffins, called for a reading and replies. Friendly messages from foreign parts; invitations to dinners, suppers, drives, croquet, and garden parties; and the persistent appeals for autographs,—here the secretary found an opportunity to display his versatility.

A walk followed,—a lazy stroll through the London parks, or an hour in some picture-gallery, or a saunter among the byways of the city in search of the picturesque; these expeditions usually terminating with a turn through Holywell Street. The lazy hour before dinner was perhaps the pleasantest in the day—an exception to the general rule. There was chat, or long intervals of dreamy silence by the fireside; or music at the piano, when, to my amazement, Mark would sing jubilee songs or "Ben Bowline" with excellent effect, accompanying himself, and rolling his vowels in the Italian style. Dinner over, the lecturer arrayed in full evening costume, we strolled down the street to Hanover Square, arriving about half-past seven.

There was an ante-room—I say *was*, because the Queen's Concert Rooms are numbered among the things that were, the building having lately given place to a more modern structure. In that ante-room were a fire, a table, a few chairs, and the blanked blank air which usually pervades the green-room of every place of amusement. Many a time have I stood with my face glued to the dingy window, peering down into the dense fog, counting—or trying to count—the carriages that rolled up to the door in ghostly procession. There was rumble and roar enough, but everybody and everything appeared unsubstantial and shadowy. There was not a night, and scarcely a day, through the season when the atmosphere was clear enough for one absolutely to assure himself of his latitude and longitude without comparing the reckoning with his neighbor. As for the sun, it was blotted out for three whole months; and all that time we lived on faith,—a faith that would have been blind indeed but for the noble efforts of the gas corporation.

Meanwhile the lecturer paced the room with the utmost impatience, threatening every moment to dash upon the rostrum before the appointed hour, so as to finish the night's work, and get home to the Langham in dressing-gown and slippers. At eight precisely the well-bred audience expressed a desire for the appearance of the lecturer; and they never had to wait more than twenty seconds, for he was with difficulty detained until that hour. Mr. Dolby had sometimes to resort to ingenious devices in order to delay the lecturer a few moments, so that the tardy comers might get seated before the "trouble began."

At the Queen's Concert Rooms there was, of course, a royal box. It was my custom to escort Mark to the foot of the steps leading to the stage; there, from behind the door, I saw him walk slowly to the footlights, against which he toasted his toes, and over which he had the custom of rubbing his hands in the manner of "Lady Macbeth," and bowing repeatedly, as he began with the utmost deliberation to deliver the lecture, which, by frequent repetition, I nearly learned by heart. At this moment I would pass under the hall, and, ascending to the gallery, enter the royal box, where I was screened by the drapery and free from all intrusion.

I observed, in the first place, that it is utterly impossible to escape the fog in London. It is dense, woolly, sticky, and full of small floating particles of smut, that settle upon your face, hands, collar and cuffs, and spoil your personal appearance inside of twenty minutes. It is yellow as furnace smoke,—it *is* furnace smoke to a great degree. It pours down the chimney into a room; slides through an open window in avalanches; leaks through a keyhole, and in spite of every precaution saturates the London interiors to a disagreeable extent. The Concert Rooms were hermetically sealed during the day; but at night, when the audience gathered, the fog trailed in, dimming the gaslights and flooding the place with a vague gloom.

I found that a joke which took the house by storm one evening was not sure of a like success on the following night. Some jokes took immediate effect and convulsed the house. The hearty laughter was as the laughter of one man with a thousand mouths. On another occasion the same joke caught feebly in one corner of the room, ran diagonally across the hall, followed by a trail of laughter, and exploded on the last bench. By this time the front seats had awakened to a sense of the ludicrous, and the applause became general. Again, a joke which never aspired to anything more than a genteel smile might on one occasion create a panic and ever after hold its peace; or the audience would be divided against itself, the one-half regarding with

indignation the levity of the other; or perhaps the whole house mournfully and meekly resigned itself to a settled sorrow, that found relief only in the frequent sneeze or the nasal accompaniment of the influenza. In short, audiences seem to come in a body from the different strata of society. Some are awfully jolly, some equally sad,—in these cases there are seldom any dissenting voices. But there are audiences that are inharmonious, that don't hang together, that lack sympathy and are as cold as clams. You can feel the depressing effect of such a one the moment you enter the house; and who is more conscious of it than the lecturer, who carries the whole burden of these dead souls upon his heart?

There was an evening of fog at the close of a day during which the street-lamps had in vain struggled to light the bewildered citizens through the chaotic city. At high noon link-boys bore their flaming torches to and fro; and the air was burdened with the ceaseless cries of cabmen who were all adrift, and in danger of a collapse and total wreck at the imminent lamp-post. That night the Queen's Concert Rooms were like a smoke-house; and I saw from my chair in the royal box a shadowy dress-coat, supported by a pair of shadowy trousers, girdled by the faint halo of the ineffectual footlights. A voice was in the air, but it was difficult to locate it with any degree of certainty. The apparently headless trunk of the lecturer told what he knew of our fellow-savages, the Sandwich Islanders; and at intervals out of the depths ascended the muffled murmur of an audience invisible to the naked eye. Mark began his lecture on this occasion with a delicate allusion to the weather, and said: "Perhaps you can't see me, but I am here!" At the last period I left my post, and met the relieved lecturer at the stage steps. Then followed an informal reception. The green-room seemed cheerful enough with a dozen or more delightful people, saying a dozen delightful things all in a breath. Cigars were lighted; Mr. Dolby, brimful of good nature, was sure to have experienced some absurdity, which was related with unction and prematurely punctuated by a slight impediment in his speech.

Then home to the big sitting-room at the Langham, with easy-chairs wheeled up before the fire, with pipes and plenty of "Lone Jack"; with cocktails such as are rarely to be obtained out of America; and with long, long talks about old times in the New World and new times in the Old. How the hours flew by, marked by the bell clock of the little church over the way! One, two, three in the morning, chimed on a set of baby bells, and still we sat by the sea-coal fire, and smoked numberless peace-pipes, and told droll stories, and took solid comfort in our absolute seclusion. I could have written his biography at the end of the season. I believe I learned much of his life that is unknown even to his closest friends—of his boyhood, his early struggles, his hopes, his aims. I trust I am betraying no confidence when I state that a good deal of the real boy is blended with the story of "Tom Sawyer."

"The Gilded Age" was just out in a three-volume London edition. Mark read parts of it aloud, while I guessed at the authorship, and didn't always guess right. The story was written in this wise: Mark and Charles Dudley Warner were walking to church one Sunday in Hartford. Said Warner: "Let us write a novel." Mark wondered what in the world there was to write a novel about, but promised to think the matter over, and proceeded to do so. On the way home it was decided that Mark should begin and write till he got tired, and that there should be a gathering of the wives and Joe Twitchell—the clerical chum—for the reading of the same. He wrote a dozen chapters and read them to the domestic critics. "Do you

catch the idea?" said Mark to Warner. The latter thought he did, and took up the thread of the narrative where Mark dropped it, and spun on until he felt fagged. The story was passed from hand to hand like a shuttle, and came at last to a conclusion. Whenever it flagged under one roof, it was carried over to another, where it took a fresh start. The changes were frequent, a chapter or two bringing the writer to a halt; or, in consequence of the business of the book, falling naturally to one hand or the other—the love-making to Warner and the melodrama to Mark. As to the plot of the story, it was never meant to have any; on the contrary, the story told itself. The quotations at the head of the chapters were furnished by a marvel of linguistic lore, a resident of Hartford; and each quotation is genuine and applicable, and no two are in the same tongue.

Many a breakfast we had in the big room in company with chosen friends; and one of our special entertainments was to watch the Horse Guards as they rode down Portland Place, like knights in armor. "Punch and Judy" was an old stand-by, and it was immense fun to note the progress of a flirtation between a one-legged sweep, who had the monopoly of the crossing in front of the church, and an old apple-woman who sat on the curb by the churchyard gate. This sweep always addressed Mark as Mr. Twain, as indeed many another did, though the world knows that his name is Clemens.

There was an American who besieged us at the Langham as well as the lecture hall. His story was pitiful. Snatched from a foreign office by a change in the Administration, a lovely young wife at the point of death, he penniless in a strange land, a born gentleman, delicately reared, unacquainted with toil,—would Mark be good enough to loan him a few pounds until he could hear from his estates at home? Mark did; how could he avoid it, when the unfortunate man assured him that they had been friends for years, and that they had played many a (forgotten) game of billiards in days gone by? Well, a week later, when the person in question had disappeared, one of Mark's early sketches was discovered in a copy of London *Fun*, bearing the name of the unfortunate; and there were two or three others on file, which, however, were detected in season to save them from the same fate. Co-operative authorship is not always agreeable, and this fellow proved he was one of the biggest frauds on record.

The season was over. We touched here and there in the provinces and concluded at Liverpool—a city very American in its character,—where Mark read the "Jumping Frog" for an after-piece, and received an enthusiastic recall. Then Mr. Dolby hastened to London with twenty side-shows on his mind; while Mark and I concluded our engagement—what fun it was!—in the Adelphi Hotel, where Dickens used to put up. It was Dickens' favorite servant who served us, and was only too happy to prattle about the author of "Pickwick." How did the last night end? Gaily, with the thought of sailing for home on the morrow? Scarcely. He sank into a sea of forebodings. His voice was keyed in a melancholy minor. He turned to me, and, looking out from under his eyebrows, he said, very solemnly: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"—and there he stuck fast. So we rang for the Holy Scriptures, and the humorist read the Book of Ruth with tears in his voice, and selections from the poems of Isaiah in a style that would have melted the hardest heart; and his last words were that if he ever got down in the world—which Heaven forbid!—he would probably have to teach elocution; but this was at five o'clock in the morning.

(To be continued.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCVI.

I HAVE already spoken of what may be called truly practical prayers. Here is another excellent specimen: "Grant me power to be strengthened in the inner man, and to cast out of my heart all unprofitable care and trouble; not to be drawn away with vain desires of anything whatsoever, be it vile or precious; but to view all things as passing away, and myself also as passing with them." That is, it is idle repeating to ourselves that the world passes away; that all things come to an end; that "we are to be but a short time here below," and the rest. We have not art whereby to see and to feel these things as they ought to be seen and felt. How proper, then, to ask for divine help, that we *may* see and feel them properly!—for this is a gift from God. "Because I meet with many evils in this vale of miseries, which frequently disturb me, and cast a cloud over me."

Our author goes on, in the same spirit: "Grant me heavenly wisdom, that I may learn above all things to seek Thee and find Thee; above all things to relish Thee and love Thee; and to understand all things *as they are*." In fact, we must pray, that we may pray.

XCVII.

Nothing is finer in "The Imitation" than the 16th chapter of the First Book. Its logic is unimpeachable. Here are some golden sayings: "What a man can not amend in himself or others he must bear with patience till God ordains otherwise. Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which our merits are little worth. Thou must, nevertheless, under such impressions earnestly pray that God may vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayst bear them well." We must bear with the defects of others for this humiliating reason: "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?"

This was the sentence that so struck Dr. Johnson; and really, if the Christian took it about with him in his daily course, repeating it to himself occasionally in the day, he would become indeed a very perfect person. When some failure, folly or absurdity presents itself, and we are ready to ridicule or vituperate, it will work like a charm. "Art thou thyself better? Correct thyself first."

Our author goes on with more strokes of the hammer. "We would see others perfect, yet our own faults we amend not." It might almost be said indeed that this wish to direct and correct others is the cause for our not correcting and directing ourselves. Better still: "The large liberty others take displeases us, and yet we ourselves will not be denied anything we ask for." And so it is clear "how seldom we weigh our neighbors in the same balance as ourselves.... If all were perfect, what, then, should we have to bear with from others for the love of God?" A perfect "clincher."

(To be continued.)

AH, my friend! what is there for us but to hold faster and firmer our faith in the goodness of God? The all which He allots to us or our friends is for the best,—best for them, for us, for all. Let theology and hate and bigotry talk as they will: I, for one, will hold fast to this. God *is* good; He *is* our Father. He knows what love *is*,—what our hearts, sore and bereaved, long for. He will not leave us comfortless, for is He not Love? —*J. G. Whittier to Lydia Maria Child.*

A Convert's Account of Himself.

IN the delightful "Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism," which the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J., is contributing to *The Month*, is an interesting account of his own conversion. A clerical friend, who had just been received into the Church, had written to Father Humphrey, expressing his belief that the latter would soon follow the example; or, at least, that he would not die outside the Church. The remark may have been only casual; however, it recurred to him with irrepressible persistency, and at last compelled him to ask himself frankly: "Supposing you were to die to-day, what solid reasons, such as would 'hold water,' could you give your Maker for not having died a Roman Catholic?" The more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that he could give none; and at last he determined to "talk it over" with his recently converted clerical friend. We will let Father Humphrey himself tell the rest of the story:

"I left Dundee for London by the night mail-train, and my meditations were unbroken by any sleep. The Church of England came before my mind as moribund, rent with schism, and riddled with heresy, and with scarcely any right to rank among the living branches of the Church of Christ.... When the night was at its darkest the day began to dawn. Slowly from out the chaos in my mind of contending churches—Roman, Greek and Anglican, and parties in conflict within the latter—there rose up the divine idea in all its beauty of the one and only Church of Christ—the one Body with the one Spirit,—as not only one and undivided, as in the ages before the division between East and West, but as one and *indivisible.* This I now knew that it ever was, and ever would be, if for no other reason than because it ever *must* be. The delusion of the branch theory, to which I had clung so long, was laid bare before me in the nakedness of its absurdity. The supreme moment, which is the first after the last of unbelief, had come: the grace of God had been vouchsafed to me; and with actual faith I at last believed in the One, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church of God, as the one visible and indivisible Church of Christ upon the earth. The struggle in my mind was over before the train reached London, and I had no longer either desire or need to listen to anything that my friend might have to say. I was as convinced as he was; and all that he could do for me would be to arrange for my submission, and that without delay."

Father Humphrey's conversion has been a great grace to many persons within and without the Church, who have been helped by his valuable writings and encouraged by the example of his earnest life.

In proof of how unjust and uncharitable it may be to accuse those outside the visible Church of being in bad faith, we will quote another paragraph of Father Humphrey's paper. He made his submission to the Catholic Church in the hands of Cardinal Manning, who said to him on one occasion:

"'There is one question that I want to ask you, but only for a reason which regards a view of my own. You need not answer it unless you like; but for years past I have asked it, for my own information, of all the many parsons whom I have received. Do you consider that during all your clerical life you have been living in the ministry of the Church of England in good faith?' I replied without hesitation: 'Undoubtedly I do, and it seems to me that I have proved it by the manner of my coming.'—'Precisely,' he rejoined; 'and just the answer I expected, and the only answer I have ever got to my question. I have heard of parsons who were said to be living in bad faith, but I have never yet met with one of them of whom I was certain that he was not in what seemed to him to be good faith; and I have never received a single parson who could admit that he had been consciously ministering in bad faith.'"

There is a lesson of charity here which we trust will not be lost on those who are disposed to condemn non-Catholics for rejecting truths which as yet they may not fully apprehend, or for neglecting a solemn duty the imperativeness of which is not yet clear to them.

Notes and Remarks.

Those well-meaning but astonishingly innocent persons who advocate the teaching of an "unsectarian Christianity" in public schools, must have been violently shocked by recent developments in the public schools of London. "Unsectarian Christianity," it seems, has its advocates over there—or did have until two thousand eight hundred teachers in the metropolis of England collectively declared that they could not teach the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Trinity as essential parts of Christianity. Unitarians in our own country, and thousands of Protestant school-teachers not professedly Unitarians, would make the same answer if questioned on these points. What "Christianity with Christ left out" may mean we do not readily comprehend. It is much easier to understand the absurdity of all pleas for the teaching of "unsectarian Christianity" in our public schools.

Just now South America is one of the most promising as well as one of the largest missionary fields in the world. Last month twenty nuns and eighty-seven priests, clerics and catechists of the Salesian Institute left Turin, Italy, to labor in foreign countries. Most of them will be distributed among the Salesian missions of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Venezuela. We note with pleasure this evidence of the revival of the missionary spirit in Italy, which the saintly Don Bosco did so much to renew.

One of the most interesting contributions to current magazine literature is Father Haythornthwaite's "Reminiscence of Tennyson," in *The Catholic Magazine*. It is only a fragment, and the reader feels that the priest who enjoyed intimate friendship with the poet leaves much of the charming story untold. Father Haythornthwaite, describing Tennyson's mental attitude to the Church, says that his mind was essentially and deeply religious, and that his profound respect for sincere religion made him gratified beyond measure at the praise of its authorized teachers. "Thus there was something almost childlike in his joy when Cardinal Manning took his hand and thanked him for the Catholicism of an idyl." We are told, too, that Catholic veneration for the Blessed Virgin appealed strongly to him; that he thought the hymns of the Roman Breviary amongst the best ever written, and that he was alive to the moral uses of the confessional,—"'Not that I should like to go to confession myself,' he added, with a twinkle in his eye." He loved the monastic system, and often said he could easily imagine himself a monk. Says his friend:

> "Tennyson used to insist that Catholic children were better behaved than those of Protestant schools, as having more reverence for authority instilled into them. And when he moaned over our lack of art as a nation, he would confess it had not always been so, especially in 'the good old Catholic days.'... A Catholic aspect of things at times seemed to take a strong hold of him; as, for instance, he once dreamed he was Pope, 'his shoulders bowed down under the weight of the world's sin.' And when urged to write the death of Lancelot, he declared he couldn't unless he 'became a Catholic.'"

One could wish that the intellectual side of the Church had appealed to him as strongly as the æsthetic; but, poet-like, he felt rather than thought. Tennyson could not be reconciled to what he conceived to be the "intolerant and persecuting spirit of the Church" in past ages, and the doctrine of eternal punishment was repellent to him. His private life, however, was beautiful for its "peace, piety, and regularity."

We have received from a venerable Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee, the "Rules and Services of the Confraternity of Our Lady and St. Thomas." The objects of this society, which was established as long ago as 1868, are (1) to extend and consolidate the Catholic Revival in England; (2) to promote the honor of the Mother of God and the Saints; and (3) to pray daily for the corporate reunion of the Christian family. The membership of the Confraternity, which is confined to men, is not to exceed twenty-five. They must wear as their habit a black cassock with the Confraternity cross and medal. The

admission of associates, however, is limited neither by number nor sex. The duties of members and associates are to recite the Angelus thrice daily, to be present "at the offering of the Holy Sacrifice" on the chief feasts of the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and "to communicate on the festivals of the Conception of Our Lady and of the Translation of St. Thomas." We are convinced that this Confraternity is not merely a beautiful and pious project: it is a potent movement of divine grace. People who are in wilful error do not form such societies. No doubt our Catholic readers will unite with these devout souls in a union of prayer. It will hasten the blessed day of corporate union.

The leading article in *Leslie's Monthly* for December, on "Heroines and Heroine Worship," is beautiful in its spirit of reverence,—a quality often conspicuously absent from the pages of secular magazines. The following paragraph will show the general tone of the article:

"In practical life, as in literature and art, the nearer the Cross, the higher, the more perfect the heroism. As the genius of a Petrarch was raised to sing of a Laura, a Dante of a Beatrice,... so, in the fulness of love, the hearts of the faithful continue to implore the intercession of the Mother of God. Witness that immortal diadem—jewels gathered from the world's mines and set by the Church in the Litany of Loreto. Here are a few of the gems: Mirror of Justice, Seat of Wisdom, Mystical Rose, Tower of David, Tower of Ivory, House of Gold, Morning Star.... Not till infidelity dethroned the Virgin to enshrine its mistress as the painter's model did the magical skill of the old masters decline. The Mother of God in literature, the Mother of God in art, is verily the cloth of gold in the world's worship of the heroic woman."

Historical research has shown that complete lives of the Reformers of the sixteenth century would not be edifying reading. Historians with delicate susceptibilities now prefer to handle Luther particularly with a pitchfork; Henry VIII. had a solitary worshipper until Mr. Froude died; and now that canny Scotchman, John Knox, is getting some hard knocks from historical writers. So far the biographies of Knox have been simply campaign documents. But the new school, being less zealously Presbyterian, is more honest and less prejudiced. Of the two latest Protestant biographers of Knox, one—Mrs. Maccun—declares that he preferred "to disagree with the Apostles rather than agree with the Papists." The other—Mr. Hume Brown,—though he uses the whitewash freely, makes many damaging admissions. The *Athenæum*, however, which, though not Catholic, is generally truthful, asserts that even these mild biographies are the basest flattery. It accuses Mr. Brown of "wronging Mary foully"; and it says that Knox was not only worse than a churl, he "was a coward and a murderer." We doubt if any Catholic writer has ever used stronger language than this, but it is simply a fresh proof of the wonderful growth of historical knowledge in our day. The Muse of History was reformed at the same time as the Church, and in much the same fashion; but since the state papers of various countries have been made accessible to the public eye she can not stay reformed.

The late Robert Louis Stevenson, referring to M. Renan and his method of work, writes in the "Vailima Letters": "I read his 'Nero' yesterday; it is very good,—oh, *very* good! But he is quite a Michelet; the general views and such a piece of character-painting, excellent; but his method, sheer lunacy. You can see him take up the block which he had just rejected and make of it the corner-stone; a maddening way of dealing with authorities, and the result so little like history that one almost blames one's self for wasting time." As if to "rub in" this happy characterization, a reviewer observes that "all orthodoxy has exhausted itself against Renan without seizing so surely on his chief weakness."

Mr. Edwin Abbey's exquisite illustrations of "The Comedies of William Shakspere," a sumptuous work, appears just at a time when people are reviving the old discussion about the religious belief of the poet. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Dr. Egan have, to our mind, conclusively proved the Catholicity of the poet from his writings. For external evidence there is the statement of the Prot-

estant Archdeacon Davies, of Sapperton, born a few years after the death of the great bard. The Archdeacon abuses Shakspere, as became a godly archdeacon of the time; but he distinctly states that the poet "died a Papist." Mr. John Pym Yeatman has lately discovered some important corroborative evidence on this point, which he promises to present in a forthcoming volume. Shakspere's works have suffered severely from "the corrections and improvements" of ignorant critics and frivolous actors, but there still remains enough of the original text to establish the faith of its author. No one but a Catholic, for instance, could have written so sweeping an indictment of that precious Reformation as the drama of "King Henry VIII."

In no part of Europe was Catholicity suppressed half so successfully as in Norway. Fifty years ago priests were still banished from the country under pain of death. Catholics were liable to imprisonment, and the very name of the Church was in contempt. According to Bishop Fallize, however, the reaction in favor of Catholicity is as strong as the prejudice was violent. At the dedication of a Catholic church and hospital at Christiansand, this year, thousands of Protestants, including the chief officials of the province, were present. At the close of the ceremony the Governor made an address, in which he prayed for Christian unity and the decay of religious hate. Bishop Fallize modestly attributes this remarkable change of popular sentiment to the influence of the nuns, who travel in their religious garb, and are in constant demand as nurses in Protestant homes. So highly are they esteemed that they are allowed free passage in the street-cars and on many of the steam-ship lines.

Our esteemed Canadian contemporary *La Vérité* recalls the following historical incident for the benefit of politicians who incline toward a retrogressive course: During the reign of Louis XI. it happened that, notwithstanding the taxes with which the people were burdened, the royal treasury was empty. The King had a new edict of impost prepared by his law advisers, and summoned to his presence the first president of the Parliament, whose registration alone could give to the edict executive force. The president remonstrated with the monarch on the inopportuneness, not to say injustice, of the tax, and was finally dismissed with the caution: "Registration or death." A few hours later the whole Parliament waited on his Majesty, the members wearing the significant red robes. "Sire," said the president, "you said it was registration or death: we have come to seek death." Louis XI. wisely retreated from the contest, and the edict remained a dead letter.

Obituary.

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

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

The Very Rev. A. Trevis, V. G., of the Diocese of Davenport; the Rev. Charles Cicaterri, S. J.; the Rev. John T. Kennedy, St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn.; and the Rev. J. H. Duggan, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Waterbury, Conn.,—all of whom lately departed this life.

Sister M. Evangelist, O. S. B., and Sister M. Teresa, of the Order of St. Ursula, who were called to their heavenly reward last month.

Mr. James M. Dalton, who passed away in Philadelphia on the 25th ult.

Mr. James Wilcox, who recently breathed his last in the same city.

Miss Mary Schofield, of Woonsocket, R. I., who died a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Catherine Morris, whose happy death took place on the 20th ult., in Boston, Mass.

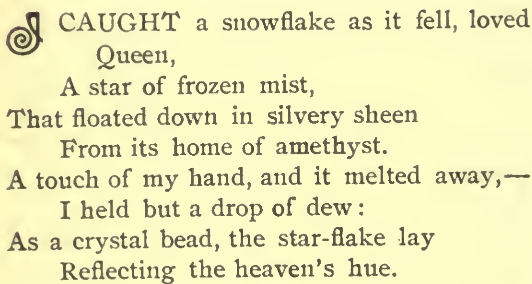
Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Chicago, Ill., whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Thomas Tighe, of Tighestown, Ireland, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a saint-like death on the 10th ult.

James Heslin, Mary and Mrs. Alice Heslin, of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Edward Maples, James Meehan, John Raferty, Mr. Andrew Noon, and Cornelius Cahill,—all of Stuart, Iowa; Thomas Branigan, Earlham, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Carroll, Albany, N. Y.; Master John Connelly, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. M. Sullivan, Boston, Mass.; also Mrs. J. M. Newcomer and Mrs. Catherine Corrigan, Baltimore.

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

A Thought of Our Queen.



I CAUGHT a snowflake as it fell, loved Queen,
A star of frozen mist,
That floated down in silvery sheen
From its home of amethyst.
A touch of my hand, and it melted away,—
I held but a drop of dew:
As a crystal bead, the star-flake lay
Reflecting the heaven's hue.

So thoughts of thy purity come, fair Queen,
As soft and white as the snow;
We strive to grasp them in their sheen,
To brighten this earth below.
Too pure are they for our sin-stained hearts;
So each thought of thee so fair
Just trembles a moment and then departs,
But leaving the dew of prayer.

Grandmother's Birthday.

BY L. W. REILLY.

LET me tell you a story about the Parker family, which consists of six members—father, mother, and the four children: James, Hilda, Arthur, and Edward. Yes, and there's Grandmother Parker, too; but, considering the way in which she has been treated by the others of the household, it would be true to say that she doesn't count. At least, it would have been true before yesterday.

But there was a time when grandmother *did* count. That was before the children were born, however; and before their father was married,—while he was still a youth, shortly after *his* father died,—when his mother sacrificed all the savings that she had in bank, in order to give him a college education; and, later, when she sold the homestead that she and her husband had acquired with years of hard earnings—the home of her married life, the only roof that she could call her own,—and gave up all the proceeds, in order that her only son might have a start in business. Oh, *then* she counted! Then Mr. Parker thought that he would be grateful to her to her dying day, and that he would never fail in constant proof of his appreciation of her self-sacrificing generosity.

"I can never repay you, mother dear," he was wont to say, "for all you have done for me."

And, no doubt, he meant it. But as the years went by, bringing to him multiplied cares—a wife, children, new duties, and strange acquaintances,—and bringing to her some of the infirmities of age, he grew less and less attentive to her. He may not have been lacking in love for her; but he failed in demonstrativeness, which is almost as bad.

Mr. Parker did not notice the change that had taken place in his conduct toward his mother, because it had come about so gradually that it had not struck him. Besides, other affections flooded his life with sunshine; his mind had so many things to think of that he was not much

concerned about home affairs that did not obtrude themselves upon his attention. He did not mean to be unkind; and as she seemed contented in the background of the family, the opinion gradually grew upon him that he was a very dutiful son, since he provided for his mother a shelter, food, and an occasional five dollars.

But grandmother felt the coolness that had come over the ardor of his affection; although she gave no sign of the pain it caused her, but tried to be resigned, and to eat her humble pie without complaint. She was not exacting; she did not begrudge her son a wife, nor feel jealous of his fondness for his children. She even made excuses for him to herself. But, like a heliotrope deprived of sunlight, she faded from neglect. She kept more and more to herself, and she had less and less to say, until she was almost like a nonentity in the family circle.

Yet grandmother was not morose or morbid. She had the charm of growing old beautifully. She liked company and conversation, and retained the friendship of a dozen of her early acquaintances, with whom she still exchanged visits. Mrs. Parker, too, was really fond of her, in a quiet way; and the children thought there was no grandma as sweet and kind as theirs. But their affection was selfish: it used her as a convenience. If one of them was sick at night, no one would do as nurse but grandma. If any one had to stay home from church or social gathering, or play or visit, grandmother was that one. In fact, she had moved or been shoved into the position of an upper servant, without a hireling's wages, and without the consideration shown to a useful menial who is free to leave at a week's notice.

Now, it has been the custom of the Parker family to celebrate the birthdays of the children with gifts, a party, and a little feast. Father and mother have left their own anniversaries go by without commemoration by the household or by outside friends, although each is mindful to give the other some token of affection on that occasion. As to grandmother's, it has been lost to view for years.

As Hilda is the only girl among the four children, she is somewhat the spoiled darling of the home, and the most fuss has been made over her birthdays. She has always received some presents, been treated to her favorite desserts at dinner, and had an entertainment in the evening in her honor.

Hilda's last birthday came yesterday, when she was fifteen. She had been looking forward to it for a month with high anticipations of pleasure. She had a new gown for the occasion, and had been bothering her mother to devise some new form of party; to consider who should be her guests; to look through the home magazines for suggestions for new games; and to study the fashion-plates for the latest style for her dress. She was wondering what gifts she should receive, and cleverly hinted to her father that a gold chatelaine watch would prove very acceptable.

Two days before the event, just before sending off the two dozen invitations to her playmates for the very informal little affair of the evening assembly, she was up in grandmother's room, showing her the waist of her new gown. She was chattering gaily, telling all about her plans for the feast, and about the presents she would like to receive, when suddenly she asked:

"Why don't *you* celebrate your birthday, grandma?"

The old lady drew a quick breath, as if she had received a blow on the back, or as if a dash of cold water had been thrown over her; then she replied, guardedly:

"I'm getting too old, my dear. After one has passed threescore, it is not pleasant to be reminded that another mile-stone has been left behind. Birthdays seem to come too quickly then. I'm tempted at

times to think that I've had too many of them already."

"O grandma, how can you say so!"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't," replied the dear old soul, penitently.

"When did you celebrate your last birthday?" persisted Miss Inquisitive, not perceiving that she was treading upon unpleasant ground; nor that, to express her meaning, she should have asked: "When was the last birthday that you celebrated?"

"The year before grandpa died. He bought me a black silk dress—the only one I ever had,—and invited a dozen or so of our friends to have supper with us. We were plain people, you know; and in the country, everyone had dinner at noon and supper at six o'clock. We had a nice evening. There were—" And the old lady, made talkative by the rush of memories and a sympathetic listener, dwelt on all the entertaining features of the happy reunion.

That same afternoon Hilda asked her mother:

"Mamma, when does grandma's birthday come?"

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, I thought I'd just like to know!"

"Let me see, now. Why, yes, of course, how could I have forgotten? It comes on the same day that yours does."

"How lovely!" responded the daughter. "We can celebrate them together."

That evening Hilda happened to read this item in an old number of her favorite magazine,—for, truth being stranger than fiction, such providential coincidences do sometimes occur:

"An American lady who is travelling in the Tyrol writes home this interesting little story:

"The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window; and, hurrying down, we found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people, whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread, etc.; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord.

"'*Ach, nein!*' he said. 'We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday.'

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to all who came.

"What a beautiful way of paying a debt of filial devotion, gratitude, and affection! I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she probably, but whose dull, sad lives are never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought that we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

Not a word said Hilda after reading this; but she fell to thinking, and soon a bright idea popped into her head. It made her merry. All through dinner and until grandmother had retired, she was bubbling over with good humor, and almost bursting to disclose her secret thought. When at eight o'clock the old lady went to her room, Hilda exclaimed:

"I have the loveliest plan for my birthday! Let's celebrate grandma's instead of mine. What do you say, papa darling?"

Then Mr. Parker drew a quick breath, exactly as grandmother had done. But no one knew of it except himself, for his daughter rattled on:

"What do you say, mamma? And you, boys? It comes the same day's mine; and grandma hasn't had a birthday feast

since the year before grandpa died; and we could all give her something, and you needn't buy me anything; and we could invite some of the old people that she likes, and we could have a dozen young folks for me,—for she's fond of 'em, too; and I'm sure I'd have the jolliest birthday yet; and—"

"Now, do take breath, sister, please!" expostulated her brother James.

"Well, I will," she answered. "But what do you all say?"

Of course the pet of the Parker home had her way. Not a word was breathed to grandmother, but her friends were invited, and other preparations were made for the celebration.

So yesterday grandmother and granddaughter went together to early Mass, and received Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the graces of the past year of their lives, and to beg blessings on the new.

At breakfast the other members of the family wished them many happy returns of the day. Then the presents were brought out, and dear grandmother could hardly believe her eyes when she found that they were all for her. There was a black silk dress pattern from Mr. Parker, a handsome cloak from Mrs. Parker, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles from James, a canary-bird and a brass-wire cage from Hilda, two rare plants in pretty pots from Arthur, and a big bunch of cut flowers from Edward. Tears of joy filled the old lady's eyes as these gifts of love were offered to her. She turned, bewildered and delighted, from one to another; but words failed her. When she was able to speak, all she could say was:

"O John, how kind you all are to me!" Then a look of distress came to her face as she asked: "But where are Hilda's presents?"

When she was told that it was at Hilda's own entreaty that the money to be spent for presents and a party for her had been used to offer these tokens of affection to grandmother, the latter cried, in delight:

"You dear, loving child! How very unselfish you are! But it was a shame to let you make such a sacrifice. And here I have nothing for you but this!" And she produced a dainty manicure set.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, kissing her grandmother. "That is one of the few things I have been longing for."

At dinner there were six guests, all old friends of the family. Grandmother occupied the seat of honor, and Hilda sat opposite to her, by her request. The old lady enjoyed the meal and the company and the compliments, and her granddaughter was as happy as a bird in the season of ripe grain.

Later in the evening a gay throng of young people came in, and there were games, music, dancing, talk and laughter. Grandma was as bright as the youngest. She seemed to have thrown off a score of years under the sunshine of unwonted homage. And Hilda rejoiced in her joy, and would not shine except with her reflected light.

And while the festivity was at its height, just when the refreshments had been served, Mr. Parker pulled out of his right-hand vest-pocket as pretty a chatelaine watch as you ever saw; and there was gentle applause, with much confusion for Hilda, as he told the company why that young lady had relinquished all hope of receiving that coveted timepiece. And no one was more glad that she got it than grandmother.

After the party was over, the guests had gone and the lights were out, Mrs. and Mr. Parker, in the privacy of their own apartment, said:

"John, we must observe grandmother's birthday regularly after this."

"We must, indeed, Mary; for its celebration has been a delight to her, a treat to us all, and a lesson to the children."

And grandmother, kneeling before the little oratory in her room, with its pretty

picture of the Sacred Heart and its beautiful statuette of the Madonna, prayed:

"Dear Lord, I thank Thee for the happiness of this day. Bless all those who made it joyful for me; and, first of all, bless Hilda."

And Hilda, snug in her bed, was just on the edge of falling to sleep, but waited long enough to smile and to say:

"What a delightful time I've had on grandma's birthday!"

Peter of Cortona.

Peter Beretin, a distinguished artist of Tuscany, at first betrayed little talent for painting; but his genius burst forth on a sudden, to the astonishment of those who had laughed at his incapacity. Rome and Florence successively gloried in possessing him. Alexander VII. created him Knight of the Golden Spur, and the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. also conferred on him several marks of his esteem. One day Ferdinand was admiring the figure of a child weeping, which Beretin had just painted. The artist gave it only one touch of the brush, and it appeared laughing; then with another touch he restored it to its former state, at the same time remarking: "My prince, you see how easily children laugh and cry."

He was so laborious that the gout, with which he was tormented, did not prevent him from working. But his sedentary life, together with his extreme application, augmented that disease, and he died in 1699. A biographer says of him: "His company was amiable, his manners pure, his nature mild, his heart responsive to friendship. His genius was unbounded, and required grand ideas for its subjects." He threw a singular grace into the pose of his heads, a brilliancy and freshness into his coloring, and gave a dignity to all his conceptions. Beretin is known also by the name of Peter of Cortona.

How Lincoln Studied Arithmetic.

It has often been shown that most of the eminent men of the world have risen to greatness through hard labor and persevering effort rather than by talent or worldly advantage. The great President Lincoln—"Honest Abe," about whom so much is now being written—is another eminent name to be added to the list of poor boys who have struggled for success against heavy odds. During his boyhood books were scarce in the pioneer districts of "the West"; and young Lincoln was made supremely happy when, after husking corn for three days, he received an old "Life of Washington" in reward. He kept repeating to himself that now he possessed the life of a hero, and in a very short time he knew the book from cover to cover.

Next Lincoln wished to study arithmetic; but how was a poor boy to get pencils or slate or paper in the heart of a forest? Young Abe had the will, however, and he soon found a way. He split fence-rails all day; and at night, lying on the floor before the great wood fire (the only light he could afford), he solved mathematical problems with a piece of charcoal on the back of a flat wooden shovel. When the shovel was covered with figures, he shaved off the surface with a plane, and ciphered again. Amid such discouraging surroundings did Abraham Lincoln learn arithmetic after he had already grown into young manhood. His example may well serve as an inspiration to the boys of our country.

TEACHER: Take 10 from 10 and what remains? (Profound silence.) Come now! Supposing you had ten pence in your pocket, and you lost them all, what would there be in your pocket? Pupil: A hole, sir.—*London Globe.*

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

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The Immaculate.

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

WHENE'ER the poet's soul doth wander wide
O'er all the boundless universe of dreams,
Upon his vision clear at times there gleams
A peerless form that, fleeting, will not bide;
A beauteous face, lost even as descried,—
A form and face would serve as fitting themes
For pen inspired, or brush dipped in the beams
Of gold wherewith the summer clouds are dyed.

Yet can no poet sing, no artist paint
The grace ideal of his vision bright,
Or show, save in a copy blurred and faint,
The dreamland Queen who thus has blest his sight:
'Tis She, God's masterpiece of beauty rare,
The Spouse to whom He said, "Thou art all fair."

A Martyr-Missionary of Scotland.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

VII.

WALKING close to the Father, on his way to execution, was an heretical minister, who expressed great grief at seeing the prisoner throw away his life. "Just as if my life hung on my own free-will!" retorted Father Ogilvie. "I am condemned for high-treason."—"Give up the Pope and Papistry," exclaimed the minister, "and you shall be forgiven." The Jesuit having feigned incredulity, the minister went on: "I speak with certain authority. My Lord the Archbishop has commissioned me to promise you his own daughter in marriage, and the richest prebend in the land as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours."

Father Ogilvie seemed much struck by this speech, and when they reached the foot of the scaffold he asked the minister if he was willing to repeat aloud what he had just said. "By all means," replied the unsuspecting dominie; and, addressing the people, he said: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he is willing to come over to our side."—"Do you hear this?" then said the Father. "And will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?"—"We have heard," cried the people; "and we will confirm it. Go down, Mr. Ogilvie! go down!"—The prisoner then went on, addressing the crowd: "There is no fear, then, that I shall be held hereafter as guilty of high-treason. I stand here, therefore, a criminal on the head of religion alone?"—"Of that alone!" responded the people.—"Very well!" exclaimed Father Ogilvie, in triumphant accents. "On the

head of religion alone I am condemned; and for that I would willingly and joyfully give up a hundred lives. Snatch away that one which I have, but my holy religion you will never snatch away from me."

During this strange dialogue between the priest and the people the Catholics present were in an agony of suspense and terror. At its close they raised their heads in triumph; while the minister, who had thus unwittingly exposed the iniquity of the whole proceeding, was beside himself with rage. In his fury, he commanded the executioner to dispatch his prisoner as quickly as possible.

It was noticed that the martyr's step was slow and faltering as he walked up the steps of the platform upon which the gibbet had been erected. He had been without food since the previous day; and, though his high courage remained unshaken, his physical exhaustion was apparent. On reaching the platform, he knelt down and kissed the gibbet. The Archbishop, fearing the effect of his words on the people, had given orders that he was not to be allowed to address the crowd; and, in spite of what had just passed, a minister had the audacity to proclaim that he was condemned to die as a traitor, not as a priest.

The martyr tried to show by signs that this statement, which he was not permitted to contradict, was absolutely false. Abercromby, who had kept close to his friend, strove to calm his righteous indignation. "Never mind, John," he said. "The more you suffer undeservedly, the greater will be your reward." At this the Archbishop's servants brutally flung the good man from the platform. He fell with such violence that he would certainly have been killed, if he had not chanced to alight on the closely packed crowd instead of on the ground below.

The prisoner, indignant at this cruel act, was heard to say: "I am astonished at your way of acting. You forbid *me* to speak for my cause, and meanwhile you misrepresent the same cause and myself also to the people." He then went on to repeat, in clear and distinct terms, that he contested only the King's spiritual jurisdiction, and finished by a mysterious statement that seems to point to some signal service rendered by the Scotch Jesuits to King James. The witnesses of his martyrdom have recorded his words: "I and another Scotchman have done more among foreign nations in the service of his Majesty [and, being questioned, he replied that he meant Father Crichton] than you or all the ministers of Scotland could do; and for him I am prepared to peril my life. I am delivered up to death, then, for religion alone." A minister present having asked him if he did not fear to die, he answered with a touch of his old playfulness: "No more than you fear the dishes when you go to supper."

The executioner bade him ascend the ladder, from which he was to be thrown off; his hands were tied tightly behind his back, but he continued to pray in a loud, clear voice, both in Latin and in English. He prayed for his enemies, and was heard to repeat the Litany of the Saints, first in Latin, then in the Scotch dialect. When the halter was fastened about his neck, he cried out: "*Mater Gratiæ, ora pro nobis! Omnes Angeli, orate pro nobis! Omnes Sancti Sanctæque, orate pro nobis!*"

The executioner, struck by the Jesuit's courage and patience, seems at the last to have hesitated to discharge his office; and eye-witnesses tell us that it was only after repeated commands from the sheriff that he "reluctantly and with great compassion" cast the martyr off the ladder. He was left hanging for the space of a few minutes; then the executioner cut the halter, and the body fell heavily upon the platform below the gallows. Life was completely extinct: the brave spirit of Father Ogilvie had gone to its rest!

A long murmur then arose from the crowd. The sight of the martyr's courage and serenity, his youth (he was only thirty-four years), the remembrance of his gallant bearing in the midst of the most excruciating torments, his cheerfulness and ready wit, his loyalty to his friends, and also the evident bad faith and wickedness of his enemies, — all these things moved the people deeply. They expressed "their detestation of the cruelty of the ministers and especially of the Archbishop, and prayed that God would repay the vengeance of the martyr's innocent blood at the source, and hold the people guiltless."

The popular feeling in favor of Father Ogilvie was so strong that the barbarous dismemberment of his body, prescribed by the law, did not take place. His holy remains were hastily thrust into a coffin, and buried, with those of other criminals, in a cemetery situated to the north of Glasgow Cathedral. His grave lies against the wall of the edifice; and the pilgrim will easily recognize the square green plot of ground, where, in all probability, the bones of our Jesuit martyr still repose.

Attempts seem to have been made to rescue these precious relics from their obscure resting-place. The contemporary account from which we have made so many extracts tells us that in the evening of the 10th of March, only a few hours after Father Ogilvie's death and burial, a number of men on horseback were seen hovering near the cemetery. The next day the magistrates, having heard that the Catholics had carried off their martyr's body during the night, visited the spot, and ascertained that the coffin had not been removed, although the earth had been slightly disturbed. In the process of beatification our hero's friend, William Sinclair, stated that reports were current of his body having been carried off by the Catholics. Unfortunately, these reports have never been substantiated; and it appears most probable that the remains of the noble martyr were left undisturbed in their original resting-place.

Before closing this sketch we must mention a touching incident connected with our hero's last moments on earth. Among the multitude assembled round the scaffold, at the place called the Cross at Glasgow, on that memorable afternoon of the 10th of March, 1615, was a young Hungarian nobleman, Baron John of Eckersdorff, who was travelling in Scotland. He happened to be in Glasgow at the time of the Jesuit's execution; and, following the crowd, he found himself close to the scaffold. He was a Protestant in name, but in reality absolutely indifferent on the subject of religion. At first he watched the scene with a feeling of mere curiosity; but when the martyr appeared, his sympathy was aroused by Father Ogilvie's noble countenance, gallant bearing, and extraordinary serenity. When the executioner proceeded to bind his hands, the martyr was observed to fling his rosary among the crowd; the beads struck the young stranger on the breast, then fell on the ground, and were instantly seized upon by the Catholics present, who divided the precious relics.

But the rosary had done its work. The young Hungarian went home a changed man. The vision of the martyred Jesuit continued to haunt him, and the touch of the rosary seemed to have pierced his soul. He was constantly pursued by thoughts of religion and by anxiety on the subject of his salvation, until at last, after a long struggle, grace triumphed and he became a Catholic. In after years John of Eckersdorff was made Governor of Treves, and became the friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III. He related the story of his conversion to a Jesuit, Father Boleslas Balbunis, who in turn mentioned the fact in his writings. "I attribute my conversion," he used to say, "to the martyr's rosary, — to that

rosary for the possession of which I would give anything upon earth."

In Rome, where Father Ogilvie's manuscript, detailing the history of his glorious career, arrived soon after his death, it produced a deep and lasting impression. In the archives of the Congregation of Rites are the documents which were collected with a view to John Ogilvie's beatification. They consist of a letter from Father Cepari, the Postulator of the Cause; and of the testimonies of the Scotch witnesses, who had been our hero's companions and personal friends. One and all bear testimony to his zeal as a missionary, his regularity as a religious, his cheerfulness in suffering, and his ardent love of God.

Even James I., the false King, who is responsible for the blood of so many martyrs, seems to have felt a certain shame when he heard of the glorious death of one on whom such cruel treatment had been inflicted. He told the Marquis of Huntly that Spottiswood had urged him to consent to the Jesuit's death; adding uneasily: "It is not my fault." It was, perhaps, in consequence of his tardy remorse that the sentence of death passed on our hero's companions was commuted into a sentence of perpetual exile.

At first Spottiswood appeared to reap to the full the reward of his iniquity. In consequence of the valuable service he had rendered to the King, he became Chancellor of Scotland and Archbishop of St. Andrew's. But if God's justice was slow, it was none the less sure. Father Ogilvie's cruel persecutor died in exile, of a horrible and strange disease, which, says a Scotch history, caused "his skin to peel off his body and his flesh to rot and putrefy." Adam Boyd, the martyr's betrayer, was subsequently imprisoned for theft, and died a miserable, lonely man, shunned by his fellow-citizens. It was noticed also that many of the judges who had taken part in the trial met with violent deaths.

Such was the brief life, bitter passion, and heroic end of the worthy descendant of a warlike race,—of one in whom the soldier-saint of Loyola must have recognized a kindred spirit.

Many of our English martyrs have been raised to the altars of the Church by the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. Surely the day will come when the solemn process of canonization begun two hundred years ago will be resumed and brought to a happy conclusion; and, in her turn, the Church of Scotland will be permitted to honor publicly her glorious son—brave and bright John Ogilvie.

(The End.)

A Life's Labyrinth.

XVII.—A Perilous Situation.

THE lingering English twilight was fading when Constance, wrapped in a long dark cloak, tapped at the door of the housekeeper's room. In silence they stole along the corridor, past the apartments of the Marquis, from whence came a shuffling sound which indicated that the valet was within; down the servants' stairs, and along the gravelled walk, which led through the back garden, and thence to the chapel.

"Where are you taking me, dearie?" asked the housekeeper. "We are walking *away* from the ruins now."

"First to the chapel," said Constance; "and afterward—I will show you."

"'Tis a good beginning," said the old woman; "for I'm sure we'll need Our Lord's help in what we've undertaken."

The lamp of the sanctuary burning before the Tabernacle lighted their steps through the aisle. They knelt for some moments in fervent prayer at the foot of the altar, when Mrs. Mathews suggested that she had better see if the oil was not in danger of failing before morning;

but the good priest had attended to that. And as Constance continued kneeling for some time longer, with her face buried in her hands, Mathews began to feel uneasy. Twilight had faded; night was come.

"Dear Miss Constance," she whispered, "it is growing very dark outside."

The young girl then arose from her knees; but, instead of retracing her steps toward the outer door, which she had taken the precaution to lock when they entered, she seized Mathews' hand, and led the astonished woman through the sanctuary into the vestry. Then drawing a dark lantern from beneath her cloak, she lighted it with a match she had brought with her; and laying hold of one end of the heavy rug which covered the floor, she motioned the old woman to take the other. Filled with amazement, the housekeeper obeyed her in silence. Together they threw back the carpet about half its length, when Constance suddenly remembered that they had nothing with which to open the trap-door. For a moment she was filled with consternation; but her mind was ever fertile of resources. Unlocking the back-door, with lantern in hand she searched about the premises until she found a large spade, which she judged would do the work,—as the door had been opened so recently that it had not had time to sink into the groove made by the wear of years. Her supposition proved correct. Laying the lantern on the floor, she inserted the edge of the shovel under the stone, which, to one unaware of its secret, looked in nowise different from the others. Mrs. Mathews sprang to her assistance, and it was but the work of a moment to throw back the trap-door. Fired by the purpose which animated her, full of the courage of youth, and fortified by the power of prayer, Constance felt no fear. Looking down into the black depths of the cavern beneath her, she once more seized the lantern; and, taking the hand of the housekeeper in her own, she stepped to the first platform.

"Come!" she said, in a low tone; and, trembling in every limb, scarcely able to lift one foot after the other, the faithful servant followed with something of the feelings of one about to be buried alive.

Holding the lantern above her head, so that her companion might see her way, Constance descended cautiously, leading the old woman, until the end of the stairway was reached, and the long, dark and narrow passage stretched out before them. As on the previous occasion, the bats flew about them; and the frightened rats—animals of which Mathews had a mortal terror—broke the silence with the patter of flying feet, and the short, sharp notes of their unmusical voices. Mathews felt that she had lived a lifetime in the moments that passed until the space seemed to grow broader before them, the air a trifle less dense and mouldy, and they stood in the arched chamber, from the opposite end of which had proceeded the gleam of daylight that had guided Constance and the priest on their visit of the previous Saturday.

Not a word had been spoken since they entered the secret passage-way; but now Constance turned the lantern on to its fullest capacity; and, swinging it above her head, she said:

"Look, Mathews! This chamber is directly under the place where the old chapel stood. There lie the ruins of the altar and walls on which Nadand was standing this afternoon; and it is by that way he will enter, or try to enter, if he should come to-night in search of the lost diamonds. I believe I have evidence that he buried them in the secret place of which you told me to-day; but I do not think it possible for him to find them under that pile of broken stones."

Unable to utter a single word, the old woman clung to the young girl as one overwhelmed with terror.

LIBRARY

Once more lowering the lantern, Constance continued:

"Come, Mathews,—come! Do not be afraid. Although I doubt that it could be seen from outside, it is well to neglect no precaution. Follow me now through this archway. From yonder corner we can see and hear without being seen."

Half led, half dragged to the spot indicated by Constance, Mrs. Mathews at length found voice to say, in a sepulchral tone, ludicrously in keeping with the place in which they were:

"But, O Miss Constance! what if he *should* come; and, being drunk, wander around in the darkness, and come upon us? *Then* what should we two poor, lone, helpless women do?"

"Sh!" whispered the girl, drawing her quickly through the crumbling archway into the silence and horror of darkness beyond. "Sh! not a word! I hear some one stumbling among the ruined heap above us!"

The sound of some one stumbling about among the loose stones above now became unmistakable. Soon a dim light was visible through the rugged opening, followed almost immediately by the precipitation of the body of a man through the narrow passage, which he widened by his effort to enter, as it was barred only by a pile of broken rock and fallen masonry. He carried a lantern, which he deposited upon a flat stone, and sat down beside it, burying his head in his hands. After remaining in this attitude for a few moments he got upon his feet again, although not without some difficulty; for he was evidently intoxicated. Groping hither and thither, kicking about such stones as he could move readily with his feet, he muttered to himself constantly; but, to her regret, Constance could not understand a word he said, as he spoke in a very low voice. At length he seated himself once more, with a weary sigh, crying out in French:

"Alas! it is useless—useless. I am drunk,—Nadand is drunk,—yes, but not so drunk as not to know that it would be like hunting for a needle in a bundle of straw to try to locate the spot. The wall is a complete wreck; the stones have fallen one on the other. The devil himself couldn't find it. It was a cursed job—a cursed job! To think that I should have saved only one pitiable diamond out of it all! But he deserved the death he died, the tyrant, the beast! 'Twas a deed of impulse,—a deed well done for Lord Stratford, too, if—but, ah! why think of him? Something tells me—something tells me—*I have never believed him dead!*" he continued in a loud whisper; "and if he lives, something—something might occur,—something—*something!*"

His voice sank lower and lower; for a short time there was silence. Constance, cowering in the darkness, with Mrs. Mathews' hand tightly clasped in hers, feared that he had fallen asleep. But her fears were unfounded; for he began to fumble about the ruins again, peering here and there with his lantern, and muttering to himself.

"What eyes he had!" he said at last, once more speaking aloud. "What fine eyes! They haunt me,—they haunt me often in my sleep. That girl has a pair exactly like them. I was struck by the resemblance the other day. I do not like to meet her, and that's the truth. Nadand, you're a coward,—you are!"

Silence now, and a gurgling sound as of some one drinking from a flask; and a steady gleam of light from the lantern, indicating that the valet had resumed a sitting position somewhere beyond the range of the young girl's vision. As for poor Mrs. Mathews, she was praying silently, cowering farther and farther behind Constance as the terrible vigil went on. Again a gurgling sound, and again, till Constance began to hope that, overcome by his potation, the valet would

soon fall asleep, and they might have an opportunity to make their way out of the ruins; as she saw that no information was likely to be gained from a man in his condition.

While she thus reflected Nadand began to move about, swinging the lantern, advancing dangerously near their place of concealment. He was now very much intoxicated, as could be learned from his uncertain steps and disconnected mutterings. Presently, to her great horror, Constance heard him say:

"What's there—in there beyond those arches? Looks very like a hidden vault. Diamonds there. Maybe—maybe an old vault. Maybe some rich treasures there. Think I'll see."

On he came; he was not twenty feet away from where they crouched, but still separated from them by the broad pillars of the arches, which, not being wide apart, greatly obscured his view.

"O Mary, Blessed Mother of Mercy, protect us!" was the unspoken prayer of Constance, as, seizing the black shawl from Mathews' shoulders, she fastened it about her waist, from whence it fell below her feet. Springing to a piece of rock about two feet from the ground, she stood there, erect, the shawl falling in front of her, giving her the appearance of great height. Then wrapping her cloak about her shoulders, head and face, holding it in position with one hand so as to conceal all but her eyes, she lifted a tiny silver whistle which was suspended to her girdle, and blew upon it a long, low, unearthly blast, which one in terror might readily imagine to be the wail of a departed soul.

The lantern of the valet flashed in air; as the wild sound slowly died away he caught sight of what seemed, in his stupid condition and in the uncertain light, to be a gigantic figure, gazing at him fixedly with the eyes he had so well remembered.

"My God," he cried, "his eyes—his *very* eyes! A ghost! a ghost! a ghost!" and ran shrieking from the spot, never pausing till he reached the upper air.

"Come!" said the girl, with decision, when she could no longer hear his footsteps or the noise of falling stones. She had already dragged Mrs. Mathews to her feet, gently replaced the shawl about her shoulders, and passed her arm about the old woman's waist.

"Oh, wait, Miss Constance,—wait!" pleaded the old woman. "He might meet us up above."

"No fear of that," said the girl. "He is safe in his own room by this, I assure you. I want to get you to bed now, my good and faithful friend. I fear it has been very hard upon you."

"In truth it has, my dove," answered the old woman. "I was so frightened that I heard scarcely anything he said. But I don't believe he let out aught we hadn't heard that other time; did he, my darling?"

"No," said Constance. "But we know now that he hid the diamonds in the wall of the old chapel, from which we may be able to recover them some day. Oh that Lord Kingscourt might come to-morrow and advise me what to do!"

When they reached the vestry they were thoroughly chilled. Mrs. Mathews opened a closet and poured out some altar wine, of which they both partook. It revived them greatly. After a short prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, they hurried away; and, noiselessly entering the house, went to their respective apartments and to bed,—but not before Mathews had compared her young mistress to "the valiant woman of Scripture"; as to whose identity, however, she seemed somewhat doubtful: evidently confounding her with Judith, Joel, and Esther, and considering her virtues a compendium of those of all three.

Fatigued in body and mind, Constance did not sleep well, until daylight was

beginning to appear. It seemed to her that she had slept but a moment when she heard a light tap at the door, which she at once knew to be Mathews'. Surprised at the bright sunshine pouring through the windows, she bade the housekeeper enter.

"It is nine o'clock, Miss Constance dear," said Mathews; "and the Marquis and Lord Kingscourt have arrived."

"Together!" exclaimed Constance, in dismay.

"Yes, darling," was the reply. "But I know the Marquis does not intend to stay longer than to-morrow; for I heard him telling Nadand to pack up and be ready by then. You will have the morning at your disposal, Miss Constance; for Mrs. Ingestre is feeling unusually ill, with one of her terrible sick headaches, and they generally last two or three days."

"Poor lady!" said Constance, always thoughtful of others. "How thankful one should be for the blessing of perfect health! And how are *you* this morning, dear Mrs. Mathews?"

"Much better than I expected to be, my blossom," answered the old woman; although my nerves are all so unstrung that I tremble at every sound. I thought I should drop this morning passing Nadand in the corridor. He looked like the ghost of an evil spirit—so pale and horrible."

"After his experience of last night," said Constance, "I think he will not be likely to wish to remain long at Mountheron. What if he should escape us? God knows it is not the desire of punishing the guilty that animates me: it is only that of vindicating the innocent. But if one can not be effected without the other, justice must be done."

"Trust in God and our Blessed Mother, Miss Constance," said the old housekeeper. "They have led you so far: They will not forsake you in your sorest need."

(To be continued.)

Patron of the Universal Church.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

DEAR Foster-father of its Founder, who
Dost know so well with what desire His Heart
Longs that all lands and ages shall have part
In the high favors He dispenses through
The Church He left on earth His work to do;

Lo! many obstacles her path bestrew,
And myriads from her fold still stray apart,
Show thyself, then, her patron, as thou art;
Make all false creeds submissive to the true,
And win the world to that and Christ anew.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XI.—Monte Cristo Jr.

THE tale of a chance acquaintance; a rubricated page in these records of travel and adventure; how I found an affinity on the wing. It was Sunday on the weather side of Venice. Frank, a young American artist, and I were chumming in a house of eight rooms and a *loggia*. Giovanni, our gondolier, was absent. Each Sunday was his day sacred to love and idleness. Frank was at his easel, busy upon a picture—a holy picture—destined to grace the *salon* of the following season. I sat in the seaward window smoking, after Mass at San Marco. There was knocking at the south entry. I descended, and opened the door to a swarthy Moor, who at once asked me, in singularly accentuated English, if the distinguished Frank was within. He was. Would the Moor of Venice enter and meet him face to face? "One moment," said the stranger: "permit me to speak with my friend."

And he withdrew to a gondola that was then rocking gently under the pavement, for it was low tide. I withdrew to apprise Frank of the arrival of mysterious guests.

Returning to the door, I beheld a tall, slender and exceedingly elegant figure approaching languidly,—a youth of five and twenty. A long cloak fell from his shoulders,—one corner was carelessly thrown back over his arm, displaying a lining of cardinal red; a Damascus scarf, a golden-threaded fabric, was knotted about his throat; a slouched hat, with tassels falling from the broad brim, partially shaded an uncommonly comely face, of the Oriental, oval and almond-eyed type. Seeing this paragon of animals alone, I inquired for the friend who had preceded him, and was briefly informed that the herald was the courier of the picturesque party; and from that hour the courier took a back seat, and retained it like a man.

A moment later I had the pleasure of presenting Monte Cristo Jr.—let him be known as such—to my artistic chum. Monte Cristo was an artist, and art was the topic of the next hour's conversation. I returned to my seaward window and rolled cigarettes, watching the while the guest's gondola, with the courier and two blue-sashed gondoliers, who sang softly while the ripples smacked their lips all along the black side of the barge. It was pretty enough and stupid enough, until it grew tiresome; and then Monte Cristo Jr. withdrew, promising to return and paint from our *loggia*, which was a resort of artists, and alone worth thrice the rent of the house.

He was as good as his word the day following. I think it was one of my saints' days; at any rate, I was off on duty at a pet chapel of mine until noontime, when I returned to dinner. Frank is a Yankee to the soles of his boots. Lo! he and Monte Cristo were at the table feeding on Boston woodcock and brown bread baked in the house! M. Cristo had been painting all the morning. He selected for his sketch a glimpse up a canal that divides the Giardino Publico and makes a green island of the larger part of it. A white marble bridge spans the canal, and beyond that there are high walls and tall chimneys, and the Church of San Giuseppe, where the fishermen and sailors have brought fleets of toy shipping as *ex-voto* offerings. He grew hungry, was invited, accepted the invitation; and before we had drained our flagons of red wine we were three of the best friends in the world.

This recurred day after day. Meanwhile it became necessary to accept the emphatic hospitality of our friend, who entertained us in his apartments at the Hotel Danielli in right royal fashion. We were flooded with champagne. We smoked aromatic Havanas, the memory of which has driven me from unapproachable brands to eke momentary consolation in the delicate cigarette; we sat in fezes still redolent of the musky bazars of Cairo; and turned over the superb trophies of Oriental travel which Monte Cristo had captured in the Levant.

We lounged in the moonlight in his balcony, while he told his tale of the East! America bored him—which is not surprising, for he was an American. He arose and said unto his father, "Give me my portion." And the *paterfamilias* did it without a murmur. In England he bought a steam yacht with a hull of steel; it was silver-mounted, with gold trimmings. This extravagant toy was shipped to Alexandria, and launched from the deck of one of those huge steamers that wed England to the East. At Cairo his yacht was freighted with all the delicacies of the season. An order from the Khedive permitted him to coal at every coaling-station on the Nile. Six sailors in faultless costume dusted the dainty decks. Cooks and cabin-boys swarmed

amidships; he flew the Stars and Stripes, and reminded me of that picturesque ballad:

> Raisins in the cabin,
> Almonds in the hold;
> The sails they were of satin,
> And the masts they were of gold—
> Of gold, of gold!
> And the masts they were of gold!

He was not alone in this gorgeous cruise: a young English earl, with an income of a million a minute, joined him: and together they plunged into the heart of Nubia at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. The governors of Upper Egypt received them with barbaric splendor, and they returned fire with a broadside of champagne. The moolid of the Prophet paled its ineffectual fires before the dazzling career of these nautical swells. Returning to Cairo with a deck-load of ostrich egg-shells, ivory, frankincense and myrrh, Monte Cristo found his yacht a burden and threw it away—no: I believe he gave it to the Khedive as a slight testimonial, etc.

It was after this crusade in the East that the charming fellow dropped in upon us at Venice and ate the succulent bean. Before we parted I had learned to pass half the time in his gondola, reading, chatting, writing, dreaming; the other half we were out of it, but usually in company. It was amusing to see him at work. A special police warned the juvenile populace that they were encroaching on holy ground; two slaves beat the air with switches—Oriental contrivances, of course,—thus baffling the dizzy fly; a third sat near him and gently agitated the elements, for His Highness had a great aversion to heat.

Let not my extravagance mislead you. I have never in my life seen a more conscientious and devout worker than this friend of whom I write. There was no need of his doing anything more fatiguing than hastening to destruction, as the majority of his kind are apt to do. He was born to the purple, and wore it royally; yet even a casual observer might at once discover the admirable character of the man, in spite of the glamour that forever surrounded him.

The Venetian episode, I am happy to relate, was brief and brilliant. All the tangible evidence I can offer in proof of the truth of this narrative is a fez lying on my bed—the very fez I wore that night in the balcony of the Danielli,—and a picture in the next apartment—a narrow canal dividing a Venetian garden, a marble bridge, high houses in the distance, and the tower of San Giuseppe,—the first study he did from our *loggia*, and which he gave me when he cried, "Ho for Paris!" and I promised to follow him speedily.

A society soup-ticket lay on my study table in the Latin Quarter of Paris,—a pink and perfumed *billet doux*, appointing an hour on the other side of the river, where Monte Cristo and I were once more to sit at the same board. Following the explicit directions of mine host, I was driven into one of those refined quarters that are secreted within the great blocks of houses, and have a wall of tenements fronting upon the four streets that hem the block separating the more private dwellings from the outer world. I entered this retreat by a deep arch, the bronze gates of which were swung open at my approach by the most august of *concierges*. Within the gates there was a garden filled with leafless trees, among which I saw dimly the pale, nude statues that abound in Paris. This garden was profoundly still; the solemn façades of about a dozen stately dwellings fronted upon it; in one of these lofty mansions Monte Cristo had secreted himself.

I found him without difficulty. I rang at the door of his apartments, and was admitted by a man-servant with the air of one who had anxiously awaited my arrival, and was at last overcome with gratitude

and joy. There is nothing more flattering or more false than this social veneering. Let us encourage it. As I entered the long private hall, a faint, dry perfume saluted my nostrils. One corner of a heavy tapestry that divided the hall was raised. I passed within, and found myself at once in the embrace of Monte Cristo. He led me to a divan; and, after a welcome worthy of the Oriental luxury which seemed to follow him around the globe, he withdrew for a moment, during which interval I sought to accustom myself to the place.

The floor was cushioned with Persian rugs, lapped one upon another; the wall was entirely hidden under hangings of the richest description—exquisite Persian and Turkish embroideries, gathered and falling in folds from the ceiling to the floor. Even the windows were covered; so that I seemed to be reclining in a large oblong pavilion, one side of which was filled with a divan. Pillows, marvellous in color and decoration, were heaped upon the soft, gray, camel's-hair covering of the divan. Small tables, crusted with pearl and tortoise-shell, stood near the divan; and low ottomans, each a real marvel of antique needlework, were scattered hither and yon. The mantel was hidden in an improvised bower of baby palm-trees; and from the ceiling were suspended Persian lanterns—silver globes spangled with stars of painted glass.

The dinner was already laid. Monte Cristo soon returned, and we at once began a feast which might have been served in a kiosk of the Khedive, until we came to the sweetmeats, and these were worthy of the *cafés* of Damascus or Stamboul; the fruit-sellers of Smyrna seemed to have supplied us. Nor were the narghiles wanting, and the black coffee, sipped from egg-shell cups with holders of fretted gold. We burned pastiles that were hardly more delicious than the various tobaccos at our service; we talked far into the night; lived over again the life of the East; plotted deep schemes of travel; and forgot — thank Heaven! — that we were only in Paris, and that it was time, and more than time, to sleep.

That night Monte Cristo, with his gorgeous hospitality, quietly turned the key on me. He withdrew, leaving me his sumptuous couch, and an embroidered night-shirt that made me perfectly wild. I slept in the musky atmosphere, walled in by Indian tapestries, intoxicated with the incense of smoking pastiles, and scented soap at fifteen francs a cake. My dreams might indeed have quickened the imagination of Edgar Poe. Invisible forms seemed to be creeping among the draperies, that shook a new and finer fragrance from every fold, until late in the following day, when I summoned the man-servant and breakfasted in bed. Then I dusted and brushed, and was delivered over to the commonplaces of life with a little note from the lord of this luxury, who had already returned to his studio, and was pretending to work for a living.

What followed? A long interval. He disappeared; for his hiding-place was discovered, and he had to fly or abandon his art studies. It is a piteous thing to be popular — unless you are good for nothing else. I heard of him at intervals. He was in New York for a moment, or in Cuba, or off again to Egypt; and then I heard the end of it all. Alas! I may say of him, as the fascinating author of "Eothen" says of his platonic friend Carrigaholt: "But now, poor fellow! the lowly grave, that is the end of man's romantic hopes, has closed over all his rich fancies and all his high aspirations—*he is utterly married!*"

(To be continued.)

THERE are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat!—*Landor.*

Martin's Bath.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.

ANN'S inquiring gaze met his look of determination. His eyes shifted uneasily, and settled finally on the portrait of her mother which hung on the opposite wall.

"You certainly resemble her very much," he said, hoping to dismiss the subject they had been discussing by an appeal to her vanity. The portrait was that of a beautiful girl in her first youth; but the compliment, having been uttered on previous occasions, lacked the flavor of novelty.

Ann was silent for a moment. She slipped off her thimble—the same golden article that had been one of her wedding-gifts,—and folded up her work.

"Well, you seem to think there is no use in discussing the matter further?" she finally asserted.

"I think it *never* should have been discussed," he retorted.

"It will force itself to be discussed. We are Catholics. How can you object?" she asked.

"You are determined to be obstinate!" he exclaimed; and, rising from his chair, he walked out of the room, and the next moment she heard the street-door close behind him.

He was her husband; he had forbidden her to discuss the subject nearest her heart, and her New England conscience impelled her to brood over it. What if she left it to Heaven, and waited in silence! Her alert conscience reminded her that such inaction savored of Quietism; and, with an effort to shake off the thoughts that tormented her, she turned to the bookcase. A great lover of Elizabethan writers, she selected Randolph's "Muse's Looking-Glass"; and, opening the book at random, the first passage that met her eyes was the resolve of Bird, the converted Puritan:

> "I'll teach devotion now a milder temper;
> Not that it shall lose any of its heat
> Or purity but thenceforth shall be such
> As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much."

The book slid from her hands into her lap. Had the temper of her devotion been immoderate? Had the fire lit in her soul on her baptismal day been such as to scorch and repel, and not an illuminating and luring light? Was she altogether guiltless in that no one connected with her had been enlightened by the light that lit her soul? Had she not been more of a warrior than a soldier of the Cross?

Amid the reproaches she heaped on herself, she found place for a remembrance of the winter she spent with her cousin in Rochester, where she made the acquaintance of Martin. Not even a thought of the obstacle laid in the way of her marriage could detract from the comfortable feeling the reminiscence produced in her. But the old trouble would return to disturb her. Martin was careless about his religious duties, and her cheeks glowed with the heat of zeal and self-complacency as she thought of all she had endured from his indifference. In season and out of season she had urged him to his duty, and now they had almost quarrelled. He had accused her of nagging, and had forbidden her to discuss the subject of religion with him.

It was nearly midnight when the street-door opened, and she heard her husband's footstep on the stairs. He entered the room with averted looks, but she ran to him with a cry of "Martin!" and held up her face.

"Why, Ann!" he exclaimed.

Never before had she so held up her face. She had been undemonstrative; had even cultivated an unsympathetic exterior; and her frigid port had chilled the warmth of his nature.

"Ann, Ann!" he repeated.

She hid her face on his shoulder; and when he put his arm about her, he felt that she was sobbing.

II.

The following morning, as usual, Ann's mother came to see her. She always spoke of dropping in for a minute; but she scarcely ever left till after luncheon, and often remained the whole day. She was a very sprightly and methodical old lady, who preserved something of the appearance of the beautiful young girl on the wall. Never without work of some kind, she brought with her to-day the baby's comforter she had been knitting for a month past; and while she waited for Ann to come to her, she knitted and detained Martin from his office, plying him with every manner of question.

When Ann Springfield became a Catholic, she won the enmity of some, but lost the love of no one whose love was worth preserving. Her mother had disapproved of her action; though when Ann persevered in her course in spite of determined opposition, she remarked with satisfaction that "the creature had plenty of Yankee grit to carry her through." And when Ann married, her mother took Martin into her heart, was proud of his stalwart beauty, and always spoke of him as her son in deed, as he was in law. Martin, too, had warmed to his wife's mother; and, though he knew he should be at his office, he would not run the risk of offending her by leaving the room before Ann returned from her consultation with the cook.

This morning, out of the variety of subjects she broached, his mother-in-law finally settled on the one he had forbidden his wife.

"Ann would talk to me about it by the hour, if I'd permit her," she said. "I did once, and she read Scripture to me, and books from a case; and all I know about it is that she gave me a headache, and herself an amount of polite indignation at what she called my invincible ignorance. Now, Martin, what do you go to confession for, I want to know?"

Martin reddened, and answered lightly:

"For about the same reason a fellow takes a bath, I fancy."

She pondered a moment, took off her eye-glasses, and, tapping them on the back of her hand, said, with a laugh:

"'Pon my word, Martin, you have made the matter clearer to me than Ann with all her books! Now, how often do you take that sort of bath?"

Martin looked very serious.

"Not to indulge in personalities," he responded, "some people take it once a week, others once a month, and many once a year."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the old lady, with a shudder. "What very soiled creatures! A bath but once a year!"

"But *you* never take one at all!" interjected Martin.

She gave him a quick glance, then said, almost with an air of apology:

"Why, I take at least a sponge bath every day!"

Martin smiled, and said thoughtfully:

"I once knew a priest who went to confession every day."

"The dear, neat soul!" she cried. "How I should have liked to know him!"

"He was a saint," said Martin, calling to mind the man who taught him at college, when he, too, was "neat."

"Martin, do you know what I want?" she asked. "I want to see how you do it. I believe you are one of the once-a-year people. But when are you going again? You must take me with you."

Martin felt relieved when in another moment Ann entered the room, and he could run off to his office.

III.

Notwithstanding divers resolutions to the contrary, Ann fretted herself about Martin; and the result was that her child

suffered the consequences of his mother's disordered temper. He was a puny infant, preternaturally quiet, and his baptism had to be hurried in fear of his sudden death. Ann submitted to appear to be consoled, but her spirit was stolid in its refusal to be comforted. She had valiantly believed herself capable of dying for her faith, but she would not willingly be reconciled to the loss of her child.

With Martin it was different. The faith of centuries of pious ancestors, that had been handed down to him unsullied, revived in his soul. Wrapped up in his son to the exclusion of self, he looked on him as one fitted for paradise by cleansing waters, and he wondered if he would meet him there. He never passed a church now without entering to utter prayers, almost wholly ejaculatory, that God would spare his wife and son, if it were His holy will. One day, however, he ceased to utter this prayer. He believed in the sanctity of his wife, and he knew where would be his son's place the moment he died. Believing as he did of one, knowing as he did of the other, could he continue to ask that they be spared to possible misery in this world? No: he would be reconciled to their departure, though he well knew the loss of them would crush his heart.

His supererogation of abandonment (if it may be called so) to the will of God met with its reward. Almost immediately it was followed by a dread of the state of his own soul. He had neglected penance for a long time,—not because his soul was burdened with sins of a nature to cause the blush of shame to rise to his cheeks at the thought of them. He was not gross: he had been tepid and indifferent.

It was on the eve of a feast-day that Martin was roused to a sense of his condition; and he was on his way to church when he met old Mrs. Springfield. She was in her carriage; and, giving a hasty order to the coachman to drive up to the curb, she beckoned Martin to her.

"Where are you hurrying to?" she asked. "Is Ann or the baby worse?"

"No," he replied to her last question; "quite the contrary. Dr. Stenton says they are decidedly better. I left them asleep."

She expressed her gratification at the good news, and then said thoughtfully:

"I don't know what to make of Ann, she is so apathetic. I don't mean undemonstrative: she was always that. I know when she is not cordial, and only apparently not so. I have been reading Catholic prayers to her every day since the baby was born; and if it were any one else, I'd say she was indifferent to them." She heaved a little sigh, and, resting her hand affectionately on the arm he leaned on the carriage door, she repeated her question: "But where are you hurrying to, my boy?"

His face colored like that of a schoolboy detected in mischief; then, trying to laugh it off, he ventured the metaphor he had made familiar to her.

"I am going to take a bath," he said.

She clapped her hands, and her cheeks were rosy as two winter apples.

"Oh, take me with you, Martin! Won't you?" she cried.

He looked at her gravely.

"You know it is no joking matter," he replied.

"You are very much soiled?" she asked, anxiously. "But jump in, jump in!" she went on; and herself gave the order to drive to Holy Cross, watching Martin to see if she had designated the right church. "You poor, soiled boy!" she said, now that he was seated before her; then added: "But I am so glad you are going to—bathe!" and laughed.

"Yes, I am *very* soiled," he said, in low tones.

"O Martin," she cried—and there was a note of weariness in her cry,—"I am so tired of sponging! Do you think the priest would let me bathe too!"

She had taught him to call her *mother;* and he now exclaimed, too much amazed to articulate distinctly:

"Mother, do you really mean you want to go to confession?"

"Don't be cross about it, Marty!" she entreated. "I could never have brought myself to speak to Ann; but I have been thinking about it for a long while, and I've been reading; and, then, our talk—that helped. But what helped most of all was that I found out where you have been going every day these last weeks, and I have gone too. Yes, Marty, I *do* want to go to confession; and, if it be God's will, we'll go together—you and I; and oftener than once a year."

The eyes of Martin moistened, and in his countenance could be read the emotions that stirred his soul.

IV.

Ann and the baby were, as the Doctor said, improving in health. She woke from her sleep refreshed; and for the first time since its birth she cooed over her child, and prattled to it in that language mothers and babies best understand. Yes, God was very good to her; and, other storms showing signs of abatement, the warrior soul within her, while it sighed over her own derelictions, bethought itself of those of others. Had she done right in obeying Martin? Right or wrong, he would forgive her if she spoke to him now, she was thinking, when he and her mother tiptoed into the room.

"Ann, Ann, sitting up with the baby!" exclaimed her mother.

Remembering that Martin entered the room with his hat in his hand, Ann asked:

"Have you been out with mother?"

"He has, Ann," answered her mother for him. "And where do you suppose we have been?—but I may as well tell you, for you'd never guess. We have been to confession, Ann."

She spoke very seriously; but Ann's cheeks glowed, and she exclaimed:

"Mother, if I had not heard you, I could not have believed that you would make a mockery to me of all I hold dearest. And at such a time as this! You forget that I have been on my death-bed."

Martin and her mother rose at once to their feet.

"You are wrong, Ann!" said Martin. "I *have* been to confession, and mother too. She is going to be baptized, Ann."

"You have been to confession, Martin, and mother is going to be a Catholic!" she said, looking from one to the other, with an excitement that would not be repressed.

They soothed her, fearful of the effects of her agitation, and assured her of the truth of what they said.

"Then my prayers have been heard!" cried Ann, as she sank back placidly on her pillow. But she never learned how small a part she had in the double conversion.

A Year Ago.—In Memoriam.*

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"NOW this we have to ask of you," he said:
"When you shall hear that one of us is dead,
Pray for his soul!"

That day no stronger voice, no form more grand,
No ruddier cheek in all this mighty land;—
Yet the wind blows,

And for long months has moaned, above his grave
O God, to him who yearned all souls to save,
Grant Thy repose!

And ye who heard him;—he has found his rest:
Yet, mindful of that touching, last behest,
Pray for his soul!

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* The Rev. Edward B. Brady, C. S. P.

Mater et Martyr.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

I DO not remember that any spiritual writer has dwelt on a certain similarity existing between two of the glorious functions fulfilled by the Blessed Virgin Mary with regard to the work of the world's redemption. This similarity is indicated in two consecrated phrases which the Church makes use of to describe Our Lady's twofold dignity of Mother of God and Queen of Martyrs—*Mater et Martyr.*

The first of these phrases occurs in the Gradual of one of the votive Masses of the Blessed Virgin, perhaps borrowed from some saint: *Beata ac venerabilis es, Virgo Maria, quæ sine tactu pudoris inventa es Mater Salvatoris*—"Blessed and venerable art thou, O Virgin Mary, who without the touch of shame wast found to be the Mother of the Redeemer." That "wast found" points to the *inventa est* of St. Matthew, i, 18; and this expression renders more natural, and therefore more wonderful, the ingenious anagram which transposes the letters of the Archangel's greeting—*Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*—into these curiously kindred words, letter for letter, neither more nor less: *Deipara inventa sum, ergo Immaculata*—"I am the Mother of God, therefore Immaculate."

The other parallel phrase forms the Communion of the Mass of the Seven Dolors: *Felices sensus Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, qui sine morte meruerunt martyrii palmam sub Cruce Domini*—"Happy were the Blessed Virgin Mary's senses, which without death merited the palm of martyrdom under the Cross of the Lord." Her senses and feelings—sight, hearing, touch, and all the other avenues by which physical pain rushes in upon the soul; all that she who stood beside the Cross saw to distress her; all that she heard, all that she felt, not merely in her heart, but by sympathy in every fibre of her sensitive frame. She sought relief from no anæsthetic, even such as the strong soul can discover for itself; but rather, like her Divine Son in the Garden, she willed to suffer in her soul all that He endured in soul and body. It was the most painful of deaths, without the exhaustion, the passing away, the insensibility, the repose of death. Mary would have suffered far less if she could have died with Jesus.

Thus was the Mother of God a martyr—which means a witness unto death—and yet *sine morte*, just as she had become a mother *sine tactu pudoris:* a mother without the tribulation of the flesh and other penalties that attend maternity for all the daughters of Eve except her, the sole Virgin Mother; a martyr without the physical horrors from which her Crucified Son would keep her virginal body safe, though He spared not His own.

Pray for us, O Mother of God, O Queen of Martyrs!

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCVIII.

DIPPING into "The Imitation," here, there, and everywhere, we find a number of precious sayings, each one of which seems to put the topic in a new light. Thus we have the following:

"Where shall we find a man who is willing to serve God disinterestedly?... Set not thyself for much rest, but for great patience.... Relinquish thyself and thou shalt find Me.... All is little and short which passeth away with time.... The perfect victory is to triumph over one's self.... Sooner or later thou must be separated from all, whether thou wilt or no.... Use temporal things, but desire

eternal.... With God nothing, however trifling, suffered for God's sake, shall go unrewarded.... Woe to them who know not their own misery, and still more woe to them that make this wretched and perishable life the object of their love.... It is better to avoid sin than to fly death.... The soul that loveth God despiseth all things that are less than God.... What great thing is it if thou be cheerful and devout when grace cometh? This hour is desirable to all.... With good reason oughtest thou to suffer a little for Christ, since many suffer greater things for the world.... Behold all things are Thine which I have and with which I serve Thee; and yet, contrariwise, Thou dost rather serve me than I Thee.... Many seek themselves in what they do, and are not aware of it.... How dare a sinner appear before Thee, and how dost Thou vouchsafe to come to a sinner?"

Scores of such pregnant sayings could be culled. Each of these little sentences contains a high and momentous truth, well worth perpending and pausing over. From the striking novelty of form, they must impress everyone.

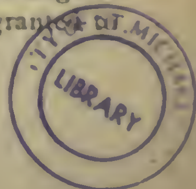
"Let us try as much as we can, we shall unavoidably fail in many things.... Behold, assuredly both joys thou canst not have — to delight thyself here in this world and afterward to reign with Christ.... The more thou sparest thyself now, and followest the flesh, the more dearly shalt thou pay for it hereafter.... He doth well who regardeth rather the common good than his own will.... Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit.... What will become of us in the end if we begin so early to grow lukewarm!... Would that even for one day we had behaved ourselves well in this world.... All have not indeed equal difficulties to overcome; but a diligent and zealous person will make greater progress, though he have more passions, than another who is well regulated, but less fervent in the pursuit of virtue.... If thou wouldst make any progress, keep thyself in the fear of God and be not too free; curb all thy senses under discipline, and give not thyself up to foolish mirth.... Truly it is a misery to live upon the earth.... The more a man desireth to be spiritual, the more distasteful doth this present life become to him; for he the better understandeth and more clearly seeth the defects of human corruption.... Look upon the lively examples of the holy Fathers, in whom shone real perfection and religion, and thou wilt see how little it is—yea, almost nothing—that we do.... 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."

(To be continued.)

A Beautiful Charity.

THIS is the time of year when the poor suffer most, and when we are reminded of that beautiful and charitable Order which has four houses in France—the Servants of the Poor. A Benedictine monk was the founder, and he was accustomed to say to the charitable women who carried out his pious plans: "When the poor are ill, both husband and wife have to gain their livelihood by labor, and there is no one to take care of the house. Go to them, and be kinder and more serviceable than any servant could be. You must accept nothing of them, neither a morsel of bread nor a glass of water. And, above all, be sweet and amiable; that you may win their hearts, and that they may see that God has sent you."

The Order began with only five Sisters, but at present there are sixty. Every one of us can be, in one sense, a servant of the poor; although the high privilege of devoting one's life to them is granted to but few.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Notes and Remarks.

Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Embassador to the English court, who died suddenly not long ago, was an Italian by birth and a devout Catholic. He was one of many Europeans who have risen to eminence in the service of the Sultan. His early career was full of promise; and when Abdul Aziz appointed him Governor of Lebanon in 1873, the choice was applauded by all Europe. The district of Lebanon was then torn with dissensions of race and creed, as Armenia is now; but the policy of firmness, justice, and conciliation pursued by Rustem Pasha soon induced peace and prosperity. When the aged statesman lay on his death-bed, Lord Salisbury, at a large gathering of the friends of Armenia, paid him this tribute, which will be echoed by all who have followed the course of his public life: "If there were men round the Sultan like Rustem Pasha the problem would not be solved by the external action of advising Powers—a clumsy device at the best: it would be solved by the natural operation of the councils of an enlightened monarchy working through efficient and competent instruments."

In a noble letter to *The Sun*, the Rev. Silliman Blagden, one of the leading ministers of New York, gives this account of the evolution of the bigot:

"In the name of God and for Christ's sake, don't believe all the blasphemous mass of lying stories and reports and statements which we hear and read, if you really love the truth. You must remember, my brother, that there is a deal of truth in the dear old Yale College boys' dictum that 'it is all according to how you are raised'; because it is self-evident that if we have been raised to believe that as true which is in reality false, and if we have been raised in wicked prejudice toward any class or body of God's people, then we are all wrong, just in proportion as we have been taught and raised wrong. Now, many good people and many ministers have had inculcated in them from infancy wrong ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church; and consequently they are now as crooked and prejudiced and as altogether wrong upon these subjects, to say the least, as it is possible for them to be. And, then, all being sinners, and no one being perfect or infallible, along comes Satan, enters into them, and turns all this inbred ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, and false education into the worst kind of deviltry and blasphemous abuse of God's Holy Church and of God's own people."

This is unquestionably the genesis of bigotry when it is not malicious, and most American bigotry is not in the long run malicious. It is odd, though, that Protestants are not more profoundly impressed by the patience and meekness with which Catholics bear these taunts and calumnies, and even the material losses they suffer from persecution. What, for instance, could be sweeter or more Christlike than the spirit which breathes in these lines from Bishop McGovern's Thanksgiving pastoral!—"We must suffer from false brethren as we have suffered for nineteen centuries persecution for justice' sake. Our sufferings liken us to the Apostles—whose followers we are,—who rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ. This abiding consolation cheers us in our pilgrimage: that in our sufferings we are made conformable to Christ our Saviour, who lived in persecution and died in agony. As He prayed from His Cross for His persecutors, so let us pray our Heavenly Father to forgive our enemies; 'for they know not what they do.'"

In a recent speech, Mr. Frederick Harrison, the high-priest of Positivism, actually descended, for a brief space, from the misty heights of Altruism and "the Religion of Humanity." He remained on *terra firma* long enough to describe the Catholic Church as "the principal form of Christianity, the characteristic form, and, in my opinion, the most permanent form. All the other forms are, more or less, perversions, or transitional, morbid and sterile offshoots of Christianity." Here, at least, Mr. Harrison is at one with his chief adversary, Mr. Mallock, who, though not a Catholic, expresses much the same thought in his famous answer to the query, "Is Life Worth Living?"

Among recent contributions to the already voluminous literature of the Roman question, the able study published in a late issue of the *Etudes Religieuses* merits special attention. Its author, the Rev. P. Prelot, protests against

the pessimism which considers the Temporal Power a dead-and-gone issue, incapable of resurrection. He affirms, on the contrary, that the soundest arguments permit us to judge the future by the past, and to foresee that the Pope's temporal power will yet again become the live issue that it has been in other days. The power of the papacy having in bygone centuries successively triumphed over the violence of the demagogue and the tyranny of the great, over the mighty emperors and the audacity of tribunes, it is not unreasonable to hope that it will also triumph over revolutionary impiety and Freemasonry. The expectation that the coming years will witness this victory is based on no mythical foundation, but on rigorous induction from the law of history. One notable fact is that while Italian statesmen have of late years affirmed that the situation of the Pope in Rome is an Italian interest which admits of no international intervention, still in 1887, at the Congress of Berlin, Italian diplomats asked Europe officially to sanction what had been done about this Roman question. The temporal power is *not* a purely Italian question, and so Italy and the whole world have begun to discover.

The *Gospel Messenger* records a pat reply by an Anglican rector in New Haven. Being asked, "How many sittings are there to be in your new church?" he answered: "It is a matter to which we have not given particular attention, but we are able to say that ample room is provided for eight hundred and fifty *kneelings*. Our aim has been to give every worshipper an opportunity to bend his knees in prayer rather than his spine." Well said! Sitting in churches was unheard of until the rise of Protestantism.

The Apostolate of Public Halls is a work which in England is effecting much the same results as Father Elliott's missions to non-Catholics in this country. At the recent conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, Father Smith, S. J., stated: "It has been found within the last few years, in London and to a limited extent elsewhere, that Protestants will readily attend lectures on Catholic subjects if given in some public hall or place not otherwise devoted to Catholic worship." An encouraging feature of the attendance at these lectures is the large proportion of men present. It is undeniable that much of the prejudice against the true Church is due solely to the crass ignorance of her real teaching, and hence any means of enlightening the masses outside the fold appeals irresistibly to zealous souls who would see her spiritual dominion extended over all mankind. The indications are that Catholic doctrine will be better understood by the world at large within the next quarter of a century than has ever been the case during the past two or three hundred years.

Cardinal Moran evidently entertains no pessimistic views as to the future of Australia. At a recent meeting he declared that he thought it was not a matter of any political strife or party, but a matter of patriotism common to all his hearers, to look forward to the day when the intercolonial barriers would be broken down, and Australia would stand erect, in all its strength and comeliness, with the blessings of a united Australia extended to all citizens. There are three things, he added, to be admired in the Australian people—their marvellous respect for religion, their wonderful respect for the administration of law and justice, and their ardent and devoted patriotism. With such characteristics it is impossible that a people so energetic and devoted should not soon become a grand and glorious State.

Our Ritualistic brethren will not be grateful to *The Guardian* for emphasizing, in an unguarded moment, the secular character of the state church. The confession is all the more edifying as coming from one of the most respected organs of Anglicanism. We quote:

"Church reformers are apt to forget that the appointments to all the highest offices in the church are in the hands of the laity. A layman, under the name of the Crown nominates the bishops, the deans, many of the canons, and a large proportion of the incumbents. These appointments may be criticised by any one; but they can only be controlled, and that

indirectly, by a Parliament from the most powerful House of which all clergy are excluded. The same Parliament has, with the Crown, the sole power of making laws for the church. The clergy can not alter one letter of the prayer-book or introduce a single ceremony without the previous permission of a lay sovereign and the subsequent ratification of a lay Parliament. In the case of a dispute as to the meaning of the church's formularies, whether doctrinal or practical, the decision is entrusted to judges in the first instance solely lay, and in no case exclusively, or even preponderatingly, clerical. In every direction lay influence is thus seen to be almost paramount in the general system and machinery of the church."

To our mind, the Protestant character of the Church of England is more convincingly set forth here than in long disquisitions on "the doctrine of intention," or even of a "sacrificing priesthood." As a rule, the sheep do not choose their shepherd, nor direct him either. Our Anglican friends, who profess to hate Protestantism, must feel this, too.

Intermarriages between Jews and Christians have always been repugnant to the spirit of the Church. The obvious reason of this repugnance is that these marriages most frequently lead to the apostasy of the Christian. It is interesting to note, however, that Jewish rabbis now regard such marriages as a menace to Judaism. A prominent rabbi in London recently declared that mixed marriages are "productive of religious indifference in both husband and wife, and generally result in absolute irreligion in the children." That the social barriers formerly raised by bigotry and religious mistrust was a strong preventative of mixed marriages there can be no doubt; the large tolerance of our day is, therefore, not an unmixed good. The alarming increase in the number of intermarriages between Jews and Christians is shown by the fact that faculties for dispensation in such cases, which formerly pertained to the Pope alone, have now been granted to some of our bishops.

"Once in a very long while," observes the Antigonish *Casket*, "a Protestant journal may be moved to inquire into the truth of a calumny against Catholics or their religion, as the *Independent* did a few months ago in the case of the stupid lie about the number of Catholic deserters from the United States forces during the Civil War. But their usual course in such cases is not only to accept the misstatement unquestioningly, but to assist in giving it currency."

Our contemporary's statement is unfortunately truer than we could wish; yet the past decade has seen a marked improvement on this very point. The more reputable of the great dailies, while still publishing much that is untrue concerning the Church and her members, certainly reject many a column that ten years ago would have been printed without hesitation. We must also, in giving the devil his due, admit that the secular press in this country publishes a great deal of truth about Catholics and their doctrines, their Church functions, their distinguished representatives, and their more important institutions. Humanity advances, and the newspapers advance with it.

It is a notable fact that the Capuchin Order was introduced into America by two devout priests, neither of whom was a religious at the time. The late Father Francis was a zealous secular priest in Switzerland when he and a companion conceived the bold idea of planting in America the Capuchin Order, which they admired in their native land. With no recognition from the authorities of the Order, and without its habit or other external details, these two brave priests crossed the Atlantic and began to live the Capuchin life. After a few years they went to Europe to consult the head of the Order; and, returning to the United States with a Capuchin Father from Switzerland, were formally received as novices. Since that time, despite many severe trials, the Order has flourished like the proverbial bay-tree, and has made its good influence powerfully felt in many places. Father Francis was made Definitor General in 1885, and until his recent death was regarded as the representative of the English-speaking Capuchins throughout the world. His companion in the introduction of the Order into this country is now the venerable superior of the Province of Calvary, Milwaukee.

Notable New Books.

Christ in Type and Prophecy. By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. Vol. II. Benziger Bros.

The second volume of this work has the same general characteristics as the first volume, and is equally deserving of public favor. It opens with a consideration of the offices of the Messias as Prophet, Priest, King, and Mediator. In the introduction the prophecies are analyzed in the light of exegetical science, and questions of structure and authorship are examined. Part VI. deals with the public life of the Messias—His teaching, His miracles, and His rejection by the Jews. In the next part the Prophecies foretelling the Passion are analyzed. The ordinary reader will frequently marvel, in the course of this chapter, at the minuteness with which the sufferings of Our Lord are predicted. His betrayal, the agony and capture, the false witnesses, the scourging, the crucifixion, the darkness, and many seemingly lesser points, are all developed from the psalms in a way to convince the sceptic and to stimulate pious meditation. The last part of the work examines the Prophecies affecting the Resurrection and the momentous events that followed it.

Catholics, and particularly the clergy, owe a debt of gratitude to Father Maas for this great work. The mere physical labor implied in it is of itself remarkable. It is a distinct service which the learned Jesuit has rendered to our exegetical literature; for, though others have labored industriously in the same field, we know of no English work into which the fruits of the best Biblical study have been so successfully gathered.

Geoffrey Austin, Student. M. H. Gill & Son.

This novel has the distinguished merit of striking a comparatively fresh note in Catholic fiction. We have always believed that novelists who spoke despairingly of the special "limitations" under which they labored as Catholics thought a bad excuse better than none. The success of Sienkiewicz brilliantly proves that a novel need lose none of its charm by maintaining an uncompromisingly Catholic tone. "Geoffrey Austin," like the work of the Polish novelist, shows, in its own way, that Catholic life is a rich field still undigged by the novelist. It is a step away from the hot-house fiction which our literary poverty has forced upon us,—a step toward the new Catholic novel, which shall have real life and manliness and substance and timber in it.

The story is not without its defects in construction. Some of its people are so vaguely sketched as to give the effect of an overcrowded canvas. There is plenty of talent in it, but little pathos, less humor, and hardly any brilliance. But it is an interesting story for all that. It is not strictly a "purpose-novel," though it meets an ugly problem squarely. The character of Catholic colleges in Ireland, as depicted in these pages, is not a flattering one, and the book affords some justification for this complaint of a student:

> "If in these so-called Catholic colleges they taught us a little more of Christianity and a little less of paganism, a little more of Christian mysteries and a little less of the worship of Isis and Osiris, a little more of God's Mother and a little less of Minerva and Aphrodite, perhaps you and I would have been better equipped for the battle of life in which we have just sustained our first fall.... *Woe to those who have kept from us the corn and the wine of life, and left us the husks and the lees!*"

It is hard to believe that the author of this book is a priest, as has been intimated in literary circles. If he were, his acquaintance with Church Latin would be more intimate than appears on page 140.

Faith and Science. By Henry F. Brownson. Published by the Author. Detroit, Mich.

American Catholics already know that Major Brownson inherits all the spirit and much of the genius of his illustrious father. That he has not made a greater number of original additions to our literature is to be attributed to his humility and his devotion to his father, in editing and republishing whose works he judged that he was rendering a greater service to religion and the Church in this country than by much original writing. What he has given us, however, has been characterized by the vigorous expression and the severe logical force of the elder Dr. Brownson.

In the first chapter of the present work the

author announces his thesis. Truth, he says, is immutable; but our grasp of principles is subjective, differing with different nations, ages, and even individuals. The new questions are only new aspects of the old ones, and require only new applications of the old solutions. Major Brownson does not believe that it is progress, or "the march of mind," which demands these new applications; but rather obscuration of intellect and feebleness of character, which make the old solutions partially unintelligible or too difficult to practise.

In the second chapter he shows that Dr. Brownson's philosophy, like all true philosophy, is at once synthetic and analytical; though with him synthesis controls analysis. This is in accordance with St. Thomas rightly understood; and Major Brownson shows in an interesting chapter that his father's works are in full harmony with the teachings of the Angelic Doctor. In a kindly spirit he urges a severe indictment against the method of teaching philosophy in our Catholic colleges, which, he says—and, we believe, truly—is condemned by its results. The inadequacy of Rationalism and the absurdity of agnostic evolution is next shown, and in the final chapter his thesis is treated more directly. Science and Faith, he has already shown, can not be mutually hostile. Revelation supposes reason, and theology supposes philosophy. They are mutually correlated, as integral parts of one whole. Finally, Revelation is considered not as an object of faith, but as an instrument of science.

Most of these themes, it is true, have already been ably handled; but, in spite of the almost technical severity of Major Brownson's style, we doubt if they have yet been offered to American Catholics in so vigorous and consistent a form as they take in "Faith and Science."

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIA PELLETIER, first Superior-General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, of Angers. By A. M. Clarke. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros.

This interesting biography of a saintly religious is a timely and appreciative tribute to her zeal and sanctity; for July 31, 1896, will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rose Pelletier, the subject of this memoir. The troubled state of the country during her earlier years must have had considerable influence on her life; for "tales of heroic deeds, of patriotic courage, and of sufferings cheerfully endured for the sake of God and of Holy Church," were the first stories she heard. She made her First Communion when she was eleven years old, and at that tender age she felt the grace of a divine call, and never afterward doubted that she had a religious vocation. Her biographer tells us that "hers was one of those strong, resolute characters, equally potent for evil or good, according as nature or grace prevails." And, commenting further, she says: "It is such characters as these that Providence chooses as His instruments when a great work has to be done." Rose's vivacity as a young girl was such as to cause anxiety to the good Ursulines who had charge of her education. On one occasion a Sister said to her: "Take care, child; you will be an angel or a demon."—"Oh, no!" was the reply; "I shall be neither: I shall be a nun."—The Sister answered: "How can you say such a thing with such a disposition as yours!" to which she said, gravely: "I shall have to be thoroughly broken in, but I shall be a nun." These words were verified, and in 1815 Rose Pelletier became a nun of the Good Shepherd, assuming the name of Sister Mary Euphrasia. The great favors she received from God, her trials of soul, her zeal in reclaiming sinners, her installation as superior at the age of twenty-nine, her institution of the branch of the Congregation called the Magdalens, and her labors to found and maintain a generalate,—all are related in a direct style which appeals to the reader by its sincerity.

Many beautiful lessons of self-sacrifice, of patience under great trials, of heroic fortitude, make this life of Mother Euphrasia eminently suitable for spiritual reading in communities or for the laity.

THE ROMAN COURT. By the Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L. Hoffmann Brothers Co.

The fact that there has hitherto been no book in English explaining the character of that organization which, for lack of a better name, we may call the "Roman Court" is

reason enough for welcoming Father Baart's worthy treatise. If another reason were wanting, however, it might be found in the hesitancy of even well-informed Catholics and the ridiculous blunders of the secular press whenever any question of Papal custom or precedent is touched on. The present volume, therefore, is useful and timely. It offers a sufficiently adequate explanation of the functions special to the Holy Father, to the Cardinals to the Roman Congregations, Tribunals, Legates, Apostolic Vicars, Prothonotaries, and other prelates of the Church. The ceremonies attending the investiture of a cardinal, the manner of holding a conclave, and other Church functions more or less familiar, are also lucidly set forth. We would suggest, however, that in the second edition, which is sure to be called for, a complete topical index be inserted at the end of the volume.

POUR LA PATRIE: ROMAN DU VINGTIÈME SIÈCLE. By J. P. Tardivel. Montreal: Cadieux & Derome.

It is gratifying to discover among new publications a French novel which differs *toto cœlo* from the common type, and which makes for religion and virtue as positively as most of the class whose generic name it bears make for indifferentism and vice. The pleasure of such a discovery is so rarely granted to the Catholic reviewer that he may well delight in unreservedly commending to his readers a thoroughly excellent French novel,—a fictitious narrative that is not only admirable as a work of art, but elevating and ennobling in the spirit which permeates it and in the emotions which it excites.

"Pour la Patrie" (For Country) is a politico-religious novel of the twentieth century, and deals with the future conditions and ultimate destiny of the Province of Quebec. What that destiny is, in the forecast of the author, may best be understood from this extract from his preface: "God has planted in the heart of every French Canadian patriot a 'flower of hope.' It is the yearning for the establishment, along the banks of the St. Lawrence, of a new France, whose mission will be to continue on the American continent the work of Christian civilization which was prosecuted by old France through so many centuries and with so much glory." To promote the cultivation and growth of this flower, and to destroy some of the noxious herbs by which it is surrounded, is the avowed purpose of the novel; and the reader who lays the book aside after an attentive perusal can easily believe that the purpose may be successfully accomplished.

The action of the story begins in 1945. The political situation of Canada in that year is peculiar. England, already for some years only a third-class power, has been compelled by the United States to sever the tie that bound to her the last of her colonies, Canada; and the Dominion is free and independent. Canadian sentiment is divided as to the use that shall be made of this freedom. One party favors the *statu quo*. They would have the Governor-General elected by the people, and allow the actual system of confederation to continue. Another party, that demands a legislative union, is composed for the most part of advanced radicals, notorious Freemasons, the avowed enemies of the Church and of the French Canadian element. Yet another party is that of the Separatists, whose desire is to declare the Province of Quebec a separate and independent state. Among its adherents are not only the mass of the clergy and the practical Catholics of Quebec, but many able statesmen, Protestant and Catholic, of the other provinces.

The political contest that is waged to settle the question is at bottom a struggle between Freemasonry and Luciferianism on the one hand, and Catholic piety, virtue, and heroism on the other. It is a struggle in which the reader soon finds himself taking an absorbing interest; for it is one which the author manages with consummate skill.

"Pour la Patrie" is a strong, well-knit, and intensely interesting work,—a Catholic novel, the perusal of which is as bracing to the soul as the most excellent spiritual reading. From the prologue—a Luciferian's invocation to Eblis, the everlasting enemy of Adonai—to the epilogue—a Christian idyl of the passing away of a Carthusian Saint,—the narrative inspires one with noble sentiments and love of virtue, and a revivified faith in the efficacy of prayer and sacrifice.

A MEMOIR OF FATHER DIGNAM, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. Printed for the Poor Servants of the Mother of God. The Convent, Brentford, London.

A book that unveils the workings of a pure soul for the edification and encouragement of others must always find a class of interested readers, and such a one is this memoir of Father Dignam. A guileless heart, zealous for the higher life of the soul, was his; and his best efforts were spent in directing others on the path to perfection, he himself leading the way. We learn from this book that the chief labor of his life was the revival and more perfect establishment of the confraternity called the "Apostleship of Prayer." The religious community known by the name of the Poor Servants of God owe much to his active interest, as well as those religious who were recipients of his letters of spiritual direction In the words of his biographer: "These letters show their writer for what he was—a religious consistently and wholly devoted to his vocation from first to last; a man of the Exercises, ever forming himself upon the teaching of St. Ignatius, and ever growing in personal attachment to Our Lord." Their charm lies in their simplicity and sincerity, and the lessons they teach may well be laid to heart by those traversing the path of the religious life.

THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR WOMEN OF THE WORLD. By Mgr. Le Courtier. Translated from the French by Marie C. Redfern. Murphy & Co.

These wise counsels breathe the spirit of an apostle who realizes the spiritual needs of women of the world, and who also appreciates the obstacles which the world places in the way of sanctification. Dress, the observance of Sunday, the duties of mothers, conversation among women, and prayer, are some of the topics treated in this admirable series of conferences. Notwithstanding a certain French atmosphere surrounding these points of advice, one is reminded of Father Faber's warnings to women of the world who vainly try to reconcile a life of piety with a life of frivolity and fashion.

The importance of the maxims laid down by the saintly Bishop of Montpellier causes us to hesitate in finding fault with the translation; for Miss Redfern has done a good work in placing these holy counsels before English-speaking women. But the translator is too literal in the interpretation,—a fault common to amateurs in this line of work. Indeed, there are some instances where the meaning is far from clear; as, for example, the answer to the question, "What, then, can be done on Sunday?" (page 143.) Those who read in order to derive benefit for their soul, however, will look to the beautiful spirit rather than to the letter.

Obituary.

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

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

The Very Rev. Thomas English, of Maitland, Australia; the Rev. Daniel O'Keefe, Killarney, Ireland; and the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Gleeson, of the Diocese of Buffalo, who lately departed this life.

Mother Louise and Sisters Cecilia, Dominica, and Johanna, O. S. D., Benicia, Cal.; and Sister Mary Angelus, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Allegheny Pa., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. William Barry, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death at St. Joseph, Canada, on the 20th ult.

Count Edward Taaffe, who passed away on the 29th ult., at Ellischau, Bohemia.

Mrs. Francis Clarke, of Lancaster, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 30th ult.

Mr. P. Moore, who yielded his soul to God on the 20th of October, at Wood River, Neb.

Mrs. Mary A. Scannell, who breathed her last on the 8th ult., in Lowell, Mass.

Mr. John J. Desch, who died on the 5th inst., in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. William Gillespie, Mr. William Mullen, and Miss Hannah Cronin, of E. Liverpool, Ohio; Miss Jane Murphy, Derby, Conn.; Mr. Daniel Conroy, Queen's Co., Ireland; Mr. John O'Connor, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; Mrs. Elizabeth Hammell, Mr. John Milligan, Miss Mary Milligan, and Mrs. Ellen Powers, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Rellihan, Co. Kerry, Ireland; Miss Hannah Tracey, Boston, Mass.; Mrs Catherine Condon, Somerset, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen M. Clarke, Newport, R. I.; Mary Tormey, Bridget O'Rorke, and Edward Hanly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Michael Quinn, Cambridge, Mass.; also Miss Nora Cassea, Ireland.

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

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Lilian's Compromise.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

"BUT, papa darling, couldn't you try the 'Golden Rule?'"

"The *what?*" asked Mr. Carleton, in surprise; and he fairly dropped his paper as he faced round upon his daughter.

Lilian bent her head over her piece of embroidery; a faint flush rose to her cheek, and the slender fingers which held her needle trembled visibly. Her gentle voice was quite firm, however, as she uttered her next words:

"Yes, papa, I know it sounds unworldly, unbusiness-like; but, somehow, I think—yes, I *do* think it—it might succeed. And, O papa!"—here she let her work fall and clasped her hands with an appealing though perfectly natural gesture,—"O papa! the men are suffering so cruelly; their poor families are actually starving! Surely you can not be indifferent in this case."

Tears stood in the limpid eyes and seemed on the verge of falling.

Mr. Carleton, man-like, began to fear a scene. He bent forward and hastily snatched his paper from the carpet.

"And if they are, whose fault is it?" he demanded, rather sternly. "Why in the world do they allow these 'walking delegates' to lead them by the nose whenever and wherever their Royal Highnesses so please? Talk of freedom indeed! Why, they have no more freedom than so many caged canaries! Bless me, child! the half of our men don't know what they are striking for. So-and-so orders a general strike, and out they go."

Mr. Carleton threw himself back in his luxurious chair, and drew his brows together in a perplexed and anxious frown.

Lilian looked at him piteously, but she, too, was silent. She was thoroughly aware that much of what her father said was true and logical. Undoubtedly, the men *were* led by their self-appointed "masters," and many did not really know their own chief grievance. Yet to the young girl's sensitive perceptions it was clear that there was something dreadfully wrong somewhere. If her father would only think of them and treat them with more habitual kindliness. If the men would only grow less bitter; if they would only believe that *all* rich people did not want to be always cheating! Lilian had done a great deal of hard thinking on the subject. This sixteen-year-old maiden had a warm, affectionate heart, ready sympathies, and a sweet, beneficent charity, which made her a frequent figure among the poor of Melton.

The great strike had been going on for three weeks now, and the girl knew whereof she spoke. The families of many of the strikers were indeed in want. This evening's appeal to her father was not the first she had made, and it would seem to bid fair to be as useless as the rest. Lilian realized this with a pang. Then her brave spirit rose within her, and she resolved she would not be defeated so

easily. She had an idea. It seemed to her pure, girlish heart very simple, but very sacred,—so sacred indeed that she sensitively shrank from clothing it in words. Yet there seemed to be no help for it: her father would never understand what she *meant*. She must *say* it, and say it plainly too.

So it had just been said—at least the beginning of it,—with, as we have seen, a very unpromising reception. Yet before Lilian's mind rose the picture of a famine-stricken, fireless home; a home in which squalor and want and all misery reigned supreme; a home wherein little children were crying for food; a home wherein a heart-broken wife and mother toiled from morn till long, long after dark over the washing, whereby a scanty sustenance was earned; while hopeless, miserable, out of work, the husband hung around; or, worse still, spent his idle hours in the gin-shops of the town.

And Lilian could well remember that this man had not been always so situated. They had seemed a contented enough family while the head was bringing in his regular weekly wages, earned by his work in the mill. Of course theirs was a "hand-to-mouth" existence even in the best of times, with such a large family; but at least the Demon of Discontent had formerly found no place at their fireside. Lilian had always been a very welcome visitor,—one who brought sunshine and plenty in her train; and Tim Kipp had ever been very grateful, and very eager too, for his weekly package of tobacco.

Now all was different. Of late she had gone on several occasions with material help proffered with that sweet, generous sympathy with which she was overflowing. She was received, however, with cold looks and averted eyes. Twice Tim had been distinctly surly, and once he had hurled forth a few words which had cruelly stabbed "her father's daughter." "She and all her class are grinding oppressors, the natural enemies of the poor, whose very life-blood they are draining. And charity!—I want none of *their* charity!"

Lilian walked home, dazed, bewildered. Was it true? Did her father and the other partners "grind" anybody down? And how dreadful it was to be so hated! She shuddered and hid her face as she recalled the man's look when he made that awful accusation. He was unkempt, unshaved, and his bloodshot eyes had glittered almost as a wild animal's might.

Lilian cried, prayed, and all through the whole of one afternoon struggled with desperate, pathetic earnestness with the great question which is convulsing the world to-day. Then, suddenly and almost simultaneously with the last gleam of the sunset glow, a light seemed to burst upon her. She had found the solution of the problem. Let there be only a little more love and forbearance in the world, and all would come right. Her father *must* understand. She spoke now, though with noticeably less firmness than in the beginning.

"I know, papa," she said, "that the men are somewhat to blame; but if all, on both sides, agreed to do as they would wish to be done by, don't you think it would settle matters?" She glanced up timidly as she ceased speaking.

Her father's former mood had changed during the short interval of silence. He leaned slightly forward, in a listening attitude; the frown still puckered his brow, but the lines about the mouth had softened perceptibly. His young, motherless daughter was the "apple of his eye." How wonderfully pretty she was, with that soft light shining in her eyes, that rose-tint on her upturned cheek, and that half-pleading, half-confident air!

The sight brought with it the memory of days long gone; and beside Lilian's rose another figure, wonderfully like, but even more enchantingly fair, with the

face, the voice, the gesture of his Isabel, his long dead wife. He and she had been poor in those early days, but never too poor, as Isabel was wont to remark, to share with their still poorer neighbors. He recalled the fact that she had on one occasion actually given her last and only pair of shoes to a footsore and weary beggar-woman. She had certainly had very romantic and impractical ideas; but her heart had never been at fault, and he knew he had even loved her all the more for her unworldly notions. And now Lilian, his Lilian—ah, she was indeed her mother's daughter!

"Come here, little one!" he said, in a strangely husky voice.

Lilian got up, and, going to his chair, knelt beside him, softly stroking his large, prosperous-looking hand with her own small white one.

"Dear papa," she pleaded, leaning her fair head against his arm, "just think, could you and I live on six dollars a week? Why, I myself know the marketing alone for one meal in this house sometimes comes to that. Is it not hard to ask Tim and Mrs. Kipp and the five children to try to get along on it?"

Her father's free hand rested heavily upon her silky curls.

"It's mighty small," he acknowledged; "but at present we can not afford any more, my child. The times are very bad, you know; and we are running unusually heavy risks as it is."

Lilian sighed, and looked her keen disappointment.

"Oh, I wish I could do something!" she cried, in a voice full of repressed emotion. "Papa *is* there no way out of the trouble?"

Mr. Carleton shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he replied. "If the hands do not give in by to-morrow night, we shall be forced to send for outside substitutes. There is no help for it."

His daughter shuddered. She divined the increased bad feeling and misery that would then ensue.

"If I could only help—if I could only help!" she murmured, half to herself and half aloud.

Her father said nothing, even restraining himself from caressing her by a strong effort. Truth to tell, he was afraid of Lilian to-night; for every moment she seemed to grow more and more like Isabel, and he had never been able to say "No" to Isabel. Why, before he knew it, she might even suggest bringing the whole Kipp brood to reside in their own spacious mansion till better times. It was, of course, wildly improbable; but not too improbable, he felt, to occur to Isabel's daughter.

His worst fears seemed as if about to be confirmed by the sudden brightening of Lilian's countenance. Evidently some new idea *had* occurred to her. He drew away the hand which she had been stroking, and involuntarily stiffened up in his chair. Lilian looked surprised, but let it pass.

"Papa," she said, in a low but concentrated voice, "when do the partners meet again?"

"To-morrow night."

"Where, please?"

"Here, in the library this time."

The frown had deepened upon Mr. Carleton's brow, but Lilian grew more radiant each moment. She had risen in her eagerness, and now stood smiling down upon him.

"The strike shall be ended to-morrow night," she announced, in the coolest, most matter-of-fact manner. Her eyes belied her, however; for they fairly danced in her head, and smiles played hide-and-seek among her soft dimples.

"We certainly intend it shall be ended to-morrow night," was the dry remark, as the father turned away his face that he might avoid the witchery of those eyes.

What was the spell on him to-night, and what did the child mean? The big man felt himself actually quake before this little feminine champion of the oppressed.

But his daughter translated his evident uneasinesss in another way.

"You poor papa!" she said, caressingly. "You are tired and worried; and longing for your evening nap, too, I am sure. Just lie down on the lounge, darling, and let me read you to sleep."

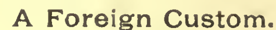
Inwardly much relieved at the turn the conversation had taken, the "poor papa" willingly allowed himself to be "coddled," and seemed to enjoy it very much. Lilian brought his easiest slippers, arranged the down cushions, smoothed his hair from his temples with her soft, gentle touch; tucked him round, adjusted the shade between his eyes and the light; and then sat down by the table a little distance away, and began to read aloud the evening paper. In ten minutes her father was sound asleep.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

What One Boy Did.

It is very common, when reading the papers, to meet with some essay written by a boy; and these essays are almost always amusing and make us laugh. But the other day an essay was published in a New York paper at which no one smiled. On the contrary, many shed tears; and yet it, too, was written by a boy, and a fun-loving one as well,—a lad who could play football and cricket, and who could ride a horse as well as a bicycle. The title of the composition at which no one smiled was "What a Boy Can Do." It is too long to quote entire, but these were its closing words: "A boy can be a blessing to his fellow-pupils, to his teachers, to his parents, and to his country, and an honor to God on high."

Fred—that was his name—was an only son and a great favorite. He was especially fond of reading, and had collected quite a library of his own. He had saved out of his pocket-money about three hundred dollars, which was to help toward the education he hoped to have. But the career his friends prophesied for him was not to be. The week after writing the essay on "What a Boy Can Do" he died; and he asked, when he knew he must go, that his books and his money should be used to found a library for poor boys. So, you see, he was the best proof that even a little fellow can do a great deal; and you will understand why his friends read his essay without a smile.



A Foreign Custom.

Many things are done in foreign countries which would seem strange to us. In France, for instance, there are numerous boards to be seen in the country on which are painted instructions, telling the farm hands and boys of the families just which wild animals and insects should be killed and which spared. The first thing that the board says is: "This board is placed under the protection of the common-sense and honesty of the public." This is trusting the people, and the confidence is repaid by the perfect protection of the signs: not one has ever been defaced or destroyed.

The only animal life that the peasants are told to take is that of the rats, mice, and May-bugs, which are deadly enemies to farmers. Hedgehogs, the board says, live upon things injurious to plants; so do moles and toads, and they are to be spared. So is every bird of every kind; for birds, without exception, spend most of their time industriously destroying the insects which otherwise would spoil the vines and grain.

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

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Our Lady's Expectation.

AS steal the first grey heralds of the morn
In ripples of light o'er the sea,
So rapturous thrills of a joy unborn
Must have come, O Mary, to thee!
Faint tremblings of waves whose low refrain
Soft beat on the shores of thy virginal heart,
Where finite and Infinite both had part.

Of the Word was that wordless melody,
And His Heart was the heart of the ecstasy
That whispered of Peace to be born of pain,
When over Judea the glad refrain
Should be sung by angels Christmas morn,
In heavenly harmony—Christ is born!

The Approaching Feast.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

FEW, if any, of the feasts of the Christian year are celebrated on the precise day on which the event they commemorate took place. Those that are not celebrated on certain days of the month, but rather on certain days of the week, are divided into two groups. All those from Septuagesima Sunday to Trinity Sunday have Easter as their common centre; and Easter varies with each succeeding year, within a given cycle. The other group, which extends from the first Sunday of Advent to the Octave of Epiphany, has Christmas for its centre. It shall be the purpose of the present article to treat of the feast of Christmas, and to answer, if possible, a few of the questions that suggest themselves in connection with it.

I. The name of this beautiful feast is composed of the words *Christ* and *Mass*, and means the Mass of Christ—the Mass on Christ's day. We have a number of examples of the union of two words in this manner. In the time of the guilds and trades-unions it was customary for each separate organization, or group of organizations, to have its own patron saint. The members were required to hear Mass on the feast of the patron; and in time the custom was adopted of calling the Mass by the name of the saint. We read, for example, of Michaelmas, Martinmas, St. Johnsmas, etc. The names Christmas and Candlemas, being universal in the Church, have not gone out of use in the lapse of time.

II. A more important inquiry is, In what year was Christ born? Authorities are not at one on this point; on the contrary, the greatest diversity of opinion exists. Two systems of chronology are here to be taken into account: that of the Bible, and that of the foundation of the city of Rome—or year of the city, as was the common expression throughout the

vast Roman Empire. The Biblical system of computation is twofold—namely, the Hebrew original and the Septuagint, or Greek translation begun at Alexandria in Egypt some two hundred and eighty years before Christ. Great diversity of opinion exists with regard to the true Hebrew chronology. Our common English translation of the Bible fixes the birth of Christ in the year 4000, which is four years earlier than the usual reckoning of the Christian era, or A. D. This computation is adopted by Pope Benedict XIV. in his learned treatise on the feasts. Kitto, in his valuable work, says there are about one hundred and forty different computations; as witness the following: Usher gives 4004 years; Playfair, 4007; Hales, 5411; and Jackson, 5426. These take into account both the Hebrew and the Septuagint chronology. It may safely be said that the Hebrew text of the Bible and the Septuagint made from it furnish no perfect system of chronology.

It was not the intention of the Holy Spirit in inspiring the writers of the several books of the Old Testament to give a perfect system of chronology, but only to record such portions of the history of the dealings of God with man as would be necessary for the purposes which He had in view,—a subject which it does not enter into our purpose to treat of. The Bible itself furnishes the clearest evidence of this; for in examining the lists of patriarchs and kings, the durations of whose lives or reigns are stated, we find the omission of names at various places. It is equally evident from the fact that learned men who have made a careful study of the subject in almost every age have differed to the extent of more than fourteen hundred years. The Roman Martyrology gives the date of the birth of Christ as 5199. The Jewish historian Josephus has also a system of chronology differing from all those referred to above. We are forced to the conclusion that it is impossible to know with certainty what year of the creation, or, if you prefer it, what year of the existence of man upon earth, his Heaven-sent Redeemer appeared in the little town of Bethlehem.

We have next to consider the year of the birth of Christ according to the Roman computation. At the time of the birth of our Divine Redeemer the Romans held sway over the greater part of the known world, including the Jewish country, and estimated time from the building of their city. Father Didon has made a careful study of the authorities on this subject, and he sums them up in Appendix A. of his learned work, "Jesus Christ: Our Saviour's Person, Mission, and Spirit." I shall be content with quoting from him, and referring the reader for a fuller treatment of the subject to his pages. He says: "A Scythian monk, Dyonisius the Little, abbot of a monastery at Rome, who died in the year 556, placed the birth of Jesus in the year 754 from the foundation of Rome, and the year 4714 of the Julian period. This date was universally accepted by Christians up to the seventeenth century, and has determined that which has been called the 'Vulgar era.'... In relation to the exact year of the birth of Jesus, scholars hesitate between the year 747 and 751 from the foundation of Rome. For His entrance into public life they hesitate between the year 30 and 31." Four texts of Scripture enter into the fixing of the date of His birth: St. Matthew, ii, 1; St. Luke, ii, 1; St. Matthew, ii, 2, 16; and St. Luke, iii, 23. Father Didon concludes: "An attentive study of these various *data* obliges us to fix the birth of Jesus after the year 746 and before the year 751; for the census in Judea could not at the earliest have taken place before the year 747, and Herod died in the course of the year 750–51." Investigation, it appears, can arrive at nothing more exact than this; and with it we must rest content. Let us now consider an inquiry

with regard to the precise day upon which this important event took place.

III. It is needless to say that for centuries the Church, and from it the world at large, has celebrated December 25 as the date of the coming of the Redeemer of mankind. Authorities are not agreed as to whether or not our Saviour was actually born on December 25, as tradition is not uniform. Clement of Alexandria mentions the opinion of some who placed it on April 20, and of others who thought it took place on the 20th of May; while St. Epiphanius and Cassian state that in Egypt Christ was believed to have been born on January 6. Others again would have it in October. An objection was raised against December 25; because, it was maintained, that was the wet season in Judea, and shepherds could not have kept their flocks in the open air. In the face of a constant tradition to the contrary, however, this objection is not worthy of notice.

The establishing of the feast of the birth of Christ on the day on which it is now celebrated is attributed by the decretal letters to Pope Telesphorus, who died in the year 138. But the first certain traces of it are found in the time of the Emperor Commodus, who ruled from 180 to 192. In the fourth century, on the application of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Pope Julius I., who ruled the Church from 337 to 352, issued an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's Nativity. The result of the inquiry of the theologians of the East and the West was an agreement on the 25th of December. The chief grounds for the decision were the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome. While it is not certain that this is the exact date, it has been observed since that time. This is in harmony with the remark of S. Chrysostom in one of his sermons in 386, where he says: "It is not ten years since this day was clearly known to us, but it has been familiar from the beginning to those who dwell in the West.... The Romans, who have celebrated it for a long time, and from ancient tradition, have transmitted the knowledge of it to us."

IV. The following remarks on the present condition of the spot where Christ was born, taken from Father Vetromile's "Travels in Europe and the Holy Land," will doubtless be interesting to the reader at this time. Speaking of the church erected in Bethlehem over the spot where our Divine Saviour was born—a description of which would occupy too much space,—he says:

"The main altar is dedicated to the Wise Men of the East. On the pavement at the foot of the altar there is a marble star which corresponds with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that led the Wise Men became stationary. The spot were our Saviour was born is exactly underneath this marble star, in the subterranean Church of the Manger. The subterranean church... is entered by two spiral staircases of fifteen steps each; one belonging to the Latins, the other to the Armenians and Greeks. This most sacred sanctuary is irregular, because it occupies the irregular site of the stable. It is hewn out of the rock, and is a little over thirty-seven feet in length, eleven broad, and nine high. The floor, the place where our Saviour was born, and the site of the Manger, are cased with beautiful marble, the work of St. Helena; but the walls and ceiling are covered with fine tapestry, now falling into rags; and nobody dares to repair or replace them, for fear of the jealousy of the schismatics. No light penetrates from the outside; but the crypt is illuminated by the thirty-two lamps, sent by different princes, which burn day and night. The original entrance is walled up; at the farther extremity, on the east side, is the spot where the Blessed Virgin brought forth the Redeemer of the world. The spot is marked by a circle

of marble, covered with jasper; and a circular plate of silver, surrounded by rays of the same material, around which are written the following words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

'Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.'... A fine rich marble altar is erected over this spot, which belongs to the Greeks. About seven paces to the south is the Manger. It is a low recess excavated out of the rock, two steps lower than the crypt. The spot where the Infant Jesus was laid upon straw is marked by a block of marble hollowed in the form of a manger, and raised one foot above the floor. It belongs to the Latins, but the altar is located two paces opposite to the Manger, on the site where the Blessed Virgin sat when presenting the Child to be adored by the Wise Men."

V. It was formerly the custom in certain places to celebrate more than one Mass on some of the greater feasts of the Church. The custom of celebrating three Masses on Christmas Day survived, and came gradually into general use; it has a mystic signification, and denotes the threefold birth of Christ—His being begotten of the Father before all ages, His birth in time of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and His birth by grace in the hearts of the faithful. In Rome it was the custom of the Popes to celebrate the first Mass in the Church of St. Mary Major, or the Liberian Basilica; the second in the Church of St. Anastasia, whose feast falls on the same day; and the third in the church of the Vatican.

This beautiful custom could not have come into existence until about the end of the fourth century, because Pope St. Liberius, after whom the Basilica is sometimes named, died in the year 366. Again, the first Mass was celebrated at midnight, because it is certain from the words of St. Luke (ii, 8) that Christ was born in the night; and it has always been the pious belief of Christians that He was born at midnight. The fact that the second Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Anastasia removes an objection that might occur to some persons—that the feast was instituted before the early part of the fourth century; for it is well known that no commemoration of a saint is introduced into the Mass of any of the great feasts. Anastasia is said to have belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Rome, and was martyred in the year 304. Her church was doubtless a place of special devotion for the faithful; hence it was selected for the second Mass, and her commemoration was introduced to honor her memory. Besides, the second Mass is the least solemn of the three. Among the greater feasts of the Church Christmas occupies the third place; Easter being first, and Pentecost second.

I shall not pause to speak of the many social and other customs that have from time immemorial circled around this feast. The spirit of the season, however, is admirably embodied in the following lines, which may appropriately conclude our study of the Christmas feast:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That single night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all.
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of Salvation down.
England was Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

So bear your cross that those coming after you may derive strength and courage from your example.

A Life's Labyrinth.

XVIII.—The Hand of Justice.

AFTER Constance had breakfasted she went to the chapel to ask for help and guidance. On her return she took a roundabout way through the garden, her thoughts full of Lord Kingscourt and the revelation she was about to make to him. Her hands loosely clasped in front of her, her eyes intent on the ground, she was brought sharply to herself by a cry of glad surprise.

"O Alice!—Constance!—I know not which to call you, but it is indeed your dear self!" exclaimed the voice of Lord Kingscourt. "How came you here?"

"What!" cried the girl, in surprise. "Did you not know? Did you not receive my telegram?"

"No," he answered. "When and where did you send it? Is anything wrong? And tell me, why are you here?"

"Are you at leisure just now?" she asked, looking timidly about her for a spot where she might pour forth her heart unseen. "Have you business to transact with the Marquis?"

"None whatever," he replied. "I was in London yesterday; met the Marquis there, and he asked me to come down with him to Mountheron for a day and a night. I confess it was with the hope of seeing you at Cliffbourne that I accepted the invitation. Again, Alice, why are you here, and what about the telegram?"

"Call me Constance in future," she said, looking at him with a smile whose sweetness was tempered by sadness. "I like the name of Constance better."

"It shall be as you wish," he replied, drawing her hand through his arm.

"I have much to tell you," she said. "Many things of great moment to me have happened since I saw you last. I want your counsel, your sympathy; for I have much to do. I telegraphed you to Cumberlandshire."

"The telegram must have reached there after I left for London," said the Earl.

"Providence sent you," answered the young girl. "And now where can we go that we shall not be interrupted?"

"Are you equal to a walk on the beach?" inquired the Earl, anxiously. "You are not looking well: you are thin and pale."

"I should like a walk on the beach very much," was the reply. "There we shall have the best opportunity to converse as long as we choose. I came here on Friday, to remain with Mrs. Ingestre until Lady Cliffbourne's return from London, where she went on Saturday. That is how I happen to be at Mountheron. *Why* I am here I will tell you later on."

"At last I hope you are about to clear up the mystery of your being in England," said the Earl. "I had resolved, before I came down, to use all my efforts to persuade you once more to do so."

"And I have resolved to do so," replied Constance. "I rely upon you henceforward as my aid and ally; and the measure of your assistance will be the test of your fidelity, my Lord."

Again she met his eyes with a smile in her own, and his face wore an expression she had never seen before.

"My darling," he said, clasping her hand, "you look like one who has passed through some terrible ordeal. Do not keep me in suspense; tell me all—*all!*"

They had reached the long, level beach. Above them stretched the irregular cliffs, from whose heights they had descended by the accustomed path. A moment before Constance had not known how she would begin her remarkable story; but a sudden thought came to her, and she acted upon it. Dropping Lord Kingscourt's arm, and standing erect before him, in an attitude that Lady Cliffbourne often assumed, her head thrown back, her arms held loosely at her sides, she said:

"Lord Kingscourt, is there any one of whom I remind you—any woman?"

He answered, without either hesitation or surprise:

"You are remarkably like Lady Cliffbourne. I observed it the day we lunched together at the castle."

"And my eyes, Lord Kingscourt? Are they like those of any one you know—or have seen?"

"They are the most beautiful eyes in the world, Constance," he replied. "I thought so the first time I gazed into their innocent depths. And they lack but one quality—that of melancholy—to make them the exact counterpart of your father's eyes."

"And you can not divine who I am?"

The Earl slowly shook his head.

"Ah, I had forgotten!" cried Constance, with deep emotion. "You were too young when it happened. You did not know him then. It would be impossible for you to conjecture the truth: that I resemble my mother in form and feature, and that I have the eyes of my father, without their melancholy—the heritage of the tragedy of years and tears that have separated them so long. How could you know, my Lord, that I am not Constance Strange, but Constance Stratford, here to establish that father's innocence, and to restore to him his name, his home, his wife, to whom he has been faithful, and who, I believe, has mourned him during all these desolate years?"

For a moment the Earl was speechless, but his habitual presence of mind soon reasserted itself.

"Constance Stratford!" he exclaimed, seizing her hands and clasping them to his bosom. "Yes, you are Constance Stratford. No one who once heard it could ever doubt it. Now I can understand all that seemed strange and unreasonable in your father's attitude toward me; now I can see the barrier that interposed between us,—the secret of his sad and secluded life. But, Constance," he continued, in an impassioned manner, "while I think no deed of heroism or filial love impossible to her who dared to brave the robber Spiridion, of whom a kingdom lay in terror; while I swear this moment that no power on earth, no barrier of circumstance, shall ever tear you from me, I can yet divine how useless is the task you have undertaken; how utterly hopeless and terrible its results must be."

"Ah, my Lord, you are mistaken there!" answered Constance, in a voice full of a confidence which surprised him. "It is because I know I possess the knowledge which will clear my beloved father that I have summoned you here."

"Do not call me Lord Kingscourt," pleaded the Earl. "Say Alfred, even as I address you by your own sweet name. You know that all I *can* do I *will* do; but this is a matter that was passed upon when we were both children, and I fear it is only your filial love which leads you to believe that the judgment of man or the decree of Fate can now be altered."

"Let us walk on," remarked Constance. "Here we may be noticed, and you can not judge until I have told you all."

The voice of the young girl was not free from emotion as she told her tale; but it was strong, and her manner fearless, hopeful, and full of courage. Her naturally heroic spirit seemed to have returned to her. In the face of all she had heard and experienced, she impressed Lord Kingscourt as one almost supernaturally endowed. Slowly and clearly she told her sad story, without a single interruption from her listener; and when she had finished the Earl still remained silent, astounded, overwhelmed, and withal, in spite of himself and his belief in her, somewhat incredulous. At length he said:

"There can be but one explanation of what you have told me, dear Constance; yet I have often heard my mother say that when your uncle was murdered

Lord Ingestre was absent in Italy; that he was hurriedly summoned from there immediately afterward. While I have never heard him express any doubt of your father's guilt, I have several times known him to say that it was entirely incompatible with his whole character as he knew it. Once in particular, and that not so long ago, I remember the subject was alluded to in some way, and he said that he had never felt comfortable in the position so sadly thrust upon him. These remarks were unsolicited, and they certainly bear the impress of sincerity. If he is that which from your narrative you have shown him to be, then he is a hypocrite indeed; and, though he were my dearest friend, I should do all in my power to have him brought to justice."

"I do not think the Marquis actually participated in the murder," answered the girl. "I believe it was a conspiracy between him and the valet to obtain possession of the diamonds."

"It is inconceivable," observed the Earl; "and yet it may, it *must* be true. At one time the Marquis led a wild life, and I have heard that the former Marquis had often paid his debts."

"Has he been an intimate friend of yours?" asked Constance.

"No," replied Lord Kingscourt, without hesitation; "but our families have been friends from time immemorial, I might say. When I returned from Greece I met him in London, and he invited me down; and I was anxious also to renew my association with dear Lady Cliffbourne."

After a long walk they retraced their steps,—Lord Kingscourt having decided that it would be best that he should accompany the Marquis to London on the morrow, and there present the case to his own legal adviser as a hypothetical one, without mentioning any names. This solution once arrived at, Constance strove to dismiss her anxiety for the present, as being useless and productive of no result on the matter in question. Indeed, she was more calm than the Earl; probably because the subject was one on which she had thought and dreamed for months, while to him it was a new and terrible revelation. As they approached the castle he said:

"I do not think I am equal to a meeting with Ingestre just yet. I will retire to my room, and ask to have some luncheon sent up, on a plea of a sick headache,—my head *does* ache, I assure you. I wonder that you are not completely upset by these terrible occurrences."

When they parted he held her hand in his for a moment, saying:

"My darling Constance, you are the bravest woman that ever lived! Were I a theosophist, I should be tempted to believe that the spirit of Joan of Arc had again become embodied in that slender frame, which, frail and girlish as it is, has already dared and done so much."

Constance smiled. "Your thoughts and those of Mrs. Mathews run in the same channel," she replied, but would explain no further.

"A good, brave woman she is!" said the Earl. "What a Providence that you should have met her here! Without her what would you have done, friendless and alone as you were? But I must see you again before I leave; for we have yet much to say to each other. Might we not have another walk on the beach after dinner? It will be moonlight and the tide low."

"I hope the necessity for concealment and clandestine meetings will soon be over," said Constance. "Nothing can be more disagreeable than to have to steal away in the silence of night, as though one were a plotter or dissembler."

"Especially on one's own domain!" remarked the Earl, with a deep sigh. "Alas that it should be so!"

Having promised to meet at the end of the shrubbery at nine, they separated,—

Constance going at once to seek Mrs. Mathews, who had been wondering at her long absence, conjecturing that she had met Lord Kingscourt. After telling her the main points of their interview, she went to her own room, where she found a letter from her father, dispatched from Cliffbourne that morning, where it had been lying a couple of days. It was full of despondency—fears for her health and even her safety. He begged her to return to their solitude; she could even read between the lines a hidden fear lest her identity might be discovered and herself restrained. This letter did not affect her as it would formerly have done; for now her heart was full of hope. She felt that her purpose was already more than half achieved.

After luncheon she knocked at Mrs. Ingestre's door, but was informed by the maid that she was too ill to receive a visitor. Having sent an expression of sympathy, she again sought the chapel, where she remained for a long time. While her lips formulated few prayers, her heart seemed nearer to God than it had ever been; she felt as one preparing to face an ordeal for which supernatural strength is required. Rapt in an ecstasy of devotion, she counted neither moments nor hours,—heart and soul uttering one continuous supplication, which the angels heard and bore to the Heavenly Throne, whence Christ looked down with kindly, merciful eyes upon the fair young girl, whose faith had never known a torturing doubt, and whose maiden innocence was unsullied by a single stain.

Suddenly the door opened; she heard a footstep; and, looking hastily around, saw Lord Kingscourt approaching her. Kneeling for a few moments, with head bowed reverently, at the altar's foot, he gently touched her on the shoulder.

"Come!" he whispered. And there was something in his manner and in the pallor of his face that awed her. She arose and followed him, locking the door behind her and putting the key in her pocket. Then, placing her hand upon his arm, she inquired:

"What has happened?"

"I have been looking for you for more than an hour," he said, gently. "I have news which I scarcely know how to communicate, dear Constance; yet you must know it."

"My poor father!" she exclaimed, in an agony of fear and suspense.

"No, no!" replied the Earl. "I trust he is well. But God has taken the weapons of justice from our hand: *He* has been the avenger. In a dispute this afternoon—probably similar to the one you heard on Sunday evening—Nadand shot and seriously wounded Lord Ingestre, and then shot himself."

"Is he dead?" whispered Constance, trembling so violently that the Earl was obliged to put his arm around her to support her.

"No," answered Lord Kingscourt; "but he is dying. The doctor is here, and a magistrate has been summoned, as he wishes to make a confession."

"Thank God!" cried Constance,—"oh, thank God! My father—my beloved father—my darling mother!"

Then the sky seemed to grow dark, the whole earth to turn swiftly round, and her soul to go down through black depths of midnight into the very valley of the shadow of death. She knew no more until, waking from a long swoon, she found herself in her own room, lying on the couch, Lord Kingscourt and Mrs. Mathews beside her, and a portly, red-faced man bending over her, with his fingers on her pulse.

"She will do very well now,—she will do very well now, and I am needed elsewhere," said the doctor, hurrying from the room.

(To be continued.)

The Defender of Rome.

BY WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

AT a time when the record of 1870 is being so vividly recalled, the name of General Kanzler evokes one of the most soothing memories. He was the defender of Rome. Upon his valor and fidelity Pius IX. relied for the defence of the holy city. The prowess and devotion of both the General and his troops were but little needed. All that the Pontiff wished to do was to complete a moral by a material protest, so that thus the City of the Popes should be captured only by force of arms. But not the less is it gratifying to recall the memory of that heroic chieftain whose name and glory have become enshrined in history, and whose place is with Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Louis, Simon de Montfort, Scanderbeg, John Hunyady, Mark Antony Colonna, Eugene of Savoy, and Sobieski.

He was born at Weingarten, near Bruxhall, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on March 28, 1822. His father was an inspector of prisons. Hermann was his third son. His parents lived to see him General-in-chief of the Pope's army. Once, when a little boy, he was asked what profession he would follow. "I will be a general," he replied. Every morning after he had said his prayers he was placed in file with his brothers. It was not a military exercise, but only a prelude to the performance of his toilet by his mother.*

A premium was set on early rising. The father offered a prize to all his children who rose before a certain hour. Hermann was always the first out of bed,—not from personal motives, but only in order to assist his brothers to dress, so that they might be in time, and thus receive the prize. He himself always appeared last. It was a trifle; but in the noble delicacy of the trait, in the thoughtfulness and generosity so unusual in a child, and in the ingeniously loving device, and the early victory over selfishness, we see the dawn of the exaltedly Christian and soldierly qualities, which, at a later day, fitted him to become the last and heroic defender-in-chief of the civil princedom of St. Peter.

At school he was very diligent and studious, so that after the completion of his elementary studies he was sent to college at Mannheim. Having successfully passed through the scholastic curriculum at Mannheim, he went to the military school at Karlsruhe, apparently rather in consequence of his father's inclinations than of his own. However this may be, he left the college with the rank of sub-lieutenant, and began what promised to be a brilliant career in the army of the Grand Duke of Baden; but an incident occurred which exercised a lasting influence upon his career. Being challenged to a duel, which the military code of honor obliged him to accept, he preferred to abandon his position than to retain it at the cost of sacrificing his conscience. This was in 1844. The certificate given him on his leaving the army attested his irreproachable character and his faithful accomplishment of duty, and added the words, "He does not drink,"—"which," as Father Vannutelli quaintly remarks, "is an exceptional merit in the German army."

He then travelled in England and Scotland, in order to study the conditions of Great Britain and to perfect himself in the English language. After his return to the Continent, he formed the resolution

* The deceptiveness of this order of facts is not mine, but is copied almost textually from the interesting biography of the General, written in Rome in 1889, by P. Vincenzo Vannutelli, his brother-in-law—"Il Generale Kanzler. Cenni Biografici." Page 11. By desire of the widow of General Kanzler, the work was printed for private circulation only; and I must acknowledge my thanks and indebtedness to the author for the free use which I have been allowed to make of it in this article.

of dedicating himself to the service of the Holy See,—a resolution which he was the more impelled to take by the critical condition of the States of the Church toward the close of the reign of Pope Gregory XVI. He entered the Papal army as a cadet at Bologna on September 1, 1845,—exactly a quarter of a century before he was called to the supreme duty of defying the enemies of the Church at the gates of the holy city.

While forming part of the garrison at Bologna in 1847, he married a lady of the noble house of Pepoli, who died two years later. At the time of her death he also lost the child whom God had given him as the fruit of his marriage. He continued meanwhile to distinguish himself by his mental and moral gifts. He was perfectly conversant with German, English, Latin, French and Italian; and not unfamiliar with Greek, Spanish, and Flemish. In the capacity of lieutenant, he took part in the battle of Monte Berico, near Vicenza, in which the Papal troops, under General Durando, were opposed to those of Austria.

Kanzler served in the subsequent Lombardo-Venetian campaign, and then returned to Bologna, where he received an appointment as aid-de-camp to General Zucchi. Later on he came to Rome; but found that Pius IX. had fled to Gaeta, whither he hastened to follow him. A perfect sympathy existed from the first between the Pontiff and his future General.

After his return to Bologna, Kanzler served again as aid-de-camp to General Zucchi. One day, while the two were at dinner, a man entered the room and presented himself as Giuseppe Garibaldi. Kanzler was on his feet in an instant, and seized Garibaldi by the coat collar in order to secure his person. Garibaldi preserved his *sang-froid*, and showed his passport, drawn up in regular form by the Papal authorities; so that Kanzler was obliged to let his prey slip out of his hands. It was afterward discovered that the hero of two worlds had obtained his passport by fraud. Eighteen years later they met on the field of Mentana; but, as on the former occasion, Garibaldi did not prolong the encounter unnecessarily.

During his stay with the garrison at Ravenna, Kanzler succeeded in saving a valuable relic from the cupidity of its excavators. This relic was nothing less than the iron armor, with arabesque figures wrought in gold, which had belonged to Theodoric. It was in such actions, lying outside the sphere of his common duty, that the broadness and perfect balance of his faculties were best revealed.

His great military courage was united with exquisite tenderness of feeling. He was the ideal of a soldier—without cruelty and without excess; insensible to danger, but suprasensitive to the influence of pity, which has been well defined as the sense of our sorrow in the pain of others. Thus on one occasion a poor soldier, afflicted with congestion of the brain, was put in a strait-jacket and treated like a furious madman. In spite of the dissuasions of all, Kanzler, unable to bear the sight of his sufferings, freed him at imminent risk to himself. But his tenderness so touched the heart of the unhappy man that, returning to his normal state of mind, he ever afterward looked upon his officer as a benefactor who had saved his life.

While living at Rome in 1859, Kanzler was affianced to Mlle. Laura Vannutelli, the daughter of one of the most noted Roman gentlemen of the first half of the present century, and cousin of the future Cardinals, Serafino Vannutelli, now bishop of Frascati, and Vincenzo Vannutelli, priest of San Silvestro in Capite. The marriage was fixed for the 2d of May, 1860. On the day previous Kanzler, then a colonel, received a dispatch from General Lamoricière, calling him to active service at Osimo; but Mgr. de Mérode, Pontifical Minister of War, after consultation with

General Lamoricière, accorded a week's delay, during which the marriage took place. The honeymoon was a departure for the field of battle, the heroic lady setting out from Rome before the respite had expired, on May 7. In the month of June following, Kanzler met Cardinal Pecci at Perugia, and there sprang up between them a friendship which lasted during the entire lifetime of the General. Until the battle of Castelfidardo, Madame Kanzler accompanied her husband in all the changes of residence required by the exigencies of those troubled times.

In September Kanzler was ordered to Ancona. It was the eve of Castelfidardo. His entrance with his troops into Ancona, surrounded by the Piedmontese, was effected by dint of desperate fighting for five hours, and constituted one of the most brilliant episodes of his career. Arrived at Ancona, Kanzler received his nomination as general, thus verifying the dream of his youth.

During the siege, perceiving that his soldiers, being the special aim of the enemy's artillery, were losing heart, he lighted a cigar and smoked it in the midst of the combat. Lamoricière, struck by his cool courage, followed suit; and thus engaged, the two Generals stood together in the thickest of the fray. The soldiers who had begun to retreat rallied around them; and after ten days' siege and bombardment Ancona fell.

On October 7, the anniversary of the victory of Lepanto, Kanzler, with the other prisoners of war, arrived at Genoa, the birthplace of John Andrew Doria, from whose port so many Crusaders had set out for the East. In the voyage thither the prisoners had suffered perils by sea, and the Papal officers might certainly have been spared the pangs of hunger which they endured. The prisoners were liberated after swearing not to carry arms for a year.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

On Christmas Eve.

A Child's Dream.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"O HURRYING clouds, why speed so fast across the wintry sky?
O bitter north winds, sharp and cold, why rush so quickly by?
O lady moon and baby stars, where are you hid to-night,
When, for the little Jesus' sake, you should be golden bright?"

"We hasten," called the clouds, "to spread a carpet for the feet
That soon must pass the gates of pearl with tidings glad and sweet";
"And we," laughed back the winds, "to dry the soft, mist-laden air,
That when they sing their midnight song the pathway may be fair."

Then softly said the moon from her dim height: "My stars and I
Are waiting till the clouds and winds have finished and passed by;
And then adown the azure aisles our steps shall follow them,
In all our glorious golden light to shine o'er Bethlehem."

"You darlings!" cried the dreaming child, well pleased with what she heard.
"I love you, winds, I love you, clouds, for every gentle word.
The lady moon, too, will be dressed in her best robe of gold;
And maybe she will smile on Him, and He will not be cold."

She woke at midnight, starting up, half joyful, half afraid;
Through one uncurtained frosty pane a single moonbeam strayed;
The clouds had vanished long ago; the pine-trees on the hill
Stood stately in the windless calm,—grim, haughty, straight and still.

Then, as the sleepy baby lids above her eyes were pressed,
She murmured, "What a lovely dream!" and sank again to rest;
While through the moonlit depths angelic tongues sang joy to men,
And Bethlehem's Star shone forth on high, and Christ was born again.

The Flower of the Mission.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

MARIA CONSOLACION could not remember the time when the mission Fathers had not been in the valley. Her first recollection was of the huge adobe building, with its graceful tower outlined against the brilliant clear blue of the sky, as she lay under the pepper-tree, on her soft couch of last year's withered grass, waiting till Manulita, her foster-mother, should have done her task at the loom, to come to her with a bowl of parched corn and a *tortilla* dipped in goat's milk, for the midday meal. As she grew older, both the Fathers and Manulita always laid great stress upon the fact that she was a Christmas child, born at midnight, when the mission bells in the tower were joyfully ringing in the glad tidings of the birth of Christ, the King and Saviour.

Maria was a favorite with all. Gentle, docile, modest, pious; anxious and quick to learn all womanly, useful arts; and at evening, when work was over, finding her greatest pleasure in kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, she well deserved the title that had been given her by old Padre Junipero—"the Flower of the Mission."

The days glided peacefully on until Maria was fifteen. Padre Junipero, who spent his holy life in going from one mission to another, had walked from Monterey to San Diego, in spite of his ulcerated leg; and had only smiled when his brother friars had tried to persuade him that he would shorten his days by this folly. It grieved Maria's tender heart to think that he who was so kind to all should not be more careful of himself; and, lying awake in her rude couch the night before his departure for San Juan Capistrano, she bethought her of a wonderful salve made by Manulita, who had a quantity stored behind the *tepee*, in the tule-roof. Rising softly—for her shyness would not permit her to let any one know what she was going to do,—she placed some in a small, rude box made of bark; and then, stealing forth, she ran swiftly along the circuitous path till she came to the clump of mustard-trees through which the good Padre must pass on his way from the mission. She had not long to wait. It was just dawn, the little birds breaking altogether into sudden song, when she saw him parting the branches. He was saying the Rosary.

"*Ave Maria*," he said aloud, articulating the rest of the "Hail Mary" under his breath. "*Sancta Maria*" was said in the same way. To Maria, waiting there in the shadow of the mustard-trees, it seemed like a heavenly chant. He did not see her until she threw herself at his feet, holding up the box.

"Ah! gentle Father," she said, "take this salve for your poor leg. It is of great virtue, and will help you on your journey."

The Father received it and replied: "Thou art a kind and thoughtful little maiden, Maria Consolacion,—for it is by thy baptismal name that I will ever call thee. I will use the ointment, and shall ask Our Lord to give thee that virtue of which thou shalt most have need. Lift up thy head, my daughter."

The maiden did as he bade her, and the saintly monk gazed for one brief moment into her clear and innocent eyes; then a wonderful light seemed to enter his own, as he said:

"Strength, my daughter,—strength and courage thou shalt need and shalt desire; and the Lord will give both unto thee."

So saying, once more replacing his hands in the huge sleeves of his habit, his long rosary held between his fingers, the good Father passed on; and Maria lingered in the pathway until she could no longer hear the sweetly intoned "*Ave Maria*" and "*Sancta Maria*" as they softly rose and fell on the air of the morning. Then she hurried back to the tent, from which neither her father nor Manulita knew she had been absent.

II.

Gatĕya, the father of Maria, had never been a fervent Christian. As a rule, the California Indians were less barbarous than their brethren in other parts of the New World; but Gatĕya had in him all the elements of the warlike savage. The mission Fathers had shown him exceptional kindness, both by reason of his importance among his people, and because of their desire to gain his entire adherence to the faith. Moreover, they hoped that the beautiful disposition and pious devotion of his daughter would in time soften and transform his savage nature. As an instance of his indocility, although his name had been changed in baptism to that of Sebastian, and to his daughter had been given that of Maria Consolacion, he never addressed her save by her Indian name of Atibiña (poor little one); nor would he, except to the Fathers, of whom he stood in some awe, answer to any but Gatĕya (round head), which means stubborn,—and stubborn he was, as the girl found to her sorrow on the evening of the very day when she had received the blessing of Father Junipero as he went on his way to San Juan Capistrano.

Gatĕya, while he was in some measure proud of the favor with which Maria was regarded by the Fathers, still entertained and nourished a jealous fear lest their influence over her should supersede his own. For he loved her in his own fierce way; and had long planned a course of action regarding her, of which only her tender years had hitherto prevented the execution.

Sixty miles away, in the heart of the mountains, dwelt another tribe, who had not as yet embraced Christianity. The mother and grandmother of Gatĕya had come of this tribe, and his relations with them were close. After long deliberation, he had concluded to cast his lot with them, marrying his daughter to one of the chiefs, and thus removing her from the control and counsels of the Fathers of the mission. That evening, Manulita being absent, he resolved to make known his intention. Maria had just returned from the chapel, where the Indians were accustomed to recite night prayers in common. Gatĕya sat in the door of his wigwam.

"My daughter," he said, "I have a command for thee."

"From the Fathers?" asked the girl.

"Not so—from myself," was the reply. "I can trust thee not to reveal what I am about to tell thee?"

"Surely, my father."

"Hear me, then. I have long felt a desire within me to leave this place and go into the country of my mother, there to end my days out of sight of those intruders who have invaded and taken what of right belongs to us alone. Thou art almost a woman: it is time for thee to marry. Here thou art but a slave: there thou shalt wed with the son of a chief and be a princess of the tribe. Soon it will be time to look for the first crown of snow on the height of the far Cuyamaca; therefore, child, it behooves us even now to be gone."

"But, my father," cried the frightened girl, "what do the Fathers say?"

"Are we indeed slaves, then?" angrily shouted Gatĕya. "Is it not enough that they have taken from us our lands, and have come with their strange customs

and strange faith—which I, for one, do not want,—to change everything from the old fashion of our people? Must we also ask their leave if we choose to find another home with our own kin?"

"But, father," pleaded the girl, "they have not taken our lands; only taught us how better to cultivate them, and to live as the Christians do. They have brought us to the religion of Christ, who died on the Cross to save us; and our braves no longer think only of war and bloodshed, but are fast learning to lead lives of peace and virtue?"

"It is as I had feared, girl!" thundered the Indian. "It is they and not I, thy father, who are first with thee. I swear to thee that from this moment I shall not worship a God who died on a gibbet; and I swear to thee also that before another moon shall rise thou and I shall be safe with my mother's people in the heart of the Cuyamacas. To thy bed, and remember that what I have said I will do. It is now the first quarter of the moon. It will be full on the night of Christmas. On that night we depart."

With these words Gayĕta flung himself away from the *tepee*, and strode into the open.

It was late that night before Maria slept. She knew how irrevocable was her father's purpose, and felt that from it there was no escape. She knew also that the Fathers could not and would not prevent him from fulfilling his intention with regard to her, and her heart was torn with conflicting emotions. At first she thought of hiding herself; but where could she take refuge that he would not find her, sooner or later? Then she thought of telling Manulita, or running in the morning to impart the terrible news to Padre Augustino, her kind confessor. But the honor of the Indian rose uppermost when she bethought that she had promised not to reveal the secret imparted to her. In the grey dawn she fell asleep, and dreamed of Father Junipero and his counsel. Once more she heard his kindly voice saying: "Strength and courage, my daughter, thou shalt need and shalt desire; and Our Lord will give both unto thee." She awoke and was comforted.

III.

It was Christmas Eve. Maria sat on the floor of the tent, her head in her hands. Her little bundle lay on the ground beside her. Her father came to the doorway.

"My daughter," he said, and his tones were harsh, "I have something to settle with Iswanona, the brother of Manulita. When the moon passes the highest point of the mission tower, go forth, and keep well in the shadows. Wait for me at the base of the hill, behind the church. Before dawn we shall be many miles on our way. What is left behind here shall be for Manulita."

Without another word he left her, knowing well that he would be obeyed.

The rays of the full moon were gilding the tower of the mission as Maria, lifting the door of the tent, passed out into the night. A brisk walk of half an hour brought her to the church, where, through the deep embrasured window of the nave, she could see the light that burned before the Blessed Sacrament.

"Ah!" she thought, "the Crib with the dear little Infant is there in front of the altar. For the first time I did not help to prepare it. Alas! I shall never help again. To-morrow will be my birthday, as it was that of the Divine Child; and I shall be far, far away."

Indians do not give way to grief: she wiped two furtive tears from her eyes. Oh, for one glance at the Infant in His cradle! Oh, for one prayer at the altar's foot! She looked about her: there was no one in sight,—all were asleep. Even her father could not blame her for that parting prayer. With a sudden, swift motion she darted through the leathern curtains that hung in front of the vesti-

bule,—in those primitive days it was not necessary to lock or bar the doors. Soon she was kneeling before the gaily decorated Crib, lost in an ecstasy of sorrow, her wrapt soul conscious only of one prayer, repeated and again repeated: "Thy strength and Thy courage are my need and my desire; grant them to me, O Lord!"

And now there appeared a face at the window,—an evil face, whose owner, attracted by the sound of that sad, imploring voice, was eager to hear more and yet afraid to enter. Hark! what was that? He could hear, but in the dim light of that single lamp could see no one.

"Father, I am ready. But Thou must go before me to prepare the way. Into the night and the silence I will follow Thee, and Thou wilt be my Guide and my Helper."

The evil face disappeared.

"Ha!" cried Gatĕya, sliding to the ground. "The coward, the false-tongued speaks to Padre Augustino. Átibiña has betrayed me, and the Father's going forth will be a signal to the others to follow. Shades of my fathers, grant that this hand be swift and sure!"

Once more he crouched beneath the window, but the voice had ceased. While he watched, with the eye of a wild beast thirsting for its prey, to see the form of the priest issue forth from the door behind the altar, he did not hear the fall of the leathern curtains as Maria walked out into exile.

She reached the foot of the hill,—her father was not there.

"I will go up a little way," she said, "and then rest. The moon is so bright he will see me when he comes."

Her heart was no longer heavy; with quick, agile steps she began to climb the steep eminence. Her soul was full of faith and hope, born of her fervent and oft-repeated prayer.

Suddenly a cloud crossed the moon, then another and another: it was the rainy season, and a storm was coming on.

The watcher beneath the window grew impatient. No priest came forth from the little door behind the altar to climb the hillside, to fire the dry brush upon its summit as a signal to the others, as Gatĕya had imagined was contemplated by those to whom he fancied his daughter had betrayed him. But see—there is some one not far from the base, ascending rapidly,—now pausing, now looking backward, as if in expectation. In some way the monk has circumvented him; and the savage springs quick as thought from his ambush, glides along the wall of the church, and now, in the thick of the shadows—for the clouds are heavy,—he too begins the ascent. It is very dark as, falling on one knee, he draws the pointed, poison-tipped arrow from his bow, and sends it with a whiz into the body of the dim figure on the ascent in front of him.

A shriek rings out upon the air—the shriek of a woman,—and in the sudden flood of moonlight that bursts upon him, Gatĕya sees his daughter fall to the earth, pierced to the heart by that weapon whose touch is death.

With a wild cry, he flings his arms above his head and rushes like a demon down the hillside, into the valley, along the white road to the sea, where weeks after they found him, half eaten by the fishes on the shore of Mission Bay.

And now the bells from the mission tower ring out full and clear for the Midnight Mass; and they sound a sweet Requiem for Maria Consolacion; and the angels, singing "*Gloria in Excelsis*," bear a joyful welcome to the Indian girl, to whom the Lord has granted the desire of her heart, who will spend—O happy maiden!—her Christmas in heaven.

That was a hundred years ago, and the story of "the Flower of the Mission" is still told, though the mission itself has fallen to ruin.

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—Canon Kingsley and Westminster Abbey.

FOR a single shilling you may drop in at the Aquarium, Westminster, in the forenoon and stay until midnight. You may investigate the life and customs of the finny tribes that revel in still water forty thousand leagues under the sea. There is a museum at hand, reading and smoking-rooms, a restaurant, perennial gardens, and fountains that play all the year round. The matin and evening sports present a continually varying bill: tumblers from the Parisian Circus, madrigal boys, ballets by baby dancers, *bouffe* singers, fancy shooting by Texas Jacks and Buffalo Bills resplendent in buckskins and bead-work.

The Aquarium is thronged from morning until midnight; it is a palace of delights where, for the time, all worldly cares are forgotten, where the busy are comparatively idle, and where the idle are too busy to find time a burden. Passing into the street from this pleasure-house, we come at once upon a glorious monument of the past: it is a massive, melancholy structure, all the angles of which seem to have been softened by time. It is wrinkled, begrimed, weather-beaten, storm-stained, isolated. The great tower of Parliament House belittles it; the resistless tide of trade has swept down upon it, and thrown up a barricade of modern structures, that seem to have crowded it into a corner, to one side and out of the way.

Beautiful old Westminster Abbey! Is there in all England or in all the earth a more serene retreat than one finds under the mellow Gothic heaven of your nave? The sombre sunshine weaves its golden web among the thousand pendants that overarch us; squares of painted light lie upon the marble pavement like fabrics from the far East; voices are in the air; the solemn chant, the sweet responses from a hidden choir, and the organ breathes out its plaintive harmonies, that seem for a moment to quicken the dead, and to instil life into the marble effigies that stare forever from their niches in the walls.

My friend and I, by appointment, were in search of Canon Kingsley at the cloisters, Westminster. We passed out of the Abbey toward the chapter house in a kind of dream. It was like dropping from wakeful and feverish life into a deep sleep, coming from the festivities of the Aquarium directly to the Abbey. At the chapter house we paused a moment; for it was there that the Black Book was kept which sealed the fate of all the monasteries of England, including the Abbey of Westminster. But the religious life which was for a time nearly extinct in Britain is reviving with astonishing rapidity, and the Black Book is obsolete. We followed the portico, finished A. D. 1253, from the chapter house to the cloisters of different dates, from the time of the Confessor to Edward III. The original pavement is worn deep by the feet of the monks who have returned to dust beneath it. Here is the blue slab called "Long Meg." It marks the grave of six-and-twenty monks, and Abbot Byrcheston with them, who perished of the plague known as the Black Death in 1349. Here also are the graves of Edwin, first abbot; and Monk Sulcardus, the first historian of the Abbey. Owen Tudor, uncle of Henry VII. and son of Queen Katherine of Valois, was a monk and is buried in the Abbey. The green grass-plots in the cloisters are enriched with the bones of monks. The abbots were buried in the long arcades. There are sermons enough in these stones—but what does it profit? The world is older than it was and considerably deafer.

With many a turn we come at last to a row of modest dwellings. Entering one of these, we were welcomed by Miss Kingsley, and ushered at once into a pleasant room where the table was laid for dinner. There was a blessed absence of formality, a simple and hearty welcome. Canon Kingsley's table-talk sparkled with lively anecdotes, chiefly personal. A man of nervous organization, animated, personally interested in the topics of the time, he glowed with enthusiasm and struck fire repeatedly, though he was then in ill health and burdened with many cares. He looked forward with delight to his anticipated tour in America; wondered what sort of lecture the Americans would prefer; wondered how we managed to get over such great distances and keep engagements at the farther end. He seemed to look upon life in the United States as a curious problem. Most Englishmen who have not visited this country regard us as a race but half developed, each citizen being the surprising, not to say unaccountable, result of a stupendous experiment. Canon Kingsley, with two members of his family in America, with a mind which was ever a great explorer, though most of his travelling was done in his study, was by no means ungenerous in his estimate of our affairs.

After the wholesome English dinner we lighted cigars; Canon Kingsley was confined to the medicated cigarette which is supposed to discourage the bronchial disorder from which he was a sufferer. We entered a small garden by the low window of the dining-room. The row of dwellings that front upon a narrow street behind the Abbey—they are veritable double-enders—front again upon a great grey square, surrounded by a wall that would do credit to Newgate.

A few tall trees border the enclosure; a few statues are placed by the paths that straggle across the close-clipped lawn. The grass is like most London grass—rather brown than green. Above the wall there are rows upon rows of house-tops, surmounted by files of chimney-pots. On one side is the Abbey, beyond which the gilded tower-top of Parliament House gleams in the murky sky. On the other side is the high wall of Westminster School. Here we walked up and down, to and fro, under leafless trees—for it was winter,—smoking placidly, stopping now and again to hear the veritable tale of some monk or abbot who distinguished himself centuries ago on the very spot where we stood.

We heard again the oft-repeated story of the skins like parchment nailed to a door of the Chapel of St. Blaise. But the chapel is gone, and the proof of the skin story is gone with it. Tradition says those were the skins of Danes tanned and surrendered in token of England's deliverance from the sea-kings. Canon Kingsley seemed to have a story for every stone in the place. Ah! if he could only have written the romance of the Abbey, loving it as he did with a love that was almost idolatrous! In the house—that cozy and unpretentious home—he pointed with pride to the well-preserved head of a huge bison,—a trophy sent him from the great plains of America.

I thought of the measureless melancholy of the first pages in "Hypatia." I wondered if he would have pictured the Nile so vividly if he had known it in reality. I am inclined to doubt it; nor would the picturesque fury of the Amazons have colored the adventures of Amias Leigh had the author, in body instead of spirit, cried "Westward ho!" in the wake of his hero. The interest which our host evidently felt in every subject relating to the welfare of his fellowmen prevented his speaking much of himself; but the impression which he left on my mind assures me that as a man he must have fulfilled to the very letter the promise of his youth.

Though enfeebled by his long, arduous and incessant labors, his manly bearing betrayed his origin. Born of a race of soldiers, from his father's side he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood; from his mother's side, his love of travel, the romance of his nature, and his keen sense of humor. He referred to his school-life as "the dreamy days," when he knew and worshipped nothing but the physical; when his enjoyment was drawn from the sensuous delights of ear and eye. The poetic temperament developed at an extremely early age. He made couplets in his fourth year, and the verses which he produced at the age of eight are singularly quaint and musical. I could easily imagine him in the moods of which he has written: "The strange dilatation and excitement, and the often strange tenderness and tears without object."

At Cambridge it was the same. He was likened to his own Lancelot in "Yeast"—sad, shy and serious habitually, yet a bold rider, a bold thinker, and a chivalrous gentleman; one moment brilliant and impassioned, the next reserved and unapproachable; by turns attracting and repelling. His mind was like a mettlesome steed: the more he curbed it, the more will it had to go. This nervous energy must inevitably exhaust itself at intervals, and hence the variable moods that have doubtless perplexed some of his easy-going fellows. That he had wisdom beyond his years he has evidenced again and again in his writings. No one will question the deep interest he felt in the labor question. The bettering of the condition of the common people was one of the motives of his life. In 1846 the walls of London were placarded with an appeal to the "Workmen of England." I quote but a single paragraph to show how the labor question was viewed in those days:

WORKERS OF ENGLAND:—Be wise, and then you must be free; for you will be fit to be free.

A WORKING PARSON.

That working parson was Charles Kingsley.

The same sports which were the joy of the Canon's youth were the consolation of his age. In his fortieth year he said "My amusement is green fields and clear trout-streams, and a gallop through the winter fir woods." And much later, in a letter showing how the duties and the pleasures of his life were met—the former no doubt lost much of their solemnity by frequent repetition,—he gallops over his paper in this style: "Now good-bye! I have a funeral, and then I must go and catch some pike trout. I had my usual luck yesterday evening—killed a little one and lost a huge one."

With a mind as healthful as his, it is not a little strange that the Professor of Hebrew in Oxford should oppose the conferring of the honorary degree of D. C. L. on Kingsley, on the ground that "Hypatia" was "an immoral book," one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine. His mission lay nearer home, among the people whose cause he pleads so nobly in "Alton Lock"; nor did he need to seek other fields for inspiration than those that border the green lanes of England.

While we chatted we heard the shouts of boys at play. Long ago, in the western cloister, the master of novices taught a class which was the beginning of the famous Westminster School. Lusty lungs rent the air in the ball-court over the wall: English boys descended from generations of beef-fed Britishers. There was silence at intervals during the day. The school hours were from 8 to 9, from 10 to 12.30, and from 3 to 5.30. In the large dormitory, which was originally tenanted by monks, the Westminster plays, in the original of Plautus or Terence, are acted by the boys each December, with scenery designed by Garrick. The most famous master of the school was Dr. Busby,—Heaven save us! Among the pupils were

the poets Herbert and Cowley (the latter published a volume of poems while at school), Dryden and Prior; Philosopher Locke, Warren Hastings, Ben Jonson, Sir Christopher Wren, Cowper, Southey, Gibbon, and others. Dryden's name is still visible, cut on one of the desks in narrow capital letters.

When we left the cloisters it was sunset. The Canon led us again into the Abbey, where the nave was flooded with that weird light which seems not of the earth and is but momentary. The long, low thunders of the world without broke at the sacred doors, which were at that moment closed to all save ourselves. We had indeed found sanctuary, but only for a little season. We hastened forth, and were instantly swallowed up in the eddies of the ceaseless tide of London life. We paused for a moment at a neighboring station—our host was then hastening to his well-beloved parish of Eversley. We clasped hands in the midst of the surging throng, looked into the kindly face of Charles Kingsley, and parted, to meet in this life—never again.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

XCIX.

THE counsels of the Fourth Book of "The Imitation" are truly original and serviceable. The first few chapters treat of the point of hesitation to approach the Holy Table on the ground—often pretext—of unworthiness. It opens with the invitation: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you." Oft-repeated and familiar words. But, then, it is urged: "How shall I dare to approach, who am conscious to myself of no good on which I can presume? How shall I introduce Thee into my house, who have so often offended Thy most divine countenance?" To these objections there are some very striking and convincing answers: "Unless Thou, O Lord, didst say this, who could believe it to be true? And unless Thou didst command it, who would venture to approach? Behold, Noah, a just man, labored a hundred years in building the Ark, that with a few he might be saved; and how shall I be able in the space of one hour to prepare myself to receive with reverence the Maker of the world?"

Elsewhere our author gives an explanation of the purposes of grace, which is singularly simple and clear:

"The first man, Adam, being corrupted by sin, the punishment of his stain hath descended upon all mankind. So that nature itself, which by Thee was created good and right, is now put for the vice and infirmity of corrupt nature; because the motion thereof, left to itself, draweth to evil and to things below. For the little strength that remaineth is but as a spark hidden under ashes.... To will good is present with me, but how to accomplish it I find not. I often make many good purposes; but because I want grace to help my weakness, through a slight resistance I recoil and fall off."

Hence even resolution and force of will are powerless without this grace in combating earthly affections. In the earthly order indeed, and for earthly ends, men can vanquish nature without much difficulty. This we see every day in the struggle for honors and prizes, where labor, restraint of self, and perseverance are exhibited in the highest degree. But to secure a victory in the spiritual order grace is necessary; hence the many failures in the religious life, such persons relying on their own strength to carry out their good intentions.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Thought in Season.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

AMID the bustle of the season preceding Christmas, and even at the very time when that blessed day of days is with us, it is an extraordinary fact that the event which the world is celebrating the worldly forget. The Babe, the central figure of all the rejoicing, is thought of seldom or not at all by the crowds that jostle one another at the bargain counter in the search for articles of more or less value wherewith to cancel the obligations of former gift-giving periods. The thought is not "Unto us a Child is born," but "I wonder whether Jenny would prefer a kodak or a set of silver-backed brushes?" Not "They wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger," but "I will not squander anything on that hateful Mrs. Jones this year." Not "And the Word was made flesh," but "If Alfred does not surprise me with a bicycle, I'll never forgive him."

But the Christ Child! Ah! what proportion of those who keep the day in any wise remember Him? Does the manufacturer, urging his wheels and looms day and night in order to be ready for the holiday trade? Does the merchant, engaging an extra force to serve behind his counters during the Christmas rush? Does the housewife, studying over *menus*, and inviting her prosperous relatives to a Christmas dinner? Do the children, those not of the household of faith, exulting in an addition to their stock of toys, or pouting because it is not larger? Do they who are hanging wreaths in the window, and filling the fireplaces and decking the staircases with Christmas greenery? Do they who are dancing and laughing away the flying hours to the sounds of gay music which comes from behind a screen of holly?

If the world thought of the Babe at the season of greatest festivity, would not there be more easing of the pain, more relieving the hunger of other babes, because this One, like them, was born in poverty? Would not there be less catering to the sated preferences of rich adults, and more thought for the welfare and holy happiness of all children, for the reason that He, too, was a little child? More love for Our Lady of Heavenly Hope, because the Babe lay upon her breast?

The innermost spirit of many of the feasts and fasts of the Christian year is lost in the scramble with the world. Society makes of Lent a season in which to prepare wardrobes for the seaside. Good-Friday, where business is suspended, is too often a day for junketing. Easter is the milliner's harvest. The vigil of All Saints' has become the small boy's opportunity to do serious mischief at small risk. How few observe Advent! Even the days appointed by the civil authorities have lost their original significance. Thanksgiving is abandoned to the turkey and the football player, while the time-honored New England Fast-Day has been permitted to lapse on account of its attendant abuses.

But even the worldly, in their worldly way, love the birthday, although they forget the birth; and if the faithful fitly remember the Babe, and love Him because He is the very centre and core and kernel of the joy of Christmastide, there may come to the knowledge of the indifferent the true meaning of the birth of Him who lay upon His Mother's breast in the Stable in the little town of Bethlehem.

REMEMBER that a man is valuable in our day for what he *knows*, and that his company will always be desired by others in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence and instruction he brings with him.—*Lowell's Letters.*

Notes and Remarks.

The progress which the Church is making in the old cities of New England is well illustrated by the history of St. Mary's Church, Derby, Conn. One hundred and twenty-five years ago the only Catholic in Derby was a French soldier, taken prisoner by the English army. He was a loyal Catholic, however, and his family remained steadfast in spite of very special temptations. The little band of Catholics were appreciably reinforced by the Rev. Calvin White, a converted Episcopalian minister of great refinement and high character. Fifty years ago the first modest church was reared; and when the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's was celebrated this year, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the pastor, the Rev. Father McElroy, and his devoted assistant could congratulate the people on their remarkable increase and material prosperity not less than their loyalty to the Church. The highest tribute to both pastors and people was the substantial interest and good feeling shown by the Protestants of Derby on occasion of the Jubilee.

One of our French exchanges gives a succinct exposition of the manifestly unjust taxation now being levied on religious congregations in France. Three laymen or laywomen living together in the same house, and possessing a total fortune of 214,000 francs, are taxed 47 francs. Let them become religious, and their taxes at once become 1,157 francs. Stripped of all its verbiage and elaborate legal phraseology, the new tax means purely and simply legal confiscation of the property of religious communities in France; and it is a standing disgrace to a republic which vaunts its willingness to give equal rights to all its citizens.

The real state of dependence to which the loss of the temporal power has reduced the Sovereign Pontiff is well set forth by Emile Ollivier, last Prime Minister of Napoleon III. Speaking of the guarantees accorded to the Pope by the Italian Government, he says: "These guarantees are but the merest fiction in the way of immunities. First of all, they are not perpetual. A law conferred them, a law can annul them. The political party of the Right established them, the Left applies them. Who can tell whether the Extreme Left when in power will not utterly sweep them away? Has not M. Crispi himself as much as threatened to do so? A liberty that can be taken away is no liberty at all; an independence subordinated to one vote of a Parliament majority is only a dependence."

In his discourse on September 20, Signor Crispi intimated that the Law of Guarantees might be abrogated if the Italian clergy persistently resisted the government. Possibly such abrogation would be the best thing for the Papacy that could occur. Public opinion has of late years been distinctly veering toward a recognition of the justice of the Pope's claim to complete independence of any political power; and a little more tyranny on the part of Crispi and his fellows might well evoke such a storm as would settle the Roman question at once and forever.

It is gratifying to know that so noble a career as that of Father Alexander McIsaac, of Rockingham, Canada, has been crowned with the glory of a sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. The fifty years of Father McIsaac's priesthood have been marked by exceptional virtue and devotedness. Twice he faced death continuously, in its most repulsive form, while ministering to the bodily and spiritual wants of the plague-stricken poor. Again in 1866, when an emigrant ship, with cholera on board, stood in quarantine before Halifax, Father McIsaac claimed the privilege of nursing the sick. "At the side of the ship," says a writer in *The Canadian Magazine*, "was a large boat, from which empty coffins were being taken to the ship, while two other boats were being loaded with coffins containing dead bodies from the ship. A curious incident occurred just as the priest was clambering up the high side of the emigrant ship. A coffin containing a corpse was about to be lowered into a boat near him, when the lid, which was imperfectly fastened, suddenly opened, and, to the horror

of all beholders, the corpse fell from the coffin over the side of the ship, and struck the priest as he was climbing up a ladder on the ship's side, and then fell into one of the boats. This was a sufficiently uncanny incident to unnerve most men; but it did not shake the resolution of Father McIsaac, who waved a good-bye to the Archbishop, and then went below to administer spiritual consolation to the infected." It is no wonder that the life of this devoted priest was potent, as a secular journal observes, for the destruction of prejudice, and that Father McIsaac is loved and venerated by all who can recognize heroism when they see it.

It is always well, in any discussion, to have the real point at issue stated with unmistakable clearness; and so the London *Daily Chronicle* is to be commended for its recent statement of what is really meant by the reunion of the Anglican and the Catholic Churches. "Are the High Churchmen," it asks, "prepared to accept the doctrines of Papal supremacy? 'Do they mean business'? If reunion is anything more than a theme for rhetorical divines to prattle about, it means that the Anglican Church is to be incorporated under the Holy See. If it does not mean that, it means nothing at all."

Just so. Our Anglican friends must accept the supremacy in spiritual matters of Christ's Vicar on earth, or languish forever without the pale of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic Church, of which they would fain persuade themselves they are even now a branch.

"Once again we would remind parents of the duty of keeping their children off the streets at night. We know whereof we speak when we say that those boys and girls who frequent the streets at night are on the straight road to perdition." Thus vigorously does *The Casket* emphasize one obligation of Catholic fathers and mothers that can scarcely be insisted upon too often or too strenuously. Whether in the large city, the town, or even the country village, children incur a multitude of dangers when permitted, after nightfall, to roam at their own sweet will. The proper place for young people at night is in the home circle; and it is a patent duty of parents to make that circle so attractive that the children will not be tempted to abandon it. "Home-keeping hearts are happiest," says the poet, quaintly; they are also the safest, be it added.

The late Mr. George Augustus Sala, who was received into the Church a few weeks before his death, was perhaps the most widely known of the brilliant journalists of the century. In the notices of his death, however, the press seems to have lost sight of the fact that Mr. Sala comes of an old Catholic family, and that his conversion was really a return to the faith at the eleventh hour. He belonged to the same family as the historic Cardinal Sala; and he himself has told us that his father, though he permitted his daughters to be reared as Catholics, insisted that his sons should be educated as Protestants, in order that there should be no impediment in the way of their parliamentary career. The late Mr. Sala, however, did not go into politics, but attained the highest rank in his chosen profession. It turns out that he had long been contemplating a return to the Church. Four years ago he instructed his wife to call for a Catholic priest in case he should be stricken with sudden illness. May he rest in peace!

The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Montreal, publishes the narrative of Sister Marcienne, of the Sisters of Providence, relative to her remarkable cure effected through the intercession of Mother Gamelin, foundress of the community. Sister Marcienne was afflicted with locomotor ataxia during five years, had been pronounced incurable by physicians; could not kneel down, could walk only when assisted, and then with much difficulty, in shoes specially designed for her. At the termination of a novena to Mother Gamelin she was radically cured; and, according to the certificates of two physicians, natural means were wholly impotent to bring about her recovery. The age of chivalry is past, but that of miracles still endures. This is not the first cure effected through the mediation of the saintly Mother Gamelin, nor probably will it be the last.

A Song of Christmas.

BY AUNT ANNA.

A SONG for the joy of Christmas,
With feasting everywhere,
And a sigh for the vacant places,
And the friends that once were there.

A song for the joy of Christmas,—
A sweet and tender song,
With a kindly thought forgiving
All who have done us wrong.

A song for the joy of Christmas,
And a welcome far and near
That the sad and lonely-hearted
May join us in our cheer.

A song for the joy of Christmas,
And from our goodly store
Food and warmth for the beggar
Who shivers at the door.

Found in the Snow.*

JUAN MARTINEZ was born blind; but when he grew up he had been taught the one thing which the blind learn very quickly—music. For this art he was specially gifted, and he might have become famous had he been so fortunate as to have good masters and generous friends. His mother died when he was little more than a child; and his father, who was a cornetist in a military band, followed her to the grave a few years later. So Juan was left alone in the world.

True he had a brother in America, from whom he had never heard; though from indirect sources he learned that he was well off, married, and the father of two fine children. To the day of his death, the old musician, indignant at his son's ingratitude, would not allow his name to be mentioned in his presence; but the blind boy's affection for his brother remained unchanged. He could not forget that this elder brother had always treated him and spoken to him with the greatest kindness. Was it probable that such a warm heart had grown cold? he sometimes asked himself. Juan could not believe it, and was always striving to justify him. At times the fault was with the mail, or it might be that his brother did not wish to write until he could send them a good deal of money; then again he fancied that he meant to surprise them by presenting himself some fine day, laden with gold, at the modest house in which they lived.

The father died, however, without hearing from his son,—between a priest who exhorted him, and the blind boy, who clung convulsively to his hand as if he meant to detain him in this world by main force. When the old man's body was removed from the house, Juan seemed to have lost his reason, and in a frenzy of grief he struggled with the undertaker's men. Then he was left alone. And what loneliness was his! No father, no mother, no relatives, no friends,—he

* From the Spanish of Armando Palacio Valdés.

was even deprived of the sunlight, which is the friend of all created things.

His father, shortly before his death, had obtained for him a position as organist in one of the churches of Madrid, with a salary of seventy cents a day. This was scarcely sufficient to meet the running expenses of a house, however modest; so within a fortnight Juan sold all that had constituted the furniture of his humble home, and took a room at a boarding-house for which he paid forty cents a day; the remaining thirty cents covered all his other expenses. He lived thus for several months, without leaving his room except to fulfil his obligations. His only walks were from the house to the church, and from the church back again. His grief and loneliness weighed upon him so heavily that he seldom opened his lips. He spent the long hours of the day composing a Requiem Mass for his father, depending upon the charity of the parish for its execution.

But the people grew tired of Juan's playing, and before long he was dismissed from his position as organist. In the deep recesses of his heart the boy was pleased at this, as he was thus left more time in which to work at his Mass. The situation appeared to him in its real light only when his landlady, at the end of the month, came to him for money. Of course he had none to give her, as his salary had been withdrawn; and he was compelled to pawn his father's watch, after which he resumed his work with perfect serenity and without a thought of the future. But the landlady came again for money at the end of another month, and he once more pawned a jewel of the scant paternal legacy; this was a small diamond ring. In a few months there was nothing left to pawn; so the landlady turned him out, feeling generous in not claiming his trunk and clothes, from which she might have realized the small sum that he still owed her.

He looked for another lodging, but was unable to rent a piano, which was a sore trial to him. Evidently he could not finish his Mass. He knew a shopkeeper who owned a piano, and who permitted him to make use of it. But Juan soon noticed that his visits were growing unwelcome, so he left off going to him. Shortly, too, he was turned out of his new lodgings, only this time he had to go without his trunk.

Then came a period of misery and anguish,—of that misery of which it is hard to conceive. We know that life has few joys for the homeless and the poor; but if in addition they be blind and alone, surely they have found the limit of human suffering. Juan was tossed about from lodging to lodging, wandering through the streets of Madrid with torn shoes, his trousers worn to a fringe about his feet, his hair neglected. Some boy as poor as himself obtained a position for him in a *café*,—from which, however, he was soon turned out; for its frequenters did not relish his music. He never played popular dances or *peteñeras*, no fandangos, not even an occasional polka. His heart was always too heavy for that.

So out he went again through the byways of the great city. Every now and then some charitable soul, accidentally brought in contact with his misery, helped him indirectly,—for Juan shuddered at the thought of begging. He took his meals in some tavern or other, in the lowest quarter of Madrid, ate just enough to keep from starving; and for two cents he was allowed to sleep in a hovel with beggars and tramps. Once they stole his trousers while he was asleep, and left him a pair of cotton ones in their stead. This was in cold November.

Poor Juan, who had always cherished the thought of his brother's return, now, in the depths of his misery, nursed his hope with redoubled faith. He made all manner of inquiries, but to no effect; and

he spent long hours on his knees, hoping that Heaven might send Santiago to his rescue. His only happy moments were those spent in prayer, as he knelt behind a pillar in the far-off corner of some solitary church. His innocent soul then soared above the cruelties of life, and communed with God and the Heavenly Mother. From Juan's early childhood, devotion to the Blessed Virgin had been deeply rooted in his heart. As he had never known his mother, he instinctively turned to the Mother of God for that tender and loving protection which only a mother can give a child. He composed a number of hymns and canticles in her honor; and he never fell asleep without pressing his lips to the medal of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which he always wore around his neck.

There came a day, however, when Heaven and earth seemed to forsake him. Driven from his last shelter, without a crust to save him from starvation or a cloak to protect him from the cold, he realized that the time had come when he would have to beg. He prayed for strength with sobs, and resigned himself to his fate. Still, wishing to disguise his humiliation, he determined to sing in the streets, at night only. His voice was good, and he had a rare knowledge of the art of singing. He had no means of accompaniment; but he soon found another unfortunate who lent him an old and broken guitar. He mended it as best he could, and went out into the street on a frosty night in December.

Juan's heart beat violently; his knees trembled under him. When he tried to sing in one of the central thoroughfares, he could not utter a sound: suffering and shame seemed to have tied a knot in his throat. He groped about until he had found a wall to lean against. There he stood for a while, and when he felt a little calmer he began the tenor's aria from the first act of *Favorita*.

A poor blind singer, who sang neither couplets nor popu'ar songs, soon excited some curiosity among the passers-by, and in a few minutes a crowd had gathered around him. There was a murmur of surprise and admiration at the art with which he overcame the difficulties of the composition, and many a copper was dropped into the hat that dangled from his arm. After this he sang the aria of the fourth act of *Africana*. But too many had stopped to listen, and very soon a policeman appeared and caught Juan energetically by the arm, saying:

"Here, here! go straight home now, and don't let me catch you stopping at any more street corners."

Juan went back to his hovel with a heavy heart. He had made twenty-seven cents. With this he bought something to eat on the following day, and paid rent for the little pile of straw on which he slept. The next night he went out again and sang a few more operatic arias; the people again crowded around him, but once more a policeman felt himself called upon to interfere, shouting at him to move on. Juan moved on as fast as he could, because he was very timid, and the thought of breaking the laws was terrible to him.

So Juan's earnings rapidly decreased. The situation was desperate. The poor boy saw but one luminous point in the clouded horizon of his life, and that was his brother's return to Madrid. Every night as he left his hovel, with his guitar swinging from his shoulder, he thought: "If Santiago should be in Madrid and hear me sing, he would know me by my voice." And this hope alone gave him the strength to endure life.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And thus make life and all the great forever
One grand, sweet song.

—Anon.

Lilian's Compromise.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

II.

Lilian put the paper down noiselessly, smiled to herself, and then drew a little memorandum-book and pencil from her pocket. The compliment, or want of compliment, to her reading powers did not trouble her. Her father liked to be read to sleep after dinner, and for the first time in her life Lilian found this proceeding eminently to her taste. This evening she did not want to talk: she wanted to think—oh, a great deal!

And for a long time she sat looking straight before her, both elbows on the table, both cheeks pillowed in her hands, from which paper and pencil had presently fallen. The room was very still,—so still that she could even hear the flare of the gas. Her father's heavy breathing was rather soothing than otherwise; and, joined to it, the occasional crackle and sparkle of bright and cozy wood fire fell comfortably upon the silence.

Brave little Lilian! many thoughts, many problems, some of them involving the most serious questions of the day, passed through her brain that night. Yet, after all, she arrived again at her first solution—just a little love on both sides. What could be more simple! Well, she would prove it, at least on *her* side; and then papa would see how much she was in earnest. Her brow cleared. She drew the memorandum-book to her again, found her pencil, and for another hour or more her curly head was bent above a bewildering array of figures.

Her father moved uneasily once or twice, murmured some inarticulate words, and at length opened his eyes. Lilian turned quickly and smiled into them.

"O papa!" she exclaimed, playfully. "You great sleepy-head! Do you know it is actually ten o'clock? And I've had time for such a big think here all alone that my eyes are just shutting of themselves."

"Then to bed!" said her father, drawing her to him for a good-night kiss. "I am afraid my little woman does *too* much thinking," he added, somewhat anxiously. And at that moment he himself would have given much to be delivered from certain thoughts and pleadings which had pursued him even in his dreams.

Lilian gave him a fervent, remonstrating hug, and was gone.

Next day four different families wherein lived daughters, few or many, were visited by a favorite companion, who, to put it mildly, astonished them with a somewhat startling proposal. Immediate consent to it, however, was not an easy matter to obtain; but Lilian's enthusiasm was so whole-souled and contagious, her arguments so convincing, her eloquence so persuasive, that she at length succeeded, and her proposal was unanimously endorsed.

It was late in the afternoon when, quite tired out in body, but inwardly full of hope, she turned her steps homeward. She had begun her day by a visit to the Kipps,—a visit made early enough to find Tim at home. Before her gentle plea his surliness had given way; and almost ere he knew it, he had given the promise which she had come to ask.

"And you may be sure that *we* shall keep our part of the compact," were her parting words.

Tim had a ready tongue, and possessed considerable influence over most of his fellow workmen. "She rings true," was his inward comment as he watched her out of sight. Lilian could hardly have chosen better.

III.

"Well, who's there?"

It was about eight o'clock that same evening, and the meeting in the Carleton library had just begun. Mr. Carleton's voice sounded irritable as it struck on the

ears of a little group gathered without the door.

"Courage, girls,—courage!" whispered Lilian, as she spoke pushing aside the heavy *portières*. The next moment ten pretty girls—some timid and shrinking, some radiantly hopeful—confronted the astonished group of gentlemen gathered about the long table. Lilian stood a little in advance of the others. Her manner was perceptibly nervous, her cheeks rather white; but, nevertheless, there was a modest firmness in her direct glance not to be mistaken.

"Papa," Lilian began, taking a step forward,—"papa and gentlemen, we, your daughters, come to ask of you a great favor,—though a perfectly just one, we think. We wish you would end the strike at once."

She paused, her heart in a wild flutter, and bent her eyes upon the carpet. She could not trust herself to look up just then. The eyes that did look, however, saw, first the start, the involuntary look of amazement, and then the pitying incredulity with which the rash band were being regarded. Lilian was, of course, spared the sight, else she could not have continued her discourse, which she bravely did after a moment or so.

"If you can not really afford to give the men wages enough to keep them and their families from—from starving—why, we have come to ask you to let us make a sacrifice, which—which will perhaps help a little."

Lilian's voice shook so that she was obliged to pause again for a moment.

"Ahem!" said old Mr. Winn, the senior member, beginning to clear his throat. But Lilian pulled herself up, and went hurriedly on:

"We—we figured it all up to-day, and we found that—that each one of us costs her father perhaps $2,000 a year, counting education, of course, and—and what we eat." (Here the beginning of a smile flickered through the gravity of some of the councillors) "Besides this, we all get numbers of new dresses, hats, wraps, shoes, gloves, etc.; we all go away to expensive resorts in the summer, and some of us have our own ponies and carriages, and oceans and oceans of other luxuries. Papa and gentlemen, all these extra pleasures—yes, every one of them—we are willing to give up for a year, if—if you will use the money you spend on us to help end the strike. The children belonging to the men are crying with cold and hunger. We shall never feel happy again,—indeed, *indeed we can not*—if you don't let us help. And, O papa, papa! there is such a dreadful feeling among the men! But—but we all think they only want a little more kindness, and—and that much more to their wages!"

Lilian came to a full stop, out of breath and out of courage; but she turned to her companions, and her gesture said: "Come!"

They came, and at once fell upon the five almost overpowered fathers, with all the girlish charm and cajolement of which they were possessed. Logic, even of the uncompromising order, has been known to go down before the enchantment of bright eyes, dewy tears, and soft caresses. The bevy coaxed, pleaded, argued, wept, and—conquered.

Half an hour later they were cozily gathered round the drawing-room grate, joyously discussing their victory, while a messenger was leaving the house with a message from the firm to the men. Strangely enough, and unknown to him, on his way he passed an envoy from the other side.

Not long after the door-bell sounded a short, sharp peal, followed a minute later by the sound of many heavy footsteps across the hall. The group about the fire listened intently. Lilian and Pauline Winn ran to the door to peep. The next instant Lilian drew back, highly excited.

"Yes, yes, it is he, girls!" she cried. "It's Tim Kipp, and with him are three other men. Oh, it's going to be settled,—it's going to be settled!" And Lilian clapped her hands and danced round in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

It certainly was Tim, and Tim accompanied by a powerful personage indeed—the master-workman. The other two were important members of the committee. All were immediately closeted in the library, and only a subdued murmur was audible for a very long time to the ears in the drawing-room. But at length the door of the council chamber opened. The other group could stand it no longer: they rushed to the hall in a body.

Lilian saw Tim's face, and oh what a relief! Now he looked like his old self. At the same moment he perceived her. His countenance cleared still more, and he made a half-hesitating step toward her. She pushed eagerly forward, her eyes asking all necessary questions.

"Yes, Miss," said Tim, answering them, "it's all right,—it's all settled. There's been 'giving way' on both sides, and everybody is satisfied. And thank you kindly for what you've all done. It's that brave,—it is!"

"Then, Tim,—please, Tim," pleaded Lilian, bending nearer and speaking very softly, "don't go on thinking people hate you, because—because really they don't. There are many kind ones, who try to keep the Golden Rule—'Do as you would be done by,'—you know."

"God bless you!" said the rough man gently, as he looked down upon her. "If the world had more like you, it would be—well, it would be a bit like heaven."

. . . .

"Fools,—old fools and young fools!" so the world said. But the "young fools" only laughed happily, while the "old fools" found peace of mind worth a few thousands.

(The End.)

A Christmas Legend.

Amongst the earlier descendants of William the Conqueror was one Walthen, a priest, whose mother had married David, King of Scotland, and whose father bore in his veins the blood of the brave Siward, about whom you have all heard no doubt. St. Walthen, of course, loved the beautiful feasts of Christmastide; and on one occasion, after a very fervent preparation, he was standing at the altar celebrating the Midnight Mass, when a strange thing happened.

It was so solemn, so intensely still in the chapel, that the very candles seemed to be holding their breath in expectation. The worshippers wondered that Walthen was so long at the Elevation. And what do you suppose was the cause? A very wonderful thing indeed.

As St. Walthen lifted the Sacred Host and pronounced the words of Consecration It suddenly disappeared, and in his arms lay a lovely Babe, smiling up into his eyes and stretching out Its tiny hands to caress him. The Saint's heart gave a great leap, and then he stood still for a long, long time, drinking in the beauty of the Blessed Child that had sought a Bethlehem within his arms. Then suddenly again the Sacred Host lay on the altar, and St. Walthen finished his Mass, with great thoughts swelling in his heart and tears of joy streaming from his eyes.

Who would not like to have been in his place that Christmas morning!

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE loved birds so well that he left a sum of money with the Brothers of a monastery to provide corn "for daily remembrance bounty," to be put into four hollow places in the slab of his tomb. For hundreds of years this request was faithfully heeded. The tomb still exists.

MOTHER MOST LOVABLE.
(RAPHAEL)

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

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The First Christmas.

BY T. A. M.

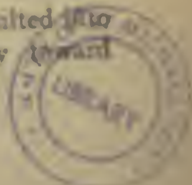
O HAPPY Mother, if in heaven were known
An envious thought, then angels envied thee
That winter midnight when, in ecstasy,
They saw thee worship at the manger-throne
Of Bethlehem! They knew that thou alone,
By virtue of thy sweet maternity,
Couldst taste the fulness of the mystery
That made thy Babe, while God of heaven, thine own
And only Son. When lovely baby eyes
Looked up into thy face to sweetly smile
Unspoken greetings, numbered with such charms
Was full beatitude; and paradise
Came down to earth to dwell with thee, the while
Thy neck was circled by those little arms.

The Third Joyful Mystery.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE November day was narrow and gray in Nazareth, and the market-place was almost deserted. The rain fell in short showers, and a few brown grape leaves drifted about in the wind. Across the unpaved square a homeless dog trotted, wet and sullen, with ears adroop; and when a loitering boy flung a stone at the outcast, it darted away snarling. Down the sloping street came the pattering of a flock of goats and the shuffle of the herd's sandals; and a thin steam rose up from the warm, damp hair of the animals. These passed on down the hill,—a faint noise between two silences. Then was heard the quick, nervous tread of unshod hoofs and the jingle of a tossed bridle-chain, and a Roman soldier rode up to the Synagogue. He took a roll of parchment from a bag he carried across his saddle-bow, and, without dismounting, tried to nail it to one of the pillars of the portico. The man swore in Gaelic by the gods of Ierna at his restive horse, which swerved outward at the tap of the sword-hilt upon the nail. The rider was a Celt, an adventurer who had probably joined his legion in Gaul. At last he was forced to leap down from the stirrupless saddle, and the parchment was affixed.

Two boys ran over to see the scroll, but they could not read either the Latin or the Hebrew text; and they asked the soldier, in Latin picked up at the gate of the camp, what was the purport of the writing. The horseman could read no better than his questioners, and he wisely affected a contemptuous silence. When the last nail had been driven between the stones of the pillar, he vaulted into his saddle and galloped away toward Safed, on the hills of Nephtali.


LIBRARY

In a short time a crowd had gathered before the proclamation, wondering what it meant, and waiting impatiently for some one who could read well enough to put the script into words. Presently a carpenter, returning from his work, came to the edge of the crowd. He was a large, grave man, beyond the midway of life. A leathern apron hung down before his striped brown tunic, and a bag of tools was slung from his left shoulder. His beard and the long black hair under his burnoose were touched with gray. The face was very strong, but wonderfully gentle, even beautiful as men are beautiful, and his gray eyes were deep and penetrating. A youth in the crowd seeing him, cried out:

"Here is Joseph Ben-Jacob! He can read it for us!"

The people made way for the carpenter, and they grew silent; and straightway a rich, musical voice was reading out the Hebrew text:

"Cyrinus, by favor of the divine Emperor, governor of Syria—"

"Divine Emperor!" cried a woman near Joseph. "God of Israel, the blasphemy of these Gentile dogs!"

"To all his faithful people," continued the reader, "sends greeting. Know ye it is the will of Cæsar that all nations subjected to him be enrolled, so that a better knowledge of the number and condition of the people may conduce to more beneficent government. Therefore it is commanded, under penalty of the Emperor's displeasure, that each family shall repair before the first day of the month of January to the chief city of its tribe, and there be enrolled."

A cry of rage and grief went up as the last words were uttered, and Joseph's face was set and white. This unpractical method of taking a census was a great hardship, because the tribal cities of many of the bystanders were distant, scattered from the snows of Libanus to the River of Egypt. Joseph was silent, and as soon as he could get out of the agitated throng he walked homeward.

"Here is my second sorrow," he said. "How can I take her all the weary road to Bethlehem of Juda?"

The tools clanked upon his shoulder, the leathern apron creaked, and the gravel crunched under his sandals, as he went, with bowed head, along the white-walled houses. When he drew near his home he raised his eyes, that brightened as if he had heard an answer to a prayer.

Mary sat within the open door, and the whir of her spinning-wheel did not let her hear his footfall. Folded carefully upon the table beside her were swaddling-bands she had just finished. He stood at the door and watched her, with a strange veneration in his gray eyes.

She was only fifteen years of age, but already a woman. Against the snowy wall of the room was the soft red glow of her robe, and her crown of brown hair lay in heavy coils about the most comely head God ever fashioned. It was not a Hebrew face; it belonged to no race or type: it was ideal—above all types. Majesty and lowliness were there complete but united. The innocence of childhood, the mystic purity of one that was stainless before and after birth, the awful dignity of the supreme motherhood, the wisdom of a mind unclouded by sin, were all mingled and resplendent in that fairest Virgin, who was

> "A daughter born to God,
> Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
> And spouse unto the Holy Ghost."

Her face was very sorrowful, because she already had clear visions of Calvary; but gloom and despair were not there,—only sadness, as Christ would be sad. No one ever heard her laugh; few but Joseph ever saw her smile, or listened to her dear mouth's music. And when he saw and heard, as he came home at evening, and the shadows of the palms were long, and the sun was red on the sea behind Carmel, he was tempted, day after day,

to fall upon the earth and worship her, as the Areopagite was tempted in the house of John, when she had grown old and weary with waiting.

Joseph still watched her; and as the spinning-wheel droned on, she chanted softly, through its monotone, the words of an old Syrian lullaby; and He who had come to save heard her sweet, low voice above the *Sanctus* of the million angels that crowded the lanes of Nazareth. Up before one of the gates that are each a pearl stood Gabriel and Raphael and Michael. They also heard her voice, and the great heart of the battle-angel Michael leaped, and he dropped from heaven like a star down to Nazareth; and, kneeling, he kissed the hem of her robe; but her song went on evenly. What did she know of archangels, when she was singing to her Babe?

Then Joseph crossed the threshold; the wheel stopped and she looked up to him. The smile upon her exquisite face was checked at the sight of the pain in his eyes.

"Mary," he said, "the Roman Governor hath commanded that we go to Bethlehem to be enrolled. How canst thou endure the length of the journey?"

She was silent a moment, then she said:

"God doth all things well, dear."

In the second week of December they started toward Bethlehem, eighty miles southward, among the hills of Judea. The wintry morning sun burned crimson through the black oaks on the summit of Tabor, and high up in the blue an eagle sailed down toward the Lake of Gennesareth. The mist lay heavy upon the plain of Asochis to the north, and the wooded hills of Nephtali rose like islands out of the rolling fog; and far beyond were the faint snows of Hermon. The walls of Caifa and Accho, over near Carmel, broke with touches of soft gray the glittering white of the sands by the sea beyond the mist; and farther away in the west the ships wore out and in. Southward, the road down from the village dipped under the fog that lay along the plain of Esdrælon.

The street was silent and chill. Before the door Joseph was tightening the saddle-girths upon a white ass, that stood there listless and patient. The Madonna took a last look into the house, then she locked the door. Her dog, that was watching her, ran about excitedly during these preparations; and as she turned she patted his head gently and said:

"Thou must come with us, else thou wilt starve here."

Joseph led the ass up to the threshold; she got upon the saddle, and the dreary march began.

Across the plain of Esdrælon, over the mountains of Samaria, through the valley beyond, and then up the hills of Judea to Jerusalem, they toiled on in the chill weather; sleeping at night upon straw near the horses and camels and asses of the wayfarers in the barn-like khans by the wayside. On the long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem Our Lady suffered from the gnawing of frost.*

On the first Christmas Eve Mary and Joseph went over the six miles between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Herod the murderer, surnamed the Great—a conquered king, who killed his beautiful wife Mariamne, her family, his uncle Joseph, his own three sons, and a multitude of others,—was then living near Bethlehem. His fortified palace was on the plateau Jebel Fereidis, and the magnificent villas of his courtiers clustered about the foot of this hill. Our Lady could see the lights at their gates as she went toward the little city of David. Herod Antipas, who carried off Herodias,

* As late as February there is, during some winters, snow in Jerusalem. A writer in *The Month*, about ten years ago, said that on the last day of February of 1884 the snow lay six inches deep in the city streets, and it was extremely cold. De Lamartine related the same thing years ago—about 1849.

the wife of his brother Herod Philip, and who murdered Saint John the Baptist, was the son of this Herod the Great.

The night was falling, and the purple shadows filled all the stony ravines. The lamp over the town gate flared in the wind above the Roman sentry, who was watching the crowds of people as they hurried into their tribal city for the enrolment. Swaying camels jostled the Mother of God, and the stirrups of horsemen touched her blue mantle, and the wind plucked at it. Under the gate-arch the hoofs of the horses awoke hollow re-echoing; and Joseph smiled cheerfully there, and he said to Mary:

"At last thou canst rest!"

They went to the khan. The innkeeper at the door was very busy directing his servants to assign places to his guests and their animals. Joseph approached him and asked for a lodging-place. The man looked up and took in at a glance the travel-stained, peasant dress of the humble Galilean. Then he said to Joseph:

"The house is crowded. We have no room for thee."

"But we must have room! My wife is weak and outworn with long journeying: she can not go out into the night."

"I told thee I have no room. There is no other inn in the village, but thou mayst find place at some private house."

Joseph went back to our dear Lady Saint Mary, and she saw from the troubled lines on his forehead that they must seek for rest elsewhere.

"The inn is crowded: we can not have place," he said. He was very anxious, for even a saint's "philosophy" does not lift him above the pain of those he loves. Holiness is anything but indifferent; it differs from mediocrity chiefly in its capacity for suffering without querulousness. Then began the quest from door to door, which is difficult to describe.

They came at last to the western gate, and Joseph's face was pale with sorrow and the irritation of the Bethlehemites' meanness; and Mary's face was wan and drawn with extreme weariness, and she was trembling. They passed under the arch aimlessly. The sentinel at the gate stood there like a statue, and the yellow flame of the lamp turned his helmet to gold. One of the young troopers lounging on the guards' bench under the arch saw Our Lady's face in the half-light, and he went quickly into the guard-room and brought out a loaf of bread. Going over to her, he said in German:

"Take this, maiden; and may Thor destroy thy enemies!"

She did not understand the words, but she understood the kindness in his blue eyes, and she said:

"May the God of Israel bring thee into His love!"

Then he went back into the shadow, wondering at the melody of her voice.

Out into the dusk they wandered; and the red west smouldered as an ember and grew cold, and the white stars drifted upward, glittering. Near the gate there was a cave, hewn in the sandstone by the wayside, that was used as a stable for cattle.

"I see no other place," said Joseph: "we must abide here for the night."

At the entrance of the cave he knelt and lighted a rush taper with sparks from his flint, and they went in. An ox was tethered there, and his great, mild eyes glistened in the faint light of the taper. Joseph found a pile of hay in a corner of the cave, and he spread her mantle upon it; and Our Lady sat there while he removed the saddle from the ass, and shook out a small bundle of fodder before the jaded beast. The dog lay at her feet, and it put its warm muzzle upon her hand and looked up to her. She broke a piece of the soldier's bread and gave it to the dog. Then Joseph took a water-gourd from his bag, and they ate the remainder of the loaf. The place was sharply chill, and he drew the hay about Our Lady and

set the saddle for a pillow. Presently he wrapped his cloak about himself, and the taper was extinguished. They knelt upon the hay, and talked with God in silence. The hours ran out unnoticed, because they had forgotten their weariness. A beam of moonlight flowed in through a crevice in the door, and it moved slowly across the cave. Once it fell upon Mary's face, and she was as a white lily.

The sounds from the town died out, and the world grew still. The swish of the hay as the ox and the ass pulled it toward themselves, and the soft breathing of the sleeping dog, were the only sounds in the darkness. God came in consolation that night, and there were sweet tears upon the faces of Mary and Joseph. The stars floated westward, and the eager angels were drifting down through them in great squadrons toward Bethlehem. Men were asleep, but the prayer of Mary and Joseph was not ended. The tread of the midnight-watch came to the town gate. Then Joseph was conscious of a great white light in the cave, and suddenly he heard a tiny cry, and there, lying upon the hay, was the Babe! He saw our dear Lady Saint Mary stretch out her hands tremblingly, as the young priest first touches the Host, and catch up the Babe and hide Him in her bosom. She stilled His cry with her lips. Then the light faded.

The Archangel Michael swept out into the night, and he hurled his lance in sheer joy down, down, till it thundered and quivered in the gate of hell; and he shouted to his armies: "He is born! Who is like God!" And a mighty cry went up that made tremble a million suns; and it broke in surges of piercing harmony before the Eternal Throne, and almost greatened the gladness of the changeless God. There in the cave you could not see even the quiet tears upon the face of our dear Lady Saint Mary. The Babe was asleep.

A Life's Labyrinth.

XIX.—The Confession.

All was confusion in the castle,—that is, if the soft fall of hurrying feet on heavily carpeted halls and stairs, as they ran hither and thither on various errands, may be called confusion. Weak from loss of blood, but fully conscious, the Marquis lay in his darkened chamber, where Mrs. Ingestre, with a trusted servant, watched for every indication of change in his condition. Nervous and exhausted, Constance had allowed herself to be undressed by Mathews, and had retired to her bed,—the faithful old woman lingering close beside her. In another wing of the castle, whither he had been taken, by Mrs. Ingestre's orders, immediately after the dreadful occurrence—as his own room opened directly from the dressing-room of the Marquis,—Nadand lay stretched upon the bed from which he was never again to rise.

Filled with anxiety, but outwardly calm, Lord Kingscourt gravitated from one room to another,—now knocking at the door of Constance's chamber to hear how she felt; then slipping softly into that of the Marquis; finally pausing outside the door of the room to which Nadand had been carried, where a few frightened servants had gathered, speaking in faint whispers and eager for news. At length a slight commotion at the end of the corridor told him that something unusual was occurring; and he soon caught sight of the magistrate, accompanied by his clerk. Lord Kingscourt stepped forward.

"Mr. Vivian, I presume?" he said.

"The same," replied the functionary of the law, with some dignity. "And you, sir, if I mistake not, are the Earl of Kingscourt?"

"At your service," returned the Earl. "I presume you know what is required of you here, Mr. Vivian?"

"I am to draw up a testament, I believe. A very sad accident, this. I understand a pistol exploded accidentally, and that his lordship's life is also in danger."

"Not so bad as that. His wound is serious, but not dangerous. Nadand, the valet, is said to be dying. I will see if the doctor can admit us at once."

Showing Mr. Vivian into a small waiting room, Lord Kingscourt returned to the door of the chamber where the valet lay, and knocked very softly.

The doctor came to the door.

"The magistrate is here," said the Earl. "Shall I direct him to come in?"

"Yes," was the reply. "This man has not much longer to live, and wishes to have something put on paper which seems to weigh heavily on his mind."

Lord Kingscourt retired; but, returning soon with Mr. Vivian, requested that the clerk be left in the ante-room, and at the same time asked that he be permitted to be present at the proceedings which were about to take place.

"The presence of Mr. Vivian is a necessity," he said; "that of his clerk is not. I take it that he, Mr. Vivian, is an honorable man, and that all he will hear in this room will be safe with him until the time arrives to disclose it. I have an idea of the nature of the confession Nadand is about to make; and I think, Doctor, it will be best to exclude all unnecessary witnesses. Two are necessary; let them be you and myself."

"Very well," replied the doctor, much impressed by the Earl's earnestness and evident knowledge of the situation.

Two attendants who stood at the foot of the bed were requested to retire; there remained, beside the dying man, the Earl, the doctor, and the magistrate. A table with writing materials was placed in position; the doctor took his station on the bed beside the valet, holding his hand in order to feel the pulse. On the other side Lord Kingscourt leaned over him. Great cloths swathed his head and face,—he was slowly bleeding to death from a wound in his forehead. His face was ghastly pale; his weird, cruel, black eyes gleamed feverishly from their sockets, like midnight pools of whose unfathomed depths he alone knew the horrid secret.

"Nadand," said the Earl, as he bent his head within reach of the man's vision—for he seemed to be staring straight in front of him,—"Nadand, you know me?"

"Yes," replied the valet. "You are Lord Kingscourt. Is the Marquis dead?"

"No," said the Earl. "He is neither dead nor likely to die."

"Good!" cried the valet, with a sigh of relief. "One sin less to answer for. But I'm going the long journey, and I have something to say."

"The magistrate is here," continued the Earl. "Witnesses will be needed, so the doctor and I will remain also."

"Very well," replied the valet. "Give me a moment's time." Covering his eyes with one hand, he kept them closed for a short time; then, extending the hand to the Earl, "Help me," he said, and laid it in his kindly, outstretched palm.

All the horror which Lord Kingscourt felt for the wretch who lay before him was lost in the presence of the shadow of death. His main purpose now was to give him all the assistance possible in making clear the terrible story of crime he was about to reveal. The clock on the mantel pointed at nine. A few moments after ten, between frequent pauses for breath, the administration of strengthening cordials by the doctor, and occasional necessary questions put by the Earl, the confession of the valet had resolved itself into the following narrative:

"My name is Pierre Louis Nadand. I was born in Paris, and lived there until I was twenty-five years of age. At that time I entered the service of the late Marquis of Mountheron as valet. He was a hard master and an evil-living man.

I knew all his secrets,—he trusted me entirely. He had no deep affections, but many strong aversions and hatreds. The turning of a hair could change him from a friend to an enemy. He had always been kind to his half-brother, Lord Stratford, because that young man had never gone counter to his wishes. He was never kind to inferiors; but he depended much upon me, owing to his infirmities, and the knowledge I had of his private affairs. He often struck, kicked, and otherwise insulted me. I endured his moods, because afterward he would present me with a couple of sovereigns, and I was fond of money. There was a certain young relative of the Marquis, dissipated, always in debt. He made no concealment of his vices, therefore the Marquis had an admiration for him. He was a hypocrite, like myself; for, although he professed a liking for his kinsman, he cared only for his gifts.

"The Marquis had a great passion for diamonds. He kept a large number in a private drawer of his secretary. When recovering from paroxysms of pain, he would sometimes order me to fetch them to him,—they seemed to give him comfort. One day I was about to replace them in the drawer of the secretary, which stood in his sitting-room, when this young relative entered. He had heard of those diamonds: his sharp eyes divined what I had in the small chamois bags, but he said nothing. From the loud talking that ensued in the next room, into which he had passed, I knew there was a stormy interview. The young man came out, his face black with anger; he did not look at me. When I returned to the Marquis, he said: 'That fellow is insufferable. He wanted more money, but more he shall not have from me. I have paid his debts for the last time.'

"I am a light sleeper,—that night I was awakened by a noise in the sitting-room. I struck a match and went in. There, by the light of a single candle, stood the young nobleman, a bag of diamonds in either hand. Without permitting me to utter a word, he drew me back to my own bedroom. 'Nadand,' he said, 'I have been caught at a desperate game. I must have money to pay my debts. These gems are but a drop in the bucket of his wealth. Let us divide. I make you a fair offer. In any event, if the theft is discovered, you will be accused by the Marquis. I will give you half if you promise to say nothing about it.'

"I have always been fond of money. My ambition has been, after a certain age, to set up as a kind of country gentleman in my own dear land of France. I held out my hand, then drew it back again.

"'No,' I said; 'I shall be accused in any case. He may ask for them to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow he goes to Exeter,' he answered; 'and you will go with him. When you return, the diamonds can have disappeared.'

"'He carries them with him,' said I.

"'Will he ask for them while there?'

"'No, it is not likely,' I replied. 'It is merely for safety.'

"'Here,' said the young man, emptying the diamonds from one little chamois sack into his handkerchief, and handing me the bag. 'Fill this with pebbles, keep the other for yourself; and you can show him both to-morrow, if he should ask for them before starting. He will not want to see their contents.'

"'No, he will not,' said I. 'But when he does,—then what?'

"'You can disappear during the next fortnight. Disguise yourself in London and sail for America. There you will never be captured.'

"The bait was too strong. I let him do as he would. The next morning he left the castle; and that night, after drinking considerably, taking one diamond from the bag I held, I sent the gem to my brother to dispose of for me. The others I deposited behind a loose stone in the

wall of the old chapel, back of the altar; thinking that the place safest from detection. The next day my master was not able to go to Exeter; the day after the Earl of Cliffbourne came, and their quarrel began. After that there was no thought of looking at diamonds. And some fatality held me to the spot,—I could not get away, though my mind was filled with the fear of discovery. Meanwhile the young kinsman had gone to Italy.

"On the night of the rupture with Lord Stratford I had resolved to leave Mountheron the following day. When all were asleep, I had determined to take the diamonds from their hiding-place; and, disguising myself in a rustic's frock and breeches, to make my way to London, thence to America. The Marquis was in a savage mood that night. I had seen him safely in bed, however, and was sitting in my own room, when he summoned me, asking for his diamonds, which he wished to examine, in order to see whether there were enough for a complete set for his future wife. I knew not what to do or say. He bade me hurry, in his usual tyrannical fashion, overwhelming me with abuse. Goaded, I retorted in a very disrespectful manner. In a fury he lifted his hand and struck me in the face—on the same spot where a blow from a silver paper-weight from his hand had already left a scar. Then something terrible rose up within me. Riches, an easy life in a foreign land, were all within my grasp. One thrust in the right spot, and all would be over; then, after a while—a very little while—I could take my prize and disappear. I stealthily took out my pocket-knife and looked him defiantly in the face. He had no suspicion, for once more he opened his lips to assail me with a vile epithet. I rushed upon him. I struck well, for the blade pierced his heart. He sank back with a moan, and I withdrew.

"At that moment I heard a footstep in the passage. I knew it,—it was that of Lord Stratford. Should he enter, I was lost. But he passed; and for the present, at least, all was well. I sat for half an hour or so in the ante-room, uncertain what to do next. Then I had the presence of mind to enter the room of my dead master, withdraw the knife from his wound, steal down the stairs, through the garden, and fling it over the old moat. After that I returned, undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep,—I have not slept well since that night. The next morning I dressed myself carefully,—there were no stains of blood upon my clothing; then I gave the alarm. What need to tell the rest of the story? It is well known. I wish to clear the memory of a dead man from disgrace; perhaps it may lighten my own punishment in the next world."

"Your accomplice in the theft,—is he living?" inquired the magistrate. "If so, he should be brought to justice? What was his name?"

"I decline to say more," replied Nadand, in a feeble voice. "He has been a good enough master to me,—a good enough master." Then, not realizing that he had betrayed himself, he gazed about him.

"We need not question him further, Mr. Vivian," interposed the Earl. "I have material in my possession which renders it unnecessary."

"One word more," said the magistrate, bowing to Lord Kingscourt and turning to the dying man. "Did you shoot Lord Ingestre with murderous intent, or was it accidental?"

"There had been a dispute," replied the valet. My nerves were unsettled—something I had seen the night before. I wished to leave Mountheron. I—I—demanded money of the Marquis. He refused,—he could not give it to me at once. I had been drinking for two or three days. I threatened to kill myself. He struggled with me for the pistol—it went off—he fell. Fearing that I had killed him, I shot myself."

"And the diamonds,—what became of them?" asked the magistrate, alert in the performance of his duty.

"Some stones fell—part of the wall,—soon after the Marquis died. I thought them safe; but I lost the diagram I had made, and could not find it again. Three years later the walls crumbled,—I could never find them. But they are there, I know, under the ruins of the old chapel; and there they will be found when I am gone. That is all I have to say."

(To be continued.)

The Gift of Christmastide.

SOFT the midnight shadows gathered o'er Judea's purple hills,
And all Israel felt the power which deep longing e'er instils;
For the weary years of waiting, years of Advent prayers and sighs,
Now were ended; Hope's fulfilment dawned upon their eager eyes.
Lo! the argent starlight trembled; and on pinions white of love,
Angels singing heavenly anthems filled the arching dome above;
And they brought to earth glad tidings, and bade joy once more to glow,
On that Christmas night in Bethlehem,—that great night so long ago.

And since He the King of Ages came to earth in mortal guise,
Never have the storm-clouds covered all the sunlight of the skies;
For He brought a gift from heaven—'twas the gift of holy peace,
Entering hearts with gentle power, bidding trouble there to cease.
At these thoughts to-day from every heart upwell the grateful tears,
For that Infant's pulsing life-stream sanctifies the speeding years;
And He lingers on our altars, this by faith and love we know,
As on Christmas night in Bethlehem,—that great night so long ago.

The Defender of Rome.

BY WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

(CONCLUSION.)

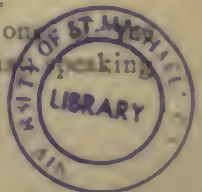
THE only active service in which Kanzler was employed for the next seven years—from 1860 to 1867—was the repression of brigandage on the Papal frontier, where the Piedmontese encouraged or tolerated it for their own purposes.

Finding it necessary to increase the defences of his diminished state, Pius IX. agreed to a military occupation by the French troops; and Kanzler was named Pro-Minister of War on October 27, 1865, being the first layman ever appointed to that position. He presided over the development of the Pontifical army, which went on apace in Italy and in other countries. The perfect peace of the Papal States during the years elapsing between 1860 and 1867 is one of the best proofs of the attachment of the people to the Holy See. But in September of the latter year a Garibaldian invasion was announced.

The Pontifical troops gained a brilliant victory at Bagnorea, the birthplace of St. Bonaventure, on the 5th of October. Another followed at Montelibretti, where about eighty of the Papal soldiers put twelve hundred Garibaldians to flight. Similar victories occurred at Vallecorsa, San Lorenzino, Nerola, and other places. Evidently Kanzler's ruling was a success.

Meanwhile the troops of Garibaldi—many of whom are said to have been the ordinary soldiers of the Piedmontese kingdom—continually increased. On the 22d of October a skirmish occurred outside St. Paul's Gate at Rome; and another encounter took place on the 23d at the Vigna Glori, outside the city. Kanzler therefore took the field as commander-in-chief of the Pontifical army.

P. Vannutelli, who was one of the military chaplains, relates that, speaking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with the General at Monterotondo, he received the assurance that there was no fear for the safety of Rome, as the French would certainly come. Their arrival was afterward countermanded, but finally permitted. Meantime, on October 15, Garibaldi attacked Monterotondo with about fifteen thousand men. The conflict lasted twenty-seven hours; but the Papal troops, which were only three hundred and twenty-six strong, were eventually obliged to surrender. This brilliant but unsuccessful resistance saved the capital.

By November 27 the French auxiliaries arrived, under the command of General de Failly; and on the following day the united forces of the Pope and the French Empire routed the Garibaldians at Mentana. On the 4th of December General Kanzler occupied Monterotondo, and in the evening returned to Rome. Pius IX., meeting him, embraced him, and repeated the opening words of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata":

> "Canto l'armi pietose e il Capitano
> Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo."

Kanzler, however, was happier than Godfrey: he had liberated not the tomb but the Vicar of Christ.

Three years of peace followed; and then came the sad and mysterious capture of Rome, in which, as in every other encounter, the elect who fought for the holy cause yielded only to the overwhelming number of their adversaries. These years were utilized by General Kanzler for the perfecting of discipline in the army.

During the Vatican Council Kanzler's acknowledged merits obtained for him the praise of all the distinguished personages present in Rome. There is a pretty story to the point which deserves mention. Mgr. Bertrand, Bishop of Tulle, meeting him at a reception, caressed him; and after laying his hand upon the General's head placed it upon his own breast, saying: "*Voici le bon sergent de Jésus Christ.*" The General used to relate that no word of praise he ever received proved so sweet or made so deep an impression.

In June, 1870, the sessions of the Council were suspended, and shortly after the French Expeditionary Corps left Rome. The story of the capture of Rome is too well known to be repeated here. Outnumbered as the Papal troops were, it would have been pure folly to have made active resistance; therefore, they retired as the enemy advanced and were concentrated in Rome. It was the wish of the Pope that the white flag should be hoisted as soon as a breach had been made in the walls. This was at ten o'clock on the morning of September the 20th. As Ancona had been bombarded for hours after the capitulation, General Bixio followed this laudable example, making the Vatican and the Trastevere the chief objects of his attack. The Italian troops occupied Rome before the terms of the capitulation had been agreed upon.

After the taking of the Eternal City and the dismemberment of the Papal army, Kanzler was received in the Vatican as the guest of Pius IX. The relations between the Pope and his faithful servant were most intimate. When the General was ailing—as often happened—the Pope would send him wine and delicacies. It was customary for the Pontiff to receive his familiars in conversation after the duties of the day were over. The General was always invited to be present; and, as the Pope was in the habit of consulting him, he used to be an assiduous reader of the newspapers, so that he might be ready with suitable replies to his questions. He never failed to attend the Pope during his daily walk at eleven o'clock in the morning. During the Pope's last illness, Kanzler was always at his bedside. When the hour of death was at hand, Pius IX. said: "Adieu, dear General,—*au revoir!* I expect you above. Adieu!"

After the accession of Leo XIII. the General sought permission to live outside

the Vatican, and so began the only period of rest which he ever enjoyed. But even then he was busied with the government of the remaining Papal troops and his own private studies, chief among which was astronomy. Such was the esteem in which he was held that Italian officers passing in the streets often saluted him. Leo XIII. received him once a year—on December 27,—together with the other veterans; and Kanzler always read the address. Finally, the Holy Father gave him a solemn attestation of his sovereign regard by creating him Baron and a member of the Roman nobility.

Kanzler was profoundly religious. He assisted at morning and evening prayers with the rest of the family and at daily Mass, and was frequent in the reception of the Sacraments. San Luigi dei Francesi was his favorite church, being near his residence. He was especially charitable to the poor.

In 1887 he began to speak of his approaching end, though suffering only from the renewal of a wound in the leg. But the confinement entailed thereby caused his health to deteriorate. On December 22, while the celebrations for the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Holy Father were in progress, a deputation of the Papal army was received in audience. The General made a supreme effort to be present. He delivered the customary address; and, though greatly enfeebled, stood while His Holiness replied. It was the last event of the kind he ever witnessed. I will let P. Vannutelli relate the circumstances of his death:

"On the morning of January 5, 1888, the General felt better than usual. According to my daily custom for about thirteen years, I went to read him the newspaper, to keep him company and to talk over the questions of the day. He expressed a desire to rise earlier than usual, because he felt better; but I wished him to wait until we had finished reading the paper, saying that he could get up after I had gone. And so it happened. After a few minutes he was left alone, and began to prepare to rise, unaided. While bending to put on a shoe, he felt a sort of fracture in his breast, and fell back helpless on the bed. The noise immediately brought assistance from the adjoining room, and he was found fainting and insensible. Nevertheless, after a few moments he recovered consciousness, and said, with the greatest calm, that he felt he was dying, and begged for the assistance of a priest and the comforts of religion. He was suffering from a heavy oppression of the chest, and experienced so great difficulty in breathing as to be almost suffocated. The General remained perfectly calm, and seemed to think of nothing but his religious duties, the affection he felt for his friends, and his devotion toward the Holy See."

His confessor soon arrived and heard his confession, and later the parish priest of La Maddalena administered the last Sacraments. The Viaticum was brought about the hour of the *Ave Maria*, at sundown. Several of his friends and former companions in arms held lighted candles while he received the Blessed Sacrament; but they afterward retired, so that death might find him in perfect calm. When informed that the Pope had sent the Papal Blessing *in articulo mortis*, he expressed his thanks, and remarked: "If the Lord wishes me, I am willing; if He leaves me here, I am equally so." In order to maintain the vital heat, his physician ordered him warm drinks. The dying man remarked that it was curious that he should be obliged to take spirits in the last hours of his life, as he had never been accustomed to take them before. When he felt his strength failing he asked a priest at his bedside to recite the *Proficiscere anima Christiana*. He died at midnight of January 5 and 6, 1888, having preserved his faculties to the last.

Needless to detail here the countless testimonies of admiration and affection which followed his death, and in which the Pope, cardinals, prelates and persons of all ranks joined. We will take leave of him by quoting the simple and beautiful inscription placed over the great door of the Church of Sant' Agostino on the day of his funeral:

HERMANNO KANZLER,
PRÆFECTO COPIARUM MILITIÆ PONT.
VIRO INTEGERRIMO OMNIBUS CARO
QUI
EXITU CHRISTIANÆ VITÆ CONSENTANEO
NONIS IAN., MDCCCLXXXVIII.
INOPINATO DECESSIT
SOCII ET COMITES EJUS IN MILITARIBUS MUNERIBUS
ÆVI ÆTERNI PACEM PIACULARIBUS SACRIFICIIS
ADPRECANTUR.

"A man of absolute integrity and dear to all," that is his best epitaph,—"dear to God and to men."

Hither and Yon; or, Random Recollections.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIII.—Tom Hood the Younger.

MY first night in England was a "damper." I failed to find the friend I hoped to meet, and it was too late to search out others. I spent the night in a semi-detached villa that bordered alike upon Hampstead Heath and absolute despair. With the late winter's sun of the morning following I approached London city, alone and alarmed. The charitable Britisher who directed me to the underground railway at Hampstead, having seen me descend into the subterranean passage, through which I was subsequently shot like a spark through a stovepipe, left me to that fate which awaited me at one of the city stations, but which one I have never been able to recall. A porter waved me toward Fleet Street. I was looking for No. 80, the office of London *Fun*, where I was more or less sure of meeting Tom Hood the Younger, with whom I had already formed an acquaintance by letter.

I drifted naturally up Fleet Street, with the tide that was setting in toward the Bank of England,—what eddies there are in that locality! I climbed along the numbers on the shops until I came to 80; and then, at the very threshold, I paused and almost wished I had not come. So long as you can look forward to something pleasant in store, you have a motive in life; the longer you postpone it, the longer you retain your interest in humanity. I resolved that rather than meet Tom Hood at once, and have nothing in particular to look forward to after that, I would return to Hampstead and perish,—perish with the delightful thought that I had a friend, a good one and true, within reach, within call, sweetening my last moments. Having resolved that I would not indulge in a delightful friendship, which, by the by, I was then very much in need of, I calmly entered the *Fun* office and asked for the gentle Tom. He was not in,—I was saved! Would I write?—this from a clerk who overlooked me in the flesh, but seemed conscious of my spiritual presence. Business is business; he was busy and I was a bore. I waited.

I suffered myself to be conducted into the editorial rooms—room, I should say, and a small room at that. A solid wall of back numbers lined the apartment; a bust of the celebrated parental Tom, the "Song of the Shirt" man, stood somewhere; two or three things hung upon the wall above the accumulated back numbers,—they might have been prints clipped from some illustrated journal: I have forgotten them because they lacked character. There was an off-hand sketch in color by Griset the grotesque—a tiger lying in white space, with luxuriously relaxed limbs, and sleepy, magnetic eyes, that watched me stealthily as I paced that small den waiting for the arrival of

the editorial Tom. I wish that I owned that tiger, that I might keep him under plate-glass in the growlery I now infest. The one window of the sanctum seemed sunk a hundred fathoms under the daylight. The light in that comic office was as "the light that never was on sea or land," but seems to be monopolized by stale aquaria,—a greenish, yellowish, watery glow, that consoles the Londoner in winter when he thinks of the total darkness at the Pole. I sat on the sofa and waited. I thought of letters received months before, in which the Younger Tom had said the most agreeable things of California literature in general, and of three or four California writers in particular. I believe I am correct when I state that Tom Hood was the first to call the attention of the English public to the works of Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

At this moment enter the Younger Tom — tall, broad, stout, full-faced, a pronounced brunette, with a suggestion of good living in his complexion; a genial, jovial, charming fellow, who probably had no enemies save such as are created by professional jealousy. I remember that there was an American warmth in his welcome; that I felt as if I had known him for years; that when I said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in reply to his questions, I was laughed out of the "sir" in five minutes, and was taught to look upon it as an Americanism and one to be avoided on British soil.

Everybody knew Tom, as I discovered later; and there was hardly a nook or corner in all London in which he was not at home. At home? I remember an evening when I set forth with this official order in my pocket:

"Put yourself on the cars [he was sufficiently in sympathy with all Americans to call the English carriages 'cars' when it was an American who was about to embark] at Ludgate Station for Peckham Rye, about five o'clock. Ask for my place at the station, and the porter will direct you.

"Yours, "TOM."

So we slid over the Thames on the high-road to Peckham Rye; we rushed headlong above the chimney-pots, until London began to scatter and grow green and fresh. The genial porter directed me without a moment's hesitation. He was Tom's friend, and took a personal interest in the affairs that culminated at "Gloster Cottage," Peckham Rye.

The small house stood a little back from the quiet street. It was cozy and brown; without and within, it was like a bachelor's bungalow. The lord and master of Gloster Cottage was a widower at that time, revelling in the delicious interval which separates a first wife from her successor. A faithful old housekeeper supplied all the feminine element necessary, and kept the bungalow as tidy as a box of blocks. Everything fitted into its corner; and, to my delight, I discovered that there was a corner for me, and that I dropped into it snugly enough, and was in no haste to leave it. Pictures all over the walls; some of these by Tom Hood the Elder,—bits of color, very sketchy and suggestive. There were many souvenirs handed down from the days of the Elder Tom, and trophies of Oxford which young Tom treasured. A terra-cotta skull, life-size, or rather as large as death, stood on the mantel; a small white mouse perched on the bump of veneration served for a handle. Lifting the top of the skull, we found copious pipefuls of "bird's-eye" within; and this quaint tobacco jar once stood in Tom's chambers at college.

Born in January, 1835, he entered as a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1853, but never put on the gown of B. A. While at college in 1854–55 he published "Pen and Pencil Pictures," his first work. It was followed at intervals by volumes of prose and verse, serious and comic. He illustrated the "Precocious Peggy" of his father; he wrote novels and tales, among them "A Disputed Inheritance," "Golden Heart, "Money's

Worth," "Love and Valor," etc. In "Love and Valor" he has perhaps drawn on his college experience, though not extensively; nor do any of his novels seem to have created a deep impression. For years he edited *London Fun*, which in his day was popular and highly entertaining. He founded the *Comic Annual* (1869), and gathered about him the cleverest representatives of art and literature of his generation. The *Annual* still bears his name,—a name that his father made illustrious, and which young Tom bore gracefully and modestly.

After wassail at Gloster Cottage, I returned to town. It was late; a dense fog had settled upon London and lay close to the pavement; the street lamps were like red sparks—not more than two or three of them being visible at a time; the othes were buried out of sight in the opaque atmosphere. As we approached Ludgate Station signals were frequently exploded under our wheels. We tore onward through the black fog, trusting our lives entirely to the perfection of the system, the accuracy of the time-table, and the promptness of the engineers on those tremendous thoroughfares. We knew that we were being chased down by a dozen trains, that would doubtless rush into the station within twenty minutes after our arrival. We could not afford to slack up or to hesitate at anything. We thundered over the Thames, the flash of powder beneath us, the sharp report in our ears; giant globes of fire shooting past us on either hand, rushing out of the fog for a moment and plunging into it again like shooting stars. That is how we forgot the tranquillity of the small house at Peckham Rye.

There were dinners at the Criterion—poor Walter Thornbury was present at one of them; he who dropped into his grave betimes from overwork,—and there were chops and "dinners from the joint" in famous inns about town. But that first night at Gloster Cottage never found its counterpart, for anon I was away on the Continent; and the months chased the swallows over the sea and wooed them back again before I returned to England, and then Tom Hood was in his grave.

One tiresome day I said: "I will return to Fleet Street for the sake of the old times gone." And I followed the trail which I broke that morning, my first in London town. What changes in a little while! Temple Bar was on its crutches, broken-backed and utterly forlorn. I climbed along the numbers that lured me on to 80. Every building seemed to be stuffed to the very roof with newspaper offices; there are scores of them within a stone's-throw of one another. I wondered what spell kept these monsters from one another's throats, and while I wondered I lost my reckoning. I returned and began over again. Alas! there was a great gulf, filled with Communists and brickdust, in the place where No. 80 had been. The old building was being torn down to give place to a new one.

Fun had flown on to the opposite side of the street, and Tom Hood's name no longer hung under the eaves of the building for a token of good luck. Tom was gone indeed; his household gods were scattered under the hammer of the auctioneer. His pet Poll, a clever rascal, passed into the hands of his friend and successor in the editorial chair. We were dining, and had been talking of Tom and the bird, when it became necessary for our hostess to reprove Poll, who was just then ordering his dinner in a voice like a planing-mill. "Be quiet, Poll!" said the lady of the house. "You know you can have nothing to eat until seven o'clock." There was an interval of silence; it was broken by a deep voice that trembled with emotion: it was the heart-broken Poll, who asked, briefly: "What's the hour?" For a long time after Tom's death this bird cried for him; and would ask

again and again, in a voice choked with sobs: "Where's Tom? Poor boy! Where's Tom?" He says it no longer. Alas! even parrots are but human.

As for Tom, he is loved and remembered, and his memory is often toasted in the homes he used to frequent. His books are scattered among the stalls, his photograph occasionally seen in some shop-window. Not very long ago a collection of autographs which he had gathered and edited was offered for sale in Fleet Street, near the old site of the *Fun* office. But who in London can afford to brood even for a moment over the loss of a friend whose place was immediately supplied in the world, though the heart may not forget "poor Tom's a-cold"?

(The End.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

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

C.

OPENING the First Book of "The Imitation," in the 18th chapter we find this wholesome admonition: "Look upon the lively examples of the holy Fathers, in whom shone real perfection and religion, and thou wilt see how little it is—yea, almost nothing—that we do. Alas! what is our life when compared with theirs? The saints and friends of Christ served the Lord in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, in labor and weariness, in watchings and fastings, in prayers and holy meditations.... Would to God that advancement in virtue were not wholly asleep in thee, who hast often seen many examples of the devout!"

There is a compelling logic in this. Look at all the labors of the truly holy—the unending toil, self-denials, miseries, fastings, perpetual service of God,—the whole thought but little of as a claim for reward. Then turn to thine own easy-going, meagre efforts. Yet thou lookest for the same reward. Really holy persons, "being grounded and established in God" (a good phrase), "can by no means be proud." That is, it is impossible they *can* be proud, any more than one who has engaged another to paint his picture for him can feel pride in the picture which is not his own work.

From other chapters of this treasury of precious sayings we glean the following: "Take up thy cross and follow Jesus.... The cross is always ready and everywhere awaits thee.... Turn thyself upward or turn thyself downward, turn thyself inward or turn thyself outward,—everywhere thou shalt find the cross.... Death is the end of all, and man's life passeth suddenly like a shadow.... Make no great account of who may be for thee or against thee, but mind and take care that God be with thee in everything thou dost.... Let there be nothing great, nothing high, nothing pleasant, nothing acceptable to thee but only God Himself, or what comes from God.... It is more profitable to turn away thine eyes from such things as displease thee than give loose to contentious discourses." The wise worldling has the same policy,—*Il faut glisser sur beaucoup.*

(The End.)

A Blessed Change.

THE REV. WILLIAM BARRY, D. D., is one of the ablest Catholic writers of our time; yet even his brilliant pen seldom produces anything finer than this eloquent flash from a sermon recently delivered at the London Oratory:

"The most astonishing event in our century is the resurrection of the Catholic Church. A hundred years ago, to human eyes, all seemed lost. It was the hour of rationalism—that power of darkness which boasted that it was the light. On high sat the Lawless One, exalting himself against all that was called God or worshipped. A whole nation wrote

upon the tombs of the departed: 'Death is an eternal sleep.' The Vicar of Christ was led away captive, and died far from home. Churches were closed, children left without Baptism; the clergy exiled in thousands or sent to the scaffold, or done to death in popular tumults. Men of whom the world was not worthy, 'had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings—yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment... Being destitute, tormented, afflicted, they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.' A multitude of them were thrown naked upon our shores; and who can tell the sufferings which, in every part of the civilized world, were undergone by those whom the reigning Antichrist charged with being followers of Jesus?

"It seemed that the Last Day was come. The Holy Catholic Church, once the Lady of Kingdoms, glorious and fair to behold, sat down in the dust by the bier of her dead Pontiff. A whole generation grew up which knew not the name or the grace or the life of the Carpenter's Son. The hearts of men failed them for fear. The fine gold was dimmed; the holy place lay desolate. And the best among Christians had spirit only to suffer. Had the issue depended on them, all indeed was lost for Christendom and the future.

"We look round again, and behold what a change! *Surge, illuminare Jerusalem!* Great is the power which makes itself manifest in weakness. Rationalism, measuring with its petty line the deeps of God, is dumfounded. Science, learning what it did not know before, lays its hand on its mouth. The feeble understanding in which man rejoiced, not praising the Giver, has stumbled and hurt itself at the doors innumerable of this strange, romantic, mysterious universe. It dares no longer to say, 'That alone shall be knowledge which I have ascertained.' With the spoiling of her goods there has come also to the Church a great blessing. She stands free from the charges wont to be made against her—of consecrating legal or illegal tyrannies, and seeming to ally herself with the mighty against those who had no shield from the oppressor. She likewise counts among the poor; she has gone back to the Catacombs with their simplicity of adornment, their multitudes who are rich in faith but have little else. She is not in the houses of kings: she is known as the Church of the Democracy. Yet because she has been tried by fire, and He that established her saith, 'I know thy works and charity and service and faith, and thy patience,' therefore has her light come as at the beginning, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon her."

The glorious resurrection so glowingly pictured by Father Barry is an old story. Church history is a continuous repetition of it, with only dates and names changed. The Church of God is the one unchanging and vital fact in a world where all else is change and death.

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Halsey, of Janesville, Wisconsin, is an honest man and a Methodist. He lately assembled the citizens of Janesville in the local auditorium to listen to his answer to the question, "Why Does the Catholic Church Win?" Many suitable reasons did the speaker assign, though a Catholic would include them all in this one: that, being God's Church, she has a vitality and a fitness for her mission which human institutions lack. Dr. Halsey said:

"Her organization enables her to give special attention to the work of training the children and youth of her fold to become zealous advocates of her doctrines and practices. In early life they are rooted and grounded in the faith. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic home, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ear of the child until the soul catches the spirit of them. She puts her creeds into object-lessons; and thus, through the eye, touches the heart and inspires religious emotions which never die. Another reason for her success is the intense loyalty of her people everywhere, in every country, regardless of cost. They are in the Church, a part of the Church; and in the Church to stay until death takes them out of the world. Living and dying they are true to their profession. If they wander away they invariably retrace their steps and seek forgiveness."

Dr. Halsey is moved to admire also the regularity of Catholics in attending Mass "in storm and sunshine, snow and sleet." There is a very simple reason for this. Catholics go to church to participate in a true Sacrifice offered by a real priest. We have an altar, as St. Paul declares. That explains it. Protestants who are disposed to pray may do so very well at home.

The Lord Chief-Justice of England has caused a ripple of excitement by a recent speech, in which he deliberately pronounced the Elementary Education Act to be "an unjust law." This act, like our American educational laws, compels Catholics to support public schools to which they can not conscientiously send their children. It was to be expected that so eminent a barrister as Lord Russell would perceive that the ostensibly unsectarian legislation on the school question is, in effect, illegal discrimi

nation against Catholics. Lord Russell's dictum will inevitably give a mighty impulse to the movement for complete Catholic emancipation in the old country; and when England removes the blots from her law-books, we may hope that America will soon follow her example.

Incidentally we may remark that, while Catholics share the indignation which all good Americans feel at Mr. Bayard's ill-judged strictures on his own country, a little friendly criticism in the family circle may not be wholly unprofitable. We do not believe that either of the great political parties would have the courage to appoint a Catholic chief-justice in the United States at the present time. Moreover, in face of current ignorance and bigotry, we do not think that a Catholic chief-justice in America could utter such criticism of our school law without danger of impeachment. Score one for England.

It is a little surprising to find Russia posing as a defender of the Armenians against the murderous Turks. With the memory of the Kroze massacre still fresh in our minds, and the further fact that hundreds of priests suffer persecution yearly for conscience' sake, we may reasonably doubt whether Armenia suffers more from Turkey than she would from Russia. The glorious hopes of toleration entertained on the accession of the new Czar have been dissipated by subsequent experience. We are of opinion that in the event of a carving of Turkey by the powers, Armenia would fight shy of the embrace of the Russian bear.

The Century Magazine has merited well in publishing reproductions of some of the exquisite paintings constituting Tissot's pictorial "Life of Christ." Seen even at second-hand, it is evident that these great works are conceived in deep faith and worked out with the finest skill. The history of these paintings, too, illustrates the spiritualizing influence of true art. One day Tissot ceased painting ball-room scenes and fashionable women and garden parties. He withdrew into solitude, and there, with all the patient study and the devotedness of a medieval monk, worked out his ideal of the life and times of Our Lord. The effect of this work upon Tissot himself may be known from the current report, that he has entered a monastery. Meissonier, free-thinker and man of the world, spoke in a letter written shortly before his death, of the "trouble of soul" into which the pictures had thrown him. The power of Tissot's work over the general public is thus described in *The Century*.

"The effect on those who visited the exhibition was both curious and interesting to observe, and testified amply to the emotional power of the work. People were seen to go away weeping; women made the tour of the rooms on their knees. Many came from the provinces in groups, with return tickets. It partook, indeed, toward the end, of the character of a pilgrimage, seeming a new source of light and strength for pious souls. This quickening was visible not alone among professing Christians, but innumerable were the letters received by M. Tissot from that large class of people who, while unable to accept the Gospels as divinely inspired, unreligious in the common sense, are ever responsive to the noble and the good in whatever guise it comes to them, and to whom the pictures had possibly suggested new spiritual possibilities. This special effect it will be interesting to note when, later on, the work shall be seen in its entirety, not in France alone, but in our own land, here as elsewhere quickening, consoling, and enlightening."

The Hon. Carroll D. Wright, whose connection with the National Bureau of Statistics lends additional weight to his words, recently stated that the rural population of our country is not crowding into the cities so rapidly as alarmists would have us believe. He also denied that the foreign-born population tends exclusively toward Catholicity in religion. "The Catholic immigrant from Ireland, Italy and France is met by his Protestant brother from Germany, Sweden and Norway." Mr. Wright is reported to have said also that the wonderful increase of Catholicity is due largely to the conversion of native Catholics and the excess of the birth-rate over the death-rate. This latter effect he ascribed to Catholic love of morality and the salutary influence of the confessional

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The democratic spirit of the Church, which did so much to sweep away class distinctions in past ages, is illustrated anew in the career

of one of the new French Cardinals, Mgr. Boyer, Archbishop of Bourges. The father of the new Cardinal was a carpenter, and the son served the altar as an acolyte, and learned Latin from the parish priest. His evident merit overcame the apparently insuperable obstacles in the way of his ordination. Advancing steadily, he became professor of theology, coadjutor-Bishop of Clermont, Archbishop of Bourges, and finally Cardinal. His humility is shown in his episcopal coat-of-arms, which bears two carpenter's planes between three rough beams.

The comparative lack of sociability among Catholics is again engaging the attention of some of our exchanges. While there has happily been a marked improvement of late years in the social relations of our people among themselves, there is undoubtedly much good work still to be done in the line of Catholic societies, clubs, literary associations, reading circles, etc. There is as yet too much occasion for such comments as these, quoted in the Canadian *Catholic Record:*

"Catholics will look aghast when a husband, socially inclined, joins a secret society or Protestant club. Why was there not an attractive association for men in his parish? They think it harmful for our young men to attach themselves to the Y. M. C. A., and for our young ladies to attend Protestant church gatherings and interest themselves in outside sociability. But why is there not a Young Men's Catholic Club in every parish of equal attractiveness with the Y. M. C. A.? And why is there not a Young Women's Catholic Association in every parish to vie in excellence with the Protestant associations for young women? When the crisis is reached, and a mixed marriage, with its disastrous results, comes as the natural result of the social meeting of Catholic and Protestant young people, it is too late to correct the evil."

The fact that the German Emperor William has not yet visited Mainz (or Mayence), the most important of the Rhine fortresses, accentuates the significance of the raised hand engraved on the lateral façade of the cathedral at Mainz. At the close of the last century, the Emperor Francis of Austria received from the clergy of that city so cordial a reception that he promised the Archbishop that the next German emperor who visited Mainz would construct, at his own expense, the two towers that were wanting to the cathedral. The Emperor Francis evidently intended to revisit the city himself and have the towers built, but Napoleon prevented his carrying out that as well as many another design. The Archbishop had the hand sculptured, so that the imperial promise should not be forgotten. It is said that William II. avoids Mainz, for the reason that he is not particularly anxious to defray the cost of building the towers of a Catholic cathedral.

The benefits accruing to the Church at large from the periodical visits to Rome of all bishops in communion with the Holy See are well set forth in a pastoral letter recently addressed to his flock by the venerable Bishop Nulty, of Meath, Ireland. Speaking of the visiting bishop's opportunity of contrasting the disciplinary customs prevailing in Rome with those that regulate public worship, the administration of the Sacraments and the various devotional practices in his own diocese, he adds:

"The effort to improve which he will then feel himself called upon to make,—the *Sursum corda*—the raising up of his heart to strive after what is holiest and best, will draw his flock as well as himself into closer and stricter conformity with the centre of Catholic unity. The higher and more perfect that union becomes, the deeper and wider also becomes that great artery through which the Church's life-blood flows from her heart at Rome to that distant member of hers in his diocese. A diocese that is not, through its bishop, in perfect accord with the centre of Catholic union at Rome is like a withered and lifeless branch which has been severed from the trunk that was the source of its life: it can not bloom or blossom or produce good fruit any longer."

We have no wish to discourage those sanguine spirits who hope to win "converts" to the sects by a great show of philanthropic work. Our fellow-countrymen, practical in all things, are perhaps most subject to this delusion. True religion promises a hundred-fold in this life as well as everlasting happiness in the next; but charity is the *fruit* of religion, not its seed. Men are charitable because they are religious, not necessarily religious because they are philanthropic. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New

York, attempts to explain the hold of the Church upon the poor by pointing to the organized charities of Catholicity, and suggests that the saloons be not closed until the poor are provided with suitable club-rooms to take their place. *The Sun* points out that the Catholic Church officially opposes the saloon, and adds pertinently:

"The Protestant churches will never weaken its foothold among the poor or acquire for themselves strength among the poor by pursuing purely philanthropic methods. They can not thus buy the faith requisite for their vigorous vitality. Dr. Rainsford says that during the last ten years the attendance upon those churches is less, relatively, than it was ten years ago; yet never before have they expended so much money and zeal in philanthropic and charitable efforts as during that very time. Their machinery of benevolence has been doubled in capacity and in variety. Every parish is a centre of unremitting philanthropic activity. Their true need is not of more philanthropy, but of more faith. It is to feed the souls rather than the stomachs of the poor."

This is an eminently sensible view to take, and it is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Hiram Maxim, the well-known inventor, to the New York *World*. Mr. Maxim says that in Madagascar the English missionary paid his seven hundred "converts" regularly to attend service. The natives clearly understood that they were hired; and once, when the pay was not forthcoming, they besieged the consul's office and demanded the arrest of the missionary for swindling them! Verily true religion is of the soul, not of the stomach.

In twenty-four years France has had thirty-four new governments, twenty-six of which have remained in power less than a year. No shop, however small, could stand such a method—a new proprietor about twice a year. No land could give adequate harvests if managed on such a plan—a new farmer every six months. Most of the members of the present ministry are public enemies of religion,—Freemasons, who have everywhere and on every occasion proclaimed that their great political object is the destruction of the Catholic faith. Why in the name of all that is logical, consistent, and intelligible, do not the millions of French Catholic voters elect members who will upset all such ministries and form a respectable Catholic government?

Obituary.

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

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

The Very Rev. Thomas Henry, S. M., and the Rev. J. F. Lenahan, Naugatuck, Conn., who lately departed this life.

Brother Boniface, of the Xaverian Brothers, who passed to his reward in Bruges, Belgium, on the 23d ult.

Sister Mary Damien, St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B. C.; Madame Loreto Reiley, R. S. H.; and Sister Mary of St. Cajetan, of the Religious of the Good Shepherd, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. Alfred B. Smith, of Victoria, B. C., who died on the 22d ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Laura G. Cooke, whose life closed peacefully in Chicago, Ill., on the 13th inst.

Mr. Francis Klein, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose death took place last month.

Mrs. Anastasia Dwyer, of Petersham, N. S. W., who calmly breathed her last on the 7th of October.

Mr. Peter Dunne, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death last month at Ottawa, Canada.

Mrs. Catherine Keefe, of Chicago, Ill., a lover of the poor, who yielded her soul to God on the 8th ult.

Mr. Francis Sych, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Adam Heilman, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. E. Madden, Vermilion, S. D.; Mrs. M. A. McAtanney and Mrs. Jane Kehoe, Bayonne, N. J.; Mr. W. S. Doyle, Montclair, N. J.; Daniel and James Calman, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. Mary J. Caringe, Mr. Patrick Brophy, Mrs. Anna McKee, Mrs. James Flood, and Miss Bridget Brislin,—all of Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas and Henry Downey, Winfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Waters and Bridget Lane, New York city; Mr. Martin Rhoby, Stuart, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Ryan, Mrs John Feeney, and Mary Shannon, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Annie M. Scanlan, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. John Cary, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Frank Finnegan, Derby, Conn.; Mrs. D. Mannin, Galveston, Texas; Mrs. Margaret Harris, St. John, N. B.; Elizabeth B. Bracken, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mr. John Gleason, E. Bloomfield, N. Y.; Mr. Richard Mooney and Mrs. Margaret Gibbons, Scranton, Pa.; and Mr. Peter Smith, Elizabeth, 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. *

The Christmas Bells.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

THE earth is robed in garments white,
The midnight stars are beaming,
And gems of hoar-frost, flashing bright,
On leafless boughs are gleaming;
And angels in the skies above
Their joyous hymns are singing;
While over hill and vale and grove
The Christmas bells are ringing.

II.

They bring us thoughts of days gone by,
Of Bethlehem's Stable lowly,—
Of Him who came on earth to die,
And of His Mother holy.
We hear the strains that hailed His birth
From heaven's open portals,
When seraphs sang of peace on earth,
Of joy begun for mortals.

III.

The wrongs we've done take darker dyes,
The wrongs we've met grow lighter,
And in the radiant, far-off skies
The midnight stars shine brighter.
We think of friends, we think of foes
Alike with kindly feeling;
Earth fades away, heav'n nearer grows,
While Christmas bells are pealing.

AT the hour of Our Lord's birth, according to an old legend, the cock crowed, "Christ is born!" The raven croaked, "When?" The crow said, "This night." The ox asked, "Where?" The sheep answered, "At Bethlehem." And the ass called, "Let us find Him."

What Happened at Mrs. Wilton's.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

IT was the oddest little figure fancy could paint; and it sat quietly on the edge of the curb-stone, although the wind was very sharp and occasional scurries of snow fell. It wore an outer garment clumsily fashioned from a man's coat; and a worsted cap that might have been either a boy's Tam-O'Shanter pulled down hard, or a girl's hood without strings,—which, it was impossible to tell. And it was equally impossible to say at first glance whether its wearer was a boy or girl, but it was a child too young and small to sit there. And Mrs. Wilton, having passed and repassed the quaint little creature as she went up and down the street, on Christmas errands bent, paused the last time to speak to the funny yet pathetic object, sitting as still as an Indian idol, which it slightly resembled.

"What is your name, my child?" she asked, gently.

The child raised its head, and Mrs. Wilton nearly exclaimed at the beauty of the big dark eyes in the thin and elfin face. The eyes brightened and warmed at the vision bending to meet them; for their owner thought there had never been anything so lovely as the fair young lady they rested on, her golden hair framed by her sable furs.

The child answered readily enough:

"I am Cordelia."

"And what are you doing sitting here in the cold?" said Mrs Wilton. "Are you waiting for some one?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Cordelia. "I am waiting for Santa Claus."

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Wilton, "do you suppose he will come this way?"

"Well," replied Cordelia, promptly, with a business-like air that accorded ill with her childish figure and faith in Santa Claus, "I don't see how else he can get into this town; this is the main street, and you've got to strike it from any place."

"And he could not find you in your own home, you think?" said the lady.

"Well, you see, 'tain't worth risking," answered Cordelia. "He may be smart enough, and again he mayn't. You've got to turn to the left, and go on till you reach the McElnenny's; and then you go to the right a bit to the saloon, and then you turn sharp left, and two steps more you turn right to dodge the leaning house,—we call it Pisa, 'cause it leans so; and then you go down till you get there, and the houses ain't numbered; and then you go up four dark flights, and it's the back room. I thought I'd wait here, and show him the way myself when he comes along."

Mrs. Wilton listened in amazement to this description, and the allusion to the leaning tower of Pisa.

"She can't be an ordinary child," she thought, and said aloud: "With whom do you live?"

"I don't know," said Cordelia.

"Oh, my dear, you should not answer so! Of course you know," remonstrated Mrs. Wilton.

"Well, I don't," rejoined Cordelia, flushing; "and I never tell lies either. 'Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod,'—that's what Nemo says."

Mrs. Wilton was still more astonished.

"I beg your pardon, Cordelia!" she said. "I thought you did not care to reply to my question. Who is Nemo?"

"He is the one I live with. He's a man, putty old; but he's kind, and he knows a lot. He found me when I was a baby, and he took care of me. We're very poor."

"Has he no children?"

"Oh, my, no! He hasn't any one but me," replied Cordelia, cheerfully. "His name means *nobody*, you see. Of course it isn't his name, but I don't know any other. He says it's sharper than serpents' teeth to have thankless children."

"Take me to see Nemo, will you?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"Oh, no, no! I can't do that: he has forbidden me to bring any one there," said Cordelia, shaking her head decidedly. "I can sing. Nemo plays the fiddle just like angels."

"You have extraordinary gifts," said her kind friend, wondering how to bring about the plan forming in her mind.

"No, I haven't estronary gifts at all," replied Cordelia, sadly; "and Nemo says he can't give me any. That's why I'm waiting for Santa Claus. Oh, do you think he could give me a real doll, with hair, and eyes that would open and shut?" she cried, seizing Mrs. Wilton's cloak and becoming incoherent in her eagerness.

"Yes, dear, I think he can," she said, stooping to take the thin little face between her hands. "And now, Cordelia, listen to me. You need not wait here for Santa Claus, because, my baby, he does not come this way. To-morrow is Christmas Day, and Santa Claus is to be at my house in the afternoon. We are to have a Christmas-tree for my little daughter, who is only two years old. I want you to come to it, see Santa Claus, and sing to us; and I can promise that he will bring you the very doll that you want."

Cordelia flushed and trembled. "If Nemo will let me," she said.

"I am going to take you with me to

a place near by, where I can write him a note, asking him to let you come; and you can carry it to him, and I will wait for his reply," said Mrs. Wilton, taking the child's hand and leading her away.

The note ran thus:

DEAR MR. NEMO:—I can address you by no other name than the one which you have chosen to have your little *protégée* call you. I know from what she has told me that you are an educated man and a gentleman, so I venture to appeal to your wisdom and kindness to give me and little Cordelia pleasure on Christmas Day. I found the little girl sitting in the cold, waiting to conduct Santa Claus to her home. I should be very grateful to you if you would allow her to come to my house, to enjoy with us the Christmas-tree that I shall have for my baby. Her extraordinary gifts will add greatly to our pleasure; and I can not bear to think that her simple faith in Santa Claus, and childish capacity for pleasure, must be turned to disappointment, perhaps bitterness, when it lies so easily in your power and mine to fulfil her longing. I earnestly hope you will not deny me.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH WILTON.

She was a wise woman, with a tact born of true courtesy, unselfishness, and womanly sweetness—this young matron who had dawned on Cordelia's horizon that Christmas Eve; and her note touched the heart of the embittered, poor, but proud scholar to whom it was addressed.

The child came running back in an hour's time, breathlessly waving a slip of paper, and saying: "He says Yes."

The reply was in a few lines, written in the fine, scarcely legible hand of a professional man:

DEAR MADAM:—I suppose I have no right to impose the results of my misanthropy upon the child. I consent to your request, if you feel that the pleasure you propose, and the glimpse of comfort she would thus have, will not make more unendurable the life of wretchedness to which she will return. Reflect that such kindness would be cruelty.

Yours,

HER GUARDIAN.

The good lady's eyes dimmed. "Poor wretch," she thought, "how unhappy he is, and how I wish I could bring Christmas cheer to one who suffers more than the child!" But she only said aloud, as she kissed Cordelia: "Then to-morrow, dearie, at two o'clock, I will meet you where I found you to-day."

Christmas Day was bright and cold, and Cordelia gladly snuggled under the warm skins which she found in the carriage in which Mrs. Wilton had come to fetch her. The child was very silent, being of the order of children to whom the expression of deep feeling, either joy or sorrow, is impossible. She followed her hostess up the broad stairs in a maze of wonder, and obediently donned the soft woollen dress waiting her coming in the nursery. Only the baby Elizabeth, with her great blue eyes and shining rings of hair, unsealed her lips. She knelt before her, in ecstasy over her beauty and daintiness, kissing the soft fingers and hair, with an artistic pleasure in her beauty, and the love of a little woman.

"I think the dear St. Elizabeth looked like her when she was a baby," she said to the nurse; "and so did the Infant Jesus in the straw this morning at church."

"So she is a Catholic," thought Mrs. Wilton, standing by, well pleased.

At dinner, in time for which they had fetched the child, her manners were perfectly easy and refined; though her appetite betrayed how slight had been her previous repast.

Not even the Christmas-tree, its many lights, the music, candy, nor the arrival of Santa Claus with his furs and bells, could make Cordelia break her awed, ecstatic silence. But when Santa Claus

came down the room and laid in her arms a large doll, with lips parted to show a row of tiny teeth, eyes that would open and shut, joints wherever a joint should be, and long yellow curls, Cordelia sobbed from very bliss and her tongue was loosed.

"She's to be called Elizabeth, after you and the baby!" cried the child, holding her treasure close, smoothing her curls, as she looked up at her hostess with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. "I'm going to call her Elizabeth Christmas Santa Claus Nemo Wilton, after everybody I love best."

From that moment Cordelia lost all fear, forgetting self in her delight. She sang for them all—old Christmas carols and hymns,—her sweet voice rising to unusual height and tenderness as she looked at her beautiful doll, apparently singing to her alone.

"What training, what intelligence!" whispered one to another of her audience.

"I know one more song for Christmas, and Nemo and I think it is the best of all. Nemo made the music," said Cordelia, at last; and she sang, to a sweet, quaint tune, Herrick's lovely Christmas hymn.

And it was just after that the accident happened. The tree swayed in its stand, and, before any one could catch it, had fallen where little Cordelia sat caressing her doll, forcing her to the floor, and covering her with its heavy branches. They sprang as quickly as possible to her rescue, dragged the tree away, and lifted the little maiden tenderly. She groaned and opened her eyes.

"I don't think Elizabeth's hurt," she said, faintly. "It fell on me,—I'm glad!" And she fainted quite away.

It was true: the beautiful doll was uninjured, but her little mother's arm was broken; and they carried her upstairs, and made her as comfortable as they could in the nurse Ann's bed, until a doctor could be sent for. When he came he pulled the poor little bones into place, put them into plaster of paris; and, the pain being relieved, Cordelia said:

"Send for Nemo, please! He's a doctor too. He'll come if I am sick, I guess."

So Mrs. Wilton sent another note to the mysterious guardian of the child, explaining what had happened, that her little guest was not able to be moved, that she had asked for him; and Mrs. Wilton begged him to come and see that all that was possible had been done for Cordelia's welfare. She dispatched her coachman with her note. And soon the carriage stopped at the door, and a white-haired man, more than shabbily dressed, got out. He was shown straight to the nursery by Mrs. Wilton's orders, and she arose to meet him as he entered.

Cordelia, lying upon the bed, saw them suddenly stop short, Nemo exclaiming, "Elizabeth Ainslee!" as Mrs. Wilton cried, "Doctor Eliot!"

They both rallied in an instant, and shook hands, but said no more, as Nemo hastened to the bedside of his charge, bending over her a face which she could scarcely recognize, so flushed and moved was it. She wound her well arm around his neck, mistaking his emotion.

"Don't feel bad, dear Nemo! It's only my arm, and the doctor says it will be well soon. And I don't mind, 'cause now you're here. And, O Nemo, Mrs. Wilton and the baby are angels just like the windows in church. And Santa Claus came here; and look at my Elizabeth." And she released him to turn down the bedclothes to show him her doll, sleeping beside her, with shut eyes and in perfect beauty.

"Yes, it's very good. Now go to sleep yourself, Cordelia," replied the old man, patting her.

When they thought the little girl asleep, her two friends began talking.

"It is hardly necessary to say that I should not have come here had I recognized Elizabeth Ainslee in the Elizabeth Wilton who wrote to me," the old man said.

"And it is necessary to tell you that I have sought everywhere for you in vain, Doctor Eliot," rejoined Mrs. Wilton. "It must be the hand of Providence that brought us together through Cordelia—"

"That child was christened Aimée," interrupted the Doctor. "You will guess the reason that made me call her, who had come to me in my neglected old age, Cordelia. I hoped one child would be true to the old Lear in poverty and death."

"Doctor Eliot, I have a message for you," said the lady, tears on her cheeks. "Your unhappy daughter is dead."

The old man clasped his hands, but did not speak.

"She sent for me," Mrs. Wilton went on. "She said I was the only friend of her girlhood upon whom she could call. She charged me to find you, if you still lived; beg your forgiveness for the cruelty and disobedience she had shown you, and restore to you part of the money of which she and her husband had robbed you. That money I hold in trust; it is well invested, and, though not a large fortune, will give you an income of about twenty-five hundred a year. Poor Annie bitterly repented her sin, and my husband and I left no stone unturned in our effort to find you. We were beginning to fear that you, too, had died, and to discuss the use to which we should apply the money, when God Himself, through this child whom you had befriended, has led you here this blessed Christmas Day."

Cordelia—as she must still be called,—whom they thought asleep, lay listening to this conversation; and all of it that her tired brain could grasp was that Nemo had had a very naughty daughter, who had taken his money, and was sorry, and was dead; and now poor Nemo was *poor* no longer. At this point, and having reached this conclusion, she fell asleep; and, after all, that was the story in a nutshell—all she could understand of sin, ingratitude, and repentance.

When she awoke it was to a new life. Nemo—who was Nemo no longer, but Doctor Eliot—was never going back to live in the old blind alley; but he and his little adopted daughter would occupy a cozy cottage, which another year Santa Claus could find with no difficulty; and Cordelia would go to school, and be dressed like other children.

"I am very glad, dear Docsy," she said, having invented this pet name from his new title, which she found too formal. "I wouldn't mind so much for myself going back there to be poor with you, but I'd mind for Elizabeth; for it's really no place to bring up a child."

With the happy talent of childhood, Cordelia soon forgot her sunless past, and grew plump and rosy, less thoughtful and more frolicsome. Doctor Eliot had long passed the age when one forgets, but he was happier than he had ever hoped to be again. And Mrs. Wilton had her heart's wish; for to the lonely and embittered man she had been the means of bringing Christmas cheer.

Found in the Snow.

II.

At last there came again a day in which Juan's anguish knew no limit. On the preceding night he had only six coppers. It had been so cold! This was Christmas Eve. When the morning dawned upon the world, it found Madrid wrapped in a mantle of snow six inches deep. It snowed steadily all day long, which was a matter of little consequence to the majority of people, and was even a cause of much rejoicing to other boys and girls.

Juan's breakfast had been a crust of stale bread and a cup of watery coffee. He could not divert his hunger by contemplating the beauty of the snow,—in the first place, because he was blind; and in the second, because, even had he not

been blind, he would have had some difficulty in seeing it through the patched and filthy panes of his hovel. He spent the day huddled in a corner on his straw mattress, evoking scenes of his childhood, and nourishing the sweet dream of his brother's return. At nightfall he grew very faint, but necessity drove him into the streets to beg. His guitar was gone: he had sold it for sixty cents on a day of similar hardship. His legs trembled as they had when he sang for the first time, but now it was from hunger rather than shame. He groped about as best he could, with great lumps of mud above his ankles. The silence told him that there was scarcely a soul on the street. The carriages rolled noiselessly along, and once he came near being run over.

In one of the central thoroughfares he began to sing the first thing that came to his lips. His voice was weak and hoarse. Nobody stopped to listen. "Well, I will try another street," thought he; and he went down the Avenue of San Jeronimo, walking slowly, with a white coating on his shoulders and water spurting from his broken shoes. The cold had begun to penetrate into his very bones, and hunger gave him a violent pain. For a moment with the cold and the pain came a feeling of faintness, which made him think that he was about to die; and, lifting his spirit to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, his protectress, he prayed in his heart, "Blessed Mother, have pity!"

After uttering this prayer Juan felt relieved, and walked, or rather dragged himself, to the Plaza de las Cortes. There he grasped a lamp-post and sang an *Ave Maria*. But nobody stopped to hear him. The people of Madrid were at the theatres, at the *cafés*, or at home,—dancing their little ones on their knees in the glow of the hearth, in the warmth of their love. The snow fell steadily. The occasional passers-by hurried along, muffled up to the ears, and covered by their umbrellas. The lamp-posts had put on their white nightcaps, from under which escaped thin rays of dismal light. The silence was broken only by the vague and distant rumble of carriages, and by the light fall of the snow from the roofs, that sounded like the faint and continuous rustle of silk. The voice of Juan alone broke the stillness of the night; and his plaintive chant seemed a cry of anguish rather than a hymn of praise,—a moan of sadness and resignation, falling dreary and chill, like snow upon the heart.

The neighbors of the Plaza were near at hand, but they did not choose to hear. Nobody came down to take him in from the cold; no friendly window was thrown open to drop him a copper. Juan's voice at last died in his throat: he could sing no more. His legs trembled under him; his hands lost their sense of touch. He took a few steps, then sank on the sidewalk at the foot of the grating that surrounds the square. He sat with his elbows on his knees, and buried his head in his hands. He felt vaguely that it was the last moment of his life; and again he prayed, imploring the divine pity and Our Lady's patronage.

After a time—I can not tell how long—Juan thought he was being shaken by the arm, and felt that a man was standing before him. He raised his head; and, taking for granted it was the old story about moving on, inquired timidly:

"Are you an officer?"

"No, my boy: I am no officer. What is the matter? Get up!"

"I don't believe I can, sir."

"Are you very cold?"

"Yes, sir; and I haven't had anything to eat to-day."

"I will help you." The man took Juan by both arms and raised him to his feet. "Now lean on me, and let us see if we can find a cab."

"God will bless you for this, sir; the Virgin Mother will reward you. I thought

I had no friend in the world,—no friend on earth."

"What is the matter? Are you too weak to walk?"

"I think I struck a lamp-post. You see, I am blind."

Juan felt his companion's arm tremble in his, and they walked along in silence. Suddenly the man stopped and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Juan."

"Juan what?"

"Juan Martinez."

"And your father was Manuel Martinez, wasn't he,—musician of the Third Artillery Band?"

"Yes, sir."

The blind one felt the tight clasp of two powerful arms that almost smothered him, and heard a trembling voice exclaim:

"My God, how horrible—how happy! I am your brother!—I am Santiago!"

And the two brothers stood sobbing together in the middle of the street. The snow fell on them lightly.

"Come, Juanillo, try,—make an effort, my boy," said Santiago. "We are not so very far. Ah! I see a cab coming at last, thank God! Helloo there, driver! Take us flying to No. 13 Castellana."

And lifting his brother in his arms as though he had been a mere child, he put him in the cab, and jumped in after him. The driver whipped his horses, and off they went, gliding swiftly and noiselessly over the snow. Meantime Santiago, with his arms still around Juan, told him something of his life. He had been in Costa Rica, not Cuba, and had accumulated a large fortune. He had spent many years in the country, far from any point of communication with Europe. He had written several letters to his father, and had managed to get them on a steamer trading with England; but had received no answer. In the hope of soon returning to Spain, he had made no inquiries. He had been in Madrid for four months. He learned from the parish record that his father was dead, but all he could discover concerning Juan was vague and contradictory. Some believed that he had died; while others said that, reduced to the last stages of misery, he went through the streets singing and playing on a guitar. All his efforts to find him had been fruitless, but now Providence had thrown him into his arms. Santiago laughed and cried alternately, showing himself to be the same kind-hearted soul that Juan had so loved in his childhood. Juan laughed, too, in his joy, though he shivered with cold.

The cab finally came to a stop. A man-servant opened the door, and Juan was lifted into the house. When the door closed behind him, he breathed a warm atmosphere full of that peculiar aroma of comfort which wealth seems to exhale. His feet sank in the soft, rich carpet. Two servants relieved him of his dripping clothes, and brought him clean linen and a warm dressing-gown. In the same room, before a crackling wood fire, he was soon served a delicious bowl of hot broth, followed by something more substantial. Santiago, too restless to sit still, came and went, giving orders, interrupting himself every minute to say:

"How do you feel now, Juanillo? Are you warm enough? Perhaps you would like to sleep."

When the meal was over, the two brothers sat silently side by side before the fire. Santiago then inquired of the servant if the *señora* and the children had already retired. On learning that they had, he said to Juan, beaming with delight:

"Can you play on the piano?"

"Yes."

"Come into the parlor, then. Let us give them a surprise."

He accordingly led him into the next room and seated him at a beautiful piano. He raised the top so as to obtain the greatest possible vibration, and then threw open the doors.

"Now, little brother, play something startling—and play it loud, with all your might."

The blind boy struck up a military march. A quiver ran through the silent house like that which stirs a music-box while it is being wound up. The notes poured from the piano, hurrying, jostling one another, but still never losing their triumphant rhythm. Every now and then Santiago exclaimed:

"Louder, Juanillo,—louder!"

And the blind boy struck the notes with all his spirit and might.

"I see my wife peeping in from behind the curtains over there. Go on, Juanillo! I am pretending not to see her. Go on, Juanillo!"

Juan obeyed, although he thought the jest had been carried far enough. He wanted to meet his sister-in-law and to kiss his nephews.

"Now I can just see Manolita. Helloo, Paquito is up too. Didn't I tell you we should surprise them? But perhaps they may take cold. Stop a minute, Juanillo!"

And the clamor was silenced.

"Come, Adela, Manolita, and Paquito, get on your things and come in to see your Uncle Juan. This is Juanillo, of whom you have heard me speak so often. I have just found him in the street, almost frozen to death. Come, hurry and dress, all of you."

The whole family was soon ready, and rushed in to embrace the blind boy. The voices of the children were soft and harmonious. To Juan they sounded like the voices of angels. The wife was young and beautiful, so like the picture of Our Lady of Carmel. He discovered too that she was weeping silently at the thought of all his sufferings. She lowered the light, wrapped his legs in a cloak, and put a soft cushion behind his head. He felt easier now, even comfortable. The little ones gathered around his chair, caressing him.

"You will never be hungry again, will you, Uncle? Or go out without a cloak and an umbrella?" said the eldest of them.

"God bless your kind hearts!" whispered poor Juan. "Nothing pains me now. I am happy—*very* happy!—only I feel sleepy—so sleepy that I can hardly raise my eyelids."

"Never mind us; sleep if you feel like it," said Santiago.

"Yes, Uncle dear, sleep," repeated the children. And their voices sounded like far-off music.

Juan already slept the sleep that knows no waking. He had fallen in the snow and been dreaming—dreaming of his lost brother and of a fond meeting with him.

. . . .

The next morning at dawn two policemen stumbled against a corpse in the snow. The doctor of the charity hospital pronounced it a case of exhaustion.

As one of the officers turned him over, face upward, he said:

"Look, Pedro: he seems to be smiling. He must have died easy, though he looks as if he had starved to death."

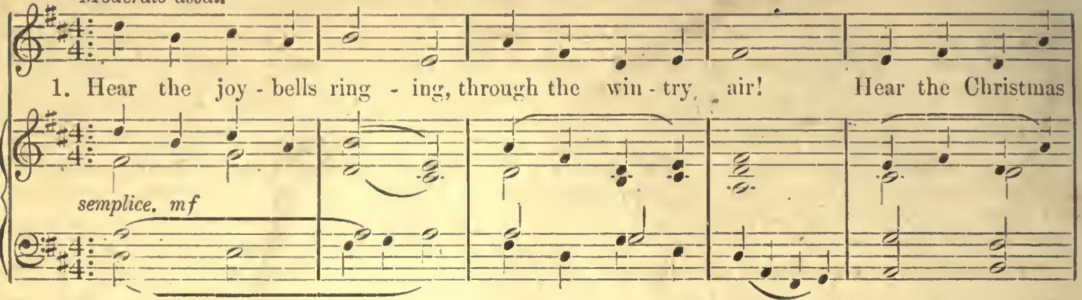
(The End.)

St. Antony's Vision.

ONE night, when St. Antony of Padua was staying with a friend in the city of that name, his host saw brilliant rays streaming under the door of the Saint's room; and, on looking through the keyhole, he beheld a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay open upon the table, and clinging with both arms round Antony's neck. With an ineffable sweetness he watched the tender caresses of the Saint and his wondrous Visitor. At last the Child 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.

HEAR THE JOY BELLS RINGING.

WORDS BY M. C. GILLINGTON. MUSIC BY F. PASCAL.



2

Shepherds on the mountains, in the silent night,
Heard a ringing anthem, saw a wondrous light:
Angel hosts unnumbered, in the shining sky,
Sang their hymns of glory unto God most high.

3

Oxen, in the stable where the Saviour lay,
Knelt in lowly homage round His bed of hay;
Mary Mother, sitting by her new-born Son,
Saw the rising splendor of His reign begun.

4

Still the Christmas tidings, until time shall cease,
Speak the joyful coming of the Prince of Peace;
Still the angel-message o'er the world is poured—
Born for our salvation, see Him—Christ the Lord!

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