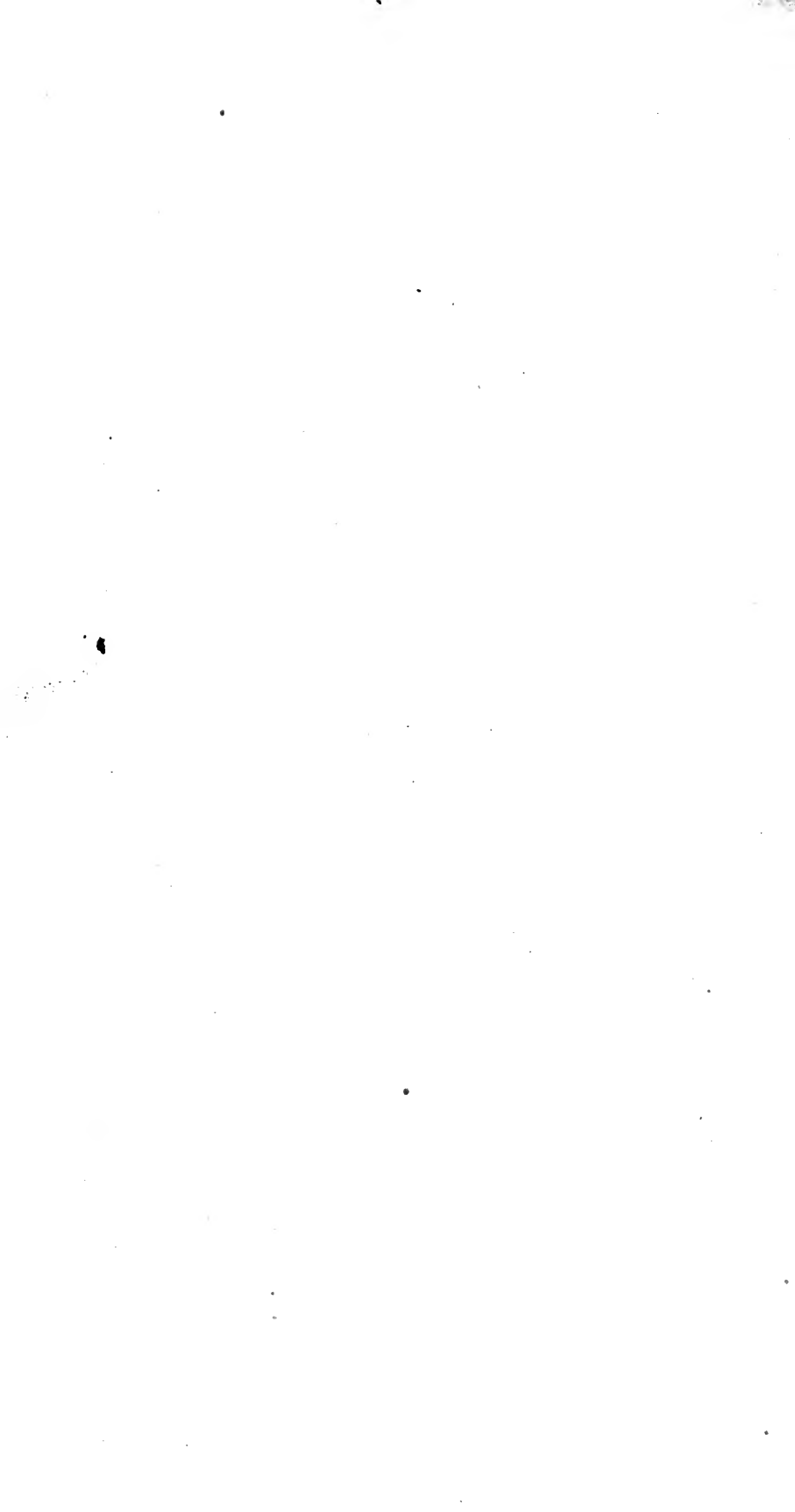


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THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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U. S. A.

DEDICATORY.

*Each tender thought by her inspired,
Each gracious word for her enshrined,
The rest from toil so long desired.
May we at last with Mary find.*

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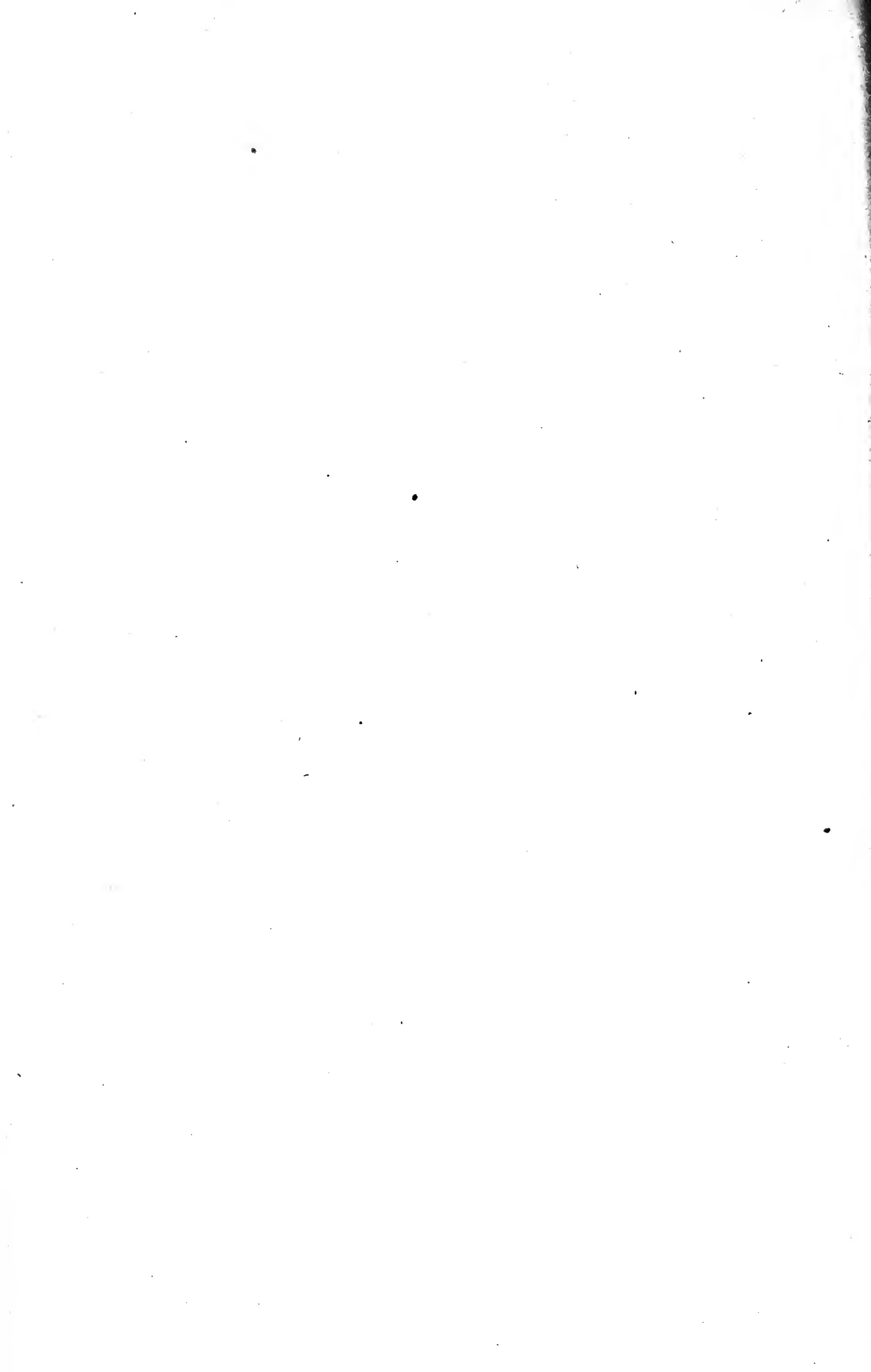
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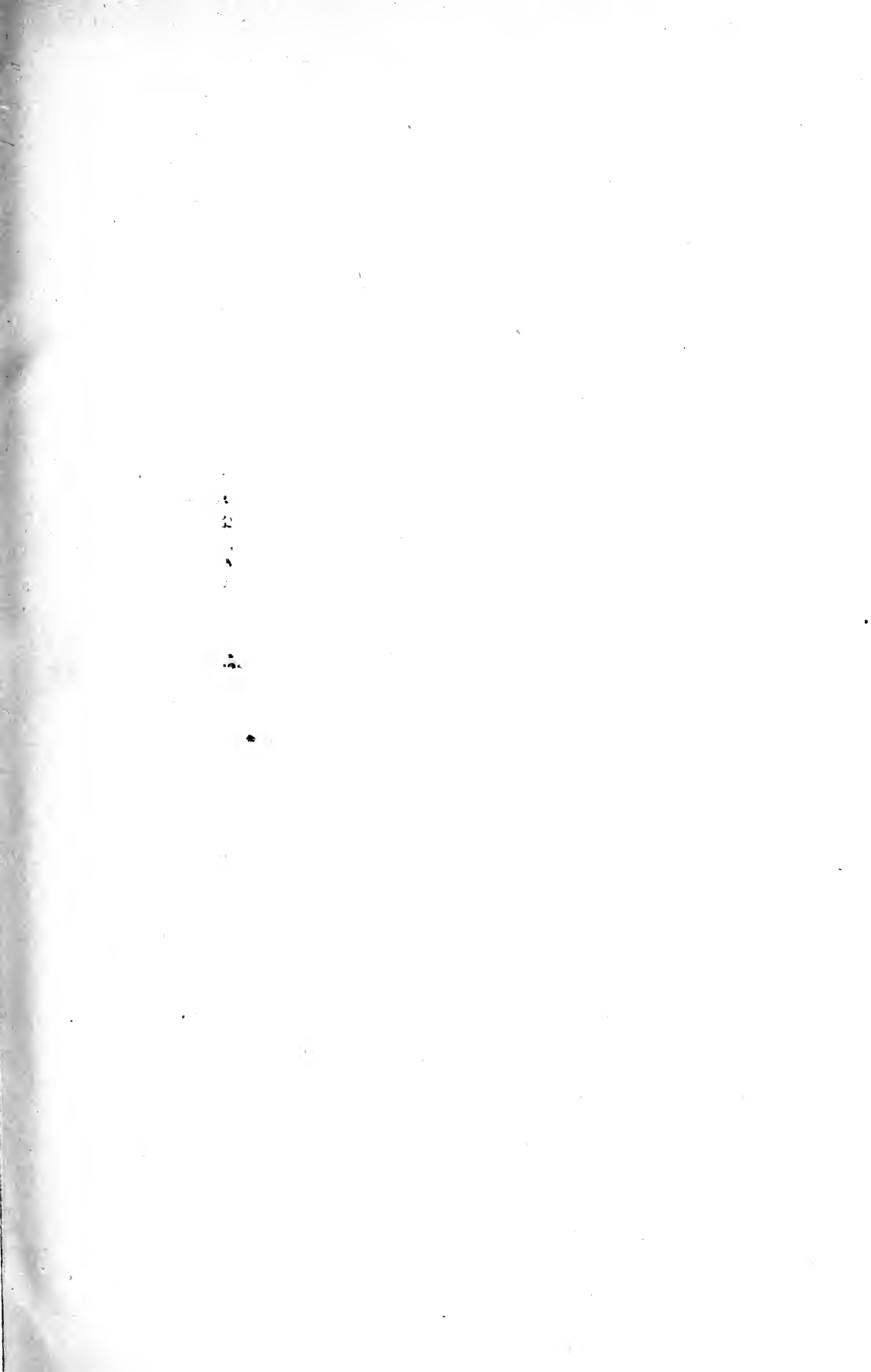
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BOTTICELLI
ALL'INGRANZO FELIPPI TORRELLI
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Alma Redemptoris Mater.*

Our Lady on New Year's Day.

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

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O.S.B.

WE hail thee "Fostering Mother." For
'twas thine,

O blessed among women, to become
The life of life's own Lord, while lay His
home

Within thy maiden womb's inviolate shrine:
And when, those sweet months o'er, thou
didst resign

Thy Treasure to the world of heathen
Rome,

■ The Choirs whose carolling fill'd the starry
dome

Saw feeding at thy breast the Babe Divine!

But art thou not *our* "Alma Mater" too?

"*Our* life," as holy Church hath bid us say?

If Jesus by the Father lives, and we

By Him, † still, draw we not that life
from thee?

Ah, nourish it within us—keep us true

To Him who is alone "the Life, the Way"!

* The Church's antiphon until the Purification.

† St. John, vi, 58.

THE acquisition of knowledge is the first business of mortal life,—not knowledge of "facts," but of realities, which none can ever begin to know until he knows that all knowledge but the knowledge of God is vanity."

—Coventry Patmore.



MARKING off as it does those evolutions of time which may be considered as the mile-stones of life, the first day of January deservedly holds an important place in popular estimation. Among the many, however, who take part in the solemnities of this particular period, there are probably very few who regard New Year's Day as devoted to the honor of the Mother of God. That the Church does venerate our Blessed Lady in a special manner on the 1st of January, and that she encourages her children to do so, are facts apparent to any one who takes the trouble to look at those parts of his Missal and Vesperbook which are proper to New Year's Day. It will be seen that the first day of the year commemorates not only the Circumcision of Our Lord but also the divine maternity of His Blessed Mother. Thus the first occasion of the bloodshedding of our Redeemer becomes the first festival of Blessed Mary.

During the whole of the forty days of Christmastide, as well as during the time of Advent, more than usual prominence is given to the *cultus* of Mary in the public prayer of the Church. This is only as it

should be, when we consider the exalted position Our Lady holds in the mystery of the Incarnation. In the variable portions of Mass and Vespers, intended for the instruction of the faithful as well as for the edification of the clergy, on the Sundays and weekdays of the Advent season frequent allusions are made to the maternity of Mary. Then again most Catholics are familiar with the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*—an antiphon composed in honor of the Blessed Virgin by the monk Herman Contractus, in the eleventh century. It finds a place at the conclusion of the Vesper Office, as well as at the other canonical hours recited daily by priests and many orders of religious.

On a day like Christmas, when the Church is absorbed in contemplating the sublime mystery of the Incarnate God in Bethlehem, it is not possible to pay a full tribute of honor to our Blessed Lady, by whose means this great wonder has been wrought for the redemption of the world. The Church, therefore, in her public offices defers doing so for the space of eight days—that is, until the octave of Christmas, which falls on the first day of January. The Greek Church, so earnest in devotion to Mary, does not wait so long, but on the very day following Christmas consecrates a special festival to Our Lady, under the title of the "Synaxis of the Mother of God."

That the first day of January has had liturgical importance from early times many ancient records testify. Zeno, a Bishop of Verona, who lived in the fourth century, has left us a homily which he preached on this day. It is curious, however, to note that the majority of references among early writers on this festival are concerned with the prohibition of various superstitious practices in honor of the idolatrous worship of Janus. This worship led to much riot and licentiousness, as St. Augustine informs us in his sermons for the occasion.

In order to guard the faithful against following in these practices the example of their pagan neighbors, and also to make reparation for such excesses, a solemn fast was instituted, which lasted till three o'clock in the afternoon. This fast is mentioned as early as the Council of Tours (A. D. 567), and was observed until the tenth century, at which time the more festal character of the day fully asserted itself, since the danger of the revival of the ancient superstition had then passed away. Concurrently with the fast, there existed in the Missal a special Mass for New Year's Day, entitled "for the prohibition of idolatry" (*ad prohibendum ab idolis*).

A curious reference to the pagan usage is to be found in the Roman Martyrology, where it is said, on January 1, that Almalchius suffered martyrdom for crying out: "To-day is the octave of Our Lord. Cease from the superstitions of idols and polluted sacrifices." This must have taken place at the end of the fourth century. The Feast of the Circumcision became a day of obligation in the seventh century, and at an early date we find our Blessed Lady holding a prominent place in the solemnity. Indeed, in some ancient Roman calendars the day is marked as a feast of Holy Mary (*Natale S. Mariæ*). In connection with this aspect of New Year's Day, Benedict^{XIV} quotes thus from the works of Micrologus, who lived in the eleventh century: "Lately, when celebrating Our Lord's Nativity, we were unable to keep any special office in honor of His Mother; hence it is seemly that she should have particular honor shown her on the Octave of Our Lord, lest it might appear that she was forgotten on the solemnity of her Son."

Originally two Masses were celebrated on January 1—one of Our Lady, the other of the Christmas Octave. Belletus, in the twelfth century, wrote: "On the Circumcision two facts are commemorated:

one refers to the Mother, and the second to the Octave of the Birth. Hence it is befitting that we should celebrate on that day two Masses: one of Blessed Mary, beginning *Vultum tuum*; and the other of the Octave—namely, *Puer natus est*." Later on, when the custom of celebrating two Masses was discontinued, the Mass of Our Lady and the Mass of the Octave were combined, and resulted in the form which we find in our Missals at the present day. In this Mass the Introit is the same as for the third Mass of Christmas Day; the Collect has special reference to the fruitful virginity of Our Lady; the Epistle admonishes us how to live, since Our Lord has appeared among us as one of ourselves; the Gospel naturally refers to the mystery of the day; and lastly the Post-communion, in honor of Our Lady, asks that, through her intercession, the Holy Communion may cleanse us from sin. It is noteworthy that the Mass *Vultum tuum* still survives in our Missal as the Votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin during Christmastide.

In Rome it is customary at all the principal seasons and festivals to assign a particular church, whither the faithful betake themselves for the celebration of solemn Mass and Office, which church is called the "Station." On New Year's Day the Roman Missal tells us that St. Mary's in Trastevere is the station church. This is very appropriate, as tradition asserts that this is the most ancient church in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, its foundation dating back to the pontificate of Pope Callixtus.

Our Blessed Lady is venerated more prominently in the Vespers of this festival than in the Mass; and this, too, by means of solemn antiphons which carry us back to a time which immediately followed the Council of Ephesus (A. D. 431), when Mary was declared *Theotokos*—Mother of God. These antiphons, which are sung in connection with psalms proper to Our

Lady's feasts, deserve special attention. They undoubtedly bring the Greek and Latin Churches together in declaring the great Catholic dogma of the divine maternity, since they find a place in the Greek liturgy similar to that which they occupy in our own. Some writers observe that they seem actually to have been composed to celebrate the solemn proclamation of the Council of Ephesus against the impiety of the heresy of Nestorius. It was, however, immediately after the Council that the custom began, both in East and West, of honoring Mary especially at Christmastide, blending in the public liturgy her veneration with the worship paid to her Son.

These beautiful antiphons, which are strictly Oriental in character, compare Mary's pure womb to Gedeon's fleece, on which descended the heavenly dew; then again to the bush which burned and was not consumed, and so forth. The antiphon containing the reference to the burning bush is so beautiful and typical of the rest that it is worth quoting here: "In the bush seen by Moses as burning yet unconsumed we recognize the preservation of thy glorious virginity. Mother of God, intercede for us!" To be appreciated to the full, however, these venerable antiphons must be heard chanted to their time-honored Gregorian melodies.

Thus we see that the first day of the year, on which Our Lord received the Name of Jesus which had been foretold by the angel, is also in a particular manner dedicated to Mary. It is fitting that the beginning of the civil year should be thus sanctified by the solemn invocation of those sacred Names, which to all faithful Catholics are a tower of protection as well as a fount of most sweet consolation.

TRUTH is the daughter of time.—*Sir Edward Coke.*

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

IT was the time of "the troubles," as the peasantry designated one of the most important of those uprisings in which Irish gallantry and Irish patriotism were so lavishly displayed. It was a time when men of the highest birth and those of the middle classes were mingled with the lowlier born in a common devotion to a great cause. Life, property, fair name, social influence, were freely staked. It is a long, dark chapter in Ireland's history, brightened by the unparalleled heroism of her noble sons. Arrest, imprisonment, confiscation, transportation, death, were of daily, hourly, occurrence. Catholics and Protestants, priests and ministers, swelled the lists of convicted felons, perished on the scaffold, or were forced to wander in exile abroad.

Needless to recall the bright galaxy of names imperishably connected with the sad-glorious days of that gallant but futile struggle for freedom. Many a nameless hero likewise died in those continual uprisings in almost every part of Ireland. The Wicklow hills—so often immortalized in song and story, purple-blue in the distance, dazzling with golden light in the sun—possessed many a mysterious pass and dark cave amongst their wooded heights, which served the insurgents as a base of operations or a hiding-place.

At some little distance from the most celebrated of these fastnesses, where Billy Byrnes, till his arrest and execution, kept up a guerrilla warfare; and where later the "Babes in the Wood," as the rebels humorously called themselves, had their retreat, lay a small and exquisitely situated village. It stood upon the banks

of the Slaney, where that stream flows down cool and dazzling from the hills. A lovely day it was in early June, but a short time after the ill-fated attempt of the 23d of May, and the subsequent arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Primroses were vying with the early violets to produce that delicious fragrance with which blended the stronger scent of the clover blossoms. It was an idyllic evening.

Near the door of the inn, which occupied the principal and almost the only street, stood Matt Crimmins, his good-looking, fresh face, surmounted by a rather dilapidated sugar-loaf. His attire—corduroys, with an ancient velveteen coat, and a spotted waistcoat very much the worse for wear—gave him, nevertheless, a not unpicturesque appearance. His lounging attitude changed to one of attention as he overheard the landlord conversing within about some gentlemen that were expected late in the evening, and for whom he was to have a bountiful supper in readiness.

"Sojers, is it?" asked Matt, leaning against the window-sill and addressing Tim Farley; for his curiosity and suspicion were alike aroused.

"Oh, yes!" said the landlord. "There's a company of them all the way from the barracks at Dublin, coming down here this evening."

"Do you tell me so!" cried Matt, with well-affected enthusiasm. "And a fine sight it'll be to see them—a grand sight entirely. But I wonder what in the world is bringing them down here, where all's so quiet?"

"Recruiting business, they give out," rejoined the landlord, cautiously.

"Bad cess to them!" exclaimed Matt. "It's out of their way I'll keep myself, and no mistake."

"And you may well do so," observed the landlady, with a glance at Matt's fine proportions. "It's boys like you they'll be wanting."

"Sojering is not much to my taste," said Matt; "but when the time comes to shoulder a musket, it won't be a red coat I'll have on my back, ma'am,—you may be sure of that."

"Hush, Matt aroon!" cried the woman, in alarm. And she added, in a low tone: "Spies, they tell me, are as thick as blackberries." Resuming her former manner, she said aloud: "It's a fine supper we're to have ready to-night for the gentlemen from Dublin."

"A fine supper, is it?" Matt repeated, bent on collecting all possible information.

"Well, first there's spring lamb—as fine a quarter as ever I saw," began the landlady.

"Spring lamb!" cried Matt, rolling up his eyes in ecstasy. "God bless you, Mrs. Farley, and would you let me know about what time the supper is to be? For perhaps it's a bone of that same lamb I might be trying."

"The orderly chap that came down this morning said it might be any time from nine o'clock to midnight; so I'll have the lamb cold and the chickens, too; and it's only the bit of bacon and the pot of spinach that'll have to be hot against their—"

"Oh, don't, ma'am!" interrupted Matt. "Now, don't be making my mouth water talking about such eatables, and cooked by your own hands."

"You are a palaverer," said Mrs. Farley, with an ill-repressed smile of gratification at the compliment. "You who have the sway of Mr. Latouche's kitchen and the freedom of the big house!"

"But there's no Mrs. Farley at the hall," said Matt. "And my foster-brother, the young master, is often absent from the country. He is at this moment in the hills of Scotland."

"Well, that's strange!" replied Mrs. Farley; "for I was sure it was himself I saw this morning."

"The Lord love you, and don't say

that!" said Matt, with a countenance of well-feigned alarm. "For if you saw the young master this morning, it was his fetch you saw, and no mistake."

Mrs. Farley looked grave—terrified at the idea; then she said, musingly:

"I was sure it was his Honor I saw riding by; and there's not one I ever saw that has the seat of him in the saddle."

"Hush!" whispered Matt, putting his finger to his lips.

"Perhaps, after all, I was mistaken," Mrs. Farley answered. "You know we're all liable to error."

"Well, don't be saying much about it," said Matt, with an air of mystery; "for if it were to come to his ears later on, he'd feel mighty queer. I'll be around on the chance of that bone of lamb," Matt went on; "so I'll bid you good-evening for the time being."

Matt strolled off, whistling till he was well out of sight of the inn, preserving all the time his lounging gait. But once he had passed over a stile into a field redolent of early clover, he stood still.

"It's the young master they're after, and no mistake; and he'll fall into their hands like a bird in the trap." He stood awhile lost, as it seemed, in deep thought; then suddenly exclaimed: "Not while Matt Crimmins is in it!"

His face took on a look of resolution, which totally changed its character. Lines formed about the mouth, indicative of set resolve; the expression of the eyes became bold and keen, as a hunter who sees the game afar off.

The sun was just mellowing in the west, the afternoon taking on a delicious coolness, hints of faint color gathering in the sky. Matt noted these signs with the instinctive knowledge of one who has spent his life in the open air.

"It's after four now," he said; "and we must have a good start of the murdering villains." He shook his fist at an imaginary foe, and scowled upward as a

rook flew cawing about an aged tree standing near. "Bad cess to you, with your ill omens!" he cried, in an angry tone, to the bird. "You're almost as bad as they are."

But the bird, unmoved by the denunciation, continued his note.

"One crow, sorrow!" muttered Matt; for there was no gausaying the fact that the young man was superstitious. "But I'll turn the sorrow on to their heads if I can; or, at the least, I'll get even with them."

Glancing about to see that no one was in sight, he began to run lightly as a deer across the meadow-land, vaulting fences, as a boy released from school might do, crouching at hedges or hiding behind trees if he heard approaching footsteps on the neighboring highway. He was determined at any cost to avoid being questioned.

II.

Presently Matt came to a gateway, which formed the entrance to an avenue shaded by trees which had caught the lights and shadows of a century at least. The gate was closed, and he secretly chafed with impatience, as the lodge-keeper, a young and comely widow, came leisurely out to admit him, and seemed in a conversational mood. At another time this would have been precisely what Matt would desire, the more so that he usually contrived to get himself invited to tea with Mrs. Welsh and her little son Terry and her daughter Kate. But now he was eager to escape, and yet resolved to permit no sign of impatience to appear in his face and manner. In the first place, it would have been impolite, debarring him, perhaps, from future tea-drinkings; in the second place—and this was a far more weighty reason,—it was essential, he believed, to his young master's safety and to the project he had in view, that Mrs. Welsh should not suspect there was anything unusual afoot.

He answered her remarks upon the weather in his lightest and pleasantest manner, observing also that little Katie's hair was brighter than the sun.

"It's easy to see where she gets that from, ma'am," said Matt, with an expressive glance at the widow's thick coil of hair, and her complexion like a peach, and the hazel of her eyes.

"O Mr. Crimmins!" exclaimed the widow; and it did not require a wizard to tell that this flattery was far from being displeasing to Mrs. Welsh. "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea with the children and myself?" she asked.

"Indeed I would with all my heart, only that that long-legged Englishman, James—plague take him!—made me promise to give him a hand in the pantry to-night. For it appears he's expecting company, but I don't know exactly who."

"I'm sorry you can't stop," replied the widow—and, with the shade of disappointment on her face, the keen eyes of Matt noted one of resentment; "but what can't be cured must be endured."

The young man's face was expressive of the deepest woe as he answered:

"You're speaking God's truth there, ma'am dear; and it's I that'll have to endure colloquing with that stiff-necked James, when I might have your pretty face opposite me, and the darling little ones besides me, and a cup of your fine tea to the fore. But go I *must*—there's no help for it."

The fair gate-keeper seemed mollified; and Matt, with a tender glance, walked on till a turn in the avenue hid him from her curious or admiring eyes. Then he sped like a deer between the great lines of trees and the smoothly trimmed hedgerows, till a final curve of the avenue brought him out upon an exquisite lawn, dotted with tall poplars and elms—the growth, apparently, of centuries. The large stone house now faced him, disfigured by sundry modern and somewhat desultory

additions, but bearing the marks of great age. The principal entrance door was at the head of a flight of broad stone steps; and was framed by thick masses of ivy, which went creeping up almost to the concealment of the front wall.

Contrary to his usual custom, Matt, after one last look around, passed rapidly up these steps and swung the ponderous knocker. The door was opened by James, who received him with a stony stare of astonishment, which finally relaxed into a broad grin.

"Well, I'm blessed if I ever!" said the functionary at last. "What a lark! What's up, Matt?"

But Matt put his finger to his lips.

"Let me in, James," he whispered, earnestly. "I didn't want to go round to the servants' quarters amongst all those gossiping women. One too many knows that I'm here now."

James looked puzzled, and began to have some doubt of this wild Irishman's sanity, as Matt closed the door and, looking carefully about, finally approached and put his lips to the startled lackey's ear. He knew that James was as devoted to his master as he was himself, and equally trustworthy; for he had at first been Mr. Latouche's special servant, and had travelled with him for some years.

"The sojers are after him," Matt whispered. "They'll be here, perhaps, by sundown, and you and I have got to save him between us."

James sat down, overcome for an instant by the suddenness of the news. In a few rapid words Matt then unfolded his plan. James shook his head.

"*You!*" he exclaimed,—"you, Matt! Oh, never!"

"It has to be tried, man alive!" cried Matt. "He is tracked, I tell you; and if we can't get him in time, he'll be in Dublin jail by midnight."

James scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry—the latter feeling predominating

when he thought of his young master's danger; the former, when he realized Matt's whimsical scheme for saving him. He was conscious all the time of a feeling of warmth toward this Irishman, which he never could have believed he would have felt for any of his race—save and except, of course, their master.

"If he had only let politics alone!" he said ruefully. "These youngsters, with heaps of tin and nothing to do, are always getting into mischief."

"That's neither here nor there," said Matt, somewhat testily. "He got into politics—as you call it—out of love for the old land; and, if it were for that reason alone, I feel in duty bound to save him."

He approached James and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"But for another reason—that he's the very core of your heart and mine—you've got to help me."

The young Irishman's kindling face and generous ardor communicated itself to the scarcely less sterling Englishman.

"I'm your man," said James, extending a hand, which was so vehemently grasped by Matt that he winced.

"Then take me to the young master without delay," said Matt.

They mounted the stairs in silence, oppressed by the ominous knowledge which they both shared in common.

Knocking at the door of their master's study, there was an answer from within—a careless "Come in!" Matt crossed the threshold, saluting Mr. Latouche; then, putting his finger to his lips, closed the door behind him,—James having decided to keep guard without.

(To be continued.)

HOLY the womb that bare Him,
 Holy the breasts that fed,
 But holier still the royal heart
 That in His passion bled.

—Cardinal Newman.

On New Year's Eve.

☉ THINK of thee to-night, friend of my heart,

As wanes the old before the dawning year;
It is ordained our lives may not draw near,
And, yet, my soul is ever where thou art.

So close thou wert, an ember made me start
That flamed and fell, as I was wondering,
dear,

What wish my heart could frame thy way
to cheer—

What gift, love-bought, might joy to thee
impart.

I would not plan for thee a single hour,
Lest love unwise should bar thy heaven-
ward way;

For eyes with longing oft grow strangely
dim.

But, strong in prayer—the heart's God-given
power,—

For thy best good to all-wise Love I pray,
Fond trusting my life's treasure unto
Him.

In the Battle for Bread.

FOR HOLY FAITH.

BY T. SPARROW.

I.

THE battle for bread, as we all know, is not confined to the dwellers in slums and alleys. It rages just as strongly, perhaps with even greater intensity, among those who, to use the saddest of sad phrases, "have known better days"; because these suffer poignantly from shabby surroundings, and from a pride which makes them conceal the secret that is sapping their strength, enervating their bodies, and enfeebling the mind before its time. As a rule, it takes several generations to make an all-round working man or woman; and God help the first who is thrown on the bitter waters of adversity!

I have seen many strive, and strive gallantly, but I have seen very few succeed. Virtue handicaps them, good-breeding is at a minimum, and a defect in constitution is ruin sooner or later. Mark, I refer only to *worldly* success; otherwise I agree with a celebrated prelate of our time, who says that what is called "genteel poverty" is the surest road to heaven. It is often the apparent failures that win the crown which never fades; and surely the Catholic who perseveres may hope there is a reward for him hereafter. For the one thing which has struck me most in my London life is the bigotry that still exists against our holy religion. Some of the incidents in this sketch will reveal a little of what timid, sensitive souls have to endure because they adhere bravely to the Faith of our Fathers.

* * *

Winnie Reid was a typewriter. Her father had been a country doctor, and when he died he left a sickly widow and half a dozen little daughters totally unprovided for. Friends came to the rescue, and the girls got a sound education in convents, and then were launched forth on the world to earn their own living.

Winnie was the third daughter, and, to quote her own words, was "mediocre" all through. She was not particularly pretty, nor particularly clever, nor particularly sensible; she had no particular talent, and was neither extra good nor extra bad. Perhaps characters like hers, which develop slowly and have no special bias, give the most anxiety to those that love them; because there seems an uncertainty as to how they will turn out.

Winnie procured her situation through an advertisement. Her handwriting was neat, the terms she offered were a shilling or two less than other competitors, and almost before she knew where she was she found herself accepted; lodgings were secured, and she was launched into London life, a delicate, simple, ladylike

girl, with a convent-bred innocence alone to protect her.

She happened to have a bed sitting-room under the same roof as myself; and I well remember the first evening she arrived, being struck with the girl's candid brown eyes, the transparent coloring of her cheeks, and the pretty, shy way she looked at everybody. But we did not make friends all at once. She was timid, with a bird-like timidity; and it was some days later, when we met accidentally at Mass, that we fraternized on the score of religion.

"Don't you hate London?" she asked me, confidentially. "One always seems pressed down by the numbers; one can never breathe freely."

"That is because you have come from the country," I observed. "You will get accustomed to the feeling in time."

"I shall always want elbow-room," she replied, quaintly; "and they will make nothing of me unless I get it."

Yet she did not appear homesick. She was very attentive to her work, and always spoke pleasantly of her companions. There were seven beside herself; but I noticed that, unlike most of her sex, she made no friends among them, never brought one back to a meal or joined them in any of their diversions. She was bright, not merry, and had a curious reserve which it was difficult to penetrate.

The lady-manager at her place of business was a Miss Grant, a woman of about fifty, with very rigid ideas of discipline. She hated frivolity and giggling and chattering, and was greatly taken with little Winnie's demure ways. She gave a significant proof of this before Winnie had been there many months.

A friend of hers came to town, and the two old ladies resolved to indulge in the dissipation of a concert. Just before breaking-up time the girls noticed that Miss Grant appeared very much flustered.

"Dear, dear, this is very awkward!"

she said. "A cheque has come by the afternoon post for fifteen pounds. The banks will be closed, and our safe has never been mended. I dare not leave the money in the office, nor dare I take it myself, as after the concert I sleep at my friend's. Dear, dear, this will quite spoil my evening's pleasure!"

"Shall I take it?" asked good-natured Winnie, speaking on the impulse of the moment.

The pucker on Miss Grant's brow suddenly relaxed.

"I wish you would, child," she said after a pause. "It is only till to-morrow, and you are not giddy like the others. But you must promise to go straight home."

"I promise," replied Winnie, brightly, proud of being trusted; and though the other girls sneered at this mark of favoritism, she thought little of them, as she waited behind to receive the money.

"Don't lose sight of it, or it will ruin both you and me," remarked Miss Grant, as she handed the cheque to Winnie.

"I will keep it tight in my hand in my muff like this—see!" answered the girl, soothingly; and she helped Miss Grant into her cloak and cape, talking gaily all the time.

Finally the lady-manager locked the door and they descended the stairs together. It was a drizzling night, and Winnie had no umbrella.

"I hope you won't get robbed in the bus," said Miss Grant disconsolately, as she tucked up her petticoats.

"Dear Miss Grant, do be happy about the money!" replied the girl, coaxingly. "I will promise to walk, if you think that safer; but I do want you to enjoy your evening thoroughly."

"You are a kind child," exclaimed Miss Grant, for a moment thawing from her austereness; "and Heaven bless you!"

Then she hailed a hansom and departed westward, while Winnie started determinately on her homeward journey.

If she had wanted a bus she would not have been able to get one: they passed her all full both outside and inside. Along the Strand she plodded, past the brilliant shops and gaily-lighted theatres, along Fleet Street into Chancery Lane, dim and badly lighted. The rain poured down now in torrents; and neat little Winnie felt, with rueful regret, that her skirts were getting woefully draggled with mud. But she had no hand to hold them up, for both held tightly to the cheque inside her muff. Across Holborn she threaded her way, and along Gray's Inn Road. The street was dark, and few wayfarers toiled along the greasy, sticky pavement.

Winnie's way lay down a street to the right—long, gloomy and almost deserted. She had hardly turned the corner when a short, evil-looking man darted from a side alley, and laying one hand on her muff put the other over her mouth.

The moment she felt the contact of his coarse, hard hand, Winnie's one feeling was intense disgust; and, acting instinctively, she doubled her fist and hit him with all her strength in the face. Either because he was taken by surprise, or because he was half-drunk, the man fell backward, startling himself, and still more Winnie, who did not expect this result to her prowess.

In a moment a crowd collected, as only a crowd can collect in a big city; and a cry was set up of "Stop thief!" as the man staggered to his feet and took to his heels. Feeling rather sick, Winnie leaned against a lamp post, clutching hold of her money. She could not help being amused at the mistaken energy of the onlookers; for while everyone, including the police, rushed off in any direction at any suggestion offered, she, who was the only one who could have explained matters, was the only one of whom nobody seemed to take any notice.

Nobody! That's not quite true; for just as she was making up her mind to

continue her journey, a gentleman—tall, dark, slight—crossed the road, and, taking off his hat, said:

"Pardon my addressing you, Miss! I saw what passed, but too late to come to your assistance. Your pluck fills me with admiration. May I help you now?"

"Would you call a hansom, please?" said Winnie, gratefully. She did not feel able to face any more cold, dark streets.

He soon returned with one; and, helping her in, prepared to join her, saying:

"You are too much shaken to go alone: permit me to accompany you."

But Winnie's nerves were in a state of flutter; and, thinking he also might have designs on her treasure, she clutched it tightly, saying hysterically:

"No, no! Can't you see I have been frightened enough already?"

He drew back immediately, just asked for her address, gave it to the driver with the fare; and, merely raising his hat, stepped aside as the hansom bowled into the darkness.

"And I never even thanked him!" thought Winnie, regretfully. "Will I never learn to do the right thing?"

Her white, scared face attracted notice when she entered the boarding-house; but it was not till she had changed her wet things, had something hot to drink, and was resting on a couch, that I allowed her to relate her adventures.

Many were the surmises of her fair hearers as to the identity of her cavalier.

"Was he 'an aristocrat, Miss Reid?" inquired one.

"And did he look very rich?" asked another.

"What would you do if you saw him again?" interrogated a third.

"I don't know," said Winnie, yawning wearily. "But I don't suppose I should know him again. I was thinking only of the money."

The muff lay on the sofa beside her. She took it up caressingly, then cried out:

"It has gone!"

True, the envelope was no longer there; though more than one had seen it as she told her story. We searched high and low, but searched in vain. The blow was too much for little Winnie, and she fell back on the pillows in a dead faint.

II.

We were all grieved at Winnie's loss. It was most mysterious. Several had seen the envelope ten minutes before, and everyone could testify that in that ten minutes the muff had not left its position on the sofa where Winnie lay; and, strangest thing of all, no one was sitting very near the sofa at the time.

Long after the girl was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, we continued the unavailing hunt. But all the comfort I could give her before she started to the office next morning was that St. Anthony must be besieged with prayers; for he was never appealed to in vain.

It was a very white Winnie that toiled up the stairs which led to her work that morning; and she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand when she went up to Miss Grant's desk saying, in a low, faint voice:

"Miss Grant, the cheque is lost."

That lady could hardly believe her ears.

"Lost!" she echoed, turning pale and red by turns. "That is the way you show yourself worthy of trust, is it?"

Winnie's dark eyes filled with tears. It was almost more than she could bear.

"Indeed I could not help it," replied the girl; "we—none of us—understand how it happened."

"None of us!" repeated Miss Grant. "And what right had you, pray, to talk of business matters outside the office?"

Winnie's lips quivered, but she made no reply to this taunt.

"Well, you had better tell what you *do* know about it," continued Miss Grant, irascibly. "It is no good standing there like a trussed fowl."

At this the others tittered; for in their hearts they were not sorry that the latest comer, with her gentle voice and persuasive ways, was not quite so immaculate as painted.

But opposition, felt though unexpressed, put Winnie on her mettle; and, "pulling herself together," she related her adventure of the previous night, briefly and with no comment or suggestion.

Miss Grant's perplexity increased. She was the more disturbed of the two, as her knowledge of business ways enabled her to grasp how their employers would regard the loss.

"There is nothing for it," she said, with a little gesture of despair. "I must telegraph to Mr. Perkins, and we must abide by his decision."

Mr. Perkins was the proprietor of the business—a man whom they all feared; even Miss Grant, who had held her post for over twenty years.

Work was done very quietly that morning: each felt the impending gloom. At three o'clock Mr. Perkins came. He was short and grey and stout. He had little to say; but he had a quick, suspicious look, which made people feel that he never believed one word they said.

He sent for Miss Grant first, and she was closeted with him half an hour in his private office. She emerged with red eyelids and visibly agitated.

Winnie was sent for next. He eyed her from top to toe as she stood quivering before him.

"Your name?" he asked, sharply.

"Winifred Reid."

"Your age?"

"Twenty next March."

"Who employed you?"

"Miss Grant, by letter."

"Did you know her before?"

"No."

"What credentials had you?"

"The clergyman's wife of our village, also our priest."

"You are a Romanist, then?"

"I am a Roman Catholic."

"Humph!" He stroked his grey beard thoughtfully. "How long have you been in our employ?"

"Nearly four months."

"Well, Miss Reid, you don't expect me to believe this cock-and-bull story about the cheque, do you?"

"I have no other to tell, sir," replied Winnie, her cheeks a deep scarlet and her eyes flashing fire.

"Of course not, of course not. Only, as you are young, you have managed it clumsily, that's all. We are not going to be hard on you: there will be no further proceedings taken in the matter. Only we dispense with your services, and you need not trouble to apply to us for a reference. Not that that matters, I suppose. As you are a Romanist, a priest will always give you a reference, no doubt."

It was the young girl's first situation, remember; and worldly wisdom could not be expected of her.

"Sir, you suspect me of stealing that cheque," she cried indignantly, "because I am a Catholic! Understand that if Catholics committed such a crime, they would know they deserved hell. And understand also that I, as a lady, should disdain to pilfer so paltry a sum. When you pay your clerks but a few shillings a week, and expect them to dress and live like ladies, your conscience may lead you to suspect that they might appropriate your money if they had the opportunity. Fifteen thousand *might* tempt me, but I should scorn to lose my soul for the trifle that's gone."

And Winnie, with a withering glance at the astonished Mr. Perkins, marched out, her head very high in the air, and resumed her seat in a stately manner.

The issue was not known to the other clerks till closing time. The proprietor left just before six, passing through the room where the girls were; but nothing

could be learned from his set, fixed face. His departure was the signal, however, for a perfect babel of voices. But Winnie screwed up her small voice, and refused to gratify their curiosity.

"You will know to-morrow," was all she would say; and, tired of teasing, they left.

Then she approached Miss Grant, who had been studiously bending over her desk, paying no attention to what was going on.

"You know I am not coming back, dear Miss Grant," she said, tenderly. "Thank you for all your kindness to me."

Miss Grant raised her head.

"I am not coming back either, child," she said, with a curious greyness in her face. "I am sent away also."

"How cruel! how unjust!" exclaimed sympathetic Winnie.

"Not unjust," answered Miss Grant, softly. "I had no right to entrust the cheque to you."

"But you believe me?" said Winnie, taking the withered hand and rubbing it gently against her smooth young cheek.

"Yes, child, I do; but you can not be surprised at Mr. Perkins when he knows you are a papist."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Winnie, opening her eyes wide.

"Well, dear," rejoined the elder lady, hesitating, "you know you can be as bad as you like, and make it all right by confessing to a priest."

In the midst of all her trouble, poor Winnie laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"And you call yourselves educated," she said at length, "and can believe such rubbish as that! I really am well out of the place; for there can not be such another antediluvian one in existence."

"What do you think of doing?" asked her friend.

Winnie became grave instantly.

"I don't know. I have saved nothing on fifteen shillings a week; but I won't

go home under a cloud"—shutting her mouth firmly. "I must trust to finding another situation soon."

"Would you come to me on a visit, while you look about?" inquired Miss Grant suddenly. "It will be very dull, for my brother and I are only a couple of old fogies; but at least it will be better than getting into debt."

"I don't like to burden you," began Winnie, gratefully.

"Burden! Child, it will be a pleasure to have a young thing like you in the house. There! say no more about it,—it's settled."

Winnie wondered why she had ever thought Miss Grant cold and hard; and for the next quarter of an hour, as she helped her to tidy, she chatted more unreservedly to her than to any one since she had left home.

"Why does not Mr. Perkins employ detectives, or have the cheque stopped at the bank?" observed Winnie. "It seems to me he has taken no trouble to prove my guilt."

"He has put the affair in the hands of the police, and I am looking forward to the real thief being discovered and your reputation re-established."

"I shouldn't come back again," replied haughty Winnie, with a toss of her head.

So Winnie made her exodus from her first situation in much better spirits than she would have imagined possible twenty-four hours before.

We had no news for her of the missing cheque, but I was sincerely glad when she told me of her intended visit to Miss Grant; as the girl did not look as if she had much staying power, and I feared for her the privations which a dwindling income in lodgings entails. I assured her that I would visit her regularly, and saw her off with many smiles and promises.

Miss Grant's brother was a paralytic, and for years had been dependent on his sister's scanty earnings. He was a well-

bred, highly cultured man, with spiritual blue eyes, lofty forehead, and gentle, pleasing voice. He generally shrank from strangers, but he took to little Winnie at once. She showed most to advantage in the privacy of home; and his eyes would glisten as he watched her kneeling on the hearth making the toast, or laying the table to save Miss Grant the labor.

The invalid found her shy but intelligent. A great reader himself, he often asked her to read to him, and directed her own reading. He was fond of theological works; and, being a rigid Presbyterian, he liked to draw Winnie out on religion, and laughed at her vehemence when she spoke in defence of devotion to Our Lady or the Blessed Sacrament.

They had another taste in common—music. They had a piano, also a harp; but for years Miss Grant had touched neither, being taken up with the more sordid cares of making two ends meet. Winnie, however, played both instruments with taste if not with talent; and she sang with feeling, though not with power. When I called sometimes in the twilight, and saw the girl's childish fingers gliding over the harp's strings, and heard the fresh, simple voice as it rang out in ancient ballad or flowing Italian, I feared that, when she went, poor Christopher Grant would miss her in a way she little dreamed.

Winnie did not forget the main point. She could not form a member of that frugal household without knowing that every month was the cause of additional thought and anxiety; and much as Miss Grant loved the child, with her straitened circumstances she could offer her only temporary shelter.

So every morning Winnie diligently perused the advertisement sheets; and, picking out what seemed suitable, would call later at the various addresses. It was a wearisome task, there were so many competitors in the field; and Winnie was

beginning to despair, when she caught sight of the following:

"Lady amanuensis wanted. Need not have been out before. Apply to ——."

With renewed hope, Winnie called.

"There are sure to be such a number of applicants I shall have no chance," she thought; and was agreeably surprised to find but three. This alone would have roused her suspicions if she had known more of the world. As it was, she waited her turn hopefully, and walked into the room with a happy feeling of expectancy. The gentleman at the table was the one who had come to her rescue the night of her adventure.

(To be continued.)

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The Angel of Lecce.

LOUIS BERNARDINE REALINO was born in the village of Capri, in Lombardy, on the 1st of December, 1530. His parents were of high rank, the father holding office at the court, and having likewise served with distinction under General de Gonzague, a celebrated officer of that day. Bernardine—who was so named because of a visit once paid by St. Bernardine of Sienna to his mother's family—grew, under the vigilant care of a pious mother, to use the Scriptural expression, "in wisdom and in grace." Generous and frank in disposition, he was early remarkable for that charity toward the poor and the goodness of heart so conspicuous in after-life. While still a mere boy he was known to provide from his own resources the books required by needy school-fellows. His mental gifts were on a par with his virtues.

Bernardine passed brilliantly through a course of rhetoric and literature in his native town, and pursued more advanced studies at Modena. He was driven thence principally by the evil conduct of fellow-students, who strove to draw him into

their own vortex of dissipation. Recognizing the danger, he at once fled from it and entered his name at far-famed Bologna. The very mention of this University is suggestive of learning, and recalls the great scholastic triumphs of medieval days. There Dante studied philosophy, and Petrarch civil jurisprudence; there almost every Italian scholar of note passed at least a portion of his student's life.

Bernardine chose law as his profession. His father, to mark his approbation of the choice, presented his gifted son with a splendid legal library. Learning thenceforth became a passion with Realino. He was even known to forget his meals in the ardor of his pursuit. But brilliant university student as he was, and daily winning fame as a classical scholar and as the composer of elegant verse both in Latin and Tuscan, he never relaxed his mortified rule of life, never omitted his daily examination of conscience, his recitation of the Rosary, his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or his hour of meditation.

About this time, 1550, Bernardine met with the first great grief of his life—the death of his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached, and whose memory remained vividly with him long after he had left behind the scholastic seclusion of the University, with its pleasant *festas* and delightful wranglings in the dead and living languages. It was in these boyish days, too, that an incident occurred which proved a source of deep contrition to the future saint, and a lesson by means of which he devoted himself to acquire that mastery over his temper for which he was afterward remarkable.

There had been a lawsuit in which the young student was intimately concerned, and which was afterward settled adversely to his interests by an arbitrator. This man had given an unjust decision, and had, besides, grossly insulted Bernardine. The fiery life-blood of his Italian race,

always impelling him to impulsive acts, could not brook the provocation. He drew his sword and struck the aggressor in the face; though, fortunately, he inflicted but a slight wound.

Bernardine left Bologna with the title of doctor in civil and ecclesiastical law, after which he passed from one distinction to another, finally becoming *podestà*, or chief magistrate, of Felizzano and Castel-Leone. In the discharge of his official duties he has left to all time the model of an honest, upright judge, prompt to condemn impartially or to temper justice with mercy.

The saint's life during all these years was deeply interesting, rich in a hundred striking episodes, full of stirring events, and fascinating in its very multiplicity of details. Wealthy, high-born, possessed of fine intellectual endowments, eagerly sought after by the polished society of those Italian cities wherein the glow of the Renaissance was already making itself felt, the young man pursued the even tenor of his former life. He grew daily in a more intense and perfect devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Passion of Our Lord, to the Blessed Virgin, and to his Angel Guardian.

Amongst his associates were the future St. Charles Borromeo and Nicholas Sfondrati, afterward Pope Gregory XIV. It is easy to imagine the lofty ideals and splendid aspirations of these nobly gifted souls. If the saints are the geniuses of the supernatural order, it is doubtless true that they frequently display marks of genius in their ordinary lives. A rare enthusiasm, a delicate spirituality, even an artistic or poetic sense, seem to proceed from their close intimacy with the unseen. Of what high themes, then, must these favored youths have discoursed in the golden sunshine of those blessed days!

Bernardine's religious vocation seems to have come to him, in the first place, as the result of a vision of our Saviour,

and of three apparitions of a departed friend whom he had known intimately at Bologna. Being called to Naples to act as inspector-general of the territory of the Marquis of Pescara, Bernardine happened to meet in the street two young Jesuits. Struck by their sacred garb and holy mien, he felt a strong desire to know more of the Society of Jesus, and providentially heard a sermon on the following Sunday by a celebrated preacher of that Order. He chose the latter as his director, and by his advice made a retreat. While still hesitating as to his entry into religion because of the advanced age of his father, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, with her Divine Son in her arms, and bade him become a Jesuit.

Bernardine hastened to obey the heavenly mandate, and was received by the provincial of the Order at Naples, being then in his thirty-fourth year. Needless to say, his noviceship and scholasticate were marked by the greatest sanctity; whilst his subtlety of mind and force of understanding made him pre-eminent in philosophy and theology.

After only six years of religious life, he was admitted to the profession of the four vows by the illustrious St. Francis Borgia himself. He was ordained priest on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1567. He was made successively master of novices and confessor to the entire college; and, while conspicuous for his exact observance of the rule, began those multitudinous duties, which increased with every year—catechist, preacher, confessor, apostle.

In 1574 he went to Lecce as superior of the new mission. There he labored for forty-two years, and worked innumerable miracles both before and after death. His continued presence at this place seemed in itself a miracle; for whenever his superiors strove to withdraw him thence, he was seized with a violent fever which made his removal impossible.

So at Lecce he remained. His varied

gifts were brought into play as rector of the prosperous college erected there—his insight into souls, his tact, prudence, zeal, forbearance, gentleness, and all-embracing charity. To the sick in the infirmary he was a veritable father, performing even the most menial offices for them. Toward the lowest dependent of the house or the humblest lay-brother he exercised his untiring solicitude, inquiring as to his food, his clothing, and each detail of his comfort. When he was obliged to administer a public reprimand, it was usually accompanied by a reference to some special virtue of the delinquent. One day a refractory lay-brother refused to accept the penance imposed upon him. The saint at once withdrew the chastisement, and asked pardon of the brother for having given him pain. Needless to say, the culprit was covered with confusion.

Bernardine's favorite ministry was that of the confessional, and therein he wrought marvels. The most hardened sinners were touched by his extreme sweetness and gentleness, which was his habitual demeanor toward penitents. He often remained ten hours in the sacred tribunal, and was sometimes borne thence fainting with exhaustion.

While preaching every day, and busied with the affairs of the college, with correspondence with many of the greatest personages of his time, he found leisure to visit the sick and the poor; speeding away, a venerable figure as the years began to gather about him, to the poorest and most abject dwelling. He also sought out those who were in slavery amongst the Mussulmans on the slopes of Otranto. He was miraculously endowed with the gift of tongues, so that he was enabled to communicate with these poor people, who were of all tribes and tongues.

To the poor Bernardine was a special providence, spending himself in their service, listening to the unceasing tale of

their miseries, and lending them all the assistance in his power. To this end he frequently employed his miraculous gift, multiplying substances in their behalf. He also gave royally to the service of his neighbor of the intellectual gifts with which Heaven had endowed him, and his relations toward them were governed by the law of love. The brotherhood of mankind was to him a living reality: all men were his brethren in God. Seeing the Creator in all His creatures, he was, moreover, full of compassion even for the dumb beasts. It is related that the very birds, which thronged the air of that quaint Italian city, used to fly in at his window and perch on his hands or his head or his shoulder. When winter came, all too trying to those Southland songsters, this busy rector of a college, this man of innumerable anxieties and cares, saw that they were abundantly provided with food.

Devoted to the service of his neighbor after the fashion of saints, like them, too, he fulfilled the higher law in his intense love of God. The nights which followed toilsome days were spent chiefly in prayer. His visits to the Blessed Sacrament and his meditations were as long as it was possible to make them. His daily life was characterized by that complete interior union with the Divinity which is the mountain summit of sanctity, all bathed in golden light. Saints alone breathe that rarefied atmosphere. Every act of Bernardine was a prayer, every thought sped upward, every word of his had its supernatural aim. He lived afar in a dim, old medieval town, three centuries ago; but he might be of to-day—might be met in any Jesuit college, in any city, clad in that cassock of black, somewhat threadbare, with beads at girdle,—so completely does he meet the requirement of modern civilization in the matter of saints; so ardent a lover of humanity was this old-time Jesuit; so simple, so unostentatious,

so wise in his maxims, so profound in his learning. It is true, his austerities were to human nature almost appalling—fasting, the hairshirt, the discipline, and a thousand and one acts unknown to men. But they in nowise interfered with his constant cheerfulness, his serenity, and his almost childlike gayety.

Bernardine was a wonder-worker, too; and used the gift of miracles, like any common gift, with perfect simplicity and with undisturbed humility. He was favored with various apparitions of the Mother of God, usually holding the Divine Infant. Once the Holy Babe was placed in the arms of the saint, and remained there for some moments. On Christmas the Mother and Child appeared to him, and he distinctly heard the angles singing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

To the quiet college parlor came, in the course of those two and forty years of his rectorship, most of the eminent people of his time. More than one emperor of Germany, queen of France, and other royal or ducal personages, bishops, priests, saints—like Andrew of Avelino,—all came to consult that man wise in God, or to ask his prayers. The Sovereign Pontiff Paul V. wrote to ask his intercession with Heaven. Cardinal Bellarmine begged the favor of making a general confession to him; and when the saint lay dying, the great theologian hastily dispatched a messenger, praying that Bernardine would keep a place for him in heaven.

Shortly before his death, the municipal council of the town issued a formal decree naming Father Bernardine protector of the commonwealth, and calling upon the Bishop to begin the preliminaries for his canonization. Seven months later they knelt at the side of the dying servant of God, begging him to be the protector of the town in heaven as he had been on earth.

What a death-bed that was, covered with objects sent by the faithful to be

touched to the wonder-working hands before they should grow cold and stiff in death! Without, a multitude of people clamoring for a sight of him, or at least to be recommended to his prayers; within, the holy old priest, eighty-six years of age, dying joyfully, unmoved by these testimonies to his sanctity; calmly doing all that was asked of him; listening, with a smile on his face, to the reading of the solemn profession—for he could no longer speak; wearing an aureola of heavenly light about his head as the Passion according to St. John was recited; and expiring at last, with illuminated countenance and a cry of joy upon his lips: "*Madonna mia santissima!*" The knight of God beheld the Lady of his lifelong love, his most holy Lady—the Immaculate Mother of God.

During many years of his life Blessed Bernardine had been busy performing miracles: especially for several months, during which, from the effects of a fall, he had become enfeebled, and was compelled to keep his room, under obedience to a lay-brother; and he obeyed him unquestioningly, after the habit of his life. He bore excruciating suffering with perfect patience; observing that this suffering had been decreed from all eternity, and that he should be grateful for it.

As the college doors were constantly besieged by an eager throng of the blind and the halt, the deaf and the infirm, the Brother commanded his docile patient to cure them. The infirmarian also distributed canes, handkerchiefs, and other articles belonging to the holy priest, who used to wonder why he so often had another cane or another handkerchief.

Bernardine had the gift of prophecy. During his canonization one hundred and fifty instances of true predictions by him were attested. He was miraculously gifted with bi-location, being seen on more than one occasion at the bedside of two dying persons at the same time. The

bodily cures which he wrought during his life were countless. A single Sign of the Cross made by him, a touch of his garments or of any object belonging to him, a word from his lips, sufficed. He restored sight, hearing, speech, the use of limbs; he caused a fountain to spring forth where it was sorely needed; he saved persons from shipwreck or other perils; he even raised the dead to life.

After his death these wonders were redoubled; and it is touching to read how children in particular, describing their cure, would tell of "the old man with the cane" who made them well. In some portraits he is represented with the cane, in others he is holding the Child Jesus in his arms.

The body of the saint remained incorruptible after death, with that sweet fragrance so often attested in cases of eminent sanctity; and his blood was seen to liquefy on more than one occasion and under varying circumstances, as in the cathedral of Lecce, in the Capuchin convent, and the Benedictine monastery; in all of which localities portions of the blood were preserved. These miraculous facts and the wonder-working powers of the saint were all verified in the long and tedious process of beatification, and on the testimony of the most veracious witnesses.

The funeral of the venerated priest was the occasion of a wondrous demonstration on the part of the entire city. Officers of rank watched all night beside the humble bier of the Jesuit religious, to prevent the clothing being actually torn from the body, so eager were the relic-seekers for some memento of "the apostle of Lecce," "the angel of Lecce."

The preliminaries for canonization were begun immediately after Bernardine's death by Cardinal Bellarmine, the demand being supported by popular acclamation as well as by the kings of France and Spain; and the bishops, clergy, and religious

communities, particularly of Italy. The process was approved at Rome; but the years passed, and evil days came for the Society of Jesus. The Order, which had already produced so many saints, was temporarily suppressed. Through this and other causes it came to pass that the beatification of this illustrious servant of God was reserved as a new glory for the pontificate of Leo XIII. On the 12th of January, 1896, Bernardine Realino was declared Blessed.

Altruism and the Golden Rule.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

D ICTIONARIES define the word altruism as the direct opposite of egotism; an altruist is, therefore, one who serves and considers others instead of himself. The terms, like many similar ones, have come into common use within recent years, and have been manifest as the catchwords of partisans of a phase of belief which has many followers and expounders. These sounding words remind one of the old woman who testified in class-meeting to the delight she had long experienced in rolling around her tongue the "blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'" Empty words play a large part in the divers strange doctrines of the end of the century.

Unselfishness is so godlike a virtue, and its opposite so ignoble a vice, that one hesitates to aver that, used without discrimination, a blind devotion to others would strew the earth with wrecks.

"A lie which is all a lie

May be met and fought outright;

But a lie which is half a truth

Is a harder matter to fight."

If any theory or individual is obviously a downright evil, it is an easy matter to justify one's denunciations of it. A diatribe against a mad dog, or a confessed

assassin, or an openly immoral doctrine, meets only with applause and credence; but it would be difficult to convince the world that the dog, though apparently sane, was a dangerous animal; that the man who had never done any harm was in danger of falling from his high estate; and that the doctrine which seemed so harmless was prompted by the father of lies himself.

Those who claim that unthinking sacrifice for others, with an utter disregard of self, is a panacea for all ills to which flesh and spirit are heir, maintain that our Divine Lord made this the groundwork of His teachings. Now, I beg their pardon, but He did no such thing. Modern altruism, as taught by champions of the occult, is not the practical application of the Golden Rule.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you—" Would you take pleasure in the thought that your friends were continually making painful sacrifices in your behalf? Would you wish to be daintily fed when they were hungry? Would you care to be idle if they performed your labor? Would you not rather desire to bear your own burdens? to be a man or woman, not a child? an able-bodied creature, not a weakling? a self-respecting person, not a mere weak receiver of alms?

The carrying out of the altruistic theory in this distorted way would consign half of the world to wheeled chairs. The feeble need something beside propping up. At times—nay, usually—the greatest kindness you can render another is to insist that he shoulder his load and march bravely on with it. If, in an excess of zeal, you carry it for him, you only cause atrophy of his muscles and confirm his incompetency. Our Lord said: "Love your neighbor." If you love him you will not wish him to become a mental and moral paralytic. It deforms the best part of a man to make of him a perpetual

recipient. Misdirected altruism would pauperize the world, and fill its highways with beggars whose cry for spiritual *backsheesh* would drown the brave battle hymn sung by those who gladly fight until the great Captain calls: "Ground arms!"

A clergyman preached so eloquent a charity sermon that the famous old miser Elwes was enchanted. "Almost," he said, "you have persuaded me to beg." Heroic doses of altruism would transform society into an almshouse, where relief would be measured by skilful begging rather than by the suppliant's need.

Misplaced devotion to the fancied needs of others is universal even among those who have never heard of the new names applied to the principles they put into practice. Sins are condoned which should be denounced; children are indulged to their own undoing; while women, especially, often sacrifice themselves to the whims of others as joyfully as Eastern devotees throw themselves beneath the car wheels of an idol.

Mix your altruism as the painter did his colors—with common-sense. Bear other people's burdens when you are sure that the result will not be weak spines, inert impulses, lassitude of conscience, and prostration of effort.

"This, however," observes an English writer, "is but a trifle when compared with the mischief that is done by superseding Christianity by a doctrine that, if universally acted on, would turn all mankind into expectants asking continually that all around should, in the name of social duty, do the best part of their work for them." "England expects every man to do his duty," said Nelson. "And mine, too," whimpers the devotee of altruism, who, even when he works faithfully for another, expects ten men to work for him in return.

"But," one says, "in denying myself I strengthen myself. The application of altruism benefits the one who practises

it." Ah! then it is selfishness with a new name and in a new disguise. Why, then, if you love your neighbor, do you not permit him to be a partaker of that peculiar strength which renunciation imparts? Why withhold from him that which makes you yourself so stalwart? In short, why not follow faithfully and sensibly the rule which our Blessed Lord formulated, and which men have named the "golden"? Do that, and you will follow the only true altruism that ever was or will be.



An Old Lesson for the New Year.

NOT long ago we received from an antiquarian bookseller in another country a lot of old pamphlets, which contained among other treasures a copy of the pastoral letter of the first national council of the Church in the United States. It was held at Baltimore in May, 1852. Some careful hand had wrapped the packet securely, and the pamphlet which we value so highly appears as fresh as if it had been printed yesterday instead of forty-six years ago. What an interesting document it will be half a century from now! It is of present interest and special interest, as will be seen.

In reading this admirable letter, every line of which breathes the apostolic spirit, we have been struck by the zeal with which the bishops denounce the evils of the day, and point out the dangers that threaten the flocks committed to their charge. The faithful are warned against attaching themselves to "certain societies, which the Church either entirely condemns or views with well-founded suspicion"; they are exhorted to give their children a Christian education—"that is, an education based on religious principles, accompanied by religious practices, and always subordinate to religious influence." "Listen not," add the bishops,

"to those who would persuade you that religion can be separated from secular instruction. . . . Encourage the establishment and support of Catholic schools; make every sacrifice which may be necessary for this object: spare our hearts the pain of beholding the youth whom, after the example of our Master, we so love, involved in all the evils of an uncatholic education,—evils too multiplied and too obvious to require that we should do more than raise our voices in solemn protest against the system from which they spring." The clergy are reminded that they have not only to consider the faithful of their charge, but to remember "those other sheep" which are not yet of the fold of Christ, and which the Shepherd of souls designs to bring within its sacred pale. "To our actions, even more than to our words, do others look for the rule they are to follow, the example they are to imitate."

There is one passage of this pastoral letter which deserves special attention, because it contains a lesson too seldom inculcated nowadays; though the need of it seems greater than ever. How few of the laity realize that it is their duty to co-operate with the clergy in preaching the Gospel of Christ,—that they are bound to second efforts for the conversion of the country in which they live, and for the spread of religion throughout the world! Yet this is one of the good works by which we are to make our calling and election sure. "You are to co-operate with us in preaching the Gospel of Christ," say the Fathers of the national council, "by the care of your own households, and by the good example you give to all who come within the sphere of your influence. Walk worthy of your calling; refute the calumnies which are so frequently uttered against the Mother who has brought you forth in Christ, by having your conversation good among those who are estranged from her influence; 'that, whereas they

“speak against you as evil-doers, they may, by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation.”

Could any exhortation to the Catholics of to-day be more practical or timely than this? There are innumerable persons willing to profess themselves Catholics and ready to defend Catholic teaching; but the number is less large of those who keep themselves so unspotted from the world as to be recognized as true followers of Christ, and whose lives are a refutation of the common calumnies against His Church. There is no lack of profession but a great lack of practice; there are too many who talk and too few who give example. It was Charles Kingsley—certainly no friend of the Church—who said that if every Catholic would live up to his creed even for a single day, there would not be a Protestant left in the evening. And Kingsley was a controversialist! We can not be too firmly persuaded that in order to secure our own salvation and co-operate effectually in the conversion of those outside the Church, it is necessary to *practise* faithfully the religion we so earnestly profess.

There could be no better resolution for the New Year than this, and there is a solemnity about it on account of being suggested by the words of those who are now with God.

DOES not the book of Genesis record the power of Abraham's intercession, and the gracious promise that ten just souls should save even the guilty Sodom? How often was not Jerusalem pardoned for the sake of holy King David! What was not the force of King Hezekiah's prayer! Did not the temporal prosperity of the people of God depend upon the merits of the prophet Elias? And does not St. James declare that the fervent prayer of the just man availeth much?—“*The Efficacy of Prayer,*” *Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.*

Notes and Remarks.

The rhetorical agnostic who lately asked what the Church had ever done for the world, and then, as an answer, enumerated some of the horrible crimes and pernicious errors of historical personages, revived a senseless objection once common enough, but now relegated to the limbo of theologic ghosts. It has taken the Protestant world almost four hundred years to understand that the failings of fallible men in no way involve the infallible Church of Christ. The answer to all Mr. Ingersoll's rodomontade is the simple statement that the Church inculcates neither cruelty, ignorance nor immorality; and the famous personages whose conduct shocks the virtuous advocate of free love and suicide acted not in *obedience* but in *disobedience* to Catholic teaching. The moral of Mr. Ingersoll's historical citations seems to be that just as soon as everybody obeys the Church there will be no more bad people. In that case the Colonel will be obliged to become a good Christian or to follow his own counsel and commit suicide.

“Nym Crinkle,” speaking of Ingersoll, says: “His lectures do not differ in spirit or purpose. They betray the same animus, they obtrude the same ungenerous spite against the Church; they use an eminent man for a text, only to make God the target; and they display in varying degrees that perversion of facts and disregard of the truth which rises to mendacity on one side and audacity on the other.”

There are a few noisy newspapers which seem to think that the sole duty of a bishop is to administer a few sacraments, and which consequently assume to themselves the office of censors of faith. It is part of the work of a Catholic bishop to look after the orthodoxy of his flock, and the Supreme Pastor of Christendom may be trusted to take care of the bishops. Impotent wrath and bandying of epithets do not look well beside exhortations to piety and charity in a Catholic newspaper. At the beginning of the New Year, the vitriolic brethren would do well to muse

upon these sober words of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*: "However excellent and however talented men may be, they can not be too careful in guarding against the tendency to set up their own views as standards by which to judge of the Catholicity of others." Wicked editor men do exist in the offices of secular papers, we know; it would be a pity if pious papers became by uncharity a rock of offence to the laity.

It is pleasant to read the hearty tribute paid to the late Mr. Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century* by Dr. St. George Mivart, who was at once his friend and his chief antagonist during life. The brilliant agnostic, it seems, was fond of Cardinal Manning, and "had a great esteem for any one who led a self-denying life from a sense of duty." One day he said: "Clever men! Why, they are as plentiful as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one." Regarding Mr. Huxley's lectures to his classes, Dr. Mivart says:

There were persons who dreaded sending young men to him, fearing lest their friends' religious beliefs should be upset by what they might hear said. For years I attended his lectures; but never once did I hear him make use of his position as a teacher to inculcate, or even hint at, his own theological views, or to depreciate or assail what might be supposed to be the religion of his hearers. No one could have behaved more loyally in that respect; and a proof that I thought so is that I subsequently sent my own son to be his pupil at South Kensington, where his experience confirmed what had previously been my own.

Very surprising was the refusal of the agnostic scientist to support the principle of toleration advocated by the Catholic scientist. "I think vice and error ought to be extirpated by force, if it could be done," said Mr. Huxley. "Torquemada and the others were right in principle, but the way they carried the principle out was injurious to their cause." With agnostic scientists, however, "error" means any doctrine which does not harmonize with their own.

It is now many weeks since *Church Progress* suggested a plan for the "thorough, continuous and systematic religious instruction" of our young people. Naturally one would suppose that the Catholic press,

which professes to be devoted to the interests of our holy religion, and demands loyal support therefor, would have discussed so important a question in its columns, and encouraged experienced priests to discuss it in letters; but, with a few honorable exceptions, the subject was allowed to fall with a dull thud. In most Catholic journals columns were needed for the account of Father So-and-So's silver jubilee; and there must be sketches and portraits of dignitaries who have become disgusted with the fulsome praise bestowed on them, and with the accompanying caricatures.

We will say now that there is no good reason why the Sunday-school should not be made interesting enough to get and keep a grip on the young people. A fuller course of doctrine, the lives of the saints, apologetics, polemics, Holy Scripture, ritual and Church History, could, as *Church Progress* observes, be made quite as interesting as the Sunday newspaper, and infinitely more profitable. We hope soon to present a discussion of this subject from the pen of a distinguished and experienced parish priest. Meantime we may remark that we once knew a Sunday-school—presided over by good Father Lindesmith, of the Diocese of Cleveland,—which was attended regularly by all the young men and women of the parish until the bans for their marriage were proclaimed. Then they were graduated.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Chronicle*, who has evidently given careful attention to the schools of that city, observes that the old cry about the inferiority of the parochial school is becoming a feeble one. There was a time when it was commonly asserted that the parochial schools taught nothing but religion. Snobbish and disgruntled Catholics, instead of doing anything to nullify such a charge, repeated it, to the detriment of the schools and the discouragement of their directors and teachers. Now the charge is being refuted by the best of all tests—that of public examinations. The results in many places are most encouraging to Catholic teachers and highly gratifying to the supporters of Catholic schools. The man from Chicago asks himself a question, and gives

an answer which he probably considers quite satisfactory. "Has the parochial school improved or has the public school retrograded? If we look carefully into the subject we may be tempted to answer both questions in the affirmative."

It is not because the teaching in public schools has deteriorated that the pupils of parochial schools so often prove themselves superior in competitive examinations. Our schools have been improving steadily, it is true; but the public schools, as a whole, were never what they are cracked up to be. "Is the examination too hard?" asks the writer in the *Chronicle*. It has proved altogether too hard for the pupils of public schools, though it seems to have been easy enough for those of Catholic schools in different parts of the country. All have not yet, of course, reached the standard of the high school attached to St. James' parish in Chicago; but it is aimed at. Thirteen pupils of that school after graduation entered the examination for teachers, and all were successful. This proves what can be accomplished by Catholic schools, and that they are deserving of the best support. We predict that before a decade has gone by the superiority of our schools everywhere will be generally acknowledged. Meantime let the advocates of the little red school-house try to keep up with the procession. Let those who used to wage war against Catholic teachers and Catholic schools now rest from their labors. The time has come.

The Protestant bishop of Liverpool strongly and wisely objects to the hearing of confessions by persons who have no power to give absolution. He was lately requested to grant a young clergyman of his own city permission to exercise the ministry, but he refused to accede to the request until he had received a written guarantee that the young curate would not attempt to hear confessions. For which reasons the High Church newspapers refer to his Lordship as "a necessary evil to be borne with Christian patience."

The biography of Cardinal Wiseman, which has just appeared, emphasizes in a striking

way the "variations of Protestantism." The Cardinal himself tells us that when he first went to England in 1835, a priest who wished to trace a cross on the façade of a chapel was warned by the police that the sacred emblem would be regarded as an offence to Protestantism, and that the building would probably be demolished. Now it is not an uncommon sight to see the Stations in the Protestant churches of England; and as for crosses and crucifixes, they have become so firmly entrenched behind public opinion that an objecting brother who recently appealed to the courts of England against "the crusade for crucifixes" was laughed at as a "crank."

The Bishop of Orleans, France, has arrived in Rome with the evidence collected by his episcopal court concerning the sanctity of the Maid of Orleans. It is said by those who have read it, that the voluminous testimony gathered for the diocesan process is one of the most romantic as well as edifying records ever penned. The Maid of Orleans is already Venerable; and we have no hesitation in saying that if she ever attains to the honors of the altars, the usual objection to biographies of the saints—dulness—will not be urged in her case. Her career appeals with overmastering force to all minds, as is witnessed by the number of admiring Protestant biographers she has already had; and some of those who declaim most vociferously against saints and canonizations would have enrolled her on the calendar long ago if it had been in their power.

As a means to check the alarming spread of the suicide mania in Buenos Ayres, the chief of police in that city has issued an order forbidding the commissaries at the various stations to furnish to newspaper reporters any details of suicides. This is a step in the right direction, and all the intelligent citizens of Buenos Ayres have applauded the action. But it is like covering an ulcer with court-plaster: the root of the evil remains untouched. The moral and mental conditions which produce the suicide mania can not be changed by legislative acts. The Godless system of education introduced

into the state schools of the Argentine Republic some years ago is the source of the terrible evil which is now generally deplored.

But suicide is only one of many results of irreligious education; and not the only one that is apparent, especially in the large cities of Argentina. The *Southern Cross* tells of the shocking increase of child-murder which is accounted for by the widespread relaxation of morals—a direct outcome of Godless education, unclean literature, and licentious journalism. The same paper proposes a remedy, the only effectual one:

In order to kill the germs of disease, all pathologists are unanimous in insisting on the necessity of cleanliness. Hygiene is now the watchword of medical science. It should also be the watchword of modern legislation. Moral cleanliness is what we want here. Let us clear our social ambient of immoral influences and forces. Let us clear our moral atmosphere of licensed vice, of legalized concubinage, of anti-clerical cant, of filthy literature, of Godless education; and with time and patience we may undo, or at least atone for, the ghastly devastation which our devils' dance of the last ten years has wrought in a nationhood won by such heroism and sacrifice of self.

The Rev. Silliman Blagden, a zealous Protestant clergyman who still believes in the Bible, said recently: "With the exception of the Catholic clergy, whom I have invariably found to be sound and faithful in their belief in and adherence to the Word of God, and a few of our own Protestant clergy, the world is being overrun with unbelieving, spiritually ignorant, and heretical teachers and preachers of all kinds of creeds and denominations, who are sowing the devil's tares broadcast; so that in the time of harvest we shall see an answer to Christ's own question—namely, 'When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?'"

If good Brother Blagden were a constant reader of the Chicago daily newspapers, his view of clerical unbelief would be even more sombre. After the blasphemous "Thanksgiving sermon" preached by Mr. Ingersoll in that city, a number of prominent Protestant clergymen were asked to give their opinions of the voluble agnostic—"for publication," of course. It is a significant fact that not one of them, so far as we remember, condemned him outright; and some

of them expressed their sympathy with his spirit and his work, but meekly suggested that he was "going too far." What Mr. Ingersoll thinks of the "spirit" of such pastors it would be interesting to know; we do know what he thinks of their "work." Quite recently he said that he contemplated going out of the agnostic business, because "so many preachers are climbing up on my platform that they are crowding me out."

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:

Washington Hessing, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., who died suddenly on the 18th ult.

Mr. William White, whose death took place last month, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Antoinette V. Brooks, of Bay City, Mich., whose life closed peacefully on the 3d ult.

Mr. James McKee, who departed this life on the 8th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Eliza Harrigan, of Newark, N. J., who passed to the reward of a good life on the 12th ult.

Mr. Robert T. Starkey, who yielded his soul to God on the 11th ult., at Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. John W. Moran, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Breen, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Thomas Garrity, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. George McIntyre, Loggiewille, N. B., Canada; Miss Mary E. Scully, Windsor, Canada; Mrs. Susan Sapp, Lenox, Iowa; William Burns, Creston, Iowa; Michael Nagle, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. M. V. Gannon, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Peter Carty and Mrs. Mary Ridney, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Rose M. Benter, Waynesburg, Pa.; Mr. Patrick McCabe and Mrs. Ellen Roche, Pittsburg, Pa.

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

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sisters at Nagpur, India:

M. C., in honor of St. Anthony, \$1; T. M. G., \$1; M. J. C., \$4; D. P., \$1; Mrs. F., 50 cts.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Culshaw, \$5; C. E. Culshaw, 25 cts.; George Sebolt, \$1; A Friend, Reece, Kansas, \$2; Mrs. Esther R., \$1.

The Leper Hospital, Gotemba, Japan:

"One grateful to God," \$1; Mrs. Ellen O'D., \$1; K., T. and E. O'D., \$1.

The Propagation of the Faith:

C. C. Carey, \$5.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Another Year.

ANOTHER year! What will it bring?
 Ah, time alone can tell!
 But this we know: our Father reigns,
 And He doth all things well.

Should joy be ours, to Him be praise,
 Who bids the sun to shine,
 And hides the sin-stained past within
 His tender Heart Divine.

Should sorrow come, to Him be praise,
 The while our eyes shed tears;
 His hands shall gather them as gems
 To grace eternal years.

Another year! Ah, let us, then,
 Go forth with trusting heart,
 Till we shall know eternal joys,
 Where time shall have no part!

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

I.—MARY ANN.

LIGHT was just breaking over the mountain district of Pennsylvania. It was the month of August; the dews lay so heavy on the grass that it yielded, in lush softness, to the rich brown earth beneath it. In a small, ill-furnished room, above the kitchen of a lonely farm-house, a young girl lay sleeping. Her features were large and somewhat coarse; but her hair, of dark auburn, was a perfect tangle of short, thick curls, clustering about her

head and falling over her forehead, which was broad and white.

A heavy step creaking on the stairway caused the sleeper to move uneasily. Presently a sharp-featured, grey-haired woman appeared at the head of the stairs. She held a candle in her hand. Advancing to the bedside, she paused a moment, looking down at the sleeper with a peculiar expression. It might have proceeded from personal dislike or from a disposition naturally crossgrained.

Again the girl moved her position, murmuring faintly, then opened her eyes. They were large, blue, honest eyes, and transfigured her otherwise plain features. They looked full in the face of the old woman, who glared almost savagely upon their owner. Then the eyes closed again; the girl turned her head away with an involuntary sigh.

"None of your shamming, Mary Ann!" said the woman, in a hard, rasping voice. "Get up—get up! It's just like you to make believe being asleep, if for nothing else but to fetch me up the stairs and get me tired out before the day's fairly begun. It's a shame to have to be waking a lazy thing like you every morning."

The girl had sprung out of bed at the first call, and was stooping to put on her stockings when the woman seized her by the shoulders and shook her roughly.

"Did you hear what I said?" she asked, blowing out the candle and sitting on the side of the bed. "Why didn't you get up when you woke, without making me come all the way up those steep stairs? Want to set me coughing again, eh?"

"I wasn't awake, Aunt Lizzie," replied the girl, not a shade of resentment in her voice. "When you stepped on that creaking board in the floor, I guess it woke me," she continued. "Why didn't Uncle Jake come up? He always calls me."

"He's sick—or pretending to be. You and he are birds of a feather when there's any extra work going on."

The eyes of the girl flashed.

"You may say what you please to me, Aunt Lizzie," she answered; "but I'll not sit here and listen to you talk that way about Uncle Jake. If he doesn't work hard, in season and out of season, I don't know who does."

"Don't give me any of your sass now, miss," said her aunt, taking up the candle and preparing to return the way she came. "You ain't worth your salt, and never was; but as long as you're under this roof I'm going to try to make you earn a pinch of it, any way. Come along down as fast as you can; there's a big churning waiting in the spring-house. I've got to milk the cows this morning, I suppose."

The girl made no answer, although the woman paused at the head of the stairs as though waiting for a response.

"I don't know but what people can be just as impudent by keeping quiet as by answering back," she grumbled as she went down. "Your scornful looks are worse, seems to me, than your words; and they're bad enough, goodness knows."

"How can she think that?" said the girl to herself, as she lifted her face from the tin basin where she had been sousing it and shook out her mop of curls. "If I was looking scornful I didn't know it, I'm sure. I was only trying *not* to answer her saucily. Besides, she couldn't see through the back of my head, any way. O dear, it's mighty hard! Do what I may, I can't please her. If it wasn't for Uncle Jake, I'd run away."

Tying a clean gingham apron over her

blue calico dress, she hurried down the stairs and off to the spring-house. Two hours later she came into the kitchen carrying a small pat of fresh butter on a cabbage leaf. The clock was striking six as she entered. An old man was seated at the table, stirring a cup of coffee.

"Better, Uncle Jake?" she inquired, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, I'm some better," he replied, looking up at her affectionately. "I got a bad headache in the night, somehow; and I couldn't get up at day-dawn. I was mortal tired last evening, Mary Ann. We did a big day's work yesterday."

"You're too old now to be working so hard, Uncle," said the girl.

"Maybe so," answered the old man; "but there is that mortgage to be paid, you know. I am glad it's nearly to an end at last. We'll have a fine crop of hay this year; and they tell me it's going to fetch a good price, too."

"I'm very glad harvest is over," said the girl; she was going to add, "for your sake," when suddenly her aunt came out of the bedroom adjoining the kitchen and interrupted her.

"I've no doubt you are," she said, with a sneer. "You never did hanker much after hard work, Mary Ann."

The man looked at her with a meek, imploring smile, which had no effect.

"Well, this world's full of shirkers," the old woman went on.

"Seems to me this coffee's kind of cold," Uncle Jake observed, as he put a spoonful to his lips.

"'Twouldn't have been if you'd come to breakfast in time," said his wife.

"Haven't you eaten yet?" he asked, turning to the girl, who was putting a clean plate on the table.

"No, she hasn't," replied the woman. "As I told her this morning, birds of a feather eat together."

"I don't know what you mean, Lizzie," rejoined her husband.

"Well, *she* does if *you* don't," was the answer, sharply given.

"You ain't been lying in bed; have you, Mary Ann?" asked her uncle. "You don't look sick."

"I've made twelve pounds of butter, skimmed last night's milk, and washed all the pans since I got up," said Mary Ann. "Is that like being sick, Uncle Jake?" She spoke cheerfully, her red lips parting in a bright smile.

"Hear her bragging!" put in the old woman. "Just as if she was doing more than she ought,—just as if she wasn't complaining she was doing too much! Bragging and boasting in a way I always did despise. Just hear her!"

Uncle Jake sighed.

Mary Ann went to the stove with her coffee-cup. The coffee-pot was empty. She came back to the table and poured out a glass of milk.

"Late-comers can't expect fire to be kept up to warm their coffee, specially this hot morning," said her aunt. "Look lively there, Mary Ann; don't you be crumbing that bread in such a wasteful manner. It's easy seeing you're not earning it by the sweat of your brow."

A quick answer rose to Mary Ann's tongue; but the calm, beseeching look in her uncle's eyes dissuaded her. Hastily rising from the table, she left the room, followed by her aunt, who soon returned with a large sunbonnet on her head and a basket on her arm.

"If you ain't *too* sick, maybe you can clear off the table," she said. "It's not *exactly* a man's work, I know; but some men's more like women than their own sex, any way." So saying she departed.

For some time after his wife had gone, the old man sat with his head leaning on his hand. His thoughts were busy with other days. Once more he saw himself a happy boy, his only sister playing by his side. He was much older, and it had been his delight to cherish and protect her.

Dying, his widowed mother had left her to him as a precious trust. She, in turn, had married, and died young, leaving her little daughter in his care. The child's father had been killed by an accident a few months after his marriage; so that the little girl would have been entirely friendless but for her uncle. Then on an unlucky day he also had married; why, he could never explain to himself, unless it was from a desire that Mary Ann should have some one to take care of her and fill a mother's place.

Since that day life had been cast in hard lines for uncle and niece. And yet, in spite of all the harshness and ill-nature of her aunt, Mary Ann had continued to develop the bright nature with which she had been dowered at her birth. She and her uncle were all in all to each other,—an offence which the virago who ruled them resented most deeply. The girl had received a little desultory schooling, much against her aunt's will; but on this one point her husband had been firm. Of late the old man's health had been failing, and the thought that he might soon be obliged to leave her gave him many a bitter thought and anxious fear.

As he sat there at the table, he became so absorbed in the thoughts which occupied his mind that he was not conscious of approaching footsteps until, lifting his eyes, he saw John, the farm-hand, standing in the doorway, with Mary Ann leaning on his stalwart arm. Her face was white as death, her forehead bleeding.

"Don't be frightened, Uncle Jake!" said the man. "It ain't anything to speak of, I don't think. I thought best, however, to come up from the field with her, she got so kind of weak after 'twas all over."

"After *what* was over?" gasped Uncle Jake, as the girl sank into a chair, still pale but smiling.

The old man ran for a basin of water, not waiting for an answer to his question. Taking a freshly-ironed towel from the

line behind the stove, he dipped one end of it in the water and began to bathe the girl's forehead. The color crept into her cheek; the old man gave a sigh of relief.

"'Twasn't so very much," said John; "though it might have been. The little Watson girl was riding a half-tamed colt, and it tried to jump the fence. Mary Ann was just coming up from the orchard, and she ran and caught hold of the bridle. The young one had a chance to jump off then; and she did it pretty quick, I can tell you. But the frisky fellow got away from poor Mary Ann—she wasn't strong enough for him,—and he threw her down as he was going. He just grazed her forehead, that's all."

"I'm not hurt at all, Uncle Jake," said the girl, getting on her feet. "You mustn't look so scared. It wouldn't have been anything, only I felt the blood trickling down my cheek. When a drop came on my hand it made me sick. You know the sight of blood always makes some people sick."

A gaunt shadow fell across the kitchen floor, and a well-known voice cried out in tones of exasperation:

"I should think *I'm* the one that ought to be sick! How dare you take one of the best towels—that I don't use anywhere but in the spare room when the minister comes—to wipe that impudent girl's sore head? Oh, you don't need to say one word, Jake Beatty! I heard all about it as I came along, and it's nothing to make a fuss over. Look at that table standing just where I left it; and I out-a-toiling through the hot sun ever since, coming and going from Maria Jones' for peaches for preserves! Well, well, if I ain't beat!"

Snatching the basin from the chair, and the towel from her husband's hand, she turned to Mary Ann.

"Shoo! shoo! Get out!" she went on. "Get off my floor. I can't stand such a varmint any longer."

"What do you mean, Lizzie?" asked her husband, with great sternness.

For once her eye fell before his.

"I didn't mean anything but that I don't want no lazy creatures round," she said. "Can't you let the girl go to get the apples she spilled all the way up the orchard path? Are we so well off that we can afford to let fine Newtown pippins lie in the dirt for the hogs to eat?"

Uncle Jake turned to the door; Mary Ann was already on her way to pick up the fallen apples. He approached closer to his wife.

"Lizzie," he said, slowly but with strong emphasis, "maybe that was what you did mean and maybe it wasn't. But whether or no, it's a long, a *very* long lane that has no turning. Now, we've come to the end of ours, so far as Mary Ann's concerned. She's my dead sister's child; she's the dearest thing—she's the *only* thing I have in the world. If it sounds hard to speak so, it's your own fault. I'm willing to take all I've been taking to the end of my days—and more, if such could be possible. But as to Mary Ann, *there's got to be a change!*"

The woman laughed in his face—partly with scorn, partly with rage. She had no time to reply, however; for at that moment a well-dressed man of middle age appeared on the threshold. It was Mr. Watson, the father of the child whom Mary Ann had saved from injury. And the day of Mary Ann's happier fortune had arrived.

(To be continued.)

An Old-Fashioned Riddle.

Here is a very old-fashioned riddle: I am a father with twice six sons. These sons have thirty daughters apiece—party-colored, having one cheek white and the other black,—who never see one another's face nor live above twenty-four hours. Who am I?

The Boys of St. Gall's.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

School-boys are much the same the world over and in all ages. There is a pleasant picture drawn for us of the lads who pursued their studies at the great school connected with the monastery of St. Gall, in Germany, early in the tenth century. They had their own sort of athletic sports,—not cricket and football, but wrestling, swimming, and running. The masters took part with the pupils, and there was always a sort of paternal relation existing between them.

Whenever a great personage visited the school, he asked for a holiday for the boys, just as is done to-day; and if he forgot his pleasant duty, they were not slow in reminding him of it, no matter how exalted his rank might be.

There was another custom never omitted at St. Gall's. Whenever a stranger entered the school-room, he was taken prisoner and not released until he had ransomed himself by a gift or other favor. One day the distinguished Bishop of Constance, who had been a St. Gall's boy himself, walked straight into the trap without thinking of the consequences. It was the day after New Year's, and the merry spirit of the holiday season was yet alive.

The good Bishop strolled about the building, locating the familiar scenes, and recalling the pleasant hours when he, too, was a little fellow; and then he thought, "I must bid the boys good-bye"; and entered the study-hall, from which the master chanced to be absent. He was immediately set upon by an army of youths, who declared him their prisoner and led him to the master's chair.

"Observe the custom," said the leader. "Grant us something handsome."

"Well," said the Bishop, after a moment's reflection, "let it be something

handsome as you suggest. I occupy the master's chair, and so I will exercise his privilege. Suppose I give every one of you a handsome flogging?"

Ah, that was different! But they were ready with a response.

"If you act as master, you must permit us to do as he allows. When he intends to give us a whipping, he lets us off if we will make him some verses."

"Well, I am quite willing to do the same," said the Bishop.

So the little fellows stood up, one by one, and extemporized such pretty and clever lines that those which have been preserved have yet the power to move us with their beauty and feeling.

The Bishop was delighted. "Now," he exclaimed, "I will show you what ransom I have to offer! Ever after this the boys of St. Gall's shall be entitled to three whole holidays the first week of the New Year, with meat for dinner from the abbot's kitchen."

The boys set up a shout, and the Bishop embraced and blessed them all. Was that not a pretty scene?

Their visitor never forgot them, we are told further; but loved to go and watch the progress of their studies. He knew each boy by name, and was the means of placing many in positions where they were of great use to the world as well as to religion.

That was in what we call the Age of the Othos—when rulers by that name were Emperors of Germany; and it is pleasant to hear that royalty itself did not disdain to mingle with the dear boys who made St. Gall's such a happy spot.

"To save the quiet life of St. Gall's from harm," said Otho the Great, "I would break my crown into fragments."

Once a rumor reached him that the discipline of the famous monastery was growing lax, and he at once sent a number of ecclesiastics to make an investigation. The commissioners did their work well,

and went back to their royal master with their report.

"We found two grave breaches of discipline," announced the spokesman.

"Ah!" said the Emperor. "I feared to hear this. It was well that I made this inquiry. Of what did you find the monks guilty?"

The spokesman produced a paper and read: "We find, your Imperial Highness, the religious of St. Gall's blameworthy in two respects: by having the Sunday chant in too high a key, and by fasting too rigorously on Fridays."

"And if that is all," replied Otho, "I owe them an apology."

So he went in person to visit the humble men as reparation for the reflection he had cast on them. He could not refrain, however, from putting them to one more test. While singing with them in choir, he dropped his walking-stick, and was delighted to find that no one turned his head to ascertain what caused the noise.

Once, long before this, the discipline among the scholars was tested in like manner, and with a similar result.

"Let us go to St. Gall's at Epiphany," said King Conrad I. to the Bishop of Constance.

"Agreed!" answered the Bishop most heartily. "And you can assure yourself as to the discipline, and we can both enjoy the Epiphany celebration."

So to St. Gall's the two dignitaries journeyed, with a long train of courtiers and servants. They crossed the lake in boats, and received a hearty welcome. The festivities lasted for three days; and at an opportune moment the King, who kept in mind his suspicions that the rules were not as well observed as they should be, threw a beautiful apple among a crowd of boys, expecting to see a great rush for it. But not a single lad turned his eyes to see what the bright object was that the King had sent flying from

his hands; "whereat," says the chronicle, "he greatly wondered."

After that he took dinner with them in the refectory, where they read in turn, and so well that he sent some gold pieces to put into the mouths whence such sweet and correct sentences had proceeded. One of the boys promptly spat out the coin which had been given to him, at which the King said: "Ah, his contempt for money shows that he would make a good monk!"

The King ended his visit by according an extra play-day, and giving a great feast, which he humorously called the pepper to season their beans. We may be sure that he never again doubted the discipline of St. Gall's, and also that every boy grew up a loyal subject.

The Snow-Flower.

In Siberia there grows a wonderful flower which blooms only in January, when the winter is at its height. The blossom has something of the characteristic of a morning-glory, lasting only a single day. The flower, when it opens, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half an inch in width. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute, glistening specks, about the size of a pin's head—these are the seed of the flower. A Russian nobleman once took a number of the seeds to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow and frozen earth. On the coldest day of the following January the strange little flower burst through its icy covering and displayed its beauties to the admiring beholders. The plant has been appropriately named "the snow-flower."

Dieu et mon Droit, the royal motto of England, was the parole of the day given by Richard I. at the battle of Gisors.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The remarkable success of the novels of Sienkiewicz has aroused the reading public to curiosity regarding other living Polish writers. The four most distinguished contemporaries of Sienkiewicz in his own country are Pana Orzeska, Pan Jez, Pana Zapolska and Pan Boleslas Prus.

—“Fairy Gold,” by Christian Reid, has been described as “one of those stories that twine their tendrils round the heart.” It is a masterpiece of fiction, and to praise it would be a work of supererogation. Its appearance in book form will be hailed with delight by Catholic readers everywhere.

—Despite the newspaper gossip that was current about her last year, it appears that Mrs. Craigie (“John Oliver Hobbes”) is a practical Catholic. Her latest novel, the “School for Saints” has been attacked in some quarters for its alleged propagandism of the doctrines of the Church. Mrs. Craigie is a writer of growing popularity.

—The name of Aubrey de Vere is certainly written large in the literature of the present half century; indeed few names are more conspicuous. In a study of the new “Life of Tennyson,” Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks: “I do not hesitate to say that, after the letters and fragments of Tennyson’s own, the most precious portion of these volumes is what we owe in them to Mr. de Vere.”

—We welcome a new edition of “The Diurnal of the Soul,” published by the Art and Book Co. This excellent little work, which consists of maxims and examples of the saints for every day in the year, was translated from the Italian by the late Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, who found it in the celebrated monastery of Camaldolese Hermits near Naples in the year 1829. It had already gone through thirty editions in the Italian language.

—The reverend clergy will be grateful to the compiler and publishers (Messrs. Benziger Brothers) of a new “Rituale Compendiosum Sacristiæ Destinatum,” selected from the latest edition of the Roman Ritual. A welcome feature of this manual is that the

formulas, questions and answers of baptism and matrimony are given in eight different languages. The order of the Benedictiones Variæ might be improved. The book is neatly printed, and has the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York.

—Serious illness in the family of Christian Reid will delay the appearance of the serial announced to begin the New Year. Meantime we present the initial chapters of an Irish story, by another popular writer, which can not fail to captivate every reader.

—Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, of the *Pilot*, is one of the editors of a new humorous publication, *L’Enfant Terrible*. There is to be genius even in the business management as one of the editorial announcements shows: “Contributions will be accepted from writers of distinction, on payment of the usual advertising rates.”

—“Jesus, the Children’s Friend,” is a little devotional book intended for the use of those who are not old enough to follow regular prayers. Instead of many words, it gives illustrations explanatory of the Sign of the Cross, the Lord’s Prayer, etc. The binding of this booklet will please little tots. B. Herder, publisher. Price, 25 cents.

—The Rev. John Prendergast, S. J., has published a dainty volume of “Notes on the Baptistery Chapel” in St. Ignatius’ Church, New York. Despite its local title, it contains explanations and admonitions of general interest, expressed in pleasing and sometimes felicitous style. For those who have seen the beautiful baptistery it will be a pretty souvenir; for priests and others interested in ecclesiastical architecture and costly church adornment it is full of valuable suggestions.

—The latest edition of Robert Louis Stevenson’s famous letter in defence of Father Damien is as pretty a booklet as one could desire. It is printed on superfine paper, with rubricated title-page and initials, and is embellished with the Clifford portrait of the Apostle of Molokai. Even Mr. Andrew Lang would be disposed to praise the publisher for this production, since the *apologia*

is common property. Mr. Stevenson refused to touch a penny of remuneration for it. "I could not eat a penny roll," he wrote, "which that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me." Only a publisher like Mr. Mosher, of the *Biblot*, could have produced so dainty a book, and few other book-makers would have been minded of Canon Rawnsley's exquisite sonnet,

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep.

It well deserves the page it occupies in this new edition of an open letter that has become part and parcel of English literature.

—A monument to Thomas à Kempis has at last been erected at Zwolle, Holland. It is not to the credit of our civilization that while every little great man has his statue on some public square, the author of the greatest book ever written has had until now no suitable monument. The Bible, it should be remembered is not a book; it is what St. Jerome called it, *bibliotheca*—a library. It was St. Chrysostom who first spoke of the Scriptures as *ta biblia*, "the books." The Greek plural was mistaken for a Latin singular; hence the modern misleading name, Bible. And leaving the Sacred Scriptures out of count, it is not likely that any discriminating reader will question the perfect right of the "Imitation" to be considered the greatest book of the world.

—Speaking of the visit recently paid to the Holy Father by M. Brunetière, the foremost critic of the time, the new magazine, *Literature*, says:

One of the most curious psychological phenomena of our time is the sympathy felt by this logician for the Catholic form of the Church Universal. For the last three years the principles and politics of the Roman Church have been authoritatively expounded in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. On one famous occasion, indeed, the Pope himself is believed to have inspired an article.

A curious form of Protestant intolerance is revealed by *Literature's* characterization of the *Revue* as "an organ of reactionary and sometimes sophistical thought" merely because Catholic philosophy appeals with some force to M. Brunetière. This childish self-complacency reminds us of a Protestant bishop's playful definition: "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is your doxy."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 25 cts.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr*. \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spald ng*. \$1.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton*. \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon*. \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave*. \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber*. \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary*. 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée*. 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet*. 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 50 cts.
 The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.
 The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph*. \$1, net.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan*. \$1.50, net.
 The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercot*. 80 cts., net.
 That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.



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

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Day by Day.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

ONLY a day at a time we live,
And each day's cares are but fugitive—
They are sifted through sleep as sand through
a sieve,

And are gone ere the matins' chime;
The heaviest crosses that penitents bear,
The thorniest crowns that the martyrs wear,
Are borne and worn, not always and e'er,
But only a day at a time.

Only a day at a time we grieve,
How bitter soever the woes that cleave
Our hearts in twain; for a blest reprieve

Forerunneth each morrow's prime:
The sighs that echo our soul's dismay,
The scalding tears that enforce their way,
Are sighed and cried, not forever and aye,
But only a day at a time.

Only a day at a time, my Soul:
Mourn not that tedious years may roll
Ere, our pilgrimage over, we reach our goal
And enter the heavenly clime;

For aught that we know the goal may be
near,
And Death's pale shadow full soon appear;
But we need not heed, if we persevere
Just for a day at a time.

DUTY scorns prudence, and criticism
has few terrors for a man with a great
purpose.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

The Example of the Magi.

THE story of the Eastern Kings who followed the miraculous star till it led them to the Infant Jesus in Bethlehem is one of perennial interest and charm. Rehearsed as it is each year in the innumerable churches of Christendom, the narrative loses nothing of its attractiveness; nor does the example of the Magi, our forefathers in the faith, ever fail to point a salutary moral to those of us who consider it well. The lesson most ordinarily drawn from the Gospel of the Epiphany, wherein the narrative is embalmed, is that, in the faith of the Magi, we have a perfect model of what our own faith should be in the various circumstances and vicissitudes of life. While this application of the tale of the Wise Men is as salutary as it is obvious, their example teaches another lesson equally instructive, and perhaps still more necessary. That example shows us, in very truth, how we should seek God when we have the misfortune to lose Him through sin; how we should act when we have the happiness of finding Him; and, finally, how we should conduct ourselves after finding Him—after our conversion.

These Magi whom the miraculous star invited to approach the new-born King of the Jews were pagans, having no other gods than inanimate idols; were wander-

ers, travelling far away from the road to salvation; were poor sinners, wrapped in the shadows of death. Suddenly the merciful voice of God makes itself heard in the depths of their hearts, and just as suddenly they arise and earnestly seek the newly-born. Earnestness in their search implies their prosecuting it promptly, and accordingly they make no delay.

"We have seen His star," they said; "and have come to adore Him." They allowed no interval between their seeing and their setting forth; that is, between seeing the truth and accepting it; between the knowledge of their duty and its accomplishment; between seeing good to be done and doing it. In their case faith becomes conviction, desire leads immediately to resolve, and purpose is forthwith reduced to practice. The grace of God touches them and triumphs at once. No need of its repeated attacks, of long hours or days of conflict, of frequent checks, before its victory is achieved; they have seen and are come.

How account for the promptitude, the precipitation one might almost say, of these Wise Men? Easily enough. They saw in the wonderful star the will of God, who called them to Him. If at the first intimation of that sacred will they hasten to accomplish it, they merely proclaim the importance of the task of finding God. Not to obey His call immediately would be to risk losing Him forever. As a matter of historical fact, would not this have been the result of the Magi's delaying their journey? Supposing that they had waited several weeks, or even a few days only, before entrusting themselves to the guidance of the star, would they have found Jesus Christ? Vainly would they have sought Him in Jerusalem, in Bethlehem, or in the surrounding country, since He had taken His flight into Egypt, where He remained hidden and unknown. Had the search of the Magi, in a word, not been prompt, it

would have proved futile. Does not the procedure of these Wise Men rebuke us, who habitually put off, postpone, and delay with unflinching persistence the execution of God's orders?

We, too, have seen. God has shown us—not indeed by a star, but by a still more brilliant light—the duties which we should perform, the virtues to practise, and the vices to shun. How many of us have forthwith set about the performance, the practice and the shunning? We have seen, more clearly than the Wise Men observed *their* road, the path that we should follow, the law of God and that of His Church which we should obey; and how many of us have hastened at once to follow it? We have seen the tyranny of our passions, yet we fail to bridle them; proximate occasions of sin, and we do not shun them; scandals and injustice in our lives, and we do not repair them. We have seen, in fine, those secret affections which divide our hearts between creatures and the Creator; the hidden pride that dominates our conduct, the jealousy and hatred that make of us their prey. We have also seen clearly and repeatedly the indifference and criminal apathy with which we treat the important affair of our salvation. Alas for us that our seeing has not been followed by that promptitude of action which signalized the Eastern Kings! Instead of saying "We have come," we have contented ourselves with declaring "We *will* come"; will do what is right by and by; will reform our lives later on; will become converted all in good time.

And when will this by and by, this later on, this good time, this day of salvation, arrive? When we are more advanced in years, when our affairs are settled, when circumstances become more favorable—in any case, before we die. Deceptive hope! Should we not rather fear that if we do not turn to God at once, if we abuse His divine grace any longer, we shall lose

Him forever? Our future years will most likely be as sterile as have been our past ones; will be spent in vain longings and useless projects. Death will probably surprise us such as we habitually are—filled with good intentions, yet the slaves of criminal habits. We will seek God, but, in the words of the Apocalypse, we shall not find Him, and will die in our sins.

The promptitude of the Magi in following the star was not more notable than was their generosity. Obedience to the divine call meant for them the abandonment of their states, separation from their families and friends, the undertaking of a journey of indefinite length, the braving of the most rigorous of the seasons, and infallible exposure to the derision of the world. None of these considerations availed to turn them from their design, any more than did the difficulties which they could not but anticipate from their ignorance of the way and of the language of the country to which they were probably bound; or their fears of Herod, who might view them as conspirators against his sovereignty. They dreaded neither creatures nor men. God had called them; they obeyed at once, fully and freely. "We have seen His star, and are come to adore Him."

If we attempt to establish a parallel between their conduct and our own, shall we not blush for our lack of their generous spirit? When God calls us, when His grace presses us to become converted, we understand well enough that we should emerge from our lukewarmness; should abandon our sins; should break through the circle of the criminal habits that hem us in; should quit scandalous assemblies; should terminate dangerous intimacies; should observe, in fine, the Commandments of God and His Church. But, because it would cost us some little effort, some trifling exhibition of moral courage to do so, we prefer to remain in our indifference, victims of our wicked habits, slaves to

the tyranny of sin, working sinful works.

All through their journey the Magi display the same firmness and constancy that marked their setting out. The apparent dead-lock when they arrive in Jerusalem and can learn nothing of the new-born King whom they are seeking, does not daunt nor even disconcert them. "God has called us," they said; "He will find a way to bring us to Him. Let us prosecute our search." They do not, like us, lose their constancy at the first check or trial that confronts them; do not advance toward God to-day to retrace their steps to-morrow; do not seek their Saviour only when their skies are fair to abandon Him when the storm-clouds gather. When the star disappears and they find themselves without a guide, they at once make use of all the ordinary means which grace places at their disposition. After having asked for information from the common people, they address themselves to the great. They consult the priests and doctors of the law as to the country in which the Messiah was to be born. They approach even the court of Herod to secure the fullest information.

Is this our method of procedure when, having lost God by our sins, we form the half-hearted desire of finding Him again? Or when, beholding ourselves drifting away from Him, we think of drawing closer to His protecting arms? In doubt, do we consult those who are competent to direct us? Do we have recourse to the most certain and efficacious means—prayer, good works, confession, and Communion? Do we make any earnest effort to correct our evil habits? Do we shun the proximate occasions of sin? If not, all in vain do we protest that we wish to save our souls, to become converted, to avoid evil and do good. Only by imitating the promptitude and the generous courage of the Wise Men can we succeed in finding the Saviour whom we so sorely need to seek.

Not less instructive than the method in which the Magi sought the Messiah was their action when they stood in His presence. The star stopped not over a royal palace, but over a deserted stable-cave; and upon entering they discover a feeble Babe lying in a crib, evidently the victim of great poverty, as are the young Mother and the middle-aged foster-father, who are His only courtiers. They contemplate the newly-born whom Herod dreads, whom Heaven points out as their Messiah. Have they not been deceived? No: their faith shows them a God made man; and in the guise of a helpless infant they behold the omnipotence of the Creator.

They do not keep to themselves the sentiments with which the contemplation of the Infant fills them: they give exterior expression to those sentiments, throwing themselves at His feet and offering Him divine honors. "And, falling down," says the Evangelist, "they adored Him." When, in our churches and chapels, we contemplate this same God of Bethlehem hidden under the Eucharistic veil, do we always regard Him as the supreme Master of heaven and earth? Do we, like the Wise Men, adore Him upon our altars, bend the knee with reverence before His tabernacle? Has human respect never prevented us from edifying our neighbor by giving external marks of our interior sentiments? And do we imitate the Magi in proffering to our God the threefold tribute of our homage? Do we open our treasures and offer Him our gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh? The gold that He would have of us is a heart all inflamed with love—an ardent charity manifested in our works. The frankincense that He desires to see burning at His feet is that of fervent prayer ascending to heaven as an agreeable perfume. And the myrrh which He exacts of us is the mortification of our body, mind, and heart, in the spirit of penance.

Finally, in the procedure of the Wise Men on leaving Bethlehem we have a striking example of the manner in which we should conduct ourselves after having sought and found Our Lord in the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. Having received an order from heaven not to return to Herod, "they went back another way into their own country." They obeyed God's will without hesitation, as promptly as they had yielded to the original inspiration that called them from their home. As for their promise given to Herod, or what that king and all Jerusalem would think of their breaking their word, they concern themselves not at all. God has spoken; that suffices. It is theirs only to obey.

To us, who possess God and His sanctifying grace, heaven gives the same order: commands us to shun Herod, "who seeks the Child to destroy Him." Our Herod, as we well know, is the world anathematized by God; is all bad Christians, all enemies of God and our soul; all those who by their words and example endeavor to ravish us of our innocence; the companions who have led us into vice; the proximate occasions of our past transgressions.

Like the illustrious travellers whose example we have been considering, we, too, should sedulously shun this Herod of sin, and follow a different road from that which we pursued in the days of our wandering far from God. We should no longer follow the inordinate desires of our hearts, no longer satisfy our passions, no longer pamper our senses; but rather accomplish everywhere and always the will of God. Only by so doing—by taking another way, by substituting humility for pride, mortification for indulgence, prudence for reckless exposure to danger, fervor for tepidity—may we hope to reach our own country, the celestial kingdom which none but wise men will ever inhabit.

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

A YOUNG man of some twenty-four or twenty-five, slender, dark, alert, and decidedly distinguished-looking, glanced up from a gun he was cleaning.

"Ah, Matt! Is that you?"

"It is, your honor," said Matt.

Something in the tone attracted the other's attention; and the expression of his foster-brother's face showed plainly that it was not without excellent reason he had come. Even in that moment the master was struck with the change which had come over the careless, almost foolish face. It had a power in it which but lately would have seemed impossible.

"So they have got information?" said Mr. Latouche, after a pause.

"They have, sir."

"How soon do you think they will be here, Matt?"

"It's hard to say, but maybe in a half hour's or an hour's time—at least that's what I hear."

"So soon!" exclaimed Henry Latouche, with an involuntary glance at a lovely face which looked out upon him from a miniature on the table. "And at an unfortunate time, too!"

Matt knew what his young master meant. His wedding had been fixed for a fortnight thence. Events had followed each other so fast that none could have dreamed when the day was set that the brilliant young favorite of society would be hunted as a felon.

"You must not be here when they come, sir," said Matt, earnestly.

"How far could I get in half an hour or even an hour?" asked Mr. Latouche, impatiently.

"But if we could make it two hours or three or maybe more, with the help of God?"

"We?"

"Just James and myself. But don't stop to ask anything. Leave that to us. Be off this instant, and ride for your life to—Billy Byrnes'."

"Where?" asked the master; for Matt's voice had sunk to a whisper, so fearful was he that walls might have ears.

"To anywhere that isn't Dublin," he answered, with a significant glance and a whispered word. "Take a cloak, sir, and a hat that will cover your face, and let as few as may be lay eyes on you. I'd sooner the Widow Welsh herself or the childher didn't see you; for, though they're honest as the sun, a word might be the ruin of us."

Mr. Latouche took his pistols from their case and put them into the pocket of the riding-cloak which Matt handed him. A sudden thought struck him. He turned and rested a hand on either of his foster-brother's shoulders.

"You're not rushing into any danger on my account, Matt?"

"Is it *I*, sir?" said Matt, carelessly. "It's just a bit of fun. James and meself are contrivin' to keep the crathures—I mean the murderin' villains—busy awhile."

"Nothing foolhardy?"

"Divil a bit of foolhardiness is in it," answered Matt.

"Remember," persisted Latouche, "that men's lives are counted as nothing these days. A rebel may be tried and executed in a week or a day."

"The more reason for *you* to be off," said Matt, decisively. "So far, sir, *I* have never handled a musket, nor maked nor meddled with them, you know—though I hope I won't be long so."

But Mr. Latouche still stood irresolute. After a moment he said:

"I don't like going. It seems very like leaving you in the lurch."

"Your honor," replied Matt, pointing with a swift, dramatic gesture to the miniature on the table, "for the sake of one that would be broken-hearted if harm came to you, I bid you go."

The effect was electrical. Matt's master snatched up the miniature by a hasty movement and clasped it to his breast.

"I must go," he said. "But may God forgive me if it brings evil to you! I shall never forgive myself."

"Don't fear, sir," rejoined Matt. "James is an old sojer, and I have as many wriggles in me as an eel."

As he spoke he was fairly thrusting his master out of the room. Side by side they went down the stairs, and James threw wide the door. No word was spoken, only the master caught in a cordial grasp the hand of each servant.

"Now, James me lad," said Matt, "that we have the house to ourselves, leave me safe and snug in the master's dressin'-room. Don't breathe a word below about him being gone or me being up here. But go and hurry up matters below. Tell them the dinner must be served' an hour earlier, and have everything ready for company. When the sojers come to the door, keep them discoursin' as long as you're able. Do you mind?"

"Aye," said James, "I do."

"Tell them the master's dressin' for dinner, and that he can't be disturbed at all, at all."

"But if they insist?"

"Of coorse they'll insist. Isn't that what brought them all the way from Dublin? It'll end in your havin' to come up, and then we'll keep them waitin' a bit; and at long last you'll go down again and tell them I'm comin', which I'll do at me own good pleasure."

"And what's to follow after?"

"Sorra a bit of me knows," said Matt. "Maybe they'll be takin' bit and sup with me below stairs, or maybe they'll have me off with them down to the inn."

"Matt," said James, "I fear for you—I do indeed."

"You needn't, then," replied Matt, with a droll look. "I've often been in worse scrapes than this."

James shook his head despondingly.

"You to pass off for a regular master like Mr. Latouche?"

"He's just a fine, rollickin' Irish gentleman, do you mind?" said Matt. "That's the cue. There's no danger in life that he'll be discovered."

There was an interruption. Terry from the lodge, pale with fright and secretly dispatched by his mother, had rushed in with tidings that soldiers were coming up the avenue. And the news had been promptly transmitted from the servants' hall to James.

IV.

James afterward declared that he was all of a cold perspiration when, after a brief delay, he opened the door, in response to a peremptory summons, to find a company of soldiers drawn up without. His demeanor was, however, as impassive as usual when the commanding officer said:

"Can I see Mr. Latouche?"

"Impossible, sir."

"Impossible?" repeated the inquirer.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Latouche is now in his dressing-room, dressing for dinner, sir."

"Take a message to him, then."

"Can't, sir, as much as my place would be worth, sir."

"How dare you refuse a gentleman who wears his Majesty's uniform?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir; but I can't disobey orders."

"Am I to be denied admittance by an infernal lackey?" thundered the officer.

"By no means, sir,—not at all, sir," said James, with a sudden show of hospitality. "Walk in, sir, and be seated. My master would be outrageous if I allowed you to go away."

The officer, accompanied by his two subalterns, did as requested. He was par-

ticularly anxious to avoid giving ground for suspicion as to the real object of his visit, and would have had it supposed by those about the place that he came upon amicable business.

No one who knew James' ordinary reserve of manner would have recognized him in the garrulous lackey who conducted the three gentlemen into the great drawing-room.

"Will you say to Mr. Latouche that I wish to see him immediately on a matter of importance?" said the captain.

"Yes, to be sure, sir," replied James, still lingering. "I hope now you'll excuse me, sir. We get into rough ways in these parts. And the master—" he made an expressive gesture. "An English gentleman, sir. I assure you he knows what's what, and he expects what's right from his servants, sir."

"Will you take up my message at once, you infernal chatterer?" exclaimed the captain, losing all patience.

James, seeing that the officer was likely to become dangerous, thought it prudent to delay no longer.

"I'll go this moment, sir. I ask your pardon, sir!"

And he did go immediately, mounting the stairs as if each step required the closest consideration.

"Did you detain them at the door?" asked Matt, in an anxious whisper, when, after an imaginary dialogue, James had been admitted into the dressing-room.

"Well, I should rather think I did. The captain is tearing mad."

"Good! Now sit down a bit, as long as we dare."

James, having done so, asked Matt what he thought would be the next move.

"Sorra a bit of me knows," said Matt, scratching his head. "As I said before, they may take their dinners along with me or they may have me off with them. But one thing is sure enough."

"What's that?" asked James.

"That as soon as I appear below, the danger is imminent."

The solemnity of Matt's tone caused James to give for the first time his attention to his fellow-servant's appearance. The sight was too much even for James' stolid and imperturbable gravity. The grin upon his face deepened into a laugh, in which, despite the peril of his situation, Matt joined.

"Laugh away, me jewel!" he observed, cheerfully. "But if we get them at the dinner table the master is saved, or he'll be near to safety."

"Well, you're a good sort, any way," said James. "And now for it!"

V.

So James went down, civilly announcing that Mr. Latouche regretted having to keep them waiting, and would be with them presently. Some moments had elapsed, when a heavy foot was heard on the stairs, and a figure appeared at the door of the drawing-room, which James had purposely left in the deepest shadow.

There was a pause, during which one of the subalterns whispered to the other, and the captain inwardly ejaculated:

"By Jove!"

However, all three officers arose to greet the supposed Mr. Latouche, who was now approaching them, apparently with difficulty. He was attired in a suit the nether garments of which seemed very scant indeed, whilst the high waistcoat was buttoned across the broad chest in a fashion which suggested apoplexy for the wearer; and the coat, which the hapless Matt had not attempted to button, completed his resemblance to a trussed fowl. The poor fellow's face was purple, partly from exertion, partly because of a high collar kept in place by the voluminous folds of the neckcloth, then an essential part of a gentleman's attire.

The English commander observed this singular figure for a moment in perfect silence. Then he advanced, speaking with

grave courtesy, undisturbed by even the ghost of a smile.

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Latouche?"

"I won't contradict your honor," said Matt, with a bow which he believed to be full of grace and elegance.

The officer, taken aback, observed him again as, with his hand upon his breast, he made a second and third bow, in dancing-master style, to each of the other officers.

"Mr. Latouche, I am Captain Howe, of the — Lancers," said that officer, introducing himself.

"Proud to know you, sir; and likewise these gentlemen."

He indicated the two younger men with a sweep of his hand; and the Captain, having mentioned their names to him, proceeded:

"I regret to say, sir, that I have come here on most unpleasant business."

"Have no regrets at all, whatever your business," answered Matt, "seem' that there's a fine roast of beef spoilin' in the oven below while we're talkin', and a bottle of ould port in the cellar."

"But before we say more," observed the officer, "I must inform you—"

"Here is James to tell us that dinner is on the table. And that same is more important than anything you may have to say; for your information will keep, but the dinner won't."

(To be continued.)



WE must not fear to be thought eccentric. What is eccentricity but being out of centre? And we must be out of centre as to the world if we would be adjusted to that divine centre of which the world knows nothing.—*Keith Falconer.*

It is by the flesh-and-blood examples of right living and right thinking that right living and right thinking are best inculcated.—*Rev. P. C. Yorke.*

In the Battle for Bread.

FOR HOLY FAITH.

BY T. SPARROW.

III.

THE man whose advertisement Winnie had answered knew her at once.

"Oho, my brave little friend!" he said, in a tone that struck the sensitive girl as unpleasantly familiar. "This is luck that we should meet again."

He was seated at a desk, and the full sunlight was upon his face.

Winnie gave one glance at it and wished she had not come. It was handsome—markedly so, as far as being handsome consists in straight features, clear, pale complexion, dark eyes, and a quantity of curling black hair. But his glance was bold, and his full lips were cynical and coarse. He twisted his thick mustache with a white, shapely hand; and smiled a smile which, somehow, made Winnie feel uncomfortable.

"I never thanked you for your kindness to me that night," she faltered.

He waved his hand airily.

"The pleasure was all on my side, I assure you," he answered; "and now, I presume you are going to add to your favors by giving me your services as an amanuensis. Is it not so?"

"If I shall suit," began Winnie.

"Don't worry about that," he rejoined, with the smile she already hated. "You can, of course, give the necessary references? I am asking as a mere matter of form, you understand."

Winnie's clear eyes became troubled, and her candid mind was not relieved till she had told him the sad catastrophe, in part of which he had been a minor actor. He listened attentively; and Winnie, who was observant with all her innocence, wondered why he looked rather pleased

than otherwise as he sat watching her, his forefinger drumming on the table. When she had finished her breathless tale, he observed, quietly:

"Now, to show you my entire belief in your statement, what will you say if I offer you a salary of thirty shillings a week; hours, nine till five; duties, to take down correspondence from dictation, to write to order, and generally act as my secretary—with one condition only: that you give me a week's service free, just to test your capacity?"

Winnie's eyes sparkled.

"Indeed I would do my best to show my gratitude!" she exclaimed; and he rose to his feet well pleased.

"Well, that is settled," he said, holding out his hand. "Come on Monday next, and we will begin work."

Winnie's feet seemed to fly as she hastened home to Miss Grant.

"You will let me stay with you as a lady lodger?" she pleaded. "This is more like home to me than any other place in London."

And indeed they were loath to part with her. Round Miss Grant's stiff, rigid heart she had firmly twined; while life to Christopher would have been as day without the sun if deprived of her sweet, sunshiny presence. Though, it must be owned, he alone saw things other than rose-colored. It might have been incipient jealousy, it might have been a prophetic insight, but from the first he distrusted Winnie's new employer, Cecil Montrose.

"People don't take employees on trust," he grumbled, "unless there is something more than appears on the surface."

"Tush and nonsense!" interposed Miss Grant, sharply. "It only shows some people can read character at a glance. Don't put ideas into the girl's head. She ought to be very thankful to obtain work so soon. And what harm can happen to her as long as she lives with us?"

So Christopher Grant was silent; and

Winnie began her new life, thanking God that no longer she need remain dependent on the bounty of her friends.

And a curious, dull life it was. Mr. Montrose's business was peculiar. It dealt with horses and sport and noblemen. It had to do with drama and actresses and the theatre. Winnie grew bewildered as she made arrangements for managers of music halls with popular stars; as she took down hieroglyphics to be transmitted to steed grooms or peers of the realm heavily plunged on the turf; or as she listened to Mr. Montrose, bland and confidential, while he inveigled some fatuous youth of aristocratic lineage; or lent money paternally and with unctuous good advice to the younger sons of certain millionaires, who preferred confiding their financial troubles to him rather than to an irascible parent.

Winnie grew to feel a peculiar fascination for Cecil Montrose. He was so clever, so subtle, so delicate in all his machinations; and, withal, treated the girl with a courteous respect and deference that went straight to her loyal little heart. Vaguely she felt that his business was wrong; instinctively she gathered that she was conniving at much that went against a Christian's ideas of honesty and good faith. But—he had been very kind to her, and she had to earn her living somehow. So she stifled her conscience, and remembered what gratitude she owed him for taking her without references when under a cloud. And, to make her duty to him easier, she neglected her duty to God; worked hard on Saturday nights, so that weekly confession was impossible; overslept on Sundays beyond time for hearing Mass; and soon omitted night prayers, for they seemed to her to savor of hypocrisy. The devil is very subtle in his ways.

"I must earn my bread," she repeated to herself, when a memory of early habits pricked her soul. "Daily bread first; God does not wish me to starve."

I said she led a dual life. Her existence at the Grants' was one very unnatural for a girl of her age. They were old and rigid, and strict Presbyterians. They thought so much was wrong that she knew to be harmless that, in very contradiction, she would not go to them for advice where advice would have been strenuous and helpful.

"They think everything wrong," she said, rebelliously, "except missing Mass and omitting confession." So the persons who would have sacrificed much to steer their young favorite through the shoals of ignorance and doubt were not aware of one tithe of what she was suffering. For the young are adepts at deceiving. It does not mark their cheeks with furrows; it does not underline their eyes with care; but, from a certain adaptability of their very youth, they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and yield with a ductile grace to their environment.

Winnie, through loyalty and gratitude, still toasted crumpets for Miss Grant; still sang soft airs to an accompaniment on the harp to her brother. Her sweet smile was ever ready in sympathy for her friends' grievances; her bright attention was given as of yore to erudite discussion with Christopher. But a change had taken place in her heart unknown to herself; her blood was stirred with an elixir that her simple friends never could give; and day by day she continued to grow more absorbed in her work, and fell more fatally under the spell of Cecil Montrose.

He saw his work and waited. He was content to wait, for he had other interests meanwhile. His rôle toward Winnie was that of benefactor: she had only to look a wish before it was granted. He guarded her from communication with the curious characters that came to be interviewed; watched over her welfare assiduously in many unexpected ways. Innocent pleasures were put in her reach; she was made to feel she was trusted and an equal. And

though shy Winnie rewarded him with only a deep smile and quick flash from her innocent brown eyes, the smile soon became more full of meaning, and the flash of more brilliant hue. The girl was developing unconsciously, and developing not toward good.

And now a strange thing happened. Winnie shared her duties with a boy clerk. As a rule, Mr. Montrose was in the office only to open his letters early, and again in the afternoon at a time uncertain.

One afternoon he strolled in, with a cigar in his mouth; and, after a few pleasant words to his amanuensis, became absorbed in the perusal of his letters. Presently he looked up.

"Miss Reid, will you do something for me?" he asked.

"With pleasure," she replied, briskly.

"I must go to the theatre this afternoon, and I am not fond of carrying too much money about me. A cheque for fifteen pounds has just come. Will you take charge of it for me? It is here in this envelope."

Her delicate cheeks were suffused with a pink glow. She divined his purpose.

"It is an unlucky sum for me, you know," she said, trying to speak lightly. "Can you not lock it up here?"

"We have no safe," he replied, impatiently; "and, besides, I trust you more than any safe in the universe. Say 'Yes' to please me."

His eyes seemed to burn into hers; and, as if impelled against her will, but with a strong effort to preserve her independence, she answered, with counterfeit *nonchalance*:

"Well, trust me at your peril, then."

"It is only till to-morrow," he said, with a strange smile, as he handed her the envelope. "Some day I mean to ask you to trust me always. What answer will you give me then, Winnie?"

"The same: trust me at your peril," she replied, saucily; but her lips were

quivering, and her blood tingling with a sensation hitherto unknown. She hurried away, and he did not seek to detain her.

This time Winnie was cautious. She took a hansom; and on entering the house went straight to her room and locked the envelope up in her desk, carefully securing the key in her pocket.

When she went downstairs she found Christopher alone in the twilight. The fire was burning brightly and the curtains were drawn. Miss Grant, who had obtained some temporary employment, was not expected home for an hour at least, and they resolved to wait till she came for their evening meal.

Somehow, Christopher was curiously quiet. Now and then, just as a subject of conversation, Winnie was on the point of mentioning the cheque; but she refrained, resolved this time to keep the matter to herself. Presently he broke the silence in his slow, deliberate way.

"Winnie, I may not have another opportunity. I want to tell you that I love you as I shall never love again. Will you be my wife? I am a cripple, I know; but on the death of an uncle I shall have an annuity which at least will keep us from want. I can offer you a safe shelter from the wickedness of the world. If you will favor me by consenting, your will shall be mine, save on one point—which can not cost you much, I know; for you practically fulfil it now. I must ask you never to enter a Catholic church again."

How Winnie's conscience smote her as the hot blood flew to her cheeks!

"Indeed you mistake!" she cried. "My religion is my life, whatever my conduct may seem. And for that alone I must say 'No'; though, any way—" Here she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Miss Grant; and, thankful to make her escape, Winnie flew to her room, sending word down she had a headache.

A disturbed night was the consequence of the agitation caused by her first offer;

so disturbed that she slept late, dressed hurriedly, and forgot the cheque till she was some minutes on her way to the office. She rushed back, unlocked her desk and found—an empty envelope! In her horror she appealed to Miss Grant and her brother, who were still at breakfast.

"What can have become of it?" she cried, trembling.

"Answer that for yourself," rejoined Miss Grant, who felt a grudge against her for her want of appreciation of Christopher's magnanimity. "And let me tell you once for all, Miss Reid, if the cheque is not found, you need not return here to-night. We can not be mixed up with a double fraud."

And the girl went weeping into the street.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Hymns from the Coptic "Theotokia."*

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

THE "THEOTOKIA" FOR THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

MYSTIC altar, seat of mercy,
 Covered by the guardian Cherubs;
 God the Word, who knows not changing,
 Taketh flesh in thee, the stainless;
 And for sins becomes our justice,
 For the pardon of transgressions.
 'Tis for this that all exalt thee:
 Thou art God's, and God Thou bearest;
 Thou for evermore art holy.
 Lo, we pray that through thy pleading
 Unto Him that loves His people,
 We may all obtain salvation.

Those two graven golden Cherubs
 Covering the seat of mercy,
 Every way their wings outspreading,
 Hovered o'er the Holy of Holies,
 In the second tabernacle.
 Thus it is with thee, O Mary!
 Heavenly hosts in thousand thousands,

* Four sections of this hymn appeared in THE AVE MARIA, vol. xlv, pp. 13, 14.

Myriad myriads overshadow thee,
Singing praise to their Creator,
Who hath made thy womb His dwelling,
And vouchsafed to take our likeness,
Yet without all sin, or changing.
Rightly, then, do we exalt thee
With the praises of the prophets,
Who tell forth thy deeds of glory,—
Thee the Great King's holy city!
Now we pray thee and beseech thee,
By thy prayer to Him that loveth
Men, may we attain to mercy.

Thou art the pure golden vessel,
Holding in its midst the Manna
Where the Bread of Life lay hidden
That for us came down from heaven,
Gave the world true life forever.
'Tis for this that all exalt thee:
Thou art God's, and God thou bearest;
Thou for evermore art holy.
Lo, we pray that through thy pleading
Unto Him that loves His people,
We may all obtain salvation.

Truly meet the name we give thee,
Hailing thee the golden vessel,
Holding in its midst the Manna
Treasured by the sons of Israel
In the Covenant Tabernacle,
Mindful of the good God wrought them
On the holy Mount of Sinai.
Thus, O Mary, thou didst mother
In thy womb the living Manna,
Which proceeded from the Father;
And all stainless thou didst bear Him,
Giving us His blood all glorious,
And His flesh for life forever.
Rightly, then, do we exalt thee
With the praises of the prophets,
Who tell forth thy deeds of glory,—
Thee the Great King's holy city!
Now we pray thee and beseech thee,
By thy prayer to Him that loveth
Men, may we attain to mercy.

Pure gold candlestick that bearest
That bright Lamp which ever burneth,
That which hath the world enlightened,
That whereto no one approacheth,
Out from which the light proceedeth
Whereunto no one approacheth—
True God from True God proceeding,

Changeless taketh flesh within thee,
By His bounteous presence bringing
Light to us that sat in darkness,
Dwelling in death's sombre shadow.
And our wayward feet, in mercy,
In the path of peace He setteth,
By the grace of the communion
Of His mystery all holy.
'Tis for this that all exalt thee:
Thou art God's, and God thou bearest;
Thou for evermore art holy.
Lo, we pray that through thy pleading
Unto Him that loves His people,
We may all obtain salvation.

There is naught among the highest
That to thee may well be likened,
Golden candlestick that bearest
In thy midst the light of justice.
Hands of men that old lamp tended,
Wrought of gold all pure and chosen,
Set within the Tabernacle;
Day and night with oil they fed it.
That within thy womb, O Mary,
Unto every man that cometh
To this world, true light hath given;
For He is the Sun of Justice,
Thou hast borne for us—the Saviour,
Who hath pardoned our offences.
Rightly, then, do we exalt thee
With the praises of the prophets.
Who tell forth thy deeds of glory,—
Thee the Great King's holy city!
Now we pray thee and beseech thee,
By thy prayer to Him that loveth
Men, may we attain to mercy.

Thou art the pure golden censer
Bearing the bright coal of blessing,
That was from the altar taken
For the purging of offences,
And the pardon of transgressions;
It was God, the Word Eternal,
Who hath taken flesh within thee,
And Himself a host hath offered
In sweet odor to the Father.
'Tis for this that all exalt thee:
Thou art God's, and God thou bearest;
Thou for evermore art holy.
Lo, we pray that through thy pleading
Unto Him that loves His people,
We may all obtain salvation.

Then, in sooth, I erred in nowise
 Calling thee the golden censer;
 For therein sweet incense, chosen,
 Mounted upwards to the Holiest:
 To the end that God might pardon
 The offences of His people,
 For the sake of that sweet savor,
 And the burning of the incense.
 Thus didst thou conceive Him, Mary,—
 Him on whom no creature looketh,
 God the Father's Word Eternal,
 Who a pleasing victim offered
 On the Cross for our salvation.
 Rightly, then, do we exalt thee
 With the praises of the prophets,
 Who tell forth thy deeds of glory,—
 Thee the Great King's holy city!
 Now we pray thee and beseech thee,
 By thy prayer to Him that loveth
 Men, may we attain to mercy.

Hail, O Mary, dove of beauty,
 God the Word, for us, conceiving!
 Thou art that fair plant of sweetness
 From the root of Jesse springing.
 Aaron's rod that bloomed, untended
 And unwatered, was thy figure.
 Christ true God, for us, a virgin,
 Without seed of man thou bearest.
 'Tis for this that all exalt thee:
 Thou art God's, and God thou bearest;
 Thou for evermore art holy.
 Lo, we pray that through thy pleading
 Unto Him that loves His people,
 We may all obtain salvation.

Holy Mary, well they hail thee
 As the second Tabernacle,
 As the dwelling of the Holiest,
 Where was laid the rod of Aaron,
 With the fair flower sweetly smelling.
 O thou purest Tabernacle,
 In and out all clad with brightness!
 Lo, the armies of the Highest
 And the choirs of saints proclaim thee,
 Singing praises to thy glory.
 Rightly, then, do we exalt thee
 With the praises of the prophets,
 Who tell forth thy deeds of glory,—
 Thee the Great King's holy city.
 Now we pray thee and beseech thee,
 By thy prayer to Him that loveth
 Men, may we attain to mercy.

Seven times each day Thy praises have I
 sung, O Lord of all!
 Still, with all my heart I praise Thee, on
 Thy holy Name I call.
 On Thy mighty Name I pondered; I was
 mindful of Thy words;
 And it gave me strength and comfort, King
 of ages, Lord of lords!
 Jesus Christ our God and Saviour—yea, our
 God in very deed—
 Came on earth to take a body, came to save
 us in our need.
 Flesh He taketh through the working of
 the Holy Spirit's might—
 Through the Spirit, and through Mary, His
 pure spouse and maiden bright.
 Thus He took away our sorrow, thus He
 changed the note of sadness
 Into songs of jubilation; filled the hearts
 of all with gladness.
 Wherefore let us sing before Him, raise a
 hymn of praise and love;
 Hail Him and His Mother Mary; sing of
 her, the comely dove.
 And as thus we sing before her, let the song
 of gladness swell:
 Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Mother of Em-
 manuel!
 Mary, hail! our father Adam through thy
 word shall safety find.
 Hail to thee, O Mary, Mother of the Refuge
 of mankind!
 Hail to thee, O Mary, bringing gladness to
 our mother Eve!
 Mary, hail! who makest joyful all the
 nations that believe.
 Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, the joy of Abel's
 holy youth!
 Hail to thee, O holy Mary, maid for ever-
 more in truth!
 Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Noe's refuge in
 distress!
 Hail to thee, O Mary; walking all thy
 ways in holiness!
 Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, our father
 Abraham's delight!
 Hail to thee, O holy Mary, fadeless crown
 of glory bright!
 Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Isaac's safety in
 distress!
 Hail to thee, that art the Mother of the
 Lord of holiness!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Jacob's joy in days of old!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary; hail to thee a thousandfold!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, praise of Judah's princely line!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Mother of the Lord Divine!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Moses' sure prophetic word!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary; hail, thou Mother of the Lord!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, that art the pride of Samuel!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, the peerless boast of Israel!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, mystic wealth of Job the just!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, thou priceless gem that pearls encrust!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Mother of the Well-Beloved!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, that art King David's daughter proved!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, thou chosen child of Solomon!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, amid the saints a lofty throne!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, that art the safety of Isaias!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, that bringest health to Jeremias!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, thou knowledge of Ezechiel!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, the grace that deckest Daniel!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, the staff of strength Elias found!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, the grace that Eliseus crowned!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Mother bearing God the Word!

Mary, Mother of our Jesus, the Anointed of the Lord!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, sweet dove all fair to gaze upon!

Hail to thee, O holy Mary, Mother bearing God the Son!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, whose coming ancient seers have told!

Hail to thee, O Mary; hail, of whom the prophets sang of old!

Lo, the Word of God descending, taketh flesh in thee alone,

By a union none may utter, one whose like was never known!

Truly o'er the rod of Aaron thou shalt hold a higher place;

Truly thou art high above it, thou that art all full of grace!

Nay, what was that rod, O Mary? Was it anything but thee?

In the past it stands a figure shadowing thy virginity.

Lo, the Child thy womb conceiveth, bearing all untouched of man,

'Tis the Son of God Most High, the Word who was ere time began!

By thy intercession for us, by thy plaintive, pleading word,

See, for us the Church's portals are thrown open by the Lord!

Still, to thee for all the faithful, Mother of our God, we pray;

That, for all, the Church's portals may be opened wide alway.

Let us cry aloud and ask her, and full surely she will plead

To her Well-Belovéd for us, win us pardon in our need.

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.

No one of the highest spirits,
Myriad angels and archangels,
To thy blessedness attaineth.
With the Lord of Hosts, thy glory,
Thou art clothed the sun outshining.
Thou art brighter than the Cherubs;
And the Seraphim before thee
Wave their wings in exultation.

—◆◆—
ALL philosophy lies in two words:
"sustain" and "abstain."—*Epictetus*.

Saint Paschal Baylon.

THE Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. having, by recent papal brief, dated November 28, 1897, named Saint Paschal Baylon, of the Order of Friars Minor, special patron saint of all Eucharistic associations and congresses, one may be interested to learn some details of the life, *acta et gesta*, of an humble servant of God, who, though greatly popular, both in his native Spain and throughout Italy, is little known to the Church at large, save from the meagre notice given in the Roman Martyrology on the 17th of May of each successive year:

"At Villa Real, near Valencia, Saint Paschal Baylon, of the Order of Minors: a man of marvellous innocence of life and penance."

This glory of the Seraphic Order in the sixteenth century, Paschal Baylon, was born of humble parentage, at Torre Hermosa, a little village of the kingdom of Aragon, Spain, on Easter Sunday in the year 1540; hence the name of Paschal bestowed upon him by his pious parents. They earned a livelihood by tilling the ground, and were too poor to send him to school, or to procure him other instruction save the elements of religion. But his desire of learning to read led him to take his book with him to the field where he guarded the flocks, and earnestly to entreat all the passers-by to teach him his letters. Tradition asserts that the angels frequently acted as his instructors; and by this means he quickly learned both to read and to write, of which advantage he made use only for the salvation of his soul. Shunning futile and bad books, he read solely those treating of the maxims of Christianity, of the examples of Jesus Christ, and the lives of the saints. One of his most ordinary prayers was the "Our Father"; and his favorite occupation was to frequent the churches whenever

possible, remaining therein so long that his parents were obliged to go thither in search of him to force him to take his necessary food.

Whilst yet a mere child, poverty constrained him to hire himself out as a shepherd in the service of one Martin Garcia, a neighboring farmer, to whom he was obedience and docility itself, joyfully performing to the letter all that was commanded him. When in the fields he meditated on the mysteries of creation or read pious books; and was found not unfrequently kneeling in ecstasy at the foot of some tree, unable to conceal from human eyes his burning love of God; and all this without neglecting the flocks committed to his care. Notwithstanding his own poverty, he found occasions of almsgiving, sharing his daily nourishment with those more destitute than himself; and, without other master than the Holy Ghost, he made rapid progress in perfection, and was wont to discourse of God and of spiritual matters in such manner as to fill with admiration those most deeply versed in similar science.

His entire conduct was so exemplary that he was soon known throughout the whole country as "the holy shepherd-boy." Several fellow-shepherds, cited as witnesses after his death when there was question of his canonization, testified that, with superhuman eloquence, he often spoke to them of God, and of the proper means to serve and to love Him; that he was utterly insensible to pleasures, the enemy of gambling and of other diversions; discreet in speech and in bearing, charitable toward his neighbor, and ever ready to render service to all in order to gain all to Jesus Christ.

Though attached to his humble calling, he could not, despite his great vigilance, hinder the goats he had in charge from occasionally straying into other pasture grounds; and he was thus brought into the company of shepherds who swore and

quarrelled; and, fully realizing he could never induce them to give over their evil ways, he resolved to seek some other avocation. Meanwhile his master, Martin Garcia, deeply impressed by his wise and holy manner of life, having no children, proposed to adopt him as his son and heir; but Paschal, fearing lest the goods of earth might prove an obstacle to the acquisition of heavenly riches, declined his master's pressing offer, in imitation of his Divine Lord, who came on earth 'not to be served, but to serve others.'

At the early age of twenty he resolved to quit his master, his native land, and his profession, in order to embrace the religious state. One of his companions, by whom he was tenderly beloved, hearing of his intention, sought by every means to dissuade him from the project, though assured by Paschal that he was but acting in obedience to the will of God; finally the latter, fired with holy zeal, exclaimed: "Since you doubt my words, you will be convinced by the marvel you are about to witness!" And thrice striking with his crook the hard, dry ground whereon they were standing, there immediately sprang forth three beautiful fountains, which still flow at the present day.

To carry into effect his holy resolution, Paschal repaired to the kingdom of Valencia; and, replying to all those who offered him introductions to richly endowed convents, "I was born poor, and I am resolved to live and die in poverty," he knocked at the door of a lonely monastery of barefoot Franciscans, known as "Socolans," situated in a desert near the city of Montfort. Here, under advice of those saintly religious, he hired himself for a certain time to the neighboring farmers to keep their flocks; coming on Sundays and holidays to hear Mass at the convent, approach the Sacraments, and learn the true spirit of Saint Francis. During the four years he filled this humble post he scrupulously kept note

of the slightest damage wrought to fields or roads by the animals committed to his care, that he might from his own meagre purse indemnify the respective proprietors. And when ridiculed on this head, he was wont to reply: "Many small venial sins smooth the road to hell as surely as one sole mortal sin." On one occasion, when they would not accept his money, he assisted in harvesting the crops of the persons injured, to the full amount estimated of possible damage caused by his flocks.

Finally, in 1564, he entered as novice amongst the Franciscans. Resisting all offers to receive him amid the religious destined to Holy Orders, he chose to become a lay-brother, so that he might fill the lowest and most laborious offices, and sanctify himself in humiliations. He practised the rule of Saint Francis in the full rigor of letter and spirit, making such rapid strides in perfection as to astonish the most aged and saintly members of the community. His austerities and penances were unbounded. His bed was the bare ground, his pillow a block of wood; his food was invariably bread and water, with a few herbs; the greater part of the night was passed in mental prayer, and he was always first at the divine offices. He had a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, before which he would kneel for long hours, adoring his God hidden in the tabernacle; and more than once he was found by his brethren ravished in ecstasy, his body elevated high in the air through the effect of divine love. When unable to repair to the church, he would go thither in spirit, prostrating himself frequently on the ground to adore his Saviour, with the like fervor as if at the foot of the altar.

This devotion had still further increased within his heart by reason of a remarkable favor accorded him whilst yet a boy keeping his flocks. One day, hearing the bell of a neighboring church announce

the Elevation of the Mass, he prostrated himself in adoration in the centre of the field, when suddenly the Host appeared before his eyes, upheld by angels. This extraordinary favor filled him throughout his entire life with such heavenly consolation that he could never think of it without transports of joy and humble thanksgiving. In this his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament lies the probable reason of his selection by the reigning Pontiff as patron saint of Eucharistic associations and congresses.

At the expiration of the ordinary term of probation, he pronounced his solemn vows on the Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady, 1565, when barely twenty-five years of age; and thenceforward was continually sent on business journeys and transferred from convent to convent of the Order, leaving everywhere the example and perfume of his virtues and religious regularity. In all the convents where he temporarily lodged he was ordinarily given charge of the door and of the refectory, because affable, discreet, vigilant, active and faithful. These employments did not hinder him from laboring in the garden, the infirmary, and the kitchen, when occasion presented itself; and he always acquitted himself of each office as if he had no other thought. He was not unfrequently sent to saw wood. In his quality of porter, he was wont to distribute to the poor the remnants of the meals of the friars; and every day during many years put aside a considerable portion of his own nourishment to bestow it upon a poor old man—his *protégé*. When he had naught else to give he would gather flowers from the garden, so as not to send the poor away empty-handed. Once the superior bade him take more care to avoid being deceived by unworthy beggars, and not give alms to all who presented themselves. "But," urged Paschal, "should twelve poor men present themselves, and

I give only to ten of the number, it is to be feared that precisely one of the two I send away unaided may be Jesus Christ Himself."

It was doubtless because of these functions that cooks, as well as shepherds, adopted him as patron saint. A guild or confraternity of cooks (*cuochi*) is established in Florence under his invocation. In his great love for the poor, Paschal would earnestly beseech his religious brethren not to spill heedlessly even one drop of oil, in order not to diminish the funds for "holy almsgiving."

As illustrative of his great love for truth, it is related that one day some women came to go to confession to the Reverend Father Guardian of the house; and the latter, following a well-understood custom, ordered Paschal to tell them that he was not at home. "I will say to them," replied Paschal, "that you are occupied and can not come to them."—"No," resumed the superior; "tell them I am not in the house."—"Pardon me!" answered Paschal, who was excessively timid and submissive. "I can not say that; for it would be a lie, and consequently a grievous sin."

He had a peculiar love for the Blessed Virgin, from whom he received many and signal graces. He had also the gift of miracles—of prophesying future events, foretelling the death of those in whom he took spiritual interest, healing the sick, and thwarting the designs and snares of the demon, who waged constant warfare upon his all-powerful rival.

Having been deputed by his superiors to convey some important tidings to the Father Minister General of the Seraphic Order, at that time Fra Christopher de Cheffon, a native of Brittany, then resident in Paris, he joyfully accepted the mission, heedless of the many dangers besetting his journey from the enmity of the Huguenots and Calvinists, who were then masters of nearly all the towns and cities

through which he would have to pass; they gave no quarter to monks or to mendicants who by any chance fell into their hands. He set forth barefoot, clad in his religious habit. Arriving at a convent of his Order in Toulouse, the community called a chapter to decide as to the propriety of suffering him thus to risk his life in pursuing his journey. But he quieted their scruples by urging his duty of holy obedience; and departed anew, to meet with personal ill-treatment even to blows and severe wounds, one of which so seriously injured his shoulder as to cause him intense suffering for the rest of his life. He was twice arrested as a spy, but finally reached Paris in safety, delivered the letter of his provincial, brought back to the latter the reply of the Father General; and to the day of his death he was never heard to allude in anywise to the dangers he had incurred.

Notwithstanding his corporal mortifications, he was always affable, joyous, and eager to render any service to his religious brethren, whom he edified by his profound humility and love for holy poverty, never wearing other than an old threadbare, patched habit. He composed many admirable treatises on prayer, Christian perfection, the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation of the Word, and on the nature and perfections of God; and, though never having studied theology otherwise than in prayer before the crucifix, far excelled in supernatural lights the most erudite masters of sacred science. To point out the vast difference between true and false piety, Paschal was accustomed artlessly to style scruples "the fleas of conscience," declaring that the one thing necessary to devout souls was unbounded confidence in God and veritable love for Him.

The closing years of his comparatively short life were passed almost wholly before the altar; and one day whilst hearing Mass in the convent church of Villa

Real, in Valencia, God suddenly revealed to him that his end was at hand. He forthwith gave utterance to shouts of delight, embraced all whom he met inside and outside of the convent, taking final leave of them, and informing them of the good tidings. Shortly after he fell seriously ill, received the last Sacraments with tender devotion, and slept peacefully in the Lord, after thanking God for all the mercies and favors he had received during life, and invoking thrice the holy names of Jesus and Mary. His death occurred on Pentecost Sunday, May 17, 1592, in the fifty-third year of his age. The great concourse of people coming to implore the help of the Saint obliged his religious brethren to defer his funeral for three days, during which an infinity of miracles—all juridically verified—were wrought at his bier.

Father Giry, S. J., in the seventeenth century, writes that his holy body was as yet uncorrupted; and, what was still more remarkable, the eyes were always open, and clear and brilliant as when in life. Most trustworthy persons deposed under oath, in the *procès verbal* drawn up by the bishop of the diocese and by the other commissaries deputed by the Sovereign Pontiff, that they had even beheld him several times close his eyes at the moment of the elevation of the sacred Host at the conventual Mass, as if his heart were yet living and animated with the same love and touched by the same respect for the Adorable Sacrament of the altar that he had felt throughout life. A miracle peculiar to Saint Paschal Baylon, which has specially rendered him celebrated since his death, consists in the little taps, or knocks, distinctly sounded on his shrine, his relics, and some of his pictures. These taps, it is said, announce to his clients the success of the prayers imploring his potent intercession with God on their behalf.

Pope Paul V., having taken all requisite

information, by a brief dated from Rome, October 29, 1618, first conceded to all regulars and seculars in the kingdom of Valencia to say the office of this servant of God as of a *beato*; two years later he extended the like permission to those of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. In 1621 Gregory XV. granted the same privilege to all the religious of the Seraphic Order. Finally, Pope Alexander VIII., by a bull of November 1, 1680, proceeded in due form to his solemn canonization, inscribing him in the calendar of the Church together with St. John Capistran, likewise a Friar Minor; St. John of God, St. Lawrence Justinian, and Saint John of Sahagun.

In art Saint Paschal Baylon has as attributes: 1st. a chalice surmounted by a Host, symbolic of his lifelong, tender devotion to the Blessed Eucharist; 2d. "a flock of sheep," near which he is kneeling reciting his Rosary. A painting attributed to Domenichino represents him as a Franciscan, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, his staff and bundle beside him on the ground,—probably referring to some episode in his perilous journey to Paris. Huberus, in his "Menologium S. Francisci," mentions a picture wherein the Blessed Virgin appears to Saint Paschal Baylon when on his knees before the altar in the convent church.

In the Trastaverine quarter of Rome, in Via S. Francesco a Ripa, is a small church which, though dedicated in honor of the forty holy martyrs of Sebaste, is popularly known as San Pasquale, rebuilt on the exact site of the ancient edifice originally erected by Pope Callixtus II. in 1122. It was restored in 1608 by the Archconfraternity of the Gonfalone, to whom it then belonged. Later, in 1736, having been ceded by Pope Clement XII. to the Barefoot Friars Minor of the Reform of Saint Peter of Alcantara, of Spain, they first built a spacious convent; and in 1744, by special permission and

analogous rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, rebuilt the church after the plans of the architect Joseph Sardi, placing it anew under the invocation of the forty holy martyrs and of Saint Paschal Baylon. Together with the convent and annexed hospital, the church was fourteen years in building; and by a brief of Pope Clement XII. was declared sole property of the provinces of the Barefoot Franciscans of Spain and of the Spanish Indies. It was taken under the high patronage of the Crown of Spain by a royal decree of King Philip V., dated "*En buon retiro*," December 23, 1738; this was confirmed by a later decree of Queen Isabella II., August 20, 1856.

The convent is the official residence of the commissary-apostolic of the Spanish Franciscans; whilst the former hospice is now given over to a community of religious Sisters, whose work is chiefly that of preparing young girls of the middle and lower classes for their First Communion; and conducting retreats for the benefit of the same classes of persons, who are received therein, in successive bands of certain number, by means of tickets of admission distributed by the respective parish priests, or by benefactors privileged so to do. These retreats usually take place at the opening of the carnival season—Christmas, Easter, etc.

From some occult reason, known only to themselves, the Roman women of the medium and operative ranks of life, chiefly in the Trastaverine and Monti quarters of the Eternal City, who boast an unmixed descent from the ancient Quirites, proudly styling themselves "*Li Romani de Roma*," claim Saint Paschal Baylon as their special patron and protector, saluting him as:

San Pasquale Baylon-ne,
Protettore delle donne!

Some adept in the "folk-lore of the saints" could, possibly, decide the knotty question, whether the Italian propensity

to rhyme be in reality the origin of the above popular dictum, aided by the fact that every word in the Italian language ending invariably in a vowel, all foreign words terminating in consonants, are given, in a Roman mouth, the vocalic ending; or whether the pious female devotees of the Saint were in bygone days recipients of some signal mark of the protection of the holy Franciscan, which remains a cherished tradition amongst their descendants in our own time.

“E.”

Three Episodes.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

THE year was opening with a sharp wind and a heavy sky; hungry birds looming large against the snow, and a fog slowly asserting itself over all. People who had been sighing for “a good old-fashioned winter” jerked their chairs fire-ward, pettishly wondering how much longer we should be expected to stand this sort of weather.

A train was just about to leave Fairford, and the solitary occupant of a certain compartment had opened his magazine and begun its perusal, when another man came running along, jumped in, banged the door; tossed a valise onto the rack; flung a stick and umbrella to the right, a bundle of journals to the left; dropping himself between, and then arranging his rug in a series of tempestuous flaps and jerks.

“My good man, you should have had a compartment to yourself,” observed the first occupant.

“How dare you call me a good man, sir?” was the answer.

“I withdraw the expression, Heaton. I am sure I don’t know how I came to make such a mistake.”

“Halloo, it’s Latimer! And where are

you going? Not to Ormskirk, not to old Turner’s?”

Latimer assented.

“What is taking you there?”

“Mr. Turner’s invitation, backed by my own inclination.”

“Exactly my position. I wonder if the long arm of coincidence stretches any farther, and if you also are going to renew the siege of the pretty heiress?”

“Your *also* admits a good deal,” replied Latimer, dryly; and the other laughed, poking at a refractory cigar with his knife, as if to cover a certain amount of confusion.

“Matrimony is like smoking a weed,” said Heaton, reflectively. “If it’s begun badly, it goes on badly, and all the scraping and rearranging in the world won’t put it right.”

“And not like a cigar. For once you have begun it, you must go on with it, and can’t throw it aside because it has proved a failure.”

“The moral would seem to be: Don’t interfere between me and Alice Marsden.”

“But really is: Goodness forbid that Alice Marsden should have anything to do with you.”

“Our interpretations certainly differ,” said Heaton. “However, my dear fellow, you haven’t the ghost of a chance now. You were engaged to the girl, and broke it off,—had your chance and lost it. It’s my innings now, and you had better think twice before you interfere in my business. Besides, as a generous fellow—or at least posing as such,—you might consider me a little.”

“I have considered you a good deal lately, Heaton; and the result is that I mean to end my silly quarrel with Alice if I can. If I had no concern for her happiness, no love for her, no desire to win her for my wife, I should, nevertheless, find some way of protecting her from your unmanly schemes, and letting her guardian know your utter unworthiness.

If he had any suspicion that you are an unprincipled gambler, pursuing his ward for your own selfish ends, he would never have permitted you even to address her. It may become my duty to tell him what you are."

"I may make it the worse for you, Master Phil, if you attempt to take away my character."

"No one is at all likely to want to rob you of that," returned Latimer, significantly; he leaned back in his corner, and resumed his reading without saying anything more.

It was six months since what he had justly called a silly quarrel had separated him from Alice Marsden, a pretty, high-spirited young heiress. A little jealousy on his side, a little temper on hers, one sharp word leading to another still more sharp, and Philip wakened one morning to find himself, not famous, but free. Alice had returned engagement ring, letters and all,—thus definitely and decidedly ending his vague hope of reconciliation. His pride most deeply wounded, he had made no appeal, no attempt to see her; but had buried himself alive in a Welsh village, chaining himself to desk and pen, and thanking Providence for a thought-compelling, all-absorbing occupation. Still, between him and the written page Alice's fair face would intrude; amongst his pen-and-ink heroines her graceful figure would come and go; and he recognized the truth that she was dearer than ever to him. Nor were his love and longing anywise lessened when he heard that Harry Heaton, a former rival and a reckless, dissipated fellow, was renewing his suit with vigor.

Old Mr Turner, of Ormskirk, was fond of gathering round him young and clever people; and they were equally fond of visiting at his charming house—a relic of past ages, with oak-panels galore, and a priest's hiding-place in the thickness of the walls. Twice a year, at least, the

same happy circle met—budding artists, coming composers, rising musicians.

Latimer, who had already scored success as an author, was a favorite with the old gentleman, who had set aside one room as a study for him; declaring that ever afterward it should remain unaltered, and that future generations would flock thither as to Stratford—or Thrums. When the usual kindly invitation came, asking him to spend the first fortnight of the New Year with his old friend, Philip had promptly accepted. He was almost certain to meet Alice; and, amidst scenes of former happiness, might hope to sue for pardon with success. He could not believe that she had wholly banished him from her heart.

II.

The long drawing-room was aglow with chrysanthemums of every hue. Yellow and mauve and crimson, bronze and white, they clustered in banks of splendid bloom,—Mr. Turner's pride. As welcome a sight as the beautiful flowers were the smiling faces and bright eyes of his guests. He entered into their amusements and appreciated their aims with a rare sympathy; they never remembered that he was an old man until they needed advice on some point where experience was likely to be of use.

Miss Marsden had arrived half an hour ago, and was trying not to remember how Phil Latimer had been the life and soul of former similar gatherings, at least to her, when she heard some one jestingly remark:

"Oh, here comes Latimer, looking as if he thought ten thousand blossoms should leap from their stalks to offer him a button-hole!"

Mr. Turner bent over Miss Marsden with a pleasant smile.

"I forgot to mention that Phil Latimer was here," he murmured. "But of course you don't mind. It is so long since you quarrelled with him that I had almost

forgotten about it, as I'dare say you and he have done."

As Philip advanced, Alice glanced keenly at him, and their eyes met. His very anxiety made him grave and pale, which she misconstrued into proud and cold; consequently she received him with an airy indifference, more painful to him than open avoidance or ostentatious stiffness would have been. He was understood to be working very hard at a new book, his *magnum opus*; and to the majority this accounted for his absence of mind and the loss of his former gay spirits.

Before the day was over, Alice had arrived at a different conclusion. He had sat beside her for the space of fifteen minutes, and during that lengthy interval his hand had rested on the arm of her chair. From this trifling incident rose the chance of change, the possibility of explanation, the golden hope that he might care for her yet. Truly in the kingdom of love, too, one must become as a little child.

One memorable evening Alice went upstairs, almost dancing with delight, eager to look her best in the eyes of him who was extending the olive-branch in every tone, expression, and gesture. Across the gulf of pain and parting, love should again clasp hands with love. As she passed his study door she saw that it was half open. Hitherto it had always been closed, and she could not resist the temptation of peeping in. A cheerful room it was, with easy-chairs, a profusion of flowers, a standing army of books ready to take the field at a moment's notice; a tall screen, and a writing-table, with desk and pen, and closely-written sheets, telling of an unwearied industry. A sudden fancy struck her. She drew from her belt the cluster of snowy blossoms she had been wearing, and laid them on the desk where his hand had rested. He would know who had placed them there, would understand their meaning, would realize that

she responded to his wish for the breach to be closed. Then she withdrew.

Some time elapsed before her toilette was completed and her hair arranged to her satisfaction; but at last she was about to descend when she heard Latimer ascending. He went to his study, and a minute later uttered an exclamation, not of pleasure, but dismay. Involuntarily she followed him.

The desk was open, and a flood of ink had been poured into it; torn fragments of blotted paper were scattered over the floor, and a huge ink jar lay empty beside the ruined MS., the work of so many months. The shock had driven the color from his lips. Alice, too, turned pale as she realized what had happened.

"Who has done this?" she gasped.

"I do not know," he replied, like a man stunned. "Everything was right about two hours ago. The question is, who has been in this room since?"

Alice started; she grew paler still.

"I was here, Mr. Latimer."

"You!"

"Yes: less than an hour ago." Her cheeks flamed, her eyes fell, heavy with tears. "I have never ceased to regret my haste and anger, Philip; and I—I wanted to let you know. So I left my flowers on your desk here. But indeed I did not do this wicked and cruel thing. Oh, you do believe me, do you not?"

"Of course I do! Even without your assurance, I am certain that you know no more of this than I do myself. Where are those flowers?"

They had fallen to the ground. As he raised them and held them to his lips, some one called to Alice; and, half weeping, half laughing, she fled.

Philip sat down, resting his head upon his hands; for at first the magnitude of his loss and of his gain overwhelmed him. His patient labor was destroyed, his time lost, the fruit of study swept away. But love had been given back.

All at once he heard a noise in the quiet room—a sound instantly suppressed. Next moment he had crossed to the tall screen, his blood on fire; and a man, half-crouching, half-kneeling, uplifted his guilty, frightened face.

III.

Stars were twinkling in the clear, frosty sky, like a fairy crown. Cold and pure, the moonbeams streamed over a white world. Alice Marsden, complaining of headache and muffled in a warm wrap, had stepped forth to the porch; and as Philip Latimer followed her, meaning smiles were exchanged. Mr. Turner whispered: "So passed he, ghost-like, to his doom.' I always knew it would all come right in the end."

Alice looked wistfully and anxiously at Philip as he stood beside her.

"What else has happened?" she asked.

"The solving of the mystery. It was Heaton who destroyed my MS., and I have given him a small portion of what he deserves. He is not likely to cross my path again. He was hiding in the study, and I got a confession from him at the point of the bayonet, so to speak. He had seen you go in and leave a token of your visit, and it occurred to his fertile brain that the breach between us might be irrevocably widened. He destroyed my work, meaning that suspicion should fall on you. Of course he meant to leave the scene himself, but I came upon it before he had time to do more than hide. No doubt he calculated on our mutual quick tempers to aid his scheme. He did not know that I know you too well to suspect you of anything mean and base, no matter what might be the seeming evidence to the contrary. Alice, will you forgive me my past unkindness, my bitter words, my unreasoning jealousy?"

"On one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you forgive me my share in what made us both very unhappy."

Notes and Remarks.

The issuance, by a well-known secular publishing house, of a luxurious volume entitled "Christ and His Mother in Italian Art," is noteworthy. It is published in London, and sells for fifty dollars a copy. The work contains fifty Italian Madonnas, reproduced in photogravure with consummate art; and the pictures are accompanied by historical notes and biographies of the artists. There is an introduction from the pen of a Protestant clergyman, Cañon Eytoun, who takes occasion to say that—

The humanization of Christ has been effected for the masses by means of words like these, portraying the most moving of all spectacles wherever seen on earth—the child in its mother's arms. The thing that draws Him closest to us and ourselves to Him, at all times, is that He had a Mother; and that His Mother was to Him what only a mother can be; and this idea the "endless" Madonnas have put into shape, and have given to it a concreteness which makes obscuration of His real manhood impossible.

At last the more intelligent of non-Catholics are beginning to realize that the Blessed Virgin has a legitimate place in Christian worship. They are even ardent at times in blessing what once they, as ardently banned. There is danger, however, that the "humanization" process may go too far, and that the obscuration of Christ's divinity may result from it. One has to be a Catholic in order to understand perfectly why the Blessed Virgin is deserving of the highest veneration, and that supreme worship is to be paid to Him who was born of her.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has already given proof of *raison d'être*. A Methodist clergyman, Dr. Locke, had made the curious statement that, according to official reports, there are fifty-three Catholics and only nine Methodists in the penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa. Even if Dr. Locke's figures were correct, there would be no cause for serious alarm; because, as the Catholic Truth Society pointed out, "in opposition to the Protestant theory which makes the Church consist only of the righteous, Catholics believe that in the Church

the tares and the wheat grow together until the harvest." But, as Dr. Locke's figures looked suspicious, the chief of the Catholic Truth Society telegraphed to the warden of the penitentiary at Fort Madison, asking for the statistics regarding Catholic and Methodist prisoners. The answer was: "Catholics, 106; Methodists, 174." Thus the nine rogues in buckram, reported by the Rev. Falstaff Locke, have swollen into a large congregation of men, as Methodist congregations go. And thus did the Catholic Truth Society relieve the people of San Francisco of an ugly case of Locke-jaw.

The clergy of one of the Eastern cities protested against a public dinner for poor children on Christmas Day. We commend their action. As the *Providence Visitor* remarks, "turkey dinners free in some public place are helpful neither to good morals nor good citizenship." Labelling paupers is an encouragement to mendicity. If those who are moved betimes to dispense turkeys and old clothes to poor children would only provide the parents with work, and see that they received living wages, there would be no need of public "spreads," which, as the *Visitor* says, are demoralizing. Much of what we call philanthropy is probably pharisaism; at least there is something suspicious in the tendency to do good deeds in the marketplace and to exploit them in the newspapers. There may be more genuine good-heartedness in helping a man to earn a dollar than in giving the worth of two dollars to his children. There is certainly more sense in it.

We have already expressed our gratification at seeing in handsome book form the eloquent sermon preached by Bishop Hedley at the centenary celebration of the landing of the Apostle of England at Ebbs Fleet. Many others who were not privileged to take part in that celebration, and who found only meagre accounts of it in their newspapers, may now have the pleasure of reading the admirable discourse pronounced on that memorable occasion. Few sermons are so readable. There are thoughts in it which deserve to be quoted everywhere, for they are

lightsome with divine light. For instance, after reminding his hearers that it was the full and complete Christianity of the Catholic religion which St. Augustine brought to England, Bishop Hedley remarked:

There is only one Christianity—using the word in its adequate sense. It is the Christianity of the true doctrine of the Incarnation, of the sacramental system, of the Real Presence, of the Mass, of the Blessed Virgin's office, and of that which guards and secures the whole—the interpretation of the mind of God by the Church's pastorate, and primarily by the Sovereign Pontiff. We need not refuse the name of Christian to any one who claims that august name. But we know well what Christianity is—the complete faith and hope, and the supernatural love of God and of men, kept up by the peculiar grace-giving institutions of the New Law... Christianity which is not complete and adequate, is not only not Christ's Christianity, but it is as sure before long to be disintegrated as a building is when the roof lets in the storms.

The faithful of our own country not less than the Catholics of England are called on for "good and patient speech in due season; for the manning of forlorn hopes, the laying down even of life in work that brings no fame; for years and years of persevering intercession; for true and active zeal for souls." Bishop Hedley has a noble conception of the office of the apostolate—an office of labor and endurance. We quote again:

It may be laid down as a certain truth that no man is ever a successful apostle unless he is a great saint. Almighty God sometimes may use instruments that are unworthy and vile, but not for the great operations of the Precious Blood. For there the effect or result is measured by the interior condition of the spiritual soul: by the intensity of love, prayer and suffering. For in these more august and striking ministries which approach nearer to the triumphant and all-powerful work of the love and suffering of the Sacred Heart Itself, it would be against all spiritual feeling and the traditions of the saints to suppose that a great work is ever done for God unless the instrument is fashioned to the likeness of the Sacred Heart.

A prominent figure has disappeared from the ranks of the regular clergy in this country. The late Father William Corby, C. S. C., who passed to the reward of a singularly devoted life on the 28th ult., at Notre Dame, was a chaplain in the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War; and since 1865 has held various offices of honor and responsibility

in his community, becoming widely known throughout the United States. He was a man among men, and his priestly life was marked by saintlike devotion and zeal for the glory of God. He was respected and beloved by all who knew him and could appreciate his sterling and lovable character. The large attendance of non-Catholics at his obsequies testified to the esteem in which he was held by all classes of people, irrespective of religion or nationality. Father Corby was among the last of seven priests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross who served as chaplains during the War of the Rebellion. He was a member of the Loyal Legion; and shortly before his death, at the suggestion of Gen. Lew Wallace, was appointed chaplain of the Indiana branch of that organization. May he rest in peace!

A low estimate of the Catholic population of the United States shows that there are a thousand Catholic laymen for every priest; and, according to the highest estimate of the sects, there are hardly three hundred Protestant laymen for each preacher. Perhaps it is for this reason that the expression "priest-ridden Catholics" has gone out of favor in recent times. The Baptists estimate that there are at present six thousand churchless pastors of their denomination in this country. This condition hardly conforms to Our Lord's description of His Church, where the harvest is great but the laborers are few.

The Duke of Norfolk was lately invited to take part in a meeting of Catholics at Sheffield, England, to protest against those vagrant outcasts styled "lecturers" by excess of courtesy. The Duke declined in a letter which would stamp him as a noble man, even if there had never been letters-patent in his family. We quote some sentences:

It is because I thank God with my whole heart that in His mercy I am a Catholic; because I glory in belonging to the old faith; because I love and reverence our priesthood as I do, that I decline to be driven to bay by accusations which no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe. Thank God, two of my sisters are nuns. Thank God, one of my wife's last acts in this life was to found a convent. Am I wrong in thinking that

Sheffield would be ashamed that I should have to defend their fair fame before my fellow-citizens? I can not but think that on reflection every one will feel that the attack upon us is not worthy of such a demonstration as is proposed, and I trust the idea of it will be given up. . . . Let us, the Catholics of Sheffield, draw closer together: let us put aside all personal aims and factious interests; and we shall hush the voice of calumny, and promote the cause of God's truth among our fellow-citizens, for whose highest and most lasting welfare we would humbly wish to labor.

The Duke is one of the most honored men in England, and holds an important office in Lord Salisbury's government. His outspoken profession of faith—free from cant, but with a rich, manly piety—ought to be included in a new "Complete Letter-Writer" for the use of prominent Catholics the world over.

The Holy Father has just celebrated, in a quiet way, the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood, and next March will commemorate the twentieth anniversary of his pontificate. His mental activity at the advanced age of eighty-seven is another striking proof that rust consumes mind and body faster than use wears them out. Father Bernard Vaughan, who recently returned from the Eternal City, tells a story which goes to show that the Holy Father is comparatively well chiefly because he has no time to be sick. According to Father Vaughan, one of the attendants at the Vatican urged the Pope not to rise one morning, declaring that he was too ill. "So Joachim Pecci has been telling me," said his Holiness; "but the Pope has told me the opposite." And the Pope won the day.

In a recent document emanating from the Holy See, St. Paschal Baylon is named patron of Eucharistic congresses and of all societies taking their name from the Holy Eucharist, and that aim at propagating devotion to It. St. Paschal was distinguished especially for his love toward the Blessed Sacrament. The sketch of him presented this week is probably the most complete biography that has ever appeared in English. It is from the pen of a zealous client of the Saint residing in Rome, who made special researches for it.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

II.—JOY AND TEARS.

IT is quite probable that the newcomer had unwittingly heard some words, at least, of the conversation which had been going on between husband and wife. Even if he had not, he was no stranger to the reputation of Mrs. Beatty, who was well known in the neighborhood for her sharp tongue. For him she cherished no especial good-will, as he was the holder of the mortgage on the farm. He was not a hard man, and had been very lenient with her husband. The old man had fully appreciated this leniency, and the relations between the two were most friendly.

Allan Watson was the wealthiest landowner in the district; his riches consisted principally of coal mines, in which that portion of the country abounded. He came with his family to the mountains every summer; in winter they lived in Philadelphia. Although in her heart of hearts Mrs. Beatty divined that his present errand was to thank Mary Ann for the brave and kindly act she had performed that morning, her crossgrained disposition, as well as her natural antagonism to the girl, would not permit her to acknowledge it even to herself. She gave him a sharp, short nod, placing a chair at the same time, while she said:

"Sit down, Mr. Watson. Hope you ain't coming for your interest already. 'Tain't due yet, you know."

"Thanks! I'm not such a poor man of affairs as that would make me out," he said, somewhat curtly, taking the proffered seat. "I came to speak to Mr. Beatty on other business."

All Denton Corner's small world knew how badly Mary Ann was treated by her aunt. Mr. Watson was not an exception, and he had come resolved to say what he had to say to Uncle Jake alone. His manner of announcing this was so pronounced that the old woman could not, with any good grace, remain a listener.

"Well," she said, "there's the parlor, if you have private business; and the porch is right here. I've got to ready up this kitchen against dinner time. That girl's off somewhere as usual."

"Mr. Beatty, suppose we walk down to the orchard?" said the gentleman. "I shan't detain you long."

"Very well," replied the old man, quite at a loss to account for the reticence of his visitor.

The two men walked silently through the little kitchen-garden. Uncle Jake opened the gate of the orchard. Mary Ann was coming toward them, balancing a large pan of apples on her hip. The girl blushed and smiled as Mr. Watson held out his hand, saying:

"I came to talk to your uncle, and to thank you for what you did this morning. You are a brave girl. But for you my own little one might not be alive at this moment."

"Oh, that was nothing!" answered Mary Ann, giving him her shapely but rough and toil-worn hand. "I could not have helped doing that if I wanted to. No one, I am sure, could have seen the danger and not gone and tried to save the child."

"No man, perhaps; but there are not many women who would have done it."

"How are you feeling now, honey?" asked her uncle. "You ought to have a plaster on your forehead."

"Tisn't much of a cut," she replied, touching it with her finger. "It will be well in a day or two."

"Set down that pan: it is very heavy," observed Mr. Watson. "I want to say a few words to you, Mary Ann."

The girl obeyed him.

"My wife tells me you are anxious to go to school," he went on.

"I would have liked it," she answered.

"But there was no use in thinking of it. There wasn't any way that I could see."

"Why, I never knew you wanted to go that bad!" said her uncle. "We might have managed it if I had."

"No, Uncle Jake," she said, bravely; "I don't see how we could have. There's a great deal of work to be done about the house and farm, and Aunt Lizzie isn't so young any more."

"Was it with any particular view that you would have liked to study?" asked Mr. Watson.

"It's kind of foolish to say it, for I know hardly anything," replied the girl; "but I used to think that maybe I could be a teacher some day."

"That is what I supposed," said Mr. Watson. "I believe you told my wife something of the kind. And are you still of the same mind?"

"Yes, sir—at least I would be, if it could be done in any way."

"And would you be willing to go away from home?"

"From Uncle Jake?" she said quickly,

looking at the old man affectionately as she spoke.

"It would not be for long."

"Yes, of course she would," answered the old man. "Mary Ann is a sensible girl, sir. But I'm all in a mist."

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" came shrilly through the drowsy August air.

The girl hurriedly lifted the pan from the ground.

"Aunt Lizzie is calling me," she said, looking at her uncle.

"Very well, go to her," said Mr. Watson. "Your uncle and myself can settle this business together."

Nodding and smiling a good-bye, Mary Ann resumed her way to the house; and Mr. Watson continued:

"I'll have to explain a little. Ten years ago I happened to be in a position to lend a few thousand dollars to the Sisters at P——, who have a boarding-school there. A bank in which they had temporarily deposited some funds closed its doors, and their convent was only half completed at the time. My wife, as you may know, is a Catholic; she was educated in Europe by nuns of the same Order. More to oblige her than anything else, I loaned them the money; and when they repaid it, according to promise, entirely and promptly, I returned them the interest on the loan, also at my wife's suggestion. At that time the Mother Superior told me that if at any future period I wished to send a pupil there, nothing would give her greater pleasure than that I should do so, free of all expense. Recently I met her on the cars, and she reminded me of her offer. I had not availed myself of it before, as I had never known any one whom I would have wished to send. When I told my wife of the meeting, she mentioned your niece, in whom she has always felt an interest. I had seriously thought of broaching the subject, but the occurrence of this morning decided me. If you are willing to let her go, Mr.

Beatty, I shall write immediately to the convent at P——, where they will be glad to receive her."

"Willing!" exclaimed the old man. "It's such a piece of good fortune for Mary Ann that I'd be flying in the face of Providence to refuse it. She's such a good child, sir; you can have no idea of it. Of course I'd miss her dreadfully. But what's that? Nothing compared to what she'd gain. I don't know how to thank you; and she won't either; but we'll both be very grateful, Mr. Watson."

"My wife was afraid you might object to a convent school; but I told her I thought not."

"No indeed!" said the old man. "I'm not a member of any church, and I've seen and heard plenty of good things the Catholics have done. What *my* wife will think of it, I don't know."

Mr. Watson's manner perceptibly hardened as he made answer:

"You are the natural guardian of the child, are you not?"

"I'm the only relation she has in the world, sir."

"Very well. Stick to your resolution, and don't let any one frighten you out of it. Will you promise me that?"

Uncle Jake's cheek flushed. Mr. Watson felt that he had made a mistake, and he hastened to correct it.

"You see, some of your neighbors may have the usual prejudice against Catholics and Catholic schools which exists everywhere in this country. I hope you will not allow them to influence you."

"My neighbors have nothing to do with my private affairs, Mr. Watson," said the old man. "And I don't believe they're very prejudiced, any of them. However, I wouldn't let any one stand in the way of Mary Ann's good fortune."

The two men looked into each other's eyes with mutual understanding. When they separated, Uncle Jake's heart felt lighter than it had felt for many a day.

At dinner his wife was unusually quiet; though she flung some sarcastic remarks at Mary Ann, which the girl suffered to pass unnoticed, as she generally did. Uncle Jake said nothing of the proposed plan until after supper, when the table had been cleared, the dishes washed and put away; and Mary Ann was sitting at his feet on the steps, while he leaned back in his big wooden rocking-chair, quietly smoking. His wife brought her knitting and sat on a bench near the door. But she soon dropped the stocking on the ground in anger and amazement.

"What, Jake!" she exclaimed. "Send her to a *Catholic convent!* I wonder the souls of your Methodist forefathers don't rise from their graves and smite you. I shan't lift one finger in the business, I tell you,—not a single finger. She can go up to Mrs. Watson and get her to get clothes ready if she's going to provide the education. The oldest rag she's got is too good to send with her to one of them dreadful places, Jake Beatty; and not the stitch of a needle will I take to get her ready."

This and much more she said in her wrath, her husband now and then meekly expostulating with her, while Mary Ann preserved entire silence. Poor child! her one fear was that her uncle might allow himself to be persuaded, or rather overawed and conquered, by his wife, as had so often happened before. For herself, she was lost in joyful anticipations. Visions of peace and happiness floated before her eyes,—peace purchased, it is true, by absence from her uncle; but afterward there would be the home-coming, when, she felt sure, things would have changed their aspect, and the two of them would no longer be nagged and controlled by the will of one arbitrary, disagreeable woman. How this state of affairs was to be brought about she could not tell, but that it must come to pass she never doubted.

Her aunt persevered in her obstinacy

until the day of departure, which took place a fortnight later. She would make no preparations for the girl. Mrs. Watson was suddenly called to Philadelphia by the illness of a sister, but she had previously written to the Mother Superior at P——, telling her when Mary Ann would arrive. As a last resort, Uncle Jake placed a sum of money in the girl's hands, with which to purchase all that was necessary for her outfit; asking her to request the Sisters to take that trouble on themselves. He was enabled to do this the more easily as Mr. Watson had insisted on cancelling the mortgage, for the payment of which he had just put aside seventy-five dollars. Therefore, although carrying all her worldly goods in a shabby portmanteau, it was not without the wherewithal to furnish herself with better than Mary Ann, tearful and timid now that the hour was come, parted from her beloved uncle in the early dawn of an autumnal morning at Pontoosuc Junction, where the express paused but a moment to take on waiting passengers. Her aunt had refused to say good-bye the previous night, and had not made her appearance in the morning.

(To be continued.)

The Stag of St. Ida.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

A good many years ago one of the divisions of Germany was called Swabia. Zurich, Augsburg, Ulm, and Constance were some of the principal cities it contained. While these cities still survive, the ancient name of Swabia has disappeared from the map; and it is doubtful whether even German boys and girls know much about it. Long ago, however, the name was very well known all over Europe, and the country it designated became famous as the home of St. Ida.

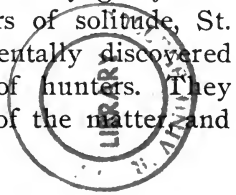
St. Ida lived with her husband in a castle situated on a height that overlooked a deep hollow. The husband was a suspicious and passionate man; and having got it into his head one day that his wife was wicked, he seized her and threw her out of a window. He thought, of course, that the fall from such a height would surely kill her; but he didn't trouble himself to find out whether it did or not. Nowadays such a crime would be looked into by the police; and no matter how noble or powerful might be the man who committed it, the law would be sure to punish him. In olden times, however, it often happened that the rich were a law unto themselves, and did what they liked without much fear of having justice meted out to them.

"But what has all this to do with St. Ida's stag?" says some impatient young reader.

Well, I will tell you. St. Ida wasn't killed by her fall from the castle window. Her clothes, fortunately, caught in some thorny bushes and prevented her from being dashed to the bottom of the ravine. In fact, she was very little hurt; but she was so grateful to Divine Providence for preserving her that she determined to live henceforward the life of a religious hermit. She accordingly made her home in the forest, and lived there unknown for seventeen years.

The wild beasts were all friendly to her, never offering to disturb her repose or to break into her sylvan dwelling,—which, by the way, was simply a rude arbor. Most friendly of all the animals was a fine stag, that followed her about just like a great big house-dog. The most astonishing thing about this stag was that at night his antlers became as luminous as though they were so many gas jets.

After seventeen years of solitude, St. Ida's retreat was accidentally discovered one day by a party of hunters. They informed her husband of the matter, and



he was so incredulous that he went in person to make sure of her being still alive. The Saint begged him to allow her to continue her solitary life, and he was manly enough to consent; although he insisted upon building her a regular hermit's cell for a home, instead of her hut of bushes.

Here St. Ida continued to live for many years, and here her faithful stag remained with her. Every night she walked from her cell to the nearest church to recite the Divine Office; and the luminous antlers of the stag served both as a torch to show her the way and a lamp by which to read her Book of Hours.

If ever you see a picture of St. Ida, you will notice that she holds a book in her hands; and that from the horns of the graceful stag standing close beside her there spring about a dozen jets. These represent the miraculous light of which I have spoken,—a light that often astounded night travellers who encountered the Saint and her companion, and that convinced everybody of Ida's great holiness.

What finally became of the beautiful animal which followed St. Ida about so faithfully we do not know; but that it deserved a comfortable old age, all will agree. It is remarkable, too, that as our first parents before their fall were, owing to their innocence, on most friendly terms with the wild beasts of the forest, so those holy persons, like St. Ida, who regained that primitive innocence through penance, inspired love rather than fear in the timorous animal life about them.

It Costs Nothing.

Thackeray tells of a lord who never saw a vacant place on his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and dropped it in. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word, of doing a kindly act. It costs nothing.

A Sliding-Scale.

One hesitates to believe that Talleyrand employed what may be called the sliding-scale in politeness, but good authorities vouch for the truth of this story:

He gave a dinner one evening where the rank of the guests was much diversified, and where the *pièce de résistance* was an enormous surloin of beef. The host did the carving, and in the following way interrogated his guests:

To a prince of the blood: "May I have the honor of offering your Royal Highness a little beef?"

To a duke: "Your Grace, permit me to give you a little beef?"

To a marquis: "Marquis, may I send you a little beef?"

To a viscount: "Viscount, pray have a little beef?"

To a baron: "Baron, do you take beef?"

To an untitled gentleman: "Monsieur, some beef?"

To his private secretary: "Beef?"

There was still one who ranked below the secretary, and Talleyrand vouchsafed him no word. He just looked his way and waved his carving-knife in a manner which spoke interrogation.

Tommy's Wishes.

"I WISH I were that butterfly
Within the lily's cup—"
Just then a blackbird came along
And ate the gay fly up.

"I wish I were that happy bird
That flies and hops around—"
Just then a pussy caught the wren,
And feathers strewed the ground.

"I wish I were that pretty squirrel
Upon the old oak tree—"
A hawk flew down and off again:
A supper fine had he.

"I guess I'd rather be myself
Than anything I see;
And if I had a chance to change,
I'd just stay only me"

With Authors and Publishers.

—To commemorate the centenary of the Irish "rising" of 1798, a new edition of Father Kavanagh's standard history of the insurrection will be published. It is announced to contain much new matter, the best results of contemporary scholarship.

—In the current issue of *Nature Notes*, Mr. James Britten speaks his valedictory, and resigns editorial control of that famous magazine. Mr. Britten, it is well known, is the Hon. Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, and since his conversion has done more for the spread of the faith than any other layman in England. We regret that his connection with *Nature Notes* has ceased, but we are not surprised. We could never understand how so busy a man as Mr. Britten found time to indulge in the luxury of editorial work.

—"The Madcap Set at St. Anne's" is the taking title of a new story for school-girls by Marion J. Brunowe, a favorite writer for our young folk. This enjoyable story treats of the deeds and misdeeds of five mischievous girls; and while there is plenty of fun and frolic, there is a substratum of high moral principle calculated to make a lasting impression. Convent girls will probably recognize the atmosphere of their life at boarding-school in the description of life at St. Anne's. Benziger Brothers have brought out the story in attractive binding.

—Mark Twain was not the first of our writers to derive amusement from the ponderosity of German sentences. In his *Essay on Rhetoric*, De Quincy says:

Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail-coach but for the waggon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can. Having framed a sentence, therefore, he next proceeds to *pack* it, which is effected partly by unwieldy tails and codicils, but chiefly by enormous parenthetical involutions. All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and violently rammed into the bowels of the principal proposition. That all this equipage of accessories is not so arranged as to assist its own orderly development no more occurs to a German as any fault than that in a package of shawls or of carpets the colors and patterns are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are *there*. And Mr.

Kant, when he has succeeded in packing up a sentence which covers three close-printed octavo pages, stops to draw his breath with the air of one who looks back upon some brilliant and meritorious performance.

An industrious carpenter has undertaken to measure some of Kant's sentences, and one of them was found to possess the majestic dimensions of two feet by six inches. But, despite this peculiarity, the German language is one of the noblest vehicles for human thought evolved by the ages.

—"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows," by A. A. Hyde, is a pretty little story, the scene of which is laid in France. The course of true love, as usual, does not run smoothly, but in the end it glides on without a ripple. Truth to tell, the story is not of absorbing interest, yet it has no objectionable features, which is more than can be said of most books of its kind published nowadays. R. Washbourne, London.

—Lady Herbert has translated from the French a sketch of the life of Sister Appoline Andriveau, to whom the Scapular of the Passion was revealed. This holy religious, favored with so many proofs of divine love, led a hidden life, although she was the instrument chosen by God to spread devotion to the Sacred Passion; and we doubt not that this little book, neatly published by the Art and Book Co., will give a new impetus to the love of Christ crucified.

—Occasionally the wise and spicy *Bookman* makes a mistake which makes us rub our eyes. Not long ago it referred to Dr. Egan as "a Roman Catholic writer of England"; and this month it speaks of Mr. Frank Mathew, a promising young Irish author, as "a grandson [!] of the famous Father Mathew." Can it be that the *Bookman* is unaware that the Apostle of Temperance was a Catholic priest?

—A son of the late Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, U. S. A., has just published the life and letters of his distinguished father. Gen. Smith was in intimate relations with some of the most famous commanders of the North-

ern Army during our great civil war, and was himself a prominent figure in memorable battles and campaigns. The personal element in the letters selected for publication enhances the value and interest of the work, which is sure to have many appreciative readers.

—The announcement that a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church was at work upon a novel would be a source of mild scandal to many good folk. It was so, too, in the days when "Fabiola" was written. In the new life of Cardinal Wiseman, the brilliant and versatile churchman is quoted as saying:

When it was first announced that I had written a romance there was a terrible commotion among my cardinalial brethren. Now, however, from the Pope downwards I have nothing but thanks and compliments, and all Rome is placarded with it. I consider this a perfect revolution, a great triumph of the spirit of progress over forms and etiquettes.

"Fabiola" has since been translated into all the modern languages, and new editions of it are demanded constantly.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe.* 50 cts.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 25 cts.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

- Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl.* \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon.* \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave.* \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber.* \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary.* 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée.* 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet.* 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 50 cts.
 The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.
 The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph.* \$1, net.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan.* \$1.50, net.
 The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercott.* 80 cts., net.
 That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.
 By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 50 cts.
 Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smith.* \$1.50, net.
 Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* \$1.25.
 Cardinal Manning. *Francis de Pressensé.* \$1.25.
 Catholic Home Annual. 25 cts.
 Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. *T. O. Russell.* \$2, net.
 Short Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year. Vols. I. and II. *Rev. Henry Gibson.* \$1.50 each, net.
 Edmund Campion. A Biography. *Richard Simpson.* \$3, net.
 Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Vol. V. \$1.25.
 Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments. 75 cts.
 Echoes from Bethlehem. *Rev. Father Finn, S. J.* 25 cts.
 Memoirs of Mgr. Salmon. 1790-1801. \$2.
 L'Abbé Constantin. A Comedy. *Crémieux and Decourcelle.* 35 cts.
 Pius the Seventh, 1800-1823. *Mary H. Allies.* \$1.35.



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

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1897—1898.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SLOW on the sombre pinions of midnight gliding away,
A shape—bent, tearful and trembling, with long, sparse locks of grey.

Swift on the rose-tinted clouds of the morning, a spirit, with laughing face,
Casts from his forehead the veil of the Future, and sits in the old man's place.

A Poet and His Home.

OF "sweet Adare," the theme of gentle Griffin, we all have heard:
"O sweet Adare! O lovely vale!
O soft retreat of sylvan splendor!"

It stands about eight miles from the city of Limerick, on either bank of the silvery Maig, clothed with venerable oaks and elms, and romantic and sacred in the richness of its ecclesiastical ruins. But beside it is another "retreat of sylvan splendor," equally mantled in venerable oak and elm; and, because more secluded from the rude and brazen step of the everyday world, perhaps all the more lovely and tender. It is Curragh Chase, the home of Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

For centuries the De Veres have been landlords of all the undulating country

extending around their home; and for centuries the family has been the idol and love of the peasant hearts in all that district. Few families in any country have ever so endeared themselves to their dependants; and few so fully deserved, or so faithfully retained to the last, the generous affection of the tender-hearted peasant. Indeed the present baronet, Sir Stephen, owes the boon of True Faith to his mingling in all the sports and pastimes of the young men in the neighborhood when he, too, was a young man.

"When I was young," he said on one occasion to the present writer, "I took great interest in the plays and pastimes of the young men of the peasant class in my district. I was at their hurlings, their patterns, and their gatherings; I saw them at fairs and markets, and was struck by one thing—the purity of their morals. I said to myself: 'How is it that in this respect they are so far superior to the young men of my own class in life? It can not be education; it can not be society; it can not be culture: it must be only one thing—religion!'"

And manifestly his heart must have been in the people; and manifestly, too, his heart must have been a heart of the old De Vere blood and race, when he underwent for the starving Irish peasant and the poor Irish emigrant all he did in black '47 and '48, and throughout the weary years of the "bad times"—a glimpse

of which is all that a brother's hand reveals in the pages of *THE AVE MARIA*.*

Rising up from a picturesque lake in the demesne there is a gentle eminence, and crowning this eminence stands the family home of the De Veres—a square, impressive-looking mansion of hewn stone. From the terrace a magnificent flight of steps leads to the entrance; and in the grand hall within—but let us tarry a moment before entering, and look around.

I love to stand here in the springtime, about the glad Paschal days, and seem to see or hear Easter's joyful Alleluias in everything that meets my sight or falls upon my ear—in the violet and primrose as well as in the flowering thorn and the opening chestnut; in the mellow song of the robin as well as in the glorious warbling of the thrush; the rollicking Irish note of the blackbird or the heaven-sprinkled melody of the skylark—

Then shakes the illuminated air
With din of birds; the vales far down
Grow phosphorescent here and there;
Forth flash the turrets of the town.

Along the sky thin vapors scud;
Bright zephyrs curl the choral main;
The wild ebullience of the blood
Rings joy bells in the heart and brain.

Her throne once more the daisy takes,
That white star of our dusky earth;
And the sky-cloistered lark down shakes
Her passion of seraphic mirth.

The bird takes the straw and other little things about it, and weaves them into the beautiful fabric of its nest; the sun, the common drops of water it has just raised, and glorifies them into the rainbow. So poet and painter and novelist take the everyday things at their hand, and transform and immortalize them in their works. The following beautiful lines give an exact description of the same scene by night:

The moon ascending o'er a mass
Of tangled yew and sable pine,
What sees she in yon watery glass?
A tearful countenance divine.

Far down, the greening hills between,
A sea of vapor bends for miles,
Unmoving. Here and there, dim-seen,
The knolls above it rise like isles.

The tall rock glimmers, spectre-white,
The cedar in its sleep is stirred;
At times the bat divides the night,
At times the far-off flood is heard.

Above, that shining blue; below,
That shining mist! Oh, not more pure
Midwinter's landscape, robed in snow,
And fringed with frosty garniture!

This is not alone a poet's home, but it is a home of poets—"a nest of nightingales." The late proprietor, Mr. de Vere's father, Sir Aubrey, was also a poet and the friend of poets. He wrote "Mary Tudor," "Julian the Apostate," etc. Thither gathered Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton), Wordsworth, Lord Tennyson (the late Laureate), and other names well known in English literature. The present proprietor, Sir Stephen, brother to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, is the translator of Horace; and classical readers who have had time to forget the days when the classics were a task, and that old bachelor-knave, Horace, the crankiest of them all, will turn with delight to Sir Stephen's English version of Odes, Epodes, and Satires. What astonishes one most, perhaps, is that the translator should have selected the very metre and form of the original for his translation; and, though the English language, as everyone knows, will not lend itself as readily to condensation as the Latin, to the reader's surprise and delight he has happily and elegantly succeeded. The preface is a scholarly production, and would do honor to the foremost professor of the "Humanities" in any college.

Leaving behind us that lovely woodland scenery, we step into the spacious hall, and look with wonder, if not with awe, on the gigantic "Moses," *horned*

* 'Recollections of Aubrey de Vere,' Vol. xlv, Nos. 21-24.

and *bearded*, resting on the floor. The figure is represented as sitting, yet the head is some fifteen feet from the ground. The furrowed forehead and the rugged features, solemn and even severe, strike one with religious dread. From this we pass through a suite of rooms, the taste and appointment of which a female pen might appraise.*

A door leads into the library. It is a quadrilateral room, fitted from floor to ceiling with books; and lighted by two large southern windows, looking out on the valley, through which runs the stream that feeds the lake. A long table stands in the middle of the floor. It is covered with books, magazines, and letters; but all in perfect order, the letters being neatly tied with red tape.

From behind the table a tall figure rises, six feet two or three, and "straight as a Norwegian pine." The physique denotes endurance and strength, and a sinewy activity in younger days. A mantling of white hair is on the head; the face is long rather than round, and is clean-shaven—but O such a face! I will tell you what it reminded me of when first I saw it,—of a thing told in one of our delightful fairy tales. The princess, you know, being ill-treated by her step-mother, had to leave her father's palace. As she was lying disconsolate and alone, the good fairies came and poured a *sthoul* of beauty over her, so that everyone thereafter who looked upon her face could not but join her standard and fight for her cause.†

In manner, there is something excep-

* Both Sir Stephen and Mr. Aubrey de Vere are unmarried, and their amiable niece does the honors of the house for them.

† I know of no English word to convey the meaning of our expressive Irish word *sthoul*. It means a quantity of liquid in the act of being poured. Colloquially, the word is used still among the peasantry. If a milkmaid has some water or milk in the pail and she pours it, in play, on one of the servant-men, they say she poured a *sthoul* of water or of milk on him.

tionally gentle and serene in this delightful man. He is in no hurry, and he gets you into no hurry; but he at once leads off into a broad train of thought—something on which he expects, or knows, that you are at home, and from which he hopes to learn something.

Poetry and religion are his two dominant themes. In these two characteristics his poetry reminds one of Dante more than any other of the great poets. That resemblance, however, I qualify: he could have written Paradise or Purgatory, but I greatly doubt if he could have written the Inferno: his heart is too gentle for that. He has, as a matter of fact, written a Purgatory. He was so charmed by St. Catherine of Genoa's treatise on purgatory that he put the middle theme of it into verse. Like Dante, he loved those quaint but suggestive legends of the early Franciscan Fathers; and "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" is a favorite with him. While talking of Dante, I can add one item to his "Recollections" which will be of interest to lovers of the immortal Florentine. One evening at Curragh Chase, when we happened to be talking of Dante, I asked him which of all Dante's translators he considered the best—this I asked because I knew that, like every great poet, he was a worshiper of Dante; and because I knew, furthermore, that the Italian language was to him as his mother-tongue; and because I wanted to know for my own information.

"Oh, Cary's!" he replied. "I do not hesitate to say," he added, "if Dante were to arise from the grave and write his great work in the English language, he would have used Cary word for word. And," he continued, "I may say if there is any book that had more than another to do with my conversion, it was that work."

Among the English poets, while admiring them all, Wordsworth is his idol—has been a family idol; the De Veres

have all worshiped Wordsworth. It was indeed a treat to hear him, as he sat or reclined easily on the sofa, while the faint twilight enhanced the pleasure,—to hear him repeat poems of Wordsworth, and comment on them; but especially that great one, "The Excursion." It is to him I owe my appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry, as it is to the late Lord Emly I owe my esteem for the personal character of Scott.

In Mr. de Vere's works one does not well know whether to admire more his poetry or his prose; each is beautiful till you turn to the other. I do not know what others may think, but for myself I have always thought that "The Legends of St. Patrick," "Legends of the Saxon Saints," and his "Ancilla Domini," were his best. When reading "The Legends of St. Patrick," but especially while reading the struggling in prayer of the apostle on Mount Cruachan—

That great hill "of eagles" named—

I am reminded of Homer's "Iliad" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Each of the three brings in the supernatural; and the supernatural adds a new and mysterious charm (as when carefully handled it always must) to the subject-matter. While comparing these in my mind, I have felt convinced that greater power is shown in "The Striving of St. Patrick" than in the others. I do not refer to this to give my own view of it, but as an explanation of what I am going to say.

Being one day at Mount Trenchard, the home of Lord and Lady Montea^gle,* I ventured to say so to Mr. de Vere; and presently I was rewarded for my boldness, for he gave us the genesis of the poem. "When I read 'The Legend in Jocelyn,'" he said, "and found that the mountain was thickly strewn with small black forms, I asked myself what they could

typify. The minds of the men of the olden days were deeply spiritual, and read and saw the mysterious where we see but the commonplace. Legends of early days are full of these spiritual types and signs. We must weave the history of the day, and all the immediate surroundings of time and place, into the texture of the legend; and then, after long thought and consideration, as when gold meets the miner's gaze where the feet of the uninitiated had often trod, we light on the spiritual vein of thought that had illuminated the mind of the writer of those legends. Thinking then and considering, I came to the conclusion that these black forms could be no other than demons in disguise. And why were they there, and what particular request was Patrick making? Whatever he was asking for and striving to obtain, they were certainly endeavoring to prevent. Thus it was that by thinking long, and considering and meditating, that legend, 'The Striving of St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan,' came to be written."

All this, and more which I do not now remember, was told with as much simple innocence and unconscious effort as if a child were telling a story.

We will now look at him sitting alone in his library. His head is evenly poised, but thrown a little back; his face rapt in thought. Science has brought a new and wonderful glass to photograph the internal operations of muscles and flesh and joints. We will take it to read this heart and brain. See! he is thinking of the innocence of little children. A scene is before his mind. There is a convent in Adare close by, and he has seen the children issuing from that convent—

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

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

* The present Lord Montea^gle's grandfather was brother to Mr. de Vere's mother.

They meet before Our Lady's fane,
On yonder central rock it stands;
Uplifting—ne'er invoked in vain—
That cross which blesses all the lands.*

Now he is thinking of the holy home
at Nazareth—

Gladsome and pure was Eden's bower:
St. Joseph's house was holier far;
More rich in Love's angust dower,
More amply lit by Wisdom's star.

The Queen of Virgins, where he sate,
Beside him stood and watched his hand,—
His daughter-wife, his angel mate,
Submissive to his least command.

Hail, Patriarch blest and sage! On earth
Thine was the bridal of the skies!
Thy house was heaven; for by its hearth
A God reposed in mortal guise.†

He is thinking of Holy Mary under
the title "Tower of Ivory"—

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

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

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

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

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

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

On one occasion, while at Killarney, I
forgathered with a simple countryman,
who was seeing it for the first time.
As each new glory burst upon our
view, he exclaimed in our native Gaelic:
"O beauty on beauty!" As we turn the
pages of these works of Mr. de Vere,

but especially that one in honor of our
Blessed Lady—"May Carols; or, Ancilla
Domini,"—from which we have been
quoting, we can but echo the old man's
exclamation and surprise: "O beauty on
beauty! O beauty on beauty!"

There are loving hearts in hundreds
here in Ireland, as elsewhere, that worship
the print of those beautiful feet; loving
eyes that bless the day that lets them see
those venerable hairs and that beloved
face; loving minds that mingle daily the
aspiration with their prayers, "Long rest
that dear figure in that chair!"

R. O. K.

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

THE officers exchanged glances. They
were hungry. It was a long enough
march to the inn; and, above all, it was
important that their mission should be
accomplished quietly, without danger of
raising the country. So Captain Howe
and his subordinates agreed to dine with
Mr. Latouche, and followed him to the
dining-room, looking and acting as if it
were quite customary for rotund gentlemen
to button themselves into scant coats or to
wear small clothes—which were, indeed,
visibly too small for their wearer. It
required all James' years of training to
prevent the smile which would come to
his face at sight of the grotesque figure
painfully limping along beside the trim
Captain, who was gravely discoursing as
they went.

"Maybe you'll find us a bit rough,"
said Mr. Latouche, as he seated himself
at the head of the table; "but the heart's
in the right place, and I bid you *caed
mille failthe*. I suppose you know what
that is, gentlemen. The more you enjoy

* "Amor Innocentium," "May Carols," p. 19.

† "Joseph, Her Husband," "May Carols," p. 41.

‡ "Turrus Eburnea," "May Carols," p. 74.

yourselves and the longer you stay, the better it'll please me."

"I thank you for your courtesy," said the Captain, graciously.

"Don't mention it!" said Matt, with an extraordinary grimace, drawing up first one foot and then the other.

The table was set with so faultless a precision, and James' service was so excellent, that more and more the wonder of the guests grew that such a man should sit at the head of such a table. But for their preconceived theories of the wild Irishman, supported by hints thrown out by James, Matt could scarcely have escaped detection, even though his native shrewdness and some knowledge of the ways of gentleness enabled him to carry off the situation better than might have been supposed. James gave him what assistance he could by sundry hints and signs, in such manner that had they been observed they might readily have been ascribed to the anxiety of a well-trained servant to keep up his master's credit.

Of course, during the progress of the meal there were several critical situations, and when the Captain conversed upon some topic of the day—which was all Greek to poor Matt,—or introduced the subject of Dublin society.

"You were up in Dublin last season, Mr. Latouche; were you not?"

"I was that," answered Matt, who had indeed gone thither with his master.

"And, of course, you must have met the beautiful Miss Fitzroy?"

"Yes, I had the honor and pleasure of meetin' her," said Matt.

But he knew that he was on delicate ground, and James stood listening with the liveliest apprehension. Miss Fitzroy was their young master's betrothed, the beauty of a London season, the lodestar in her own country, possessing a splendid property in addition to her personal attractions. Mr. Latouche had, indeed, been the envied and congratulated of his whole

circle. His younger brother wrote to him from India: "You sinner! How the dickens did you ever deserve such infernally good luck?"

So Matt saw himself in the new and serious difficulty of carrying himself as the favored suitor and prospective husband of the most beautiful and aristocratic woman in the county.

"Yes, I had the honor and pleasure of meetin' her," repeated Matt—adding to himself: "And I carried her wraps to the carriage when she and the master were goin' for a drive."

"A charming woman," said one of the younger officers.

"She is that!" exclaimed Matt, with genuine enthusiasm. "There isn't her like between the four seas, the darlint. She's a jewel and no mistake."

"And to think of her being engaged to that clodhopper!" said a still younger officer to himself. He had sat silent and disgusted throughout the meal, but he was now trying to signal his commander that the subject had better be dropped. He saw that Captain Howe was ignorant of the engagement.

"Were you present," said the Captain, "when she was presented at the castle?"

"Well, no, I wasn't," said Matt; "bein' prevented by pressin' engagements."

"But I thought I read your name in the accounts."

"All a mistake," said Matt. And here he gave utterance to something between a groan and a howl, drawing up first one leg and then the other. His guests looked startled for a moment; and then the Captain asked, with concern:

"I fear you are a sufferer from the disease which ever dogs the prosperous?"

"I *am* a sufferer, sir, and that's God's truth," groaned poor Matt.

"Have you been long afflicted in that way?" inquired the Captain.

"Long enough, the Lord knows!"

"Have you tried any remedy?"

"There's only one will do me the least good," answered Matt.

"And what is that?"

"To get off these cursed boots, and that I'm goin' to do without delay."

The officers looked astounded; and James gave Matt a kick, which, touching the already afflicted part, caused the long-suffering one to turn fiercely upon his fellow-servant.

"Oh, manners or no manners, James, I can't endure them shoes on my feet a moment longer!"

"I see, sir,—it's your gout, sir. Took you bad this afternoon, sir," said James.

"Well, at any rate, I'm afeard I'll have to withdraw altogether, and leave you, gentlemen, to finish your dinner."

The dessert was already upon the table.

"Mr. Latouche," the Captain went on, whilst the younger men were fairly convulsed with ill-repressed laughter, "it is now time, I think, that I made known to you the unwelcome nature of our visit here. I presume you may have some inkling of it?"

"Divil a lie in that," said Matt. "I have a considerable inklin' of it."

"A more ungracious task never fell to my lot," said the Captain, "than to be compelled to inform you, who have so hospitably entertained us, that you are our prisoner, and on a grave charge."

"And a pretty condition I'm in to be anybody's prisoner," said Matt, ruefully.

"Your state of health makes my duty the harder," said Captain Howe, who was one of those men—somewhat rare at that period—who in their conduct toward the Irish showed themselves full of humanity.

"I hope you'll not hinder me from changin' me clothes?" said Matt.

"Certainly not, provided you give me your word that you will make no attempt to escape."

"Escape, is it?" said Matt. "Sure, sir, I couldn't walk from here across the lawn to be crowned king at Tara."

"But you promise?"

"Sure I *have* to promise when I can't walk," replied Matt.

"In any case, my men are stationed at all points," said the officer; "but your promise is sufficient."

"Very well, then. I'll go up to me dressin'-room and strive to get a little ease before I go with you."

He passed out of the room, evidently in great agony, as ludicrous a figure as ever the sun shone upon. James looked after him in dismay.

"They must be thundering idiots!" he said to himself, with a glance of contempt at the officers. "And a good thing, too."

The officers, who, at Matt's suggestion, had again seated themselves at the table, further to discuss the wine, unrestrained by the presence of their singular host, burst into a hearty laugh.

"If that's a specimen of your fine old Irish gentleman!" said the supercilious sub, who had scarcely deigned to join in the conversation during dinner.

"He doesn't look particularly dangerous to the state," observed the other young officer, who had a face beaming with good-nature. "One would hardly fancy him plotting treasons, spoils, and the rest."

"It's his name and influence that are mischievous," replied the Captain; "the more so that he would be sure to be made a cat's-paw of."

"His wine is prime," said the good-natured lieutenant.

Upon this they all agreed, lingering awhile over it. They finally arose from table, and James went off to repeat what he had heard to his fellow-conspirator. He found Matt seated in the dressing-room, with a very rueful countenance; alternately rubbing his feet and snapping his fingers, to express the violence of his pain.

"O James dear," he said, "what I'm sufferin'! The divil take them shoes! If I had never put them on, bad cess to them!

And for the love of goodness, man, don't stand grinnin' there, but help me off with this coat."

So James unwound the folds of the cravat, and began to tug at the coat with might and main.

"Them cursed shoes," said Matt, looking venomously at his enemies as they lay upon the floor, "spoiled everything. I'd have kept them another hour below, if I could have stood the pain of it."

"And now what's to be done?" asked James, striving hard to repress his inclination to laugh aloud. "You can't go with them in those clothes."

"I'd sooner be taken to instant execution!" cried Matt, relieving himself by expanding his long-contracted chest with a series of deep breaths. "If I'm able to bear a shoe on me foot at all," he continued, "I'll put on me own, and me own clothes, too; and then I'll be able to have me wits about me."

"But the game will be up, if you go down in your own togs," said James.

"No: there's a cloak of Mr. Latouche's behind the door there," said Matt; "and once I get down to the inn, I don't care a *thraneen* whether they find me out or not. The master's had an hour and a half already; and, with the worst luck at all, he'll have another hour."

"Where is he gone?"

But this was a question Matt would not answer even to James, whom he knew to be honest, discreet, and devoted to his master. Still he was an Englishman, and no syllable would drop from Matt's lips as to that secret resort in the mountain which held the lives of so many unfortunate gentlemen.

"I make no doubt he'll soon be where they can't catch him."

"But you?" inquired James.

"Oh, that's little matter!" said Matt.

"They may put you in jail," James went on, anxiously.

For one moment a shadow fell upon Matt's face. Jails, peelers and soldiers had always held a particular terror for him, having been held over him in boyhood as a bugaboo is over other children.

"Well, if they do," he said, slowly, "I suppose I'll get out some way or other, with the help of God and His Blessed Mother. Any way, it's better me than the young master; for with him it would surely be transportation—maybe worse."

"Matt," said James, "I like you—I do indeed. You're a right down good sort, and I never expected to say as much to any Irishman."

"Nor to hear one say it to you," returned Matt. "And it isn't often we can say such a word of a Sassenach."

With this exchange of international civilities, the oddly-matched pair shook hands; and Matt, enveloped in Mr. Latouche's cloak, which for the time being prevented all risk of detection, went down to his captors.

"Sure, then, I'm very sorry you were interrupted in your dinners," said Matt; "and me that had to leave you. Maybe, gentlemen, you'd have a drop of somethin' else before you go?"

This proposal being declined, Matt expressed himself ready to go with them.

"Do you feel yourself able to walk?" asked Captain Howe. "For I was about to suggest that you might order the carriage."

Matt reflected. This was a further opportunity for delay.

"Well, then, thank you kindly, sir. I'll do that same."

And as he sat back in the carriage, with Captain Howe beside him, he said to himself:

"If we can get another hour, he'll be as far as Ballyellis; and after that Billy Byrnes will take care of him."

Such was the popular confidence in the Wicklow hero.

Oribates.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

UP, brethren; up! Be journeying and doing,—

True children of the Father whom we seek;
Plainward the land is smiling for your ruin,
Hillward the sun is fierce, the winds are bleak.

And if some shadow, o'er the pathway lying,
Its flitting, sheltering alternation throw,
There rest, and hear the mountain breezes sighing,

Awhile—but brave men will not lag below:
Shall we do so?

Why do we laugh? The power of fate
around us

Draws us still nearer to a nameless goal;
The impenetrable banks of cloud that bound
us

Hide, while they work, the sentence of the
soul.

Why do we sigh? The hills are steep above
us,

And bright and fair the place from whence
we go;

Yet He who placed us in the road must love
us,

The land we seek be fairer than below:
Is it not so?

●

In the Battle for Bread.

FOR HOLY FAITH.

BY T. SPARROW.

IV.

WINNIE was not strong-minded, and trouble soon overpowered her. She felt afraid to meet Mr. Montrose; Miss Grant's sharp words had cut her like a knife. She wandered aimlessly through the squares and gardens, puzzling her weary brain as to where the cheque could have gone.

"It seems as if I were cursed," she said to herself. "Who will employ me now?"

The more she thought, the more hopeless she became. Even her mother might not believe her, and how could she ever apply for a situation again?

"It does not matter what becomes of me now," she murmured, wearily. "I may as well give up altogether."

In vain the sun shone its brightest; in vain the water-birds floated gracefully before her eyes; in vain the dewdrops, memento of an April shower, glistened on fern and leaf and flower. Winnie nursed her woe abjectly, and with almost a defiant pleasure in the acme of her pain.

"I have never done anything wrong," he said. "Why am I tried like this?"

At length she set out, forlornness in her very attitude. Mechanically she made her way to her office. It was eleven o'clock as she entered the room, and she was surprised that nothing was changed. The clerk was working quietly, and took no notice of her as she passively removed her hat and cape. She seated herself at her desk, and began sorting some letters which had been standing over. She would dearly have loved to know if Mr. Montrose had come, but her tongue clove to her mouth when she tried to ask the question. After all, why hasten the fateful moment? The blow would be bad enough when it *did* fall. Presently a hand-bell rang; the clerk went into the inner room. He was there, then; and the girl gasped for breath. It seemed ages before the boy reappeared. And was it fancy that made her detect a note of malice in his tones?

"Master's compliments, please, Miss; and, when it is quite convenient to you, will you step his way?"

She rose at once, pushing her damp hair from her forehead with a despairing little gesture.

"You sent for me?" she began, in a dull, far-away voice, as he motioned her courteously to a seat.

"Yes, Miss Reid, on a matter of some importance."

Never had he looked so handsome. His eyes were soft and sparkling; his mouth was firm but kind. His figure, tall and well proportioned, stood out in strong relief against a massive light oak screen; and the boldly chiselled features, cut in purest ivory, struck her with a new air of determination and protection.

"Miss Reid," he went on again, after a short pause, "I may find it necessary to go abroad."

She gave an imperceptible start, but did not speak.

"During my absence—which may or may not be of long duration—I should like you to take entire and absolute control of this office."

This was so totally unexpected that Winnie involuntarily sprang to her feet.

"But of course," he continued, with a pleased smile at her girlish action, "I should not give you such a responsibility without considering it in your salary. If I doubled it, would you be content?"

The tears were coursing down poor Winnie's cheeks.

"Don't—don't go on!" she panted. "You would not trust me, I am sure, if you knew all."

"Is there any objection?" he asked, and his eyes beamed radiant and glowing on the agitated girl. "I trust you because I know you, Winnie."

"You don't—you don't!" she cried, brokenly. "That cheque you gave me—it is gone!"

"How?" he asked, so quietly that his very composure increased her agitation.

"You won't believe me if I tell you the truth!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands.

He bent toward her, his eyes glittering strangely as he answered:

"Yes, I *will* believe you—your word against everyone."

Then Winnie told her story, his very kindness making it difficult to restrain her sobs.

He waited patiently to the end; then he spoke, with studied carelessness:

"You show your ignorance of the corruption of the world by the way you take this trifle to heart. It is an accident that might happen to any one; I blame myself for throwing it in your way. It was mere selfishness on my part; and never—never shall I forgive myself if you do not promise to forget the incident as speedily as I shall."

"But the money?" said Winnie, aghast at his *insouciance*.

The man laughed, showing his perfect white teeth.

"Well, I am mercenary enough to endeavor to recover that by all legitimate means. But, first, could you not go back and have a thorough search?"

There was a peculiar gleam in his eyes, which Winnie observed; but her own emotions absorbed her.

"I will never enter that house," she exclaimed, with a petulant stamp of the foot, "till my character is cleared! I have been insulted, and I don't forget it."

He looked amused at this outburst of temper, but he let it pass. He took out his watch and looked at it as he rose.

"I still adhere to my offer," he said. "I shall be back this afternoon. Think it over and give me your answer then."

The girl smiled up at him through her tears.

"I accept it so gladly!" she responded, tremulously. "And, believe me, nothing I can do for you will make me feel out of your debt."

"Would you like to be out of it in your estimation?" he said, bending over her. "Winnie, will you marry me, and let me take care of you forever? You love me a little; but do you care for me enough to fly with me to-night across the Channel? I will make you my wife when once safe in France. I have to hide from the law, and must go. Come with me, and be my guardian angel."

Those two last words woke echoes in the girl's vacillating heart. She withdrew her fascinated gaze.

"I can not," she murmured. "I am a Catholic."

He made an impatient movement, but his tones were as caressing as ever.

"So be it, *carissima!* But come with me to-night, and we will be married in any Catholic church you like in Paris. What more could you desire?"

Still the girl hesitated, trembling from head to foot.

"Well, give me your answer when I return this afternoon," he said, gently. "I have an appointment I must keep now; but the hours will drag till I am once again in your presence."

He took her hand and softly raised it to his lips, then he quietly withdrew.

Winnie went about her work that day in a state of stupor. She was too worn out to play with the tempter. She knew what was right; but, nevertheless, she meant to do wrong.

"I am driven," she said to herself. "I can not accept his post if I refuse him; and to refuse means starvation. Good people have cast me off. Who can blame me if I cling to the bad?"

For Winnie, in spite of her fascination, did not blind herself as to her ultimate deterioration.

"He will make me do whatever he wills," she said; "and his will is for cheating and lying and fraud."

Yet the glamour of his ways and his glances was upon her, and she never meant to resist, the yielding costing scarce a struggle. She was sullen in her resentment against the treatment she had received from "good" people.

"He believes in me, and they don't," was her angry cry. "I owe him all, and them nothing."

Dusk came, but Mr. Montrose did not return. Winnie found her nerves fluttering wildly. At five o'clock she sent the

clerk away, resolving to wait for him alone. In spite of herself she shivered at every sound in the gathering dark; and unconsciously began a hurried *Ave Maria*, to draw herself up with a sob in her throat; for why should Our Lady listen to any petition of hers?

The gathering gloom deepened, and still she was alone; six o'clock came and went; seven—and he did not appear. Thoroughly frightened, Winnie quietly crept down the stairs, not daring any longer to be alone.

To the Grants' she stubbornly refused to go; but she had no money, she was houseless and without friends. Suddenly she thought of me; and, plucking up courage, she made her way to where I was living. Crouching at my feet, she poured out her tale of woe. Thank God, I was able to give her shelter; for the girl was quite worn out, and was only too glad to leave her fate in stronger hands than her own.

It took a little time to unravel her affairs. Ultimately it transpired that Mr. Cecil Montrose had been caught by the police, by whom he was wanted for fraudulent transactions on the turf. His name was an *alias*, and his general reputation was shady. So well known was he that it was difficult for him to retain the services of any one of strict integrity and honor; and, fully aware of this fact, he had seized upon poor innocent Winnie, anxious to bind her to him to minister as a decoy-duck to his multifarious dark deeds and wicked wiles.

Five years was the sentence he got, and during the first week of his detention he wrote the following epistle to his former amanuensis:

DEAR MISS REID:—To apologize for my conduct would be neither here nor there; I must trust to your magnanimity to think as well of it as you can. Believe me, toward you it was always heartfelt and sincere. But one point I feel bound

to elucidate for the effect it may have on your future career? That cheque for fifteen pounds was *never* in your possession. I gave you an empty envelope unsealed. You looked inside only on the morning you missed it; hence your terror at its supposed disappearance. I did this intentionally, feeling that gratitude would bind you to me more closely than any other bond. The means seemed cruel, did they not? But you would have found me a kind master, and in many ways a willing slave. Now, two pieces of worldly advice I give you: never say you were in my employ—it will not add to your reputation,—and forget me as soon as possible; the memory of bad things is a bitter taste in the mouth.

Your sincere well-wisher,

CECIL MONTROSE.

Winnie was a wee bit romantic, and I think a few tears were shed over this strange epistle. She was too young to grasp all she had been saved from, though she was deeply grateful to God for His mercy in so carefully tending one of the stray lambs of His fold.

Miss Grant remained severely obdurate. In her heart she never forgave Winnie for causing her brother pain. She made a chary apology for her accusation, but Winnie never felt welcome when she made her distant calls.

The mystery of the first cheque was never satisfactorily cleared up. It was remembered that a fox-terrier was lying on Winnie's sofa—a pup that gnawed all it could get hold of. It was supposed that it worked the envelope, unperceived by us, from the interior of the muff, and gnawed it to a pulp, taking it to a corner for this purpose. True it is that the next morning a servant found a roll of undistinguishable stuff on the floor and tossed it into the fire. It may or may not have been the cheque. It never was cashed at any bank, and no detective ever found a clue.

As to little Winnie, when her health was regained we found her a pleasant situation as companion to a Catholic lady travelling on the Continent; and in a short time the memory of her attempt to face alone the perils of London life faded in a present rich in true friends, the blessings of religion, and the prospect of a good, steady husband, who could shelter her from ever again having to encounter the shady side of a sad and sinful world.

(The End.)

The Burden of the Hours.

BY JANET GRANT.

“GOD orders the hours and the burden they carry. Patience yet a short while, my Nicholas, and you may go where you will,” faltered old Petroff the serf, as he lay ill upon his bed, which, as usual among the Russian moujiks, was also the top of the brick-encased stove that stood in the centre of the one-roomed hut, and was much the same as choosing a couch above a baker's oven.

“Hush, hush, little father!” replied the young man, with a sob in his voice. “Gladly will I forego all other plans and remain here to wrest a subsistence from the soil for us both, as hitherto. Truly, I must have failed in some duty or loving service that you should so reproach me. I am only a rough fellow, little father; but in my heart is all the tenderness with which my mother, were she still on earth, would have cared for you. If you were called away, I should be alone in the world; and, moreover, how could I hope for the blessing of the good God if I harbored the thoughts of which you would seem to accuse me—”

“No, no! verily I meant no shade of blame,” interrupted the septuagenarian, raising his bony hand in deprecation:

"My dear daughter, your mother—the saints obtain fresh glory for her!—could not have tended me more faithfully than you, my Nicholas,—the blessing of the Saviour and my blessing be with you forever. But, for my part, I am ready to go, Nicholawitch; for me death will be a release from the house of bondage."

To Petroff the surname of the serf still clung because of his tragic history. Some two score years before the abolition of serfdom in Russia, he had been born upon the estate where our story now finds him stricken with the infirmities of age.

A legend says it is the angels who sometimes bring to the cradle of the peasant child gifts of genius, cleverness, or talent denied to those of higher station. Petroff, in fact, was not extraordinarily endowed; nevertheless, he early proved quicker and brighter than his companions.

Curiously enough, although the serf was held to be the property of the master, the particular plot of ground upon which he lived was his own; he owed the labor of three days a week to his lord, but on the other days he might work for himself. In this manner he might, with much energy and remarkable frugality, lay up a small sum of money, which would enable him in the end to hire his time, through the mediation of the overseer, and go away to obtain employment elsewhere.

This Petroff managed to accomplish. He went to St. Petersburg, met with rare success, and in twenty years built up a business which served to keep his family in comfort; notwithstanding the fact that the nobleman whose chattel he was considered, regularly demanded and received a large proportion of his earnings. But one day, without warning, this prince, for a fancied grievance and in an outburst of anger, ordered his prosperous serf back to the estate,—would listen to no entreaties, no appeals even to his self-interest; and consequently Petroff, without any hope of redress, was forced to return with his

wife and children to the slavery of his former condition.

The injustice and degradation soon unbalanced his mind, so that when emancipation came he could not credit the truth. Although then only of middle age, he was too broken to attempt to regain what he had lost. But his son Ivan, giving up all claim to the land as compelled by the decree ere he could leave the village, departed to seek a place for himself in the world. Whether he found it or whether the wolves of the trackless waste through which he was obliged to travel found him, those left behind in the rude, straw-thatched hut never learned.

But now the dying Petroff enjoined upon his grandson Nicholas, the last of his race remaining in the humble home, to seek for Ivan or intelligence of him, and deliver to him, if possible, a missive scrawled upon a scrap of sheepskin and sewed up in a cover of the same,—a message of forgiveness for his supposed desertion, on condition that, if prosperous, he would assist the messenger to make his way in life.

A few weeks later Petroff the serf was no more; and Nicholas, utterly ignorant of the import of the message, but eager to obey the last wishes of the old man, set out upon his apparently hopeless search, with a far greater store of courage in his heart than of coin in his pouch.

But his trust in Providence was not disappointed; for from no village to which he came was he suffered by the villagers to go away without a night's safe shelter or a meal of cabbage soup and black bread; while whenever a circumstance arose where he was in doubt how to act, he cast himself on his knees before the next wayside shrine, and begged the aid of Our Lady of Kazan or of St. Sergius, and his course was straightway made plain.

It was the summer season; and having the fortune to overtake a party of itinerant merchants returning from the fair at

Nijnii-Novgorod, he journeyed with them to the city of Peter the Great. Not even its wonders or the bewildering activity of the Gostina Dvor (the mercantile quarter) could, however, divert the simple peasant from asking any of the citizens whom he dared address if they knew aught of Ivan Kriegoff, son of Petroff the serf. But day after day his quest was vain. Ultimately, when his money was gone and his spirit despondent, he fell in with the mate of a trading vessel, was pressed into the service, and became a sailor on the Baltic.

Three years passed. Nicholas was no longer an unsophisticated moujik, but a brave, wide-awake young seaman,—lithe and agile from much going aloft, with a bronzed face, a frank smile that won for him much kindly feeling, and a heart that was still pure and upright, despite his adverse environment.

He had made many voyages and sought in many ports for Ivan Kriegoff; sought longingly, too, as well as in pursuance of a vow to his celestial patron to fulfil the desire of his grandfather,—for it is a lonely thing to drift without kith or kin upon the tide of time, like flotsam or jetsam from an abandoned craft that is awaited in no home harbor.

“Soon I will leave the ship and search through the inland cities,” he resolved.

This determination recurred to him when, after an adventurous cruise, he chanced to find himself at Cronstadt, with six months' pay in his possession.

“The saints be praised! all the world is bound for Moscow,” was his next reflection; and such, in truth, seemed the case. For the date appointed for the crowning of the young Czar had nearly come, and from every town and hamlet of the empire the inhabitants of all ranks, from the haughtiest prince to the humblest peasant, flocked to the ancient capital to witness the coronation pageant, and share in a greater or less degree in the festivities.

To Moscow, then, would he go likewise. His grandfather Petroff had been subjected to a grievous wrong; his parents had died victims of a system of cruel oppression. However, Nicholas was not a nihilist; to him the Czar was still the protector and defender of the people. The government might be to blame; but the Great White Czar, the mighty ruler of the mightiest empire on earth, would right all wrongs did he but know them.

Such were the loyal sentiments of the sailor as he entered the old metropolis, and beheld its hundreds of shining domes. But, notwithstanding the surging of the throngs about him, notwithstanding the fascinations of the novel scene, he did not forget the main purpose of his wanderings. Before the little niche, with its image of Christ or the Madonna, at the corner of almost every street, he paused to offer a petition that he might fulfil his promise to his grandfather, and deliver to Ivan Kriegoff old Petroff's missive; and when he chanced to enter a shop he always turned to the holy picture or icon which was sure to be discovered in one of its four corners, to collect his thoughts as he repeated the same prayer.

At last came the evening before the coronation. Dusk, like the widespread, black wings of the imperial eagles, overshadowed the city; and the thoroughfares, canopied by the flags of all nations by day, became gorgeous arcades of colored lights by night.

As in a dream, Nicholas contemplated the splendid panorama; as in a dream he strode on until he reached the Kremlin, whose every turret, dome and minaret was ablaze with wreaths and garlands of electric light. While, lost in admiration, he loitered near one of the five imposing entrances through the strong walls of the historic fortress, he was recalled to what was going on around him by a commotion before the archway. A concourse of people stood gazing up at the tall tower of the

gate, and exclamations of dissatisfaction were to be heard upon all sides.

The cause of the excitement was easily to be divined—the massive cross which surmounted the lofty tower was still in darkness.

“What is the reason of this?” a man near by asked of a neighbor in the crowd.

“The lamps and wires were not properly strung, and it is too late to do anything now,” was the response.

“It is not a good omen that amid all the splendor of the Czar’s welcome there should be a shadowed cross,” pursued the first speaker. “The cross should gleam in glory high above all the other illuminations. If the honor due the Redeemer be forgotten, what prosperity can attend Russia? The matter should be seen to. When the cross shines not above the black eagles, in vain shall they spread their wings; in vain shall the White Czar come to Moscow to be crowned.”

He spoke strongly and in part figuratively; for clearly over more than one of the domes of the Kremlin glowed the sacred symbol. But the darkened cross above the gateway troubled the multitude.

“St. Nicholas obtain that it bode no ill!” was the frequent comment.

Several officials were scurrying about, uneasy over the incident, but not knowing what to do; for, although the electric current had been turned off at this point, and despite the demands of the consequential that the oversight should be remedied, the complaints of others, and the murmurings of the moujiks, no one was willing to take the risk of climbing by night to the dizzy height of the tower. Opportunely, one of the officers caught sight of Nicholas.

“Why, here is a sailor! Surely he will dare it,” he called to a subaltern. “Come, my jolly mariner! I wot you have mounted as high in the rigging, and peered down with a steady head into the depths of the blue seas over which you

hung. A place in the foremost line of spectators of the procession to-morrow—no small prize when princes are bidding fortunes for the same,—if you will ascend the tower and restring the lamps.”

Nicholas measured the height with his eyes and shook his head.

“Not for the reward, tempting as it is,” he began; “but—” and then, as if on second thought, checking his refusal, he repeated,—“not for the reward, but—well, I will do it.”

His decision was greeted with a round of applause. After attending carefully to the instructions given him, and with the necessary tools, gloves, and a coil of wire slung over his shoulder, the venturesome fellow began the ascent. At first it was no difficult matter to one accustomed to lofty climbing; some one had been up there already to adjust the lights, he considered; and what *has been* done can be done again. Before many minutes, however, he began to climb up the surface of the cross itself—a feat hazardous enough in the broad day; but now, amid the glare of the illuminations that cast such deceptive shadows, an awe-inspiring undertaking. Presently he stood upon an arm of the cross—stood poised as in mid-air.

Beneath him lay the city, with the river Moskva winding through it in the shape of the letter S,—the city with its palaces and hovels; beneath him also were many of its domes and spires, and in the foreground the grand buildings of the Kremlin, where the coronation was to take place on the morrow. But, intrepid as he was, Nicholas dared not look down; and the on-lookers below were silent, and followed his every motion with bated breath. Dauntlessly he climbed out on one side of the cross, next upon the other; again reaching up to the head, tightening the wires and setting the faulty lamps in order. It was achieved slowly and with difficulty; but at length the work was finished, and he descended to a projection

a few yards below the apex of the tower.

From first to last the young sailor had not hesitated, his courage had never flinched; but now, when he had reached a position of comparative safety, he paused a moment, bent over as in prayer; and, unconscious of all the world, there, far above the restless strivings and success or failures of men, above the pomp and magnificence of imperial royalty itself,—there in space, as a soul before God, in humble thanksgiving for his preservation during the performance of his perilous task, he devoutly made the Sign of the Cross upon his breast three times.

But the populace, watching him so intently from the ground, beheld the action. They, too, crossed themselves, and fervid cheers like a grand "Amen" told that their sympathies were with him.

"A brave fellow, in faith!" ejaculated a stout burgher's wife from a distant town, weeping in her nervousness; "and pious as he is mettlesome. Do you not see, it was reverence for the Holy Cross that led him to undertake the feat—this and the love of country? For he knew it was not meet that the cross should be darkened and the Czar coming to be crowned."

"A rash act, think I," grumbled the burgher, who was still more portly and more gorgeous in his gala apparel than his rubicund better half.

"Ah! but the motive, good man?" she persisted. "It is a noble motive that makes the heart truly fearless. Verily, I wot the Saviour upheld him. Had our darling Ivanowitch been spared to us, I would he had grown to be like to this young man."

She lingered a few minutes longer, and then turned away. Her husband strove to elbow a path through the crush; but as she toiled and struggled to keep up with him, her progress was soon entirely impeded; and suddenly she came face to face with Nicholas himself, as he vainly essayed to break away from the press of

people who would fain make of him the lion of the next quarter of an hour.

The light of the lanterns, hanging in a long festoon from a graceful Venetian mast, fell full upon him. She peered into his countenance, and the next moment fell back with a cry of—

"The saints be praised! One might well take him for our Ivanowitch waxed older and stronger. Good man, look! Is it not a remarkable resemblance?"

"Ivanowitch?" echoed Nicholas, eagerly addressing the perturbed woman by whose ample proportions his escape had been thus forcibly arrested. "The name is found in well-nigh every family—yet, do you perchance know one Ivan Kriegoff?"

Before she could reply, the burgher wheeled around abruptly.

"And what is wanted of Ivan Kriegoff?" he demanded with brusqueness. Perceiving, however, in part from the huzzas which pursued him, that the inquirer was the hero of the gateway, he added in a milder tone: "What can Ivan Kriegoff do for you, my friend? For I am he."

At this declaration, Nicholas appeared as if turned into a statue. His astonishment was so profound that it deprived him of all power of motion, of sensation—almost of thought.

"You are Ivan, son of Petroff the serf!" he stammered at length, like one just awakening.

"Who presumes so to name my father to me? There is no longer serfdom in Russia," answered the burgher, his voice again assuming a ring of impatience.

"No: even Petroff the serf is free: he died about three years since," continued the sailor, quietly.

"And was he until that time among the living?" said Ivan Kriegoff, with a start of emotion. "Ah, how cruelly I was deceived! Long ago I tried to communicate with him, but was informed that death had claimed all my family. Yet who may you be, young man?"

"Nicholas Stroloff, your sister's son," responded the other, meeting the keen glance that would read him through.

"So Catherine married my whilom comrade," said the burgher, brushing his hand across his eyes. "But you shall tell me the rest directly."

And, heedless of the gaping auditors, he signalled Nicholas to follow him; plunged once more through the crowd, and led the way to a *traktir*, or eating-house; while his worthy spouse trudged after, repeating to herself:

"Holy St. Nicholas, it is like a miracle! Our own Ivanowitch, as it were, come to life again!"

The following day the fortunate sailor beheld a truly wonderful scene. The high banks of the Kremlin, the streets around it, the shores of the river that divides the city, were black with people; and among them, an atom of the swaying mass, he waited for the passing of one of the most splendid spectacles of the century.

"It comes! it comes!" was the intelligence after long waiting; and the shout was speedily taken up by thousands of voices.

Then he saw sweep by, like the slow, steady swell of the ocean, "three miles of armed and mounted soldiers: the fierce Cossacks in their scarlet tunics, their breasts glittering with silver cartridge cases, their head-covering huge structures of black astrakhan; dwarfish troops from Finland; yellow-faced Tartars in furs; Mongolians in silver robes; wild-eyed, long-haired horsemen from Turkestan; and the Pamirs, with spear points as long as a sword-blade. After these came the Russian senate in coats of gold, with ostrich plumes in their peaked hats; the ambassadors and governors of provinces, with their peculiarly costumed suites; Scotch Highlanders in kilt and plaid; Servians, Chinese, in green brocade, with enormous fur hats; Japanese, English, and French; Hungarian nobles in satins;

Maharajahs from India, with silken turbans; members of the Russian court in cloth of gold; and the long line of visiting princes."

He saw the gilded coach of the Czarina drawn by eight snow-white horses, the bits in whose mouths were of pure gold. He even caught a glimpse of the Czarina—a vision of womanly beauty, enveloped in a cloud of white and silver—as she bowed to the multitude from behind a screen of glass; and finally he saw the mighty Czar, the centre and cause of all this brilliant display,—the Czar, in a colonel's uniform, riding a superb charger, and turning his face from side to side, as with his white-gloved hand he touched his astrakhan cap in salutation to his subjects.

And amid the acclamations that rose like a great wind along the way, no voice joined with more enthusiasm than that of the gallant seaman; for the heart of Nicholas the sailor went out to Nicholas the Emperor, not only because he was the hereditary ruler of all the Russias, but because he too was a young man, with life and its opportunities for noble deeds before him.

Hours passed, and still the countless hosts waited until, all at once, from every bell in the city pealed forth the tidings that the heir of the Romanoffs had assumed the imperial crown; cannon boomed the news across the river, and the telegraph bore it to all parts of the world.

But Nicholas the sailor envied not, nor would he have changed places even with Nicholas the Czar; for to him it seemed as if no one could be more blessed or happy than he that day; since he knew again the ties of kindred, and was already regarded as a son by his Uncle Ivan and the burgher's kind-hearted wife. Through an heroic fidelity to what he deemed his duty, he had laid the foundation of his own fortunes.

The Divine Spark.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

GOD is good; and wherever there is a spark of the divine goodness, He can, if He will, kindle it into flame. Persons may be hopelessly besotted and degraded; they may be utterly without the pale of what we call respectability, steeped in all that defiles; yet somewhere, hidden from human eyes under the ashes of a wasted life, there may be the little fire. So the Reporter says.

I am glad to have the Reporter upon my list of friends. If the woes of the world appall me, he has some sweet story of human sympathy, which makes me feel once more that the earth is not a desert or a bear-garden. If I grow callous, he touches the fountain of my tears with a history so pitiful that I am melted out of my stony indifference. If I grow pessimistic because the wrong things refuse to be set right, he waves his flag of genial optimism, and all is confidence once more. If there is a burden which seems too heavy to be borne, he has at his tongue's end recitals of woes which make my load like thistle-down. And if I stoutly maintain that there are natures so depraved that their owners have lost all likeness to God's image, he just as stoutly declares that, although human eyes may be too blind to see the divine spark, God knows where to look.

The life of a reporter on a great city daily makes him as many-sided as a finely cut diamond. He must be stolid enough to witness an execution without shrinking; learned enough to discuss the latest astronomical discoveries with a visiting savant; so tender-hearted that he can touch the sensibilities of the reader by the story of an accident to a child; so brave that he can rescue that child from death if need be; a master of English,

well smattered in other tongues; persuasive, stern when occasion requires; sober, strong, alert, vigilant, with an unerring eye for the heroic and picturesque. Let me testify that some of the noblest characters I have ever known have been these sleepless knights of the note-book.

So, as I said, it is a pleasure to have the Reporter for a friend, and to tell others of a scene upon which he chanced in the varied round of his duties. It concerned the "divine spark," which is one of his pet hobbies.

There is, we all know, underneath the great city in which he pursues his calling, another world. There exists and throbs machinery which transforms grimy material into light and beauty; there are the vast storehouses of fuel; the motive power of public transportation; the wires which chain the lightning and the pipes which conduct the water. And in rooms underground there is a world of which respectable people have never heard: dark holes where criminals hide; cellars where the hunted live like rats; places from which no one emerges except to plunder or to kill.

Into one of these dens duty one day took the Reporter. He had had unsavory assignments, but none like this. In the weird light, people looked distorted and uncanny; crime was stamped on every face, and he knew that but for police protection his life would not have been worth a song. He wanted to "interview" old Meg, the terror of that under-world. Regarding an incident of the war, there was something which she knew, and which was known to no one else. When his errand became evident, he was looked upon by his *confrères* with dismay. The woman he sought was thought to be so steeped in crime, so violent in speech and action, so lost to everything except evil impulses, that his errand was considered that of a madman. But he went on, and he soon found old Meg; and she

was stirring corn-meal gruel, so that no one who came near her should go away hungry! She had a little pension, which was wealth compared with the pittances of her companions; and she shared it with them; and was, in her own poor way, a benefactor.

The Reporter procured his information, tasted the gruel, left a coin on the table, and departed happy. Again had he proved his theory: again had he found the divine spark.

What he did we may do. Although the behest of duty may not call us to the abodes of outcasts such as Meg, there may be a little flame of love and goodness in the heart of a misunderstood neighbor which we can find, and which God will fan into a warm blaze. At least we can withhold our judgment; at least we can believe that, although our eyes are dull, the little spark may be alive. "Many waters can not quench love."

Everyday Virtues.

IT is a question whether what are called the heroic virtues are in reality more heroic than those which are a part of our daily lives. The constant recurrence of opportunities for shifting the minor responsibilities requires something of a heroic strain to counteract. The soul becomes habituated, as it were, to this stress and tugging of grace against nature, and we do not realize the heroism that may characterize each one of our waking hours. As more than half of one's troubles arise from an exaggerated idea of one's own importance and the efforts we make to advance our position in the world, so the practice of the minor, ordinary virtues grows to be irksome or easy in proportion as we despise or cultivate them from the beginning.

To bear with the grip and strain of life's battle for bread—that is hard, and is the

lot of by far the majority. The pain of being misunderstood, of having our best motives criticised and misinterpreted; the failure to take that place in the vanguard of success to which we feel we have a right with others of our fellow-men; the friction of untoward events and uncongenial people; the jealousies, inward strifes, discouragements and disappointments which are known only to ourselves, and which are sometimes a surprise to ourselves,—these give opportunity for the practice of virtues that are, from their insistence and persistence, little short of heroic.

The hindrance and the distraction of ambitious thoughts—now founded on the idea that we could do better than our more successful neighbor, now ignobly born of a desire to surpass him—give rise to a false zeal which we do well to recognize by its other name, and the unmasking of which requires a much greater amount of heroic virtue than appears upon the surface.

The giving of scandal is a great fault—one into which the practical Christian is not apt to lapse, except on rare occasions and under exceptional circumstances. But the taking of scandal is a still greater fault—one, nevertheless, to which we are all only too liable to yield; and to overcome which, when once allowed entrance into the heart, is a matter of heroic effort. He who will not take scandal is indeed a brave soul and a pure one. Its effects can scarcely be calculated, as it implies a greater amount of evil in ourselves, and therefore does a greater mischief to others. Nothing gives scandal sooner than a quickness to take scandal; and yet there is something so inherently perverse in human nature that he whom it passes by unscathed may justly be considered as far on the road to perfection. To a few chosen souls this seems to come naturally; but the remaining thousands who acquire it by the labor and valor of a

heroic charity are valiant soldiers indeed. Great is their victory, and great, surely, will be their reward.

And yet, if we but begin well and keep one thing in view, even heroism becomes a second nature. One thought should ever occupy our minds—viz., to do well what is given us to do; for that is all which God requires of us. Yet to fulfil this command—for it *is* a command—the heroism of the saints is necessary. To be at all times zealous—that is not easy; to be at all times cheerful—we know how difficult the accomplishment; to give the best that is in us to every work—who does not shrink sometimes, finding it almost impossible not to be overcome by the sloth of habit, of aversion, of obstacles many and bristling? But once armored with the heroism of him who lives *not* for the present but for what lies beyond, if we are slighted, persecuted, misunderstood, what does it matter? These things will pass away. Lacordaire says that the sweetest thing on earth is to be forgotten by all with the exception of those who love us. But if it should be so that there are on earth none left who *do* love us, then peace, infinite peace, is the heritage of those heroic souls who breathe and move and have their being in the limitless love of Christ our Lord. Holy men and women have fled from home and power and pleasure to compass this universal abandonment, to enjoy this infinite peace—to be alone with God.

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READ the rules of life which St. Paul gave to bishops, priests, people, parents, children, servants, and homes. Read also what St. Peter counselled as to dress and ornaments. See what the saints thought, said, and practised even in their childhood, before they had ripened beyond our reach, as to amusements, self-indulgence, and the dangers of the world. These are, or ought to be, the standard of our life.

—Cardinal Manning.

Notes and Remarks.

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The professor of logic in Princeton University has reached the conclusion that “there is a will to believe that is not solely the result of a reasoned analysis”; and that “the heart has its reasons which the heart alone can understand.” He is forced to this conclusion by the experiences of two very prominent agnostics of the present century: Mill and Romanes. The former of these virtually “apostatized” from agnosticism in his old age; and Romanes declared in so many words that under the “ripening experiences of life” he again drew back into the shelter of Christianity. It is pathetic to think of these brilliant minds which, ignoring that “will to believe” which is as much a gift of God as reason is, have groped their way out of the broad road of Christianity only to find themselves in a blind alley at the end of life. Ruskin says somewhere that childhood often holds in its tiny fingers truths which it is the supreme achievement of old age to recover. Any Catholic child knows that an humble and teachable spirit, a “will to believe,” is necessary to spiritual knowledge; yet to Romanes and Mill this conviction came only after a life of laborious study; and to the professor of logic at Princeton it comes even now with the shock of a new revelation.

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Discussing the statement of a leading Protestant divine that the future of society depends on the general acceptance and practice of the teachings of Christ, Amasa Thornton makes a remarkable plea for religious education, in the *North American Review*. Church attendance, we are reminded, is small, and there is hardly a trace of religious observance in the general home life. If the present generation of “grown-ups” are so indifferent to religion, how, we are asked, can the rising generation be better, or even as good? Then comes this very notable passage, which will make many old readers of the *Review* “stare and gasp”:

The principle of religious teaching in the public schools is one that meets with intense opposition on the part of the public, and is disapproved of by

most teachers. I am firmly convinced that one of the greatest blunders that have been made in our country in the last half century has been the failure to educate the American youth in Bible truths and teachings; and the result of such failure may bring disaster. The Catholic Church has insisted that it is its duty to educate the children of parents of the Catholic faith in such a way as to fix religious truths in the youthful mind. For this it has been assailed by the non-Catholic population, and Catholics have even been charged with being enemies of the liberties of the people and of the flag. Any careful observer in the city of New York can see that the only people, as a class, who are teaching the children in the way that will secure the future for the best civilization are the Catholics; and, although a Protestant of the firmest kind, I believe the time has come to recognize this fact, and to lay aside religious prejudices and patriotically meet this question.

Not less remarkable is the remedy proposed. Religious instruction is necessary, says this writer; and "such instruction can be given only by an almost entire change of policy and practice on the question of religious teaching in the public schools, and the encouragement of private schools in which religious teaching is given."

The doctors in Ohio, convinced that the sale of patent medicines is diminishing their income, have insisted on the enforcement of a legal statute which says:

Whenever any pharmacist, druggist, or other dealer in poisons, chemicals, medicines and drugs, whether wholesale or retail, shall sell any drug or chemical, an indiscriminate or careless use of which would be destructive of human life, such dealer shall affix to each bottle or package of such drug, chemical or poison, a label printed in red ink, having on it the name of the article by which it is commonly known, the cautionary emblem of the skull and cross-bones, the words "caution" and "poison"; and, in addition thereto, at least two of the most readily obtainable effective antidotes to such poisonous article.

In consequence of this annoying enactment, the proprietors of several patent medicines immediately telegraphed to the newspapers of the State withdrawing their advertisements, and giving their reasons for so doing. This meant the loss of thousands of dollars to the newspapers, and forthwith there arose a mighty howl against "legislative tyranny." So far the doctors seem to have the best of it; but the end is not yet.

The *Ohio Newspaper Maker* has just issued this appalling ukase:

If the M. D.'s only knew it, they are walking around on pretty thin ice, if their fight with the newspapers once takes an aggressive form. We predict that within less than a year the Ohio newspapers will omit the titles in all mention of doctors and M. D.'s.; and, further, that in all death announcements the names of the attending physician will be given as a matter of important news for the public.

It is worthy of note that the proprietors of the patent medicines never contested the statement that "an indiscriminate or careless use" of their drugs would be "destructive to human life." Their silence on this point is eloquent. The editor men, however, have done a good thing: they have afforded the public a glimpse of the way in which newspaper opinion is formed.

In support of his belief that an actor may possess fine feeling and Christian character despite the hollowness of life behind the scenes, Mr. Laurence Hutton tells a pleasant story of William Florence and John McCullough. Mr. Hutton was dining with these distinguished play-folk in Delmonico's, and in the course of conversation announced that he was about to be married. McCullough replied that he was glad of it. "And then he spoke as a bishop might have spoken of the ennobling influence of a good woman's love. Florence coincided with him in every point; and rarely has woman received a more touching tribute than was paid her by those two play-actors in a public restaurant."

The new cathedral of Melbourne, Australia, consecrated last month by the venerable Archbishop Carr, is a "sermon in stone" in a sense other than Shaksperian. It is hardly sixty years since the Holy Sacrifice was offered in Melbourne for the first time; and to-day the Catholics of that city have a cathedral costing a million dollars, entirely free from debt.

It is pleasant to read in non-Catholic journals that the signs of increased religiousness manifested on several occasions by the German Emperor are the result of his friend-

ship with prominent Catholics in the Empire. He has just raised a storm by the statement that "he who is not a good Christian can not be a good man or a good soldier." Freemasonry has raised its virtuous eyebrows in astonishment at what it calls the latest freak of the young Emperor, and the Jewish and infidel press have thundered anathema maranatha. War isn't a particularly Christian sort of business at best; but if people must fight, we believe with William that good Christians will do it better than others. Their conscience forbids treachery and cowardice, and their religion inculcates the soldierly virtues of obedience and self-restraint.

"It is probably a unique occurrence," says the *London Tablet*, "that three foundresses of religious orders should have sat side by side as classmates in their schooldays. Catholic Germany is able to supply this spectacle in the persons of three school-fellows—Clara Fey, Francisca Schervier, and Pauline von Mallinckrodt,—who were once pupils of the pious and gifted poetess, Louise Hensel, at Aix-la-Chapelle." Clara Fey afterward founded the Order of the Poor Child Jesus, famous for its artistic embroidery of vestments; Francisca Schervier became the foundress of the Poor Franciscanesses; and Pauline von Mallinckrodt established the Society of Sisters of Christian Charity. This last Society has grown to remarkable proportions in the United States.

The opposition to the nomination of Judge McKenna to the supreme bench is, it seems, another outcropping of bigotry. Happily, among men of education to-day, bigotry spells boomerang; and if the opponents of Judge McKenna can give no better reason for his rejection, his nomination will be confirmed by the Senate without much fuss. There has been a war in this country since Know-nothing days, and the Catholics had a hand in it, as the bigots are finding out. A correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, denouncing the anti-Catholic opposition to McKenna, adds: "It did not weaken the blows that Phil Sheridan inflicted on the enemy at Five Forks because in the morning

he was observed to make the Sign of the Cross with his good right hand before he mounted his charger—just what Rosecrans told his men to do at Corinth. 'Make the Sign of the Cross and go at them, boys!' said old Rosey. They did, and were invincible."

The editor of the *Dallas News* recently visited Washington, and went home scandalized. This is how the enormities of the Capital affected the Texan conscience:

The moral atmosphere in Washington is absolutely stifling. Many an honest, decent fellow has gone to Washington to represent his people only to ruin himself, morally, mentally, and physically. If the people of this country knew the inside history of their government at Washington—the manner in which legislation is manipulated by the most dangerous and corrupt influences of this age, the social and political iniquities familiar to every congressman, and the debauchery that stalks abroad in every department,—they would give that burg a shaking up it has not known for many a day.

It is but justice to say that since these fervent words were penned the headquarters of the A. P. A. at Washington have been broken up, and one great source of corruption thereby removed.

A good rule for people who are prone to debates, arguments, and controversies, is that suggested by Sir Edward Fry, an English judge. He is now presiding over the deliberations of a committee appointed to investigate the workings of the Irish Land Acts, and on opening the proceedings he counselled the lawyers "so to present the case on either side as to generate the maximum of light and the minimum of heat." This is the golden rule of all discussion.

There is a good deal of human nature even in university professors. It is announced that eight German professors have resigned their chairs in the University of Fribourg owing to a lamentable spirit of race prejudice. When doctors disagree in matters educational, separation seems to be the best harmonizing influence.

In spite of the saying of à Kempis, that those who travel much are rarely sanctified,

and that much misery attends "frequent going abroad," people will have it that an occasional change of air and scene is necessary to sound health and a long life. Even those for whom "The Imitation of Christ" was chiefly intended often neglect its wise counsel, and wander here and there in search of what is more likely to be found at home. A pilgrimage to some far-off shrine is an act of folly rather than of piety on the part of those who neglect to visit the Blessed Sacrament reposing within a stone's-throw of the place where they live. The happiest lives are spent in retirement from the world; and the wonder is that those who are privileged to lead such a life are not more appreciative of its benefits. There is a wise nun in Bologna. She entered the Order of St. Ursula eighty years ago, when twenty years of age, and has never once crossed the threshold of her convent. And she is healthy and happy.

Swami Vivekananda is the imposing name of a guileless Hindoo who was so much petted by long-haired men and short-haired women in this country that, on his return to India, he proclaimed everywhere that America was ripe to receive his teachings. To do him justice, however, he did not always fly so wide of the mark, as witness this comparison between the toilers of the East and of the West:

Ask an American plowman about his religion. He will tell you he goes to church, but doesn't know anything of religion. Ask him about politics, and he will talk with you for hours about Democracy and Republicanism and silver. Go to an Indian plowman, ask him for his politics, and he will tell you he does not know anything about it; he pays his taxes. But you mention religion to him, and his countenance will light up and his being will become vibrant with the expression of the most profound philosophical and religious ideas.

As evidence of the truth of his words, the Swami declares that there are many provinces where the war between China and Japan is still unheard of, but none where word has not travelled that the Swami had visited this country and found it ripe for "conversion,"—a report which has seriously hampered the work of Christian missionaries in India.

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 Major, S. J.; the Rev. John P. Gilmour, O. S. A.; the Rev. Stephen O'Brien, of the Archdiocese of Boston; the Rev. George S. Grace, Diocese of Pittsburg; and the Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M., who lately passed to their reward.

Sister Mary Casimir, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Mary Stephana, O. S. D., Izeli, Cape of Good Hope, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Thomas Mitchell, of Albany, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 11th ult.

Mr. George Ingoldsby, who died a few weeks ago in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Daniel Maillain, who passed away on the 27th ult., at S. Acton, Mass.

Mr. John B. Breen, of Philadelphia, Pa., who breathed his last on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. J. H. Semmes, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 10th ult., at Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. Mary A. Coyle, of Lancaster, Pa., who departed from this world on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Annie McFarland, who met with a sudden but well-provided death on the 18th ult., at Davenport, Iowa.

Mrs. James M. Foley, of Nevada, Cal., who died suddenly on the 11th ult.

Mr. John Cotter, of Austin, Texas; Mr. Joseph Cook, Evansville, Ind.; Dr. John B. Tennent, Martinez, Cal.; Miss Emma Barr, Charlestown, N. H.; Mrs. Jane Smith and Mrs. Julia Cemente, Jewett City, N. H.; Miss J. Flynn, Dover, N. H.; Misses Mary and Teresa Nolan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Carrick, Joseph Lynch, Michael Gartland, Dennis O'Day, Michael H. Mooney, and Miss — Hazelton, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Jane Deignan, Wallingford, Conn.; Mr. John Ready and Miss Sarah Hayes, New Haven, Conn.; Miss C. Noddy, Ellicott City, Md.; Mr. John Cosgrove, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. C. B. Mattimore, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Tierney and Mrs. Margaret Roach, Quebec, Canada.; Mr. Joseph Kinkade, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Keenan, E. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Julia A. Waldman, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Ignatius Hess, Mrs. Cecilia Daily, John and Thomas Gannon, Mrs. Mary Gannon, and Miss Teresa Fretz, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Mullaney, Co. Mayo, Ireland; Mrs. Hanora Saunders, Mrs. Mary Kane, and Mrs. Catherine Martin, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. William Hogan, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Harriet Tully, Mrs. Catherine Nolen, Mr. Michael Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riley, Mrs. W. McAuley, and Mr. Joseph Profon, Iowa City, Iowa; also Frederic Welch, Millbury, Mass.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Mysterious Guest.

JUST at twilight one Sunday evening the Shillington family were gathered in the library. Before High Mass that day the beautiful new altar of the cathedral had been blessed, and the occasion had been the subject of conversation among the young people when their elders entered the room.

"Papa dear," said Mary, after she had filled her father's meerschaum and laid it on the table beside him, "would you mind telling us why you gave a thousand dollars to the cathedral altar? We have been wondering about it."

Mr. Shillington smiled.

"And why not?" he asked. "God has blessed me with abundance; I feel bound to acknowledge my gratitude from time to time."

"Oh, that is not it, papa!" said the girl. "Everyone knows how charitable you are. What I mean is, why did you give such a large sum? We never go there—at least, we go there very seldom. It is not as though it were our own parish church of St. Ignatius, you know."

Mr. Shillington remained silent for a moment, thoughtfully watching the soft rings of fragrant smoke which floated upward to the ceiling. Finally, casting an affectionate glance at his wife, he replied:

"There is a story connected with it, my dear; and I believe the time has come to tell it. You are all old enough to appreciate it. Even mother has never heard

it, but I am sure she will be interested."

They all gathered about him eagerly—Cyril and Basil, the twins, on the rug at his feet; Mary and Frank on the sofa; and little Grace on her mother's lap,—while he related the following narrative.

About fifty years ago or more, one lovely spring morning in the mountain district of the State in which we live, there was a small village, which has since grown into a prosperous town. Two little children—a boy and girl—were playing before the door of a tumble-down cottage, which was opposite the solitary inn, or tavern, of the place. Suddenly they stood still in their play to watch a carriage which was slowly approaching from the quiet valley. Timidly advancing to the middle of the road, the children remained, hand in hand, gazing at the vehicle, from the window of which an old gentleman looked out at them, bowing and smiling. Still with hands joined, they smiled in return, curtsying respectfully at the same time; for they had been well trained, in spite of their poverty. Then, frightened at their own temerity, they ran shyly back and seated themselves on the doorstep.

The vehicle stopped, and the gentleman drew in his head; but, instead of alighting on the side next the tavern, he opened the door facing the road, and, stepping quickly out, came directly toward them. They stood up as he approached. He wore a broad hat and a long coat; his brown eyes were smiling through a pair of gold-mounted spectacles; his thick, black eyebrows contrasted strangely with

his snowy hair; his soft, pink, Celtic complexion reminded the children of their mother, it was so sweet and fresh,—so unlike that of their poor, sick grandfather sitting just inside the door.

He held out both hands. With that swift, subtle, unerring instinct of childhood, which unfailingly recognizes its friends, the children rose, each placing a hand in one of his.

"God bless your sweet little faces this morning!" he said. "Tell me what are your names?"

"Jamie and Eileen," said the boy.

"Can you make the Sign of the Cross?"

They answered by making the sacred sign, slowly and reverently.

"Do you know the 'Hail Mary'?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Say it for me," continued the stranger.

They recited the beautiful prayer.

"Do you know the 'Our Father'?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"How old are you, my child?"

"I am seven and Eileen is four."

"Maybe you know *all* the prayers—the Creed and *Confiteor*, and even the Acts?" said the old gentleman, clasping both the little hands tightly in his own.

"I do," answered the boy. "But Eileen doesn't yet. She is too little. But she knows some catechism."

"Where did she learn it?"

"From grandfather, sir. While mother is away, he teaches her just one question every day."

"And you also, no doubt?"

"I learn mine from the book, sir."

"From the book! Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who taught you?"

"Father and mother."

"Take me to your good father and mother," said the old gentleman, stepping toward the open door of the cottage.

"They are out, sir," answered the boy; "but grandfather is here."

Seated near a table, a blind old man

was slowly eating a cold potato, dipping it from time to time in a little salt which lay in a saucer beside him. The old man rose at the sound of strange footsteps.

"Who is there, children?" he asked.

"Be seated, sir," said the gentleman.

"I am a stranger, travelling from P—— to New York. These little grandchildren of yours have charmed me. They are so innocent and sweet, so clever, so well instructed in their religion. I do not know when I have been so pleased."

"You are a Catholic, sir?" inquired the blind man.

"Oh, yes!" replied the other, with a smile. "And I have brought news from the city which I think you will be glad to hear. You are to have Mass next Sunday."

"Oh, thanks be to God!" said the old man. "But I beg you will sit down."

The stranger did so; and not many minutes elapsed before he had, by kind and gentle inquiries, heard the sorrowful story which had reduced a once prosperous family to penury. Tears rolled down the cheek of the old man while he related how, for the first time, his daughter-in-law had been obliged that day to go out with her husband to labor in the fields, in order to be able to buy bread for their children. There was not one cent of money in the house at that moment.

When the blind man had finished his recital, the stranger arose.

"We are fellow-Catholics as well as fellow-countrymen," he said. "By that double tie, I ask your permission to have dinner sent over here from the tavern for ourselves and the children. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to dine in such agreeable company."

The old man saw through the ruse; but, after some hesitation, gave his consent. An excellent meal followed,—the first really good meal that had been eaten for many days in that impoverished household. When dinner was over there remained an abundance of food on the

table, which the strange gentleman made a sign to the boy to place in the cupboard, even assisting him to do so as quietly as possible. Before departing he put a folded paper in the hand of the old man.

"Your son will read what this contains," he said. "It may be of some benefit to you." Then, placing his hands on the heads of the two children, he added, earnestly: "God bless and prosper this house and all who dwell herein!"

When the father and mother returned in the evening, the children met them with the story of the kind old gentleman with whom they had spent such a pleasant hour during their absence. The grandfather lost no time in showing the paper to his son. A crisp, new ten-dollar bill lay between its folds. The paper contained no writing, so they were at a loss concerning the name of the donor. But a few days later, when the little family went to attend Mass in the barn which did duty for a chapel in that primitive region, they learned that the celebrant and their benefactor were one and the same—no other than Bishop N——, renowned for his piety and charity all over the diocese of which he was the head. Filled with gratitude, they went to pay their duty to him, to be met by the welcome news that there was a position waiting in L—— for the father, if he was capable of filling it. He had received an excellent education, and left at once for the scene of his future employment. Very soon he was able to send for his family, whose days of misfortune were now over. God blessed them with success and prosperity, of which the good Bishop's prayer had laid the foundation.

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"Children, I am the Jamie of the story. Knowing this, can you any longer wonder that I should have contributed liberally to the erection of an altar to the memory of him, long since among the blessed, who was your benefactor as well as my own?"

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

III.—MARY TERESA.

One evening in the middle of August—about the time that the breath of good fortune began to blow upon Mary Ann's bright, curly head,—a lady, dressed in deep mourning, was seated beside an open window in one of those comfortable, old-fashioned Southern mansions for which the city of Mobile was noted before the war; for our story begins in the year 1860, since which time the fair cities of the South have been devastated and built up again—whether to their detriment or improvement is still an unsettled question.

The perfume of many flowers came up from the wild, luxuriant garden, where the sun shone blazingly; but here, in the half-darkened parlor, all was coolness and shadow. A fair, slender girl of fourteen was kneeling at the lady's feet. She had just lifted her head from her mother's lap; her eyes were red and swollen, her pink cheeks flushed, her light, wavy hair dishevelled.

"O mamma!" she pleaded. "Don't do it—don't leave me! I can not—can not bear it! I shall die if you do, mamma,—I shall die!"

"Mary Teresa," said the lady, wiping tears from her own eyes with the handkerchief she held in one hand, while with the other she patted the child gently on the shoulder, "it is not like you to give way so; and it is absolutely necessary, as you must know, for me to go. We shall not be separated long, darling—not more than a year."

"Not long!—not more than a year!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What has come to you, mamma? How can you say that so calmly, when you know we have never been separated at all during

my whole long life—not even for a single night, a single day?”

The mother smiled sadly in the midst of her tears, as she answered:

“During your whole long life, dear! Short, indeed, has been your life of fourteen years. My child, you might one day marry and leave me forever.”

“Never, never!” cried the girl.

“And yet I left my mother when I was seventeen,” was the reply. “And I never saw her again.”

“But you went with papa—that was different. And you thought you would see her again; did you not, mamma?”

“I did, surely,” answered her mother. “Yet there was a possibility that I would not, and I realized it even then.”

“O mamma! why can I not go with you and grandpapa?” pleaded the girl. “I would be so helpful, so patient with him. You can never manage him alone, mamma darling!”

“If you had been a boy, dear,” said her mother.

“Grandpapa has never forgiven me for that, I know. But he suffers so, I don’t mind very much if he doesn’t care for me a great deal.”

“Then spoke my own little girl,” said her mother. “Now let me reason with you, dear, and I am sure you will see everything as I do—as we must. Your grandfather has one chance for sight: it all depends upon an operation. With his French prejudices, he is determined to go to Paris, convinced that no surgeon in America understands his case; and he may be right. I can not refuse to accompany him; I would not in common charity. We owe him everything; our future depends upon him. Above all, I promised your father on his death-bed never to desert grandpapa.”

“Yes, I know it,” said Mary Teresa; “and you have kept that promise well, mamma. But papa would not have wished you to desert me either.”

“This is not desertion, child,” said her mother. “In any event, I think I should have sent you to the convent for a couple of years. Your education has been sadly neglected, I fear.”

“But it would have been here, where I could have seen you once a week at least, mamma.”

“Yes, probably it would,” replied her mother. “But now that I must go so far away from you, what could be more fortunate than the chance which seems to have been providentially offered? I had not heard from cousin Josephine for many years, when her letter and her request came so opportunely.”

“I wonder if grandpapa did not write and ask her to make the proposition?” said Mary Teresa.

“He did not know of her existence until I showed him the letter. His plan was that I should leave you here with the Dantons until our return.”

“I should have died in that dull house, with those two cross old women, who will not let me speak above a whisper when I go there. Why, mamma, the other day, when you sent me with that note from grandpapa, Miss Eulalie left me in the dark, dark parlor for nearly an hour until she answered it. I was almost stifled; and at last, just as I was turning up one of the slats of the blinds to let in a little air, she came back. And what do you think she said?”

“I can not imagine, dear.”

“‘You are letting in the flies, Mary Teresa, and the sunlight. What a forward child you must be! I would not have believed it of you.’ She fairly screamed it out, mamma, and almost frightened me to death.”

“I do not think I could ever have consented to *that* arrangement,” said her mother. “But I am grateful for the other. My cousin Josephine was a lovely girl. Now that she is a religious and the Mother Superior of a convent, I am sure

she must be a saint. She will be a second mother to you."

"With a hundred others to mother as well as myself," said Mary Teresa, "I am afraid I shall not get very much petting there, mamma dear."

"But you are such a great girl now, dear, a little wholesome neglect may be good for you."

"Perhaps it may," replied the child, with that characteristic frankness which made her lovable even when at fault. "I don't doubt that I'm a little selfish, but it is the separation."

"A year will fly, Mary Teresa."

"But you know grandpapa. If he once gets back to France, he may not be willing to return in a year—if at all."

"In that case, of course, I should send for you," said her mother. "But he could not remain in France permanently: his interests are all here."

A little bell tinkled in the next room. Mrs. Rampère rose hurriedly and went out. Mary Teresa remained on the sofa in a dejected attitude. Presently she took a letter from her pocket and began to read it for the twentieth time. Sometimes it made her unhappy, and again it afforded her consolation. She almost knew its contents by heart. It ran as follows:

ST. MARY OF THE HILLS.

June 15, 1860.

DEAR NATALIE:—In spite of change and absence, the ties of blood are strong, as I felt last week when a lady from your city, Mrs. Allen Page, visited our convent, and remarked, incidentally, that she was well acquainted with you, my cousin and little playmate of long ago,—I may say *playmate*; for, while the difference in our ages was considerable, I think at seventeen I was a greater romp than yourself at ten. And now I am forty, and have been a religious twenty years. Through Robert and Paul, who write to me regularly, I have been kept advised of your circumstances, which, I understand, are

altogether dependent upon the good pleasure of your father-in-law. Mrs. Page tells me he is very exacting, and that you are "an angel." I was not surprised to hear that you have fulfilled the promise of your childhood, Natalie: you were the most amiable of little girls.

She tells me also that you have a dear little girl, who has never been to school. You can readily imagine how my soul exclaimed at this, my dear cousin. I wish you would send her to us for a couple of years at least. While I do not doubt that she is as advanced in her studies as is possible under the circumstances, I feel assured that a sojourn here would be very beneficial to her. And you know how I would love her, Natalie; what an interest I would take in her education. Reflect on this. Bring her to us for the next school year, which will open on September 6. I shall be so happy to see you both. We shall renew our youth, my dear Natalie. Write to me as early as possible and say that you will come.

With cordial greetings to Mr. Rampère and warmest love to yourself and my little cousin,

Yours affectionately,

SISTER TERESA.

The little girl folded the letter with a deep sigh.

"I do wish Mrs. Allen Page had never gone to visit that convent!" she said. "But if she had not, I should have had to stay with the Dantons for a year—a *whole year*! That would have been still more terrible. And it is true—a year will fly, as mamma says. And she is so good—so good, dear mamma! And she has so much trouble with grandpapa. Oh, can I, must I, shall I, give my consent and go—not as if it were to jail, but willingly as she would like me to?"

A hard struggle ensued, but the docile and affectionate disposition of the child conquered at last. Once having resolved on submission, she did not look back,

but set herself bravely to the task of preparation for her departure. The next day brought another letter from Mother Teresa, in response to one written by her mother, inquiring as to the necessary outfit, and other things incidental to her journey. The last days were very busy ones; even grandpapa forgot to be querulous, and seemed to partake of the bustle of getting ready. It was only when night came, and Mary Teresa lay in her white cot close to her mother's bed, that her courage would sometimes give way, and she would cry herself to sleep.

At last the day came when, good-byes having been said, the servants dismissed, and the house closed, the trio began the journey North, which was made partly by steamboat and partly by rail. It occupied a week, at the end of which time the travellers arrived at D—. They were still half a day's journey from the convent. Mr. Rampère, not wishing to fatigue himself further, remained at the hotel, while his daughter-in-law and her child once more seated themselves in the car for the final stage of Mary Teresa's journey. It was a lovely day in early September; the air balmy and soft, the leaves just beginning to turn. Their way led through the hilly, wooded county of P—. Accustomed to the scenery of the South, the girl and her mother found much to admire in the beautiful broad expanse of meadow and forest which stretched out before them.

Mrs. Rampère and her daughter occupied seats in the middle of the car. Neither of them observed a young girl who sat near the door, a little removed from the other passengers. But she had noticed the pair, with admiration as well as a feeling as nearly approaching to envy as could be possible to her honest little soul. These two were mother and daughter, she knew; divining it by those thousand little signs and tokens that make so dear a relationship self-evident.

(To be continued.)

The Piper of the Gordon Highlanders.

History is always in process of construction; and some months ago, in far-away India, there was a conflict so brave, and an example of heroism so conspicuous, that they will live in song and story with many another golden deed and desperate resistance unto death. Mountaineers, it is well known, are nearly invincible as fighters; and of all the Highland people that the world has seen, those of Scotland, perhaps, lead in dash and constancy. The very sight of a kilt makes us think of heroism, and the sound of a bagpipe suggests valor. And now when, in a little Highland village in the far North, the names of Bruce and Wallace are spoken, and all the long list of the brave is called, there will be a new name to share the glory—Patrick Findlater, piper of the Gordon Highlanders.

One loves to think of him as a Catholic. The ancient faith is firm and fully intrenched in the Highlands; and surely no descendant of the Covenanters would name his child after the patron of the Isle of Saints. Gaelic he surely was—or *is*, for he still lives; Catholic we have reason to believe him as well.

A year previous his kilted regiment marched away with the bagpipes shrieking out the wild notes of "The Cock of the North"—the hereditary nickname of the Duke of Gordon. Have you ever seen a piper proudly stamping as he plays, erect as a young oak, sturdy and true as the hills of his own land? Such was Patrick Findlater; and such will he be, please God, when his bonnet plumes wave again in his own proud native village.

The situation in India was, in last October, getting serious. The English troops, together with the loyal regiment of natives, were driving the insurgents from their fastnesses, but at a fearful cost. Twice the English were repulsed by the

raking fire from the crests above; and men fell, literally mown down by the shower of lead. The rebels were armed with deadly modern rifles, and the heights they occupied were inaccessible. The English artillery was powerless against such enemies. The Dargai Pass was the key to the situation. The Dargai Crest was a mile high, with sheer rock for two hundred yards. Up to the top meandered a zigzag path, which could accommodate but two men going abreast. General Kempster made out his plan of campaign, choosing the loyal natives and the Derbyshire and Dorsetshire regiments to make the attack. The Highlanders were kept back to protect the advance of the others with their long range rifles. The artillery was placed upon the neighboring heights.

Then the contest opened. A thousand firearms began their deadly fire from the top of the Crest upon the loyal natives, who were in front of the attacking party; and before long all that was left of the brave fellows was a heap of dead and wounded and a weary little handful of tired survivors. The English could not follow; for they could not climb such a precipice. Thirteen men from Dorsetshire rushed into the open space and met instant death.

And then General Kempster turned—as leaders of a forlorn hope have often done before—to the Gordon Highlanders. Heliograph signals called for help, and instantly there was seen a long line of plaided kilts moving forward. The plumes waved in the bright sunlight, the rifle barrels gleamed, and the piper played as merrily as if he were going to a frolic. Ah, but it was no frolic! It was a fight with death. They halted under a safe crag, and their colonel addressed them.

“Gordons,” he announced, “the General has ordered that position to be taken. The Gordons will take it.”

Then the Gordons gave one ringing cheer and marched forward, as Gordons

have ever done in the long history of Scottish bravery. From above came the shot and shell; but the men below were Gordons, and on they went; and loud above the awful noise of battle came the sound of Patrick Findlater’s pipes as he played “The Cock of the North.”

And then the tune ceased. Where was the piper? Ah! he had indeed bitten the dust, pierced by three bullets from the Dargai Crest. But do you think he gave up? No: the Gordon Highlanders do not know when they are beaten; and very soon, from the right of the struggling column, came the inspiring notes of the familiar old tune. Patrick bravely played on, and those who had faltered took fresh heart and dashed ahead. Still was the tune heard; again and again did the Highlanders charge, until the shout came: “They are running!” Sure enough, the insurgents were flying down the other side of the Crest as fast as their legs could take them; and Patrick Findlater had helped the Gordon Highlanders to win the day, and will go home with the Victoria Cross upon his breast!

When they found him, his kilts, made of the Gordon tartan, were stained with the blood flowing from three deep wounds. But he will live: he has the endurance of his people and the pluck of a “Hieland man.” All honor to the brave fellow who has given a new hero to a land already so rich in heroes! All honor to brave Patrick Findlater, piper of the Gordon Highlanders!

FRANCESCA.

Preference.

I THINK it very funny
 That, now it's nice and cool,
 I have to take my books again
 And trudge away to school.

I'd have the school in summer time,
 If I could have my way;
 Then mamma'd say: “It is so warm,
 You'd best stay home to-day.”

With Authors and Publishers.

—In Purcell's "Life of Manning" it is asserted that the letters of the great Cardinal, written to Mr. Gladstone in his Anglican days, were destroyed, to the veteran statesman's great indignation. It now comes out that the destruction of these letters is like some other things in Mr. Purcell's book—not true. The letters which Gladstone prized so highly are still preserved among Cardinal Manning's papers.

—Dr. Miles Standish, a lineal descendant of that Miles Standish whose "courtship" Longfellow has immortalized, said recently at a dinner in Cincinnati that "Miles Standish was raised a Roman Catholic and probably remained one until his death, though he allowed his children to attach themselves to other religions." The last half of this statement, to our mind, disproves the first. It is also claimed, by the way, that the Puritan John Alden was an Irishman. Who are the Americans, anyhow?

—Probably no money is so foolishly expended by the general public as in the purchase of books. An hysteric novel by Marie Corelli or a volume of rot entitled "What Would You Do, Love?" costs about as much as a book by Newman or Manning, both classic authors. Histories, biographies, books of essays and popular science are almost as cheap as fiction, though the genius and labor required for their production are incomparably greater. A desperate author, lamenting this odd perversion of the law of values, suggests that somebody other than the publisher ought to fix the prices of books. The remedy, however, lies not with the publisher to whom books are objects of commerce as strictly as turnips or potatoes; it lies with that vague entity, the reading public. There is a curse upon "society people" which makes them read the books about which society prattles; there is a curse upon shop-girls which makes them *adore* hideous melodramatic romances; the curse of young men is that they do not read at all, and everybody seems cursed with a mad desire for nervous sensations instead of thoughts. As long as these evils continue,

publishers are powerless. Emerson's suggestion of a "professorship of books" ought to be adopted for all our schools; meantime some lively extension work ought to be done by parents, pastors, newspapers and magazines.

—"Thoughts of the Curé of Ars"—and how white were his thoughts!—is the title of a booklet published for the benefit of the Boston Carmel. The translator, Miss Pauline Stump, has made a happy choice in recording the results of the dear Curé's hours of prayer, meditation and mortification.

—Mr. Henry Coyle has assumed editorial control of the *Weekly Bouquet*, Mr. James Riley having retired. We never see the *Bouquet* without regretting that it does not turn itself frankly into a boys' and girls' paper. A Catholic Henty without the bigotry is the special need of our juvenile literature.

—The smallest book in the world is said to be in possession of the Messrs. Scribners, New York. It contains 203 pages, which are just ten-sixteenths of an inch long by seven-sixteenths of an inch wide. It is in Italian, and the compositor who set it up worked over a magnifying-glass, using jeweller's tweezers to pick up the type.

—We are in receipt of the *Catholic Directory* for 1898, edited by the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Johnson, of the Archdiocese of Westminster. It has all the excellences of previous issues. We do not see how this valuable year-book could be improved. The great amount of information it affords is as appropriate as useful, and the arrangement leaves nothing to be desired.

—The unfortunate Alphonse Daudet, who died last month, did not summon a priest on his deathbed; though when the curé of Ste. Clotilde called of his own option, he was immediately admitted. Daudet once said that he came "of a family of believers"; but his faith, if he ever had much faith, was not of a robust kind. He encouraged his son to marry a daughter of Victor Hugo, though Hugo had stipulated that his money should

be inherited only by those of his descendants who inherited his infidelity. This is liberty of conscience as defined in the dictionary of Agnosticism!

—The *Angelus* seems to be a favorite name for magazines. To the four already existing in this country has been added another, published in San Francisco by the energetic and zealous Father Crowley. One main purpose of the new *Angelus* is to encourage and reward literary ambition among the pupils of our Catholic colleges—an excellent design.

—The more we see of the "Scripture Manuals," edited by Father Sydney Smith, S. J. for use in Catholic schools, the greater becomes our admiration of them. The annotators to whom the work was entrusted were not only scholarly men but methodical and clear-headed book-makers as well. As a result the footnotes and the introductory essay are surpassingly interesting and profitable. The Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles have already been published. We shall give an extended review of the whole series when the work is completed.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole*. \$1.25.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunow*. 50 cts.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 25 cts.

- Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl*. \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding*. \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novels. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton*. \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon*. \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave*. \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber*. \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary*. 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée*. 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet*. 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 50 cts.
 The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.
 The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph*. \$1, net.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan*. \$1.50, net.
 The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercot*. 80 cts., net.
 That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.
 By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 50 cts.
 Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smilh*. \$1.50, net.
 Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. \$1.25.
 Cardinal Manning. *Francis de Pressensé*. \$1.25.
 Catholic Home Annual. 25 cts.
 Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. *T. O. Russell*. \$2, net.
 Short Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year. Vols. I. and II. *Rev. Henry Gibson*. \$1.50 each, net.
 Edmund Campion. A Biography. *Richard Simpson*. \$3, net.
 Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Vol. V. \$1.25.
 Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments. 75 cts.
 Echoes from Bethlehem. *Rev. Father Finn, S. J.* 25 cts.
 Memoirs of Mgr. Salmon. 1790-1801. \$2.
 Pius the Seventh, 1800-1823. *Mary H. Allies*. \$1.35.



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

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The Breath of God.

THE music of the green boughs waits the breeze,

The lark is silent till the breath of spring,
And songs unheard, in far sea-caverns ring
Till winds awake the ocean's threnodies.

The violin holds rapturous harmonies,
That need the master-touch to bid them sing;

And mute the harp, tho' every eager string
Is throbbing, till a hand the captive frees.

And hearts there are, all mute, yet all athrill,
And tremulous with music's warm desire
To swell the pean of the true and strong.

Brave hearts, ye shall not be forever still:
The breath of God from love's own white-flamed fire,

Shall one day touch your patient lips to song!

A Bishop of Paris in the Twelfth Century.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

WHEN that great scholastic, Peter the Lombard, he who was termed the "Master of Sentences," went to his heavenly reward in 1160, the Chapter of Paris deemed it proper to consult King Louis VII. as to their choice of a new bishop for the capital of France. His Majesty asked the canons for the names of such clergymen of the diocese as

seemed most worthy of the mitre. Only two candidates—Master Maurice and Peter Le Mangeur—were selected; and when the monarch asked for information as to their comparative merits, he was told that Maurice was very zealous in leading souls to heaven, but that Peter was better versed in the Scriptures. Then the King pronounced his decision: "Let Maurice govern the diocese, and let Peter manage its schools." And the chroniclers tell us that "so it was arranged, and everybody was well pleased." Thus the mitre was placed on the head of Maurice de Sully, the enlightened prelate who was to bequeath to Parisian piety that grand and perhaps imperishable monument which every French revolution has respected—the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

This Bishop of Paris was not, as his name would seem to indicate, a member of a noble family; still less was he of the stock which produced the celebrated minister of Henry IV. The family of Master Maurice was so lowly in social station that the chroniclers of the day have not transmitted its name to us, and probably because they knew nothing concerning it. In his case the particle *de* is not significant of nobility. His family name having been unknown, the distinguished cleric came to be styled Maurice de Sully, because he was born in the village of Sully, in the department of Loiret.

Maurice had left this village in quest of an education, and in the guise of a "poor scholar," literally begging from door to door for his daily bread. It was to no "little red school-house" that the ambitious lad had recourse for instruction; but to the gratuitous courses which were about to give birth to the grand University of Paris, and which had recently been rendered illustrious by the lectures of Peter the Lombard, William of Champeaux, and Abelard. There was, of course, in the twelfth century no dearth of such establishments for primary education as the "little red school-house" is sometimes supposed to represent. As the not too clerical J. J. Ampère avowed to the French Institute in 1837, "even in the days of Charlemagne there were probably more primary schools than there are to-day."*

In the Middle Age, observed Duruy, a minister of the Second Empire who was not always favorable to the rights of parents in the matter of education, "the Church, then the depository of all knowledge, distributed *gratuitously* the bread of the mind, just as she gave to all the bread of the soul. Nor do I speak merely of monasteries—institutions into which the poorest man was admitted, and out of which he often came a bishop or perhaps a pope, like Gregory VII. or Sixtus V.; I allude to other schools. The decrees of the popes and of councils attest the desire of the clergy to multiply free schools for the poor."† In fact, when the little Maurice proposed to himself a search for an education, he saw no arduous task before him. The number of students then in Paris, the majority of whom were "poor scholars," nearly equalled that of all the other inhabitants. In a few

years Philip Augustus was obliged to extend the limits of the city, in order to accommodate the votaries of science; for their number had increased to 20,000—an attendance which no modern university can boast, even though the populations of Christendom have multiplied tenfold since the twelfth century. Therefore it was that as Maurice entered the capital of France, where the great Benedictine statesman, Suger, was guiding the helm of state with a zeal and success such as have never been displayed by any minister of modern times, he had no reason to complain that the Church of his day or the Christian royalty of France—the creation of that Church—had become hostile or indifferent to popular education. Maurice felt a justifiable pride, pauper though he was, when he reflected that he was about to become a resident of the great "city of philosophers," as Paris was then termed, just as Bologna was termed "the city of jurists." His pride assumed a holy tinge when he remembered that whatever course of study he should elect to follow, holy mother the Church would regard him as under her special protection, and would proclaim through her canons that, as a student, his person was inviolable.*

A prolific but not always reliable chronicler of the thirteenth century asserts that when the canons of the Cathedral Chapter of Paris were debating as to a successor to Peter the Lombard, it occurred to them that the election might be effected more easily if it were entrusted to three of their number; that the three were delegated; and that one of these, Maurice de Sully, prevailed on his associates to place the mitre of Paris on his brow. This story is contradicted by the well-evidenced humility of Master Maurice, by the direct testimony of the contemporary

* "Histoire de la Littérature sous Charlemagne." Paris, 1841.

† "Report of 1863 on the Freedom of Primary Instruction." By M. Victor Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction.

* Du Boulay: "Historia Universitatis Parisiensis," iii, 93.

and otherwise trustworthy Etienne de Bourbon,* and by the incontestable fact that the alleged manner of election was as foreign to the mind of the Church of the twelfth century as it is to the will of the Church of our day. One illustration of the humility of Master Maurice deserves mention, although the reader may remember that he has read of similar incidents in the lives of several bishops and in the case of at least one pope.

The mother of the new Bishop had continued, during her son's scholastic and professorial career in Paris, to lead the humble life of a peasant widow of that day; but her neighbors deemed such retirement unbecoming to the mother of the Bishop of Paris. Accordingly, by their own exertions and with the aid of certain noble ladies, they procured for her a magnificent outfit, and sent her, all bedecked and bedizened, to congratulate her mitred Maurice. But, says the chronicler, when the poor woman entered the episcopal presence, she found, to her dismay, that the son of her bosom did not recognize her. "My mother," he exclaimed, "is an humble peasant, and she wears the commonest clothes!" And not until his mother had retired and had donned the habiliments of her station, did Maurice de Sully embrace her affectionately. A similar episode is related in the various "Lives" of Mgr. Dupanloup, the celebrated Bishop of Orleans.

As Bishop of Paris, Maurice de Sully held, of course, a high rank among the temporal lords of the kingdom; but, like all the French prelates of his time—prelates whose appointment was not due to the Crown,—he remembered that he was, above all else, a shepherd of Christ's flock. From the very beginning of his episcopal career he seemed to think that he was living in one of those early

centuries when preaching was the chief duty of a bishop, and his exclusive prerogative.* He realized, however, that his was an age when it was not sufficient for the parochial clergy to instruct their congregations by means of homilies taken from the ancient Fathers. The need of real preachers was great in the twelfth century; that need had not yet been supplied by the Orders which were soon to be founded by Saints Dominic and Francis. Bishop Maurice resolved to transform his priests, where possible, into so many sacred orators. With this intention, he composed for their use a collection of plans for sermons. And for the benefit of such persons as believe, or feign to believe, that in the Middle Age all spiritual works were couched in Latin, we note that these models of discourses were written in French, and—considering that the Age of Louis XIV. had not yet arrived—in very elegant French. The reader of these skeleton sermons perceives at once that they are destined to become, after amplification, short but substantial instructions for those who have just attended at the celebration of the parochial Mass. They are, in fact, excellent models for those familiar but solid "short sermons" which the French call *prônes*. In them there is no display of zeal for science; not even any leaning toward those scholastic subtleties which are popularly supposed to have formed the soul of every medieval intellectual effort. Each sermon is a simple explanation of the Gospel of the day, interspersed with practical advice for the auditors.

In the introduction to his manual, the Bishop insists on the preaching of the divine word in season and out of season; and he warns his clergy that success will attend their efforts only when solid attainments in sacred learning are joined

* Lecoy de la Marche: "La Chaire Française au Moyen Age." Paris, 1890.—Idem: "Edition d'Etienne de Bourbon." Paris, 1891.

* See our essay on "Sermons in the Olden Time." THE AVE MARIA, vol. xxvii.

to their holiness of life. He advises each one to possess and to study continually the "Sacramentary," the "Lectionary," the "Collection of Penitential Canons," the "Psalter," and the "Calendar"; although it is certain that in those days, when books were as rare and costly as they were solid, a priest's annual income would scarcely have purchased any one of the works recommended. The zeal of Maurice de Sully for the sanctification of his people led him to request the celebrated Foulques de Neuilly, the enthusiastic but prudent preacher of the Second Crusade, to devote many of his later years to missions in every part of the diocese of Paris; and the chroniclers of that time grow eloquent when they describe the consequent improvement of morals in the French capital.*

Although not the chief city of France in ecclesiastical dignity,† Paris, as capital of the kingdom, naturally surrounded the mitre of Maurice de Sully with much of its own splendor. During eight centuries the piety of monarchs and nobles had so added to the estates possessed by the Bishop of Paris, that much of the time of Maurice was devoted to the cares of their administration. The zeal of the prelate in this regard has been well illustrated by instructive details in a work published

* Otho de S. Blasio, a Benedictine of Constance, tells us that, as a consequence of the preaching of Foulques, many usurers and dishonest merchants and tradesmen frequently threw themselves at his feet, avowed their guilt, and made restitution on the spot. Wherever he preached, abandoned women would rush toward the pulpit, cut off their tresses and bewail their sins. Foulques procured husbands for some of these penitents; but so many desired to lead penitential lives in cloistered retirement, that he obtained from the king, in their favor, the foundation of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Anthony.

† The Archbishop of Lyons was primate of France until the Revolution of 1789 erased nearly every ancient landmark in the kingdom. Although the see of Paris was established in the third century by St. Denis (not by the Areopagite, as was once believed), it did not become an archbishopric until 1622.

by M. Mortet in a recent volume of the "Mémoires de la Société de l'Histoire de Paris."* But why such a state of affairs? Why, the hypercritical and the anti-clerical may ask, should the Church countenance a system which consumed time that ought to have been given to the service of the altar? And was so much wealth a benefit to the Church? These specious insinuations are refuted when one remembers that the funds of which Maurice was trustee were, like those of all the other bishops and abbots of that time, devoted to the erection and care of churches, to the modest support of the parish clergy, to the relief of the poor, to the care of the sick, to the education of youth; and, far more frequently than our modern historians record, to the needs of the state.

As for the revenue which might remain after the liquidation of these obligations, a visit to the grand Cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris will convince the reader that the money was put to good use by Maurice de Sully. Like the author of "The Imitation of Christ," like nearly all the architects of the cathedrals of the Middle Age, the original architect of Notre-Dame de Paris labored for the glory of God, and not for the praise of men; and therefore he took care that his name should not be transmitted to posterity.† But no veil of modesty could possibly cover the name of the episcopal projector, to whose generosity the grand monument owes its existence. The original Cathedral had seen six centuries of existence when, in 1163, the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by Pope Alexander III., who had sought refuge in France from the persecutions of the German Emperor Barbarossa, and his creature, the anti-

* Vol. xvi. Paris, 1890.

† Several architects labored on Notre-Dame before, with its wealth of ornamentation, it was completed; and of these we have the name of only one—Jean de Chelles, who constructed the southern transept in the thirteenth century.

pope, "Victor IV." The year 1177 witnessed the completion of the choir of the vast edifice; in 1182 the high altar was consecrated by the papal legate; and in 1196 the roof was about to be constructed, when Maurice de Sully went to his reward. The immediate successor of Maurice erected the façade and the towers, and many other bishops of Paris labored for the other non-essential but beautiful features of the Cathedral; still, the credit of the principal part of the work will always be given to the prelate who began his ecclesiastical career as a "poor scholar" of Sully.

When St. Thomas à Becket sought a French refuge from the persecutions of Henry II.—persecutions at which, alas! some English bishops connived,—Maurice de Sully was foremost among the French prelates in encouraging King Louis VII. to persevere in his truly royal refusal to banish his guest from French soil. Just as he had refused to deliver Pope Alexander III. into the hands of his German enemy, so Louis VII. assured the Archbishop of Canterbury of a continuance of his hospitality. The letters which were sent to the Pontiff on this occasion, by Maurice, and by the bishops of Sens and Nevers, are redolent of the sentiments which actuated their monarch when he thus replied to Henry's demand to repel "the late primate": "You are King of England, and I also am a king; but I would not depose the least one of the clerics of my kingdom. The defence of exiles from persecution, especially ecclesiastics, has ever been one of the glories of the French Crown." When the light of seven hundred years of history had come to his aid, Michelet, who is not regarded with suspicion by the foes of Papal Rome, found himself constrained to admit that the interests of the human race were defended by the holy Becket; but without that light which was to be furnished by the centuries which were yet to come, Maurice

de Sully was able to perceive the consequences of the struggle which had been initiated by the "Constitutions of Clarendon." We have three of the letters which Maurice wrote to Pope Alexander III., criticising respectfully but candidly the hesitancy of the Pontiff in the matter of adopting extreme measures against the King of England, and against the episcopal sycophants who were ready to ruin the cause of religion that they might bask in the smile of royalty.

In the first letter we read: "Let the Bishop of London,* and the other enemies of the Church whom Thomas has justly though tardily anathematized, be crushed entirely by that Rock of Peter which has so often crushed men like them. If this criminal audacity goes unpunished, we may expect the speedy ruin of the Church in England." In his second letter Maurice says: "Our most Christian King shares the sufferings of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the entire kingdom pities him, and everyone asks himself whether the Apostolic See can be deceived in so

* Of all the bishops of England, only one, Henry of Winchester, earnestly supported their primate in his defence of the rights of the Church. Of all the recreants, the Bishop of London, Gilbert Foliot, was the most dastardly. His conception of episcopal duty was well illustrated when, after the Royal Council had placed Becket "at [the King's] mercy," both as to his person and as to his entire property, Foliot thus urged the victim to resign his see: "If you remembered, father, whence our lord the King lifted you up and what he has conferred upon you; and if you considered the evil state of the times, and what ruin you are preparing for the Catholic Church and for us in case you resist the King in these matters; you would resign not only the archbishopric of Canterbury but ten of them, if you had them. *Then, perhaps, if the King sees that you are so submissive, he may give everything back to you.*" All the other bishops, Henry of Winchester alone excepted, endorsed this advice. The sage observation of his lordship of Lincoln, as he reflected upon the circumstances which threatened his comfort, merits remembrance: "It is evident that they seek the life of Becket; either he will yield up his life or he will die for his obstinacy. I can not perceive what good the archbishopric will do him unless he also has his life."

evident a matter. What criminal will ever be condemned if this King of England is not brought to account for so manifest an outrage, for so patent a contempt of the Church? How shall innocence henceforth escape the wiles of the calumniator, if you do not come to the aid of this Archbishop and of his companions in exile?... It is our heartfelt prayer, and that of the entire Church in France, that your Holiness now put an end to this great scandal; that you teach this King of England to conduct himself in a Christian manner; and that you exercise in its plenitude the prerogative of the King of kings." Letters like these of Maurice de Sully determined Pope Alexander III. to send a warning letter to the royal criminal, announcing: "We have not thought it proper to shut our eyes to your obstinacy any longer, nor shall we again close the mouth of the aforesaid Bishop. We now allow him to do his duty freely: to punish you with the weapons of ecclesiastical severity for the injuries which you have heaped on him and his diocese."* The threatened excommunication only deferred the catastrophe. Thomas à Becket gave his life for his flock; and it is edifying to read that not the least of his consolations, during his exile in the Land of the Lilies, came from the "poor scholar" of Sully.

* Roger of Hoveden: "Annals."



THE women who clamor for their rights may be surprised to learn that women sat in the council of the Saxon Tribes; that abbesses deliberated with rulers and nobles as far back as 694; that in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. four abbesses sat in parliament; and that in the reign of Edward III. six countesses were distinguished in like manner. And it is safe to say that these ladies of the Middle Ages never ceased to be modest and soft-voiced gentlewomen.

Rody Finn.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

ON a lovely June morning—one of those mornings laden with the perfume of "royal roses"—the transatlantic liner, *Paris*, strained at her moorings like a hound in the leash; for she was eager to start for a run across the sunlit waters of the "rolling, rollicking Atlantic."

She had a very full passenger list,—so full, indeed, that the deck-steward was distracted at the numerous pressing and imperious demands for deck-chairs; and the state-room stewards were, collectively and individually, crazed by the queries of wildly-excited passengers in reference to their respective cabins.

A young gentleman of about five and twenty, by name Rody Finn, standing six feet two in his stockings, and built in proportion, leaned over the rail waving a capacious, brawny fist landward, in token of adieu to another young gentleman of respectable height, who returned the salutations from the dock by rapid whirlings of a blackthorn, accompanied by frenzied shoutings, and other manifestations of an equally lively character.

The *Paris* gave vent to a last, long, lingering, growling, hoarse whistle, as she slowly and majestically glided into the North River, and Rody Finn flung a final farewell to his chum, Miles Casey.

The passengers were of the usual type—some haughty and languid; some forward and intrusive; some shrinking from and some courting acquaintanceship.

"I wonder," mused Rody, "if I shall become intimate with any of these people before I leave the ship at Southampton, and which of the lot it is likely to be?"

As he thus mused his eyes fell upon the form of a young girl for whom the deck-steward was adjusting a lounging-

chair. She was attired in a tailor-made suit of blue serge, and wore a soft, Alpine hat, with a coquettish little feather at the side peeping over the crown. Her delicate, oval face was of the complexion known as ivory, relieved by lips ruddier than cherries, and eyes revealing "unknown, unfathomable deeps."

With this girl was a tall, angular, eagle-beaked lady of doubtful age, who wore *pince nez*, and whose fingers were decorated up to the nails with gorgeous and glittering rings. Two maids waited upon these ladies; and it was evident to Rody Finn that they were wealthy, accustomed to travel, since they gave orders that none but globe-trotters could possibly think of; and cultivated, for the maids produced a pile of well-bound books, in French, German, and Italian.

"Who are those ladies?" asked Rody of the deck-steward.

"Here they are, sir," replied the willing official, presenting the passenger list, and indicating the lines.

"Miss Matilda D'Arcy, Miss Dorothy D'Arcy, and two maids."

"I shall want a chair," said Rody.

"All right, sir," said the steward, as he pocketed a quarter; adding, *sotto voce*: "And I'll put you alongside the young one. It often begins that way. I seen it fifty times myself."

Rody Finn, at the opening of this eventful narrative, held a responsible position in the great New York commission house of O'Shea & Co. His father and mother had come to the United States from Dublin in the Seventies, and Rody first saw the light of freedom in a snug little house on picturesque Staten Island. His father, a broker by profession, having made some money on Wall Street, was carried off by pneumonia, leaving his widow an annuity of about \$3,000, and one son. Mrs. Finn, a sensible and admirable woman, devoted her life to the education of Rody; and when a persistent suitor—

and she had many, with eagle eyes upon her fortune—would press his suit to an issue, she would invariably say: "I have God Almighty to take care of *me*, and He has deputed me to take care of my dead husband's child."

After giving Rody a thoroughly Catholic education, Mrs. Finn sought counsel of her husband's old friend, Mr. Denis O'Shea, who at once volunteered to take the lad into his counting-house. Rody, being truthful, honest, energetic and willing, rose slowly but surely, till, step by step, he found himself with a salary of \$5,000, and on the high road to a share in the firm.

The Finns occupied a very handsome apartment in West 38th Street; Miles Casey, a young lawyer and cousin, lived with them,—the two young men being inseparable. It was while the trio were engaged in discussing their plans for the coming summer, and the best disposition of the holiday due to and honestly earned by the respective young men, that Mrs. Finn observed:

"Rody, me heart, I wish you'd go over to Ireland and see your relatives. There's a few left who'll be delighted to see you and give you *caed milla failtha*. I would not let you go if you were poor; for you'd be apt to get the cold shoulder. I would not put it past them. But you can hold your head up and show them that the son of Tom Finn—God rest his soul!—is no bad specimen of the real old stock."

"I'll go, mother, if you'll come along!" cried Rody, with considerable alacrity.

"I'd rather you'd go alone, honey, this time, and report to me who's alive and who's dead—God be merciful to them! You see, me son, I lost sight of them all since your poor father died. He hadn't very many relations, but I had lashin's all around Dublin—mostly, moreover, in Rathmines, Rathgar, Kingstown, and Bray. You must go see the Rooneys and Mildens, and Joe Dillon, and two sets of Burkes, and the Sullivans, and Phil Finn

at Rathfarnham. Never mind: I'll give you a list; and Dublin compared to New York is a potato to a prize pumpkin. You must go and see Father O'Riordan at Tempogue, and Father Collier at Crumlin; and you'll bring me back a lot of real Limerick lace for presents here, and some bog-oak ornaments from Carr's in Darner Street, and a bog-oak cross for our little altar. I'll have prayers offered up for you while you're travelling; and I'll get the Sisters to pray, and St. Anthony will be asked to take a hand. Yes, you'll go alone this time, and show them what a fine, honest, truthful, healthy young Irish-American is. Maybe you'd fall in love over there, and bring me a blushing Irish bride. If you do, you must let me know what sort of a mother she has; for it all depends on the mother. If the mother is good, the daughter is good,—mind *that*, now."

And this is how it came to pass that Rody Finn was aboard the good ship *Paris* on that glorious June day of 1894.

Rody did not make much use of his deck-chair. Lying on his back gazing at the grey sea did not suit his energetic temperament; reading was out of the question. Everything was too new, too interesting, too fascinating. He had never been at sea before, save upon one business trip to and from St. John, New Brunswick; during the entire journey he was engaged in casting up accounts—not in the facetious sense, however,—and in discussing certain discrepancies in certain bills of lading involving some thousands of dollars.

Nor did Miss D'Arcy give him the most remote encouragement to remain by her side. She was frigidly polite, responding to his bow and "Good-morning!" and—nothing more. One day he came up and informed her that the ship had made five hundred and one miles.

"Oh! Thanks!" and she resumed her reading.

The two ladies were forever reading. One book finished, the watchful maids were on hand with a fresh one.

"Confound them for a pair of stuck-up bondholders!" Rody growled. "I wish some bright, sociable girl had Miss D'Arcy's face and figure! *That* would be immense. I'll have my chair put somewhere else, at all events."

Rody had just called the steward when Captain Watkins strolled up.

"I believe you are Mr. Finn, and that you have a letter of introduction to me from my dear old friend, Mr. O'Shea?" said the Captain.

"I have indeed, Captain."

"And why have you not presented it?"

"Well—well, I thought that you were busy. I was waiting."

"You see," laughed Captain Watkins, "everything comes to the man who—"

"Knows how to wait," interposed Rody.

"Not a bit of it—who is waited upon."

At this point the Captain exclaimed: "And how do *you* feel this lovely morning, ladies?"

"Isn't this ideal, Captain?" cried the younger. "Won't you sit down?"

"Take my chair, Captain," said Rody.

"Is this *your* chair? Have you met the Misses D'Arcy? Miss Darcy, permit me to present a young gentleman so highly recommended to me by one of my oldest and dearest friends that I recommend him to you: Mr. Finn, of New York."

Rody bowed stiffly and moved away.

"What a delightful chap the Captain is! No wonder everybody speaks well of him. Say, Steward, just take my chair when Captain Watkins leaves and—no, never mind!" adding under his breath: "I'll just see if she'll thaw a bit, now that I have been properly presented—and by the Captain, too."

He soon found that Miss D'Arcy had "thawed" very considerably, and that beneath the sunshine of the conventional introduction the ice had melted completely

away. The elder lady—whom I shall call Miss D'Arcy until I write the word *finis*—still manifested certain dignified patches of frost; but she, too, though by very slow degrees, allowed herself to unbend.

"Have you crossed before?" he asked of Dorothy.

"Oh, very often indeed! And you?"

"Never. This is my first trip."

"You must feel like a school-boy out for a holiday."

"I do. I feel inclined to ask all the round-shouldered fellows on board to give me a back, so that I can play at leap-frog."

"We are going to Ireland. Fancy, although all our people are Irish, I have never set my foot on the Emerald Isle."

"More shame for you! And I'll wage you've been half over Europe."

"All over Europe," she laughed.

"I am going to stop one day in London, and then on to Dublin. I am going to look up my relations," said Rody.

"You may be pretty certain of finding the poor ones," observed Miss D'Arcy, in a tone of asperity.

"I hope to God I may, ma'am!" cried honest Rody. "Blood is blood; it isn't gold or silver."

There was very little reading after this. The moment he sat down Dorothy received him with a sunny, gracious smile and closed her book. They talked of everything under the sun and under the sea. They laughed and made merry. They criticised their fellow-passengers, even bestowing nicknames upon them. They ate with the appetites of young wolves. Rody told his fair companion the uneventful story of his life; while she, in return, informed him that she was a poor relation of the elder lady,—a dependant; but that she was ready to do battle for bread should her present mode of life prove disagreeable.

"My aunt and I are going over to Ireland to try to hunt up *our* relations,

too. Is it not a strange coincidence?"

Rody said it was, adding a good deal more to himself. On an ocean voyage you become more intimate in a week than you would in months—nay, years—upon dry land. By the time that the *Paris* passed the Needles, our hero and Dorothy D'Arcy were almost on terms of familiarity; and even Miss D'Arcy was more or less at ease with him. When they arrived at Southampton, he engaged a compartment for London, saw to their luggage—to the intense relief of the maids,—and on the journey up through Merrie England was quite enthusiastic over the lovely scenery: the green fields bordered with hawthorn hedges in full blossom; the quaint, picturesque villages and farm-houses; the even, white roads; the hedged and winding lanes.

The D'Arcys went to a private hotel in Jamyn Street, where apartments had been engaged by cable; while Rody repaired to the Charing Cross.

"Tea at five o'clock to-morrow," said Dorothy D'Arcy, as he held her hand extended through the private omnibus window.

Rody stood on the platform, gazing after the rapidly disappearing vehicle.

"She's a delightful girl. I'll see her to-morrow, any way."

Our hero allowed no grass to grow under his feet while in London. Putting himself in a frock-coat and silk hat, he strolled down Northumberland Avenue, meeting a friend, a Mr. Martin, at the Metropole; then back to Pall Mall, where Mr. Martin, a New Yorker, who lived much in London, pointed out the palatial club-houses on either side. Then, strolling up St. James' Street, they turned into Piccadilly, and on to Hyde Park Corner. Spending an hour in the Park, gazing at the gorgeous equipages, and admiring the exquisite toilettes of the ladies occupying chairs beneath the trees, they returned down Piccadilly.

"Will you have a swagger dinner or a plain one?" asked Martin.

"A plain one, by all means. I've been feeding too high on the *Paris*."

"Then come along to Simson's, on the Strand, for a cut of turbot and a saddle of South-Down."

After dinner they went to a theatre; and at Scotts', in the Haymarket, Rody ate his first "native," the oyster, so dearly loved by Cockneys.

"I'd rather chew on a cent than eat another!" cried Rody. "Why, the flavor of copper is awful!"

The next morning Rody was up bright and early, and drove over to the Oratory at Brompton, where he heard Mass. He then "did" the South Kensington Museum, and later the National Gallery and British Museum. From the top of a bus he beheld Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, the Horse Guards, St. Paul's, the Mansion House, and Bank of England; and as it came to five o'clock, his thoughts turned to the promised cup of tea. He jumped into a hansom.

"Where to, sir?" demanded the driver through the trap on the roof.

"What street did she say?" And poor Rody cudgelled his brains for the name. Fifty names of streets flashed on him, but no one to tell the story of five o'clock tea.

"I'll try a Directory—pshaw! Drive on!" he shouted. "Perhaps it will come to me."

But it came not; and our hero, sad at heart, utterly disgusted and weary, was whirled out of Euston Station by the 8.25, *en route* to Holyhead, and "dear, dirty Dublin."

Rody put up at the Gresham Hotel in O'Connell (once Sackville, once Drogheda) Street. With thorough American vim, he did not lose a moment in hunting up his relations; and, hiring an outside car, drove out to Rathfarnham, a picturesque little village at the foot of the Dublin mountains. Here, in a charming country-

seat enshrined in lordly trees, he found Mr. Philip Finn, to whom the widow had written an affectionate letter bespeaking an Irish welcome for her son.

Mr. Philip Finn, after carefully perusing the letter twice, and glancing up at Rody as though he were a suspect and the letter a passport, clearing his throat, observed:

"I—ah—really think there must be—a mistake. I—ah—have not heard of your father—for years—yes, years; and I have not the—ah—honor of being acquainted with your—ah—mother."

"And you never shall!" cried honest Rody. "Heavens, man! if you had come to us in New York, we'd have given you such a high old time as would—pshaw! Good-morning, Mr.—I won't call you Finn!" And Rody regained the car, boiling over with indignation.

At Temphogue he found good Father O'Riordan, to whom he presented his mother's letter of introduction.

"Why, why, why! this is delightful, Rody!" exclaimed the priest. "Come, my son, get in your traps. This is your home as long as you care for a welcome, and that's for your mother's son till he wears it out; and that will be on Tibbs' Eve, which comes neither before nor after Christmas."

Rody tried to explain how impossible it would be to accept this royal invitation, his time being so limited.

"I have a very tired feeling after a visit I have just paid to one of my relations."

"Which of them?"

"Mr. Philip Finn, at Meadow Park."

"*That* old humbug! He's a Cawtholic: one of those Catholics who are ashamed of their faith. He'd rather have a bow from the lord-lieutenant than a blessing from a saint; and an invitation to a ball at the Castle than a seat at the Council of Trent. He's no Finn."

"So I almost told him, Father."

Father O'Riordan ordered a very substantial luncheon, and whiled away the

half hour preceding its announcement by eager inquiries as to the condition of the Church in the United States.

Rody, who was thoroughly well posted, gave him figures and facts that fairly took his breath away.

"God Almighty has, in His infinite wisdom, showered special graces upon your great and glorious country."

The Rooneys were at Bray for the summer, and the Burkes at their country-seat in the county of Roscommon. Joe Dillon he found at the Stephen's Green Club—a fine, portly, joyous old gentleman, who instantly put Rody's name up at the Club and gave a dinner for him. One of the party was the Honorable Mr. Thurles, a son of the Earl of Arley.

"I've been in New York. An awfully rotten place. Nothing to see. Indiscriminately hospitable, you know. Because I was entered in the hotel books as 'the Honorable' they *would* call me 'my Lord.' Pretty women in New York, though. Met one, a Miss D'Arcy—a thousand million or a billion, I forget which. How they do pile up the coin!"

"Why didn't you go in for the girl, Thurles?" asked his host.

"Well, you see—I should have had to woo her as if she were an English girl, you know. I did try to rush things, but she didn't see it. Miss Dorothy wanted an Eden of flowers, a glacier of candy, a library of letters; and I was to play poodle dog to an old she-dragon of an aunt. Not much! Please pass the claret."

Rody's heart gave a great thump. This was *his* Dorothy D'Arcy; but *she* had no money. It was the "she-dragon" that owned the millions.

"The Misses D'Arcy are in London," said Rody.

"Really! Do *you* know them?"

"Very slightly." (He was disgusted with himself that his face flamed up.) "I crossed with them on the *Paris*."

"Then *you* can tell me how much coin she has?"

"I have no idea of the young lady's financial position," said Rody, loftily.

"I should like to meet Dolly again. She's awfully funny."

"You may have an opportunity, sir; for she and her aunt are coming to this country."

"That's not half bad news. I 'guess,' as you Yankees say, I'll make a try to keep her here. Dear Dolly! Gentlemen, let us drink to Dolly!"

"I shall drink to Miss D'Arcy," interposed Rody, stiffly.

"You mean the old hag?"

"I mean Miss Dorothy D'Arcy. And let me add, Mr. Thurles, I do not think that the lady in question would care to be jested about by her first name."

"First name! That is a jolly Americanism!" cried Thurles, who was now a little the worse for the Château-Lafitte; seeing which the host moved an adjournment to the billiard room.

"You mustn't mind Thurles," observed Mr. Dillon. "He's an ass, and his ears wag very long indeed when he gets braying after dinner. But who are those D'Arcys? We have some charming D'Arcys here. Poor Morgan is dead, and so is Matt. He was a member of this Club, and took the famous wit, Father Healy, of Little Bray, to Egypt. Thurles, with his usual good taste, asked Father Healy what he was going to Egypt for. 'To visit the seat of my ancestors,' answered the priest—'Heliopolis.'"

"I do not know, Mr. Dillon, what D'Arcys they are. My acquaintance is only a deck-chair one."

"Bedad, if she has all this coin, I'd like to see the handsome son of my old friend Finn carry her off. You know the process of wooing a rich girl is just the same as that of wooing a poor one; so go in and win, Rody!"

The Legend of Saint Kieran.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

HOW green it is—the swelling height by
Shannon's marshy side,
Whence once Saint Kieran's brethren looked
on Shannon's placid tide!
Where then they counted towers twain and
stately churches nine,
To-day nor fort nor *doghawn* stands, nor
tower nor tomb nor shrine;
Yet reverent treads the stranger's foot and
reverent sinks his voice
Who knows the olden story of thy glory,
Clonmacnoise.

A sculptured cross of rugged stone uprears
its ivied head,
Sole watcher 'mongst the ruins by the ven-
erated dead;
Two figures rudely carved thereon—still
side by side they stand:
Diarmid in his kingly robes, "High Monarch
of the land";
And Kieran, wearing garb of those contemn-
ing earthly joys,—
The sainted Abbot Kieran, who founded
Clonmacnoise.
Between them is a sturdy stake in King's
and Abbot's hold:
Reminder of the legend that by Celtic hearths
is told;
How love surpassing brother's love between
them came to spring,
Though one was born of artisan and one was
born of king.
In early days they shared one home on
Arran's sacred sod,
Where then the blessed Enda taught the
creed of Patrick's God.
An exile from his royal rights the boy
Diarmid then,
Saint Enda's proffered sanctuary his shield
from evil men;
Nor crown nor throne was in his thought:
he coned the Psalter o'er,
And watched at eve the westering sun that
sank by Arran's shore.
So had the orb of Niall's fame been fated to
descend

Where now his exiled heir abode—Kieran
MacItheir's* friend.

There came a night when Kieran heard the
Master's mystic call;
Before his eyes in vision showed an oak
o'ershadowing all;
Broad-boughed it grew to guard and shade
the plain from whence it sprung.
Great Enda would interpret—on his words
the novice hung.
With tears the patriarch heard and spake:
"My son, 'tis thine to go—
Steer forth thy *currach*; God will guide
where fated waters flow,
Thou art thyself the oak—thy deeds the
land shall glorify;
The shadow of thy virtue o'er the fertile
plains shall lie,
So men of thee may knowledge seek trans-
mitted of the Lord,
His signet is upon thee set—apostle of His
word."

Across Kilkerran's smiling bay young
Kieran's *currach* sped;
His eyes were dim, his heart was sad, but
Faith triumphant led;
And whatsoever way was his, the Prince
Diarmid chose:
For friendship's sake he braved his fate
(the mainland held his foes).
Light sped the *currach* o'er the bay, touched
light their native soil,
And Kieran turned to seek the scene of his
allotted toil.
How fair the lordly Shannon showed!—their
self-appointed guide,
For weary day and anxious night they jour-
neyed on beside,
Until before the monk arose the visioned
scene once more:
'Twas here the oak of dreamland grew—by
Shannon's silent shore!
Here must he build and here abide; unstable
marshes round
Might seem to mock the builder's skill, yet
this the chosen ground
Of Kieran's dream and Enda's prayer, where
grew the mystic oak.
They girded them for irksome task, and
gravely Kieran spoke.

* Kieran, son of the artisan, or carpenter.

"Plant with me, O Diarmid! the earliest stake," he said

(For stakes must fence the treacherous marsh ere stone could rise o'erhead).

"Put *under* mine thy hand, and soon that selfsame hand shall be

Over all the men of Erin for this day's humility."

And, truly, 'twas a little while ere rang the clansmen's call

For son of Niall once again to reign in Niall's hall;

Diarmid came to kingly crown and share of kingly joys,

And, dearer yet, the royal right to dower Clonmacnoise.

So, rudely carved on rugged stone, still side by side they stand;

Between them still the sturdy stake, and rests anointed hand

Of Kieran, *over* his, who reigned "High Monarch of the land."

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.

IN the lofty peaks of the Wicklow hills, during all these disturbances numerous bands of outlaws successively kept up a desultory but effectual warfare. Amongst these were conspicuous the brothers Byrne, and notably the far-famed "Billy Byrne," of Ballymanus, so beloved by the surrounding peasantry. William Henry Byrne, as he was properly named, was a gentleman of ancient lineage, who had lost his property in the troubles, and finally his life, dying upon the scaffold, a martyr to his love for Ireland.

It was, as Matt had rightly conjectured, toward the grim and formidable pass of Ballyellis, which was so long and ably defended by the celebrated outlaw, that Henry Latouche took his way. He had

passed unobserved through his own gate; and, keeping his horse at its topmost speed, ridden by unfrequented paths to the mountains. He was urged on by the touch of the miniature which Matt, with sure instinct, had put into his hand.

He drew rein only when the steepness of the precipitous path he was ascending forbade him to urge his wearied horse to greater exertion. He stopped for an instant at a turn in the road, which gave him a view of a most exquisite landscape.

"My country!" exclaimed Latouche, thrilled with swift admiration. "No poet could depict you fairer than you are, yet none more wretched upon earth, through the tyranny of man."

There was a lingering light in the western sky, faint as a smile on dying lips; and, profiting by it, the young man took the miniature from his pocket. He gazed earnestly at the lovely face which it represented; the delicate features, suggestive of some haughtiness; the merry eyes, the slightly aquiline nose, the mocking upper lip. He noted for the thousandth time the dainty setting of the head, with hair coiled at the back, brushed high over a cushion in front, but letting a dozen tiny ringlets escape to stray over the forehead.

"Ireland, God knows how passionately I have loved you," murmured Latouche, "when even *she* has been thrown into the scale and could not weigh against you."

The excitement, as well as the long ride, had wrought him up to a mood of exaltation. This fervor and earnestness lent an added charm to a face which was ordinarily handsome, but which might have been marred by the languor of a mere man of fashion. Some poet has said that it is a glorious thing to take up in youth the championship of a noble but unpopular cause, and to spend one's life for it, or even to lose it. No one who knew Henry Latouche could doubt that his share in the world-famous movement of

1798 had ennobled and strengthened the character of that spoiled child of fortune. Not that he was in the habit of indulging in heroics on this subject of country or any other. His manner was usually a little careless—his enemies said cold; his friends, undemonstrative.

“And poor Matt?” said Latouche, his thoughts suddenly reverting to his faithful foster-brother. “I hope he is not attempting anything rash on my behalf.”

Lines of anxiety gathered between his eyes. Matt was a notorious dare-devil, and had a greater aptitude for getting in and out of scrapes than any “boy” in the land. The master’s wildest fancies, however, could scarcely have pictured Matt as he was at that moment, journeying from the hall to the inn, in the assumed character of Henry Latouche, and under charge of high treason.

It was a grave charge indeed; for Mr. Latouche was known to be deep in the councils of the conspirators, having even undertaken a mission to France in their interests; and to be the personal friend of Bageual Harvey, John Henry Colclough, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In fact, it would be idle to deny that Latouche had put name, influence, station—all that he possessed—at the service of the United Irishmen. He was of a romantic and somewhat dreamy nature; and, his father dying young, he had wandered about the lovely park and gardens of the Hall, and outward into the lanes, the fields, the farms; filling his mind with old ballads, bits of history rudely gathered from peasant tongues, and the story of bitter, burning wrongs, fresh from aching hearts, the hoarded stores of generations. His mother, during the brief time she had survived her husband, encouraged rather than repressed this feeling. Love of country had been a passion with her, and she had transmitted the sentiment to her eldest son. So when the insurrection broke out, Henry Latouche was soon at

loggerheads on this subject with most of his associates, including his younger brother, who wrote him one of his characteristic dozen-line epistles:

“What was Fate thinking of to make you the elder brother, with Isabel Fitzroy thrown in as a *bonne-bouche*? With your quixotism, your quips and cranks, you would have made an excellent younger son. Patriotism, like the scarlet fever, is never dangerous save when it attacks the heir-apparent. With the allowance that I have—and were I the elder brother it should be doubled, which is not at all meant for a hint,—you could have embarked in patriotism or any other unseaworthy craft you chose; whilst I should keep up respectability and loyalty for us both. As it is, I can only sign myself that ill-used plaything of fortune, the younger brother of a theorizing elder.”

Latouche at the time had laughed at the letter, and thrown it aside with a good-natured “Confound the lad’s impertinence!” For there was really a warm affection between the brothers, and each saw in the good fortune of the other his own. But on the hill-top, faintly lit by the rising moon, a fugitive amenable to the law, the letter recurred to his mind with other thoughts and feelings. He seemed to read between the lines the fraternal anxiety, and at the same time the reminder of his responsibilities.

What if, after all, his brother were right, and if he, with name, fortune and influence, could better have served his country by refusing to make himself a beacon light to lead others on? Perhaps it was true that an elder brother had duties which should prevent him from countenancing movements the outcome of which can not be foreseen.

A profound melancholy seized upon the young man. A wave of doubt flowed over him, icy in its chill. Was revolution, after all, the best thing for that country he so dearly loved? Was it to her true interest

that her best men were daily dying for her? Had he been mistaken, and drawn others into the mistake? His own danger, loss, and, as he doubted not, ultimate ruin, were of no moment to him. He had long since risked them all freely. But for the first time he asked himself: "Has it been worse than unavailing?" No heart-weariness equals that which shows glory to have been a deception; and a cause which had been esteemed holy, an illusion.

As the sunset began to fade over the "glimmering landscape," this darkness, greater than that which the moon was now brightening, gathered upon the usually undaunted spirit of Henry Latouche. If ultimate ruin were indeed his portion, was he right to swallow up in it another life? By permitting Isabel Fitzroy to keep her engagement with him, he made her the betrothed of an outlaw, the promised wife of a felon, who had escaped conviction—if he escaped it at all—only by flight.

"The best thing I could do," he muttered, "would be to ride to Dublin and give myself up. That would effectually release Isabel from her engagement."

The words of Matt rushed to his mind: "For the sake of one that would be broken-hearted if harm came to you."

The thought was as an electric spark lighting up the darkness. No: that was a test he would never submit her to. While life remained, he would take its chances, desperate as they might be. For her sake he would escape, if escape were possible. Yes, and he would go to her, to offer her her freedom; or to show her, at least, that no danger could prevent his coming as the wedding-day drew near. With a last glance at the miniature, he urged his horse forward, and was soon lost in the darkness which now hung heavily upon the mountains,—those dearly loved mountains of Wicklow where he had wandered boy and man.

VIII.

Isabel Fitzroy was dealing out tea that summer day to a few intimate friends, all busy with the latest gowns and the latest engagement; and, in that haphazard way with which society regards the great events passing around it and which are destined to make history, the insurrection was touched upon. The resignation of Sir Ralph Abercombe, the coming of Lord Lake to replace him, the arrival of this or that new regiment, the surprising intelligence that this or that *gentleman* had joined the insurgents,—all formed a part of the afternoon gossip of a century ago.

The room, very handsomely and picturesquely furnished, seemed a fit setting for Miss Fitzroy's face and figure; and her dainty gown and graceful movements seemed to single her out from the various women collected there, chatting with the sprinkling of men, which was momentarily increasing.

Presently the servant appeared and announced: "Lieutenant Morrison!"

And a young officer who then entered made his way to the tea-table; and, having taken a cup of fragrant Tokay from his hostess, began to tell her a piece of news with which he seemed fairly bursting.

"O Miss Fitzroy, I must tell you! Such a lark, you know!"

And he laughed aloud at some recollection which appealed to his sense of the ludicrous.

Isabel smiled sympathetically, and two or three girls drew their chairs nearer.

"Of course *we* want to hear it," said one. "What can it be that is making you laugh so, Lieutenant?"

"Howe can't show himself anywhere without raising a laugh," he exclaimed at last.

Isabel raised her pretty eyebrows.

"Why, in my recollection of Captain Howe," she said, carelessly, "he was the very reverse of amusing. I mean that he was fearfully solemn."

"But it was such a lark!" repeated the Lieutenant. "Howe was sent with a detachment—so, of course, there are two other chaps in it—to capture a rebel somewhere up in Wicklow."

Isabel's attention was arrested. Her eyes were fixed upon the speaker as he proceeded:

"I fancy this particular rebel is rather an amateur at the business. In any case, a gentleman and a man of property—"

He paused, struck by the intense paleness which had suddenly overspread the glowing face of their beautiful young hostess. But as she turned her head away, and began to busy herself with the tea-things, he thought he must have been mistaken, especially as she inquired:

"And what is so particularly amusing in the affair? These things are everyday occurrences now."

"I am going to tell you," said Morrison, enjoying the interest he seemed to have excited in the beautiful Miss Fitzroy. "Howe made his way to the Hall."

"The Hall?" Isabel repeated. "*What* Hall, Lieutenant?"

"Oh, I can't enlighten you! That is what the people about, it appears, call this treasonable lair."

"Well, don't keep us in suspense, but hurry on with this wonderful tale."

There was always a hint of imperiousness in Isabel Fitzroy's manner, which was considerably heightened—though the Lieutenant knew it not—by his last words. However, he felt the note of command, and did hurry on.

"Why, they got to the door. It was opened by a heavy English swell of a footman, who kept them there till Howe was fuming."

"Well?" said Isabel Fitzroy, bending forward in her eagerness.

"Well, they kept him there, making delay after delay, until finally Mr. Latouche—that was the name of the chap they were after—came down."

Isabel Fitzroy drew in her breath sharply, suddenly straightening herself upright in her chair. But the narrator noticed nothing, and was quite unaware that more than one man in the room, as well as several of the women, would if they could have ended the story then and there. Lieutenant Morrison, who had but lately come to Ireland, and knew little of current gossip, overcome once more by his feelings, burst into a laugh.

"Oh, such a guy—such a figure of fun as they saw! The Ensign told me all about it."

"What!" said Isabel Fitzroy, quickly. "Mr. Latouche a figure of fun!"

"Fat, gouty, with a scant coat, and waistcoat buttoned over such a corpulent waist; and—but there's no use going into details."

Isabel listened at first with resentment, then bewilderment, and finally with a flash of intelligence.

"Matt!"

Of course she did not say the word aloud; but the Lieutenant was again surprised by the lovely color which rose to her cheeks and the merriment which danced in her eyes. He did not heed the embarrassed silence which had fallen around, nor the whispered exclamation:

"It couldn't have been he. He couldn't have changed so much."

"Well, the fellow behaved very handsomely—made them dine with him, and all that sort of thing; and a rattling good dinner they got, too, with the choicest wine. The Ensign told me he and his neighbor at table were half choked trying not to laugh whilst Howe, in his solemn way, talked to Latouche. Dinner over, there was more delay; and at last they got started to the inn, where, it appears, it all came out. It wasn't Latouche at all."

And Lieutenant Morrison's voice broke into another laugh.

"Who was it?" asked a man who stood lounging near the chimney-piece.

"Why, a clever rascal of a servant—foster-brother or something or other."

"And how was it discovered?"

"I fancy the astonishment of the people at the inn, and some chance words let fall by a swell from Dublin who was down there shooting, opened Howe's eyes; it all came out then; and the prisoner, at heart an honest fellow, made no further attempt at concealment."

"What will be done with him, I should like to know?" said one of the girls who sat near Isabel.

"I suppose they will keep him till Latouche turns up, so that the gallows may not be cheated of its prey," replied the Lieutenant, indifferently.

Isabel turned away her head, replacing with much deliberation the cosy which had fallen from the teapot. Her mother, who sat in a distant part of the room, cast an anxious glance at her; while the tall man at the chimney-piece, letting his eyes wander in the same direction, said to himself:

"Game, by Jove! Harry Latouche is in luck if he *has* chosen to mix himself up with this infernal row."

The talk drifted away to other topics, in which Isabel, by an effort scarcely visible save to her intimate friends, bore a part,—interrupting herself to pour out tea for some newcomer, or to shake hands with departing visitors.

"Morrison," said the tall man, when they had got out upon the sidewalk half an hour later—and Isabel did not guess that it was principally through his management the room had been cleared so much earlier than usual,—"Morrison, you ought to be hanged yourself."

Morrison looked at him in astonishment. Had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? The young man was, in fact, full of a certain exaltation. He fancied he had been quite a success that afternoon, and had kept his young hostess' attention mainly directed toward himself.

"Whatever are you driving at?" he asked. "Why should *I* be hanged?"

"For telling any girl such a confounded yarn about the man she is engaged to."

"What, in the name of Heaven, do you mean?"

"Only that if everything had gone well, Harry Latouche was to have married Miss Fitzroy in a fortnight."

(To be continued.)

A Favor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

MARIE-LOUISE TESSIER, aged twenty-three, lives at Saint-Amand-sur-Sèvres, department of Deux-Sèvres, France. When sixteen years of age she joined a religious community at La Salle de Villiers. The following year the first symptoms of a disease appeared, which was to lead her before long to the brink of the grave. Nevertheless, her superiors thought fit to admit her to the novitiate, and she accepted with joy the livery of Our Lord. After a few months her health grew worse, and the physician of the convent pronounced her malady tuberculous peritonitis. Very soon she lost her voice, and could speak only in a whisper. At her own request she returned home to her family, in the hope that her native air would be beneficial. The hope was a vain one: the disease progressed rapidly. During the first year she was at home she was able sometimes to go to church—a distance of a quarter of a mile; later on she was confined to the house and even to her bed.

In 1896 she expressed a longing to go to Lourdes, but her desire could not then be gratified. Perhaps Our Lady was waiting for the disease to reach its climax, so that her cure might appear all the more striking. Last year she was admitted to the National Pilgrimage. But how was she, in her weak condition, to go through such an ordeal? The doctor declared it

was madness even to dream of a journey to Lourdes; but Marie-Louise insisted on making the trial. "If I am to die," she said, "I prefer dying at Lourdes to dying here."—"But your lungs are gone," the doctor declared, in an impatient tone; "your life hangs by a mere thread."—"The Blessed Virgin can give me back my lungs," replied the young woman.

There was much difficulty in preparing her for the journey. It was necessary to bandage the lower part of the body. The patient was placed in a litter, and in the carriage of the Vicomtesse de Villeneuve was conveyed to the station of Châtillon. Soon after setting out, the vehicle, rolling over stones, caused such suffering to Marie-Louise that she fainted away; and her benefactress, Madame de Villeneuve, advised her to give up the pilgrimage and return home at once. The invalid begged to be allowed to proceed. With great precautions she was placed in the train, still suffering such pain that, in spite of her courage, she could not keep back the tears, and requested the priest who accompanied her to give her his blessing. "My sufferings are almost beyond endurance," she said. However, she reached Poitiers alive, and was received at the convent of the Hospital Sisters. A physician who was present prophesied that she could not pass the night. "Certainly she will never live to see Lourdes."

The night was one of great suffering, but the invalid's faith was strong. Next morning she was again deposited in the train. She endured the greatest pain. Her stomach was fearfully swollen, and she continually vomited blood, which exhausted her to the last degree. M. Bourdin, an intern surgeon of a Paris hospital, who accompanied the pilgrims to Lourdes, declared that the patient's face presented unmistakable signs of death. She gasped for breath; the beating of her heart was most irregular, and perspiration was profuse. She could only

absorb a very small quantity of milk, and her case seemed to him utterly hopeless. On the way to Morceux her breathing became still quicker, and she fell into a state of coma. When taken from the train at Lourdes, she was almost inanimate; life appeared to be slowly ebbing away. It was now thought she would die at the Grotto. Though carried at once to the piscina, she experienced no relief; then she was taken to the Hospital of the Seven Dolors, for it seemed likely she would expire at any moment. The Holy Viaticum was brought to her, and she received it with the utmost faith and piety. The priest of Saint-Amand remained beside her to assist her in her dying moments. But our Blessed Mother was watching over her dear child—the moment of healing was nigh.

Again carried to the Grotto in the afternoon of the same day, the Bishop who bore the Blessed Sacrament in the procession allowed the sick around to kiss the foot of the monstrance. Marie-Louise being too feeble to sit upright, the person beside her raised her head for this act of faith, and held her in her arms. Just then the sick and pilgrims about her broke out into the most touching appeals: "Jesus, Son of David, have pity on us! Save us! Restore health to the sick!" She, too, breathed the most fervent prayers; though the pains she suffered were so acute it seemed to her as if her body were about to dissolve—when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, all pain ceased, and she felt impelled to rise and walk! The lady infirmarians near her wanted to help her up, but she made signs (for she had been speechless for several hours) that it was not necessary to help her: she could get up alone. She stood up and walked to the Grotto, asking, by signs, for the miraculous water that was to complete her recovery. Having swallowed a few drops, her voice returned and she was able to speak. The

Magnificat was sung; she joined in this hymn of thanksgiving. On coming back to the hospital, she felt an appetite, and ate bread, meat and other food without being in the least incommoded. She went to and fro, her heart full of joy and gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes. It was hard to persuade her to sit down and rest herself.

The next day, Sunday, Marie-Louise, accompanied by the physicians of the hospital, went to the Bureau des Constata-tions. All the medical men were astounded at so marvellous a recovery. Nevertheless, they still found something amiss with the left lung; but the *miraculée* was not disturbed by this diagnosis, and followed all the exercises of the pilgrimage—kissed the ground and prayed with extended arms. The next day she returned to the Bureau des Constata-tions, where all the doctors, after examining her minutely, declared she was *entirely cured*. Those of the hospital corroborated the judgment. Everybody wanted to see her, and to admire in her the goodness of God.

On her return to Poitiers, she stopped again at the convent, where the nuns had witnessed her dying state a few days before; and then proceeded homeward. She was anxiously expected at Saint-Amand by her father and mother. The church bells pealed forth joyful chimes to announce her arrival; the inhabitants assembled in the church to see with their own eyes the proof of the miracle. Marie-Louise was met by the clergy, preceded by the cross-bearer, and the Children of Mary clad in white. She herself held a taper and walked between two nuns, following the banner of the Immaculate Virgin. At the close of a touching sermon by the parish priest, a solemn ceremony of thanksgiving took place.

As a conclusion to this narration, we give the certificate of M. Bourdin, the devoted surgeon who accompanied the National Pilgrimage:

“Being one of the intern surgeons, I took charge of Miss Tessier, who arrived at Poitiers by the line of Bressuire. Her condition was indeed most alarming. The transit between the station and the convent of the Hospital Sisters was painful to the last degree. I laid her upon the bed allotted to her; for she had fainted during the short distance, and remained in a state of coma. I communicated to Dr. Boissarie my observations of this case. Certain physicians argue that, in some instances, tuberculous diseases are apparently cured; whereas they are only dormant, and break out more terribly soon after. Still I am positive that I have before me a miraculous fact, and I believe you can publish it as such without any fear of contradiction.

“P. BOURDIN.”

Notes and Remarks.

The Pope's letter on the Manitoba schools has at last been published, and it is a complete vindication of the Canadian episcopate in their action on this much-vexed question. The Laurier-Greenway “settlement” is plainly declared to be “defective, unsuitable, insufficient.” The Pontiff counsels that the rights of the Manitoba Catholics—their full rights—should be “zealously and prudently sought for”; and adds: “We have full confidence that, with God's help, they will succeed in obtaining entire satisfaction.” In the meantime he advises, “until they are able to obtain their full rights, let them not refuse partial satisfaction.” Briefly, Leo XIII. declares that the Manitoba Catholics still have a grievance; that they should work for its removal, and accept whatever is good in the Laurier-Greenway settlement only as partial satisfaction.

So far as the Pope's letter can be considered to have a political bearing, it would seem to be a distinct condemnation of the Catholic leader who used the Manitoba school question as an inglorious means of obtaining a partisan victory. The following

sentence is significant: "What is more deplorable still is that Catholic Canadians themselves failed to unite as they should in defending interests which are of such importance to all,—the importance and gravity of which should have stilled the voice of party politics, which are of much less importance." Meanwhile, as Archbishop Bruchesi says, the Federal parliament is still competent to pass a Remedial Bill; and, at this distance, it appears to us that before many sessions have passed, parliament will see the advisability of passing one—the present Liberal and Conservative apathy in the matter to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Bishop Shanley declares, as the reason why the Anti-divorce Bill inspired by him was never reported to the senate of North Dakota, that "fourteen hundred dollars are worth more in North Dakota than God Almighty's law." Bishop Shanley's State is not the only one whose legislature fancies it can repeal the laws of God; but Oklahoma and North Dakota are, of all places, the happy hunting-grounds of people who yearn to burst the bands of matrimony. There is a theory that facility in granting divorce brings money into a new State and helps to upbuild it materially. We have read with deep gratification Bishop Shanley's statement that the theory is now disproved. In North Dakota money which goes begging in the East at three per cent interest can not be borrowed in Dakota for eight, because Eastern capitalists will not invest money in North Dakota even on "gilt-edged" securities. There seems to be a general impression among business men that people who have so little regard for the Sixth Commandment are not likely to be over-scrupulous about the Seventh.

The account of Satterlee Hospital, edited by Miss Sara Trainer Smith, in the current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society, is vivid, interesting and edifying. It abounds in stories of wonderful conversions. Many of the Protestant soldiers who were brought to the hospital during our Civil War seem always to have had a vague conviction

of the truth of the Catholic Church, and appeared glad enough to be baptized into her pale in their illness or death. But the major part of them were either strongly prejudiced or profoundly ignorant of Catholicity. It is surprising, however, to note how speedily the prejudice was dispelled by the kindness and piety of the Sisters of Charity; and—more remarkable still—the reading of a single good Catholic book was generally enough to inspire conviction, and, under God, to effect a conversion. There are two valuable hints here. The way to uproot bigotry is by good example; the way to dispel religious ignorance is by kindly and dignified explanation of Catholic truth.

It appears, too, that others than the poor soldiers were edified by the Sisters. The executive officer of the hospital once asked the superior: "Sister, has there ever been any dissatisfaction or misunderstanding between the officers and the Sisters since you came to the hospital?" She answered: "None at all."—"Well," said the officer, "the other day we were at a party. The conversation turned on the Sisters in the hospitals; and I said there had never been a falling out between us at Satterlee. Some of the city hospital doctors said it was hard to believe that forty women could live together without quarrelling."

The most ardent champion of football will read with amusement the account which one Philip Stubbs wrote of that vigorous sport over three centuries ago. His "Anatomic" of abuses current in ye Realme of England was published in 1583, and his opinion of tackles and rushes and touch-downs and drop-kicks proves that neither the game itself nor the objections raised against it are altogether new. We quote goodman Philip herewith:

Now, who is so grosly blinde that seeth not that these aforesaid exercises not only withdraw us from godliness and virtue, but also haile and allure us to wickednesse and sins? For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you that it may rather be called a friendlie kinde of fyghte than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sport or pastime. Dooth not everyone lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and piche him on his nose, tho it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, or valley or

hill, or whatever place soever it be he careth not, so he have him downe? And he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? . . . So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes; sometimes their noses gush out with blood; sometimes their eyes start out; and sometimes hurte in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot-free, but is either forewounded, craised, or bruised, so as he dyeth of it or else scapeth very hardlie; and no mervaille, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to butt him under the short ribs with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip and piche him on his neck, with a hundred such murdering devices. And hereof groweth envy, rancour, and malice, and sometimes brawling, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

Out of a population of nearly 280,000,000 in India and Ceylon, nearly 2,000,000 are Catholics. Northern India appears to be more sterile in the matter of conversions to the faith than Southern India. Ceylon stands ahead of India in this respect. There are twice as many native priests as Europeans: the number of native priests being 1,599, and Europeans 796. The work of Catholic education in India is steadily progressing. Among the most flourishing institutions is St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, which has done much to improve the mental status and elevate the moral character of the natives of the district. The ranks of the professors, by the way, have lately been strengthened by the addition of two priests from America—Fathers Moore and Sullivan, S. J.,—in whom literature and science find erudite expounders.

While we have no sympathy whatever with those weak-kneed, plastic Catholics who, for the sake of conciliating their brethren of another communion, are inclined to minimize the teachings of the Church, we can not but reprobate the aggressive rigorism of those of our faith who run to the opposite extreme, and, in their misguided zeal for what they no doubt flatter themselves is the uncomprising truth, saddle upon the Church doctrines that she does not teach. The doctrine *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*,

“Outside the Church no salvation,” is surely sufficiently explained in all standard Catholic works—and, we should hope, in all Catholic pulpits—to prevent the charge being made with any show of justice that Catholics believe that outside the “body” of the Church, or outside *visible* communion therewith, damnation is inevitable. Yet we see a correspondent of an Eastern journal protesting that in the parochial schools of an Eastern city this is the doctrine that was taught to him. Whether the correspondent is mistaken or not, this much is certain: no possible good can result from such misrepresentation of the Church's doctrine concerning the salvation of those outside her visible fold. The catechist or the pastor who dilates on the dictum, “Outside the Church there is no salvation,” and who fails to explain what is meant by the “soul of the Church,” “good faith,” and “invincible ignorance,” is distorting Catholic truth, is unnecessarily alienating non-Catholic sympathy, and is taking a position which, some time or other, he must ingloriously abandon.

No sooner did it become tolerably certain that the Holy Father's decision concerning the Manitoba school question was adverse to the Laurier-Greenway settlement, than the press of both political parties in Canada begin to emphasize the point that the question was out of federal politics for good: that neither Conservatives nor Liberals would ever again take it up. The wish is doubtless father to the thought; but we quite fail to see why the Catholics of the Dominion—two-fifths of the whole population—can not form a central party able to dictate terms to either Grits or Tories, and capable of extorting from either the fullest restitution of the rights which England's highest court has declared to belong to the Manitoba Catholics. Those who are trying to persuade themselves that the school question is a dead issue in Canadian politics are likely to be surprised in a future not very remote.

About as remarkable a sermon as we remember ever hearing of was that preached

a few Sundays ago by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York city. The whole address partook of the nature of an apology for the existence of the church at all. It was a plea for attendance at church based on the same grounds as would be an appeal to join any merely social or political club. Dr. Rainsford said candidly: "I do not mean to tell you that the church is infallible. . . . We can not give you an infallible Bible; for the Bible is not an infallible book," etc, etc. At most, the church, to the mind of this Episcopal doctor, is a species of religious club—"an association with well-doing as its object." As for anything of the divine in its organization, or any definite belief essential to its membership, there is not a word. The Milwaukee Episcopalians some time ago re-christened themselves "The Church"; it would now seem in order for St. George's of New York to be re-christened "No Church."

A body of Swiss editors have pledged themselves, in the interest of morality, to suppress the detailed reports of crimes; and steps have been taken to induce other editors to follow their example. We yearn for the day when this wave of reform will wash our own shores. In giving some reasons "Why Homicide Has Increased in America," Cesare Lombroso, the criminologist, writes in a secular magazine:

I think I should add, as an additional cause of crime, that stimulus to imitation, the publication by the press of minute details of criminal incidents, reports of the police courts, accompanied by portraits, autographs, and biographies of criminals; all of which becomes more harmful when we consider that it is furnished to a community where but 22 per cent of the native criminals are illiterate.

A casual glance at any morning paper shows that bishops and statesmen and even football players are less interesting figures in the public eye than distinguished criminals. It is hardly too much to say that nine-tenths of our newspapers are academies of crime.

The custom of breaking a bottle of wine in the bow of a new ship as a part of the ancient ceremony of launching, has given rise to a curious mixture of impressions.

Some think that the word "baptism," or "christening," applied to the ceremony is hardly short of sacrilegious. Certain tipplers hold that the ship is forever the better for the bottle of wine; others, that it is a sinful waste of good material. The "teetotalers" also seem to be divided: one half contending that the ceremony countenances intemperance; the other alleging that the only fit use for wine is to empty it into the sea. For once, if reports be true, all objectors are silenced. When the new Japanese cruiser, *Kasagi*, was completed in the Philadelphia ship-yards, it was decided to launch her after the Japanese fashion. Accordingly when the ship began to glide into the "ocean's arms," the daughter of Secretary Long, of the United States Navy, released a beautiful white pigeon, which flew out over the waters. Whatever may be thought of traditions, no one will deny that the Japanese custom is prettier than the American one. Let us hope that it will establish itself permanently.

Notable New Books.

THE BLACK MONKS OF ST. BENEDICT. By the Rev. E. L. Taunton. In Two Volumes. Longmans, Green & Co.

No "short and simple annals" these, but a noble record of the centuries of distinguished service rendered to religion in England by the sons of St. Benedict. It was a "Black Monk," St. Augustine, who first firmly established the Catholic faith in that far-away island, thirteen centuries ago; and the ascendancy thus naturally acquired was continued until the minions of Henry sacked the monasteries and drove the monks out to death or exile. Meantime the Benedictines had been the spiritual pastors, the schoolmasters, the almoners, and at times even the statesmen of the English people. In the martyrology of "Reformation" times there is a noble train of Benedictine names; and when the persecution was partly over, the children of the Saint, though they never recovered their ancient grand proportions, were and still are a powerful force for the restoration of England to the old faith.

Such are the outlines of the story which Father Taunton tells in interesting detail.

But not perfectly. It bears, here and there, the ear-marks of haste, and is often suggestive of the chronicle. These two large handsome octavo volumes, with only six hundred pages between them—and these not overcrowded,—ought to have enabled Father Taunton to give to his narrative more of the color, the vividness and the picturesqueness of Montalembert's "Monks of the West"; and the added charm need not have detracted from the scholarship which enriches the pages as they stand. It seems an ungrateful act, however, to grumble because a book so good is not better. There are choice bits—veritable nuggets of gold—scattered through these learned pages, and nowhere have we found it heavy reading. It is a most valuable record of Benedictine work in England, with interesting side glimpses of the monks in other countries. Exteriorly and interiorly, the volumes are fair to look upon.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES. Vol. I.
Belford, Middlebrook & Co.

Those who, during the past eighteen years, have listened to Mr. Stoddard's interesting lectures will rejoice to learn that they are now being published in handsome book form. The work will be completed in ten volumes, and will no doubt win the same popularity as the lectures did at the time of their delivery. They certainly deserve it. There is a distinct charm in these souvenirs of travel. Mr. Stoddard makes one realize the scenes he describes. After reading a chapter of this volume one feels that he knows something definite about the country and people of which it treats. Culture, sympathy, and enthusiasm are revealed on every page. The lectures are printed precisely as they were delivered. Those who never had the pleasure of hearing them may now enjoy reading them; and their enjoyment will be increased by the pictures scattered through the text. These illustrations outnumber the views Mr. Stoddard used to present when lecturing.

We find no trace of religious prejudice in the present volume, which deals with Norway, Switzerland, Athens, and Venice; we feel sure it can be recommended without

reserve to all classes of readers. As an illustration of Mr. Stoddard's style, and to show the spirit in which he writes, we quote his description of a visit to the historic Mount St. Bernard:

Some years ago, on the last day of October, I left the village of Martigny, which is the starting-point for the ascent; and several hours later, as night came creeping up the Alps, found myself upon the famous pass, at a place already higher than our own Mount Washington, but still two thousand feet below my destination—the monastery. Through various causes our party had been delayed; and now, with the approach of night, a snow-storm swept our path with fearful violence. Those who have never seen a genuine Alpine storm can hardly comprehend its reckless fury. The light snow was whirled and scattered, like an ocean of spray, over all things. A thousand needles of ice seemed to pierce our skin. Drifts sprang up in our path as if by magic. The winds howled like unchained demons through the jagged gorges; and a horrible feeling of isolation made our hearts falter with a sickening sense of helplessness. As mine was an October experience, I shudder to think of what a genuine winter's storm must be. For, as it was, we were all speedily numb with cold, blinded by the whirling snow, and deafened by the roaring wind, which sometimes drowned our loudest shouts to one another.

Up and still up we rode, our poor mules plunging through the snow; our fingers mechanically holding the reins, which felt like icicles within our grasp; our guides rubbing their well-nigh frozen hands, but fortunately—most fortunately—never becoming confused as to the way.

At length I saw—or thought I saw—through the blinding snow, one of a group of buildings. I chanced to be the foremost in our file of snow-bound travellers; and, shouting "Here it is at last!" I hastened toward the structure. No light was visible. No voice responded to my call for help. I pounded on the door and called again. No answer came; but at that moment I felt my arm grasped roughly by my guide.

"In Heaven's name" he said, "do not jest on such a night as this!"

"Jest!" I rejoined, with chattering teeth. "I have no wish to jest—I am freezing. Where is the boasted hospitality of your lazy monks? Shout! Wake them up!"

"They will not wake," replied the guide.

"Why not?" I cried; and, beating the door again, I called at the top of my voice: "*Au secours! Réveillez-vous!* Are you all dead in here?"

"Yes," replied the guide.

It was now my turn to stare at him.

"What do you mean?" I faltered. "What—what does this house contain?"

"Corpses," was the reply.

It was clear to me in a moment. I had mistaken the dead-house for the house of shelter! In fancy I

could see the ghastly spectacle within, where bones of travellers whiten on through centuries in an atmosphere whose purity defies decay.

But, almost simultaneously with his other words, I heard my guide exclaim: "If you too would not join their number, *en avant, en avant, vite, vite!*" Then, seizing the bridle of my mule, he urged me toward the monastery. A few moments more, and we arrived within its sheltering walls. One of the Brothers helped me to dismount, and led me up the stone steps of the Hospice. And then how blessed was our reception! How warm the fire blazing on the ample hearth! How good the hot soup and wine instantly brought us by the kind friars! How comforting the thought of our surroundings, as the baffled storm beat against the frost-covered windows, and seemed to shriek with rage at being cheated of its victims! Never while memory lasts shall I cease to remember with love and gratitude those noble-hearted Brothers of the St. Bernard.

Next morning the storm had cleared away. Yet even in pleasant weather it is difficult to imagine anything more dreary than the situation of this monastery, locked thus in snow and ice, and sentinelled by savage peaks eight thousand feet above the sea. Even the pond adjoining it is gloomy from its contrast to all other lakes. Its waters are too cold for any kind of fish, and therefore fail to attract hither any kind of bird. Animal life has fallen off in making the ascent. Man and the dog alone have reached the summit.

It was with admiration that I looked upon the self-sacrificing heroes who reside here. What praise can be too high for these devoted men, who say farewell to parents and to friends, and leave the smiling vales of Switzerland and Italy to live upon this glacial height? Few of them can endure the hardship and exposure of the situation longer than eight years; and then, with broken health, they return (perhaps to die) to the milder climate of the valleys. During the long winter which binds them here with icy chains for nine months of the year, they give themselves to the noble work of rescuing, often amid terrible exposure, those who are then obliged to cross the pass. In this they are aided by their famous dogs, which, like themselves shrink from no danger, and in their courage and intelligence rival the masters they so bravely serve. The travellers whom they receive in winter are not the rich, whose heavy purses might recompense them for their toil. They are mostly humble peasants, unable to give more compensation than the outpouring of a grateful heart. But there will come a day when these brave men will have their full reward; when He, who with unerring wisdom weighs all motives and all deeds, will say to them: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The publishers have done their part well. The typography is excellent; the numerous pictures, which are of the kind that illus-

trate, are printed with skill; and the binding and general appearance of the volume are altogether pleasing. There is an indefinable appropriateness of exterior to contents. One realizes that the work should have precisely this form—that there is a genius of book-making.

SONGS OF LIBERTY, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Co.

Those who have admired the occasional poems in the *Century* by the scholarly associate editor, Robert Underwood Johnson, will be glad to know that they have been collected and published in a dainty volume. There is a polish of diction, a sincerity of feeling, and a personal charm of expression, in these poems which distinguish them from the multitude of verses appearing everywhere. Greece, the

Land of sage and stoic,
Of human deeds heroic,
Of heroes' deeds divine,

is the subject of Mr. Johnson's muse in the opening songs; but, like all true poets, he is cosmopolitan in his tastes.

"Paraphrases from the Servian of Zmaj Iovan Iovanovich, after Literal Translations by Nikola Tesla," form the second part of the book; and after reading them even cursorily, one realizes the truth of the lines:

"Why," you ask, "has not the Servian perished,
Such calamities about him throng?"
With the sword alike the lyre he cherished,
He is saved by Song!

AMBER GLINTS. By Amber. Rand, McNally & Co.

To open this book at random is to be at once interested. It is a treasury of common-sense; it is full of poetic gleams, and it abounds in counsels of rare charity. Sunshine without and within would seem to be the motto of the book, and one must be better for having read it. Amber says: "Blessed are they who never grow too old or too busy or too tired to dream!" And one feels sure that she who penned these lines was thus thrice blessed; for she has made many a heart look up to the sunshine of hope by her own cheerful way of putting brightness before it.

One would like to quote some of the "glints"; but where there are prismatic

changes on every page, it is hard to make choice. Here is one suggestive of thoughts at this season: "It used to be a good long time from Christmas to Christmas, but now it is like the dip of a swallow's wing or the shadow of a cloud." Here is another "glint," full of hope: "Do we mourn when hyacinth bulbs break ground, or fruit-trees snow the air with tinted blossoms, falling to the earth that fruit may follow? Death is only the wavering of the blossom, the bursting of the sheaf. Between all vanished joys and friends there swings but a single gate—one that our last faint dying breath shall waft ajar. Some day it shall let us in to where they wait and watch and love us still."

MOSAICS. Verses by "Mercedes." Saint Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

This very charming collection of poems opens with "A Christmas Lyric," and this is followed by tender verses on a variety of subjects, all sweet and inspiring. There is something in "Mercedes'" poems—their earnestness, their piety—that reminds one of Adelaide Procter. This resemblance is especially noticeable in "A Reverie," "The Broken Lily," and "The Queens in White." Two prose dramas conclude this volume, which is certainly unique, as the poems, the printing, and the painting on the cover, are the work of Sisters of Mercy.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By the Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B. Adapted by the Rev. R. Brennan, LL. D. Benziger Brothers.

We have here a complete life of our Blessed Mother, together with the prophecies regarding her coming and her part in the redemption of the world. To the clear and full account of her life, based on tradition and the writings of the early Fathers of the Church, are added pious reflections on the dignity of the Mother of God, and on the virtues which make her our model in all circumstances of life.

FAIRY GOLD. By Christian Reid. THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana.

There is a special charm about Christian Reid's stories, and in "Fairy Gold" we find the best characteristics of her easy, graceful style. This story is especially suitable

for young people, but will find favor with all readers. It is the history of a heart naturally noble, for a time under the sway of an inordinate desire for wealth and the seeming happiness it brings to its possessor. The characters are all well portrayed; and there is a tenderness of touch that gives an indefinable quality to the story, and which holds one's interest to the end. Readers of this magazine will remember "Fairy Gold" as a serial of merit, and will find new pleasure in its reperusal.

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. Anthony Arnold, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, who departed this life on the 3d inst.

Sisters M. Gabriel and M. Evangelist, of the Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco, Cal.; Mother Ursula, Villa Maria, Montreal; and Sister Holy Cross and Sister M. of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., who lately passed to their reward.

Dr. Joseph O. Dwyer, of New York, whose happy death took place on the 7th inst.

Mr. Frederick Stanton, who died some weeks ago at Martinez, Cal.

Mrs. Mary Fern, of Vicksburg, Miss.; Matilda Raftery, New York city; Mrs. Catherine Luby, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. John P. McDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. David M. Barry, Tompkinsville, N. Y.; Mrs. B. Plunkett, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. John Flanagan, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Moran, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary Callen, Ottawa, Canada; Mr. Michael Burke and Mary H. Sullivan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Anna C. McBride and Mr. Patrick Cambron, Nauvoo, Ill.; Mrs. John Flynn, Galena, Ill.; Mr. Henry A. Hinters, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Bessie Horan, Pottsville, Pa.; Mr. Anthony Kane, Miss Alice Kane, Mr. James Kinsella, and Mrs. Alice Kinsella, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Hannah Breen, Mr. J. Burke, and Mrs. W. P. Dwyer, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Lovett, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. William Gorman and Miss Catherine McGrath, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Mulligan, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Anna McCaffrey, Miss Mary Lynch, and Mrs. Catherine Donegan, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Kennedy, W. Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Brady, Mrs. William Bacome, Mr. Patrick O'Neill, and Willis O'Brien, San Francisco, Cal.; also Miss Agnes Farrell, Dorchester, Mass.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Prayer to the Queen of Love.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

MARY MOTHER, sweet and mild,
 Help, oh, help a little child!
 She must study, work and pray:
 Guide, oh, guide her, every day!

Mary Mother, fadeless star,
 Make her as the angels are;
 Banish strife and wayward mood,
 Keep, oh, keep her pure and good!

Mary Mother, Queen of Love,
 Lift her thoughts to realms above;
 When from truth she fain would stray,
 Drive the tempter far away.

Guided by thy gentle hand,
 May she reach the heavenly land!
 Mary Mother, sweet and mild,
 Watch and guard thy loving child.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

IV.

Poor Mary Ann had never known a mother's care or affection. Often, during the checkered days of her young life, she had wished that she might have even a dim recollection of her mother's face; it would have been sweet in her saddest moments to be able to remember it. But Aunt Lizzie's forbidding countenance was the only woman's face

she could associate with her earliest memories.

From the moment Mrs. Rampère and Mary Teresa entered the car she had scarcely diverted her eyes from them. And now, as they were nearing their destination and most of the passengers had already alighted, she began to wonder if they were not going to the convent also. The thought filled her with pleasant anticipation; her gentle, kindly heart had already gone out to the beautiful, bright little girl, who clung so closely to her mother, as though she feared a parting not far distant.

Station after station was passed at short intervals, till the conductor called out: "Loomis!" and Mary Ann knew she had reached the end of the journey, with the exception of that part to be completed by stage. The others left their seats at the same time, and the next moment the three stood on the platform, while the cars steamed away and were soon lost in the distance.

Mrs. Rampère was the first to speak. "You are going to St. Mary's?" she inquired kindly, as Mary Ann, her old valise beside her, stood a little aloof.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered, smiling pleasantly, showing her white, strong teeth, and a deep dimple that beautified for the moment her plain face.

"And so are we," said Mrs. Rampère. "I thought the stage would meet us at Loomis."

"Here it comes now," said Mary Ann, as a primitive-looking vehicle appeared at a turn of the long, white road which

stretched out on either side of the station platform.

"Ah! I am glad we shall not have to wait," replied the lady, as the driver reined in his horses and inquired:

"You're for St. Mary's?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, he bade the trio climb in, without offering to assist them in any way. When they were seated in the long, open-covered wagon, with seats facing each other like those in an omnibus, he touched the horses with his whip.

After they were well started, he turned to Mrs. Rampère, saying:

"You see, ma'am, this ain't the Sisters' stage; and I'm not their driver, neither. It's a little early yet for the scholars to come, so they're having the stage painted over at Loomis. That's why I come out to-day, just to oblige them; and I can't leave these horses a moment, or I'd have helped you with your traps. The trunk can go up in the truck wagon this afternoon. 'Twon't hurt to leave it."

Mrs. Rampère made a slight acknowledgment of his explanation, and Mary Teresa whispered:

"I'm glad it isn't the Sisters' stage, mamma; aren't you? I'd hate to think they didn't have anything better than this old ramshackle affair to take the girls about in; wouldn't you?"

Mrs. Rampère smiled, her eyes meeting those of Mary Ann, who was also smiling at the girl's remark.

"We'd think this a pretty nice affair up where I'm from, in the mountains," she said; "though we travel mostly on horseback there. Of course there are big heavy wagons; and some few people have buggies, but not many."

"So you live in the country, then?" said Mrs. Rampère, not knowing what else to reply; although the uncouth garb and coarse shoes of the girl denoted that she must have come from the very heart of the hills.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered, modestly, yet with great self-possession. "I'm from Pontoosuc; and I'm real glad the school is in the country, too. I spent part of yesterday in the city, and I think I should die if I had to stay there."

"Were you never in a city before?" inquired Mary Teresa, a little shyly.

"Never," replied Mary Ann. "And I don't want to be again, if I can help it. You are going to school?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rampère. "She is going to leave her mamma for the first time in her life."

Mary Teresa's eyes filled with tears; she nestled close to her mother's side. But she dashed the bright drops away as she said:

"Still, it won't be for long, mamma says; and the girls will be nice, I expect. And, then, the Mother Superior is my own cousin, you know."

"You'll have it good," said Mary Ann, in a comforting tone. "It must be hard to have to leave her, of course. But look at *me!* I have no mother at all; I don't remember mine the least bit. I've never seen any Sisters before, either. I'm not a Roman Catholic."

"Oh! are you not?" responded Mrs. Rampère, wondering at the same time what chance was wafting this poor child, who looked like a waif, on the shores of good fortune.

The contrast between Mary Ann and Mary Teresa was as great as could well be imagined. The one was strong, stoutly built and awkward, clothed in the plainest of garments; the other, small, delicate, and daintily clad. As the mother glanced from one to the other, her tender heart warmed more and more to the strange child. There was something of mingled gentleness and firmness about her,—something that made her almost feel like asking her to care for her own desolate little girl when she should have left her.

After a rapid drive of an hour, they

came in sight of the convent. It was built upon a hill—high enough to be called a mountain in some localities, though here it seemed but a slight elevation compared to the others which surrounded it on all sides. A little white village nestled at its foot.

“How picturesque!” exclaimed Mrs. Rampère. “This will be an ideal convent home, children, nestled in the midst of the hills.”

“It *is* pretty,” said Mary Ann, looking out eagerly as she spoke. “But the hills are nothing to those I’ve seen. Maybe you’ve lived in a flat country, ma’am.”

“We have,” answered Mrs. Rampère. “But mountains have always had a great charm for me.”

Mary Teresa said nothing. She was kneeling on the seat, stretching her neck out as far as possible,—ostensibly to get a good view of her future home, but really in order to prevent her mother from seeing the tears which she quietly wiped away. Her mother did not observe her, but Mary Ann did, and her kind heart was touched. When Mary Teresa turned round again, their glances met, and the child saw that her little ruse had been discovered by her opposite neighbor. She smiled bravely, then closed her trembling lips tightly.

“Poor little one!” thought Mary Ann. “I can feel for her trouble; though I’m very glad, indeed, to be going where she hates to go.”

Slowly the horses climbed the steep road till they came upon the level plateau on which the convent buildings stood, in the midst of a beautiful garden. The broad front door was open; a group of girls at the foot of the steps regarded the newcomers curiously; at the topmost step a tall, sweet-faced Sister was waiting. At sight of the travellers, she ran quickly down the steps and clasped Mrs. Rampère in her arms; the next moment Mary Teresa was folded in her loving embrace.

“Now come!” she said, leading the

way into the house. They followed her.

The group of girls had scattered when the travellers alighted; and poor Mary Ann, her shabby valise on the ground beside her, her toil-worn, gloveless hands loosely clasped in front of her, stood at the foot of the steps, alone and forgotten. There was a summer-house but a few paces from the driveway, from which came the sound of young, happy voices. Uncertain what to do or where to go, she stood bewildered, not paying any attention to the conversation until she heard the mention of her own name.

“Why, how do you know that is her name?” inquired some one.

“Because I heard Mother tell Sister Genevieve that Mary Ann Barker was coming this morning. I know that’s she by her looks.”

“They’re not much to speak of,” said another.

“I don’t know that she’s so ugly; it’s her clothes,” was the reply.

“Yes; aren’t they horrid? And what hair!”

“I think it’s pretty—so curly.”

“You can’t think freckles are pretty, any way?”

“Mamma says they always come with the prettiest skin.”

“I’m glad mine isn’t pretty enough for them, then.”

There was a merry laugh at this sally; then some one said:

“But did you ever *see* such shoes?”

“Oh, that is the kind country jakes always wear!” was the response.

Suddenly a girl, with long, thick, flying braids, ran around the corner of the summer-house.

“Girls! girls!” she exclaimed. “Aren’t you ashamed? The new boarder can hear every word you are saying.”

Mary Ann heard no more; the voices were lowered, and she moved back a little, so as not to be so well seen from the summer-house. And then what did she

do? Cry? Oh, no, no! On the contrary: this extraordinary girl gave a twist to her faded, scant skirt, tried to put her hat straight on her head, and looked disapprovingly down at her shoes.

"I *must* look countrified to them," she thought. "But I don't care much. When the Sisters get me some new things out of the money Uncle Jake sent, I won't be so bad maybe. And I never *did* like these kind of shoes; they're awful heavy. But Aunt Lizzie would get them, always. I guess the girls wouldn't be so thoughtless if they knew I had no mother. But I'll not pretend I heard their talk."

With these thoughts in her mind, she kept edging back farther and farther from the front of the house, until she was standing almost beneath the stone platform at the head of the steps.

Just then the girl she had seen enter the summer-house came running toward her. Her hair, eyes and skin were very dark; she was tall, lithe and slender, and apparently about fifteen years of age.

"How do you do!" she said, extending her hand. "You're the new boarder, are you not? Suppose we go into the house? Sister Genevieve will want to unpack your things."

But at that moment the front door opened and Mother Teresa appeared on the steps.

"Oh, my dear child!" she cried, as she caught sight of Mary Ann and her new acquaintance. "Why, how could I have forgotten you! I am so sorry. Bring her up, Mary, at once."

Both girls hurried to where she stood, her hands outstretched. With a kiss of welcome—the first such mark of affection that had ever been given to her since her babyhood,—Mary Ann made her entrance into her new home.

"I hope you were not hurt, my dear?" said the superior.

"Hurt, ma'am!" ejaculated the girl, not understanding.

"You didn't mind it much to have been overlooked for a moment, Mother means," explained Mrs. Rampère.

"Oh, no, ma'am! Not at all," replied Mary Ann, turning to the superior. "I knew you must be taken up with friends. I never thought about it at all."

"I think you are going to be a very good and sensible child," said Mother Teresa, with an appreciative glance and smile, releasing the girl's hand which she had been holding in her own. "Now, my dear, if you will go to Sister Genevieve, she will take charge of you for a little while. Later we will have some conversation. Mary will show you the way."

"Yes, ma'am: whenever you're ready," said Mary Ann.

And, carrying the valise between them, the two girls went away.

(To be continued.)

The Stilt-Walkers.

BY MARY E. J. KELLEY.

Doubtless even the small boys must have heard that old saying that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives; and they'll probably believe it when they learn that there is a part of the globe where walking on stilts is the ordinary method of getting about, not only for small boys bent on fun, but for "grown-ups": men and women who are hustling about for daily bread—and leeks. Meat is very dear, so they don't bother much about it in the south of France; for that is where this strange sort of land is. It isn't a very attractive spot, which may account for the fact that travellers have very little to say about its stilt-walking inhabitants.

Almost every small boy is on intimate terms with stilts; and most boys of larger growth can recall sundry unpleasant falls, the result of these early efforts to rise in

the world. All these, however, have taken to piecing out their legs for mere amusement. There's no fun in the Frenchman's stilt-walking. He does it from sheer necessity.

The country between Bordeaux and Bayonne is a long, sandy stretch, with here and there a bit of straggly, ungenerous turf, and heathery bushes. At intervals one sees small patches of barley and corn and clumps of pines, all making heroic efforts to grow tall and thrifty, as they would if nothing but the sturdy patience of their planters were necessary. For the most part, however, the inhabitants devote themselves to raising flocks of sheep, which roam about over the sandy waste, feeding as best they may on the straggling grass and shrubs. It is in their work of tending these flocks that the natives find stilts most useful. The tall wooden legs enable them to keep their wooden shoes out of the sand, which would soon sift about their toes and cause the wearers—of shoes and toes both—great discomfort.

The stilts serve another purpose: they raise the shepherds above their flocks, and enable them to see any stray lambs that may be inclined to wander off. Long use to this way of getting about has made them oddly expert at it, and they can cover ground on their stilts with amazing rapidity. Each shepherd carries a long crook; and instead of lying on the grass under a shady tree while the flocks are grazing, as the picture-books always show him, the stilt-walking shepherd continues to stand on his wooden legs, merely sticking his crook in the ground for support. Then he takes out his knitting, and does a double day's work—watching the flocks and knitting stockings at the same time. These strange-looking tripods with a human apex present a singular appearance to the travellers who pass through the country on the railroad. Most people are inclined to consider them some new-fangled sort of scarecrow,

or hermits of the Simon Stylites order.

These odd folks used to have an annual festival, some of whose features ought to be full of suggestions for the up-to-date youngster who is pining for some brand-new game. The chief feature of this festival was a battle on stilts. Several hundred of the young men formed themselves into opposing armies, each side carrying its distinctive flags. At a signal the two armies advanced. The side which knocked down the larger number of its opponents in a given time was the victor. The only weapons allowed in upsetting one's enemies were stilts and elbows. It surpassed even football, they say, in the chances it offered of getting a thorough-going "banging up." At last, however, the enmity between the sides grew very bitter, and cracked skulls became too numerous; so the authorities put an end to the battle of the stilts. It is now one of the things that are no more. In the course of time it was witnessed by some very great folks, like Peter the Great of Russia, Napoleon I., and the Emperor Charles V.

Processions on stilts have been one of the amusements of Paris of late years, but they are exceedingly tame affairs compared with stilt battles.

Origin of the Sign —.

The origin of this sign is rather singular. Most persons are aware that it was formerly the universal custom, both in writing and printing, to omit some or all of the vowels, or a syllable or two of a word, and to denote such omission by a short dash over the word so abbreviated. The word *minus* thus became contracted to *m̄ns*, with a dash over the letters. After a time the short line itself, without the letters, was considered sufficient to imply subtraction, and by common consent became so used.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. M. G. Mulhall, whose recent contributions to the *North American Review* have been so widely quoted and commented on, is preparing a fourth edition of his "Dictionary of Statistics." Mr. Mulhall, by the way, is a member of the Pope's household. His papal title is "Private Chamberlain of Cape and Sword."

—It turns out that Hiawatha was not wholly a creature of Longfellow's imagination. The descendants of the Six Nations of Indians have a tradition that a beautiful and noble youth of that name assisted in making the laws which bound them together. After that, they say, a white boat came and took him away to the home of the Great Spirit.

—An inedited manuscript of De Maistre appears in a recent number of *Etudes Religieuses*. It is called "Amiea Collatio," and consists of Count de Maistre's reply to a theologian's observations upon the French author's celebrated book *Le Pape*. The paper was written in Italian, but the *Etudes* publishes a French translation. De Maistre appears therein in a most favorable light. He takes account of a criticism that is at times finical and strained, but modestly admits that here and there in *Le Pape* may be found exaggerations of thought and language.

—"Tombstone poetry" is usually a term of derision; and usually, too, the derision is well deserved. But there is an obituary poem in Francis Thompson's latest volume—a tribute to Father Perry, the Jesuit astronomer,—which all will be glad to read. We quote it here:

Starry amator, starward gone,
Thou art—what thou didst gaze upon!
Passed through thy golden garden's bars,
Thou seest the Gardener of Stars.
She, about whose moonéd brows,
Seven stars make seven glows,
Seven lights for seven woes;
She, like thine own Galaxy,
All ustres in one purity:
What said'st thou, Astronomer,
When thou didst discover Her?
When thy hand its tube let fall,
Thou found'st the fairest Star of all!

Here is piety linked with poetry, a com-

ination not too common. It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Thompson has exchanged some of his most violent mannerisms for the simplicity which is art.

—*Madonna* is the sweet name of a new Marian magazine published at Melbourne, Australia. Its first number is interesting, but we fear there is no future for it so long as it remains a quarterly. It is edited by the Rev. Michael Watson, S. J., whose name is not unfamiliar to our readers.

—It is a pleasure to commend the *Mass in D Minor*, written by Brother Boniface Xavier, to those who are seeking one of moderate difficulty suitable for festal occasions. This was composed especially for the Golden Jubilee of St. John's Church, Worcester, Mass., and is dedicated to its beloved rector, Monsig. Griffin. It is tuneful without lightness, harmonious without heaviness, and reverent in tone throughout. The name is somewhat misleading, however, as the *Kyrie* and *Dona Nobis* are the only parts written in D Minor. Published by M. B. Lamb, Worcester, Mass.

—There has recently appeared in France the first volume of the works of a celebrated Jesuit theologian, Blessed Peter Canisius. His "Letters and Documents" is a book to charm the student who cares for controversy in its most polished and effective form. A member of the Council of Trent, Canisius was ever in the breach; and the various sects of his day kept him busy in defending the truth of Catholic doctrines; and in incidentally demonstrating the absurdity of Protestant error. This new edition of his works promises to be a fitting monument to himself and the Society on which he shed lustre.

—At a dinner given by the Aldine Club of New York, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, a young novelist of much power and promise, asked and answered this very practical question:

Why may a novel which is thoroughly tainted, and whose results tend to the bad, have a sale which tempts both an author and a publisher to produce another of the same type? Our great reading public is a sound-minded public, but our small intellectual and social classes, like cavare. Worse still, there are

many book-wearied critics who can be won by a good style or a new theme to praise a book, even when they know in their secret heart that it is unwholesome. Since the two classes speak through printed page and through social chat, they inevitably slur or pass entirely over the moral, or, I should say, the immoral qualities; and their praises and their veiling lift the book into vogue. The result is that the work is read by many who would not have it in their houses if they knew its true character. Probably in no matter of purchase and sale is there such complete ignorance as to what he is buying on the part of the purchaser, or such complete immunity from responsibility on the part of the seller. I myself have sat in front of my library fire and read many books which, when I got to a given point, I tossed in among my blazing logs, and in this manner could enjoy the unread portion as I never enjoyed that which I had read. But the publisher and the author had my money, and I was helpless to punish either as regards the fraud that had been perpetrated on me.

We quote Mr. Ford's words in the hope that they will help to destroy the uncanny influence of crude newspaper critics. Edwin Booth would never permit his wife or his daughter to attend a play unless he had seen it himself, however moral it might be considered by his acquaintances. A similar distrust of newspaper or "society" criticism in these days is the beginning of literary wisdom. And a good working rule for book-buyers is Emerson's dictum: "Never read a book which is not a year old." That simplifies one's choice amazingly.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunow.* 50 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.

Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 25 cts.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl.* \$1.25.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.

A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.

The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.

Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.

With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon.* \$1.50.

The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave.* \$1.

Rosemary and Rue. *Amber.* \$1.

Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.

The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary.* 50 cts.

Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.

A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet.* 25 cts.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 50 cts.

The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.

The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph.* \$1, net.

The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid.* \$1.

The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan.* \$1.50, net.

The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercot.* 80 cts., net.

That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 50 cts.

Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smith.* \$1.50, net.

Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* \$1.25.

Cardinal Manning. *Francis de Pressensé.* \$1.25.

Catholic Home Annual. 25 cts.

Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. *T. O. Russell.* \$2, net.

Short Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year Vols. I. and II. *Rev. Henry Gibson.* \$1.50 each net.

Edmund Campion. A Biography. *Richard Simpson.* \$3, net.



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

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Our Country's Inheritance.

BY MARION MUIR.

CREEDS that old Greek and Hebrew
taught the soul,
Fables Crusaders learned in Palestine,
The study of the Alchemist, and sign
Fraternal of the roving Mason's scroll,
The secrets of the stars that poets stole,
Stories of Roland, and the German mine
Wherein the kobolds held their rites
malign,—
All having crossed the sullen ocean's roll
Through storm and change were scattered,
racked apart,
Transformed and twisted, as to feed the
loom;
Till in our day of crude, mechanic art
Some hour of light the sunken blossoms start
With the ethereal charm of roses that
consume
The dust of ages in distilled perfume.

Glimpses of Historic Rome.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

I.—A SCENE IN SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

POPE MARTIN THE FIRST was
canonized for the persecutions he
suffered at the hands of Constans,
who feared and hated him, and
set up an antipope in his stead; and
at last sent him prisoner, to die a miser-
able death in the Crimea. Olympius,

Exarch of Italy, was the chosen tool of
the Emperor, sent again and again to
Rome to destroy the brave Bishop and
make way for the impostor. At last, says
the greatest of Italian chroniclers, fearing
the Roman people and their soldiers, he
attempted to murder the Pope foully in
hideous sacrilege. To that end, he pre-
tended penitence, and begged to be allowed
to receive the Eucharist from the Pope
himself, at Solemn High Mass in Santa
Maria Maggiore; secretly instructing one
of his body-guards to stab the Bishop at
the very moment when he should present
Olympius with the consecrated Host.

Up to the basilica they went, in grave
and splendid procession. One may guess
the picture, with its deep color, with the
strong faces of those men, the Eastern
guards, the gorgeous robes, the gilded
arms; the high sunlight crossing the
low nave, and falling through the yellow
clouds of incense upon the venerable,
bearded face of the holy man whose
death was purposed in the sacred office.
First the measured tread of the Exarch's
band moving in order; then the silence
over all the kneeling throng, and upon
it the bursting unison of the *Gloria in
Excelsis* from the choir. Chant upon
chant as the Pontiff and his ministers
intone the Epistle and the Gospel, and are
taken up by the singers in chorus at the
first words of the Creed. By and by, the

* Copyright by the author, 1898.

Pope's voice alone, still brave and clear, in the Preface. "Therefore with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven," he chants; and again the harmony of many voices singing "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" Silence then at the Consecration, and the dark-browed Exarch bowing to the pavement, beside the paid murderer, whose hand is already on his dagger's hilt. "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" sings the choir in its sad, high chant; and Saint Martin bows, standing over the altar, himself communicating; while the Exarch holds his breath, and the slayer fixes his small red eyes on the embroidered vestments, and wonders how they will look with a red splash upon them.

As he looks, the sunlight falls more brightly on the gold; the incense curls in mystic spiral wreaths; its strong perfume penetrates and dims his senses little by little. His thoughts wander till they are strangely fixed on something far away; and he no longer sees Pope nor altar, nor altar-piece beyond, and is wrapped in a sort of waking sleep that is blindness. Olympius kneels at the steps within the rail, and his heart beats loud as the grand figure of the Bishop bends over him, and the thin old hand, with its strong blue veins, offers the sacred Bread to his open lips. He trembles, and tries to glance sideways to his left with his downcast eyes; for the moment has come, and the blow must be struck then or never. Not a breath, no movement in the church—not the faintest clink of all those gilded arms, as the Saint pronounces the few solemn words; then gravely, slowly turns, with his deacons to right and left of him, and ascends the altar steps once more, unhurt.

"A miracle!" exclaims the chronicler. "A miracle!" shouts the amazed soldier, and repeats it upon oath. "A miracle!" cries Olympius himself, now penitent

and converted from error, and ready to save the Pope by all means he has, as he was ready to slay him before. But he only, and the hired assassin beside him, had known what was to be; and the people say the Exarch and the Pontiff were already reconciled and agreed against the Emperor.

II.—A HERO OF SCIENCE, NOT A MARTYR.

Another figure rises at the window of the Tuscan Ambassador's great villa, with the face of a man concerning whom legend has also found much to invent and little to say that is true,—a man of whom modern science has rightly made a hero, but whom prejudice and ignorance have wrongly crowned as a martyr—Galileo Galilei. Tradition represents him as languishing, laden with chains, in the more or less mythical prisons of the Inquisition. History tells very plainly that his first confinement consisted in being the honored guest of the Tuscan Ambassador, in the latter's splendid residence in Rome; and that his last imprisonment was a relegation to the beautiful Castle of Piccolomini, near Siena, than which the heart of man could hardly desire a more lovely home. History affirms beyond doubt, moreover, that Galileo was the personal friend of that learned and not illiberal Barberini, Pope Urban the Eighth, under whose long reign the Copernican system was put on trial; who believed in that system as Galileo did, who read his books and talked with him; who, when the stupid technicalities of the ecclesiastic courts declared the laws of the universe to be nonsense, gave his voice against the decision, though he could not officially annul it without scandal. "It was not my intention," observed his Holiness in the presence of witnesses, "to condemn Galileo. If the matter had depended upon me, the decree of the Index which condemned his doctrine should never have been pronounced."

That Galileo's life was saddened by the result of the absurd trial, and that he was nominally a prisoner for a long time, is not to be denied. But that he suffered the indignities and torments recorded in legend is no more true than that Belisarius begged his bread at the Porta Pinciana. He lived in comfort and in honor with the Ambassador in the Villa Medici; and many a time from those lofty windows, unchanged since before his day, he must have watched the earth turning with him from the sun at evening, and meditated upon the emptiness of the ancient phrase that makes the sun "set" when the day is done,—thinking of the world, perhaps, as turning upon its other side, with tired eyes and weary heart, and ready for rest and darkness and refreshment after long toil and heat.

III.—THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN ORSINI AND COLONNA.

The Pope was gone, and the Barons had Rome in their power, and used it for a battlefield. Four years later we find in Villani the first record of a skirmish fought between Orsini and Colonna. In the month of October, 1309, says the chronicler, certain of the Orsini and of the Colonna met outside the walls of Rome, with their followers to the number of four hundred horse, and fought together; and the Colonna won. And there died the Count of Anguillara, and six of the Orsini were taken, and Riccardo degli Annibaleschi, who was in their company.

Three years later Henry of Luxemburg alternately feasted and fought his way to Rome, to be crowned Emperor in spite of Philip the Fair, the Tuscan League, and Robert, King of Naples, who sent a thousand horsemen out of the south to hinder the coronation. In a day Rome was divided into two great camps. Colonna held for the Emperor the Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Colosseum, the Torre delle Milizie—the brick tower on the

lower part of the modern Via Nazionale; the Pantheon, as an advanced post in one direction; and Santa Sabina, a church that was almost a fortress, on the south, by the Tiber; a chain of fortresses which would be formidable in any modern revolution. Against Henry, however, the Orsini held the Vatican, Saint Peter's, the Castle of Sant' Angelo and all Trastevere, their fortresses in the region of Ponte, and also the Capitol itself. The parties were well matched; for, though Henry entered Rome on the 7th of May, the struggle lasted till the 29th of June.

Those who have seen revolutions can imagine the desperate fighting in the barricaded streets, and at the well-guarded bridges from one end of the city to the other. Backward and forward the battle raged for weeks, by day and night, with small time for rest and refreshment. Forward rode the Colonna, the stolid Germans, Henry himself; the eagle of the Empire waving in the dim streets beside the flag that displayed the simple column in a plain field; the clanging gallop of armored knights, princes, nobles, and bishops, with visors down, and long swords and maces in their hands; the high, fierce cries of the light-armed footmen, the bowmen and the slingers; the roar of the rabble rout behind; the shrill voices of women at upper windows peering down for the face of brother, husband or lover in the dashing press below; the dust, the heat; the fierce June sunshine blazing on broad steel; and the deep, black shadows putting out all light as the bands rushed past. Then, on a sudden, the deep, answering shout of the Orsini; the standard of the Bear; the Bourbon lilies of Anjou; the scarlet and white colors of the great house; the large black horses and the dark mail; the enemies surging together in the street, like swift rivers of loose iron meeting in a stone channel with a rending crash, and the quick hammering of steel raining des-

perate blows on steel; horses rearing their height; footmen crushed; knights reeling in the saddle; sparks flying; long swords and steel-clad arms whirling in great circles through the air. Foremost of all in fight the Bishop of Liege, his purple mantle flying back from his corselet, trampling down everything; sworn to win the barricade or die; riding at it like a madman; forcing his horse up to it over the heaps of quivering bodies that made a causeway; leaping it alone at last, like a demon in air; and standing in the thick of the Orsini, slaying right and left.

In an instant they had him down and bound and prisoner—one man against a thousand; and they fastened him behind, and a man-at-arms on the crupper, to take him into Sant' Angelo alive. But a soldier, whose brother he had slain a moment earlier, followed stealthily on foot, and sought the joint in the back of the armor, and ran in his pike quickly and killed him,—“whereof,” says the chronicle, “was great pity; for the Bishop was a man of high courage and authority.” On the other side of the barricade, those who had followed him so far and lost him, felt their hearts sink; for not one of them could do what he had done. And after that, though they fought a whole month longer, they had but little hope of ever getting to the Vatican. So the Colonna took Henry up to the Lateran, where they were masters; and he was crowned there by three cardinals in the Pope's stead, while the Orsini remained grimly intrenched in their own quarter; and each party held its own, even after Henry had prudently retired to Tivoli in the hills.

The great houses made a truce and a compromise, by which they attempted to govern Rome jointly; and chose Sciarra (the same who had taken Pope Boniface prisoner in Anagni) and Matteo Orsini of Monte Giordano, to be senators together. And there was peace between them for

a time, in the year in which Rienzi was born. But in that very year, as though foreshadowing his destiny, the rabble of Rome rose up and chose a dictator; and, somehow, by surprise or treachery, he got possession of the Baron's chief fortresses and of Sant' Angelo, and set up the standard of terror against the nobles. In a few days he sacked and burned their strongholds; the high and mighty lords who had made the reigning Pope, and had fought to an issue for the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire, were conquered, humiliated and imprisoned by a plebeian of Trastevere. The portcullis of Monte Giordano was lifted, and the mysterious gates were opened to the curiosity of a populace drunk with victory. Giovanni degli Stefaneschi issued edicts of sovereign power from the sacred precincts of the Capitol, and the vagabond thieves of Rome feasted in the lordly halls of the Colonna Palace.

But though the tribune and the people could seize Rome, outnumbering the nobles as ten to one, they had neither the means nor the organization to besiege the fortified towns of great houses, which hemmed in the city and the Campagna on every side. Thither the nobles retired to recruit fresh armies among their retainers, to forge new swords in their own smithies, and to concert new plans for recovering their ancient domination. Thence they returned in their strength from their towers and their towns and fortresses—from Palestrina and Subiaco, Genazzano, San Vito, and Paliano, on the south; and from Bracciano and Galera and Anguillara and all the Orsini castles on the north,—to teach the Romans the great truth of those days, that “aristocracy” meant not the careless supremacy of the nobly born, but the power of the strongest hands and the coolest heads to take and hold. Back came Colonna and Orsini; and the people who a few months earlier had acclaimed their dicta-

tor in a fit of justifiable ill-temper against their masters, opened the gates for the nobles again; and no man lifted a hand to help Giovanni degli Stefaneschi when the men-at-arms bound him and dragged him off to prison. Strange as it may seem, no further vengeance was taken upon him; and for once in their history, the nobles shed no blood in revenge for a mortal injury.

No man could count the tragedies that swept over the Region of Ponte from the first outbreak of war between the Orsini and the Colonna till Paolo Giordano Orsini, the last of the elder branch, breathed out his life in exile under the ban of Sixtus the Fifth, three hundred years later.

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

IX.

AS has already been seen from the account of Lieutenant Morrison, Matt's discovery took place very shortly after his arrival at the inn. He had asked permission to rest awhile after the jolting of the carriage,—a request which had been courteously granted by Captain Howe, who had added that he trusted Mr. Latouche would feel able to join them about ten o'clock at supper, and thus give him an opportunity to repay the generous hospitality which he had received at the Hall.

After he had retired, Howe and the other officers, smoking in the public-room, fell in with an acquaintance from Dublin, to whom the subs began at once to give a most amusing account of the sort of Irish gentleman they had captured. The Dublin man listened, with an occasional "Singular! Very strange!" and at last said openly:

"I don't recognize Harry Latouche from your description; and, besides, do you think a girl like Isabel Fitzroy would, for any reason on earth, marry such a bumpkin as you have just described? It seems incredible."

"Miss Fitzroy!" said Captain Howe, in astonishment. "I had no idea of such a thing."

"I was aware of it," put in one of the subs. "They were to have been married shortly. Hard lines for him to have to go to jail instead."

"He merely remarked that he had had the honor and pleasure of meeting the lady," said Captain Howe, with a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"*He said that!*" cried the stranger. "Why, Latouche must have marvellously changed." Then a sudden thought struck him, and he added quietly: "But I suppose one does get rusty in manner and appearance living in these wild places." For he, like Isabel Fitzroy, had guessed something of the truth, and had resolved to be silent on the subject.

For the first time a vague suspicion began to form itself in Captain Howe's mind. He remembered all at once the ill-concealed astonishment of the landlord, and others who stood about, at the appearance of Mr. Latouche. Still he wanted to proceed cautiously; so he rang the bell and told an orderly to find out if Mr. Latouche were quite rested, and if he would come down. The stranger excused himself and strolled away; for, though both curious and amused, he had no mind to be questioned or to have any hand or part in the *dénouement* which he felt was near. He regretted deeply, indeed, that he had said any word which might aid in the discovery of what was clearly a cleverly contrived fraud. But it was the landlady, Mrs. Farley, who, in her simplicity, was destined to give the key to the mystery.

Matt had at once obeyed the Captain's

summons, and at the latter's invitation had seated himself at the supper table. The landlady, coming in from the kitchen, paused with a dish in her hand, eying with ludicrous bewilderment the figure which sat, sober as a judge, at Captain Howe's right hand.

"Matt Crimmins," cried she, "as I'm a sinner! O you vagabond! what trick are you playing on their honors? What's come over you at all, at all?"

All eyes were turned upon the supposed Mr. Latouche, who sat perfectly still, not a muscle in his face moving.

"What is the matter with you, my good woman?" said Captain Howe, in astonishment. "Why do you call this gentleman by such a name?"

"*Gentleman!*" cried she. "What do you mean? And is it to Matt Crimmins you're giving that title?"

"The same," interposed Matt, coolly, his whole series of signals to her having failed. "I came for that bone of cold lamb you promised me, Mrs. Farley, ma'am, if you please."

At this remark there was a general outburst of laughter.

"What buffoonery is this?" cried the Captain, sternly; whilst at the moment a sergeant made his appearance and asked to have a word with his commander. He told him that he had just heard in the kitchen, from reliable authority, that Mr. Latouche had gone some time before to the hills of Scotland.

"Then who the devil are you?" asked Captain Howe, now turning fiercely upon his prisoner.

"She's after tellin' your honor," said Matt, as coolly as ever. "Matt Crimmins, at your service."

"And how came you to be in the house of Mr. Latouche?" continued the Captain, indignantly.

"Well, you see, your honor, I'm the foster-brother of the gentleman you're namin'."

"But that does not explain your effrontery in sitting at the head of his table and inviting us to dine."

"Of coorse I was anxious for the good name of the house, and I knew that the master would never in the world forgive me if I let you go away hungry after the tramp you had. So I made bould to take his place and offer you the bit and sup."

"And where is your master now, you infernal scoundrel?"

"Is it Mr. Latouche your honor would be manin'?"

"No trifling. You are well aware that it is he of whom I am speaking."

"Well, never a bit of me knows where he is. Whiles he do be goin' to Paris—"

"What for?" asked Howe, with an idea of extracting some indirect information about doings in France.

"Why, for the benefit of his health, to be sure," answered Matt; continuing imperturbably: "Then whiles again he do run off to Scotland or Dublin or even London itself."

"And what do you think *you* deserve?"

"As your honor asks," said Matt, with an impenetrable simplicity, "maybe it would be a bit of that lamb, in exchange for the good beef you had up yonder."

This answer again provoked a laugh, which the Captain instantly suppressed.

"We have certain information," he said, "that your master has gone to Scotland."

"Have you now?" asked Matt. "That's news, any way."

"And that you were aware of his departure."

"Was I indeed?" queried Matt, in the tone of one eager for further information.

"How long has he been gone?"

"I'd rather not tell your honor."

"But you *shall!*"

"Do you mane the last time he went or the time before?"

"Answer at once—directly. When did Mr. Latouche go to Scotland?"

"Sorra bit of me knows," said Matt, scratching his head. "Maybe he didn't go there at all."

"He did go there. Our information is positive."

"And sure them that gave the information knows the time of his goin' as well," replied Matt.

"But *you* were their informant," said the Captain.

"Is it *I*? I never tould mortal man such a thing." And he added to himself: "No lie in that, anyhow. It was to a silly crathure of a woman I tould it."

"The fellow is lying," said the Captain.

"Sir," observed Matt, with dignity, "it's very easy seen I'm but a poor man, and a prisoner to boot."

"We are only losing time," said the Captain. And calling a sergeant with a couple of troopers, he bade them secure Matt, who was to go with them as a prisoner. Howe also called the landlady, questioning her as to what she had heard from Matt. But she had begun to understand the situation, and had been sternly rebuked by her husband for her involuntary share in Matt's discovery.

"And the poor fellow tryin' to shield Mr. Latouche!" said the landlord. "You'll be turnin' informer next, you misfortunate woman!"

Mrs. Farley had wrung her hands and wept at her own stupidity, so that it was easy to suppose that Captain Howe did not gain any further information from her. Of one thing, however, the Captain remained convinced: that the prisoner, on the afternoon preceding their arrival and when he had no object in doing so, had told the woman that Mr. Latouche had gone to Scotland.

This information was, of course, too vague to proceed upon; and a search of the surrounding country, under the circumstances, would be quite useless. So the Captain, full of rage and mortification, and well aware of the ridicule which

would fall upon him once the story was known, had no resource but to order a return to their post—the Pigeon House Fort, near Dublin. The younger men regarded the whole thing in the light of a capital joke, feeling a certain sympathy and admiration for Matt's devotion to his master, and his personal pluck and daring. So they freely related the adventure to their associates, and it became a standing joke in Dublin.

X.

It was just a fortnight after the events related. Isabel Fitzroy sat alone in a small *boudoir*, which was in a special manner her own, and which was upon the ground-floor of the dwelling. She was dressed in a soft clinging gown of white; her hair clustering in tiny ringlets around her head, escaping from the severely classic knot at the back. Her brightness, her imperiousness, her sauciness, were all gone. She was weary, despondent, weighed down by an intolerable anxiety concerning the fate of Henry Latouche.

It was the eve of the day which had been fixed upon for their wedding. She had refused all invitations for that evening, and her parents had gone without her to a state ball at the Castle. At dinner that evening, when the servants had left the room, she had had a few words with her father concerning her absent lover, and she was still thinking of the incident. Her father had begun the conversation by a jesting allusion to the now famous story of Latouche's escape and his servant's daring impersonation of him; after which he said, carelessly:

"A pity Henry mixed himself up with this rabble of politicians—cut-throat peasantry and half-mad gentlemen! The worst of it is the affair seems likely to be more serious than was at first supposed. We must try to get him out of it before he's any deeper in. It was a mad adventure; but I dare say he'll be mighty glad to be drawn out of it, if it isn't too late."

"Father," Isabel replied, a flush rising to her cheek, "you little know Henry Latouche. This cause is very near and dear to his heart. He threw in his lot with the patriots deliberately; and I, for one, should despise him if he gave it up and left his comrades in the lurch, just because he had friends and influence."

"Nonsense, Isabel!" cried her father, sharply. "You don't know what you are talking about, or what may be the consequence if he perseveres in this folly. In any case, it would separate him from you. Either he joins the Loyalists or he gives you up."

Isabel wisely dropped the subject at a sign from her mother, whom she knew, however, to be quite of the same mind as her father. But now, as she sat alone, her mind was full of what had occurred. The waning moon was shedding its faint light over the landscape, as it sank slowly downward, with its air of hopelessness. Its race was run, its bright zenith past: it could but sink to its rest. At all times a melancholy sight, like the wreck of a once fair life, it brought a sigh to Isabel's lips.

(To be continued.)

Beneath Gray Clouds.

BY THE REV. M. A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.

TO some stray spirit, that might glance upon

Our planet from afar,
Earth's gathered radiance borrowed of the sun
Would gleam as from a star:
We do not see its splendor here,—
We stand too near.

A soul repentant and deep-plunged in shame,
Back to its source above,
Reflects the brilliance of the hidden flame
That comes of Chastening Love:
We do not see its beauty here,—
We stand too near.

The Lone Woman of San Nicolas.

A WEIRD BIT OF HISTORY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

A CROSS that level stretch of half-reclaimed salt-marsh known as The Estero, in Santa Barbara, California, there stands an ancient house, garlanded in vines and shaded by trees of a century's growth, its dooryard bright with blossoming flowers. As an excellent example of the adobe cottage of olden times, it attracts the stranger's eye; but few who look upon it are aware that it once gave shelter to a being who ranks with the mysterious personages of history, and about whose identity there has been only a little less speculation and conjecture than concerning the Man of the Iron Mask, Kaspar Hauser, and several other human enigmas. Indeed, there is more of the dramatic and pathetic in what is known of this woman's life than is comprehended in the careers of many who have figured much more prominently in the world's written records.

The islands of the Santa Barbara group, seen from the mainland, girdle the horizon like a mystic string of jewels,—opalescent in the morning, and giving back the tints of ruby and amethyst when the sun sinks into its ocean bed at night. The southernmost of the chain, San Nicolas, seventy miles away, is separated from its nearest neighbor by some thirty miles of deep water. The three largest and most important—Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and San Miguel—are cultivated and inhabited; the first being the site of a great sheep range. Santa Cruz, the most notable of the three, comprises not alone magnificent cattle ranges, but possesses well-tilled fields, finely cultivated orchards, and spacious and substantial farm buildings. San Miguel, treeless and

windswept, is, nevertheless, covered for the most part with excellent pastorage, and sustains its thousands of sheep and cattle with comfortable ranch buildings. The Anacapas and San Nicolas alone are totally uninhabited and uncultivated, and their rocky shores and lack of living springs discourage settlement. Yet three hundred and fifty years ago, when that renowned voyager and explorer, Cabrillo, visited these shores, he found the islands populous with contented tribes possessed of a higher degree of civilization than the natives on the mainland; and the enormous deposits of finely finished prehistoric utensils, weapons, and ornaments, still existing on all these sea-girt isles despite the plunder of the rapacious, confirm the ancient explorer's testimony.

The cause of the depopulation of these islands is wrapped in mystery. Some positively affirm that the early Mission Fathers, desiring to add to their bands of workers, attracted their entire population to the mainland. By others it is supposed that pestilence and warfare obliterated the native races. But there is even more reason to believe that some great natural convulsion, widespread and unmistakable traces of which are visible upon one at least of the larger islands, and which may have in some dim, pre-historic period destroyed a continent of which these were only the eastern headlands, again threatened to swallow up the small remainder of earth on which they dwelt; and that the inhabitants, terrified, fled in their own boats to the mainland, to become merged in the inferior races dominating her shores. Certain it is that in the year 1835 San Nicolas boasted only a small remnant of her once populous race; and that a little schooner, known by the suggestive title of *Peor és Nada* (Worse is Nothing), was sent, by the command of the Mission Fathers, to the island, to remove the little remaining body of men, women, and children to

the shelter and protection of the Mission.

It is related that when the schooner approached her destination a tempest arose; and, in the danger and excitement of transporting the people, a young mother among the islanders found that her child had been overlooked. There was no possibility of the boat's returning; and in her despair the woman sprang overboard, and was last seen by the horrified sailors battling with the surf in her effort to reach the shore.

The report of this incident was carried to the Mission Fathers; and, although there seemed little likelihood that the woman could have survived her struggle with the breakers, Captain Hubbard, commander of the vessel, promised to return as soon as possible and search for the woman and child. But the schooner received imperative orders from her owners to proceed north; and on that trip she was wrecked and never seen again. Sailing craft of any sort, capable of safely navigating the deep sea, was in that period scarce along these shores; and although tender hearts on the mainland often recounted the thrilling tale, there was no means at command by which well-wishers could proceed to the rescue of these two forlorn waifs, if indeed they had survived. So the years slipped by.

In 1850, at the instance of the Mission Fathers, one Thomas Jeffries was sent to the island with orders to find the woman and child if they were still there. Jeffries was gone some days, and reported on his return that the island was absolutely uninhabited. But the stories he brought of the vast numbers of otter and seal he had found there inspired hunters to make an expedition in search of them; and in the spring of 1851 George Nidever, of Santa Barbara, set out; returning several weeks later with a rich "catch."

There was no attempt, on the occasion of this voyage, to make any examination of the interior of the little isle; but as

Nidever's boat set sail for the mainland, one of the sailors insisted that he saw, on a rocky headland, a human figure running up and down and beckoning in the direction of the boat. The same party shortly afterward visited the island on a second cruise after game; but as they found nowhere any trace of human occupant, the sailor's vision was set down as an idle fancy.

Two years later another hunting expedition set out for San Nicolas, this time also commanded by Captain Nidever, the owner of the little adobe cottage across The Estero, — a man of property, much respected among the early residents of Santa Barbara. Camp was pitched on the beach, and Nidever, accompanied by a sailor, started out for a moonlight smoke and stroll along the sands. A mile or more from the landing-place, the Captain gave a sudden exclamation, and stooped to examine something on the wet sand. It was the print of a small, naked foot. The two men looked at each other in horror. Both of them were familiar with the history of the poor mother who had been abandoned to her fate—as who was not along the Southern California coast? Did the full and ghastly meaning of this simple token come to them in that moment? Could their men's hearts realize the terrible tragedy that it indicated—the desolation of that solitary existence, on the little rocky isle, abandoned by relatives, friends, the people of her own race—by all humanity? Eighteen years with only the winds and waves for companions; eighteen years cut off from all human intercourse, all human interest; eighteen years of hopeless watching and longing!

The Captain shouted, but there was no response. He called out in Spanish, German, English, Indian—all the tongues that he could command, and they were not few,—that friends were there, and that the poor soul would be rescued

and protected; but only the wind made answer. The next day a careful search was made over that portion of the island adjacent to their landing and where the footprint was found; but although in crevices of rocks bits of dried fish and meat were suspended from poles, and in one place a basket of woven grasses was discovered hanging from a tree, with bone needles, and a partially completed garment made from birds' skins neatly matched and stitched together with dried sinews, no living being was found; and when the things were wilfully scattered around, in the hope that the woman, if stealthily creeping about under cover of darkness, would either replace them or carry them away, they remained untouched.

The crew became convinced that no living soul besides themselves was on the island; and they wisely argued that the evidences of recent inhabitation might be attributed to some shipwrecked sailor, who had perchance died or succeeded in escaping by signalling a passing vessel. Nidever kept his own counsel; but as the party was preparing to embark for the mainland, he insisted upon a systematic and thorough search being made of the island. The men laughingly consented; and, dividing into parties, they began at once a careful exploration. The island is some seven miles long and three wide; but so broken of surface, so marked with wild gorges and precipices, with frequent caverns, so inaccessible in places and impassable in others, and in many parts overgrown with brush, that several days' investigation went fruitlessly on, until a sailor named Brown, climbing a rocky point, came suddenly upon fresh prints of the small bare foot. He followed them over slippery rocks and moss, and lost them. Climbing a high point to reconnoitre, he detected a small, dark object bobbing up and down in the chaparral, at a point where a view could be commanded of the men who were searching the mesa

below. It was a woman's head, lifted above the walls of a low brush shelter. The woman of San Nicolas was found!

Startled and alarmed as the strangers approached her and she found that she was discovered, she soon understood that these were friends, and expressed the greatest joy and confidence. Clad in her one beautiful garment, composed of an elaborate patchwork of the skins of a bright-plumaged bird native to the island, she willingly accompanied her captors to their boat, and sailed with them to the mainland, where Captain Nidever at once took her to his own cosy little home, and his good wife showed her every kindness.

The strange woman became the sensation of the day throughout the sparsely settled region of Southern California. Throngs of people visited her, and gifts were showered upon her; but civilization proved too much for her, and she drooped and died within a few weeks.

So far the history that has been presented of this strange woman has been materially correct. But when facts were exhausted, Romance took up her story; and she has been dreamed about, pondered over, and finally presented to the world at large as a weird enigma. It has been suggested that she may possibly have been the single survivor of an extinct race, inhabiting the lost continent of the Pacific, apart from the Indian tribe which occupied the island at the time that its history enters into written annals.

Her language has been said to have been unrecognizable by any tribes on this coast, although some were brought from distant missions to identify and interpret it; yet she is said to have talked a distinctive tongue. Some have asserted that she was not the Indian mother at all, that the mother and child perished, and that this was a white woman brought in some strange ship to the island years after its desertion,—perhaps a dame of high degree whom there may have been

state reasons for desiring disposed of by a distant monarchy. Again, a legend is afloat to the effect that the inhabitants of San Nicolas were themselves apart and distinct from the tribes of the neighboring isles; that earlier in the century some Kodiaks from Sitka were left upon this island, and massacred the natives, appropriating their wives, and rearing a fair-haired, white-skinned race. In corroboration of these various theories, it has been invariably and widely stated and commonly believed that this strange woman was fair-skinned and unwrinkled, her appearance pleasing, her features regular, her hair brown; and that she exhibited a tact, refinement and modesty entirely foreign to our conception of the savage nature, and possessed very noble and distinctive traits.

Hitherto I myself have given these statements unquestioning faith, and the adobe house in which she passed her last days has been to my eyes invested with a halo of mystery. In passing, I have almost fancied that in its broad, low doorway I could see a vision of the beautiful and gracious waif whom the sailors brought to its hospitable portals some forty-five years ago.

Alas! this cherished fancy has been dissipated, the pretty bubble of romance pricked. A short time ago I had a long talk with Mrs. Mary A. Graham, Santa Barbara's first Anglo-Saxon woman resident. She is a woman of inflexible and uncompromising truth. Kind-hearted, big-souled, charitable in word and deed, she is as incapable of pronouncing a harsh or unjust word of the dead as she is of an unkind act toward the living. Our talk chanced to turn upon the strange woman of San Nicolas.

"She was a square one, and no mistake," commented Mrs. Graham laconically, with her strong north country accent.

"Then you saw her when she was at the Nidever house?" I asked, eagerly. It

is not often, in these days, that one comes upon an eye-witness of that time.

"I did that! We both went to see her—my husband and I. Everyone around here went. It was a regular show, I can tell you, to see her dance. She'd always dance when people gave her things; and folks all carried her a bit of a gift—to please her, you know. She'd jump around wild like,—not any figure of a dance, but hopping and springing all roundabout."

"Can you tell me what she looked like, Mrs. Graham?"

"She was a turrible homely-looking woman. She didn't look like a woman at all, but like an old man. They gave her a man's check shirt to wear—and she liked it, she did!—and a sort of a short petticoat. She was forever smoking—smoking cigarettes. She was just wild to smoke, when she saw the men doing it; and she learned that the first thing. She had old tusks of teeth, and she was always laughing and showing them; and she'd open her mouth that wide you could have jumped down it. Her face was all covered with wrinkles; and the skin of her neck was so loose and so wrinkled up it didn't look like skin at all—just like old cloth."

"But what color was her hair?"

"I'm sure I don't remember about her hair. But she was just like any Indian, only awful old."

Here the husband, Charles Graham, who had been an interested listener, and who corroborated his wife's statements in every particular, drew upon his own memory.

"Her skin was a dark copper color," he said, thoughtfully. "Her hair hung down on her shoulders and was very coarse and straight. She was a little woman—I should say about five feet high."

"Could you make out any of the words she said?"

"She didn't seem to say any words: she jabbered. But I think she'd forgot

her language, being so long on the island alone, poor thing! She said just one word, and that was 'piccaninny.'"

This statement of an intelligent ear-witness is important. The best authorities disagree as to the origin of this word,—one insisting that it belongs to the Caribs; another, that it is of African origin; and another, and the most probable, that it comes from the Spanish *pequeño niño*, or "little child." If this be true, the possession of the word by a member of a Californian native race might easily be accounted for, as they had been for a century or two in communication with the Spanish.

"It was overeating and the change of food killed her, you know," said the old lady, placidly. "People brought her all sorts of things to eat, and she would eat them all; and so she ate and ate all the time. And it killed her."

I sighed, meekly protesting as I capitulated to cold fact.

"And yet they made her out such a romantic being!" I murmured.

"Indeed she was all that!" earnestly and conscientiously attested the old lady. "*She was awful romantic! She was the funniest piece to look at you ever saw!*"

It takes a little time to recover from such a shock to one's preconceived fancies. But, now that I have adjusted my ideas to what I know to be the facts of the case, the story gains in pathos. The lone woman of San Nicolas was no fine lady sent into exile from a foreign land, no last representative of a pre-historic race; but a simple, homely, untutored Indian woman, belonging to the tribe which originally inhabited the island at the time of its discovery by the white man. Yet the holy maternal instinct was so strong in her breast that she chose to abandon her people, and to trust herself to the mercy of the waves, rather than to desert her child.

Whether her sacrifice was vain, and she

found her babe eaten by wild dogs, which are said to have then been common upon the island; whether the child sickened and died in its infancy, or whether she spent long years in peace and comfort with it in her ocean-girt home, only to see it at length snatched from her by some untoward fate, we may never know. But the fact that while she seemed to have forgotten all other language except the expressive "piccaninny," and that her one most frequently repeated gesture in endeavoring to explain to her new friends, by sign-language, the story of her past, was the simulation of the act of cradling a babe in her arms, prove that mother-love was the dominant sentiment of her heart. Withered and uncouth as she was, possessed of a childish avidity to seize and hold all that was novel and amusing in the strange scenes and customs pressing upon her in the closing hours of her phenomenal life, this simple, savage little mother better deserves to be enshrined in our memory than if she had actually been some fine lady, bred to high ideals and noble principles.

It is interesting to know that before the poor soul went to the peaceful land beyond the shadows, where her lost child awaited her coming, she was baptized in the Catholic faith by the very priests who had made such strenuous efforts to rescue her. Her wonderful feather robe—a garment as dazzling in beauty and more marvellous of construction than ever a king wore—was sent by her protectors as a gift to Pope Pius IX., and is preserved in the Vatican at Rome.

Humility.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

MAD Time's equations are not hers—
Her standard is eternal Right;
Her weights, forged by the Infinite,
Confound the world's dull measures.

Rody Finn.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

UPON the very morning following the dinner at the Club, Rody Finn proceeded to Bray by way of Kingston, Dalkey, Killiney, Ballybrook, and the beauteous vale of Shangarra. In a smart villa facing the sea and nestling under the purple of Bray Head, he found Mrs. Rooney and two daughters, the very types of the winsome Irish girls whom novelists vainly endeavor to describe. His reception from all three rang true; and ere half an hour had passed over, *he* was "Cousin Rody," and *they* were "Cousin Mary" and "Cousin Grace." Their delicious ignorance of America and Americans delighted our hero, who spun very marvellous yet not altogether incredulous yarns for their especial benefit, and until they were filled with a frantic desire to run across the Pond,—an idea which had never hitherto crossed the threshold of their thoughts.

Mr. Peter Rooney—a stockbroker, and a wealthy one to boot—gave Rody a royal welcome; and insisted there and then that he should remove his *impedimenta* from the Gresham to Breslin's Hotel, within a stone's-throw of the villa.

"We'll show you the beautiful County Wicklow, my boy, the Garden of Ireland; with the Dargle, and the Waterfall, and the Devil's Glen that the devil ne'er was in, and the Seven Churches. Jemima" (to his wife), "write to Father Dolan that we'll storm his fort up at Derrybawn one day next week—early in the week."

Rody Finn was now in clover. With an alacrity that bespoke deep earnestness he took up his quarters at Breslin's; which hotel, in true Irish-American fashion—good luck to it!—asked the Rooneys and such friends as they wished to dinner.

"How I wish I could give you canvas-back duck and terrapin!" cried Rody. "But wait, girls, till my mother and I get you over to visit us this fall.—Oh, they're coming back with me, ma'am!"—with a laugh.—"But they'll get a very formal invitation from my mother."

Hiring a *char-à-banc* with four horses, he took his relatives and their friends to good, honest, old-fashioned picnics to the Dargle; also to the Powerscourt Waterfall, and to Roundroad to see the great reservoir that supplies Dublin with water: the picturesque little river Vartrey having been turned from its fern-and-moss-lined bed and pressed into grim, giant iron pipes for twenty-eight long miles. They spent a red-letter day with Father Dolan, in the heart's core of the Wicklow mountains, whose table fairly groaned with edibles, as did the festive board at the famous wedding of Ballyporeen.

Two weeks passed away in this gentle dalliance; and Rody still lingered, albeit he had Killiney and the Giant's Causeway on his programme.

"I can do Killiney on my way to Queenstown," he argued. "And—both the Giant's Causeway! A photo of stone is as good as reality any day—aye, and better."

The village of Enniskerry is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque throughout Ireland. It is situated in the lap of a romantic valley, by the side of a saucy little stream, singing its perennial song as it sparkles to the ocean between tufts of ferns and lichens and mosses. On the summit of a verdure-clad hill commanding the valley stands the village church—a "neat bit of Pugin"; and to this "God nest" Rody made pilgrimage one glorious morning ere the clocks had chimed the hour of seven and the inhabitants of Bray had quitted their beds. A walk of about three miles brought Finn to the church, where he went to confession, and then to the altar; for

Rody was a true Catholic, and gloried in his religion—the religion of religious. After Mass he strolled down to the Powerscourt Arms, the village inn, and ordered breakfast. This having been heartily disposed of, he seated himself upon a rude bench in front of the inn, and lighted a cigar.

While engaged in enjoying the fragrant weed the sound of approaching wheels caused him to turn, and a brake driven by a very swagger-looking gentleman spun up to Rody's feet. The driver, flinging the reins to the attendant ostler, sprang down and hurried to assist two ladies to alight.

Rody's heart gave a beat backward. The ladies he recognized as his travelling companions of the *Paris*; the man was the Honorable Mr. Thurles.

"Why didn't you come to see us?" demanded Dorothy, in a somewhat imperious tone, and without the conventional greetings.

"Because I forgot your address," said Rody, honestly and stoutly.

"No, you did *not* forget it, Mr. Finn," returned Dorothy.

"Miss D'Arcy, I—"

"You did *not* forget, Mr. Finn, for the reason that you *never had it.*" And she burst into a joyous laugh, as bright and full of sunshine as was the morning.

And thus it was. Rody never had the address.

"I thought of this only after we had driven away from Waterloo depot; and I wondered if the proverbial wit of the Irish would enable you to discover me—us." And she colored a little.

"It would have if I had remained in London, Miss D'Arcy, even if I had been compelled to call in the assistance of the police; but I left for this beautiful country upon the following evening."

"How do!" said Mr. Thurles. "Met you somewhere, didn't I?"

"I have a very perfect recollection of you, sir," said Rody, haughtily.

Miss D'Arcy was grim and cold, giving Rody three very bony finger tips.

"We are going to visit the picture-gallery and Lord Powerscourt, who is a friend of Mr. Thurles." And as that gentleman was busying himself with the horses, Dorothy added under her breath: "I heard how very nice you were about 'Dolly,'—oh, yes I did!—from a dear friend, Mr. Dillon. Thank you 'honestly—honestly.'" And she gave him her plump little hand.

The brake being in readiness, the ladies took their places.

"Where are *you* stopping?" laughed Dorothy. "*We* are—now don't imagine you have it yet—we are stopping at the Shelburne."

And Mr. Thurles sent his horses flying, without so much as a whip nod to our hero.

Now, as a matter of fact, for the last few days the image of Grace Rooney was taking many shapes in poor Rody's heart. The Rooney archers' arrows were flying, but as yet not one of them had scored, albeit they flew pretty close to the mark. Presto! From the moment that Dorothy D'Arcy reappeared on the scene Grace's image faded, and that of Dolly took its place, in bright, enduring colors.

"How glad I am," he thought, on his way back to Bray, "that Dillon told her about my sitting on that cad! I'd like to give his ribs a basting, and I rather imagine it will come to that before I leave Dublin. The fellow is all attention to the aunt—after her millions! Well, he may have both the lady and the 'spondulics,' for all *I* care!"

As the Rooney girls were exchanging confidences before retiring, Mary said:

"Grace, Rody Finn is in love with this Miss D'Arcy." And something like a sob came from poor little Grace.

The following day found our hero at the Shelburne, where he was cordially received. He accepted an invitation to dinner, the Honorable Mr. Thurles being

the fourth at table. It was very evident that this gentleman had no designs upon Dorothy; he overwhelmed the elder lady with the most pronounced attentions, scarcely noticing her niece,—a condition of affairs that seemed in no way to depress the latter, who regarded the love-making with a quizzical and roguish expression of ill-concealed mirth.

The D'Arcys, after spending a month in Ireland, were to return to the States in early September.

"We—my aunt has a lovely little cottage at Newport. We stop there till New Year's; then we go to Washington, where she has a house. When she gets tired we are off—dear knows where."

As Rody walked to his hotel in the moonlight, he mused:

"Ah, that cottage at Newport! That house in Washington! Lions in *my* path. *I* have nothing to offer in exchange; and yet she seems to me to be a girl who would willingly share the lot of the man she loved, be it ever so lowly."

On arriving at his quarters, he found a cablegram from Miles Casey:

"Return. Mother ill. Nothing serious, but may develop badly."

Rody found that he could catch the 6.40 morning mail from Kingsbridge, and tap Queenstown in time to take the *Umbria*. He cabled Casey, and wrote a few lines to the Rooneys and to Dorothy.

"Shall I ever meet her again?" he thought as the *Umbria* steamed out of Queenstown Harbor. And Hope, ever at the elbow of Youth, whispered:

"You shall!"

It was at the end of September. Rody turned into the Waldorf to meet Miles (I should here mention that Mrs. Finn's threatened pneumonia had been averted through the skill of her physician, Dr. Martin Burke), when he encountered the Honorable Mr. Thurles.

"How do! Here I am in this beastly

oven. Came over with the D'Arcys. Going to marry the old girl." And that eccentric person turned on his heel.

Rody was so startled—firstly, at the news of the arrival of Dorothy, of whom he had never ceased to think; and, secondly, in regard to the marriage of her aunt,—that he unconsciously turned into the street, walking in the direction of Fifth Avenue. As he was passing the Ladies' Entrance a sweet, familiar voice cried out:

"Mr. Finn, can it be you are going to slight me?"

It was Dorothy D'Arcy.

"You've heard the news? I shall soon be a poverty-stricken orphan"—with a laugh,—“all alone! And we are off to catch the boat for Newport. Do you ever come to Newport?"

"Never!" replied Rody, almost fiercely. "It's too fashionable for *me*. I haven't a million a minute."

"Do you suppose that *I* have?" asked the girl, with a very questioning eye.

At this moment the engaged couple appeared, and Rody assisted Miss D'Arcy into the carriage.

"So you will *not* come to Newport?" said Dorothy, in a low voice, buttoning her glove.

"It is not likely, Miss D'Arcy."

"Well, be it so. You do not permit me the privilege even of saying *au revoir!*" And, with a cold curtsy, she swept into the carriage.

"Be it so!" muttered poor Rody, as he strode up Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Finn, with secret dismay, saw that her darling boy's spirits were forced, that he moped, was absent-minded, and that his appetite was that of a delicate girl; and, furthermore, she discovered that he brightened up only when the D'Arcys were spoken of.

Putting two and two together, the dear little woman held conference with her pastor, and never stopped until she found

out all about the D'Arcys—who they were, of what family, whence they came, their wealth; and, above all, that they were of kin—cousins, thrice removed, on her mother's side.

"Rody!" she suddenly exclaimed one evening, as he sat moodily smoking a briar-root pipe he had purchased in Dublin. "Do you know who those D'Arcys are that you travelled with, and speak so much of?"

"No, mother."

"Well, then, they are relations of ours."

"What, mother!" and the briar-root fell to the floor.

"Yes, dear. Father Edward found out all about them for me. They are decent people, and have always been so—breed, seed, and generation." And the old lady proceeded to shake the branches of the genealogical tree—a subject very near and dear to her royal, warm Irish heart.

"If I were only a partner!" thought Rody. "Yes, I might—pshaw! Be it so." And he quoted Dorothy's last words spoken at the entrance to the Waldorf.

Now, Mrs. Finn was a woman of determination and energy, and one who could not be turned aside from her purpose. She announced that she wanted a change of air, and proposed a short trip to Newport. To this her son said absolutely "Nay."

"Well, I can go with Father Edward and his niece. They start to-morrow. We'll stop at the Ocean Home. Perhaps you'll come over and fetch me home, Rody,—you and Miles."

"I would not take a thousand dollars and go," said Rody to himself. "No, not ten thousand."

Any of my readers who have been in love will readily understand his feelings.

Mrs. Finn had been absent about a week, when Rody received a letter from Father Edward asking him to come over to Newport immediately, on a matter of business that would not detain him longer than he cared to remain. Packing

a grip, Rody took the train, reaching the Ocean Home about six o'clock in the evening. He was shown up to a cosy little parlor, where he found his mother and—Dorothy D'Arcy.

"It's all right, Rody!—she's yours. I'll leave you for awhile. God Almighty bless you both!"

Needless to go farther. What passed between Mrs. Finn and Dorothy shall never be written. What Rody said to Dolly in that little parlor at the Ocean Home it is not for me to reveal.

"Rody," cried the beautiful, blushing girl, "I have something to confess to you. *I* have all the money, not my aunt. I posed as a poor dependant in order to avoid a lot of horrid fortune-hunters. It was my only chance. *You* never thought I had a dollar. You'll have to take my fortune if you take me."

"I'll take you, my darling!" replied Rody. "As to your fortune, let us beg of Almighty God the grace to do good with it."

A Prevalent Vice.

IT is doubtful whether, in the lengthy catalogue of social vices, there is one that is so repeatedly anathematized in Holy Writ, and at the same time so widely prevalent among all classes and conditions of persons, as detraction, or the defamation of one's neighbor. The anathemas are intelligible enough to whoever has seriously considered either the gravity of the vice in itself or the deplorable consequences that follow therefrom. The prevalence may perhaps be explained by the extreme facility with which we commit the evil; and by a certain impression, as widespread as it is erroneous, that detraction is *not* a sin, or at most is but a light one. The specious argument that what everyone does can not be *very* wrong is frequently brought

into requisition to plead the cause of our uncharitable inclinations; while the sanction of a corrupt world as to this matter of depreciating our neighbor is not seldom employed as a gag to stifle the cries of protesting conscience.

Of the many species of detraction, that which it most common, at least among practical Christians, is undoubtedly the revealing without reason or necessity of our neighbor's vices and defects,—vices and defects that are really his, but are secret. This is the favorite sin of a certain class of persons—and a very large class, too,—who seem consumed with a feverish desire, not perhaps to do evil, but to show themselves informed of matters unknown to others. Some of them will plead in extenuation that, after all, they tell only the simple truth—as if that circumstance could avail to justify their action. That it does not justify it is, of course, elementary. What we tell about our neighbor may be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and yet—our telling it may be a very great sin.

There are, it is true, many cases in which there is good cause for divulging secrets detrimental to our neighbor's character, without regard to the defamation that results. He, indeed, loses his right to a reputation which in reality he does not deserve as often as justice, charity, or any other virtue would be offended by keeping his vices or failings secret. But it is one thing to retail the faults of our neighbor from motives of charity or justice—to give a necessary counsel, to prevent a grave spiritual or temporal wrong,—and it is quite another to recount those faults from a blameworthy inclination to talk, or from motives of hatred, envy or aversion, as is most commonly the case.

So easy is it to contract this evil habit, and so very generally is it contracted, that St. James does not hesitate to say: "If any man offend not in word, the same is

a perfect man." That freedom from such sins of the tongue is quite exceptional in any class of society is manifest from the rarity with which we hear paid to a deceased friend or acquaintance the noble tribute, 'He never had an unkind word to say of anybody.'

What it behooves most of us to realize, practically and thoroughly, about this subject of detraction is that revealing the sins, vices, faults, defects of others, is unmistakably sinful; for so prone are we to indulge in the habit that we seize on every possible pretext to quiet our conscience while effecting the evil—if, alas! we have not become such confirmed detractors that conscience has ceased to bother us about the matter at all. In no other respect, probably, are the confessions of ordinary Catholics so liable to lack integrity as in regard to talking about neighbors. Detraction, of course, admits of levity of matter. Just as every theft is not a grievous sin, so neither is every robbery of our neighbor's good fame. It is not always easy, however, to determine when we have stopped on the hither side of the boundary that divides the light from the grievous in this matter; and it is more than probable that the boundary is overstepped by many who, far from imagining that they have entered the region of mortal guilt, scarcely fancy that they have travelled outside the territory of mere imperfection.

Nor will it avail to plead that, in speaking of our neighbor's faults, we mean no harm. Supposing this to be true, it does not alter the fact that we are detracting, and that our neighbor's reputation is being injured. Very often, however, it is *not* true. It is all very well to speak of our neighbor's defects with a smiling countenance, and to flavor our remarks with witty observations, as if we mentioned them merely to entertain our auditors; but if we take the trouble to descend into our hearts and search for

the real motive, we shall discover it to be a sentiment of dislike, of jealousy or envy, that we are ashamed to acknowledge even to ourselves; a latent spite we bear for some real or fancied grievance, or even a purely malicious desire to lower our neighbor in the eyes of others.

One counsel of the Holy Ghost that the world at large sorely needs to take to heart is that given in Ecclesiasticus (xix, 10): "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee." And one prayer that even the best-living Christian may profitably utter from time to time is that of the psalmist: "Set a watch, O Lord! before my mouth and a door round about my lips." (Ps., cxl, 3.)

Symbols of Our Lady.

BENEATH her feet is the crescent moon, the emblem of perpetual virginity; over her head, the rays of the sun, betokening light or wisdom.

The star is often embroidered upon her veil or mantle,—Star of the Sea being one interpretation of her Jewish name, Miriam. When she is crowned with twelve stars, the allusion is to the text of the Apocalypse: "A Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

The lily is the general emblem of purity; this is why the Florentines have chosen it for their municipal flower,—the Blessed Virgin being their patroness.

The rose is the symbol of love and beauty, hence especially Mary's flower.

Herself a rose, who bore the Rose,—
 She bore the Rose and felt its thorn;
 All Loveliness new-born
 Took on her bosom its repose,
 And slept and woke there night and morn.

So sings Christina Rossetti.

The Well always full, the Fountain forever sealed, the Tower of David, the

Temple of Solomon,—these are symbols borrowed from the Canticles.

The globe, as an emblem of sovereignty, was often placed in the hands of the Christ-Child. The serpent under His Mother's feet was because of the words, "She shall crush thy head." The apple in her hand designated her as the second Eve. The pomegranate, if she held it, signified hope. One dove symbolized the Holy Spirit; seven, His Seven Gifts.

Notes and Remarks.

Many years ago we prophesied that the unscholarly phrase "Dark Ages," as applied to Catholic times, would pass away to make room for a better expression—"the age of faith and light." The prophecy has already come true. Scholarship is now ashamed of a counterfeit phrase, coined in the mint of prejudice, and zealously circulated by the green-goods men of controversy. Already we have grown weary quoting such judgments as this one, which appears in an article in *Literature*, over the signature of the clever agnostic, Prof. Goldwin Smith:

Hume and Robertson have long been consigned to disgrace for their want of accurate erudition, especially in relation to the Middle Ages, which to them are merely the Dark Ages; while to the medievalist of our day they appear to be the special ages of light.

It is hard to make your modern progress-howler believe that the lobes of the human brain are no larger now than they were before the "Reformation"; and that Thomas Aquinas was a giant of intellect to whose stature no other man has ever reached. Humility is not the besetting virtue of us moderns. "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursels!" prayed Sandy, with unctuous self-consciousness. Either that Scotchman was a wag or he lived a good many hundred years ago.

The most strenuous opponent of the Catholic Emancipation Act introduced into the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington in 1829 was the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of

Eldon. With tears in his eyes, he prophesied that if the Catholics of Ireland were treated as human beings they would rise up and massacre the Protestants. The weeping prophet was thus referred to by Byron in a poem written some years afterward:

The devil went next to Westminster,

And he turned to the room of the Commons;
But he heard as he purposed to enter in there

That the Lords had received a summons.
And he thought, as a *quondam* aristocrat,
He might peep at the peers, though to hear them
were flat;

And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty close to the
throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,

The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly;
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size,—

And Chatham, so like his friend Billy
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and prophecies;
And he heard—which set Satan himself a-staring—
A certain chief-justice say something like swearing.
And the devil was shocked; and quoth he: "I
must go;

For I find we have much better manners below;
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloc to call him to order."

On New Year's Day the following item, which we find in the *Canadian Catholic Record*, was published in most of the newspapers of the world:

Viscount Encombe, heir of the Earl of Eldon, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. He is the lineal descendant of the Lord Chancellor of George III. and George IV., who was the most stubborn opponent of Catholic Emancipation.

Time is the great jester, after all!

'Tis a sad and a bitter experience to see one's idols shattered; to behold one's heroes dwindle down into the merest commonplace everyday mortals; to watch the X-ray of impartial criticism expose the inner worthlessness of characters we have admired and loved. And so this extract from the editorial page of a Canadian journal grieves us sorely: "The next generation, brought up wholly outside the range of the personal influence of Newman and his friends, will wonder why such a fuss was made over his union with the Church of Rome, to which he was no acquisition, as he was no loss."

to the church of England." Well, it will be a wrench to reconstruct our judgment of Newman on lines so diametrically opposed to the decision of the world at large during the past half century; but we trust we are not unduly pertinacious in maintaining even our most cherished opinions; and when James Hannay, Esq., sometime historian of Acadia, and actual editor of the *St. John (N. B.) Telegraph*, informs us that the master-minds of Europe and America have been extravagantly at fault for fifty years in their estimate of the English Cardinal—why, that settles it! We forthwith hurl Newman down from the pedestal he has for decades occupied in our private shrine; and are prepared to believe, if Mr. Hannay desires it, that the Cardinal was unmercifully drubbed by "muscular Christianity" Kingsley; that he couldn't write decent English prose; and that "Lead, Kindly Light," about which the world continues to make more or less ridiculous "fuss," is the veriest doggerel that ever masqueraded as poetry. When intellectual giants deliver their well-considered judgments, it behooves ordinary mortals to waste no time in giving their adherence thereto; and we doff our helmet to the giant of Canadian journalism.

A general summary of the statistics compiled for this year's issue of *Hoffmann's Directory* gives the Catholic population of the United States as 9,856,622—an increase of about 445,000 over last year. There are 10,911 priests—an increase of about 500 since last year. There are 14 archbishops and 77 bishops. There are 230 colleges for boys (150 more than there should be); 600 academies for girls (300 more than there need be); 97 seminaries (regular and diocesan) for the training of 3,873 seminarists—about one seminary for each forty students! There are 819,576 children in the parish schools, and 38,000 more in orphan asylums.

Canon Mustel, an eminent French ecclesiastic, contributes to one of our exchanges an interesting paper on Masonry and Occultism. After speaking of "vulgar Freemasonry," "the Freemasonry of the surface and of

action," "the only kind that appears to be known or that makes a noise," he adds: "There is, however, in France as elsewhere, another Masonry not less dangerous—doctrinal and mystical Freemasonry." The Canon declares that in Spain and Italy the popular form of impiety is not, as in France, scepticism or incredulity. Italians and Spaniards must have a belief of some kind; and when they break with God it is to blaspheme Him by setting up for themselves another god, who is Satan. That there is an intimate connection between Freemasonry and the varied forms of Occultism seems to be thoroughly well established. All Masonic symbolism finds its clearest exposition in the system of the Occultists; and Masons of the highest grades look down upon their political brethren who understand nothing of the rites of antiquity, or who condemn such rites as obsolete and ridiculous follies. One sure thing is that it is not without specific reason that Satan's banners are carried openly in Masonic processions both in Italy and the Latin-American republics.

Most people have read how the inhuman French priests, on their return to influence after the Restoration, dug up the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau from their graves in the Pantheon, placed the remains in a sack, which was then dumped into a ditch in the environs of Paris. Victor Hugo lashes himself into a fine fury at the thought of these vengeful and sacrilegious priests. Like many another "historical fact" reflecting on the clergy, the story is utterly without foundation. By order of the Minister of Education, a special commission has opened the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, and found the remains of the famous infidels still undisturbed. The circumstance that no bullet hole was found in Rousseau's skull is unduly insisted on by some writers, as showing that the Frenchman did *not* commit suicide. But Madame de Staël, the chief witness to his death, is sure that he *did* commit suicide—but not with a pistol. According to her account, Rousseau drank some coffee which he himself had made, was seized with horrible pains, and preemptorily

refused medical aid. "It is no longer permissible to doubt," she adds, "that the unhappy man ended his own life."

The attempt of a parcel of bigots to drive a nurse out of a public hospital in England merely because she became a Catholic, has elicited a noble letter of protest from the Protestant Lady Warwick. The case has attracted wide attention, perhaps because the convert was formerly an Anglican nun. Lady Warwick's defence of the rights of conscience, and her threat to withdraw her patronage from the hospital if the beetle-browed should triumph, is the more pleasing because another Lady Warwick, in Reformation times, knew from experience that bigotry biteth like a serpent. In the will of Isabel, Countess of Warwick, it is written: "To Our Lady of Caversham I bequeath a crown of gold, made of my chain and other broken gold in my cabinet, weighing twenty pounds." The final fortunes of this pious gift may be inferred from this letter written to Thomas Cromwell by one John London, a royal commissioner:

In my moste humble maner, I have me comenyd unto yower gude lordeschippe ascertenynge the same that I have pullyd down the image of Our Ladye at Caversham, whereunto wasse gret pilgremage. The image is platyd over wyth sylver, and I have put yt in a cheste fast lockyd and nayled uppe; and by the next bardyge that comythe from Reding to London yt shall be brought to yower lordeschippe. I have also pullyd down the place sche stode in, with all other ceremonies as lightes, schrowdes, crowchys, and imagies of waxe hanging about the chapell; and have defacyd the same thorowly in exchuyng of any further resortt thedyr.

The study of social problems—more common in our day, perhaps, than at any other period in history—is not the effect of an ephemeral caprice, but rather a necessity imposed by the new conditions of the society in which we live. The social problem is a very complex one, and the solutions proffered by different sociologists are both varied and incomplete. The more valuable contributions to the sociology of our day are apt to be the studies of those who have restricted their pens to the treatment of special points upon which they give the fruit of their

personal observation. Such a study is that of M. Curtil in a recent issue of a French magazine, the *Revue Catholique des Institutions et du Droit*.

M. Curtil treats of Labor Institutions, which he thus defines: "The aggregate of methods and means having for end the material and moral amelioration of the lot of the laborer, and, more generally, of whoever lives on his salary." The material and the moral well-being of the workingman are both insisted upon; for the one is closely allied with the other. That the material prosperity of the employee should be cared for is a principle from which flows a clearly defined duty of the employer; and our French writer examines how the latter accomplishes that duty. We have space only for what he styles the system of the Manchester school. That system is comprised in the one word—indifference. It is based on egotism, and admits only the purely business calculation between capital and labor. Capital buys labor; and the wages once paid, capital and labor are as strangers to each other. This, says M. Curtil, is a system to be condemned in the name of social order and progress, because from its operation, principally, has arisen the deplorable antagonism of classes.

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. James McGrath, O. M. I., who died a happy death on the 12th inst., at Lowell, Mass.

Brother Anthony Dold, of the Alexian Brothers, who was called to the reward of a selfless life on the 18th inst.

Miss E. M. Thebaud, who lately departed this life at Madison, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Rogan, of Pocopson, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Mary Bowers, of Glencove, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Flynn, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Reilly, Mrs. Anna Lally, Mr. Daniel J. Brennan, Miss Ellie Collins, Mrs. C. Breen, Mrs. Peter Stanford, Mr. Roderick McNeil, Mr. Edson Quinn, Mrs. Margaret Hurley, Mrs. Mary McGrath, Miss Margaret McNamara, Mrs. Joanna English, and Mrs. John Scannell,—all of New Haven, Conn.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

That Fifteen Dollar Hat.

BY AGNES EWING BROWN.

I.

BESSIE ROGERS was the ruler of an absolute despotism, and had exercised her power for sixteen years—the term of her existence. To be sure, the dimensions of her realm were those of an unpretentious cottage; but her method of government was none the less complete on that account. It originated in this way.

When Bessie was still a tiny baby, in long clothes, if she wanted any household ornament for purposes of destruction, she clinched her little pink fists and lifted up her voice and shrieked, until the neighbors came in and inquired whether they could be of any assistance. And Bessie always got what she wanted.

Now that she was almost a young lady, in gowns down to her ankles, her method was essentially the same when she wanted her own way. She coaxed, she argued, she cried; and finally assumed a submissive melancholy, which was even more effectual than the previous devices. And she got what she wanted.

From this description you might be led to imagine that you would not enjoy meeting Bessie; but you would. She was very pretty, very bright, and very attractive. I am sure you would think her a charming, lovable girl; and so she was—*always* in public and *sometimes* at

home. In fact, she was disagreeable only when it was, in her opinion, necessary. It was necessary to-day, and the cause was a hat—a fifteen dollar hat.

Anna Brice, who had the best social position of any girl at school, was going to give a picnic—a very “swell” affair—in honor of her expected guest, Miss Carlton—that “immensely rich” friend whom all the girls had heard about. Now, it was simply out of the question that Bessie should wear to this social function a last summer’s hat; and there was no sense in getting a cheap one. She had selected a hat, which was the only thing suitable for the occasion; and if she couldn’t be dressed decently she might as well stay at home. Of course, not to attend the picnic would be a great disappointment; but, then (here insert a pathetic sigh), she was used to being deprived of pleasures that all the other girls enjoyed. By this time Bessie had reached the submissive melancholy stage; and, with a funereal air, retired to her room, while her mother got supper.

The issue of the present affair seemed doubtful, for the family finances were quite exhausted; and Mrs. Rogers—who during the year had made many little sacrifices to supply Bessie’s luxuries—was for once forced to say that she positively could not afford it. But an hour or so later she entered Bessie’s room with a countenance which foretold that she was the bearer of glad tidings.

“Bessie, Fred’s just come home from work; and I told him all about the picnic, and how I felt even worse than you did

about your not being able to get that hat. And what do you think he told me? That he'd saved just fifteen dollars to take us for a day's outing up the lake; and hadn't said anything about it because he meant to surprise us. And now he says you can have the money to buy your hat. Isn't that fine?"

"Fine! I should think it was. Isn't he a darling?" And Bessie rushed downstairs, to enfold in a rapturous embrace her handsome, manly young brother.

"Fred, you're a perfect sweetheart! And I'm ever and ever so grateful! You can't imagine how badly I need that hat, and you're just the dearest brother in the whole world!"

Bessie's sunny smiles and her merry speeches cast an unusual radiance over the supper table; and she even offered to help her mother wash the dishes when the meal was over. But, of course, Mrs. Rogers would not consent to this; so Bessie and Fred started off down town.

"There it is, Fred. Isn't it a dream?" as they stopped in front of the milliner's window.

"What! that thing with the red flowers on it? Why, I don't think it's as pretty as the one you have on; but if you want it—" And they went inside to make the purchase.

II.

The all-important day at last arrived; and Bessie's heart danced as lightly as the posies in her hat when she mounted into the big picnic wagon, which bore the merry crowd (duly supplied with chaperons and eatables) to a picturesque wood, about five miles from the city.

The much-talked-of Miss Carlton proved to be a most unimposing personage,—clad in linen skirt, shirt-waist, and sailor hat. This was a great disappointment to Bessie; but she was informed by a friend, who had received the information from Anna, that Miss Carlton, despite her great wealth, always dressed very simply.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bessie, listlessly; for she had just overheard the guest of honor say to her hostess: "Which? The one nearest the tree? Yes, she is very pretty; and I imagine she would be much more so with her hat off. A girl with her hair and complexion should never wear red."

Despite her modest attire, Miss Carlton was a general favorite before the day was over. She seemed to know, by some occult power, what each person she met liked best to talk about; and achieved her greatest triumph in the case of Bertha Johnson, a shy, retiring girl, who looked upon social gatherings as necessary evils. Bertha was passionately fond of art; and after a long talk with Miss Carlton, who had been an appreciative visitor at many of the great galleries in Europe, she could for once sincerely repeat the social formula: "I've had a delightful time."

Again, Miss Carlton seemed possessed of all knowledge requisite for the occasion—from the best method of opening cans and bottles to the most approved forms of amusement. So thoroughly did the whole party enjoy themselves that no one noticed premonitory symptoms in the weather; and suddenly a big black cloud emptied its contents upon the assembly.

The shower ceased as abruptly as it had come; but the face of the scene was changed. And alas for Bessie's hat! The spectators kindly refrained from noticing it, so I shall refrain from describing it.

Miss Carlton took off her "sailor," whose brim was a study in sinuous curves, and regarded it with an air of placid unconcern.

"This hat," she said, "has had a long and disastrous career. It's looked worse than this before now; and after I have the brim pressed out, it'll be ready to begin life all over again."

An hour later Bessie was home once more. She threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms, and the hat—a shapeless

mass of straw, lace, and flowers—fell unregarded to the floor.

“O mamma, I’m so ashamed of myself! And when I saw that Miss Carlton—who has money enough to buy anything she wants—not caring at all for dress, and thought of all the fuss I make to get clothes that I don’t need, it made me feel perfectly miserable. And of course I never stopped to think, when I took the money, that I was depriving you and Fred of the pleasure that he’d planned for us all. And, O mamma, I never should have paid such a big price for a hat, when we’re so poor!”

Bessie was giving herself the only scolding she had ever received; and, considering that it was a first attempt, she succeeded pretty well.

Mrs. Rogers stooped to kiss the flushed, tear-stained face.

“Never mind, dearie! If it was a big price to pay for the hat, it was a very small one to pay for such a beneficial experience. Now, come right upstairs and get your wet things off. And then lie down for a nice little nap, and I’ll call you when supper’s ready.”

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT.”

V.—MARY CATHERINE.

As Mary Ann followed her new acquaintance through the swinging door, and along the broad, high-ceiled hall, she thought she had never seen any one walk so quickly, lightly and gracefully. The girl seemed to skim along the floor, as though treading on air; while her companion found it difficult to keep from falling, so smooth and glassy was the surface under their feet. At home Mary Ann had been known as a famous walker, and she had taken some pride

in the accomplishment. But self-conceit was entirely foreign to the girl’s nature; clear perception, one of its distinguishing features. And she found herself making the comparison between an elephant and a bird, as the echo of her ponderous calfskin boots resounded through the empty hall side by side with the light, quick click-clack of her daintily-shod conductor.

A door at the end of the hall, leading into a narrow corridor, stood open.

“These are the back-stairs,” said the guide, springing lightly up them. “They are not nearly as wide as the others. The girls always go up this way—and the Sisters too, for that matter. The front stairs are for visitors. They are always waxed and polished, you know, and these are only sanded.”

“I think these are fine and wide,” replied Mary Ann; and so they were. “But I don’t see any sand,” she added.

Her companion laughed merrily, glancing down with her bright black eyes on Mary Ann, who was following.

“I said *sanded*. I meant that they are cleaned with sand. All the school-rooms and the dormitory and the halls upstairs are cleaned that way.”

“A very nice way indeed, judging from these,” said Mary Ann.

“What is your name?” inquired her companion, pausing on the upper landing.

“Mary Ann Barker,” was the reply.

“My name is Mary Catherine Hull. I am called for the Blessed Virgin and Catherine Tehgakwita.”

“But what a funny name!” exclaimed Mary Ann.

“I am half Indian, you know,” said the other, proudly. “My mother was an Indian princess.”

“Oh!” said Mary Ann, amazed.

“And I’m called after the Indian girl-saint. You know about her, don’t you?”

“No,” answered Mary Ann. “What is a saint?”

"Aren't you a Catholic?"

"No. What *is* a saint?"

The other laughed, as she opened the door of a room where a Sister sat at a table.

"You forgot to knock, Mary dear," observed the Sister, with a reproving shake of the head.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sister!" answered the girl. "I am always forgetting. This is Mary Ann Barker, a new boarder. Mother asked me to bring her up."

Mary Ann's eyes met those of the nun frankly and modestly.

"She is a good girl," the Sister thought, as she kissed her softly on both cheeks.

The girl blushed violently and her eyes filled with tears. Kisses had been very rare in her young life.

Glancing at the bulging black valise which Mary Ann had deposited on the floor, Sister Genevieve said:

"I suppose these are your clothes?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply,—"all I've got. But Uncle Jake thought you'd know better what to get me. Up there in the mountains it isn't easy to buy nice things. I've money for the rest," she continued, drawing a little purse from her bosom and placing it on the table.

"Your uncle was wise," said the nun. "Sister Frances will take charge of the purse. I only mark the linen and keep it in order. I am not busy now, and can mark whatever there is at once. Later I will show you where your clothes are to be kept." She looked at a number in a book. "I think, Mary," she said, turning to the other girl, "her bed will be next to yours."

"I am so glad!" said Mary, heartily. "Sister, may I show her the dormitory?"

The Sister hesitated.

"You know it is against the rules for the children to go to the dormitory in the daytime; but, as school is not yet begun, I think an exception may be made."

"Oh, you are such a lover of rules!"

replied Mary, with a laugh. "But, then, you're almost a saint, you know, Sister. Mother Teresa is not half so particular."

"Though much nearer to being a saint than I am," was the reply, "you know Mother may allow many things which I dare not permit."

"Yes, I know. Come, Mary Ann; I'll show you the dormitory."

Swift as a flash she sped through the open door and along the corridor, at the end of which hung heavy curtains. Pushing these aside, the girls entered a long, well-lighted room, with a row of white-curtained beds close to either wall, and two rows down the middle, with only a narrow aisle between. Clean white spreads and snowy pillows presented a broad expanse of rest and comfort. A chair stood near each little couch. At intervals along the walls were pictures of the Infant Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Aloysius. On a small pedestal near the door stood a white marble statue of the Guardian Angel; a holy-water font hung near it. The room contained no other furniture.

Mary Ann's quick eye and appreciative mind embraced every feature at a glance. She uttered a sigh of happiness as she exclaimed:

"How lovely! It is just like heaven!"

Her companion laughed.

"That is what you will think in the cold mornings when the first bell rings," she said. "You'll hate to leave it then, I can tell you."

"When does it ring?" asked Mary Ann.

"Precisely at six," answered the girl; "except on First Thursdays, when we have a holiday."

"I do not call that early."

"You don't? Why, at what time have you been accustomed to get up?"

"Never later than half-past four, and generally earlier."

"I wonder you ever grew. Why did your mamma make you rise so early?"

"I have no mother," said Mary Ann;

and she hastened to add: "But if I had, *that* would have made no difference; for in our part of the country everyone gets up before day."

"But there were other things that would have made a difference, perhaps."

"Do you mean if I had had a mother?"

"Yes, I know; for mine died a little while after I was born."

"And have you been here ever since?"

"Oh, no, no! Since I have been here, everything has been lovely; but before that time my father had to leave me with strangers, and I was knocked about a good deal."

"But I thought your mother was a princess?"

"She was, but an Indian. I'm proud of it—just as proud as I can be; but her people were far away. She left them when she married my father."

"Oh!" responded Mary Ann.

"I know what you are thinking," said Mary. "You can't understand why I am proud of it. But I am. My forefathers once owned *all* this immense continent of America—*all*. That was before *yours* came to steal it from them by treachery, and wrest it from them by force."

She had assumed a dramatic attitude while she spoke, drawing herself up to her full, slender height, and throwing out her arms with a gesture meant to encompass the continent.

Mary Ann was embarrassed; she did not know what to say, having had no intention whatever of giving offence. She felt unable to repair the error which it appeared she had made.

Suddenly a soft footstep was heard close to them, and the tall form of a gentle-faced Sister appeared from behind one of the beds, where she had been arranging the curtains. Mary Ann started; so quietly had she come that the presence seemed almost like an apparition. But her surprise was nothing to the discomfiture of Mary. She was silent, and hung her head in a

shamefaced manner, while a bright red spot burned on either cheek.

But the Sister only smiled quizzically. Then she turned to Mary Ann, and the smile changed.

"Welcome, my dear child!"—in a soft, musical voice, kissing the girl's cheeks as the other Sister had done. "And what is your name?"

Mary Ann told her.

"I hope you will be very happy with us," she continued. "And I am glad to see that our Indian princess has taken you under her sovereign protection. She is a power in the house."

"O Sister Mary!" cried the impulsive girl. "You promised not to tease me."

"On condition that you would refrain from exploiting your ancestors; was it not, dear?"

"But others do it that haven't half as much to be proud of."

"That may be; but it does not excuse you. I am afraid you have frightened this poor child."

"Did I frighten you? Did you think I was going to scalp you?" exclaimed Mary, turning with one of her flashing smiles to Mary Ann.

"I didn't know but what you were angry with me," said Mary Ann. "And I shouldn't have wanted you to be. You have been so nice."

"See there! She thinks I'm nice. Not many do, Sister Mary."

"Some of us do," was the reply.

"Sister Mary is my chum. We are both converts. She understands me."

"What is a convert?"

"One who has been a Protestant, but has become a Catholic," said the Sister.

"Could I be a Catholic if I liked?"

"If you were convinced, and had the permission of your parents or guardians."

"I'm sure Uncle Jake wouldn't care," was the reply. "I haven't thought very much about religion,—at least I've never been a professor."

Sister Mary smiled at the stereotyped phrase,—one she had frequently heard in times past.

"It's just lovely to be a Catholic," said Mary. "I feel ever so much better, and *am* better, since I became one. It was the only salvation of me, I think. I used to be so bad. Oh, such a temper! Hadn't I, Sister?"

"Not so bad as you pretend," replied Sister Mary.

The girl blushed and looked down.

Mary Ann wondered what it all meant. She was to learn later.

"I came to show her the dormitory," said Mary; "and she thinks it's lovely. Her bed is to be near mine."

"I have just finished putting up the curtains," observed Sister Mary.

"Come and see," said Mary. "Here is my bed near this window, and this is yours. Often, when I wake early, I pull the window-curtain back a *teenty-weenty* bit, and the hills over there are grand in the rising sun."

"I don't believe you do that often," said Sister Mary.

"I think I shall, though," said Mary Ann. "I'm afraid it will be a long time till I can get used to lying in bed till six o'clock. And, oh, what a pleasure to have this lovely little bed for my own! Not but what I've always had it comfortable at home; but the white counterpane—oh, it's so sweet and pure!"

The blue eyes sparkled, and the fresh, honest face was aglow.

"A good child!" thought Sister Mary, as Sister Genevieve had done.

There was a murmur of voices in the hall, and in another moment Mother Teresa entered, accompanied by Mrs. Rampère and her daughter.

Sister Mary came forward, and introductions were exchanged; after which the three girls sauntered through the dormitory. Presently Sister Mary came toward them, followed by the others.

"This will be Mary Teresa's bed," she said, pointing to the one next Mary Ann's.

"Why, we are going to be together—we three!" said Mary, joyfully; adding:

"There was Mary Beaton,
And Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael—"

"And I," laughed Sister Mary, with a glance at Mother Teresa, who returned it with a smile. She knew what the children did not, that the name of the sweet-faced nun had been Mary Stewart before she entered the convent.

Mary Ann looked, in a puzzled manner, from one to another as though to ask what it all meant.

"Don't you see?" cried Mary. "We are four Marys all in a row; for there is Sister Mary's bed next to Mary Teresa's."

"And Mary's quotation is from a verse reported to have been said or sung by the unfortunate Queen of Scotland. It just occurred to me as being very apt," said Sister Mary.

"More apt than the children realize," said Mother Teresa.

Mary's brow put on a few puzzled wrinkles; Mary Teresa smiled shyly; and Mary Ann said, simply:

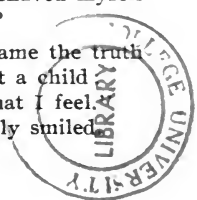
"I know something of Mary Queen of Scots, but I've never heard of any songs she sung."

"I'm so glad we are going to be together!" said Mary. "I'm sure we shall be good friends. But there's the luncheon bell. Come, girls! I'm awfully hungry, aren't you?"

(To be continued.)

His Angel Smiled.

I WONDER why I feel so mean
When I have been real bad,
And why when I've behaved myself
I feel so awful glad?
And as he wondered came the truth
He learned when but a child
"It is God's presence that I feel,
And his Angel sweetly smiled



With Authors and Publishers.

—A German writer, describing the cosmopolitan character of Cardinal Wiseman, says that he was an “in-Spain-born,-from-an-Irish-family-descended,-in-England-educated,-in-Italy-residing,-Syriac-scholar.” That expresses it perfectly, except that, by an obvious oversight, the writer omitted “of-Westminster-Archbishop.”

—Among all the multifarious comments on Kipling's Canadian poem, “Our Lady of the Snows,” we have seen no mention made of a beautiful poem bearing the same title that appears, over the signature “B,” in “Lyrics of Life and Light.” This high-class volume is a compilation of original poems, edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee. Its second edition appeared in 1878.

—The contribution by Mr. Marion Crawford which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this week, is from the manuscript of a book to be published in the autumn by Macmillan & Co. It is a work of general literature, dealing with the history and romance of the Eternal City. As will be seen, Mr. Crawford is at his best in these glimpses of historic Rome. The publishers are taking great pains with the book, which will be fully illustrated from fresh material.

—Dom Oswald Hunter Blair, the scholarly Benedictine who has the unique distinction of being an English baronet, entertains some pronounced opinions about modern Catholic literature. “We can not keep our hold on our own people,” he said recently, “we can not hope to impress ‘our friends the enemy’ by dry-as-dust pamphlets, ponderous controversy, goody-goody sermonettes, or feeble fiction.” All this is “as true as preachin’,” and we are glad Dom Blair said it. But there is just one thing more odious than feeble fiction. It is the feeble judgment of Catholic snobs who do not know good literature when they see it, who value nothing that lacks the approval of their non-Catholic associates, and who think that the Pope ought to publish an encyclical of thanks whenever a Protestant paper or magazine praises anything

Catholic. We regret that Dom Blair neglected to pay his respects to the snobs.

—“Our Lady's Lullaby,” by M. A. D., a tender and devotional poem, breathing the purest mother-love of the all-pure Mother for her Divine Son, has been republished, from *Donahoe's*, in pamphlet form for the benefit of St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Boston, Mass. A beautiful thought it was to devote this poem to those who have special need of the sweet patronage of the Mother of the motherless.

—*Vick's Garden and Floral Guide* for 1898 is “a thing of beauty,” and the wares it advertises should be “a joy forever,” if we may judge from its artistic lithographic pages. The firm represented by this handsome year-book is so well known and so thoroughly respected for fair dealings that nothing further need be said, except to announce the Annual, which promises a “golden wedding celebration” next year. James Vick & Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

—The poems of Frau Johanna Ambrosius have already run through twenty-six editions. No event in the literary history of the century is half so dramatic as the discovery of this extraordinary woman. Born into poverty, her schooling ended in her eleventh year. Then followed household drudgery, until, at the age of twenty, she “gave her hand in eternal bondage to a peasant.” In the scant leisure afforded by her household duties she began to compose short poems, modelled on those she found in the weekly newspaper which was her only reading. There is, of course, hardly any literary form in the poems of this author, but there is great richness of imagination and emotion. Beside Johanna Ambrosius and her twenty-six editions, the story of the plowboy Burns sinks almost into the commonplace.

—We reproduce the following passage from *Literature*, just as it appears in the latest issue of that interesting journal:

“Between the pale fingers of Alphonse Daudet as he lay on the funeral bed there was a crucifix and a *chapelet*. In presence of the dreadful mystery of

death, it is the instinct and tradition of all families in which throbs still some religious feeling to place these sacred objects on the remains of beings that are dear. But in the works of Alphonse Daudet, you may look in vain, it must be confessed, for a single page betraying a concern for the future life. Scepticism and indifference are the malady of contemporary minds; and he also who writes these lines was, until very recently, affected by it. To-day, when sufferings which he can not possibly think of with sufficient gratitude have restored to him his religious faith and eternal hopes, he is pained at the thought that the glorious friend whose loss he deplors did not share this faith and these hopes, and he can hardly resign himself to believing it."

This passage is important as the first really clear announcement of Coppée's "conversion." His articles in *Le Journal* have left no doubt that the "sufferings" of the last year had worked a change in him; and it is curious to note how touchingly he refers to this "conversion," as if he felt that his past had been wasted, and that only a few days now remain to him in which to stand up and "testify."

Literature is issued in England by the *London Times*, and in this country by the Harpers,—two publishing houses which Catholics have been accustomed to regard as unfriendly to the Church. In these circumstances, the comment is as significant as the quotation.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.
 The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Wafole*. \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe*. 50 cts.

- Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 25 cts.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl*. \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding*. \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton*. \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon*. \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave*. \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber*. \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary*. 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée*. 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet*. 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 50 cts.
 The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.
 The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph*. \$1, net.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan*. \$1.50, net.
 The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercott*. 80 cts., net.
 That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.
 By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 50 cts.
 Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50, net.
 Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. \$1.25.
 Cardinal Manning. *Francis de Pressensé*. \$1.25.
 Catholic Home Annual. 25 cts.
 Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. *T. O. Russell*. \$2, net.
 Short Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year. Vols. I. and II. *Rev. Henry Gibson*. \$1.50 each, net.
 Edmund Campion. A Biography. *Richard Simpson* \$3, net.
 Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Vol. V. \$1.25.

AVE REGINA.

LARGETTO. *mf*

Soprano.
A - ve Re - gi - na cœ - lo - - rum, a - ve Do - mi - na

Alto.
A - ve Re - gi - na cœ - lo - - rum, a - ve Do - mi - na

Tenor.
A - ve Re - gi - na cœ - lo - - rum, a - ve Do - mi - na

Bass.
A - ve Re - gi - na cœ - lo - - rum, a - ve Do - mi - na

**Pianoforte
or
Organ.**
mf

mf

An - ge - lo - - rum. Salve ra - dix, sal - ve

mf

An - ge - lo - - rum. Salve ra - dix, sal - ve

mf

An - - - gelo - rum. Salve ra - dix, sal - ve

mf

An - ge - lo - - rum. Sal - ve

THE AVE MARIA.

por - ta, ex qua mundo lux est or - - ta. Gaude Vir-go glo - ri -
 por - ta, ex qua mundo lux est or - - ta. Gaude Vir-go glo - ri -
 por - ta, ex qua mundo lux est or - - ta. Gaude glo - ri -
 ra-dix, sal-ve por-ta, ex qua mundo lux est or - - ta. Gaude glo - ri -

o-sa, su-per omnes su per om-nes spe-ci - o - sa. Va - le o val - de
 o-sa, su-per om-nes spe-ci - o - sa. Va - le o val - de
 o-sa, su-per om-nes spe-ci - o - sa. Va - le o val - de
 o-sa, su-per om nes spe-ci - o - sa. Va - le o val - dc

THE AVE MARIA:

val de de - co - ra *f* et pro no - bis Chri - - stum, Chri -

val - de de - co - ra *f* et pro no - bis Chri - - stum, Chri -

val - de de - co - ra *f* et pro no - bis Chri - - stum, Chri -

val de de - co - ra *f* et pro no - bis Chri - - stum, Chri -

p stum ex - o - - - ra, *pp* ritard. ex - o - - - ra.

p stum ex - o - - - ra, *pp* ritard. ex - o - - - ra.

p stum ex - o - - - ra, *pp* ritard. ex - o - - - ra.

p stum ex - o - - - ra, *pp* ritard. ex - o - - - ra.

p stum ex - o - - - ra, *pp* ritard. ex - o - - - ra.



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

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Mater Amabilis.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

SHE who hath been saluted "Full of grace"

Sits low in the cool shade beneath a palm,
Embroidering fair linen with a psalm,
And purple lilies for the Holy Place.

Now turn her grave eyes to the golden space
Of sunshine brooding over fields of balm,
The homes of Nazareth in their evening
calm,
And lovely smiles transfigure her still face.

For sudden rushing through the sunburnt
air,

The flashing silvery wings of Mary's doves
Are winnowing music, and about her feet
They fall with happy flutterings; while a
pair

Of baby pigeons whom their Mistress loves
On either shoulder perch with confidence
sweet.



HE is a nobleman in God's peerage
who goes out every morning, it may be
from the humblest of homes, to his work
until the evening, with a determination,
as working for a heavenly Master, to do
his best; and no titles which this world
can bestow, no money which was ever
coined, can bring a man who does no
work within the sunshine of God's love.

—Dean Hole.

Glimpses of Historic Rome.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

IV.—THE CHURCH OF SAINT EUSTACE.



S for the Church of Saint Eustace, it commemorates a vision which tradition attributes alike to Saint Julian the Hospitaller, to Saint Felix, and to Saint Hubert. The genius of Flaubert, who was one of the greatest prose writers of this century, has told the story of the first of these in very beautiful language. The legend of Saint Hubert is familiar to everyone. Saint Eustace is perhaps less known, for he was a Roman saint of early days; a soldier, and a lover of the chase, as many Romans were. We do not commonly associate with him the idea of boar hunting or deer stalking, but they were enthusiastic sportsmen. Virgil's short and brilliant description of Æneas shooting the seven stags on the Carthaginian shore is the work of a man who had seen what he described; and Pliny's letters are full of allusions to hunting. Saint Eustace was a contemporary of the latter, and perhaps outlived him; for he is said to have been martyred under Hadrian, when a long career of arms had raised him to the rank of a general.

It is the often-told story—how he was

stalking the deer in the Ciminian forest, alone and on foot, one day, when a royal stag, milk white and without blemish, crashed through the meeting boughs before him; how he followed the glorious creature fast and far, and shot and missed, and shot again; and how at last the stag sprang up a steep, jutting rock and faced him; and he saw Christ's cross between its branch antlers, and upon the cross the Crucified; and heard a still, far voice that bade him be Christian and suffer and be saved.

And so, alone in the greenwood, he fell upon his knees and bowed himself to the world's Redeemer; and rose up again, and the vision had departed. And having converted his wife and his two sons, they suffered together; for they were thrust into the great brazen bull by the Colosseum, and it was made red-hot, and they perished, praising God. But their ashes lie under the high altar in the church to this day.

The small square of Saint Eustace is not far from Piazza Navona, communicating with it by gloomy little streets; and on the great night of the Befana the fair spreads through the narrow ways, and overflows with more booths, toys, and screaming whistles, into the space between the University and the church. And here, at the southeast corner, used to stand the famous Falcone—the eating-house which to the last kept up the Roman traditions, and where in old days many a famous artist and man of letters supped on dishes now as extinct as the dodo. The house has been torn down to make way for a modern building. Famous it was for wild boar, in the winter, dressed with sweet sauce and pine nuts; and for baked porcupines, and strange messes of tomatoes and cheese; and famous, too, for its good old wines in the days when wine was not mixed with chemicals and sold as "Chianti," though grown about Olevano, Paliano, and Segni.

It was a strange place, occupying the whole of two houses which must have been built in the sixteenth century, after the sack of Rome. It was full of small rooms of unexpected shapes, scrupulously neat and clean, with little white and red curtains, tiled floors, and rush-bottomed chairs; and the regular guests had their own places—corners in which they had made themselves comfortable for life, as it were, and were to be found without fail at dinner and at supper time. It was one of those genial bits of old Rome which survived till a few years ago, and was more deeply regretted than many better things when it disappeared.

Behind the Church of Saint Eustace runs a narrow street straight up from the Square of the Pantheon to the Via della Dogana Vecchia. It used to be chiefly occupied at the lower end by poulterers' shops; but towards its upper extremity (for the land rises a little) it has always had a peculiarly gloomy look. It bears a name about which are associated some of the darkest deeds in Rome's darkest age; it is called the Via de' Crescenzi, the street and the abode of that great and evil house which filled the end of the tenth century with its bloody deeds.

There is no more unfathomable mystery in the history of medieval Rome than the origin and power of Theodora, whose name first appears in the year 914, as Lady Senator and absolute mistress of the city. From her, in little more than a hundred years, descended five popes, and a line of sovereign counts, ending in Peter, the first ancestor of the Colonna who bore the name; and from her also, by the marriage of her second daughter, called Theodora like herself, the Crescenzi traced their descent. Yet no historian can say who that first Theodora was, nor whence she came, nor how she rose to power; nor can any one name the father of her children. Her terrible eldest child, Marozia, married three sovereigns—the

Lord of Tusculum, the Lord of Tuscany, and at last Hugh, King of Burgundy,—and left a history that is an evil dream of terror and bloodshed.

V.—WHERE TASSO DIED.

If one comes from the Borgo by the Lungara, and if one turns up the steep hill to the right, there is the place where Tasso died, seventy-five years after Raphael was gone. The small monastery of Sant' Onofrio, where he spent the last short month of his life, used to be a lonely and beautiful place; and is remembered only for his sake, though it has treasures of its own—the one fresco painted in Rome by Leonardo da Vinci, and paintings by Domenichino and Pinturicchio in its portico and little church, as well as memories of St. Philip Neri, the patron saint of Rome. All these things barely sufficed to restrain the government from turning it into a barrack for the city police a few years ago, when the name of one of Italy's greatest poets should alone have protected it. It was far from the streets and thoroughfares in older times; and the quiet sadness of its garden called up the infinite melancholy of the poor poet who drew his last breath of the fresh, open air under the old tree at the corner, and saw Rome the last time as he turned and walked painfully back to the little room where he was to die. It is better to think of it so, when one has seen it in those days, than to pass it all now, standing out in vulgar publicity upon the modern avenue that has cut through its privacy.

There died the man who had sung and wandered and loved; who had been slighted and imprisoned for a madman; who had escaped and hidden himself, and had yet been glorious; who had come to Rome at last to receive the laureate's crown in the Capitol, as Petrarch had been crowned before him. His life is a strange history, full of discordant passages that

left little or no mark in his works; so that it is a wonder how a man so torn and harassed could labor unceasingly for many years at a work so perfectly harmonious as "Jerusalem Freed"; and it seems strange that the hot-headed, changeable Southerner should have stood up as the champion of the Epic Unity against the school of Ariosto, the grave Northern poet, who had believed in the diversity of action as a fundamental principle of the epic; it is stranger still and a proof of his power that Tasso should have earned something like universal glory against the long-standing supremacy of Ariosto in the same field, in the same half century, and living at the same court.

Everything in Tasso's life was contradictory; everything in his works was harmonious. Even after he was dead the contrasts of glory and misery followed his bones like fate. He died in the arms of Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Pope's nephew, almost on the eve of his intended coronation; he was honored with a magnificent funeral, and his body was laid in an obscure corner, enclosed in a poor deal coffin. It was six years before the monks of Sant' Onofrio dug up the bones and placed them in a lead box—"out of pity," as the inscription on the metal lid told,—and buried them again under a poor slab, that bore his name and little else; and when a monument was at last made to him in the nineteenth century, by the subscriptions of literary societies, it was so poor and unworthy that it had better not have been set up at all. A curious book might be written upon the vicissitudes of great men's bones.



GOD never forgets any work or labor of love; and whatever it may be of which the first and best portions or powers have been presented to Him, He will multiply and increase sevenfold.—*Ruskin.*

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XI.

WHILE Isabel sat at the window she fancied she heard her name called softly, and was presently aware of a figure in a cloak, which emerged from behind a projection of the dwelling. Her first impulse was to scream, but she restrained herself.

"Hush, darling!" said the voice. "It is I—Henry Latouche. I want to say a dozen words, and away again before there is possibility of discovery."

Isabel sat confounded and bewildered, uttering not a word.

"My dearest!" said Henry, "do not look so terrified, or I shall repent of having come."

"I *am* terrified, Henry," replied Isabel, "for you. Why—oh, why did you ever venture here?"

"You know what date it is," Latouche said, speaking in a low whisper; "and you also know that I would venture anything to see and speak with you."

This man, ordinarily so self-contained, spoke with a vehemence which almost startled Isabel; and she saw, as she looked at him by the wan moonlight, the traces of care and privation upon his face.

"Will you come in?" she said, trembling and scarcely able to articulate.

Latouche shook his head.

"No; for many reasons I shall not do so," he said. "This must be a Romeo-and-Juliet interview, such as we used to laugh over in happier days."

He tried to speak lightly, that he might lessen the terror which seemed to have seized upon the usually fearless Isabel.

"I am afraid I shall make but an indifferent Romeo. We men of to-day seem to have lost the gentle art of love-making.

But what a charming Juliet I have!—exquisite in that soft gown, with the ray of moonlight on your face."

"Henry! Henry! How can you speak of such things! They are out of place—everything is out of place but the thought of your danger."

"It is not so great as you fear," said Latouche, trying to force a smile.

"I thought you were out of the country, Henry."

"So I might have been had I not a duty to perform." (He spoke gravely enough now.) "In view of the solemn engagements which bound me to you, I would not leave the country until I came here to explain all—to place myself at your disposal, and to offer you your freedom." (He paused a moment.) "It would be a crime in a hunted fugitive to remind you even of the tie that lately bound us, but I wanted you at least to understand that no thought of danger could keep me from you."

"Henry," said Isabel, "you have this cause of country very much at heart."

"Side by side with my love for you."

"And you would never give it up?" she continued, rather wistfully. "It might not be too late now to seek for pardon. You could easily make your peace with the authorities. They are glad to bring men of your station back to the government side. Unlike some others, you have money, friends, influence—"

She stopped abruptly, and an ominous pause ensued. Isabel felt rather than saw the effect which her words had produced upon her lover.

He spoke at last, and she hardly knew his voice.

"Some wounds go deep, Isabel," he said; "and I should not have thought that your hand would deal the deepest. But let that pass."

He turned his face, so that the moonlight fell upon it. She saw that it was deadly pale, as it had not been before.

"O Henry, forgive me!" cried Isabel, sinking on her knees at the window, and stretching out her hand. "It was my love for you made me use the arguments I had heard from others. It was the vain, foolish hope of a moment."

"Yes, you can hurt, my Juliet!" said Henry, trying to regain his playfulness by an effort, and as suddenly flinging it aside. "O Isabel, how could you so misjudge me, after all that has passed between us! You, at least, should have known me. You could not believe me so base, so disloyal, as to abandon my country's cause; to leave less fortunate comrades to their fate, just because I had money, influence, friends! It was unworthy of you, my dear."

"I know it, Henry—my brave, loyal Henry—my hero, whom I could not love under any other guise!"

"There spoke my own true-hearted girl!" cried Latouche, exultingly.

"Henry," said Isabel, "it is getting late, and they will be coming home from the ball—not only my people, but many others. You must go before then."

"Ah! you are not so anxious to detain your Romeo as that other and less lovely Juliet was. But, seriously, I will go in five minutes,—when I have told you once more that, whilst I leave you free, I consider myself yours unreservedly and for all time."

"Listen to me!" said Isabel, speaking with indescribable courage and firmness. "I belong to *you*, Henry, and to *you* alone. If you so desire, I will be your wife and go with you into exile. But if that should only embarrass you, I will remain here, but just as irrevocably yours as if the sacred words of the marriage rite had been spoken."

Latouche was visibly affected. Tears—which all his misfortunes could not have brought thither—gathered in his eyes, and he said, in a broken voice:

"It would be a felony to unite your fate with mine now. My honor will not

allow it, nor can I permit you to bind yourself to me by any vows. It is I that am bound by bonds that only death can break."

"You shall accept my promise, Henry!" said Isabel, with a touch of her old imperiousness. "No length of separation, no force of circumstances, no pressure from others, shall cause me to loosen the tie between us. Only death or you can do it."

Isabel leaned forward in the earnestness of her words—an exquisite figure.

"Let it be so, then," replied Latouche, taking her hand. "If so much loveliness, honor, and truth be given to me, then let us, in the presence of God and with His sanction, hold ourselves pledged."

"In life or death," said the young girl, solemnly.

The sound of wheels broke upon this love scene, which had taken on so serious, so almost tragic a character, which these two, in their ordinary life, would have been the first to wonder at.

"It is the first coach from the ball!" said Isabel, in a terrified whisper. "Go—without an instant's delay!"

But Latouche still lingered, the pain of separation working in every feature.

"I shall come when and how I can to claim you," he whispered.

"And you shall find me waiting if it be one year or a dozen."

The coach drew near. Henry snatched his hat from the ground, pulled it well down over his brow, turned up the collar of his riding-coat, and, with a last pressure of Isabel's hand, disappeared.

Isabel remained motionless, trying to follow his figure in the darkness; whilst the moon sank out of sight, as a hope dies. Then it occurred to her that her parents might think it strange to find her still up and at an open window. She softly closed and secured it; then crept upstairs, congratulating herself that she had early in the evening dismissed her maid, telling her that she should not

be needed again. Once in her room, she undressed hastily, and sat down to think over what had occurred, her heart full of admiration for the courage and loyalty of her lover.

Isabel had purposely refrained from telling Latouche of Matt's escapade and its consequences. She knew the romantic generosity of his character, and that he possessed a sense of honor extraordinarily keen and fine; and she feared that, had he known of his foster-brother's situation, he might have felt it incumbent upon him to give himself up.

She herself had the qualities to which this side of Henry Latouche's nature specially appealed. She could appreciate him at his best. She could never have loved the mere polished man of society; or in doing so, would have let the finest sentiments of her own heart lie dormant. She did not believe that Matt could be in any serious danger; but she was resolved, in any case, to induce her father to use his strong influence with the members of the government to procure his release. It could not be a very difficult matter to get him off, as no direct complicity with Latouche could be proved, and the whole thing was generally looked upon as a harmless frolic on the foster-brother's part. Captain Howe would be only too glad to let it drop without further publicity. And so indeed it proved. Isabel Fitzroy had been right in her conjectures; and her father's influence had been exerted—if not for the master, at least for the man.

Gradually the affair faded from the public mind. The fate of the once brilliant and popular man of the world was well-nigh forgotten, and the figure of Henry Latouche was seen no more in the haunts where it had been familiar. It was commonly supposed that he had gone abroad. Isabel Fitzroy lived almost in seclusion, and surprised everyone by persistently refusing all offers of marriage.

(To be continued.)

Evening Dews.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

SOFTLY night-dews fall,
When the moonbeams quiver,
Flashing o'er the hall;
Dancing o'er the river.
As when snow-storms cease,
Bloom sweet violets vernal,
Toil gives place to peace—
Earthly, then eternal.

II.

Studding Heaven's floor,
Stars tell in their shining
Of light evermore,
After day's declining.
Softly night-dews fall,
When the moonbeams quiver,
Flashing o'er the hall,
Dancing o'er the river.

III.

Wondrous grace descends,
Like the dew at even,
Turning foes to friends
Who throng the stairs of Heaven.
After gloom and tears
Breaks the day unending;
Months nor days nor years,
Blessings aye descending.

IV.

There, in Paradise,
Rays of splendor falling,
Ceaseless songs arise,
Choir to choir is calling.
Here dew falls apace,
When the moonbeams quiver;
There the source of grace—
God's o'erflowing River.

THERE is something so much higher and more delicate than our own common standards of ethics that it is refining to respect, even if we fail to comprehend, the struggles of a man who aspires to the possession of perfect spiritual honor.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

I.—THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

LIKE a budding almond branch on which has fallen the light snows of February, comes the double feast of the Presentation and of the Purification. "The lonely heights of Mary's holiness," on which a Saint Jerome meditated with rapture, are tinged to-day, like snowy Alpine summits at dawn, with the warmth of maternal love. She knows, this Maiden-Mother of the lineage of David, that she is returning to those who blessed her on the day of her espousals, crowned as a mother only is crowned,—returning to those under whose eye she conned the prophecies, and who are still "looking for the redemption of Israel." She knows they will welcome her first-born Son with unspeakable tenderness, unspeakable joy; but will they recognize the Redeemer, promised for four thousand years, in the Babe nestling to her breast, cradled on her arm?

What could be more tenderly beautiful, more tenderly joyful, than Mary as she stands before the benign high-priest; while Joseph, her spouse, stands beside her, bearing the two turtle-doves which are to redeem this first-born Son as, truly, a Son of Abraham? But the question still rises in her heart, "Will they recognize Him who has been promised?" when a wave of awe, as profound as her joys, floods her soul, thrills every faculty of her mind, as, moving forth from the deep shadows of the porticos of the Temple, comes the aged Simeon—a man upon whom all Israel looks with a hush of veneration; for to him it has been promised that he 'shall not see death before he has seen the Christ of the Lord.' And now he advances to the little group of Mary and

Joseph; and, taking the Child into his arms, he breaks forth into a hymn of praise, blessing God and saying:

"Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people, Israel."

Close upon the steps of Simeon comes the prophetess Anna, giving praise to God, and 'speaking of the Child to all who are looking for the redemption of Israel.' And the holy radiance of Mary's face takes on a rapture which says: "They have seen Him who was to come!"

Ages on ages have come and gone, eternal cycles have been entered upon; but Mary never has forgotten, never will forget, that moment of holy exultation in her virginal maternity! It is the voice of Simeon which breaks in upon the trance of bliss into which this double recognition of her Son, as truly the Messiah of God, has thrown her soul,—the voice of Simeon, as he spreads his aged hands over this group of three and blesses them; then speaks to Mary, still folding her Son to her heart, as if a new inspiration had come to his soul:

"Behold, this Child is set for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

O brief moment of perfect joy—a joy born of heaven without one alloy of earth, and yet as transient as mortal air could make it!

The delicacy with which this narrative is limned by the pen of the Evangelist Saint Luke, and the tender significance of this first sorrow in the life of the Blessed Virgin, gave this subject a place in the series upon series in the early catacombs. For, contrary to the impr-

sion fixed in the minds of so many even among Catholics, the incidents connected with the infancy and childhood of Our Lord were dwelt upon by the Christian artists, who wrought out their pious conceptions of these events on the stucco laid over tufa walls before the year 200, or even 100, of the Christian era, in the underground cemetery of a Saint Priscilla or Saint Domitilla, Pretextatus or Saturninus; precisely as, in later centuries, the apses of the Middle Age churches were enriched by them to the admiration of our own times.

It was from these series of paintings, especially those in Saint Priscilla's Catacomb, in which he was deposited after his death, that Celestine I. caught the inspiration which led him to plan their reproduction on the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore—a plan carried out by his successor, Sixtus III. On this Arch of Triumph the narrative of Saint Luke concerning the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple has been set in the most delicately tinted mosaic, with a vivacity which delights us. The whole scene is enacted in a portico of the Temple. We see Mary, richly attired, bearing her Infant in her arms, Saint Joseph at her side, standing before the high-priest, who is followed by other priests; and toward them are hastening the aged Simeon and devout Anna; while doves and pigeons, in allusion to the modest offering of Saint Joseph, are seen in a flock at one side. This is on the upper line of scenes represented on the arch opposite the Annunciation, showing how conspicuously the event shone forth to the minds of those Christians of the fifth century; all of which is sustained by the importance given to the festival itself.

We find in Martigny's "Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes," under the head of "Immovable Feasts," that "on the 2d of February a feast is celebrated

which, in all the martyrologies of the Latins, is entitled *Purificatio S. Mariæ Virginis, et Hipapanti Domini nostri*. By this last title, the Greeks designed to keep in memory the meeting of Simeon with Our Lord in the Temple. The institution of this festival mounts to the highest antiquity; is distinctly mentioned by Saint Gregory of Nyssa (A. D. 396), and by many other Fathers, whose testimony is united by the Bollandists; and there are very ancient formulas for the blessing of the candles"; by which quotation we see how much stress was laid upon Simeon's recognition of Our Lord, and, we must infer, upon his prophecy of sorrow to Our Lady.

The Byzantine period has left one of its most interesting compositions to illustrate the Presentation. The aged Simeon, standing on a small dais, holds the Divine Child on his hands, as if returning Him to His Mother, toward whom He is stretching forth one little hand; and the Mother responds by extending her own to Him. Saint Joseph bears the turtle-doves at her side; while Saint Anna is seen over the bowed shoulders of Simeon, her hands raised, as if in joy and admiration.

But in the series of pictures representing the life of the Blessed Virgin by Giotto, in the Church of Saint Francis at Assisi, one of his loveliest groups displays the Presentation. The architecture of the Temple's interior affords an imposing background, with every possible adornment; and the grouping is arranged, symmetrically indeed, but effectively. The venerable Simeon, with eyes raised to Heaven in thanksgiving, bears the Child in his arms with exceeding love; while the Babe leans toward its Mother, who stands with outstretched hands to receive Him. Immediately at her side are Saint Joseph and several persons, old and young, attracted by an incident certainly not uncommon, excepting for the remarkable

circumstances attending it; for near to Simeon is the prophetess Anna, who is addressing, most earnestly, another group of thoughtful persons; while one has prostrated herself, with her hands stretched forth toward the Child, as if welcoming the Redeemer of Israel. The whole is in Giotto's best manner, without a trace of Byzantine formality.

From this time, every series illustrating the life of the Blessed Virgin—as the twenty-eight compartments in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Orvieto, or the series by Duccio of Siena—may be understood as giving the Presentation. The German schools do not neglect it; and Van Eyck gives an elegant version of the story without neglecting a single circumstance mentioned in the Scripture story. Most certainly we may expect to see it in the several series painted by the immortal Fra Angelico, not only in his choral books and in the cells of San Marco, but on the presses of the sacristy of the Camaldoline convent; and we do find it.

The ornate arches of Giotto's interior give place to a long avenue of columns, supporting narrow, round arches, which reminds one of a monastic ambulatory, and giving one also a feeling of the deepest serenity. There are no groups in waiting, no lookers-on. Simeon holds the Child—more than this, presses Him to his cheek; wraps Him, as it were, with his aged hands. One can hear him, in tremulous notes, chanting his *Dimittis*. The Child does not turn from him, as in the picture by Giotto or Van Eyck, in fear; but nestles to the wrinkled cheek, and His eyes almost close under the soothing pressure of that holy embrace. Mary's hands are raised, not to call Him to her, but as if she had just laid her Treasure into Simeon's waiting arms; and her look is one of peace. At her side, or rather following her, is Saint Joseph with the turtle-doves, a sweet smile on

his face; for he hears only the welcome given to the Babe, sees only the love which greets Him.

Opposite this group we see Anna, hastening forward, her hands joined in rapture, declaring the coming of Him for whom all Israel is waiting. It is never quite safe to say where the charm lies in one of the Angelical's compositions; for the charm is over it as a whole, by reason of the spirit which inspired it. One thing is certain: Fra Angelico could never overlook Mary's part in the prophecy, "A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people, Israel"; followed by those words which never ceased to echo in her heart: "Behold, this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." Simeon knew, when he uttered these words, that the sword at that very moment pierced the Heart of Mary. Fra Angelico feels this—feels that the tender joy which was so justly hers, as we should say, had been disturbed, never more to rest; and all that sympathy which people of the world, even, feel for a first grief, was in the soul of the Angelical. Therefore, while he gives her an expression of peace, it is the peace of perfect resignation; the repeating of that word by which she accepted her part in the mystery of the Incarnation—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

Fra Bartolomeo was a monk, a Dominican monk; but how differently than to the Angelical this scene came before his mind's eye! The Divine Child, in all His beauty, is held on Simeon's arms; one foot rests in Mary's loving palm, and He looks out on the world with one hand raised in blessing, the other on His baby-breast—an enchanting picture of infancy, and that a Divine Infancy. Saint Joseph bears the turtle-doves most gently; one

sees also the kneeling figure of a nun; another figure, standing, with an aureole, may be Saint Anna. Simeon himself is most benign, but his eyes look into Mary's as if he were at this very moment speaking to her of this Child, to be 'the fall and resurrection of many in Israel, a sign which shall be contradicted'; while 'the sword is to pierce her own soul also'; for there is compassion on his face, and on Mary's the tenderest shade of sorrow.

In a niche on the wall we see Moses with his horns of power, and a scroll in hand, on which is the command which Mary has obeyed with such simplicity, as if she had needed purification after giving birth to the Redeemer who had saved her, from the first moment of her own conception, from any shadow of sin. The picture itself is one of consummate skill, of the most beautiful technique and delicate sentiment; one on which rests the fame of the brother-monk of Fra Angelico and worthy of San Marco.

In the Vatican Gallery is one of Raphael's youthful conceptions, a "Coronation of the Blessed Virgin": her empty tomb, around which stand the Apostles, wondering, filled with growing lilies and roses. This picture had three smaller pictures attached to it as a *predella*, or footstool; and one of these gave the Presentation and Purification under a portico of the Temple, with a vista leading to its very interior. When the still young Raphael went to Rome at the call of Julius II., he must have felt a little like wondering at himself to find that he had represented this event more according to the idea of the old artist who had put it in mosaic on the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, than like any picture he had ever seen. It is, in fact, wonderfully like while unlike.

The central group gives us the high-priest, who is returning the Child to His Mother, having 'done for Him according to the law.' Opposite Blessed Mary stands

Simeon; and the eyes of the high-priest, like those of Simeon, are bent upon her with the tenderest compassion, while the Child goes to her grieved, and she receives Him grieving. One little hand touches her bosom, the other is raised as if to console her,—as if He were saying: "I know you are grieved for Me, that I must be a contradiction to My generation, a word to be spoken against. And I, My Mother, grieve for you." Never, in one of the school of Siena's tenderest pictures, was there a more sympathetic look between Son and Mother than in this early picture by Raphael.

I often think this Sorrow, or Dolor, might be made the special devotion of the young. How often I have heard them say, how often when young have I said myself: "If I could only know what to expect!" Everything in the prophecy of Simeon is vague. The when, the how, the what, utterly indefinite—not even an outline to shadow forth its possible circumstances; lying off on the dim horizon, ready to assume shapes too dreadful to imagine. The first sorrow, the altogether indefinite sorrow, it belongs to the young to compassionate Our Lady with all the tenderness and sympathy so natural to youthful, untried hearts. To carry out this idea, the personages on either side of Raphael's central group are young—at least none are old; and all seem to partake, by their pensive expression, in this first grief of the Mother of a Babe so lovely as to stir envy in all who behold Him.

So far from giving every attractive example of the treatment of this Dolor in art, we have chosen those only which were most significant as to date or character. The subject has never lost its charm for great artists: for those whose inspirations are drawn from sources rich in associations teeming with thought. In our own age, "The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple" has made one of Overbeck's

immortal illustrations, forty in number, which should indeed be the treasure-trove of every institution for the young, pouring over the Sacred Text floods of a right understanding and a beauty-loving erudition.

Three arcades, through which come charming distances, frame in the principal group with its accessories. Strongly relieved against the open sky, stands Simeon, bowed with years, bearing lovingly on his arms the gracious Child, and looking adoringly into His eyes; singing softly, as if to himself, his *Dimittis*. Two young girls kneel before this seemingly temporary altar on which are offered the oblations of the first-born in Israel,—one bearing the turtle-doves, the other a lighted taper. And Mary, Virgin-Mother? Her hands in the mantle that wraps her whole figure, leaving only the beautiful, tender, virgin face, bending pensively like a lily on its stem, the bright aureole over her head, standing between the whole world, which is to contradict Him, and her Divine Son,—shielding the whole group, as it were, by the majesty of her first Dolor!

We see Anna, the aged prophetess, approaching Simeon, her lifted hands welcoming the promised Deliverer of His people; we see groups of mothers and beautiful children. But Mary sees no one: her first Dolor wraps her as closely as does her blue mantle.

Quatrain.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

THE darkened branches of a lofty mountain pine
 The sunlight, dying, turns to gold before our eyes;
 When Death upon our day shall seal his countersign,
 He, radiant, turns our shades with glints of Paradise.

Pompeii Old and New.

THE old grey ruins are sleeping in the sunlight, with the purple hills forming their background, while far above them stretches the unfathomable blue of Italy's sky. How silent it is in this city of the dead! The sight-seers have departed, carrying with them a more or less confused memory of the streets and houses through which they have hurried in the wake of a voluble guide; and there is no one to strike a jarring note in this harmony of a day gone by.

They enjoyed life to the full, those old Romans, in that fairy-like city, with its snowy marble columns and its gorgeous wealth of coloring. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die," was the precept which they lived up to with an intensity of purpose worthy of a better cause; quaffing the sparkling cup of pleasure to the dregs, and existing only in the present moment, like so many gaily-tinted butterflies in a perfumed garden. Then upon a glowing day in August came the summons: "Thou fool! this night do they require thy soul of thee." And the fair town of Pompeii, with its great population, its marbles, its mosaics, and its priceless art treasures, lay buried eight feet beneath a shower of ashes and crimson lava. "Sermons in stones"—ah, yes, truly! These ruins tell their own tale with an eloquence seldom attained by any human preacher; and the text of their discourse is *Vanitas, vanitatum*; or, as our more modern phrase has it, *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*.

Let us wander a brief while among the deserted dwellings where the ancient Romans lived, loved, sinned, and suffered, so many centuries ago. There is the "House of the Tragic Poet," so called from the numerous half-effaced frescos in the *fablinum*, and which is familiar to the readers of Bulwer-Lytton as the abode

of Glaucus. This was formerly a regal mansion—the “House of the Faun,”—where the many-hued mosaics still gleam from wall and pavement; though the red Ionic columns and the exquisite bronze statuette of the “Dancing Faun” have been removed to the Museum at Naples. Come this way, along the Strada dei Sepolcri—the “Street of the Tombs,”—once the great military road from Capua to Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Reggio. It was a custom with the Romans to bury their dead by the side of a high-road—a perpetual *Memento mori* to the passers-by. And here, where the emerald-hued lizards dart to and fro in the golden sunshine, is the tomb of Marmia, bearing the inscription: “*Marmia Publii filia sacerdoti publicæ locus sepulturæ datus decurionum decreto.*”

A Pompeian legend has it that the “Tomb of Cerinius”—a recess containing seats—was formerly used as a sentry-box; and that the skeleton discovered in it was that of the sentinel who died at his post. But who shall vouch for its veracity? The Villa of Diomedes affords ample scope for a vivid imagination to conjure up a vision of the past. In the vaulted altar before the colonnade were found eighteen bodies of women and children, who had fled there from the pitiless storm of ashes and burning lava; and beside the garden door, with its key firmly clasped in his hand, lay the dead owner of the lovely villa; while near him was a slave holding in his lifeless hand a bag of gold and jewels. The wealthy Diomedes was one of fortune’s favorites, lapped in ease and luxury, and satiated with all the pleasures this world can afford; yet—who shall say that no canker-worm lurked amongst the roses of his sensuous existence, or that his goblet of delight lacked an after-taste of bitterness?

It is getting too warm to moralize. Let us pass to the Temple of Isis, which, as we read over the entrance, was, after the

earthquake of '63, restored at his own expense by one Popidius Celsinus, a boy of but six years, who, in recognition of this remarkable service, was received into the ranks of the decurions. It would seem from this that “infant prodigies” existed long before our days.

The court of the Temple is surrounded by a *porticus*; and between the columns are several altars, also an ancient aperture for the reception of remains of sacrifices, which is now put to a more practical use as an air-shaft of the Sarno tunnel. There, on the left, we see the “Purgatorium,” in which in the olden times ablutions were performed; and there is the staircase which descended to the well.

Let us pass by the house of Holconius, with its handsome peristyle, rich in faded paintings, to the spot where the hundred Doric columns of the now ruined Forum Triangolare once so proudly raised their graceful heads to the blue sky, and where formerly stood the Temple of Hercules. Now all that remains of this magnificent structure is a few capitals, one or two broken columns, and some shattered fragments of the walls of the cells. There, on our right, are the Gladiators’ Barracks, where, in a portion of the building once used as a prison, were discovered three skeletons with iron stocks attached to their feet. The hour of their release came in a manner they had never anticipated, and their sentence was pronounced by the lips of a Heavenly Judge.

The momentary twilight of Italy has given place to the shades of evening. The moon is rising above the hills, and the last rosy kisses of the dying sun are fading from the opal-tinted sky. The place is haunted by a thousand memories, and the spirits of the dead whisper to us in the silence with voices of solemn warning. They have solved the great problem, and have learned, perhaps through bitter experience, the futility of earthly desires and the nothingness of earthly

glory. "What are love, wealth, ease, ambition, social triumphs, the laurel wreath of fame,—what are all these," so they seem to murmur in our ears, "but dazzling will-o'-the-wisps luring us to danger, or rainbow-tinted bubbles which vanish at a breath?" Life is full of contrasts, and the shrill whistle of the train as it rushes by to noisy Naples recalls us once more to the present; so, with a last look at the moonlit ruins, we bid farewell to the Old Pompeii.

The brief summer night is over, and in the glowing noontide of a newly-born day we turn our steps in the direction of another Pompeii, the fame of which will eventually equal, if it does not surpass, that of the old. Time was when this smiling valley was the haunt of brigands and murderers, given over to lawlessness and vice; and filled with demons in human form, who, yielding themselves up to the vilest passions of which humanity is capable, possessed no fear of or belief in God and eternity to check them in their downward career. This was the melancholy state of affairs as recently as the year 1873, when Signor Bartolo Longo, the pious founder of the charitable institutions in the Valle di Pompeii, first visited the scene of his apostolic labors. Patience, perseverance, earnestness of purpose—what miracles will they not achieve! It is the men of "one idea," those who are scoffed at and condemned by the mocking spirits of shallowness and incredulity which pervade our century, who leave behind them indelible footmarks on the "sands of time," and by their never-ceasing efforts raise this world a little nearer Heaven.

On the selfsame spot where human sacrifices were once offered to the heathen gods, and where, only twenty-three years ago, irreligion and vice of every description reigned supreme, there now exists one of the most remarkable shrines to be found in Italy—that land which, in spite

of its shortcomings, is so marvellously favored by God and His Holy Mother. The name of the Madonna of Pompeii has become a household word in almost every country upon the earth. She is venerated in France, England, America, Spain, Germany, Austria, and Norway, as well as amidst the snows of Russia; and the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays is devoutly observed by the faithful in Albania and Constantinople. From every quarter of the globe devout pilgrims flock daily to the feet of Our Lady of the Rosary; while an unceasing chorus of praise, entreaty and thanksgiving rises from that once pagan valley up to her throne in heaven. Let us briefly trace the history of this wonderful shrine.

At the time when Signor Longo arrived at Pompeii with the object of collecting the rents of the Contessa Fusco, who owned property in the neighborhood, he found the inhabitants, as we have stated, in a condition of almost heathen darkness. Few, if any, frequented the Sacraments; many did not even know how to make the sign of our redemption, and none were acquainted with the use of the Rosary. The majority of the population never heard Mass at all, the only existing church not being capable of containing more than a hundred persons at a time. Longo's first act was to erect a temporary chapel and literally teach the people how to pray. Being a Tertiary of the Third Order of St. Dominic, naturally his favorite prayer was the Rosary; and this devotion he set himself to inculcate throughout the valley, with the firm conviction that in these blessed beads lay his surest hope of success. Slowly and by degrees the spirit of faith and piety entered the hearts of these unfortunate Pompeians. Love of Mary is a flower which blossoms quickly on Italian soil; and even the weeds of infidelity and unbelief, which threaten to choke it, are powerless to check its growth.

Later on the Contessa Fusco, a widow with one daughter came to reside upon her property, and to co-operate in the good work which had been voluntarily undertaken by her agent and legal adviser. It was shortly after her arrival on the scene that they were married, in order that their mission, so successfully begun, might be carried to a triumphant termination.

In the month of October, in the year 1874, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the first time in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary; and the following year a mission was held, and the Confraternity of the Rosary permanently established. Then arose the necessity for a representation of Our Lady before which to recite the beads in public; and with this object in view Signor Longo went to Naples and proceeded to search through the curiosity shops with which that city is abundantly supplied. There, in an old, dusty emporium, he soon came across the present miraculous picture; and, having purchased it for a trifling sum, he had it repaired and partially repainted, and finally placed it over the altar in the old dilapidated parish church, now crumbling into ruins. From the very day that this picture was exposed for veneration may be said to date the wonderful history of the New Pompeii, and the mists of ignorance and unbelief began to melt away in the sunshine of religion.

During this time Signor Longo had been perseveringly collecting funds for the erection of another church in place of the old one, in which task he was considerably assisted by the Bishop of Nola; and on the 30th of April, the Feast of St. Catherine of Siena, the site was purchased. The corner-stone was solemnly laid on the 8th of May, and on the 29th of October the foundations were completed. Shortly after the arrival of the picture of Our Lady of the Rosary four persons afflicted with incurable diseases were healed, and pilgrims from Naples

and other parts of Italy hastened to the shrine to lay their petitions at the feet of the Mother of Mercy.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to enter into a detailed account of the marvels which have been wrought at this favored sanctuary; for they are constantly increasing, and each succeeding day adds to their number. Indeed the whole history of the New Pompeii is one stupendous miracle. The necessary funds to support the church, orphan asylum, the home for the sons of prisoners and children deserted by their parents, have never been lacking. During the course of twelve years—that is from 1876 to 1888—the sum of one million two hundred thousand francs, sent from every portion of the known world, has been expended upon this great and glorious work. The enormous expenses of the church, orphan asylum, new buildings; the wages of workmen, employees, etc.—all are paid for out of the alms which arrive daily; and as the expenditure increases, more money is invariably forthcoming to meet its demands.

Signor Longo's spirit of active charity does not rest contented with merely feeding and sheltering suffering humanity: it takes a still more practical form, and teaches the homeless waifs and strays committed to his fatherly care to earn their own livelihood in the world. In order to attain this object he has opened a preparatory school for arts and trades, as well as an office for printing and binding, from which issues *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompeii*, a monthly review with a circulation of several thousand. This charitable and enterprising man has also established a post and telegraph office, where over twenty men are employed; and has likewise introduced lighting by electricity into the church and other buildings, thus bringing the elements of progress and civilization into this region once devoted only to buried mem-

ories of the past. For the convenience of pilgrims and visitors, Signor Longo has also lately established a restaurant, facing the church, where rooms can be obtained at a moderate rate. This is an undoubted advantage, as formerly persons wishing to visit the shrine were obliged to put up at one of the hotels in Old Pompeii, which is at some distance.

The church, as it stands to-day, is a handsome, spacious building, capable of containing two thousand persons, and possessing seven altars, a cupola and a belfry. It is richly adorned with polished marbles and beautifully painted frescos; and several side chapels, the gifts of those who have received favors, are in process of construction. Other thank-offerings consist of silver lamps, pyxes, handsome chalices, and exquisitely embroidered vestments; while the picture of Our Lady of the Rosary, with St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Siena on either side of her, sparkles with costly gems, the gifts of grateful clients.

No one who visits the scene of Signor Longo's labors can fail to be deeply impressed by the perfect organization, the peace, activity, and cheerfulness of the little colony; as well as by the spirit of earnest, practical piety which pervades the spot. From the first ray of dawn until mid-day the Holy Sacrifice is offered upon the altars; and the voices of the orphans brought up under the shadow of Mary's shrine may be heard singing her praises morning and evening. The Old Pompeii lives in history by reason of its magnificence and the recklessness of its vices; but the fame of the New Pompeii will not only ring through the coming centuries, but will echo in eternity.

THE human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings or obliterate the mysterious remembrances of its heritage.

—*Epes Sargent.*

Reminiscences of the Late Father Corby.

THE death of Father Corby, C. S. C., has set many pens going, and unsealed the lips of some who remembered incidents in his career that it would wound his modesty to have published during his lifetime. At every camp fire of the Grand Army of the Republic stories have been told illustrating his devotedness during the Civil War, when, as chaplain in the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, he braved the dangers and perils of a soldier's life.

Gen. James D. Brady, who knew Father Corby intimately, declares that no one he came in contact with during the war made a deeper or more lasting impression on him. On the occasion of the dedication of a monument at Gettysburg to the slain of the Irish Brigade, this brave officer gave a graphic description of the absolution under fire. There was no report that we can recall of Gen. Brady's address; but this quotation from it is furnished by Gen. John C. Linehan, of New Hampshire. He writes: "I was present at the dedication, and then met Father Corby. It was my good fortune to be selected as a director of the battlefield commission to accept the monument, and to hear Gen. Brady's speech on that occasion. As near as I can remember, he said:

"I was not with my regiment during the battle, being detailed to serve on the staff of Gen. Zook. After our line had been broken in the woods in front of the wheat-field, Gen. Zook galloped back in order to make a new formation of the line. I rode with him; and just as we got to a point on the right of the Irish Brigade, I saw Father Corby on an immense boulder. I could not hear what he was saying; but, seeing the men all kneel down, I knew at once what it meant. Throwing the reins of my horse to Gen. Zook, with no words of explanation (for

I did not have time), I knelt to receive the benefit of the absolution. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it. I arose from my knees, turned round and vaulted on the saddle,—at the same time looking toward Gen. Zook to apologize for my abrupt action. I said nothing, however; for, overpowered at what he had seen, he sat on his horse like one transfixed—as rigid as a marble statue. After a moment he drew a long breath, and said, slowly and deliberately: “My God! Brady, that was the most impressive sight I have ever seen or heard of.” Just then a bullet crashed through his skull; he reeled and fell from the saddle—dead! How I wished he had been, like myself, a son of the Church, and had received the benefit of that priestly absolution!”

The tribute paid to the memory of Father Corby by Gen. St. Clair Mulholland is notable, both on account of his intimate association with the deceased and his own gallant record as an officer of the Irish Brigade. Gen. Mulholland gives us an idea of the amount of good that was accomplished by those devoted priests who entered the Federal and Confederate armies, and shows how nobly they bore the hardships and dangers that fell to their daily lot.

“Oftentimes, while men live and we mingle with them day by day, we fail to recognize their virtues or their greatness; but the moment they are called away, the grandeur of their nature bursts upon us in its true light; and we then know, without having realized it, that we have enjoyed the society of those who were peculiarly great and good. So we feel now when Father Corby has left us. He was a soldier without fear, who would face a battery or a line of battle, if human suffering could be alleviated or a soul saved.

“I recall him in the streets of Fredericksburg, calm and cheerful, hearing confessions and preparing the men for the coming fight, as they stood amid crashing

shells, burning buildings, and crumbling walls, just previous to the storming of Marye’s Heights, where, in front of the stone-wall, many of those to whom he gave absolution on that cold December morning are sleeping to this day.

“I remember him at Chancellorsville on the field among the men of the Brigade, comforting and inspiring them, and binding up their wounds; and, when darkness ended the fierce fighting for a time, hearing their confessions and preparing them for the combat of the morrow. I remember the long march to Gettysburg, when every hour of daylight was spent in the saddle; and Father Corby, having had no time to read his Office, rode along with his rosary in one hand and the reins in the other.

“At Gettysburg I see him now, as if it were but yesterday, the most sublime figure on all the glorious field, standing amid the smoke and carnage. He alone, among the two hundred thousand warriors, with uplifted hands, like Aaron, the high-priest of Israel, prayed and gave the consolations of religion to his comrades; and his face shone as with the light of heaven,—even like that of Moses calling down blessings upon the people. Brave men and great generals were there, each fighting for victory and thinking how to gain it; but the priest of Jesus Christ alone, of all that mighty host, was battling not only for his country, but for the souls of those who were dying to save it. Ah! was he not the most heroic figure of the whole field, as he stood there in front of the battle line, with uncovered head and hands raised high in prayer,—a prayer that rose above the crash of the red artillery, and sounded through the vaults of heaven, reaching even to the throne of the Almighty, to bring down blessings and peaceful rest to the dead and dying!

“It was not alone on the battlefield that Father Corby appeared to advantage. On the march, in bivouac and in camp, he was ever the same—a self-sacrificing,

unostentatious soldier-priest. No danger could deter him when duty called; no hardship was too great for him if a soul was to be saved or a comrade benefited. Every morning, when it was possible, was ushered in with the Mass; every evening, even when on the march, closed with a recital of the beads and other devotions. And how happy he would be when he could have a High Mass—High Mass in woods and forest, on an altar built with freshly-cut branches, over which were thrown flags and altar cloths! Then the band would play appropriate music, and Father Corby's contentment would be perfect. To him the surroundings were as grand as the noblest building ever erected by man to the glory of the Creator. God was there, Nature was there; and brave men knelt on the sod that was to be crimsoned with their blood. If no costly altar of marble or mosaic was there on which to offer up the Holy Sacrifice, the absence of rich surroundings made no difference to Father Corby. The Mass was the same; the incense only added sweetness to the balm and perfume of Virginia's woods; and the odorous pines and open skies were fitting canopies under which to erect God's altar.

"The evenings in camp, when no active operations interfered, were pleasant times, when Father Corby was with the Brigade; for every Catholic knew where to go to spend a profitable half hour. Each man would pick up a bit of wood or stick on which to kneel, so that his knees would not sink too deep in the snow and mud; and would wander over to Father Corby's tent, where, by the light of one flickering candle, the Rosary would be recited. And when the last 'Amen' had been said, there followed an hour of pleasant chat around the modest camp fire, where the humblest private was as welcome as though he were the commander of the army.

"No matter how long the march or how weary he might be, I have never known

Father Corby to ask a man to assist him when getting into bivouac. He knew that everyone was as tired as himself; so he would quietly hunt up a few sticks and light his own fire. And even while boiling his coffee, I have seen him hearing confessions. He was always the same—simple, gentle, unostentatious.

"He was a true soldier, sharing the dangers and hardships of his comrades without murmur or complaint; feeling for their sufferings without seeming to be aware that he also was enduring the same trials. In all the years since the war there has been no change in him,—always the same prompt and cheerful answer to duty's call. His happiness was in doing good, and filling the full measure of devotion to his God, his country, and his fellowman. His influence will live long after him, and the world has been blessed by his presence. For him 'taps' have sounded and 'lights' are out; but his comrades of the war who still live are loath to say 'Farewell!' Rather would they say 'Good-night!' For all being in the evening of life, know that they, too, must soon answer the last roll-call."

An old resident of Watertown, Wis., where Father Corby was stationed for some years as rector of St. Bernard's Church—a monument, by the way, to his priestly zeal,—relates an edifying incident which may fittingly conclude these reminiscences:

An old German lay dying. He had been raised a Catholic, but became a member of some secret society, and abandoned the practice of his religion. He retained his pew in the church, however, and sent his family to Mass. He realized his danger, but was seemingly indifferent to the pleadings of his pious wife and daughter to make his peace with God. In their distress they appealed to Father Corby, who hastened to the sick man's bedside. But the victory of faith was not to be easily won. The dying

man refused the priest's ministrations. In vain did Father Corby try all his powers of persuasion. The sinner remained obdurate, though death was fast approaching. Realizing this, and seeing that all his efforts were without avail, the priest sadly prepared to take his departure. As he turned away from the bedside, the dying man saw tears in his eyes, and was moved to tardy contrition. He made his confession, was reconciled to the Church, and died a most edifying death.

The Bells of Limerick.

ONCE, after many years of the most patient labor, a young Italian rested from a task that was well done. He had made a set of bells of the most exquisite tone possible, and he felt that his time had been wisely spent. For a long while he refused to part with them, for they seemed to him almost like living things. To sell them, he said, would be the same as selling one's own children. But at last, obliged by necessity, he yielded,—the pious prior of a convent on the banks of the Lake of Como being the fortunate purchaser. The price was a goodly sum; and the young man, finding it impossible to separate himself from his beloved chime, built with the money a little villa near the convent, where he could hear the Angelus struck morning, noon, and night. There he hoped and prayed to spend his remaining days.

But the beautiful and restful seclusion of which he dreamed was not to be his. Italy became involved in a great feudal war, in which he found himself engaged before he was aware; and when peace was restored a sad change had come to him and his prospects. His family were scattered, his friends dead, his money gone, and the home on the Lake of Como was his no more. Most painful of all, the convent was a wreck, having been razed

to the ground in the conflict which had devastated the region. And the bells—ah! where were they? The most that could be learned about them was that they had been carried off to some foreign land.

Then the artist—for he was as true an artist as if he had painted a masterpiece at which the world wondered—left the spot where he had been so happy, and became a wanderer, always searching for his bells. The thought of them never left him. During the day he could hear their sound above the roar of the city's streets; at night it haunted his dreams. He was looked upon as a vagabond, and children ran from him in fear. His hair grew white and he leaned upon a staff. In time he became known as "the questioner"; for he was ever seeking news of his treasures. He asked but one question: "Where are my bells?" Nobody knew, and so he wandered on.

One day a sailor told him that in Ireland there was the most wonderful chime ever made by mortal man.

"Then they are mine," answered the wanderer; "and I will go and find them."

After great trials and long delays he reached the mouth of the Shannon, and took a small boat for Limerick. The boatmen thought him mad, and hesitated to row him. But he told them his story, and they then knew only pity. As they neared the quaint old town the steeple of St. Mary's Church was seen. Something told the wanderer that it held what he sought, and he was moved to prayer.

The air was soft and sweet, the bosom of the river shining with bright ripples, and the lights of the city were reflected in its depths. Suddenly from the tower of the church the Angelus was heard, and after the triple strokes the air was alive with the music of a sweet and silvern clangor. The boatmen stopped rowing and listened. Happy tears filled the eyes of the old bell-maker, for he knew his search was done. In that peal he heard the voices

of his dead-and-gone beloved, and in a few moments lived again a long life. He was in such an ecstasy that he could not utter a word, but his lips were moving in the Angelus prayers; and his heart was speaking, though his lips made no sound.

When the rowers raised their eyes the old man was dead, and on his face was the most beautiful smile that they had ever seen. The Angelus had been his passing-bell.

Notes and Remarks.

It is somewhat astonishing to find that long after the baneful influence of the "Reformation" had completely destroyed all other evidence of Catholic feeling in England, traces of the ancient devotion to the Blessed Virgin were distinctly discernible in many amusements popular in the country places. In a pamphlet published by our Anglican friend, the Rev. Dr. Lee, we find the remarkable statement that "Mary-fairings"—cakes representing the Mother and Child in gilt gingerbread—were common at country fairs, wakes, and village festivals, fifty years ago. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin seems always to have been specially prominent in England, however. As long ago as 1008 King Ethelred enjoined the observance of all Our Lady's feasts, "first with fasting and then with feasting"; and in Buckinghamshire, of which Dr. Lee particularly speaks, fully one-third of all the old churches are dedicated to God in honor of the Virgin-Mother.

The world will be loath to part with the venerable Mr. Gladstone, whom the cable reports to be now dangerously ill. His claim to greatness will increase the more we know of him. A letter written in 1838, but never published until this year, shows that even at that early day Gladstone was drawing toward the Catholic conception of a teaching church as opposed to the Protestant principle of private judgment. On the eve of his first visit to Rome, he wrote to his friend

Rio: "I am most earnestly anxious to become acquainted with the practice of the Roman Catholic Church, with its moral and spiritual results upon its members. It is of the utmost importance to the adjustment and development of my own conviction regarding the doctrine of the visibility of the Church, and the necessity of that doctrine to counterbalance the tendency to indefinite subdivision and ultimate infidelity which springs from the notion of a limitless private judgment." How great was the part played by Gladstone in the most important religious movement of this century is not yet fully known. It *is* known, however, that even after he had achieved political distinction, he still thought for a time of becoming a clergyman.

An interesting item in the report of Mgr. Bulté, S. J., regarding the missionary work of himself and colleagues in one portion of China, is the number of pagan children baptized before death. Over 15,000 such baptisms took place during the past year. Mgr. Bulté also states that within the past forty years the number of Christians in his vicariate apostolic has increased fivefold. About 1,700 adults were baptized in the last twelve months, and more than 5,000 catechumens are under instruction. Such results must be encouraging not only to the missionaries themselves, but to all who contribute to that excellent work, the Propagation of the Faith.

One does not usually think of Positivism, the worship of Humanity, as a stepping-stone to the Church; yet Mr. Kegan Paul, the well-known London publisher, declares that it was that system of philosophy which prepared his mind to accept Catholic teaching. Positivism, he says, is Catholicism without God. It inculcates simplicity of manners, enforces a certain amount of discipline, and caricatures rather attractively the leading truths and practices of the Church. The miracles of Lourdes helped Mr. Paul; and Newman's writings brought the final conviction, though a false prudence induced him to wait a year before taking the final step.

The concluding words of Mr. Paul's own account of his conversion are beautiful:

It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me; that his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterward, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgbaston, I felt that indeed he knew; that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the Heart of God.

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit; but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. . . . I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of penance on that 12th of August, the fervor of my First Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, Our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly—if I dare use the word,—my Guardian Angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unfaltering certainty: "One thing I know—that whereas I was blind, now I see."

The simplicity and humility with which the writer lays bare his spiritual wanderings will doubtless merit the grace for which he asks. His manly words will surely prove helpful to the thousands who tremble on the threshold of the Church, fearing to follow where their convictions lead.

A remarkable feature of the mass-meeting held in Dublin last month to promote the agitation for a Catholic University was the presence of so many Protestant gentlemen distinguished by position or learning. Truly it was sweet to see traditional enemies working together in harmony to undo a great wrong. But Messrs. Lecky, Balfour, and their friends, have need to do some pretty vigorous

missionary work among their coreligionists before the proposed University becomes a reality. The owls and the bats are loose. Mr. F. St. John, writing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, has discovered that a Catholic University would be "a propaganda bitterly hostile to the Reformation." It does not occur to him that what the Catholics ask for is an act of tardy and only partial justice—such an act, for instance, as demanding car fare from the thief who steals your full purse. He sees only that a Catholic University would be an ally of the Church. "How," screeches the gentleman with the saintly name,—“how can Protestants conscientiously lend themselves to such a project, or approve such a suicidal policy!” The man in our century who can write such words—well, what a howling wilderness Mr. St. John's mind must be!

“An Irish replica of the Curé of Ars” is the pretty characterization which the late Archdeacon Cavanagh inspires an English journal to utter. As pastor of the once famous pilgrimage church at Knock, his name was known the world over; but few knew of his charity, his austerities, and his boundless labors. More than once, when money failed him, his cloak was pawned for the relief of a poor family; and, though many thousands of pounds passed through his hands, he died in apostolic poverty. Rising at four, he spent most of the day in the confessional. To the last he was an honest and steadfast believer in the alleged apparition at his church in Knock. *R. I. P.*

There is mourning even in Mormondom over the death of Sister Mary of the Holy Cross, who lately passed to her reward at the mother-house of her community, Notre Dame, Ind. Sister Holy Cross is admirably and gratefully remembered in many places; but in Utah, where many years of her self-sacrificing life were passed, her praises are on the lips of “Saints” and “Gentiles” everywhere. After the Civil War—during which she served as a nurse in different hospitals, leaving in every place a record of saintlike devotedness—she was sent to the Far West. At that time there was only

one Catholic church in the entire State of Utah. Her willing hands found much to do of which there is now no remembrance, but a hospital which she founded at Salt Lake remains as a fitting monument to her memory. During the years when she had charge of the temporary building replaced by the present commodious structure, she sometimes cared for as many as fifty patients, though there was only one Sister to render her assistance. On more than one occasion she gave up her own apartment and slept on the floor in order that some unfortunate miner might die like a Christian. She was often known to pass an entire week without rest, though she was always patient, kind, and even cheerful. Much more might be written in praise of Sister Holy Cross; but the tears shed at the announcement of her death by orphans and other unfortunates, her life and her death, are her best eulogy. God rest her soul!

The Rev. Mr. Worthington, of Cleveland, like other good men, is alarmed at the rapidly increasing spread of the divorce evil. The city where he resides is becoming notorious as a centre for divorce legislation; but there are numerous other places that might claim the same unenviable distinction. The newspapers of Cleveland reported grants for eight divorces to ten licenses for marriages one day last month. Another day the divorces were actually in excess. Mr. Worthington doesn't need to be told that this evil of divorce began with the revolt of Luther, and has been fomented everywhere by the principles of the so-called Reformation.

There is a new Catholic lecturer in the field this winter—Dr. James Field Spalding, of Concord, Massachusetts, at one time an Episcopalian clergyman in Cambridge. It would be difficult to speak too highly of his work. He has been giving a series of lectures on four leading American authors—Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Holmes; and the restraint and clearness of his written style, the vivacity of his delivery, and the profound interpretation of the material he considers, afford a pleasure that is not too

common. His lectures are thorough studies at first hand, presented by one capable of keen criticism. The lecture on Emerson, especially, is one of the best appreciations of that author that has been made by a Catholic in the United States for years; and almost the same praise might be accorded to the lecture on Holmes. Dr. Spalding does not overvalue the men he describes, but it is grateful to find a critic of the present day who is willing to acknowledge that we have American bookmen worthy of serious study. His estimate of the spiritual side of these four authors is somewhat novel, and it is extremely interesting, more so perhaps than the purely literary presentation with which we are so familiar. Men like Dr. Spalding should be encouraged in their efforts to educate the people to a liking for what is best in literature.

Dr. Wilmer, the Episcopal bishop of Alabama, does not love the Ritualists. "Finally, my brethren," said a brother-bishop of the Episcopal persuasion, "beware of monks and monkeys"; and on this text Dr. Wilmer comments thus:

For my part, I had rather see a man a monk than a monkey; and I occasionally suggest to some youthful specimens of the latter species: "If you don't like the Reformed churches, the unreformed Church has its doors open to receive you. Go home! In the name of truth, sincerity, and decency, so far as in you lies, be what you purport to be."

"Monkeys" is a rude term; but the bishop's advice is incontrovertibly wise. Vestments do not make a priest, nor lights nor flowers nor incense a sacrifice.

After citing a number of extracts from Conservative and Liberal journals that have commented on the Pope's encyclical *re* Manitoba schools, *La Vérité* adds: "The true thought of the Holy Father which the partisans refuse to see is that Catholics, giving up their divisions, should reunite around their natural leaders, the bishops, in order to obtain full and entire justice." We fancy that this full thought of Leo XIII. will eventually become so luminous that even the most purblind partisan will be forced to see and understand it.

Notable New Books.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CARDINAL WISEMAN. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

All English-speaking Catholics, not less than the author, are to be congratulated upon the completion of this noble work. It is a worthy record of an extraordinary life; it is a monument to the erudition and industry of Mr. Ward; it will be an unalloyed delight, an inspiration, to all who read it. But it must not be thought of merely as a biography. It is rightly styled a history of the *times* as well as the *life* of Wiseman; for as the reader turns the goodly pages of these two fair volumes, all the leading historical scenes of the century pass in beautiful panorama before him. The historical setting with which Mr. Ward invests his hero is superbly constructed. The figure of Wiseman himself assumes its rightful large proportions; for Wiseman was a marvel of versatility and a giant in power. Of the great trinity of English Cardinals, Wiseman was the scholar, Newman the teacher, and Manning the man of action; and it was the scholar who made possible the conversion and the career of the other two.

In another and longer review we hope to discuss in detail the more interesting phases of this great Life. For the present we need only say that it was worth while waiting all these years for so competent a biographer as Mr. Ward. He has given us a work whose interest overflows into its footnotes—and this is high praise.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Vol. IV. F. Pustet & Co.

A careful examination of this new volume of Dr. Parsons' "Studies" convinces us that it deserves the unqualified praise bestowed upon its predecessors. It covers the period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which, if not remarkable for stirring events in ecclesiastical history, were epochs of the highest interest on account of the personages that were then on the stage of life, and the movements, social and religious, that were inaugurated. Dr. Parsons is so familiar with general as well as ecclesiastical history, has studied events and characters

so thoroughly, that his work has special interest as well as special value. Though intended for students, it is quite as well suited to the needs of general readers who have familiarized themselves with the outlines of history. The plan of the work seems to us the best that could have been adopted; for the author is enabled to treat his subjects fully and in the light of contemporary events. For instance, one reads of Bossuet and Fénelon in connection with Quietism, though each subject is complete in itself. Some questions, like that of the suppression of the Jesuits, have never been more thoroughly treated of in the English language.

It is needless to say that Dr. Parsons' temper is that of an historian; he never betrays passion or prejudice, never throws dust in the eyes of his readers, and never indulges in flights of any kind. Hence the value of his "Studies." They are learned without being heavy, thorough without being trivial; there are touches of color, but they are never too vivid; there is warmth, but never passionateness. The work is to be recommended for reference, study, and reading. One more volume will complete it; and when that appears, with a good general index, we shall have no hesitancy in saying that Dr. Parsons' "Studies in Church History" is one of the most important contributions to English literature made by a Catholic scholar during the present century.

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Charles Coppens, S.J. Benziger Brothers.

"Where there are three physicians there are two infidels," says a homely proverb. A vocation to medicine is, after the priesthood, the most Christlike; for the Saviour of men was a Healer. Yet in no other profession are the principles of Christian morality so often ignored or contradicted by unbelieving or unscrupulous practitioners; and in no other profession are there such great opportunities to work evil to the soul.

Father Coppens' book is a scholarly discussion of the moral side of medicine. Physicians, we doubt not, will hear him gladly; for he shows a breadth, an open-mindedness, a strong sympathy for medical

men, and a disposition to allow them the fullest liberty consistent with right reason and revealed truth. And while he draws the line between right and wrong with a firm hand, he justifies his action with arguments so good and strong that none may gainsay them. His book may be briefly described as the application of theology to the medical aspects of craniotomy, abortion, impurity, insanity, and hypnotism. For physicians and students of medicine, no more important book, in our judgment, has been published this half century.

PASSION-FLOWERS. By Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P. Benziger Brothers.

Those who have enjoyed Father Edmund's poems as they appeared in this magazine will welcome the opportunity of possessing them in book form, printed from handsome type, on good, wide-margined paper. It is the book of a poet and a Passionist, rich in color, music, and fancy; and flavored with piety and a sweet, cheerful asceticism. Father Edmund is Our Lady's good knight, and many of these passion-blossoms are the flowerage of his love for her.

In an interesting preface, the author gives us an insight into the influences which have contributed to his literary growth. His chief masters were Horace, Tennyson, Byron, and Moore; though in each case he was properly a student, not an imitator of them. Father Edmund's own technique is as individual as it is excellent. Most of his poems are lyrical in quality, though in one notable case, the "Law of Liberty," he invokes the meditative muse with much success; and there is a strong narrative poem with St. Hermenegild for subject.

We rejoice that Father Edmund has been induced to make a bouquet of these "Passion-Flowers." They are a valuable addition to the scant shelves of really good Catholic poetry.

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS. By John Oliver Hobbes. T. Fisher Unwin.

We have no hesitation in placing this novel among the best produced during the last quarter of our century. It is singularly elevated in spirit; and its hero is a strong, ennobling, and withal a clever man. The tone of the book is deeply religious throughout;

though, we are happy to say, it is neither dull nor canting on that account. The pages sparkle with epigram, paradoxes, and felicitous phrases.

"The School for Saints" is the story of Robert Orange, a model of manly virtue, though of tainted birth, who achieves distinction as writer and politician; becomes a Catholic, and, in his public career, suffers various petty persecutions for his faith. The background is historical, dealing chiefly with the political ferment of '69 and '70. Disraeli figures in several interesting scenes; and Mrs. Craigie (for Mr. Hobbes, it is well known, is a woman) is to be congratulated on the marvellously correct portrait she has drawn of that famous statesman. The sentiments, the eloquence, the arts, and the mannerisms are strikingly lifelike.

The thread of the story is fine, but it easily supports the rich burden of wit, wisdom, observation, and analysis. Nothing could be more original than this book; but it may be briefly described as a Catholic Robert Elsmere, with the dulness and false philosophy left out. Its meaning is that, for honest and thoughtful men, the only refuge is the Catholic Church. The cordial welcome it has received on both sides of the Atlantic is a significant sign of the times.

SONGS OF SION. By Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O. S. D. Browne & Nolan.

This artistically bound book of poems by Sister Mary Stanislaus, the daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy, shows poetic power of a high order; and it is to be regretted that the gifted writer did not give more time and attention to the study of accepted principles in versification. Most of the poems are religious in tone; and many are commemorative of anniversaries, festivals, etc., which latter fact lessens the general interest. However, there is much that appeals to all lovers of high thought. That Sister Stanislaus is a true daughter of Erin is evident in "The Island of Saints and Scholars," and her tribute is tender and patriotic.

The lines "On Cardinal Newman's Eightieth Birthday," and "St. Augustine and St. Monica at Ostia," are full of feeling. Sister Stanislaus' thoughts seem to take the

sonnet form, and in these there is more attention to technique than in her other poems. One of the best is

ANOTHER MONICA.

"Make no account of where my grave shall be,
The judgment call will echo everywhere;
Let my soul's welfare be thy only care,
And at God's altar, oh, remember me!"
Thus spoke the sainted Monica; and we
Know how her son fulfilled her dying prayer,
And would have all his future brethren share
The duty of his filial piety.

They say no martyr has our island seen;
Yet, strangely some among her shamrocks green,
Rise tinged with martyrs' blood from out the sod;
Oh, rather, countless martyrs has she known!
And chief amongst them shall one day be shown
Mothers who gave their children up to God.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON.
Translated in full by Thomas Taylor Allen. In
Two Volumes. Herder.

In his preface to this work, the translator remarks that "none but a person with Madame Guyon's experiences could have written Madame Guyon's Autobiography." It might be added that only one of her temperament can appreciate "its peculiar charm and power." We are free to confess that, with conceptions of Christianity very different from those of Madame Guyon, we failed to receive the slightest refreshment from "this divinely-fed fountain." If there is anything in the world concerning which one may reasonably be skeptical, it is French mysticism; for the simple reason that of all people the French are known to be the most emotional. There are innumerable useless books in the world; and if we were making a list to-day of half a hundred of them, we should certainly include the "Autobiography of Madame Guyon." It is a pity that the translator of it, who has done his work very ably, could not have been better employed; and that a publisher was found for these two handsome volumes, of over three hundred pages each.

HANIA. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

The works of this great Polish novelist are now too well known to require commendation. He is the novelist of a nation with the reddest kind of blood in its veins; and he deals with the elementary passions, which

he describes with as much frankness as strength. His heroes are men with abounding animal life, but cultured withal, and dominated by unswerving faith in God. His heroines have much of the strength of the North and all the delicacy of the South. His stories rush on tumultuously to their crisis, with infinite crash, conflict, and adventure; with some analysis and hardly any dialogue.

All these characteristics are apparent in the present volume. It contains eleven stories and sketches, the prologue being a charming sketch of the old servant Mikolai,—a better translation of which, however, has already appeared in this magazine. Hania, the titular heroine, was the daughter of old Mikolai. Her story is the longest and, we think, the most striking and original in the volume. "Tartar Captivity" is a plotless sketch; but it is full of interest and power, nevertheless.

The translation is by Mr. Curtin, and therefore good. In appearance the book is uniform with the ordinary standard edition of the novelist's other works.

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Henry J. Seibertz, of the Diocese of Vincennes; the Rev. Edward Koenig, Diocese of Fort Wayne; and the Rev. Archibald Anderson, C. S. S. R., who died last month.

Mr. L. J. Wilson, who departed this life in New York on the 24th ult.

Mr. William Lardner, of Chicago, Ill., whose happy death took place last month.

Mr. Edwin Johnson, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. William Cotter, Mrs. Mary A. Sawkins, Mrs. Margaret Bolan, Mrs. Delia Lovett, and Mrs. Elizabeth McHenry, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Maher and Mrs. Ellen Duff, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Dowling and Mrs. Margaret Lynch, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Coonan, Emmettsburg, Iowa; Mary Williams, Maynard, Mass.; Mr. James Lynch, Olyphant, Pa.; Mrs. M. Toomey, Chicago, Ill.; also Mrs. Mary Schraven.

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.

After a Snowfall.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I AM looking out my window with the moonlight streaming o'er me,
As its flood of silver splendor decks the earth with beauty fair;
And I'm noting all the changes in the landscape spread before me
Wrought by myriad tiny snowflakes that to-day have filled the air.

Where, this morning, sodden marsh-lands, ugly swamps, and meadows broken
Into harsh, unsightly ridges, owned no spell to charm the eye,
All is lustrous now and sparkling.—May not such a change betoken
Sin-dark souls made fair by graces softly falling from on high?

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

VI.—THREE LETTERS.

BEFORE a month had gone by Mary Ann's appearance had been transformed. Sister Genevieve had lost no time in fitting her out as became a pupil of St. Mary's. Her coarse garments and rough shoes had given place to those ordinarily worn by the pupils at the convent; and there were no longer little, half-audible titters among the more thoughtless girls as at first, when she came down the

corridor or crossed the study-hall in her clattering calfskin boots. She had also taken her place in the class with Mary Teresa and Mary Catherine.

Neither of the other two girls was far advanced for her age. Mary Teresa had been a very delicate child, whose mother preferred that she should not sacrifice her health to excessive study; while Mary Catherine was like a comet—erratic and brilliant: sometimes pursuing an even course of application for a month at a time, when she would give promise of what she might attain by industry and perseverance; but usually relapsing into indifference or idleness after these flights. As for Mary Ann, delighted to have the facilities for education which she had so long desired, she did not waste a moment; and Sister Mary, her kind teacher, did not doubt but that her industry would be rewarded by the success which never fails to attend persevering effort and strict fidelity to duty.

A letter written about this time by each girl will give a better idea of their characters, and the attitude they occupied with regard to one another, than many pages of description could do. The first was from Mary Teresa to her mother, for whom she still grieved deeply, though feeling as content as possible in her new home. She wrote thus:

DARLING MAMMA:—This will be the third letter since you left me, and when will you get it? Not for two or maybe three weeks, and I can't have an answer for two or three more. It makes me want to cry when I think of how far away my

darling mamma is. But I do not cry, dearest! indeed I do not—except every now and then a very little bit: when it is growing dark in the evening, and when I wake in the morning forgetting that I am not at home; and sometimes in the chapel, when everything is so lonely and still, especially at Benediction.

Mother Teresa is so sweet, mamma,—almost as sweet as you are; and like you, too. At first everything seemed so strange to me. Bells ring all the time—a bell to get up, to go to the chapel; for breakfast, for classes, for recess; for every change of study. I hate to get up so early; I don't believe I shall ever be used to it. That is the only thing I do not like. The Sisters are very kind, especially my dear Sister Mary. She is an angel and a saint mixed in one. She can do anything—paint, embroider, mend beautifully; write verses, compose music, sing, play the piano and guitar; carve wooden figures, shape funny men and women out of soap, and make silhouettes—which are your picture cut out of black paper when you stand sideways so that your profile is thrown on the white wall. And she can make all kinds of pretty figures out of paper with the scissors, while she isn't looking at them but talking to the girls. And, oh! she can knit the prettiest baby socks and baby sacques, and scarfs and nubias; and tell the prettiest stories,—I believe she makes them up herself. And she *never* scolds, and all the girls love her.

I am in her class with Mary Ann—the girl who rode in the cars with us. She is such a nice girl; and she is dressed well now, and doesn't look funny, which made some of the girls with unkind hearts laugh at her. Our beds are close together, and she tucks me up at night. Once she was tucking me up, and Sister Genevieve came—she walks up and down the dormitory in turn with Sister Perpetua—and she said: "It is forbidden to speak in the dormitory, my dear." And Mary Ann said:

"I was only tucking her in, Sister. Poor little thing! she misses her mother. I do this every night."—"You may continue to do it, my child," said Sister Genevieve, and went away.

Once we went to take a walk after the rain; and, oh, our boots were so muddy! When we came home I was trying to scrape the mud off, and I was nearly crying, it was so nasty. Mary Ann saw me, and just pulled them off my feet quick as lightning, and scraped the mud off in a few minutes. Hilda Poer—she's not a very nice girl—said: "I wouldn't be anybody's servant, if I were you, Mary Ann Barker. Let that Alabama girl clean her own boots." But Mary Ann said: "That doesn't make me a servant, Hilda; Mary Teresa helps me in other ways." But I have never helped her, except in parsing. She straightens the bedclothes for me too,—somehow I can't get them right; and she often helps me with my hair in the wash-room. You know how slow I must be, mamma, now that I haven't got you to do everything for me.

Mary Catherine sleeps on the other side of my bed; she is in my class, and is a pretty nice girl, but she gets into fusses. She says it's because she's half Indian, and that I must never make her angry. But Sister Mary says not to mind her, that she puts some of it on. But she never gets mad at Sister Mary, no matter what *she* says. There are other nice girls here; I will tell you about them some other time. I like everything but the bells; they are always ringing, and I am never ready. But Mother Teresa says that is my principal fault, and she hopes I will soon conquer it. I am trying, mamma dear.

How is poor grandpapa? Will he be well soon? Do you know yet when you can come home? I pray for him the first thing in the morning and the last thing before I go to sleep. Write soon to

Your loving little

MARY TERESA.

Mary Ann's letter was also characteristic. Her uncle read it over and over; carrying it about in his pocket, with others of the same kind, until it fell to pieces. It read as follows:

DEAR UNCLE JAKE:—I wrote you that I arrived safe, and I hope you got the letter. I can't tell you how happy I am. This is such a peaceful place; everything goes by clock-work. While Aunt Lizzie might not like the religion, she would admire the order and neatness, and the regular times for doing everything. *I* do; I can't get over wondering how they manage it. And it all seems to do itself. Not a rag of carpet in the house, except in the parlors and at the bedsides; and you never saw anything so clean. One hundred and twenty girls—from *teeny* tots of four up to young women of twenty,—and not a bit of mud brought into the house, and not a mite of dust. White spreads on all the beds, and every girl makes her own. Not one word may we speak in the dormitory; and it's as quiet as a church there. Can you believe it of so many girls?

There is a wash-room opposite it, with a long trough, lined with zinc, running round; it shines like silver, they keep it scrubbed so well. And there are a hundred tiny faucets, each one with a number above it. My number is 29, and it is marked on all my clothes. We wash at the faucets, and the water all runs down the sink and below through the waste-pipe. We have half an hour to wash and dress, and then we go to the chapel. They have morning prayer and Mass every day; then we have breakfast, and after that recreation half an hour. We can not talk at the table except on Sundays and holidays. Tell Aunt Lizzie the floors are scrubbed with sand; and, my, but they *are* clean!

My teacher's name is Sister Mary. She was a Methodist once, and she hated the Catholics. They don't try to make any

one turn over to their religion, as Aunt Lizzie said they would. But we have to go to the chapel with the others, and I love to go. They pray to the Mother of God. A girl here thinks it's idolatry; but since I've heard it explained, I couldn't think anything of the kind. And they don't worship statues or pictures, as Aunt Lizzie thought. They just have them as reminders of those they represent. I study hard. Sister says I am doing well. I will send you a report later on.

The girls are all good to me, and I like them. At first some of them made a little fun because I was awkward; but I didn't care, because I knew I was; and now they don't do it any more. There is a sweet little thing here; her bed is next to mine, and she is in my class. Her name is Mary Teresa Rampère. She is part French, and she comes from Mobile, Alabama. Her cousin is the Mother Superior. Her mother had to go to France with her grandfather to have his eyes attended to. She is most fourteen, but she is like a little child; and, somehow, I've taken her under my wing. Do you remember, Uncle Jake, how you always used to tease me about the lame chickens and the sick ones I was fond of? Well, I do feel that way about every lonely and helpless thing. This little girl is so sweet, I love to do things for her. There's another that I like next best; her name is Mary Catherine Hull. She came and spoke to me the first day, and we've been good friends ever since. She is part Indian, and is awful proud of it. She's the swiftest thing on her feet you ever saw. She's very smart, but sometimes she won't study. She calls me "old plodding bones" because I stick to my books.

The days go by so quickly that I can't count them, and there's only one reason why I want to. That is because I long to see you, Uncle Jake. Often I know that you must be lonely without me, we were always such good company for each other.

When I go back, and if I am able to get the school, won't it be nice! We can talk it all over, and be happy together again. I will try and make it as pleasant as I can for you and Aunt Lizzie then. I'm afraid I was saucy at times, though I didn't mean to be. Please tell her so, Uncle Jake.

The bell is ringing now for study hour, so I must close. With kindest regards to Aunt Lizzie and all inquiring friends,
Your loving niece,

MARY ANN BARKER.

P. S.—Please tell any of the Watsons that you see, if they are still at Denton Corner, how happy I am and how grateful.

~~*

Mary Hull's letter was to her father, Indian agent in one of the distant Territories. It was like herself, as the reader will see at once.

DEAR PAPA:—Here I am again, like a flash of fire or a will-o'-the-wisp, as you used to call me, when first you had me and then you hadn't. You remember, papa, how often I frightened you hiding in the thick prairie grass at Long Forks. Sometimes I wish I could live those days over again. I often get tired of civilization and books, practising and sewing,—oh, I abominate that, papa! But when I feel that way, I think of the two deep wrinkles that such declarations always made between your eyebrows, and I resolve to *try, try again*. I wonder if you will not see an improvement in my writing? Sister says it *has* improved.

We have lots of new girls this year. Some of them are nice and some horrid. (Now, I wouldn't be surprised if Sister did not let this go: she will think it uncharitable.) But there's one comfort. The horrid girls either change their ways or they don't stay long. I shouldn't wonder if some of them thought me just as horrid, too; for I don't scruple to tell them what I think of them. I hate airs; don't you, papa? We have one sweet little

thing from Alabama; her name is Mary Teresa Rampère. She is a dainty little aristocrat, that is just what she is—something like grandma, who never *could* bear me, until I came here—now, don't frown, papa. You know as well as I do that she couldn't. Once she said: "I think of your origin, Mary, when I feel like losing patience." Then I fired up and said: "I am my father's daughter, grandma; and he is *your* son, and you love him." And what do you think? She burst into tears. And grandpa said: "Mary, Mary, *don't* cry!" And he took us both in his arms. Ever since that time we've got on better.

Dear little Mary Teresa is in my class, and so is another girl, named Mary Ann Barker—though she is anything but a barker or a biter either. She came from way up country somewhere; and when I saw, the very first day, that some of the old girls were inclined to make fun of her because she looked country-bred, I went to her at once, and ever since then we've been friends. She helps me with my arithmetic, and I am showing her how to darn her stockings the French way. I do hate that poky old way of darning, but we have to do it.

Mary Ann wants to learn everything. She is an orphan—a *whole* orphan,—but she has an uncle she loves very much; and she wants to be a teacher some day up there where she lives. Our beds are close together; and once when I was sick in the night she got up and fetched me a drink of water; and bathed my head once nearly all the afternoon, when I had a headache and couldn't go to the woods with the other girls. The Sisters like her very much, especially Sister Mary, who was once a Methodist herself—but not the ranting kind, I know. There are *some* nice Methodist people, papa. Mary Ann is one; and so was Fanny Ellis that died last year; and she would not be baptized in the Catholic Church, though I begged

her to. But the Sisters all said she went to heaven just the same.

When are you going to get that leave of absence you are always promising me? I hope your rheumatism is better. Papa, is it true that there may be a war soon? I hope not; for I am sure you would go into the army again if there should be one. I would almost rather you would have the rheumatism and not be able to go—but no, papa: I take that all back; for I feel, even while I am writing it, that I don't mean it in the bottom of my heart. If there *could* be a war in America—though I can't believe it,—I should be proud of my dear father if he went to fight against the enemy. Still, I can't believe Americans would fight one another. I am afraid Sister will not let this letter go, it is so horribly written.

Good-bye, my darling papa! I pray for you faithfully every day, but I am awfully distracted sometimes.

Your own loving

MARY CATHERINE.

(To be continued.)

The Saints and the Fishes.

- BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

A small nephew of mine has called my attention to a notable omission in these stories I've been telling of the intercourse between the saints and animals.

"Say, Uncle Austin," he asked, "why don't you tell us a fish story? Didn't any of the saints ever have anything to do with trout and salmon and minnow and black bass and tommy-cods and smelts, and ever so many more of what teacher calls the finny tribe? I remember grandma told us once about some saint who preached a regular sermon to a lot of fish, who bobbed their heads up and down to let him know they took in what he was sayin'; and wagged their tails like

anything when he made a good point. Waggin' their tails, you know, was just their way of clappin' their hands and stampin' their feet, like they'd have done if they'd been boys."

Possibly some others of our young folk may share my little nephew's desire to hear something about the saints' experiences with the inhabitants of the water; so here goes for some—not "fish stories," if you please, but—stories of the fishes.

Perhaps I had better begin by recalling a fact or two concerning the celebrated sermon to the fishes who 'bobbed their heads and wagged their tails' in applause. The way that sermon came about was this. St. Anthony of Padua was trying to convert some heretics in Romagna. Now, St. Anthony was very eloquent; and as the heretics didn't want to be converted, they put their fingers in their ears so that they wouldn't hear him. Seeing their obstinacy, the Saint stopped preaching, and then invited the people to accompany him to the sea-shore. They went with him; and when they arrived at the shore, St. Anthony cried out:

"Fishes of the sea, since men are so hardened that they close their ears to the word of God, I come to impart it to you. Show yourselves here before me; and, by your attention to what I say, shame the insensibility and the malice of these people."

No sooner said than done. An immense number of fish immediately appeared, half out of the water,—the little ones close to the shore, the bigger ones behind them. St. Anthony gave them a splendid sermon, telling them all the reasons they had for praising God. God, he said, had given them the noble element of water for their dwelling; had furnished them with hiding-places from their enemies; had saved them from the universal Deluge, and had chosen one of their number to save the prophet Jonah. Then, again, it was a fish that paid the tax for Our Lord and St.

Peter; a fish that served as food for Our Lord, and fishes took a prominent part in one of the Saviour's greatest miracles.

It is pleasant to add that not the fishes only, but the heretics of Romagna also were affected by the sermon. These people afterward listened to St. Anthony, and his eloquence soon made them give up their errors and lead good lives.

In the lives of the saints of Armorica, now called Bretagne, or Brittany, Albert the Great tells of a very extraordinary fish that proved a great friend to St. Corentin. This Saint had retired to a forest situated at the foot of Mount St. Cosmos. He built himself a little cell and an oratory near a fountain, and gave himself up to prayer and meditation.

All St. Corentin had to eat in this solitude was herbs and wild roots, with an occasional piece of coarse bread which he begged in some neighboring village. But God looked after the sustenance of His devoted servant by working for him a daily miracle. The Saint found a good-sized fish one morning in his fountain. He took it up, cut off a piece for his breakfast, and put it back in the water. Immediately the fish became whole again, showing no sign of having been cut; and, after that, every morning it presented itself to the Saint, who, as usual, cut off enough for his morning meal.

Another story, hardly less wonderful, is related in the life of St. Maglorius. This Saint had cured Count Loiescon of that terrible disease, leprosy. In token of his gratitude, the Count gave the Saint one-half the lands he possessed in the island of Jersey, for the purpose of founding thereon a monastery. The woods on this property were full of game, and its brooks and streams abounded with fish.

When the division took place, and St. Maglorius arrived to take possession of his half, all the birds and all the fish followed him, deserting the Count's half altogether. Seeing this, the Count's wife

persuaded her husband to ask the Saint to exchange or swap properties. The Saint consented quite willingly; but as soon as the exchange was effected, the birds and fishes at once changed their residence, and again came to St. Maglorius' side of the estate. This prodigy astounded Count Loiescon, who concluded that he had better make over the whole property to the man of God. He did so, and the birds and fish immediately proceeded to their usual haunts. It would seem as though they had intended giving the Count a lesson in generosity, and when he took the hint they were satisfied.

And now I hope that my inquisitive young nephew and his friends are equally satisfied with my generosity; and that, if I ever attempt to give them a sermon, they will be as attentive as St. Anthony's fishes.

Emperor William and His Sons.

Although the Emperor William of Germany may be a headstrong ruler, he certainly is a good and a wise father. At Christmas he presented each of his three eldest sons with an exquisitely chased sabre, engraved with his own monogram. The inscriptions on the blade are worth transcribing, containing as they do much advice which any boy, as well as any prince, would do well to follow.

On the blade of the sword given to the Crown Prince are, on one side, these words: "Your strength belongs to the Fatherland." On the other side: "Trust in God; defend yourself fearlessly, that your renown and honor may endure; for he who dares courageously to trust in God will never be driven from the field." The next son's sword has a similar inscription and the motto, "Fearless and true"; while little Adalbert's has these words upon it: "Never draw this sword without reason, and never sheathe it without honor."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mrs. M. G. Mulhall (she is the wife of the eminent statistician) has lately distinguished herself by a paper in the *Dublin Review* on the "Celtic Sources of the Divina Commedia." The article has already been translated into Italian and read at the Arcadia in Rome. Dantean scholars will find new light on the "Divina Commedia" in Mrs. Mulhall's monograph.

—The fact that two Catholic magazines in England, born under most happy auspices, went to the wall after a brief but melancholy existence, has not deterred our cousins from making another attempt. The name of the newcomer is *St. Peter's*. It will be a six-penny monthly, and the first issue will appear next month. An unpublished manuscript by Cardinal Newman will secure a cordial welcome for the first number.

—Mr. Hall Caine has been in Rome. He expresses astonishment at the magnitude of the Catholic Church as one sees it in the centre of Christendom. He was deeply impressed by a sermon delivered in the Church of San Silvestro in Capite by the eloquent American Passionist, Father Fidelis Stone; and remained, after the congregation had dispersed, to congratulate the preacher. The visit will do Mr. Caine good. Nothing helps Protestants toward understanding the relative importance of the Church and the sects so much as a visit to the Eternal City.

—There is a peculiar charm in the history of every conversion, and in the case of prominent and intellectual converts the charm is proportionately enhanced. The Catholic Truth Society has given us many such pamphlets as "Confessio Viatoris," (in which the English publisher, Mr. Kegan Paul, details his progress toward the faith,) but none surpassing it in interest and value.—From the same Society we have received four short lectures on "The Real Presence and Transubstantiation," by the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., the distinguished professor of Philosophy at Stonyhurst College. They are remarkable for lucidity, force and condensation. The reasoning is close and severe,

and no space is wasted on preambles, perorations, or other padding. Though controversial in purpose, they are not controversial in spirit; and their tone is prevailingly dignified.

—The index and title-page of the half-yearly volume of THE AVE MARIA concluded in December are now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages are supplied gratis. We can not undertake to have them prepared earlier than the end of the month following the conclusion of the volume.

—The *Ceylon Catholic* announces the first part of a new Singhalese translation of the New Testament, by the Very Rev. C. Chounavel, O. M. I. This learned and zealous missionary has edited a Singhalese grammar, and written and translated many books in that difficult language. Though long past seventy, Father Chounavel has no thought of placing himself on the retired list.

—Lady Amabel Kerr has placed parents and teachers under obligations to her and earned the gratitude of children by publishing "A Bible Picture Book," which affords simple and clear accounts of the great events which foreshadowed the work of our redemption. The author comprehends the child-mind as few persons do, and observes the right proportion between text and illustration. One less wise than she would have given undue prominence to explanations of pictures which to a great extent explain themselves. Catholic Truth Society.

—Typographical mistakes will happen in the best regulated printing-offices. "Though an *angel* should write, 'tis *avils* still must print," wrote Thomas Moore; and a writer in *Macmillan's* cites some humors of the composing room that are almost diabolical. "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of *fiends*, shooting *peasants* in Ireland," was the startling headline which Sir Robert and his friends read during a pheasant-hunt in Ireland. A soldier whose war record was a trifle dubious was once inadvertently referred to as a *battle-scared* veteran. "The masses believe me!"

shouted a fervent politician, and the morning paper reported it thus: "Them asses believe me." But a day of reckoning came when the editor himself, on the eve of a great campaign, wrote, "The battle is now opened"; and the blundering compositor made it: "The bottle is now opened." Worst of all, his readers said they had suspected it all the time!

— Among the many valuable articles which appeared in THE AVE MARIA during the past year, the series entitled "Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy," by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, is especially deserving of being reprinted. Never has a more remarkable collection been made of quotations from non-Catholic writers testifying to the hold which Catholic devotion to Our Lady had upon them. Among these authors are Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and Calvin! While reading these passages from their works one can not help fancying himself in some old cathedral whose walls are tapestried with the banners wrested from the enemy on the field of battle. By all means let us have these articles in book form.—*The Casket*.

You shall have them soon. We were so firmly convinced of the excellence and usefulness of Father Ganss' articles that it was planned at the outset to reprint them in book form. It is pleasant to know that so alert an editor as our friend of the *Casket* shares our appreciation of Father Ganss' work. The book is already in press.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.

Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr*. 50 cts.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.

The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.

Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.

Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole*. \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe*. 50 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.

Rituaale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 25 cts.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl*. \$1.25.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding*. \$1.

A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.

The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.

Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton*. \$3.

With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon*. \$1.50.

The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.

The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave*. \$1.

Rosemary and Rue. *Amber*. \$1.

Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.

The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary*. 50 cts.

Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée*. 50 cts.

Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.

A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet*. 25 cts.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 50 cts.

The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.

The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph*. \$1, net.

The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid*. \$1.

The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan*. \$1.50, net.

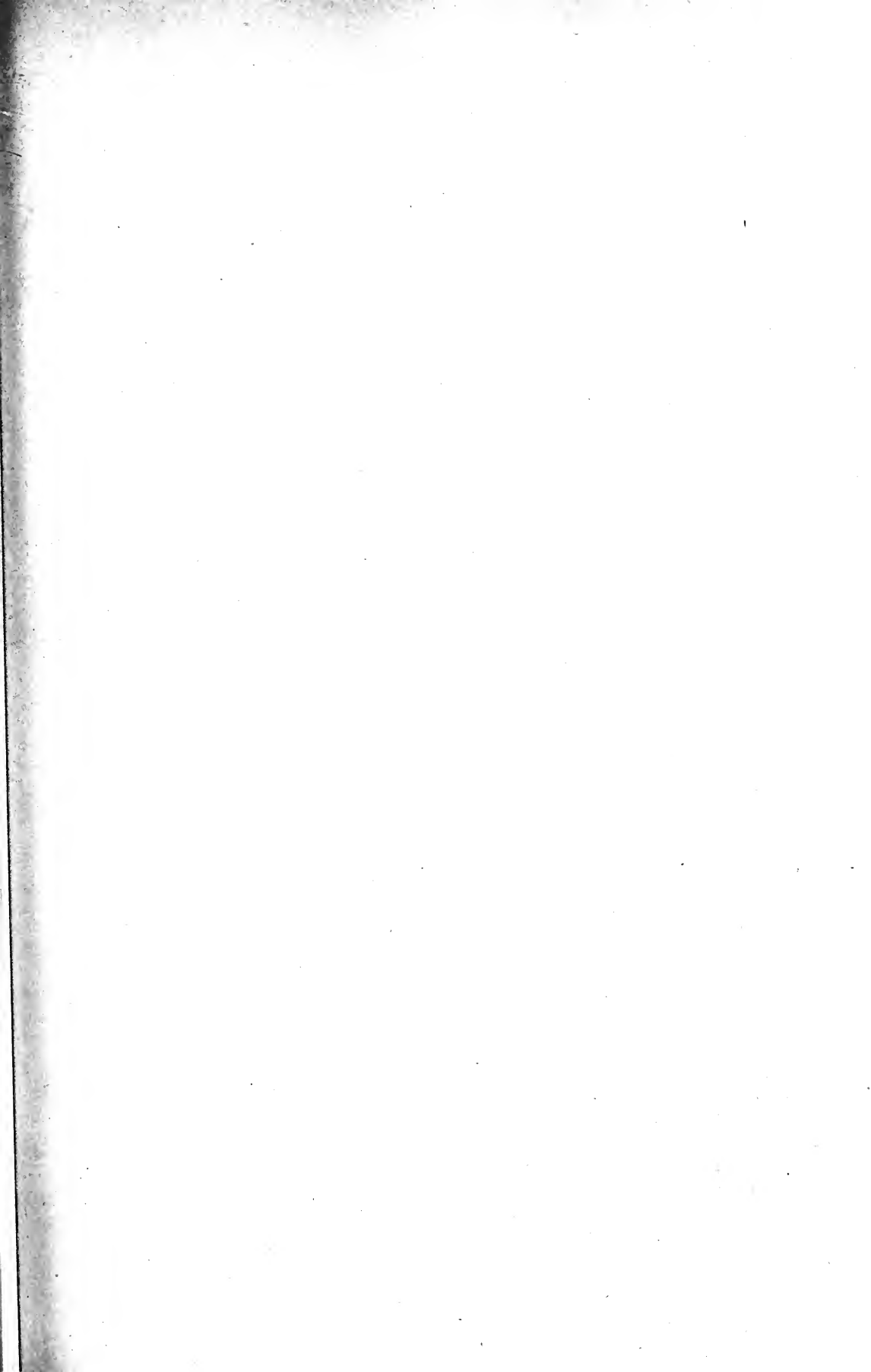
The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercott*. 80 cts., net.

That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.

By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 50 cts.

Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50, net.

Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. \$1.25.





ST. CAMILLUS OF LELLIS.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

Vol. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

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Madonna.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WEAK though my praise of thee,
Feeble my lays of thee,
Tender Madonna, whose mercies I sing,
Favors besought of thee
Render the thought of thee
Sweet as the violets that perfume the spring.

Mother, in dreams of thee
Come there faint gleams of thee,
Lustrous in beauty and lovely as light:
Never did fairies' land
Match with the Mary's land
Where roams my soul in the watches of night.

Mother, whose prayers for me
Lighten life's cares for me,
Flood still my days with the sunshine of peace;
And as no other love
Equals thy mother-love,
Ne'er shall my praise of thee suffer surcease.

A Sixteenth Century Hero.

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

THE child is father of the man" is an epigram which, while generally verified, is occasionally disproved by the subsequent careers of those to whom it is applied. Biographical literature furnishes only too many instances of the deplorable metamorphosis that transforms estimable, virtuous young men into

mature rascals and miscreants; nor are there wanting cases in which children who gave promise of developing into utterly worthless men have falsified the predictions of early preceptors by becoming admirable citizens of the state and devoted adherents of the Church.

"As in youth, so in manhood," is indeed the rule; but, like all other rules, it suffers exceptions. One such exception, and a glorious one, was the subject of this paper. If any local prophet of Bacchianico, a little town in the kingdom of Naples, had, in the third quarter of the sixteenth century, foretold for the dissipated young soldier and impassioned gambler, Camillus de Lellis, a happier fate than a reckless life and a violent death, he would assuredly have been laughed to scorn. Sooth to say, the prediction would have run counter to all such venerable saws as, "A young man according to his way, when he is old he will not depart from it," "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and a dozen others, all emphasizing the wisdom of the dictum that the child is father of the man. And yet, two hundred years later, the name of this identical young gambler is revered throughout the vast extent of Christendom; and on each successive 18th of July there rises from a hundred thousand altars the following petition: "O God, who dowered St. Camillus with so wonderful a charity toward souls struggling in their last agony, deign, we

beseech Thee, through his merits, to pour into our hearts the spirit of Thy love; so that, at the hour of our death, we may be enabled to vanquish our enemy and attain the heavenly crown. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The edifying record of the manner in which holy penitents have in their later years expiated the guilt of their youth and early manhood possesses for the ordinary reader a charm beyond that which surrounds the lives of saints who from childhood to old age were uniformly holy; and the additional interest attaching to one who has been proclaimed the patron of the sick and dying may possibly enlist for the following sketch some degree of that attention which in our day is so commonly given in its intensity to the biographies of the fictitious heroes of romance. A fuller knowledge of the truest and noblest of the world's heroic men and women, the saints of God's Church, can not but produce effects as beneficial and salutary as the outcome of excessive novel-reading is baneful and pernicious.

The father of our Saint, John de Lellis, was a gallant officer in the Italian army, who had served with distinction in the wars of Charles V. His mother, Camilla Compello, belonged to one of the most illustrious families in Italy. Camilla had given birth in the early years of her wedded life to a son whom death had snatched away in his infancy; and she remained childless until she had passed, by more than a decade, the age that would allow her to entertain hopes of again becoming a mother. Like Elizabeth, mother of the Baptist, she was advanced in years—had, in fact, almost reached the threescore boundary—when, in 1550, her second son, Camillus, was born. She died during his infancy,—unfortunately for the son, who was thus bereft of his best and wisest friend; fortunately for herself, as she was thereby spared the anguish that

his early dissipation would undoubtedly have occasioned her.

The boyhood of the future Saint was, as has been already intimated, no period of tranquil innocence, of growth in virtue and habits of piety; of the gradual, blossom-like expansion of a lovely and lovable character. As a school-boy, he was idle, inattentive, and given to truancy. Idleness led him into the company of associates of questionable morals; and while still a mere youth he acquired a good many of the vices of manhood; among others, that one which until the age of twenty-five remained his predominant passion—gambling.

In the year 1569 John de Lellis, although weighed down not a little by the burden of his years, determined to enter the military service of the Venetian Republic; and, as Camillus was then nineteen, the father decided that the young man should accompany him. This plan, however, came to naught. On the way to Ancona, whence they were to sail for Venice, the old man fell ill near Loreto; and at the expiration of a few days Camillus was an orphan. Still resolute to enter the Venetian army, the youth proceeded on his way. As he was passing through the town of Fermo, however, God sent him an inspiration. The pious and humble aspect of two Franciscan monks whom he encountered impressed him so vividly and favorably that he resolved to amend his life and to join their Order.

He accordingly gave up the idea of becoming a soldier; and proceeding to the Franciscan convent at Aquila, where his uncle was the Father Guardian, he told his story and asked for the postulant's habit. The uncle, well aware of the dissolute life which his nephew had been leading, and desirous no doubt of testing the sincerity of his resolve, refused to receive him, at least for some time.

In the meanwhile a scratch on the young man's right leg had developed into

an ulcerous sore. The disorderly life into which, after his rejection by his uncle, he soon relapsed, was not calculated to bring about a speedy cure; and after some time he made his way to Rome to have his leg treated at St. James' Hospital. Being destitute of funds, Camillus entered the hospital as a menial, receiving treatment in exchange for such services as he was competent to render. His passion for play soon introduced trouble into the various wards; and this circumstance, in connection with his ill-tempered manners and his flagrant neglect of his appointed duties, brought about his discharge even before his sore was entirely healed. Still in quest of fortune, he took up again his original project of entering the Venetian army; and this time carried it into effect. He served in the ranks until the close of the war against the Turks.

When the army was disbanded, the unfortunate young man once more gave himself up to his infatuation for gambling. Fortune seemed to smile on him for a very limited period, then came reverses. His "bad luck," as he termed it, pursued him persistently, until he finally staked and lost everything—money, military equipment, even his very shirt. Reduced to absolute indigence, he degenerated into a common beggar, wandering about in company with a fellow-soldier quite as miserable as himself.

On St. Andrew's Day, 1574, as Camillus was soliciting alms at the door of the Manfredonia church, he was noticed by a wealthy lord who was constructing a Capuchin convent in the neighborhood. The youth and misery of the beggar moved the gentleman's compassion, and he forthwith offered him work at the convent. Notwithstanding the expostulations of his companion in misery, who tried to dissuade him from accepting the proposition, Camillus at once embraced the opportunity of earning his own living. Possibly, also, he foresaw a chance of

procuring sufficient money to allow him once more to give himself up to his favorite occupation—gambling. In this, however, he was counting without his host. The grace of God, that had more than once during his years of sin and folly recalled him to his better self, now assailed him with redoubled force; and the desperate young gamester was to break forever with the past and its irregularities, to live henceforward an exemplary Christian life.

Fra Angelo, one of the Capuchin monks, called the youth aside one evening and spoke to him most persuasively of the necessity of his shunning sin and giving himself unreservedly to the service of God. While pondering the next day over the words of the good religious, Camillus was illumined by a ray of divine light. He saw vividly the errors of his recent years; and, sinking upon his knees, bewailed his guilt with contrite lamentations. Renewing the vow which he had formerly made to enter a monastery, he sought Fra Angelo and begged to be received as a postulant. Convinced of the genuineness of his repentance, Fra Angelo spoke in his favor to the Provincial, and shortly afterward Camillus was sent to the novitiate at Trivento.

As a novice, he edified all with whom he came in contact by the rigor of his penitence and the austerities which he habitually practised. He was known as the *humble Brother*, and everything seemed to presage his remaining among the Capuchins. Providence, however, had other designs on him: he was destined for a different vocation, and consequently could not remain at Trivento. The coarse material of his habit, by continuous rubbing against his leg, had reopened the old sore; and it proved so serious that the authorities of the Order felt obliged to dismiss Camillus as being physically incapacitated from becoming a Capuchin.

Our young ex-gambler was not discouraged by this action, nor did he give up all hope of one day being admitted to the Order of St. Francis. In the meantime he went back to Rome, and once more entered St. James' Hospital as a servant, with the intention of staying there until his sore should be perfectly healed. His conduct during this second sojourn at the hospital was in marked contrast to that which had secured his dismissal on the occasion of his first term of service; and surgeons and directors were not less pleased than astounded at the radical transformation effected in Camillus, who had been the scandal, and was now the model, of all who knew him.

When he was apparently cured, the youth, acting against the advice of his spiritual director, St. Philip Neri, returned to the Capuchin novitiate, where he remained only a few months. Once more the sore broke out, and the unhappy young man was dismissed for good from the Order as an incurable. This door closed on him, Camillus, heavy-hearted, went back to Rome and consulted St. Philip. That prudent and enlightened director advised him to take up hospital work again. He did so, and shortly afterward was elected to succeed the superintendent of St. James', who had died about the date of Camillus' return to Rome.

In this new and responsible position our saint-elect manifested the greatest zeal in attending to the wants of the sick, and multiplied himself in order personally to care for each of the helpless patients. While he endeavored to stimulate by his example his fellow-nurses or attendants, he could not but perceive that the latter were utterly unaffected by that example; that they were quite devoid of sympathetic interest in the poor sufferers on whom they waited; and, moreover, that these attendants habitually and systematically neglected their duties. The revolting inhumanity of some of these

domestics, who scrupled not to abandon the dying in their very agony, filled his soul with ineffable sorrow, and prompted the generous idea in the realization of which Camillus de Lellis found his proper place in the world, the one business for which Providence had destined him—in a word, his vocation.

He conceived the design of establishing a congregation of men who, like himself, inspired by that love of one's neighbor which is the essential complement of the love of God, would attend the sick freely; would devote their lives to the supervision of hospitals and the charitable care and nursing of the patients. Reflecting that the love of Jesus crucified could alone engage men in so arduous a career, he determined that his followers should wear the cross on their bosoms. "The sight of it," he told himself, "will support, encourage, and reward them."

Desiring to enter upon the new life as quickly as possible, he at once set about looking for subjects; and soon gathered around him five companions willing to follow whithersoever he should lead in this eminently charitable crusade. The initiative, like that of most durable undertakings, was modest and humble. Camillus transformed a small room of the hospital into an oratory; and, assembling daily therein, they prayed and practised austerities, awaiting the manifestation of the divine will in their regard.

God's work, undertaken by His faithful servants among men, never fails to arouse animosity and opposition; and this sign of the excellence of his design was not long wanting to Camillus. Jealous of the little association that was being formed among them, the other servants of the hospital accused the pious half dozen of aspiring to the full control of the hospital. Their calumnies were listened to, and the directors ordered the closing of the oratory. Saddened by this unexpected check, Camillus took the crucifix from the

altar, and, pressing it to his bosom, retired to his chamber to sink upon his knees in fervent prayer. The following night he had a dream, in which he beheld the image of the crucified Saviour bending toward him, and heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Fear nothing; I will aid thee and abide with thee."

Camillus awoke, strengthened and fortified against all discouragements. Christ Himself had blessed his project, and of other protector he had no need. Yet another protector—or, at least, an excellent friend and counsellor—he found in the Oratorian priest who later became known to the Catholic world as Cardinal Tarigi. This enlightened cleric became strongly interested in our Saint, warmly approved his project; but advised him to study for the priesthood and be ordained before carrying out his plans. His advice was followed; and at the age of thirty-two the ex-soldier, who had hitherto rather neglected grammar and rhetoric, took his seat among the smaller boys in a Roman college and began the study of Latin. Jeers and mockery were lavished upon the "big fellow" with unsparing profusion by his youthful classmates; but Camillus was too deeply interested in his studies and in maturing his plans for the future to pay any attention to the little tormentors.

Unceasing application soon triumphed over all obstacles; and in 1584 the "big fellow" had left his tantalizing school-fellows so far behind him that he was ordained priest, celebrating his first Mass at the Blessed Virgin's altar in the church of St. James of the Incurables. A little later he was made chaplain of the Church of Our Lady of Miracles; and here it was that he finally founded in due form his "Congregation of the Clerks Regular, Ministers of the Sick." He had at first only two companions—Bernardino and Curzio,—who, following his example, spent their time alternately in prayer and

attendance on the sick; but the number of applicants increased so rapidly that Camillus was obliged to rent a larger house. Every day the brethren visited the hospitals of Rome, and attended the poor patients with as much zeal and fervor as if Jesus Christ in person lay sick on the pallets.

As the new community became known, and its excellent work began to be favorably commented upon, postulants in large numbers pleaded for admission. Camillus received many of them on trial; but the unromantic hardships, the repugnant duties incumbent on the members of the congregation soon sufficed to weed out all save those whose vocation was based upon a solid foundation—the desire of doing solely and wholly the will of God. These sterling recruits, however, were sufficiently numerous to warrant his Holiness Sixtus V. in approving the congregation in 1586. In the same year a pontifical brief authorized the members of the community to wear the costume by which they are to-day distinguished: a black cassock and mantle, with a cross of red cloth on their bosoms.

Among the most devoted friends of the new community Cardinal Mondovi took high rank. As this prelate was crossing his palace court one day he met a priest who, saluting him humbly, begged him to become the protector of his religious house. Touched at this humility, the prelate questioned the priest; and, learning that he had recently founded a community for the service of the sick poor, promised the desired protection and his continued interest in the founder and his associates. It was Cardinal Mondovi who secured from Gregory XIV. the canonical erection of the Order, and the permission for its members to take the four solemn vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and the care of the sick, *even in time of pestilence*. Not long afterward the Cardinal reached the end of his beneficent career. He died in

the arms of St. Camillus, saying: "Father, I have loved you in life and death: remember to pray for me."

In the meantime the fame of the Ministers of the Sick grew rapidly. Pestilence in Rome taxed the resources of the brethren to the utmost; but they went everywhere in the city, bringing consolation and hope to the most abandoned, and ever passing among the stricken multitudes as veritable angels of mercy. The plague having broken out among a garrison of soldiers at Naples, Camillus sent five of his religious to nurse them. Three of the five succumbed to the dread malady; and the tidings of their glorious death created such a sensation in the surrounding countries that crowds of postulants presented themselves for admission to an Order in which one could die a martyr of charity.

With increasing numbers, the community was enabled to grant the petitions that had come from Naples, Milan, Genoa, Florence, and other cities, soliciting the establishment therein of houses of the Order; and so the good works of these humble religious spread all over Italy and far beyond its confines.

St. Camillus neglected no means of preventing or remedying the abuses that do not fail to creep even into places consecrated to charity. His zeal in this respect became all the more ardent when he discovered that in some hospitals it occasionally happened that burials took place before the patients were really dead. He ordered his religious to recite the prayers for the agonizing for some time after the last sigh had apparently been given; and forbade them to allow the immediate covering of the face, as was the custom in his time.

If his care of the bodies of the sick was notable, the attention he gave to their souls was still more so. He exhorted the dying with a persuasive unction that it was impossible to resist. He taught them

how to remedy the defects of their past confessions, and to enter into the dispositions congruous to the departing Christian. All his exhortations turned on the love of God; this was his constant theme even in ordinary conversation; and if he heard a sermon in which this point was not touched upon, he used to say that it was "a ring that lacked a diamond."

The eminent servant of God was himself afflicted in his latter years with different infirmities that caused him exquisite sufferings. What troubled him most in these circumstances was his inability to look after the sick as constantly as heretofore. Even when racked with physical pain, he dragged himself from bed to bed in the hospitals to see that nothing was wanting to the patients, and to suggest to them pious practices. He was often heard repeating St. Francis' saying: "The happiness I hope for is so great that all pains and sufferings have become for me a subject of joy."

The happiness he hoped for, with such abundant reason, came to him on July 14, 1614. At the beginning of his agony he called his religious around him, and, after asking their pardon for all his failings toward them, cried out: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord." As the supreme moment drew nearer, he extended his arms in the form of a cross, invoked a last time the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and the Archangel Michael, and, pronouncing the words, "May the face of my Lord Jesus be mild and joyful to me!" he expired. Thoughtless and reckless in youth, he had nobly expiated his years of folly by decades of heroic virtue; and had proved once more that God desires not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live,—live in the practice of virtue here, in the fruition of glory hereafter.

By a brief, *Dives in misericordia Deus*, dated June 22, 1886, our present illustrious

Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. has named St. Camillus and St. John of God patrons of hospitals, and of the sick wherever they may be; and has ordered the insertion of the names of these two Saints in the Litany of the Dying, immediately after the name of St. Francis. The surest method of securing the assistance of these patrons in the time of our sorest need is to endeavor, while we are still blessed with health, to honor their memories, piously invoke their aid, and zealously imitate their charity for the sick and feeble within our ken.

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.

MATT CRIMMINS had not changed much in the many years which had elapsed since the fateful one of 1798. The insurrection had come to an end, not without leaving ruin and desolation in its train. The United Irishmen were fast becoming but a memory. Besides those who perished on the scaffold or died upon the field, many fled to France and won distinction—as O'Connor, Corbett, and Ware; or to America, and founded honorable families there—as in the case of Addis Emmet, MacNevin, and others. Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other great leaders had gone to swell the Valhalla of Ireland's heroes.

But in that quiet village on the banks of the Slaney little impression had been made by the turmoil which had surged around it. Matt still lounged about the inn, gossiping with Mrs. Farley; or went over to have a cup of tea with the Widow Welsh. Her son Terry had gone to Dublin, in the employ of the stage company; and her daughter Kate was growing

into a comely young woman. The widow, it was averred, still had hopes; though the neighbors said:

"If things go on, it's at the daughter Matt will be castin' sheep's eyes."

But Matt was faithful to his early love; only he always said to those who twitted him with being a laggard in courtship:

"A ring I'll never put on any woman's finger till the young master is back at the Hall."

And this statement he repeated with emphasis to Mrs. Farley on the particular afternoon in early summer which Matt considered as an anniversary.

"I'm afeard, then, you'll be a hardy boy by that time," replied Mrs. Farley. "And what good will it do Mr. Latouche for a likely lad like you to stay single, and Kate Welsh growin' old and frettin' the heart out of herself for you? Tell me that now."

Mrs. Farley concluded with a flourish. She had long been nerving herself to give Matt Crimmins a talking to, in the interests of her friend Mrs. Welsh. Her husband had wisely advised her to let well enough alone; but the advice had been disregarded.

"But she might have had James and welcome," she added; "and a fine figure of a man he is too, and he goin' over to be baptized by Father Michael the day of his weddin' to Molly Flynn. And Kate would have had the farm, and a piece of bacon in the pot every day if she'd like, and some one to care for her when her children's gone. But, instead of that, the foolish crathure is hankerin' after them that has no heart for anybody."

"My mind's made up, ma'am," said Matt, with the dogged look of resolution his face sometimes wore, oddly mingled with an expression of gratification at the picture she painted of Kate's devotion to himself and rejection of James. This latter feeling was uppermost as he continued: "I don't say what might happen if the

master was to come home; but till that comes to pass, I'll marry no one."

"How well James wasn't going on with any such nonsense!" said Mrs. Farley, making a last effort; "and no one can say he was not attached to his master."

"James could please himself, ma'am, and he did; but I've tould you my mind. Before a priest I'll never go till Mr. Henry Latouche is above at the Hall."

"A wilful man must have his way," said Mrs. Farley, sadly; "and I know what my advice to Kate Welsh will be."

"And what's that, ma'am?" inquired Matt, his curiosity aroused.

"Well, never you mind; but if Father Michael gives out the banns some Sunday, with Kate Welsh's name amongst them, don't say I didn't warn you."

"Indeed, ma'am dear, you've done your best; and I'm entirely obliged to you," said Matt, taking off his hat with an ironical bow. "But I must be biddin' you good-evenin' now."

Mrs. Farley's last hint had, however, made Matt somewhat uneasy. He was really fond of the widow, who retained a fair portion of her good looks and made the best cup of tea in the county. What if another were to take Matt's place opposite her in the long winter afternoons? Then, even if the master did return — married, perhaps, himself, — he, the man, would be left lonely for life. He wandered on, somewhat aimlessly, across the fields over which he had passed that evening when so much was at stake for Henry Latouche. It was the same sort of twilight as that other. The sweet clover and the delicate scents of early summer were abroad; the air was full of the same tender, almost mystical beauty — a charm which reached the heart. Everything spoke of the great awakening, and communicated to the soul of man that dual sentiment of hope and melancholy combined.

Rough fellow that he was, Matt felt,

though he could not have put his thought into speech, that the world was beautiful, and that it was only man who had a knack of getting out of harmony with it. Instead of the eagle-like look of determination which had rested upon his face that other evening, there was now a shade of sadness obscuring its light-heartedness.

"What's come over me at all, at all?" he said to himself. "When I think of the fine boy I was this night ten years ago, when I played the sojers that thrick!"

The scent of clover almost overcame him, bringing back so vividly, as sense of smell is apt to do, the past.

"I believe," he went on, "I'll just step in and see James, and talk it over with him. I don't dare go near the widow, for fear of breakin' my resolution after what I've heard. Sure, I wonder if it's only Mrs. Farley's blatherin' tongue, or if there's anything in it?"

He pursued his way in moody silence; but at last he burst out:

"I have it! It's that *omadaun*, Tim Daly, that's been hangin' about the lodge this twelvemonth. As if he was fit to wipe Kate Welsh's shoes! Och, amn't I to be pitied! What'll I do at all, at all?"

In this state of mind he arrived, after a slight divergence from the main road, at a small farm-house, which was the dwelling of James and his wife. But, to his disappointment, James was out.

"I believe I'll stroll on toward the Hall," said Matt. "I'll keep clear of the lodge, but I'll have a look at the old place just for the sake of by-gones."

And, after all, he reflected that he might as well pass by and see for himself if Tim Daly were there. As he drew near, he noted a tall, dark figure, apparently going in the same direction as himself.

"It's him," said he, with a rueful look. "Oh, then, but you're a deceivin' sarpent, Kate Welsh!"

When he finally caught up with his supposed rival, he found it to be none

other than James. A hearty hand-shake was exchanged between the two men.

"I went to your house, James," said Matt, "and found you out."

"I came up here, with the idea in my mind that I might find you," said James.

"That's quare enough," returned Matt; "though I suppose it's the night it is that sends us stravagin' round this way."

"That's it," assented James. "I said to myself: 'I'd like to have a pipe with Crimmins to-night, and a laugh over the confusion of the military.' Not," added he, drawing himself up with an air of great propriety, "but what they were doing their duty to their sovereign. But I said to my wife: 'I'll go out and look for Matt.'—'All right,' said she; 'the night's fine and the walk'll do you good.'"

They strolled on together, talking as they went, and laughing over the recollection of that by-gone night, as if it were something quite new over which they had never laughed before.

"Such a guy as you were," said James, "rigged out in the master's clothing, which didn't fit you any more than if they were made for a small boy; and you limping and groaning."

"And the laugh wasn't all on me," said Matt. "It was the face of that fool of a Captain discorsin' me about the last London season."

"And inquiring if you were presented at the Castle."

"And the waistcoat on me liable to burst at any minute."

"And the Captain showing himself anxious about your gout, and inquiring if you'd prefer to order the carriage. And the faces of the three of them when you kicked off your shoes at table. Oh, my! oh, my!" And James stood slapping his knee as a relief to his feelings.

"And the face of Mrs. Farley at the inn, when she saw me sated at table!"

James having rolled his handkerchief into a ball, clapped it to his mouth to

suppress the paroxysm of laughter which seized upon him.

"Hold hard, Matt!" he said at last. "I'm most suffocated as it is."

Just then Matt's mirth was brought to an untimely close by catching sight of Tim Daly occupying his very chair in the widow's cottage.

"A woman of her age," he thought, "to be coortin' with one of his!"

"Matt," began James, after they had walked on in silence for a moment or two, "I wonder that you should let that snug berth slip, with the good-looking widow along with it."

"You know my mind on that subject," said Matt. "But is there anything new in that quarter?"

"That fellow Daly goes there mighty often, my wife tells me; but women's tongues can't be trusted."

"That's true for you, James, whether they speak you fair or foul," said Matt.

James cast a side-glance at him in the growing darkness. The remark was unlike sunny-natured Matt. The latter, feeling that any return to the mirthful side of their escapade of a decade before was impossible just then, began to touch upon the sentimental aspect of it.

"I wonder what has become of his honor?" he said.

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied James, "never having set eyes on him since, nor heard a word."

"Nor I either," said Matt; "and I say it with a sore heart. Did I ever tell you, James, of the money that came to me from foreign parts?"

"Matt," said James, "it was a sum of money coming over the seas that helped to set me up at the farm. I never spoke of it lest it might do harm."

"'Twas the same with me," said Matt. "Once a thing's spoken of, it's hard to say where it'll stop. But God bless the heart and hand that sent the money. God bless *him* every day he rises!"

"Amen!" replied James, with unusual emotion. "May we live to see him back again at the Hall!"

"I pray for that every day of my life," said Matt. "And won't it be a jubilation for the whole county?"

"Right you are, Matt. Why, the whole county'll be up in arms to receive him. But speaking of that matter of the money coming so mysteriously, there are some things which touch the heart, and that's one of them, Matt."

As they spoke they emerged from the avenue and came out upon the lawn fronting the house. To their surprise, lights gleaming there dispersed the shadows of the decade of years they had been reviewing.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Old Grave-Digger.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HE who in this grave must lie
 Once made plans like you and I;
 But last week he passed this way;
 Still methinks I hear him say:
 "Fifty thousand crowns this year;
 Next, a hundred thousand clear!"

He was rich, as this world goes,
 Yet to-night, from head to toes,
 He will lie, white, still and cold,
 Covered by six feet of mould,—
 Not all earth's bright gold can save
 Man one moment from the grave.

Haply, some for him may weep;
 Haply, o'er his last long sleep
 Some may scatter priceless flowers;
 Yet in this strange world of ours
 Tears fall lightly, roses bloom
 Seldom o'er a rich man's tomb.

Yes, he who just here must lie
 Once made plans like you and I;
 Yet his steps were near to Death
 As he cried, with boasting breath:
 "Fifty thousand crowns this year;
 Next, a hundred thousand clear!"

A Shrine in Northern France.

BY E. LEAHY.

IN one of the most picturesque parts of Upper Alsace, in an out-of-the-way spot among the "Blue Alsacian Mountains," is a shrine of great antiquity, dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows. Hidden in the depths of the vast forest which clothes the mountain side, this chapel of Mary has been for ages the goal of countless pilgrims, who come from far and near to venerate the miraculous image therein contained, and to lay the burthen of mortal woe and weariness at the feet of her who is the Queen of mourners, and whose aid in behalf of the sinful and sorrowing has never been sought in vain.

The site of this forest sanctuary so favored by Our Lady, as the authentic records of the graces and favors obtained there abundantly testify, is one of peculiar beauty, well worthy the attention of even the ordinary tourist. The traveller coming from Basel, on entering Alsace, has on his left a magnificent view of the Vosges Mountains, clothed with forests, chiefly of fir-trees, the dense masses of which assume in the distance a bluish shade. In these forests a small shrub about a foot high grows in wild profusion, and is covered in summer with a species of blackberry, from which the natives make an excellent liquor; wild strawberries and raspberries also grow in abundance. Numerous oaks and beeches relieve the sombre verdure of the fir-trees. The inhabitants of these parts are a simple, light-hearted race, of most industrious habits, who, as they toil from early morning until night, relieve the hours of labor with song and laughter.

When the traveller reaches Colmar, an imperial city in the days of Frederick II. of Germany, but now fallen from

its high estate, yet rich in historical reminiscences, he can proceed by steam tram to Ammerschwih, whence the shrine is but a short distance. Ammerschwih is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, and contains a good hotel, where the tourist will find comfortable quarters. It is a quaint, medieval spot, once surrounded by massive walls, still partly standing, which, with the ruined towers at the principal entrance, afford a most conclusive proof that it was at one time strongly fortified.

The pride and glory of the town of Ammerschwih, however, are not in its memories of departed strength and importance, but in the fact that it claims as its own special possession the precious treasure of the shrine of Notre Dame des Trois Épis—or, as it is sometimes called by its older and more familiar name, La Vierge du Chêne. The forest of eleven thousand acres, in which the shrine is situated, belongs by corporate right to Ammerschwih.

Four or five centuries ago there stood in this forest an old oak, to the trunk of which some pious hand had fastened a wooden case containing a small image of Our Lady of Dolors bearing the dead Christ in her lap. Even in those far-off days, no one passed Our Lady's woodland shrine without pausing for a moment to implore the protection of the sinless Mother, so touchingly represented, gazing with mournful eyes at the lifeless body of her crucified Son.

It was the 3d of May, 1491. The early dawn was streaking the eastern sky with lines of pearly light, as a farmer from Orbey, named Théodore Schere, on his way to the market at Ammerschwih, reached the oak tree. Pausing for a brief while in respectful salutation before the statue, the man was amazed to see standing under the tree a lady of surpassing loveliness and surrounded with rays of golden glory. Her beautiful features wore

an expression of deep sadness. In one hand she held a large icicle, and in the other were three ears of wheat growing from one stalk. The peasant remained silent and motionless before the radiant vision; and the lady, in tones that fell upon his ear like celestial music, thus addressed him:

“When you reach Mariville,* seek out the priests, and tell them that I can no longer stay the angry hand of my Divine Son from striking the people for their sins. I have prayed much for them; but, alas! no longer can the divine wrath be restrained. This icicle which I hold in my hand is a figure of the calamities which will befall them unless they repent. Hail, rain, frost, snow, will in turn ravage and destroy their crops and vineyards. If they repent, my Divine Son, at my intercession, will bless them with abundant fruits of the earth. Go! See that you do not neglect my commands.”

The man, falling on his knees, promised obedience. Another moment and the glorious Lady had disappeared, and he found himself kneeling in the cold, grey dawn under the oak tree at the feet of Our Lady of Dolors. Rising, subdued and awe-stricken, he pursued his way. Alas for human weakness! When he reached Ammerschwih, he bought and sold and bartered, without ever giving heed to the injunctions he had received. How, he reasoned with himself, could he, a poor, ignorant man, tell such a story to the priests? Why, he would be laughed at as a dreamer and visionary!

The market being over, the peasant prepared to return home; but when he attempted to lift a sack of corn in order to place it on his horse's back, he found himself utterly unable to move it even an inch. He called his neighbors to assist him, but in vain. The united efforts of every inhabitant of the town would have

* The French name for Ammerschwih.

counted for naught. Conscience-stricken, the man recognized a supernatural power, and made haste to execute the commission with which he had been entrusted. Having told his tale, on his return he was able, with the greatest ease, to lift the sack of corn, which had resisted every previous effort.

All were struck with wonder and consternation at this miracle; and, their hearts being softened, they accepted Our Lady's warning. The story soon spread far and wide; and everywhere the people, repenting of their sins, endeavored, by public prayer and penance, to appease the anger of God. It was remarked that those who repented were visibly blessed in their families and possessions; while those who rejected the divine message and pursued their ways of wickedness, met with heavy chastisements; they were afflicted with grievous maladies; and their lands, cursed with sterility, refused to yield their fruits.

Théodore Schere's account of the wondrous apparition under the oak tree stirred men's hearts with a lively feeling of gratitude to the sweet Virgin-Mother, whose intercession had saved them from the wrath of an offended God. Some of the chief inhabitants of Orbey and Ammerschwihl undertook to raise a little chapel on the hallowed spot,—one of those oratories which, in the ages of faith, it was customary to build on the mountain side or in the deep recesses of the forest. But the number of pilgrims became so great that before long the chapel did not suffice to accommodate them. Marvellous were the favors bestowed by Mary on those who knelt at her humble shrine. The pious offerings of her grateful clients increased from day to day; and it was at last resolved to erect a larger chapel, one more worthy of her power and glory.

The chapel, being within the feudal confines of Ammerschwihl, was under

the lay jurisdiction of the three powerful seigneurs who at that time shared the possession of the town, and who thus became the patrons of the shrine. They were: Wilhelm, Lord of Rappoltstein, Hohenack, and Geroldseck; Sigismund, Landgrave of Stülingen and Lord of Hohlandsberg; and Heinrich von Rathsamhhausen, Governor of Kaisersberg. The spiritual jurisdiction belonged to the Bishop of Basel.

A chaplain was appointed, whose duty it was to celebrate Mass in the chapel, and administer the Sacraments to the pilgrims on every Sunday, all feast-days, and on two days of the week. A pious hermit was chosen as sacristan. The latter had to swear before the magistrate of Ammerschwihl that he would faithfully guard and preserve the property of the shrine; and also to bind himself to plant every year two young fruit-trees in his garden.

From the beginning, and at all subsequent periods, the lodging of the pilgrims was the subject of special care. The keeper of the hostelry was responsible for the furniture, linen, etc., which were to be used solely in the service of the pilgrims. All games of whatever kind were strictly forbidden; the inn-keeper could neither start them himself nor allow others to introduce them, on any pretext whatever. Like the sacristan, he, too, was bound to plant each year two young fruit-trees in the garden or at the side of the road. He was not allowed to charge more for the wine sold to the pilgrims than was charged by the inn-keepers of Ammerschwihl. Each year his wine measures were taken to the town and carefully examined.

The coffer in which was deposited the offerings was furnished with five keys, one of which was held by the Provost of Feldbach, another by the Bishop of Basel, and the remaining three by the Lords of Ammerschwihl. The coffer was opened

every three years, on a day fixed, by the Bishop of Basel, in the presence of all the chief men of Ammerschwihr and the offerings apportioned to the different requirements of the shrine. These details are contained in a "Regulation" dated 1586, still preserved in the archives of Upper Alsace.

From the very outset the spot where the Queen of Heaven deigned to appear to the humble peasant Théodore possessed a powerful attraction for the faithful, and Our Lady rewarded her children's trust by marvellous miracles. The register containing the record of these testimonies to Mary's power and mercy is still preserved in the monastery attached to the shrine. It is bound in morocco, with clasps and ornaments of gilt copper. The miracles are arranged in chronological order, and are attested by the signatures of reliable witnesses. The register bears the date of 1656, and seems to have been compiled by one of the Capuchin Fathers.

During the Thirty Years' War the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Trois Épis suffered considerably. In the beginning of the year 1632 the shrine was pillaged; but the climax of misfortune was reached when, on the 28th of January, 1636, the chapel was set on fire by three Swedish soldiers; one of whom, after the deed of sacrilege, in a fit of frenzy, threw himself into the Fecht and was drowned; another lost his reason; while the third, terror-stricken, confessed that he and his two companions had committed the crime. Happily, the precious image was preserved, and did not suffer the least injury from the flames.

The restoration of the shrine of Notre Dame des Trois Épis after its destruction by the Swedes was mainly due to the zeal and piety of a canon of the College of Saint Die, the Rev. Pierre Dulys, a lineal descendant of one of the brothers of the Maid of Orleans. Through his exertions the chapel was rebuilt; and once more

the pilgrims thronged from all parts to the shrine of our Lady of Sorrows.

But the peace was of short duration. Evil days soon dawned on the fair land of France. Her altars were overthrown, her holy places desecrated, her priests hunted like wild beasts; everywhere the blood of pastors and their faithful flocks flowed like water. The people trembled for the safety of their beloved image. Horror filled all hearts at the thought of sacrilegious hands defacing, perhaps destroying, their precious treasure.

In Ammerschwihr was a family of great piety, who, through all danger and persecution, adhered with unswerving constancy to the cause of God. To this good family it was resolved to entrust the sacred image. It was received with pious love, and reverently placed in an old oaken chest, where, securely hidden, it escaped the prying eyes of the desecraters. At length the reign of blood and terror passed away. Quiet and order were restored; but the people had not shaken off the lethargy of fear, and so the holy image still lay in its hiding-place. The faithful guardians of the statue kept silence and bided God's hour.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

WORDS, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds; and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man; but, by a beautiful magic, what erewhile bore the image and superscription of Cæsar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God. It is thus that there is a genius for goodness, for magnanimity, for self-sacrifice, as well as for creative art.

—James Russell Lowell.

Rob's Valentine.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

ROB crept up to the one window that the room contained—a north window, grim and drear, that never by any chance admitted a single ray of sunshine, and that looked out over a dwarf forest of chimney-tops. The child surveyed the valentine with great satisfaction. Its foundation was a scrap of academy board; but across the top and around the margin the artist-father had painted dreamy angel faces, and in the centre was a resplendent trademark that had once ornamented a pasteboard handkerchief box: the child's chief treasure, long hoarded for this day.

Rob looked at it long and lovingly, then proceeded to wrap it in thick folds of tissue-paper, encasing the whole in heavy brown wrapping-paper, and clumsily tying it with a bit of twine. Then a little hand was softly laid on the arm of the artist-father, who was leaning back in a shabby arm-chair and gloomily inspecting a picture on the easel before him.

"O papa, it has come back!" cried the child, in delight.

"Yes, it has come back," repeated the man, mechanically.

"They always come back, don't they?" Rob went on, joyfully.

"Always," replied the man, casting a discouraged look around the forlorn attic room, comfortless of aspect and cheerless of outlook, with the curtained recess where two hard beds stood. How could a man do work that people would care to look at or buy under such conditions?

"And our walls are always pretty, and—and we love each other," added Rob, nestling to his side. "And you, papa,—you're the richest, the very richest—"

"The richest man in New York," said the father stoutly, keeping up the tender little fiction that delighted the child's

heart. Rob had never known care or woe. Please God, the child never should, if he were only spared. Ah, that racking cough that shook his frame! Rob listened with a vague fear; and, when he stopped and drew a free breath again, timidly held out the packet to him.

"Will you mark her name on it, papa? And I'll get Patrick O'Rourke to drop it in the letter-box."

Devereaux absently pencilled a name across the packet. It was one of the amusements of this solitary child constantly to fashion gifts and scrawl queer little letters to the young mother, dead for a year. This duty performed, Devereaux turned back to his canvas with a sudden inspiration. Small wonder that the picture had failed to find a purchaser, so dull and destitute of color as it was. But with a burst of sunlight here, and a freshening of color in the waving grasses that bordered the little brook—ah, that was the idea! Seizing palette and brushes, he was soon busily at work. New clothes and pretty toys for Rob; a beautiful home, friends and comrades coming and going as in happy days gone by. These were the visions that flitted through his mind. Lost in the land of imagination, where the unsuccessful painter finds his Elysium, he took no notice of the child.

Rob took down a cap and scarf—for it was cold in the hallway,—and cautiously descended the narrow stairway leading to Mrs. O'Rourke's rooms. The door was locked. For a moment the child waited, troubled and disappointed. But Rob was a young creature of resources, not easily daunted. The letter-box was only a short distance away. Had not the agile little feet already trodden the way, by father's side? With Rob, to conceive was to do. In the twinkling of an eye the small figure was down four more flights of steps, and tripping along the narrow passage-way that led to the broad street beyond.

Poor as it was, the quarter where Rob

lived was by no means the worst in the great city. Out in the broad street were many handsome buildings; and even in the narrow lane where poverty hid itself from sight, no one sought to molest the child. Kind glances fell on the shabby garments, and the eager little face, intent on its ambitious purpose. But alas for Rob! Out in the street things suddenly became strange and unknown. The letter-box was nowhere to be seen. The eddying tide of strange faces bewildered the child; and when the small pilgrim would fain have fled home through the dismal lane, grown dear and beautiful because familiar, the narrow entrance had lost itself and was nowhere to be found.

But the great city does not leave its lambs without a multitude of shepherds to guide them to the fold. Rob had not wandered far before the keen eye of a blue-coated officer detected the lone figure, and made his way toward it, across the street, now grown turbulent with rushing vehicles and the surge of crowds pouring out of the down-town arteries of trade. Rob, stumbling along with tired legs, was caught up in two strong arms, while a kindly face met the wistful eyes.

"You're lost, me baby?"

"I'm not a baby and I'm not lost!" said Rob, resentfully. "I just can't find the way home, that's all."

The officer laughed.

"Haven't the laste notion av the street or number?"

The short brown curls were vigorously shaken, their owner too full for utterance.

"Nor what your name is, or who you belongs to, or annything?"

But here Rob found speech.

"My name is Rob Devereaux, and my father's the richest—the richest man in the city."

"Jeewhillikins! But here's a find!" exclaimed the policeman. "Though I think I wanst heard how that Robert Devereaux had nayther chick nor child.

Howsomever, perhaps it's adoptin' wan he's been doin'."

He handled the child very tenderly, and looked into the small face with a new interest. Being a kind-hearted man, he stepped into a small shop in a side street and invested a dime in some sweets, with which he regaled the little one; then swung himself and his small charge aboard a street car bearing in an up-town direction, unmindful of the fact that it was near the hour for the day force to go off and the night force to come on.

He knew the way to the Devereaux house very well, as who in the city did not? But as he made his way up the walk leading to the brown stone mansion, with its air of long-time dignity, in striking contrast with the more ornate structures of a later day that surrounded it, he was beset with misgivings. A child of Robert Devereaux's ought not to go about in patched shoes and shabby clothes. Perhaps some servant-girl had kidnapped the young one, and pawned the nice clothes. Such things did occur. But the little one certainly did not look capable of deceit. And, then, what would be the object?

The unaccustomed treat, the assurance that the journey was to end with home and father, and the soothing motion of the car, lulled Rob to rest; and it was with a sleeping child in his arms that the officer, strong in the majesty of the law, elbowed his way past the detachments of servants that formed the social outposts of the Devereaux mansion, until he confronted the owner in his library.

Rob awoke as a sudden glare of light fell on the closed eyelids; and the policeman deposited the child on the rug before the blazing grate, in a triumph that at once collapsed on beholding the angry amazement of the stern old man whose privacy he had so boldly invaded.

"Man, what is this?" demanded Mr. Devereaux.

"Indade, then, it's not my fault, sir," stammered the policeman. "The kid said it belonged here."

"I never saw the child before," said Mr. Devereaux, hotly. "It's a case of blackmail." Then harshly to the child: "Do you mean to say I'm your father?"

Rob's lovely eyes flashed back at him. Forlorn and homeless, deprived even of the soothing support of the stout arm of the law, whose conciliatory attitude had changed to a sullen frown, Rob stood alone in defence of the infantile truth and honor so cruelly assailed.

"I never said it. And you're not my father,—you're not! You're not the least like him. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And the child choked down a sob.

Mr. Devereaux looked at the officer, and the latter stared blankly back at him.

"Tell me exactly what the child said," commanded Mr. Devereaux.

"Do you mane to say," said the policeman, turning with the air of an inquisitor upon Rob, "that you weren't after tellin' me your father was the richest man in the city, an' Devereaux was his name?"

"He is, and it is," replied Rob, firmly.

"Hark yees to that, sir! That the loikes av yees shud be so deceivin'!" said the officer, dividing his apostrophe between the man and the child. Then, turning to the man of wealth, with an air of apology, he attempted to excuse his blunder. "And though I knows, sir, there's Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Astor, and maybe a few others, that lays claims to more, I nivver heard tell av annywan else by the name av Devereaux that had anny property to spake av."

"But I never said I lived here," persevered the child, bravely. "Your room is very nice"—looking serenely about the bare walls, panelled in dark woods, and without any adornment save the cases with their prim rows of books, sober-gowned in russet and brown, behind glass doors,—"but ours is high up in the air,

above all the other houses; and there are pictures all about. Sometimes papa lets people have them for awhile, but they always come back," Rob added, proudly.

The old man winced at the reference to his bare walls. There was a reason why Robert Devereaux, with all his wealth, had never been a patron of art. Art had robbed him of his dearest hopes, crushed his dearest ambitions. When he had attempted to train his only son to take the place in the commercial world which he had so long filled with dignity and honor, Jack had sketched landscapes and faces over the walls of his counting-room and in his neatly-kept books; broken business engagements to attend exhibitions and lounge about the studios; and, finally, frankly abandoned the vocation chosen for him, to go abroad and enlist in a career that rewards the multitude with poverty and disappointment, and only the elect few with fame and riches. And Jack had not been one of the elect. Recreant to all else in the line of duty, he had been obedient only to the command never to seek his father's face again.

Such were the memories that flitted through the old man's mind at Rob's innocent reference to the pictures that beautified her humble home. They were forbidden memories, that had brought estrangement between him and his white-haired wife, who sat alone in her little sitting-room adjoining the library, after the fashion they had pursued for about a dozen years.

"What is your name, child?" said the old man, sharply.

"Rob Devereaux."

"Don't tell falsehoods. Boys don't wear petticoats."

"I'm not a boy: I'm a girl!" protested Rob, indignantly. "I'm Roberta Jemima Devereaux."

You have heard of soldiers who go down in battle vainly clutching at their falling colors. So Robert Devereaux stood

straighter and stiffer for an instant, tried to command his voice, then suddenly collapsed in a heap in an arm-chair, his face buried in his hands.

Rob and the policeman stood for a moment in amazed silence; then Rob, comprehending nothing, but with a tender woman's heart stirring in her child's breast, stole to the old man's side and laid her soft hand caressingly against his cheek. Robert Devereaux lifted his head, to see close to him a young face which, in spite of the oval outline and pale skin and dark eyes of the French mother, greeted him with the Devereaux look—the unmistakable family likeness that had descended from generation to generation, and that he had never expected to see again. He put his hand in his pocket and reached out something to the policeman.

"You can go." Then, as the officer made a move to gather up his small charge, the old man stayed him. "There is no mistake. The child belongs here," he said.

Browbeaten and bewildered, O'Flannigan withdrew.

As the door closed behind him, Rob somehow found herself sitting in the old gentleman's lap; and she was no longer afraid, but very happy and comfortable.

"Rob," said the old man, "who were you named for?"

"The best man and woman in the world. My papa said so."

"How did you come to be out in the street alone?"

Rob held up the valentine, in its sober wrapping.

"My valentine. It is for mamma."

"And where is mamma?"

"They planted her. In Paris, across the water."

"Planted her, child!" The old man was shocked. Where had Rob picked up this border language?

But Rob insisted: "I saw them. They

planted her, to bloom a beautiful flower in heaven."

"Bless my soul! What sort of theology is this?" grumbled the old man; but there was moisture in his eye. It was the thought of the young French wife, whom he had imagined as still leading Jack to destruction with her extravagance and frivolity, which had helped to steel his heart against the boy all these years.

"Patrick O'Rourke was out, and papa was painting," explained the child; "so I thought I might as well take it to the box myself. But when I got there, the box lost itself, and the way home was lost, and I—I lost myself too. And, oh! won't you show me the way? For papa always forgets the fire when he's alone—mornings before I wake up, and nights when I'm in bed. And the room gets cold, and it makes his cough bad—"

Robert Devereaux waited to hear no more. He arose, with the child in his arms, and opened the unused door.

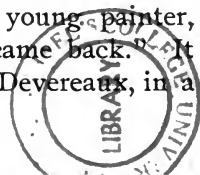
"Mother!" he called.

The sad-looking elderly woman started and trembled at the sound of the dear title, unheard for years.

"Mother, here is Jack's child—named for you and me. And Jack is starving and painting in a garret. Jemima, he has a cough, and I'm going to find him and bring him home."

There was no need of further words. Mrs. Devereaux stretched out her arms, and for the first time in her life Rob, who had known only the gay caresses of her pretty French mother, found herself gathered close to a loving motherly heart, whose steadfast affection would enrich all her growing years.

There was a telephone in the house, and its wire connected with the houses of a score or more of picture dealers. Some one among them would be sure to have the address of this poor young painter, whose pictures "always came back." It was not long before Mr. Devereaux, in a



close carriage and with his own trusty driver, was speeding in the direction of the little lane whence Rob had flown that day, but which was never to be trodden by her little feet again.

Jack Devereaux, exhausted by tramping from police station to station, had returned to his desolate room, fearing lest Rob should by some magic find her way back to the place, and, despite all her sturdy courage, be terrified at finding it deserted. He heard a heavy step on the stair,—a step that frequently halted, but kept on and on until it waited outside his door. He had not found heart to strike a light; and in the cold glow of the electric light, flooding the room from a mast at the corner, the two men met. In its merciless glare the father looked stalwart, well-preserved, almost youthful; the son was wan, hollow-chested, prematurely aged. He coughed, and an icy hand seemed to clutch the father's heartstrings.

"Jack, we've found Rob; and you shall never have her again unless—unless you come home. We shall keep her as a hostage. O Jack, dear boy, come home to mother and me; and we'll all go South for the rest of the winter, and you'll get rid of that cough!"

And then he could say no more, but watched the younger man's face wistfully.

Is it victory or defeat when we give up our cherished ambitions, and lay down the arms of battle, to grasp the olive of peace?

Very tenderly the father helped the son into the carriage. It was new and sweet to Jack to have his comfort so anxiously looked after; to be carefully muffled up and wrapped in thick robes, with doors and windows tightly closed to keep all draughts away from him. They drew near the house—the old, familiar house, which the son's eyes had longed to see for years, but which he had never dared trust himself to look upon since his return from a foreign land.

At the gate the father bade him wait an instant, and hurried over to the iron box attached to a post a rod away, quickly and tenderly to push a little packet through the slit in its side.

"Rob's valentine," he explained with a tremulous smile. "I promised the child."

There was a vision of a dear old face pressed against the frosty window-pane, with a child's bright eyes peering eagerly over the old mother's shoulder. Earth and sky seemed to reel before Jack Devereaux's eyes, and the gates of Paradise to swing apart, as he staggered up the walk on his father's arm.

One who Remembers.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

YESTERDAY morning, before the dew was off the grass, I saw little Miss Earnest wandering about her garden, and went over to talk with her. There had been several frosts, and the more delicate flowers wore a dejected look; but there were still sweet-peas, and the mignonette was bravely holding its own.

Miss Earnest plucked a little nosegay, and tied it up with a sky-blue ribbon, which she produced from her pocket—for this, you know, is Our Lady's Garden.

"For whom is that bouquet?" I asked, knowing well enough that it was not for me.

"Come and see," she said.

We crossed the street diagonally, and went into the florist's. The proprietor was surrounded with a wealth of blossoms, and an assistant was murdering more as he constructed a most gorgeous "Gates Ajar" for the funeral of a prominent agnostic.

Miss Earnest handed the florist the little bunch of blossoms, and he took it with a grateful smile.

"People think I have so many flowers,"

he said. "Nobody but Miss Earnest—bless her!—ever brings me one."

"Who but you," I remarked, when we were outside, "would have done such a—pardon me!—such an absurd thing?"

"Louisa," replied Miss Earnest, "there was nothing absurd about it. That man is weary of the traffic in flowers—of roses at so much a dozen; of horrible funeral designs, and bridal bells, and table decorations, and boxes of stifled chrysanthemums. He told me on one occasion that sweet-peas and mignonette took him back to his mother's garden, and it pleases him to have me remember—but we must stop at Mr. Lofty's. I have a book for him."

A book for Mr. Lofty, who could make a daily bonfire of rare editions if he chose! She produced from the same wonderful pocket a little volume for which I had seen her pay nineteen cents the day before. It was "A Window in Thrums."

"He is Scotch, you know," said Miss Earnest, pinning a pressed bit of heather on the fly-leaf.

He was sitting on the porch. His wife and daughters were at a reception. He held out his hand with delight, but did not seem surprised. Indeed one would have thought that he sat there waiting for a little book—as perhaps he did.

"My dear lassie," he exclaimed, "you dinna forget!"

"You know he was my father's friend," she said, as we walked up the street; "and no one ever gives him anything just because he is so rich. And so once in a while I take him a flower or a book, to make him think of his old life on the Grampian Hills, when he was poor and happy. He is a lonely old man for all his wealth."

And people envy Mr. Lofty!

"Wait a minute!" said Miss Earnest, diving into a confectioner's. "I want to get some candy for Mrs. Brown."

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "won't you admit that you are a bit inconsistent at times? Perhaps you do not know that Mrs. Brown and the children are in danger of being turned out of their house because the rent is not forthcoming. Now, don't you think that, under the circumstances, something practical—"

I should have known better than to reason with Miss Earnest.

"Her whole life is practical," she said. "Yes, I could buy her a pound of cheap tea or a pair of clumsy shoes with what the chocolate creams will cost. But she is going to be taken away from her troubles for a few minutes by something utterly foolish and unnecessary."

The next day I happened to see a receipted bill for three months' rent on Miss Earnest's desk; and thought, for the thousandth time, that her fantastic point of view was better than mine. It is the thought, she says, which is the real part of a gift,—and she is one who remembers.

What Will They Say?

TO tell many an ordinary Christian that he is dominated to a considerable extent by human respect; that in a hundred varying circumstances of his daily life he furnishes a patent instance of moral cowardice; that the unworthy fear of what the "world will say" frequently deters him from acting in full accord with the dictates of his conscience, would be to make a charge that no doubt would be met by an indignant denial, but would, nevertheless, be strictly true.

Human respect, the tribute paid by pusillanimous souls to the more or less fully recognized sovereignty of the world and the world's opinion, is the efficient cause of more sins of deed and omission than the sinners themselves are perhaps aware of. Why is it, for instance, that such a Catholic does not receive the sacraments

of Penance and the Holy Eucharist more frequently? Why does he not attend daily Mass or sometimes visit the Blessed Sacrament, as he could do without any inconvenience? Is it because he is unconvinced of the sterling advantages of such practices,—because he does not recognize the utility, and it may be the necessity, of his adopting them? Not at all. It is purely and simply because he dreads the comments of his neighbors; flinches at a possible shaft of ridicule; is terrorized by the giant dragon of “what they will say.”

Here is another professing Catholic who finds himself in a company where religion and its practices are discussed with a freedom and a total lack of reverence that interiorly wound him. His most sacred beliefs are tossed about without even a semblance of respect; yet he does not open his mouth to offer a word of explanation or protest. Why? Because he might be dubbed a devotee.

At home you habitually bless yourself before and after meals. Why do you fail to make the Sign of the Cross when dining with Protestant friends? Because you don't want to make yourself ridiculous, you will probably answer; and the answer is an open confession that you are influenced by human respect. And so in countless other cases which will suggest themselves to every reader.

Now, can anything be more radically cowardly and despicable than this mode of action—this blushing for the faith that is in one, this constructive denial of Christ? What would be thought of a servant who was ashamed of his master, who had no good word to say of his employer when others were talking ill of him? How would we regard a son who blushed for his parents and was ashamed to pass as their child? What sort of friend should we deem him who, when our reputation was being attacked, our fair fame blackened by foul calumnies, should preserve the strictest silence?

It is assuredly the climax of inconsistency that men should blush for their Christianity or for the practices that denote it. We are not ashamed of our honesty, our business integrity, our political consistency. On the contrary, we are proud of it, and often boast of it. We take no shame in rendering to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, in giving to our fellowmen that which is their due. Why, then, should we blush to render to God the public homage of our adoration, our love, our gratitude, our zeal? Is piety a crime, devotion a stain on the character? Is fidelity in observing the law of God a standing indictment of emotional insanity?

“Those who deny Me before men,” says Christ, “I also will deny before My Father who is in heaven.” And, alas! Christ *is* denied—habitually and multifariously denied—by thousands of those who consider themselves His followers. “What the world will say” rises up as an opponent to the course of action which He commands; and all too often conscience succumbs, and the world is triumphant. Happy those whose personal experience can not supply multiplied instances in which, in little things if not in great, they have proved themselves slaves to human respect,—have denied Christ before men.

To whatever is great in our civilization the Church may fairly lay claim, if not immediately, at least mediately. The masterpiece is the artist's, but hers is the inspiration. The hand thrust forth may indeed be that of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob; and the world must have grown even blinder than the patriarch of old if it is not able to read the moral of the debt it owes for all that is best and fairest in it to the idealizing atmosphere of Christianity.—*The Rev. H. T. Henry.*

Notes and Remarks.

A prominent apostate in Germany tells the enemies of the Catholic Church how they may break her power. He ought to know how this may best be done; for he was one of her own ministers, a trusted member of one of the great religious orders, as well as an honored priest. He would "undermine the social position of the priesthood and their education." Undoubtedly this would be a most effective way to combat the influence of the Catholic clergy. It is wise to learn even from an enemy; and it is to be hoped that the effect of the notorious ex-Jesuit's words will be an improvement in seminary training, so that the clergy of the future may be in closer touch with the people and learn how to guide them. Everyone recognizes the need of superior intellectual equipment for priests, but few seem to realize the danger of a system of education that dries up the heart to the advantage of the mind. There will be just as much need of apostles and reformers as of specialists and expounders in the next century. The men of power will be those of broadest culture and widest sympathies. The isolated education of the clergy in some countries sufficiently accounts for their lack of influence over the population. How to break the power of the Catholic Church is a problem that has occupied the mind of his satanic majesty since the Day of Pentecost. There is no fear that it will ever be solved, though encouragement to keep on trying sometimes comes from unexpected sources.

There are some weeks, it must be admitted, when the best religious thought is to be found in the secular papers. The low subscription and advertising tides seem to have a depressing effect on the minds of pious editors and disturb their intellectual equilibrium. The editors of Protestant religious journals are generally dyspeptics; and those of Catholic periodicals are poor, for the most part. Of course it is better to be poor, but then one can not always be alert. The leading secular papers have an army of editors, readers, and what not, and very little

escapes them. The *Brooklyn Eagle* publishes somebody's reasons—very suggestive ones—for not attending church, and for the little influence which churches nowadays exert over the poor. Let us quote:

A logical Protestant has no need to attend church on principle: he relies on divine inspiration to guide him in his interpretation of Holy Scripture. He holds that each one should read and judge for himself; consequently he stands in no need of the ministry of the preacher. The Protestant church has put aside the Sacrifice of the Mass and denies its necessity, and hence there is no need of assisting at divine service. In fact, the logical Protestant should *not* attend church, according to his own principles. . . . There is no place in the Protestant church for the poor. True, indeed, a mission church, or bethel, has been set aside for their use—usually a goodly distance from the parent church. But the poor, with keenest instinct, have discovered that the good preaching and singing are not for them. The crusts and the crumbs are given them, while the savory food is reserved for those who are clothed in purple and fine linen.

Some of those who condemn the New Jersey preacher for having the fair daughters of his flock pass round the contribution box on Sundays, are probably not aware that in other countries collections for charity are sometimes taken up by ladies. It was "a great day in the old church" in Jersey; and the dominie was rejoiced to hear the pleasant rustle of paper bills whispered along the pews instead of the usual chink of dimes and nickels. Ecclesiastical diplomat is the harshest term that should be applied to him. He knows the tricks of trade, and the brethren should be grateful to him for his pointer.

It has been remarked, as a curious coincidence, that Mgr. Sarnelli, the late Archbishop of Naples, died just a year after his predecessor, Cardinal Sanfelice—at the same age and on the same day of the same month. But more important than all these coincidences is a glimpse which Mgr. O'Callaghan affords of the dead prelate's austere life. He writes:

I was staying at Castellamare on my return from England in 1889. Mgr. Sarnelli invited me to live at the palace. He was literally a "smiling ascetic" at the board. His food was prepared for him at a convent which crowned the hill. It consisted of a pottage of vegetables and herbs, sent to him in a

small vessel. What remained after his slight midday repast served for his evening collation. This was his only food. He took his brief rest on bare planks, sleeping without a pillow.

There is less bigotry in the world than there was a half century ago, but one still meets occasionally with the old Protestant conception of sleek, oily ecclesiastics growing bulky and gouty in luxurious idleness. There was nothing in Mgr. Sarnelli's life to foster the ignorant tradition. With him, too, plain living went hand in hand with high thinking; for he left a few learned volumes as the fruits of his scant leisure, and his contributions to periodical literature were many and valuable.

The *Connecticut Catholic* is of opinion that Mr. Crawford is doing a noble work for religion in this country by his lectures, notably that on Leo XIII. The majority of non-Catholics feel that the Pope is actuated by high motives, and that he is doing his utmost for the betterment of the world. They see from this lecture how the beauty and truthfulness of our faith crystallize in the lives of those who, like the Holy Father, devote themselves entirely to the cause of Christ. It is significant that Mr. Crawford's lecture on Leo XIII. should be the most popular with mixed audiences. He is removing mountains of prejudice—destroying the old leaven of falsity, and inducing a new fermentation of truth. He appreciates the opportunity, and is happy in making the most of it.

The joint letter written by the Catholic hierarchy of England on the question of Anglican ordinations has been issued in pamphlet form by Longmans, Green & Co. In effect, it is a rejoinder to the "Answer" made by the two Anglican archbishops to the condemnatory Bull of Pope Leo; in form and spirit, it is dignified and courteous. But it is earnest, too; and the Catholic bishops make it plain that if controversy is to continue, terms must be defined, and the Anglicans must also announce their teaching, as a sect, regarding the Holy Eucharist and priestly ordination. "It seems to us," they say, "that, as the object of your letter was to make plain for all time the

doctrine of your church on the subject of Holy Orders—and this point about the Real Presence and the true Sacrifice lies at the very roots of that controversy,—we are entitled to ask you to remove the doubt which has arisen in the way described, and tell us in unmistakable terms what your real meaning is."

This question goes to the very root of things, and puts their Graces of Canterbury and York into an awkward position. They have assumed to speak in the name of their church, and are now called on to do what they have always shrunk from doing. They can not issue the required dogmatic statement without disrupting Anglicanism. If they promulgate the Catholic doctrine, the evangelical party will clamor for their blood; if they pronounce in favor of evangelical Protestantism, the mild-mannered Ritualists will pounce upon them. Most of the evangelicals and their organs have already joined the Catholic bishops in their demand for definite teachings; if Canterbury and York can be persuaded, their "Answer" this time will be worth careful reading.

That the United States is still a missionary country is vividly brought to mind by one's reading, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, a touching tribute to the devoted Ursulines of Montana, whose existence has been rendered especially arduous since the withdrawal by our ultra-generous government of subsidies to their Indian schools. Catholic charity is ubiquitous, and its heroines are to be found within our own confines as well as in the most distant and least known foreign lands.

The most ready pen might be constantly employed nowadays in noting the breaches that are being made in the wall of ignorance and prejudice behind which Protestantism has been so long intrenched. The announcement having been made that the Methodists intend to preserve John Wesley's house as an object of pious veneration, the *Church Times* declares that there is really no justice in condemning Catholics for honoring the relics of saints. The Rev. Dr. James McLeod, in the *New York Observer*, complains that

sermons on the Blessed Virgin are not heard in Protestant churches. "This ought not so to be. For, surely, no woman in the Bible, no woman in the history of the world, is so notable and so worthy of our regard as is the Mother of Jesus. Surely, her life and character ought to suggest themes for many a tender and instructive sermon. Blessed, indeed, she is above women; and blessed she shall be for evermore."

Dr. McLeod says further: "If the Church of Rome thinks too much of the Blessed Virgin, that is no reason why any other church should think too little of her." It is impossible, Brother McLeod, to honor too much one whom the Almighty honored so highly. The Catholic Church does not deify Mary. "Above her is God only, below her is all that is not God." This is the strongest language ever employed in reference to her, and it is not exaggerated. It won't be long before some advanced minister will be found advocating the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. That is the next step. Brother McLeod would be ready to take it himself if he were to reflect seriously that of all Christ's followers Mary is the only one that ever loved Him with the incomparable love of a mother. If her prayers to God are not powerful, whose can be?

There is more than the usual significance in the announcement that the *Gospel Magazine* is about to absorb the *British Protestant*. The first-named periodical is the oldest magazine in England, having been founded in 1766, when John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was still alive,—which moves us to observe that, for a periodical, the *Gospel Magazine* is pretty old; and, for a religion, Methodism is pretty new.

We have the high authority of Bishop Fallize, Vicar-Apostolic of Norway, for the statement that a strong wave of Ritualism is sweeping over that country. Since the removal of the restrictions against the religious orders, the number of Lutheran clergymen who teach Catholic doctrines is increasing daily. The *Luthersk Ugetidende* thinks that "Catholicism is in the air in

Norway"; and the Bishop, for excellent reasons, thinks so, too. He was administering Confirmation in Bergen last June, when a deputation of Protestant physicians called on him, begging him to erect a hospital. "I could only answer," says the Bishop, "that we have a magnificent site, but no money. Then they offered to hire a house at their own expense, where the Sisters might open a temporary hospital, but only on condition that it be called 'The Catholic Hospital'; adding, 'We are sure that the name alone will guarantee the success of the establishment.'" The hospital at Christiania, once a ramshackle building in which the Sisters ruined their own health while tending their patients, is now the best hospital in Norway. And a second church is needed in the capital where not long ago there was none.

An Eastern journal, lamenting that "we have imported and bred a population that lacks the sturdy respect for law and justice that marked New England forty years ago," has been advised by a contemporary to go a little further back, "to that orderly and native New England that burned a convent; or to the highly respectable Boston that delighted to raise a mob against anti-slavery agitators." The point is well taken. The New England of to-day is a more broadly civilized land than was that of our grandfathers, and no small credit for the improvement is due to the 'imported population' and their American-born descendants.

We regret to say that Mr. Dana's "Reminiscences" of men and events connected with the Civil War, published in *McClure's*, are not calculated to enhance his reputation. His power of observing and writing picturesquely is unquestionable, but his judgments on men seem often crude and prejudiced. His estimate of General Rosecrans' capacity is contradicted by that of many others quite as competent to judge as was Mr. Dana. Certain of the Federal commanders have not received just treatment at the hands of war writers, and Rosecrans is one of them. One passage in these reminiscences, referring to the battle of Chickamauga, is

worth quoting: "I had not slept much for two nights; and as it was warm, I dismounted about noon, and, lay down on the grass and went to sleep. I was awakened by the most infernal noise I ever heard. Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat up on the grass, and the first thing I saw was Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. 'Hello!' I said to myself. 'If the General is crossing himself, we are in a desperate situation.'"

Some of our jingo journals have whipped themselves into a mild fury because Cardinal Vaughan said lately that "in America the best men don't go into politics." Of course they don't, and everybody knows it. The *Sun's* denial of so evident a fact reminds us of the London showman's description of the ostrich: "'This bloomin' hanimal when 'unted, 'ides 'er 'ead in the sand, wainly imaginin' that because she cawn't see nobody, nobody cawn't see she.'" If the *Sun* read its exchanges properly, it would see that all the editors in the country are scandalized by the corrupt doings of the other side; and many a bad politician has been scorched to a turn by the *Sun* in the heat of the election season. The plain people, too, have ideas about politicians, as these concluding lines of a homely ballad prove:

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ole heart;
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislatur, but he don't say what it's fur.

There are politicians in other countries than Canada, we fear, to whom is applicable the vigorous characterization of a Canadian *Semaine Religieuse*: "The modern politician is a servile and silent dog on questions of a higher order, but he will revolt and growl on questions of patronage." Let us be thankful that there are in most legislative assemblies at least a few politicians who are something nobler than "men of principle in proportion to their interest." Let us try to increase the number.

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 G. Steigerwald, of the Diocese of Vincennes, whose devoted life was crowned with a happy death on the 30th ult.

Sister M. Adelaide, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. of St. Zita, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sisters M. Francis and M. of St. Anicetus, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Adelaide D'Invilliers, Society of the Perpetual Adoration, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Joseph A. Schoenenberger, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose happy death took place on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Peter Blake, who departed this life on the 16th ult., in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. John O'Brien, of Rochester, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully on the 1st inst.

Mr. John Michaels and Mrs. Mary White, of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mr. James V. Walsh, Quebec, Canada; Mrs. Mary Graham and Miss Susan Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Alice Currier, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Helen B. Hynes, Bunker Hill, Mich.; Mrs. M. O'Hern, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Bernard Farrell and Mrs. J. Schieder, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Oliver Goodson and Mr. J. F. Gilligan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Farrell, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Margaret O'Shaughnessy, Pittston, Pa.; Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, —, Ireland; Miss Catherine M. Gillen, Miss Nellie Malloy, Patrick and Mary Hogan, Mr. Eugene Sullivan, Mrs. Abbie Galley, Mrs. Eveline Low, Miss Margaret Buckley, Mrs. Anna Guinan, — all of New Haven, Conn.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sisters at Nagpur, India:

B. B. L., \$5; A Subscriber, \$8; A Friend, in honor of the B. V. M., \$10; Savings of six little girls (blessings on them!), \$1.25; Mrs. C. McC., \$1; A Child of Mary, \$3; A Friend, 25 cts.; F. E. W., \$1; Miss A. K., \$5; M. P. K., \$2; M. F. S., \$1; Friends, Fall River, \$4; Two Children of Mary, \$2; Miss Anna Miers, \$20.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

E. McG., \$20.

The Leper Hospital, Gotemba, Japan:

F. E. W., \$1; M. T. S., \$5; Child of Mary, \$1; M. C., \$3.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.

T. B., 50 cts.; Mrs. B. B., \$5; M. G. and B. T. G., \$1; Lizzie Carver, \$1; Friend, 35 cts.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady's Clients.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THOUGH Mary's place is high in heaven,
 Though near her Son is she,
 Though ceaseless praise to her is given
 In hymns of ecstasy,
 Yet in her high and glorious place
 Among the angel train,
 Her aid by sinners, howe'er base,
 Is never sought in vain.
 For Mary, Queen of Heaven above,
 All undefiled and pure,
 Is, in her great and boundless love,
 The sinner's refuge sure.

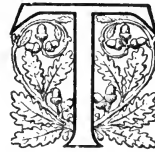
Through Mary's strength the weak grow strong
 To triumph o'er their foes;
 On those who round her altars throng
 Good counsel she bestows;
 The mariner on the stormy main
 Is safe beneath her care,
 And faithful hearts new virtues gain
 In answer to her prayer.
 To many a plaint, to many a plea,
 She hearkens from afar;
 By many a shore and many a sea
 Our Lady's clients are.

WHEN the Danes invaded Scotland, they availed themselves of the darkest hour of the night to attack the Scottish forces unawares. Marching barefooted, to prevent their tramp being heard, one of the Danes trod upon a large prickly thistle; and his cry of pain apprised the Scots of their danger, who immediately ran to their arms and defeated the foe.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

VII.—A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT.



HE Archbishop is coming! the Archbishop is coming!" exclaimed Mary Catherine, entering the study-hall one rainy day during recreation hour. Some of the girls were reading, others embroidering; while two or three groups, in different corners, were engaged in various quiet games. But with one accord they all left what they were doing and ran to the windows, from which an excellent view could be obtained of the road, along whose tortuous windings all who visited St. Mary's Mount must necessarily come.

"Where is he? Where is he?" cried a chorus of voices. "We can not see him."

"I should think not," answered Mary Catherine. "Before I'd run to the window like a parcel of lunatics!" she added, with slight regard to grammatical accuracy. "Here is Sister now. I hear her step."

The girls were back in their seats almost before she had spoken. But Mary Catherine still stood in the middle of the room, her ear attuned to every outside sound. The footstep passed the door,—it was not Sister Mary's.

"Well, girls," said Mary Catherine, "if you had not all been in such a hurry, I might have told you the news. The Archbishop is coming *next week*, and

we are going to give him a reception."

"I thought he was in Europe?" said a languid-looking girl, lifting her eyes from her embroidery.

"So he was," replied Mary Catherine; "but he has returned, and St. Mary's is to summon all her galaxy of talent and beauty to bid him welcome. We are to have a play."

"A play! How can we prepare one on such short notice?" inquired one of the middle-sized girls, famous among her companions for her good-nature in taking disagreeable or insignificant parts in the little dramas which were often presented at St. Mary's.

"We shall not be asked to prepare it," said Mary Catherine: "it is already prepared."

"Who is to represent it, then? And what is it to be?" asked the other.

"Oh, I can't tell you!" was the reply. "It's a great secret as yet. None of the girls know about it but me; and Mother Teresa only told me because I must send to Aunt Kate for some Indian trappings of mine that she has."

"Oh, it is to be an Indian play, then?" said Mary Teresa. "I hope there won't be any shooting in it."

The girls all laughed, with the exception of Mary Catherine. Staring solemnly into Mary Teresa's eyes, she made a step forward, saying, with a wild brandish of her right arm:

"No shooting, dear little one,—only tom-a-hawk-ing."

Mary Teresa shrank back involuntarily, almost frightened at the fierce expression in the countenance of her friend.

Mary Catherine laughed, touching the fresh pink cheek softly with her finger, while she said, in a gentle voice:

"Don't shrink that way, Mary Teresa. I was only joking. Girls, I'll tell you about it. We are going to have 'Hiawatha.' We learned it last year for Mother's feast, and she was so ill that we couldn't have it."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried one of the girls. "It was so very pretty, and the music was so sweet, and the scenery was just beautiful."

"Sister Mary surpassed herself in it," added Alice Howe, a graduate.

"Are you to be 'Minnehaha' again? Of course you are, Mary Catherine," said another of the group.

"Yes," was the reply. "I do love that part. I'm *so* glad Mother is going to let me keep it."

"Who else *could* take it?" inquired Mary Teresa.

"Other girls will have to take the remaining parts," observed Ida Lee, who had not yet spoken. "I'm glad I'm not to be in it, any way."

"And so are we all," answered Mary Catherine. "The dreadful dance you led Sister Mary last year, when she was trying to get you to learn that little picayunish part of the Indian messenger, no one who witnessed can ever forget. It was a mercy you hurt your foot at last, or she would have been dead before the rehearsals were over."

"You are entirely too censorious, Mary Catherine," was the reply. "What you say is true: I *had* a picayunish part; and if I had not been afraid of losing my application medal, I wouldn't have taken it at all. It was almost an insult to have offered it to me."

The girls opened their eyes, pressing close together.

"Oh! and why, pray?" queried Mary Catherine. "Who are you, Ida Lee, that you shouldn't take whatever part suits you, or that Sister chooses to give you? Is your voice phenomenal? Are you a natural born actress? I don't think so, for one."

"To be sure, I might not be an ideal Indian princess, either on or off the stage; but there are other parts," replied Ida, with an emphasis that brought an angry flush to Mary Catherine's cheek. "And

there isn't any one who could furnish finer costumes."

"We all know that too," said Mary Catherine, biting her lip. "And—I shan't say any more."

She had caught an appealing look from Mary Ann's eyes, and was silent. Mary Catherine had a sharp tongue at times, but a most generous heart.

Ida Lee was the daughter of vulgar, purse-proud parents, fond of boasting of her father's possessions and her own fine raiment, which she said she was not allowed to wear at the convent. Between her and Mary Catherine an ill-concealed antagonism had existed since their very first meeting. They had clashed now and then; and, although Mary Catherine did not like her schoolmate, she cherished no spite against her. The same was not true of Ida Lee, who had a deceitful, vindictive nature, which a marked lack of home-training had served to intensify. While not avoided by her companions, few of them cared to be intimate with her. Those whom she sought to cultivate on account of their real or fancied social position, did not respond to her advances; and only a small number of the girls, whom she endeavored to impress with glowing accounts of her father's great wealth, lent a willing ear to her boastful stories. Two or three, to whom Mary Catherine had playfully given the not inappropriate title of "Ida's toadies," were not averse to feeding her vanity with crumbs of praise and admiration; but these constituted her sole friends.

Mary Ann had observed this as soon as school had brought all the girls into close communication; and had at first sympathized with Ida, who would have scorned sympathy from "such a source" with a contemptuous curl of her lip and shrug of the shoulders. It was she who had commented on Mary Ann's awkward appearance the day of her arrival at St. Mary's, when Mary Catherine had

assumed her championship, and won a warm place in her honest heart forever. But Mary Ann was not aware of this. If she had been, it would not have mattered much; her just and generous spirit being entirely free from animosity or revenge. She had already begun to acquire a great influence for good over Mary Catherine, as the latter's quick response to her quiet warning gave evidence.

Sister Mary now made her appearance, bringing still more acceptable news. The Archbishop was to pass the night at the convent, so that the operetta could be given in all the glory of illuminated stage and foot-lights. For the next two or three days all the recreation hours were spent in practising, making and altering costumes; and several of the larger girls were allowed to remain up as late as ten o'clock, assisting in the preparations for the little drama.

One evening all had finished, with the exception of Mary Ann, who was helping Sister Mary with a piece of work, which required long stitches but great quickness, as there were yards and yards of material to be sewed together. Sewing-machines were not so popular in the early Sixties as they now are; and the two sat, with the pile of stuff between them, sewing with "lightning rapidity," to use Mary Catherine's words, as she sleepily bade them "Good-night!" The clock struck nine, and Mary Ann asked to be excused for a few moments.

"Certainly," said Sister Mary. "I am going downstairs, too, for a little while. It will rest you, my child, to stop sewing for ten minutes."

Together they left the work-room and passed softly down the corridor. All the house was silent, the one lamp which had been left unextinguished casting a long line of light through the middle of the hall. They passed down the stairs together, Sister Mary wondering where Mary Ann could be going. When they

reached the door of the chapel she went in, and the young girl followed. All was darkness, save for the ray of the sanctuary lamp, gleaming like a huge ruby through its crimson shade. Mary Ann sunk upon her knees near the door; while Sister Mary, passing up the aisle, entered the sanctuary. Remaining for a moment at the foot of the altar, she bent her head in prayer. The two met in the twilight of the hall, after Sister Mary had locked the chapel door.

"You do this every night, Sister, I suppose?" said Mary Ann, as they retraced their steps.

"No, dear," was the reply. "But Sister Carmelita is ill to-day, and I take her place. It is a lovely charge, that of taking care of the chapel."

"Yes," said the girl. "It must be."

"I was surprised to see you go to the chapel," observed the nun.

"You mean of my own accord, Sister?"

"Yes; few Protestants do it, especially when they have been with us only a short while."

"I loved it the first time I saw it," said the girl. "I wanted to cry when I heard the music. But now I like it even better when there is no music. And it is most beautiful of all at night, when everything is dark and quite still. It must be lovely to be a Catholic—to believe that God is there in the tabernacle."

"It is most consoling indeed," replied Sister Mary, turning up the gas, as they once more sat down to their work.

"Of course, if a person thinks of it rightly, God is everywhere, and sees all we do, wherever we may be. But it is so sweet to feel that He is really there, in the bread and wine, as you do. Catholics ought to be very good, I think, Sister."

"You are right, Mary Ann," answered the nun. "I was once a Protestant."

"Yes, I have heard you were."

"Though not one like you," continued

Sister Mary. "I had been educated to believe that Catholics were ignorant and vicious people. I do not think it would be possible for you to imagine the opinion I had of them."

"I think I could, Sister," replied Mary Ann. "I have heard all manner of harsh things about them myself, but I never believed them."

"How was that?" asked Sister Mary. "Had you some Catholic friends?"

"No—none at all, Sister. But I never believe anything bad of people till I see it myself; and then I think perhaps they were never taught any better."

"And who taught you to look at things that way, Mary Ann?"

"Uncle Jake did. He is such a good man, Sister!"

"He must be, my dear."

"I am owing my education to a Catholic; did you know it, Sister? Well, Mr. Watson is not exactly a Catholic, but he is the next thing to it, being married to one. Would you like to hear how I came to be sent to St. Mary's, Sister?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I am sure it was because of a good act you performed in behalf of some one."

"Why do you think so, Sister? You must have heard."

"No, I have heard nothing. But you seem always to be doing kindnesses for your companions," said Sister Mary, with her bright, kind smile.

"It was a little thing," said the girl, "for which I am being rewarded over and over. I can scarcely believe it myself."

Without a particle of self-consciousness, she narrated the occurrence; at the same time revealing, quite involuntarily, what her home-life had been. The good Sister, reading between the lines, mentally gave thanks to God for having sent a benefactor and friend to the young girl, who now for the first time, under the shelter of the convent roof, was tasting happiness.

Little Tommy Stringer.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

There is a little lad in the Kindergarten for the Blind, near Boston, who puts to shame many of us who have all our senses; for he can neither see, hear, nor speak, and yet is anxious to learn, and has made great progress in everything that he has attempted. Just think! he has but two normal senses—touch and smell; and was, until some kind people took him in hand, not much more than a helpless animal, with no idea of right and wrong, because it was impossible to convey it to him; and with no knowledge of the wide world, or the people in it, or the God who created him. Now he is a fine, manly boy, with a true standard of honor and well-developed mind; and he never shirks a duty or murmurs at a trial.

Think of that, you who feel injured because the rain interferes with the football game; or when you have to weed a flower bed, or split the kindling for the kitchen fire. Here is Tommy, who will never see a human face or hear the voice of a friend, living in the bright sunshine of God's love and care, happy and useful.

What has he learned? Oh, so many things, which all children learn! But he has acquired them in a very different way. He can talk with his fingers or with his vocal chords. You can imagine how difficult it must have been to teach him to articulate; but it was done by constant and firm hands upon the muscles of his throat. He is very particular to be strictly polite, and requires the same courtesy of others. After he helps his teacher on with her coat, he invariably puts his little finger on her lips to assure himself that she is ready with her "Thank you."

He calls his teacher, Miss Conley, just "Fly." He has given all the teachers and some of the scholars similar nicknames;

every one of them the name of some insect or animal—over thirty in all.

He is fond of asking questions: "How high is the window?"—"Who made this?"—"What is this for?" But his favorite interrogation is, "What time is it?" This is all the stranger from the fact that it was a long while before he could be given any idea of the measurement of time; and his teachers had nearly given up the attempt, when suddenly he seemed to comprehend, and now takes the greatest interest in the flight of hours and minutes.

Sometimes those about him find it difficult to believe that he can not see; for, in some strange way, he is instantly aware if one of the other children shirks his duty. "Ned is lazy," he wrote one day; and, sure enough, Ned was discovered in the most flagrant neglect of his studies. Tommy is never punished except by withholding love and commendation; and that is harder on him than if he were beaten. He has but one fault: he is inclined to be stubborn. But we wonder that he has not a dozen faults.

About a year ago he began to take lessons in manual training, and in this he has made wonderful progress. Indeed he is as proficient in it as are most normal boys of his years. He uses the ordinary tools, and is taught practically as if he were a seeing pupil. The only tools which he uses that differ from the others are the rule which has raised figures, and an awl instead of the carpenter's lead-pencil. Wood-carving is his favorite amusement. He has already carved ten beautiful articles which are without flaw, and has written an account of the making and use of each one. The first thing he made was a footstool. In carving this he used only saw, hammer, and nails; but on a bird-house that he has just completed he used twelve different tools.

It is said that his measurements, owing to the sensitiveness of his finger tips,

are absolutely exact. He never allows an article to leave his hands until he has proved over and over again that it is without fault. An eighth of an inch from the measure he intended is a serious matter to him. He never lets a nail slant when he drives it, and his sense of smell is so acute that he can distinguish eight kinds of wood by their odor. He is a perfectly happy child and smiles as he works, stopping once in awhile to put his little arms about the neck of his teacher, to whom he is enthusiastically devoted.

There are several other children in the school who are afflicted in a similar way, but to none does the heart of the sympathetic go out more cordially than to little Tommy Stringer.

The Miller and the King.

Frederick the Great was in the habit of having his own way, and was much annoyed by a mill which obstructed the view from the windows of his summer palace of Sans Souci. So he sent a message to the miller, asking him what he would accept in exchange for his building. The answer came back straightway:

"The miller does not wish to sell."

His Majesty was thunderstruck, but inclined to conciliate.

"Offer him any price," he said to his ambassador.

Again came the answer:

"The miller will not sell at any price."

Then, as in the old fairy tales, "the King waxed wroth," and gave orders that the mill should be torn down over the owner's head.

The miller made no resistance, but those who knew him were well aware that he would not submit to an injustice even from a king. After the rubbish was cleared away, he folded his arms and quietly said:

"The King may have done this, but

he will find that there are laws even in Prussia."

His next action was to take legal proceedings, which resulted in an order from the courts to the effect that the King should not only rebuild the mill, but pay a good sum of money as compensation for the inconvenience and loss of time.

His Majesty was much vexed at the turn affairs had taken; but he was truly termed the "Great," and made the best of things, saying to his courtiers:

"I am glad to know that my laws are just and my judges honest."

After forty years the descendant of the miller, who possessed the mill, found himself in grave financial difficulties, and sent word to the King that, although his ancestor would not part with his property, he was forced to do so. He further said that the King was welcome to the mill at a fair price.

Thereupon the King wrote:

"My dear neighbor, I can not allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists; for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances; and therefore send you herewith £1200, in the hope that it may be of service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me

"Your affectionate neighbor,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

It has been estimated that of all possible or impossible ways of earning an honest livelihood, the most arduous, and at the same time the way which would secure the greatest good to the greatest number, would be to go around collieries and get into bed for people. To this might be added, going around collieries in the mornings and getting up for people; and the most useful and most onerous of all, going around among undecided people and making up their minds.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new edition of Father Doogan's useful "Manual of Temperance" has appeared. It is enlarged and generally improved.

—The lamented archæologist, Sir Peter Renouf, left a body of notes for his unfinished work, "The Book of the Dead." The Society of Biblical Archæology has obtained possession of this material, and will publish it as soon as it can be got ready.

—Caledonian shrewdness and the Caledonian dialect, alike speak for themselves in a "bonny Scot's" definition of metaphysics: "When the mon wha' is listenin' dinna ken what the ither is talkin' aboot, and the mon wha' is talkin' dinna ken it himsel', that is metapheesicks."

—*Hoffmann's Catholic Directory* for 1898 is larger than former issues: in fact it overflows with information and statistics. The publishers have taken pains to render all the reports accurate. More than ever this useful year-book deserves the title of "The Official Catholic Directory." Considering the bulk of its contents, it is a marvel of cheapness.

—The famous French *littérateur*, François Coppée, who at the close of a long and dangerous illness recently returned to the faith of his boyhood, wrote to 'a Parisian journal at the end of last year: "May it be blessed, the year that is going; for it has been for me a year of trial, a year of grace, during which I have been able to gather together the ruins of my heart, and to light once more in that patched-up vase a grain of the incense of prayer."

—Another French missionary in China has undertaken to give his European brethren a true picture of Chinese life, manners, and customs. Mgr. Fairer, a Lazarist, who has spent thirty-five years in the country of which he writes, has published a superb quarto, profusely illustrated, entitled "Pekin." The excellence of the work has induced the French Academy to "crown" it, a distinction that is eagerly coveted and highly appreciated by all French authors. Of Mgr. Fairer, M. Gerard, French consul-general of China, writes: "He is one of the figures of Pekin.

He has covered the north of China and Pekin itself with churches, of which he has been the architect, painter and decorator. No missionary has done more for the propagation of the faith in these distant lands." The cheapest edition of "Pekin" costs sixteen, and the most expensive, forty dollars; and although brought out in China, it might easily be mistaken for the product of a Parisian publishing house.

—The number of books published in English during the past year was 7926, an excess of 1353 over the preceding year. The largest increase has been in fiction, though only thirty per cent of the novels have reached a second edition. Books dealing with commerce are next in point of number and close after them come educational and theological works. The proportion of books of fiction to books of theology is about three to one.

—Benziger Brothers have brought out a very artistic piece of workmanship in their latest edition of "Imitation of the Most Blessed Virgin," translated from the French by Mrs. A. R. Bennett-Gladstone. This inspiring work, after the model of "The Imitation of Christ," is a fountain of pious thoughts on true devotion to Our Lady, moulded in such a manner as to produce worthy fruits of action. Flexible binding, neat monogram stamp and title, and gilt edges, make this a most attractive and serviceable little manual.

—After reading Thomas Arnold's Recollections of Arthur Hugh Clough in the *Nineteenth Century*, one is forced to regret that he did not fall under the right influence at the right time. Clough did not admire Protestantism and he did not know Catholicity perfectly; yet in 1852 he wrote: "It is odd that I was myself in a most Romanizing frame of mind yesterday, which I very rarely am. I was attracted by the spirituality of it." His sense of morality in literature was admirable. Once when he was discussing Voltaire with Matthew Arnold, the latter said, with a wave of the hand: "As to the coarseness and sensu-

ality of some of his writings, that is a matter to which I attach little importance." Clough bluntly replied: "Well, you don't think any better of yourself for that, I suppose." As a matter of fact, Matthew Arnold changed his view radically in later life. Thomas Arnold, the writer of these Recollections, is himself an interesting figure. He is the son of the famous Arnold of Rugby; he is a brother of Matthew Arnold, and his daughter is Mrs. Humphry Ward. He is a convert, and one of the authors of the "Catholic Dictionary."

—The London *Literary World* does not love Catholics, but it does not seem to have sworn eternal enmity to historic truth. Reviewing Father Taunton's "Black Monks," it declares that the work of Catholic historians "is more and more compelling truth-loving Englishmen to abandon, as partisan misrepresentations, the views of the Reformation that satisfied their grandfathers." It also admits that the grounds commonly alleged by Protestant historians for the spoliation of monasteries, namely "the corruption of morals," were almost wholly invented by the tools of Henry VIII. The light is breaking everywhere.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Wart.* \$6.
 Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.
 The School for Saints *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

- Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohmer-Brennan.* \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
 The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe.* 50 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 25 cts.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr.* \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon.* \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave.* \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber.* \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary.* 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée.* 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquet.* 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 50 cts.
 The Creed Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60, net.
 The Five Thrones of Divine Love. *R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph.* \$1, net.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan.* \$1.50, net.
 The Story of Mary Aikenhead. *Maria Nethercott.* 80 cts., net.
 That Foot-Ball Game. *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* 85 cts.
 By Branscome River. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 50 cts.
 Brother Azarias. *Rev. John Talbot Smith.* \$1.50, net.
 Short Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* \$1.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Burdens.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"There must be burden bearers."

WHERE must be burden bearers. Dearest Lord,

Let me be one. I do not ask to hold
The sceptre of a ruler, or the staff,
Crowned by the tinkling bells, with which
of old

The jesters mimicked sovereigns; nor would I
Sit empty-handed in a wayside inn
And watch the toilers passing; or if one
Should bid me hoist the colors where the din
Of battle was the fiercest, I would ask
To stay among the wounded on the field,
And help them lift the burdens which sweet
Death

Lays on all souls at passing, as they yield
Themselves to its stern summons. Then let me
Only my dear Lord's burden bearer be.

A Shrine in Northern France.

BY E. LEAHY.

(CONCLUSION.)

TWO sons of the faithful family at Ammerschwih—boys of eleven and twelve years respectively—slept in the room where stood the old oak chest. One night the little fellows were awakened by loud and continued knocking. Greatly terrified, they sprang out of bed and roused their father. He

instantly rose and went to the room, when the knocking was repeated still more loudly. The good man divined the meaning of this nocturnal disturbance; and, kneeling down, he promised Our Lady that he would, on the following day, take steps to have the statue restored to its ancient shrine; whereupon the knocking instantly ceased and was not heard again.

Next morning this worthy man, who knew no fear in the cause of God, made his statement to the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical; and, no obstacle presenting itself, the sacred image, after being exposed for some time in the parish church of Ammerschwih, was on July 2, 1804, translated in solemn procession to its first resting-place in the forest glades. Since that day the veneration of Notre Dame des Trois Épis has never ceased; and, as of old, Our Lady manifests her pleasure by bestowing her favors liberally.

Whole families make private pilgrimages in thanksgiving for graces received. Hardly a day passes that some grateful clients of the Blessed Virgin may not be seen wending their way to her chapel, reciting aloud the Rosary, so that the air resounds with the sweet praises of the Virgin-Mother. From all the neighboring towns and villages the people hasten to this favored spot to seek solace in their cares and sorrows.

The statue is of terra-cotta, painted and gilded in some parts, and is about eighteen inches high. Our Lady is represented seated, and wears a veil falling over the shoulders; with the right hand she supports our Saviour's head, which has fallen back. Her robe is well draped, and allows the tops of her shoes to be seen, which are rounded. Her head is strikingly modelled, and the features express poignant sorrow; her eyes are fixed on the lifeless body of her Divine Son, while tears appear to tremble on the lids. The figure of Our Lord seems rougher work: the face, hands and feet are too large for proportion; all indicates that this part of the statue is unfinished. It is placed over the tabernacle on the high altar, which is said to occupy the spot once covered by the oak beneath which the Queen of Heaven appeared to Théodore Schere.

Four times a year the inhabitants of Ammerschwihl make a pilgrimage to the shrine, which is distant about six miles. They start in solemn procession from the parish church at four o'clock in the morning. First in order are the acolytes, carrying lighted candles; then all the little boys of the town, with the *curé* in the midst, reciting the prayers; next the nuns, leading the little girls; these are followed by the young men; then the young girls and Children of Mary, the most exemplary among the number carrying a beautiful silk banner; lastly come the married men and women. The most perfect order is observed, each division being in charge of a president. In this way they proceed, reciting the fifteen decades of the Rosary and singing litanies. As they draw near the shrine, the priests in charge advance to meet them, robed in their vestments, with acolytes carrying cross, banners, and incense. The pilgrims are conducted to the sanctuary. High Mass is sung, at which most of those present receive Holy Communion;

a sermon is delivered, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brings the ceremonies to a conclusion. A few hours afterward the procession may be seen returning to Ammerschwihl in the same order as it came.

Of late years a great improvement has been made in the road leading from Ammerschwihl to the shrine. In former times it was truly a way of penance for the pilgrims, being extremely steep and rugged. A lover of beautiful scenery will be well repaid by continuing the ascent of the mountains for a short distance beyond the chapel on the left side. Soon an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea is reached, and a view of rare beauty gradually unfolds itself. Away in the distance, the lofty Swiss mountains stand out sharply defined against the clear sky; and the delighted eye wanders over the dazzling panorama stretching away for miles on all sides. Far below, in the depths of a lovely little valley, a tiny thread of smoke denotes the passing of the train on its way from Colmar to Strasburg.

Several years before the destruction of the shrine by the Swedes, the chaplain Jean Jacques Moletor de Constance, foreseeing danger, took care to place in security the treasures belonging to the chapel. He put them in a large copper vase, which he buried before the porch of the chapel. The spot was well chosen and remained undiscovered. The chaplain carried his secret to the grave, and the treasure lay completely hidden.

On the eve of the Ascension, in 1864 while some laborers were engaged in levelling the road in front of the chapel the men remarked to their overseer the hardness of the ground in one particular place. Taking a pickaxe from one of them, the overseer struck a few blows at the spot indicated, and brought to light an old copper vessel. It was the long concealed treasure.

On being opened, in the presence of the superior of the monastery and most of the officials from Ammerschwih, the vase was found to contain a number of old gold and silver coins, several chalices, some silver spoons, a number of silver goblets, and a curious wooden vase. This vase is in the form of a barrel, with three hoops of silver enamel; the cover is also of silver enamel, further decorated with a garland of foliage and a pilgrim's shell, around which is engraved "Hans Jacob. 1612." The handle has the initials B. M. and the date 1605. Around the vase, pendant from small silver chains, are twenty-five shields in the same metal. Three of these bear the name of Fuchs and the date 1604; and another bears simply the initial B., and underneath the letter a bear is engraved. The greater number represent, underneath the name or initials, the badge of the respective callings: the butcher, a chopper; the wheelwright, a wheel; the vine-dresser, a pruning-hook; the miller, who is also baker, a mill-wheel and bread-board; finally the barber, a razor surmounted by a shaving dish and two lancets. In the middle of these shields is a silver coin, too defaced to be deciphered, and the half of a gold piece.

The members of the family to whose charge the sacred image was entrusted during the Reign of Terror, experienced on more than one occasion the powerful help of Notre Dame des Trois Épis. One of the little boys who were awakened from their sleep by the knocking in the oak chest, when he grew to man's estate, chose a military career. In 1830 he took part in the war in Algiers, and while there met with an adventure which nearly put an end to his campaigning.

He chanced one day to find himself riding alone along a deserted road, when suddenly he perceived a party of several Arabs coming toward him. He knew that a terrible death awaited him if he fell

into the hands of his foes. Being a brave man, he resolved to sell his life dearly. For one brief moment his thoughts reverted to the peaceful shrine among the "Blue Alsacian Mountains," and then, breathing a fervent prayer for help to Notre Dame des Trois Épis, he took the reins between his teeth, and, with his bayonet in one hand and his pistol in the other, he rode to meet his enemies. He cut his way through his assailants, and escaped unharmed from the jaws of death. A painting representing this incident now hangs in the chapel.

The overseer whose pickaxe laid bare the treasure of the shrine belonged to the same pious family, being a nephew of the soldier who thus escaped death. By a strange coincidence, he, too, owed his deliverance from a sudden and violent death to Our Lady's intercession. During the Franco-Prussian war he was captain of a band of Franc-tireurs, and he and his men did good service in harassing the Prussians. The Germans held the Franc-tireurs—whom they nicknamed Wald-teufel—in special abhorrence; and short was the shrift accorded to any who fell into their hands, the nearest tree affording a ready means of dispatch for the unhappy victims.

Two hours before Belfort was besieged, our captain and his men dispersed in all directions, as the enemy was already on their track. Meeting a farmer, the young man begged to be allowed to hide in the load of straw which filled his cart. Although at the risk of his own life, the man consented. They had gone but a short way when several Germans rode up and called on the countryman to stop. The poor fugitive in the cart gave himself up for lost. In that moment of awful suspense the remembrance of the sweet image of the Mother of Sorrows came to him, and he vowed that, if preserved from the terrible fate threatening him, he would go in pilgrimage to Notre

Dame des Trois Épis. The soldiers rudely demanded if the man had anything in his cart but straw; and, without waiting for an answer, drove their long lances in all directions through the load. The young man felt them driven under him, over him—even before his eyes flashed the bright steel; but the shield of Mary's protection was between him and those keen blades, and he suffered no harm. One of the Germans then proposed to throw out the straw; but their leader declared it was waste of time, as no living thing could have escaped their lances. The party rode away, leaving the terrified farmer fully convinced that his cart contained a dead man. His surprise may be imagined when on finding the fugitive not only living, but absolutely unharmed.

The writer of this sketch can vouch for the accuracy of these details, as she has received them from a near relative of those so favored by Our Lady. The family chosen to guard her image has been signally blessed by God; and has given priests and nuns to His service, some of whom are still living.

May the sweet worship of God's Holy Mother and ours increase in all hearts, and may this sketch of her shrine in the far-away Alsacian Mountains lead others to honor her and seek her powerful protection under the invocation of Notre Dame des Trois Épis!



THE Church teaches that men may be inculpably out of its pale. Now, they are inculpably out of it who are, and have always been, either physically or morally unable to see their obligation to submit to it. And they only are culpably out of it who are both physically and morally able to know that it is God's will they should submit to the Church; and, either knowing it, will not obey that knowledge, or, not knowing it, are culpable for that ignorance.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A Sprig of Acacia.

I.

ONE evening in May a young man was walking somewhat aimlessly along a secluded street in Paris, when his eye fell upon a card prominently hung in front of the entrance to a respectable-looking dwelling. "A newly-decorated bachelor apartment to let," he repeated half aloud, as he paused a moment to read the inscription. He was a medical student. While he was standing there another young man, an acquaintance, also a student of medicine, approached him with the remark:

"You seem to be interested."

"Yes," replied the other, giving him his hand with a smile. "I have just been wondering what feat the 'bachelor' has performed to be thus 'newly decorated.' I have a mind to ask the *concierge*."

He was about to do so when the other reminded him that the lecture hour was near at hand, and advised him to defer this bit of pleasantry until later.

"It will take only a moment," was the prompt rejoinder. "It is a most amusing advertisement, it seems to me."

"Yes, but another time will do as well," said his friend, who had no mind to be a witness to what he considered a silly joke. "Come along, I tell you."

Accordingly, the former made no further objection, and they walked on together. But when they reached the college, instead of following his friend, who sprang up the steps with a bound, he turned about once more and walked down the Rue St. Jacques, saying to himself:

"I believe I would like to lodge in this part of the city. It would oblige me to take more exercise than I do now, besides relieving me of tiresome visitors."

Arrived at No. 282, he again looked smilingly at the sign; and entering, began to interrogate the portress.

"There are two rooms, Monsieur," the woman said in reply,—“two very pretty rooms. One is quite large and beautiful, with two windows opening on the courtyard; the other, though somewhat small, is very comfortable. The rooms really belong to another suite; but the lady who occupies them, not having need of so many, is willing to rent them to some one who is quiet, who will promise not to keep a dog or a cat, and who will also engage himself never to be out later than eleven o'clock at night.”

As she spoke Dame Hurlepin looked sharply at the student. He did not smile.

"I never go to the theatre," he said; "and I think I can promise not to return late at night."

"Come then, Monsieur," answered the portress. "Let us look at them."

Detaching a key from the nail, she confided the office to the care of her husband, a silent little man, who never spoke except when he was tipsy,—a thing, happily, of rare occurrence, thanks to the surveillance of his good wife.

As they ascended the stairs, Julien Denery admired its broad proportions, and the beauty of the banister, which was of wrought iron.

"Oh!" replied the portress. "Formerly this house was a hotel of some consequence. Half the courtyard and all the garden have been sold to the proprietor on the other side; which does not prevent it, however, from still making a good appearance. In times past this house was the dwelling of very important people."

Dame Hurlepin spoke truly. The decayed mansion of which she was doing the honors was one of those elegant residences built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Faubourg St. Jacques; and where the vicinity of Val-de-Grâce, the Carmelites, Benedictines and many other communities, as well as the religious solitude, and fresh air of the fields and gardens, attracted those

who, either from weariness or piety, fled the tumult of court and city. The houses on the right side of the street had been separated from the convent of the Carmelites only by small courtyards and the wall of enclosure. During the Revolution the monastery had been destroyed, the cloister laid waste; and nothing remained but the church, where for thirty years Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde had passed long hours in prayer; and where, among other illustrious dead, had reposed the heart of Henri de Latour d'Auvergne, Viscount of Turenne.

Having reached the landing of the first flight, Dame Hurlepin unlocked a door and introduced the young man to a large room decorated in the style of Louis XV. Everything had the air of departed splendor. This was not displeasing to Julien, who, however, could not refrain from a little pleasantry at the expense of the portress.

"I thought you advertised the rooms as 'newly decorated'?" he said.

"And so they are," she replied, pointing to the window frames, which had been given a coat of green paint.

"Ah, yes! I see. That *does* give the place a different appearance from—"

She interrupted him.

"I should say so, Monsieur. If you had seen them before—a dirty white with gilt lines, like the ceiling. But you have not seen all," she continued, opening the door of the tiny bedroom, the walls of which—or at least two sides of them—were lined with carved *armoires*, gems of art. There was only one small window near the ceiling. But Julien decided that, by leaving the door of the sitting-room open, enough light might be obtained for ordinary purposes. Tired of having lived for three years in the unattractive rooms of a furnished lodging-house, he already began to anticipate the delights of this picturesque abode. The rent was not excessive: Dame Hurlepin engaged

to render him all necessary services for twenty francs a month.

That same afternoon a load of new furniture was deposited in the rooms, and carefully arranged in their proper places by the deft hands of Dame Hurlepin, who was enchanted with the polite manners of her new lodger.

"He is a student," she remarked to a neighbor some days later; "but not like most of them. He is a worker—a hard worker,—a youth after my own heart: quiet as a lamb, nice as a girl, and more orderly than many girls. He has lost his parents. I do not know yet where he comes from; but he is from the country, and knows few persons in Paris."

At this moment the postman brought a letter for Julien. The two women examined the postmark, and discovered the word "Merville."

"Where is that county?"

"I believe it is in the north," said Dame Hurlepin. "It must be somewhere near La Rochelle."

"Then your lodger is Norman," replied the other woman. "I am sure of it. He is tall, with chestnut hair. All the Normans are like that."

But the following day two letters—one postmarked Toulouse, the other Colmar—arrived for the young man; and the conjectures of the friends became more and more uncertain.

Several months passed thus; and Dame Hurlepin, having learned that her lodger was a medical student, resolved to consult him about her rheumatism. He gave her some advice, which proved so good that she began to establish for him a *clientèle*, composed not only of the neighbors, but of their dogs and cats as well. Finally, Julien was obliged to remind her that he could not legally practise medicine.

"And when will you be a regular doctor, Monsieur?"

"In a year or so, I hope. I am working hard for it."

"Yes, Monsieur works very hard. That can be seen from the quantity of oil you burn. Is it very difficult to become a doctor?"

"Very difficult indeed."

"Well, now, suppose I should suddenly become very ill, could you not prescribe for me, learned as you are?"

The young man smiled. "I am not learned," he replied. "But in a case of necessity like that, I assure you I should not refuse my assistance. However, I would rather call in a regular physician. I hope there will be no such need. Have you filled my lamp, Madame?"

"Here it is, Monsieur. But—I beg your pardon!—here is a letter which arrived this morning, and which the postman must have thrown carelessly on the table; for I found it awhile ago on the floor."

Julien took the letter, went upstairs, lit the lamp; and, having recognized the writing of his Aunt Alexandrine, said to himself: "I will read it to-morrow." These letters arrived regularly once a fortnight, and the contents were always the same. Having tossed it aside, he took out his notes and began to work, without opening the missive, which was more important than he thought.

He wrote about two hours, after which, feeling fatigued, he pushed back his chair and made several turns about the room. It was nine o'clock, and the noises in the street had almost entirely ceased. As he walked up and down, in order to give himself more space he had opened the door of the little bedroom. Passing within during his promenade, he became conscious of a faint, sweet odor, and wondered what could be the cause of it. His trunks, some books, and his clothing hanging in one of the presses, were all the room contained. Usually it had the close smell of an apartment which is habitually closed. This evening the air was pure and sweet, as though perfumed by orange blossoms. Surprised, Julien

raised his head, and saw that the little window near the ceiling was open. One could see the tops of some of the trees in the garden; and in the distance the voice of a nightingale broke the stillness of the soft, balmy night.

He listened for some moments, feeling his heart thrill at the memory of the nightingales' songs heard long ago in his father's garden. The garden was still his, but his parents were no longer living; no one remained in the old home but an aunt, good and devoted at heart, though of an eccentric disposition. He intended to return and establish himself in his native place as soon as he had received his degree; and then—Julien had long cherished a hope, one so sweet that he scarce allowed himself to dwell upon it save in his dreams. Marie and Antoinette Dubreuil, daughters of the notary of Merville, had been his playmates since childhood. He liked them both, but his heart leaned decidedly to fair little Marie, whom, in imagination, he had of late allowed himself to picture as the mistress of his ancestral home.

Julien felt confident that he would not have to plead in vain for the love of the gentle girl who had grown so dear to him. It can not be said that he was violently in love: his was a quiet nature, and until now life had flowed smoothly for him. But his anticipations had been very sweet, nevertheless; and to-night the vague, fresh fragrance that pervaded the room made him think of the exquisite perfume of the acacias wafting through the *salon* that night at M. Dubreuil's when Marie had sent him back to the dining-room for her fan, smiling on him so deliciously as he placed it in her hand.

"What would my aunt think of the marriage?" he soliloquized, pausing in his walk. "Oh, she would be pleased, I am sure! She is a great friend of the Dubreuils—but that reminds me, I may as well read her letter."

He approached the table, resumed his seat, opened the letter and read:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—I write to inform you that this leaves me in good health, and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. It is fortunate for you that I am always so well; for the servants are such a sorry lot, and are so annoying in various ways that one must follow them about from morning till night. I have had all the fences repainted, the oven repaired; and the pigeon-house, which was falling to pieces, has been put in good order. Happily, the turkeys are fine this year, and I have more than a hundred chickens. The fruit has done very well. Rousseau is dead. Poor old cat! he must have been fifty years old, but he was a fine fellow for catching mice.

To finish the letter with something less sad, I will tell you that the notary marries his two daughters next month. The intended husbands are two wealthy millers, who have bought the Galant Mill, about ten leagues from here. I am glad they are leaving this part of the county. They are so very elegant that they have turned the heads of half the young men hereabouts. I pity the poor millers who will have such wives. Would you believe that a week after they had returned from the convent they went to High Mass with great, high feathers in their hats? May God keep you, my dear nephew, from making any such foolish marriage! Do not forget to send me all your winter clothing, so that I may mend and put it in order. The moths have made their appearance already.

Not having anything more to tell you, my dear nephew, I will now finish my letter by sending you a loving embrace.

Your affectionate aunt,

ALEXANDRINE DENERY.

Julien sat for some moments with the letter in his hand, his house of cards demolished with one rude blow. Filled with regret as well as consternation, he

felt as though he could weep. True, he had lost nothing save his hopes; but, then, those hopes had been so delicious! It is so easy to build castles in Spain, where life shall be one long summer day. Julien read the letter again, laying it down with a sigh. Then he called himself a fool, which was the first step toward recovery.

The lamp flickered and waned. He extinguished it, and said his prayers in the moonlight—for he had not forgotten the lessons of his childhood. A little later he lay listening to the song of the nightingale,—fraught, it seemed to him, with more melancholy than when it had first caught his ear that evening. But then he had not been a subject for melancholy; now he endeavored to make it clear to himself that he was.

For some time he remained staring at the ceiling with wide-open eyes; while from his breast now and then proceeded a deep-drawn sigh. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy and his sighs less frequent, until, a soft ray of moonlight falling upon him through the little window, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was holding a sprig of acacia in his hand, from which he inhaled sweet draughts of perfume.

The following morning he awoke with a headache. Dressing hurriedly, he went out and had a cup of coffee and a roll, after which he felt better. Upon his return he bethought him of his aunt's command, and at once set about making up the package of his winter clothing, which she wished to renovate and preserve from the moths. As he entered his sleeping room he was again greeted by the same sweet perfume he had perceived on the previous evening. Looking up, he saw that the wind had carried a small branch of acacia from the garden to the narrow sill, where it had remained. He could not reach it with his hand, but was resolved, nevertheless, to possess himself of it. While it recalled memories rather sad,

there was a pleasure in the melancholy it engendered. Julien had a good deal of latent sentiment; although, had he been told so, he might possibly have deprecated the possession of it.

"There must be a pretty garden over there," he said, pushing a table toward the wall and reaching for a chair, on which he climbed. By standing on tiptoe he could look down into the flowery place, which was indeed beautiful. It had the appearance of being well taken care of: everything looked fresh, green and lovely. After a moment he perceived a large, fat man, in a linen suit, with a straw-hat on his head. He was gardening in such strange fashion that the young man could not help laughing at the eccentric figure he cut. He was actually dusting all the foliage he could reach with a long feather brush. Now and then he would pause to cut a rose, or switch off a faded leaf. Doubtless because of his corpulency, he never stooped to pick up the flowers or leaves thus swept to the ground. Beside him walked a servant carrying a sort of double basket; on one side he deposited the faded leaves, on the other the fresh flowers. He also carried a watering pot with a long spout. The gentleman watered each plant after having dusted it thoroughly.

In the middle of the garden stood a small summer-house, painted green, in which two ladies were seated, engaged on embroidery. One appeared to be middle-aged; she wore a pretty little breakfast cap. The other, *petite* and dainty, was attired in a pink *chambre* gown; but a large hat hid her face, which was bent over her work. However, one could get a glimpse of a beautiful mass of long brown curls, which hung almost to her waist. Suddenly the big man called out:

"Claire!"

The young girl rose and ran toward him. At the same time her hat fell off, and Julien was treated to a glimpse of

the sweetest face he had ever seen. Her father gave her a rose, for which she thanked him with a kiss so affectionately that Julien thought he must be the happiest father in the world.

At that moment he bethought himself of his occupation—not the most honorable in which a young man could be engaged. At once dismounting from his position, he returned the furniture to its place, and not a moment too soon. There was a knock at the door. It was only Dame Hurlepin, who had come up to make his bed.

"If it is not convenient now," she said, "I can come at another time."

"No, no!" was the reply. "I am glad to see you at this moment. You can help me a little. Will you kindly fold those clothes on the trunk? And there is a coat in that press which I would like you to put with them."

The portress opened the door of the clothes-press.

"Monsieur must have opened the little window," she remarked.

"No, I did not open it."

"Well, I must have pushed it open without being aware of it when I was sweeping the cobwebs from the ceiling. My husband can bring a step-ladder and close it."

"Never mind," said Julien. "I think it is a great improvement to have it open. I wonder we did not think of it before. I like the fresh air. In the fall, if necessary, we can have the step-ladder brought up."

"Just as Monsieur pleases. See! there is a spray of acacia on the sill."

Julien looked up, remembering that he had forgotten to fetch it down in his sudden shame at playing the part of spy. But he answered indifferently, as though having seen it for the first time:

"Ah, so there is! It has a pleasant perfume—don't you think, Madame?"

After she had gone, this foolish young

man locked the door, again placed the table and chair in position, and mounted to his observatory. But he took only one peep, as his object was to obtain possession of the flowers. This accomplished, he placed them in water, where they lived for several days. But long after they were withered and their perfume departed, as he sat writing at his table he could hear the sweet voice of the young girl, from time to time varied by the hoarse, gruff tones of her father, as they passed and repassed through the garden. It made the summer pleasant for him—the thought that so near him were beauty, fragrance, happiness, devotion. But he never again ventured to look out at the little paradise of a garden. To do so would have seemed a desecration, a dishonorable thing.

(To be continued.)

Cardinal Wiseman.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

IT is strange that Catholics have had to wait thirty-three years for an adequate biography of Cardinal Wiseman. In the very year of his death his successor in the see of Westminster began to collect materials for the work. In 1893 the late Father Morris, S. J., actually began writing the life, and had completed three chapters when death cut his labors short. The duty of biographer was then confided to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, whose writings had already made him favorably known in the literary world. And so, at last, the biography of the great Cardinal has appeared, in two bulky volumes, of over twelve hundred pages in all, with three portraits of the Cardinal at different periods of his life.*

We will not flatter the author by saying that his work is a masterpiece of

* "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman." By Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

biography. He did not enjoy the opportunities of a Boswell, nor did he feel any of that enthusiasm for his subject which makes Carlyle's "John Sterling" such a charming book. There is much in this biography that is superabundant. The chapter on "The English 'Papists'" runs to the unnecessary length of no fewer than seventy pages. Then, in the first volume, we find a great deal more about Newman and the "Oxford Movement" than about Wiseman. It would almost seem as if Mr. Ward had nodded over his heavy task now and again, and forgotten that Wiseman was the chief personage of his book. Nor do we think he has tapped all the sources of information about his subject. He informs us that Wiseman carried on a voluminous correspondence. Has he sought for the numerous letters written by Wiseman to foreign prelates and others? For instance, Mr. Ward tells us that Wiseman met Mgr. (afterward Cardinal) Pie, the celebrated Bishop of Poitiers, at the celebrations at Amiens in honor of St. Theodosia, and that the two great prelates travelled together to Paris. Cardinal Pie's biographer adds that the two ever after kept up a close correspondence about the general interests of the Church. Did Mr. Ward ascertain if this interesting correspondence exists or not?

There are many remarks and appreciations of our author which we have read not without pain. Father Faber has said that one can not live among icebergs without growing cold. We fear Mr. Ward has suffered from the chilling influences of non-Catholic literature; otherwise he would scarcely have penned such a phrase as this: "There is little relation between the romantic personal devotion of Wiseman and Pope Pius to the Blessed Virgin, their passionate enthusiasm at the new honor [the definition of the Immaculate Conception] done to her, and any religious sentiment characteristic of our own age."

Writing in *THE AVE MARIA*, we could not let this remark pass unchallenged. It is true, if we look at the age as one of Oxford Dons and Buddhist Bonzes. It is not true if we recollect that the devotion felt by Pius IX. and Cardinal Wiseman is that which millions and millions of Catholics throughout the world ever feel toward Our Lady, from the intellectual Leo XIII. in the Vatican to the lowliest baptized negro of central Africa.

We have noted not a few other remarks of our author with which we can not in conscience agree. We dislike, above all, the quite useless chapter tacked on to the end of his second volume. Even from a mere literary point of view, its title, "The Exclusive Church and the Zeitgeist," is pedantically absurd. We wonder the British Board of Trade has not insisted on its being branded, "Made in Germany." There are also many inaccuracies of names and facts, especially where persons and things outside England are concerned. Our present purpose, however, was not to criticise Mr. Ward's volumes, but, with the help of the facts they contain, to sketch for our readers the noble career of the author of "Fabiola" — of Cardinal Wiseman, first Archbishop of Westminster.

Nicholas Wiseman was born at Seville, on August 2, 1802, in a street to which, on his death, his name was given. He was of Anglo-Irish parentage. His grandfather had settled in Spain as a merchant; and so Spanish had the Wiseman household become that when the child, after his father's death, was brought by his mother to Waterford, he could only lisp in Spanish. Scarcely an anecdote of Wiseman's childhood has been handed down to us. One, however, shows him to have been generous from his very infancy, ready to share his sweetmeats with his Seville playmates. He remained open-handed through life. From his journeys he loved to bring back gifts for stay-at-home friends. Nothing delighted him

more than to surprise the children at houses he visited with various presents. He was lavish in money matters to a fault. The Cardinal's secretary was forced to keep a tight grasp of the purse; for in Wiseman's hands it was quickly emptied. It was difficult to get him to attend to financial matters; but when he did turn his mind to them, he showed beyond mistake that he had great capacity for business. Even in such trifles as the payment of the driver of a hired carriage, he liked better to leave those about him to look after them.

In 1810 Wiseman was sent to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. The sound education there given made him, as Cardinal Manning observed, "the solid, manly Englishman of whom Englishmen have learned to be proud." Except what he has told of his school-days, little is recorded about them. He seems to have been a hard student, reserved and silent; fonder of books than of pastimes, regarded as a dull companion by his playmates outside the class-room. In it he took the first place. But, as Milton says,

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

While at Ushaw Wiseman had made up his mind to become a priest, and had determined to devote himself more particularly to Biblical studies. He had, together with one of his fellow-collegians, formed a society for the study of Roman antiquities; and the two students wrote a story of Roman life entitled "Fabius." The history of the English College in Rome also deeply interested the young antiquarians. One of them—Wiseman—was destined to make his name known to the learned by his "Horæ Syriacæ," to become rector of that college, and to find millions of readers all over the world for his story of "Fabiola."

In 1818 the English College in Rome was reopened under the auspices of the great Cardinal Consalvi. Wiseman, with

five other Ushaw students, was sent to Rome to repeople the old college. Of the long sea-voyage in a wretched sailing craft to Italy, of his first impressions of Rome, Wiseman has given a graphic account in his "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," published in the year 1858. In spite of its faulty style, this is a most entertaining work, which all should read. In the summer of 1824 he took his degree of doctor of theology, in presence of a distinguished assembly, comprising, among others, the unfortunate Lamennais and a future Pope, Gregory XVI. On the 10th of March, 1825, Wiseman was ordained priest. The next three years he remained in Rome, forming friendships with its most distinguished men, and making for himself a European reputation as an Oriental scholar.

These years of freedom, devoid of cares and responsibilities, were probably the happiest of Wiseman's life. But they had their shadows. He had to wrestle with temptations,— "to fight," as he tells us, "with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiend-like infidelity." But he never yielded to doubt. When on his death-bed, in presence of the Canons of Westminster, he had listened to the reading of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., before taking the oath with which the Creed concludes he made this solemn declaration: "I wish to express before the Chapter that I have not, and never have had in my whole life, the very slightest doubt or hesitation on any one of the Articles of this Faith; I have always endeavored to teach it, and I transmit it intact to my successor." Then he kissed the book of the Gospels, saying: "*Sic me Deus adjuvet et hæc Sancta Dei Evangelia.*"

In 1828 the young priest was appointed Rector of the English College, a post he retained for twelve years. These were busy years for Wiseman. The duties of rector would have sufficed to take up

the time of most men. Even within the ancient walls of the English College he would go beyond what the duties of his office required. Wiseman, for instance, was a skilled musician. His delight was to train his college choir for any great function. He would even copy out with his own hand the parts of such pieces of music as had not been published. But his activity went outside the College. He became the favorite preacher of the English-speaking visitors that thronged Rome in the winter and early spring. He lectured, too, on art, archæology, and science. His lectures on "Science and Revealed Religion" attracted great notice at the time of their delivery; and, though science has made much progress since those days, Wiseman's lectures may still be read with profit.

The growing reputation of the young Roman Doctor forced him to overcome his natural shyness, to go into society, to attend the receptions at the palaces of cardinals and princes. His own love for art led him to the studios of the artists. It was thus that he became acquainted with many men who either enjoyed or were soon to enjoy great reputations in art, science, literature or politics. It was thus that he first came to know such men as Newman, Manning, Montalembert, Lamennais, Macaulay, Gladstone, Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Bunsen, Lacordaire, and many more.

All this was preparing Wiseman for the great work that Providence designed him to carry out. But to the same end there was something else, not less necessary to his work in life, that Wiseman had been learning ever since the moment when, as he approached the City of the Popes for the first time, he had heard the driver of his coach joyfully cry, as he pointed with his whip to the far-off dome of St. Peter's, *Ecco Roma!*—"Behold Rome!" He had been learning to love Rome and all that was Roman. With

the soul of an artist, he loved the brown walls, the massive ruins, the sea-like Campagna, the amphitheatre of purple hills, the cloudless skies, that delight the painter as he roams in the Eternal City. As an antiquarian, the very soil he trod yielded Wiseman delight; for in it lay buried the palaces of the Cæsars and the catacombs of the martyrs. And, as a Catholic, he must have felt something akin to that which, in his lecture on "Rome Ancient and Modern," he tells us that Napoleon III. expressed to him in conversation: "The glory of Rome does not consist in the beauty of the modern city. For me it lies in beholding the remains of the old colossal Empire lying prostrate in homage before the Cross."

Rome, *semper eadem*, its "fidelity to the ancient Christian system, seen in modern Rome," which was, as Newman tells us, "the luminous fact which more than any other turned men's minds at Oxford forty years ago to look toward her with reverence, interest, and love,"* would certainly have attracted Wiseman's mind. Then, with what delight the religious life of Rome must have filled his soul! How he, who wrote so well on the Holy Eucharist, must have delighted in that calm, peaceful devotion of the Forty Hours' Prayer that from year's end to year's end goes on in one or other church of Rome! How, too, he must have rejoiced in the great religious celebrations in the Roman basilicas,—he to whom his Spanish origin had given a taste for great displays in God's honor! "I have never cared for anything," he once remarked, "but the Church. My sole delight has been in everything connected with her. As people in the world would go to a ball for their recreation, so have I enjoyed a great function."

* J. H. Newman, "A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," etc., p. 20.

It was Rome in all its religious glory that impressed his mind. No doubt he who was to wear a cardinal's red hat in sign of his readiness to shed his blood for the rights of the Holy See, who was to confess the faith in face of a mighty people stirred to fury, must often, as he passed through the streets of Rome, have repeated with Tasso: "O Rome, it is not thy columns, thy triumphal arches, thy baths that I seek: it is the blood shed for Christ and the bones scattered in thy now sacred soil!" Wiseman has breathed into his "Fabiola" all his deep love for Rome. It is the charm of that popular work; it was the motive power of all his career.

By voice and by pen, Cardinal Wiseman strove to instil into others that love of Rome, that devotion to Peter's See, that filled himself. He instilled it into that distinguished band of converts who with Newman came into the Fold. He rekindled it in that little band of veteran Catholics whose forefathers, through long ages of persecution, had gallantly upheld the standard of the faith. He dared in his lectures and essays show his love for Papal Rome even to those not of the household of the faith. It is not sixty years since English Catholics would not put flowers on their altars, and hardly ventured to put a statue of Our Lady in their chapels, lest Protestants might take offence! Wiseman and Gentili—whose name, strangely enough, does not occur in Mr. Ward's volumes—changed all this, and brought home to English Catholics that they had been emancipated. He also taught them to practise and to delight in those devotions which Rome uses and approves, and brought them into touch with the centre of unity.

This work Wiseman began in earnest when, still rector of the English College in Rome, he visited England in 1835. The Advent lectures which he then delivered in the Sardinian chapel in

London, attracted even the attention of such men as Lord Brougham, and greatly impressed those who crowded the chapel to hear them. They drew from Newman, "still unwavering in his opposition to Rome," an article in the *British Critic*. The English Catholics, with the exception of an insignificant minority, were delighted with Wiseman's success, and presented him with a handsome gold medal to commemorate it.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

St. Francis and the Fishes.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.

BLESSED Francis of Assisi—
 Loved of God, of men and angels,
 Loved of every living creature—
 Preached a sermon to the fishes,
 Who, from every lake and river,
 From the farthest depths of ocean,
 Came in countless shoals to hear him,—
 Just as oftimes men and women
 Throng to hear a famous preacher.
 What he said to them we know not;
 Spake he, doubtless, of their duties,
 Told them all their faults and failings;
 Bade them live as brethren, mindful
 Of the Father who created
 Earth and sea and all that liveth.

II.

When he ceased, a wild commotion
 Made the parting congregation;
 Wended each his way, discussing
 What the Saint had said—as we do.
 Some there were that heeded; many
 Pointed morals—at their neighbors;
 Some forgot and some remembered:
 Such the fate of sermons ever,—
 Ever hath been, ever will be,
 Preached to mortals or to fishes.
 On the morrow the bonito
 Chased the flying fish; the minnow
 Quaked and trembled at the shadow
 Of the greedy pike; and brother

Preyed on brother, overreached him,
In the struggle for existence,
Spite of all the Saint had told them.

III.

So the legend: now the lesson.
Brothers we, the God who made us
Calleth us His children; gave us
His Beloved to redeem us;
Sent His Son as our example,
Bade us grow like Him. The fishes
Listened to the Blessed Francis
When he preached to them of duty:
Bade them live as brethren, mindful
Of the Father who created
Earth and sea and all things living.
Lo! the Gospel net hath gathered
Good and bad together; only
He that made them knoweth, seeth,
Who is good or bad. And, bidden
Day by day to do their duty,
Were St. Francis' self the preacher,
Some would heed the sermon; many
Point a moral—at their neighbors;
Homeward pass; and then, forgetting
All that they had heard, would brother
Prey on brother, overreach him,
In the struggle for existence.

IV.

How it endeth? May the Father
Who hath made us brethren, pity,
Pardon, help, His erring children,
Sore in need of grace! The Brother
Who hath died for us, hath given
All He hath and is to save us,
Make us like Him. Blessed Francis,
Preach to us, we pray, the sermon
Preached of old to shoals of fishes.
Brothers we, in Christ our Brother,
Children of His Mother Blessed;
Plead for us to Him, that, like Him,
We may love our brethren; willing
All things to endure, as He did.
So shall we hereafter see Him,
Live with Him, at home, forever.

THE real crises of life are those that the stories leave untold. It is not the sudden blow, but the learning how to bear the bruise afterward that constitutes experience.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '98.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.

A SUPERSTITIOUS awe fell upon Matt, and his florid cheek lost something of its color as he gazed at the gleaming lights.

"The Lord save us!" he cried.

The same idea did not at once present itself to James' less vivid imagination.

"What's the matter, Matt?" he asked, looking at his friend; and then, with a flash of intelligence, "Spooks?"

"The Lord knows what it is!" said Matt. "But it's ill lookin' at such sights, and worse talkin' about them."

He still made no movement to leave the spot; but stood with his eyes upon the massive pile, ivy covered, still grand and majestic, though with touches of ruinous decay and neglect about it.

The sound of wheels startled both Matt and James into fresh apprehension. A travelling carriage at that moment swept round the curve and drove swiftly up the path to the front door. The men, rooted to the spot with astonishment, presently saw alight from it a tall man in a cloak, and a lady, somewhat smaller, but of considerable height, slender and graceful. Scarcely had the man put his foot on the first step when Matt was beside him, down on his knees, bedewing his hand with hot tears.

"Master Henry *asthore!* dear Master Henry!"

Mr. Latouche, startled at first, but almost as much moved, bent toward him, saying, in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"My faithful Matt!"

For some moments neither could say more. Mr. Latouche was the first to break the silence:

"Matt, I have brought you back one who has an equal claim with mine to your devotion—Mrs. Latouche."

Matt, who at first had no eyes save for his master, now turned to look into the face which he had long thought the most beautiful on earth. He took off his hat and bowed low, with that simple politeness for which the Irish peasantry are world famous; whilst lovely lips smiled at him and the violet eyes looked kindly into his.

"Mrs. Latouche, ma'am," he exclaimed, "who, if I may make bould to say it, is beautifuller still than ever Miss Fitzroy was, this is indeed the happiest moment of my life!"

"And a very happy one in mine, to come home to you all, and to see you, and thank you for your noble devotion—"

"Don't, ma'am,—don't!" said poor Matt, now blubbering like a baby.

"I left it to her to do, Matt," observed Mr. Latouche, patting his foster-brother affectionately on the back. "She could say it as I couldn't."

James, who, with the shy reserve of an English servant, had hung a little in the background, was now perceived by Mrs. Latouche with some alarm.

"And who is that?" she asked of Matt.

"As honest a heart as beats throughout Wicklow, if he *is* a Sassenach.—It's James, your honor," he said, turning to Mr. Latouche.

"An honest heart indeed!" said Mr. Latouche, extending a hand, which James warmly but respectfully gripped; while Mrs. Latouche, holding out her gloved one, said:

"Another to thank and bless for this night's happiness."

"My duty to your ladyship, and I'm sure Matt and I are more than overjoyed to see Mr. Latouche and you, ma'am, here at the Hall."

"How does it happen you are both here?" inquired Mr. Latouche; "for we

thought it best to arrive with the greatest privacy, and sent only a couple of foreign servants to prepare things."

"It was the merest chance in life—if chance it is and not rather the finger of God guidin' us," said Matt, reverently. "We both came up for the sake of what's past and gone ten years ago this night."

"Yes: we thought of the anniversary, too, and wanted to reach here in time. Will you both come in now to drink our health?"

"No, sir; no, Master Henry,—not now," said Matt, his innate delicacy telling him that his master and mistress should be alone on their home-coming. "But I'll be up the first thing in the mornin' to see what I can do around here."

"And I may say the same," remarked James; "unless I could be of any service to you, sir, or to Mrs. Latouche now?"

"No, there is nothing to be done at present, James," said Mr. Latouche. "So good-night to you both, and let us see you often."

As Henry followed Mrs. Latouche up the steps, he turned a moment and said to his foster-brother:

"Matt, the cause is lost, and many noble hearts are broken for it; but throughout I have done my utmost. I have been many times in Ireland in disguise; I have done service for it abroad; I have followed every outbreak. And now if I have ventured here, it is not because I have sought or gained any pardon: it is simply that more pacific councils have prevailed, and I have taken advantage of the lull to slip back once more. They will scarce disturb me later; but if they do—well, at least, I have had the happiness of bringing my loved one home and of seeing you all again."

"God bless you, Master Henry!" said Matt, as Mr. Latouche passed over the threshold of his own door, and, taking Isabel's hand, entered the drawing-room.

Ten minutes later Matt, having wrung James' hand in farewell, rushed into the lodge. He found the widow alone and in tears. Matt had not been near her for a week. He forgot for the moment all about Tim Daly.

"Well, name the day, Kate Welsh," he shouted; "and Father Michael will call us next Sunday!"

"Matt," exclaimed the widow, in alarm, "you've been drinkin'!"

"Never a drop, me darlin'! But I want you to dry the tears off your cheeks, and make me the happiest man in Ireland."

"But your promise?" said the widow, in bewilderment.

"I am keepin' a promise I made to meself—that I'd make you me wife, if you'd have me."

"But not till the master came home?"

"He *is* home, *mavourneen!*" said Matt, with a caper of delight. "He's beyant with his beautiful crathure of a wife, only it's not to be known just yet to all the country side. So there's nothin' to come between us any more."

All at once he remembered Tim Daly, and his brow clouded.

"But what about this Tim Daly?" he asked, abruptly.

"He's a good deal on my mind of late," answered Mrs. Welsh, with a sigh.

"Oh, is he!" said Matt, ironically. "I'm obliged to you for the information."

Mrs. Welsh, wondering a little at his tone, said thoughtfully:

"He's here maybe three or four times out of every week."

"And not oftener than he's welcome, I'm beginnin' to think."

"Sure, that's what frets me, Matt. He's dead in love,—any one can see that."

Matt was aflame with indignation. He thought it a shame for a woman of her age to be talking so. However, his very anger kept him silent.

"But it's not so clear on the other

side; and as to the marryin', there's much for it and much agin it."

"Well, I'll tell you, wanst for all, Mrs. Welsh, that your mind will have to be made up, and that soon. I'm not the boy to stand any palaverin' or nonsense of the sort."

"Why, Matt dear, don't be so hard!" replied the widow, looking up at him reproachfully.

"If you aren't the most vexatious woman in the county!" said Matt, softening. "It's 'Matt dear' now, and I suppose it's 'Tim dear' another time."

A look of astonishment was gradually overspreading Mrs. Welsh's face, but still she said:

"It's no objection in the world I have to Tim himself."

"Oh, isn't it indeed!" cried Matt, once more enraged by her frankness.

"But she's so young."

"It's him you mane, ma'am?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Welsh, growing vexed. "I mane that Kate's too young to think of marryin' just yet."

"Kate! Oh, glory be to God, what an *omadaun* I am! We'll be married this day fortnight, Kate me jewel."

"This day month at the earliest," said the widow, blushing.

Matt stopped a moment at the inn to have a word with Mrs. Farley.

"You were right about Kate Welsh, ma'am," he said: "her banns'll be called next Sunday."

"But who is it with, Matt *acushla?*" she asked eagerly, never for a moment guessing the truth.

"Never you mind!" answered Matt, buttoning up his coat with an impressive air, and walking away. "Only don't say afterward I didn't warn you."

And so, as weeping Ireland still mourned her gallant sons and lost cause, light had come through darkness to master and man.

On Hearing the Word of God.

EVERY adult Catholic has heard hundreds of sermons on moral subjects; has listened Sunday after Sunday to explanations of the duties incumbent on a Christian, or to denunciations of a life of indifference, worldliness and sin; and it would seem that, had even one-tenth of these sermons been really fruitful, the number of exemplary Catholics in the ordinary parish should be tenfold greater than it actually is. Why are so many instructions fruitless? Clearly, because the seed of God's word fails to fall upon good ground. Certain conditions must exist in the soil that is to yield a plentiful harvest, and certain dispositions must be found in the heart that is to be truly benefited by a sermon.

The first of these dispositions is a profound respect, and assuredly this is not a difficult one to acquire. Had we been present when God spoke to Moses amid the thunder and lightning of Mt. Sinai, had we been living in the time of Our Lord and heard one of His admirable discourses, we should certainly have considered it a crime to lend to so divine a word an indifferent ear. But is that word of God any less worthy of our respect now in the mouth of His appointed minister who delivers it from the altar or the pulpit? True, the minister in commenting upon it may mingle with it his weakness or his ignorance; but, nevertheless, it is the word of God. Water is water, whether we drink it from an earthen mug or a silver goblet; gold is gold, whether it be tied up in the corner of a cotton handkerchief or deposited in a silk-embroidered purse; Jesus Christ was not less adorable when wrapped in the swaddling clothes of Bethlehem than when clad in the refulgent glory of Mt. Thabor; and so the word of God is none the less venerable, none the less worthy

of our respect, when dressed in the simple garb of mediocrity than when robed in the most magnificent colors with which genius can array it.

Sermons should be listened to not only with respect, but with attention. We listen to the news of the world with a vivacity that loses nothing; we read letters from relatives or friends with an interest that engraves them upon the memory. Why is it, then, that when the preacher gives us news of heaven, our true home, and lessons on the means of arriving there, we become so listless, so careless and indifferent? Why is it that, instead of listening in the depths of our hearts, as Jesus Christ orders us to do, we are so often occupied about two points only: the length of time that has elapsed since the sermon began, and the period likely to elapse before it will be finished and we may go out and forget all about it?

It is, in all probability, because we lack another disposition for properly hearing the word of God—we lack the spirit of faith. We listen to a sermon as to a profane discourse, to a political speech, a scientific or historical lecture. We listen with more or less of curiosity, of carelessness or of indifference. We see in the preacher simply a man. We criticise his language, his tones, his delivery, his presence; and settle in our own minds the important question whether he is a first-rate or a fifth-rate speaker. Now, were we animated with the faith that should be ours, we would view in the priest who announces God's word the ambassador of God Himself. We would listen with no other design than to seek in His divine word the means of becoming better; would beseech Him to enlighten us, to touch our hearts, and give us strength to put in practice His holy counsels. Unless we forget the man who speaks in the words that are spoken, unless we behold in the ambassador the Sovereign whom he represents, sermons will avail us nothing.

And even if we have this spirit of faith, even if we listen to the priest as to God Himself, unless we apply it to our individual selves, the word will still prove ineffectual. It will be merely a seed carried away by the wind. One reason why so many instructions have proved of little or no profit to us is that, while we have often in the course of a sermon said to ourselves, "That just suits so-and-so," we have very seldom said, "That just suits *me*." Had we acted otherwise, had we opened our hearts to the divine word, it would have revealed to us the secret affections, the hidden passions, the deliberate sins even, that deform our souls. And this, perhaps, is the best test of a profitable sermon; for, as a distinguished preacher of our time has said: "No sermon is of any use which does not make people examine their consciences." However, this quality of a sermon depends as much upon the people as upon the preacher.

Fidelity in taking practical resolutions is the final essential to the fruitfulness of our listening to the word of God. Of little use will it be to behold our miseries in the mirror of the preacher's words, if, forgetting what we have seen, we take no means of correcting ourselves, no resolution to effect a reformation in our mode of life and action. We profit by God's word only inasmuch as we have patience to reform and vanquish ourselves, even as those of whom Christ said: "Who, in a good and perfect heart, hearing the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience." (St. Luke, viii, 15.)

O TRULY immense and admirable goodness of our God, which has been pleased to grant thee, O sovereign Mother, to us miserable sinners as our advocate; in order that thou, by thy powerful intercession, mayst obtain all thou pleasest for us!—*St. Bonaventure.*

Notes and Remarks.

That pensions are paid by our government to thousands of beneficiaries who have no just claim upon the country has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated of late years, and the agitation now going on with the view of purging the pension-rolls of all but genuine claimants should succeed. The fact that there are some six thousand more "survivors" of the war drawing pensions than the actual number of real survivors, and that nearly two hundred thousand other "survivors" are demanding their portion of the pension plunder, indicates that fraud is rampant in this department of public accounts, and that the evil has grown too great to admit of further delay in combating it. Even the politicians admit this, though they are as culpable as the patriots. No American citizen begrudges the money paid to those pensioners whose names form a veritable roll of honor, but everyone feels that it is high time to restrain fraudulent veterans and pettifogging pension attorneys.

Perhaps one reason why everybody loves the Little Sisters of the Poor is that they have adhered literally to the purpose of their founder. In spite of bribes and temptations under many forms, they continue to care for the poor and to beg their daily bread. According to a late dispatch, the Little Sisters in Chicago were offered an annuity from the Ryerson estate; but the Mother General declined it with thanks, saying: "If we accepted such gifts instead of begging, we would cease to be the Little Sisters of the Poor, and would become the Little Sisters of the Rich." Such answers are uncommon enough to deserve passing notice.

We commend the following resolution adopted recently by the Presbyterian synod of Montana: "Never to enter a field in which any evangelical branch of the church of Christ is already supplying the religious needs of the people, until, after a careful investigation, there is reason to believe that there is both a demand and a need

for our work." This is a sign of the times. One Protestant missionary that we know of goes a step farther and advocates the withdrawal from Catholic countries, declaring that the members of the Church of Rome can be saved in their own communion. Half a century ago such a contention would not be listened to. The world really does move. Of course the resolution of the Presbyterian synod implies the acceptance of the indifferentist doctrine that one religion is as good as another; but, the one true religion being set aside, we don't find much difficulty in admitting the truth of that saying. Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist,—what real difference is there among them, any way? Any step toward unity among the sects is full of significance. Formerly they were united only in opposition to the Church. The day is surely coming when the followers of Christ will be gathered into one. "The sign is on."

A Methodist journal, echoing the teaching of the Pope on the subject of religious education, might well cause hard-shell orthodoxy to stare and gasp, if the sects had not already exhausted sensationalism. Referring to the Apostolic Letter elicited by the Manitoba iniquity, the *Western Christian Advocate* says:

While we have little sympathy with denominational as against public schools, we confess to an admiration of the fidelity of the Roman Catholics to childhood. Protestants are slow to realize the tremendous perils and possibilities of the child life. Let the church hold its youth until the sixteenth year, and its influence over them ends only with death. There is danger, in our consent to undenominational education, that the reaction shall reach the yet more dangerous extreme of atheistical education; that the Bible ruled out of the schools shall be equivalent to the Bible condemned by the schools; that prayer ignored shall be profanity tolerated. In certain sections of our cities, the danger of the infection of immorality is imminent and dreadful. Children from the slums and tenement houses—with no conception of modesty, profane, vulgar and sometimes indecent, and yet not knowing that they are such, native to sin and vice,—are seated side by side with delicate and modest little girls from the best Christian homes, protected only by the watchfulness of overworked teachers. Parents who can afford it, and many who must sacrifice in order thereto, will send their children to private schools, where such exposure

and danger are reduced to the minimum. But only the few can do this; the great majority in such wards must choose between education under these perilous conditions and no education worthy the name.

It is now no longer necessary to labor to bring American Protestants to right ideas regarding education. The vast majority are already convinced of the necessity of some sort of religious training in the schools. But, so far as we have seen, no satisfactory definite plan has ever been proposed to replace the present school system. Until Catholic leaders are prepared to suggest such a plan, all further moral-pointing and argumentation are vain.

Of the manifestations that proclaim this to be an age of advertising, a writer in the *Critic* says: "The wife of the President of the United States has been utilized to advertise a particular brand of tobacco. Our greatest preacher has been paraded across the nation in the name of a famous soap. The dead face of a martyred President looks out from a thousand bill-boards, to spread the fame of a kidney and liver cure. . . . Ex-President Harrison is employed by *The Ladies' Home Journal*; Gladstone is an advertising agency for books; and the Prime-Minister of China, not to be outdone by civilization, has put the serene Mongolian seal of his Oriental face upon a pill." There are doubtless many thousands of our people who see nothing incongruous in any of these connections—and if they don't see the incongruity at once, it is a hopeless endeavor to point it out to them,—but there are other thousands who deplore, equally with the *Critic's* writer, this ultimate reduction of literary and artistic fame to strictly business level. It is not an uplifting tendency, and it holds no promise of our future greatness in anything but material wealth—which is a desirable thing in its way, but not the greatest thing in the world.

The teachers in our schools could do more than they are doing to counteract some of the evil tendencies of the newspaper. Children should be taught, for one thing, to distinguish between fame and notoriety, and to despise newspapers that do not so dis-

tinguish. As it is, the youthful mind is perplexed whether to admire more the man who is cured by Dr. Somebody's celery compound or the discoverer of a new planetoid. The latest Arctic explorer and the most successful pugilist have the same prominence in the average newspaper.

It is not surprising to us that Mr. Clement Scott has been severely criticised for his sweeping denunciation of the stage. It may be that he resorted to exaggeration for the sake of emphasis, but surely it was going too far to say: "It is really impossible for a woman to remain pure who adopts the stage as a profession." If this were true, theatre-goers would be obliged to make their favorite diversion a matter of conscience. Mr. Scott is a famous dramatic critic, and his experience of the stage extends over thirty-seven years. His opinion is, therefore, entitled to the highest consideration. We hope it will settle forever the doubtful vocations of stage-struck maidens who yearn to be a part of the hollowness and tinsel that glitter before the foot-lights. The life of an actress is undoubtedly an unwholesome life to live, but it is not necessarily an evil one. There is sin enough in the world without trying to create any more.

The Anglican archbishops acknowledge "the divine purpose of visible unity amongst Christians to be a fact of revelation,"—a fact which in these days it is important to emphasize; and there are many among their associates, lay and clerical, who are beginning to realize the truth of the Catholic contention that visible unity is not only of the well-being but of the very essence of the Church.

Bishop Lootens, whose death occurred last month, was another of the pioneer prelates whom our country owes to Belgium, the mother of missionaries. When Idaho was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic in 1860, he was named its first incumbent. His failing health proved unequal to so vast a missionary field, and after eight years he resigned and spent the rest of his strength

zealously assisting the Bishop of Vancouver. Another name recently added to the necrology is that of the venerable Vicar-General of Baltimore, Monsig. Edward McColgan. He was eighty-six years old at the time of his death, and had been pastor of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, for fifty-six years. His devotedness, his tact, and his native ability, matured by long experience, render his death a notable loss to the Catholics of Maryland. *R. I. P.*

Somewhat as a sequence to the Rev. Dr. Rainsford's plea for the church as a sort of meritorious club, comes the project of another Episcopalian minister, this time in Jersey City, in establishing a dancing school in his church. Commenting on this innovation, the *N. Y. Sun* pertinently remarks: "If the churches are to enter into the field of amusement, entertainment, and polite accomplishments, may they not eventually monopolize the business? If a church can properly be used as a dancing school, why should it not also be turned into a ballroom? Why should it not make provision for card parties, 'smoking concerts,' and convivial entertainments of all kinds? Why might it not be turned into a theatre on weekdays, used as a training school for bicyclists, tennis players, wrestling matches, sparring matches, and all athletic contests which can be carried on indoors?"

The Protestants of Germany are now taking more kindly to Catholic priests who extend the kingdom of God and, incidentally, the empire of the Hohenzollerns. A couple of martyred missionaries in China proved very convenient to William recently; and a Protestant correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* confesses sweetly: "We can not help acknowledging that the quiet, earnest work of the Catholic missions in our African colonies arouses our sympathies, and proves to be a blessing to our possessions." The same writer pays an honest tribute to the devotedness of the German missionaries, which all will be glad to read:

The manner in which the blacks are educated to work as well as to pray, the simplicity and faith of the missionaries, are indeed admirable. Their

maxim, *Ora et labora*, is followed at all their stations; hence their success. It is of evident advantage to the natives that they are taught to handle the chisel, the hammer, and other tools. We often hear it said that the Catholics can show better results because they have more money. We rather doubt the truth of this assertion.

Near a trading-station on the coast is a Protestant mission established ten years ago. It has a nice home and a handsome chapel. A Catholic mission was established in the neighborhood two years ago, and the work of the Fathers is so remarkable that it strikes not only the natives but every stranger who visits the place. The priests not only lead in prayer but they show the negroes how to work. Handsome buildings have been raised and furnished by the natives under their direction, all with material found in the neighborhood. Our Protestant brothers try to belittle these efforts.

Yet how simple, how modest, is the life of these Catholic missionaries! They never give offence by joining in gossip. And if a colonist is ill, be he Protestant or Catholic, he will always find the priests ready to attend and comfort him. We can only hope that the Protestant missionaries, who, no doubt, do their duty nobly in some places, will vie with the Catholics.

Father Heuser's masterly essay on the condition of infants who die unbaptized has again raised that old question to the dignity of a living issue. The fisherfolk of Brittany settled the matter to their satisfaction many centuries ago. According to an old Breton legend, children who die without baptism wander through the air in the form of birds, making plaintive little cries. People who know no better sometimes mistake them for birds. At the end of the world St. John the Baptist will baptize them, and then they will fly away into heaven. This is poetry, of course, not theology; but on this point poets are just as wise as theologians. The Church has never pronounced on the question, and we can not conceive that she ever will do so. It is enough to know that parents who neglect to have their children baptized are guilty of a grievous sin; the innocent babe, lacking baptism through no fault of its own, may be safely left to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

Dr. J. B. Mattison, writing in the *North American Review*, offers welcome testimony that "narcotic inebriety is on the wane" in our country. Since doctors began to make hypodermic injections, forty years

ago, the growing popularity of morphine, chloral and cocaine has "involved a host of victims, and brought more of sorrow to soul and body than the world will ever know." Priests no less than conscientious physicians were appalled by the ravages wrought by narcotic pain-killers, which were in reality nerve-wreckers. But the toxic tide has turned. Experience has shown that cocaine is far more noxious and far less useful than medical science had at first supposed. Chloral has yielded to less harmful narcotics, notably trional; and morphine has given place to codeine, which relieves the pain of the sufferer without alluring him to ruin. Dr. Mattison believes that morphia syringes will grow rusty when the virtues of electricity as a pain-reliever come to be fully appreciated. "Touching the latter," he says, "we wish to lay special stress on the galvanic current as a power against pain, and to express a belief that it is not appreciated and used by medical men in general as it deserves." We hope Dr. Mattison is right. Anything which restricts the use of morphine, opium, cocaine or chloral will be a general blessing.

An Episcopalian contemporary, the *Catholic Champion*, has just learned, with a shock of surprise, that a layman was once elected Pope, and died before he could receive orders. The discovery may aid our Anglican friends to understand the difference between the Papacy, a matter of jurisdiction, and the episcopate, a matter of orders. But our friends need not go back so far for an example of this distinction. In 1831 Cardinal Cappellari was elected Pope, and took the name of Gregory XVI. From the moment when he accepted the papal office he was the true Head of the Church; he could teach infallibly under the proper conditions; could decree, govern, name or depose bishops, and perform any other act of jurisdiction. But he could not ordain a priest nor consecrate a bishop, because he did not possess the requisite orders. He had first to receive episcopal consecration from bishops who were inferior to him in dignity, and who held from him their sees and their jurisdiction. We are surprised at our contemporary's surprise.

Notable New Books.

RETREAT CONFERENCES FOR CONVENTS.
Being a Series of Exhortations Addressed to Religious. By the Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. R. Washbourne.

This handsomely printed volume contains twenty-three discourses, so arranged as to comprise a retreat of eight days. We venture to say that there is no work in the language from the attentive reading of which religious who are prevented from making a retreat in common can derive greater profit. Father Cox is not prolix, and his object would seem to be to set his readers athinking rather than to do their thinking for them. Still he is very practical, and his meaning is always clear. He is never exaggerated, exclamatory or lurid; but simple, earnest and reasonable. The discourses abound in quotations from Holy Scripture, admirably appropriate in every instance; and they are sometimes repeated in a most effective way. The conferences on the vows are especially excellent: they are not calculated to alarm or confuse, but to encourage and fortify. We welcome this volume, and hope that it may soon replace some mischievous translations that we know of. It deserves a place in the library of every convent in the world where there are English-speaking members.

A BENEDICTINE MARTYR IN ENGLAND.
Being the Life and Times of Dom John Roberts, O. S. B. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Bliss, Sands & Co.

John Roberts was an Oxford man who left England a Protestant, and, after some years' residence in France and Spain, returned to his own country a Catholic and a Benedictine monk. In 1610, when he was thirty-five years of age, he was apprehended while he was repeating the last words of the Mass in a private house, and taken off to prison in the priestly vestments. His words and bearing before his judges prove him to have been a man of superior mind as well as of noble character; but his fate was foreordained, and his trial was a remarkable travesty upon justice—remarkable even in that day. Those fatuous persons who pretend that no priest was ever put to death

in England for the mere offence of being a priest ought to examine the trial of Father Roberts and his companion, Father Somers; for although the usual charge of treason was trumped up against them, no serious attempt was made to prove it. When Father Somers was charged with being a priest and a traitor, he answered: "Priest I am, but no traitor." The Recorder said, "That will do"; and, turning to the jury, he added, "You have heard that he confesses he is a priest, and this is enough for you to find him guilty." The persecutors could shackle the bodies of these brave priests, but they could not seal their lips; and before the trial ended they were compelled, though reluctantly, to listen to an excellent sermon on the oneness of the true Church and the enormity of heresy.

Dom Camm has made a biography of Dom Roberts which scholars will read with delight. The biographer, like his subject, is an Oxford man who left England a Protestant, and, after some years, returned a Catholic and a monk. His work has been a labor of love, as one sees in every page. It is handsomely published.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS KILBY SMITH, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. 1820-1887. By his Son, Walter George Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The family and friends of Gen. Smith especially will be grateful for this handsome volume. It is the loving tribute of a worthy son to a noble father,—a memoir of one whose life was honorable, and whose services to his country deserved to be recorded. There were several generals named Smith that distinguished themselves during our great Civil War, and it is somewhat singular that two of the most prominent should have been Catholics, converts to the Church. Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith entered upon his military career as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 54th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in September, 1861, and served throughout the war. His gallant and meritorious services in the first battles in which he took part attracted the attention of superior officers, and before long he was in command of a brigade. But his advancement was tardy. He had the misfortune of being separated from Gen.

Sherman by the Red River expedition, and it was only on the 13th of March, 1865, that he was brevetted as major-general of volunteers. With this high rank he was honorably mustered out of the service of the United States. It is pleasant to note that the promotion had been urged by that other Gen. Smith to whom we have referred, as "a simple act of justice."

This volume will be welcome to the future historian for the light it throws on obscure points of our war history, and for the glimpses it affords of the inner life of some of our greatest generals. Many of the letters which Mr. Smith presents to his readers are of the highest interest. The volume concludes with a character sketch of Gen. Smith, from the pen of his second son, the beloved Father Maurice, of the Congregation of the Passion, who died a few years ago in South America.

SERMONS FOR ALL THE SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A. Two Volumes. Pustet & Co.

A marked characteristic of these discourses is their practicability. There is more fire than flash, more meat than music. There is variety, too, in the hundred sermons that compose these two volumes; for the chief festivals of the liturgical year are also represented. At the end of the second volume there are triduums for the Holy Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, and the souls in purgatory; also a short retreat of four sermons for a young men's sodality. The author uses Scriptural quotation well when he uses it at all; and his work will doubtless be welcomed by the clergy, and those of the laity who live in country places, or who, for other reasons, can not hear sermons regularly.

INDIA: A SKETCH OF THE MADURA MISSION. By H. Whitehead, S. J. Burns & Oates.

The object of this quaint little book is to bring before the English-speaking public the status and needs of the Diocese of Trichinopoly, which has a population of 4,500,000 souls and only 200,458 Catholics. The mission was founded by the famous Father de Nobili in 1606, and seems to have suffered many vicissitudes. To facilitate administration, it has been divided into

three districts—viz., the Northern, Central, and Southern. A great movement of conversion is now experienced in the South. Wherever the missionaries go they are surrounded by pagans, who beseech them to build a chapel and send them a catechist. We sincerely hope that this volume may attain its object—viz., to bring substantial aid to the Mission of Madura. If Catholics would only read books like this and take an interest in foreign missions, they would understand how money contributed for the propagation of the faith had best be expended. We hope the day has gone by when appeals to American Catholics for the erection or support of shrines in Italy and elsewhere will ever again be heeded, in view of the pressing needs of the Church in pagan lands.

THE HOLY MASS WORTHILY CELEBRATED.

From the French of Abbé Chaignon, S. J. By the Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

Bishop de Goesbriand's preface to this work concludes with these words: "The translator considers this book so admirable that he feels impelled to say to every priest on earth, '*Tolle, lege!*'" The Abbé Chaignon enjoys deserved popularity among the French clergy, and we are glad to say that this treatise on the Holy Sacrifice has all the best qualities of his "*Sacerdotal Meditations.*" There is the same solidity of matter, the same freshness, and the same familiarity with Holy Scripture and hagiography.

The first part of this volume deals with the due preparation for Mass, and aims at impressing more vividly upon priests the sublime character of the Holy Sacrifice, the piety required for its worthy celebration, and its richness as a mine of spiritual treasure. The other half is a detailed study of the Mass in all its parts, with reflections and suggestions calculated to foster and increase priestly fervor. The latter half is especially admirable as an aid to a better spiritual and intellectual appreciation of the Sacrifice. The footnotes alone contain a mass of valuable hints not usually found in priestly manuals.

No translation could be expected to hold all the charm of Abbé Chaignon's French

style, but we may say that Mgr. de Goesbriand has been more successful with this volume than with most of his other translations. In its English form, the book is fervent without being exclamatory, and it is only occasionally that one becomes conscious that it was originally written in French.

OUR LADY OF AMERICA. By the Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp. John Murphy & Co.

The shrine of Guadalupe is every year becoming better known outside of Mexico, especially since its solemn "coronation." That it has not yet become a popular place of pilgrimage for Americans is mainly due to the non-Latin complexion of our people. We are not a nation of pilgrims.

"I believe," says Father Lee, "that the Mother of God appeared on this continent, and spoke to its people, and left them a wondrous memorial of her visit." Father Lee's own faith in Guadalupe is so strong that it overcomes the historical temper at times. The Mexican shrine must be accepted on its historical basis and on the evidence of clearly established miracles; we may invite but we can not demand belief so long as there is any reasonable ground for doubt. Over-credulity has done more harm to genuine religion than under-belief has done; and in the case of Guadalupe truth compels us to say that neither the historical documents nor the "miracles" are so overmastering as to make reasonable doubt impossible.

This much being said by way of qualification, we commend Father Lee's account of the shrine as a pious and learned book. He has spared no labor to make this a worthy offering to Our Lady, and he has succeeded. It is a readable account of a famous sanctuary, which at least deserves to be better known.

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. By the Rev. William Stang, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

The solid learning and enlightened piety of the author of this work are in evidence on every page. It was primarily intended as a text-book for the students of the American College, Louvain; but the need of such a manual for priests making their ecclesiastical studies elsewhere (there being no work

on pastoral theology in English) induced the author to publish his book in this country. The welcome given to the first edition has encouraged him to prepare a second, which has been carefully revised and considerably enlarged. This excellent volume deserves a place on the book-shelves of every priest, and should be diligently studied in all our seminaries.

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. C. P. Smith, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis; the Very Rev. T. F. Mangan, the Archdiocese of Chicago; the Rev. M. H. McGrath, Diocese of Portland; and the Rev. M. W. Shallo, S. J., of Santa Clara College, California, who lately passed to their reward.

James M. Tiernan, Esq., of Salisbury, N. C., whose happy death took place on the 27th ult.

Mrs. A. Brandl, who died a precious death November 21st, at Asheville, N. C.

Mrs. Anna M. Miller, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Mary Cannon, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 30th ult., in Chicago.

Mr. Philip G. Plunkett, Mr. John Plunkett, Mr. Joseph Lacey, Mr. James McGrath, and Mrs. Mary Campbell,—all of Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. R. V. Wheeler, San José, Cal.; Dr. Michael C. O'Toole, Glendalough, Cal.; Mrs. Ellen Coon, Osage, Iowa; Mr. W. H. McCall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Dwyer, Eugene-Lyons, and Thomas Quigley, Glens Falls, N. Y.; James Fanning, Anna Baxter, Patrick Donohue, and Miss Catherine Keimer, Princeton, Ind.; Mrs. Sarah Fitzgerald, Millersburg, Iowa; Miss Celia E. McQueeny, Ashton, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brady, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Marcella Cunningham, Mrs. Hannah Devlin, Mrs. Catherine Cassidy, Mrs. Bridgid Hughes, Mrs. Elizabeth Concannon, and Mr. William O'Brien,—all of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget McNicholls, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Helen Rielly, Watertown, Wis.; Mr. Michael J. O'Meara, New York city; Mr. Martin Key, Mr. John Bowe, and Mrs. Kyrán Phelan, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland; Mrs. Anna Ahern, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Joseph F. Whitman, Mr. James Dunn, Mr. Francis P. Rourke, Thomas and Michael Norton, Mrs. James O'Reagan, and Mr. Lawrence Ledwitch,—all of New Haven, Conn.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Two Wishes.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

MAY the little word "Here!"
 When your name is call'd,
 Bring a transient glow to the cheek of Pain;
 Soothe you but one woe
 That the heart may know,
 You'll not have liv'd in vain.

May the little word "Gone!"
 Be for those you love
 A keepsake of Grief; thro' long after years
 A hazel wand
 In Friendship's hand,
 To find the source of tears.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

VIII.—A QUIET TALK.

RUNNING into the sewing-room the next evening, Mary Ann saw Sister Mary busy with a piece of work, and sat down to help her. The others had retired; there was no sound save a gentle ripple of laughter, which came at intervals from the Sisters' recreation room, which was situated under the room in which they were.

"How happy the Sisters seem!" said Mary Ann, after listening to one of those outbursts.

"And they are quite as happy as they seem," was the reply.

"Before I came here," said the girl—"it was over a year ago,—I read once, in the paper Uncle Jake used to get, about a book some woman wrote against convents and Sisters. It was awful; and just as I was reading it Uncle Jake came in, and he snatched it out of my hand and said: 'Mary Ann, that isn't any reading for you.' But I'd read some of it before he came."

"And did you believe it, Mary Ann?" asked Sister Mary.

"No, I didn't. I don't ever want to believe anything bad of any one, if I can help it; but if I was inclined to, Uncle Jake was so down on it that I couldn't. I thought it strange at the time that he should trouble himself about what kind of book I read; for he always let me do pretty much as I liked. He's such a good man, Sister!"

"I do not doubt it," was the reply. "When I was a girl of your age I had a dislike of everything Catholic. When I was sent to a convent boarding-school, I felt exactly as though I were going to the penitentiary. Indeed, I think I felt worse; for I was terrified at the unknown horrors I expected to meet there. If I had been free to follow my own inclination, I believe I would have far preferred to go to a reform school rather than enter that academy."

"Did they make you go any way?"

"It came about in this manner," said Sister Mary, after a moment's thought. "It is not customary for religious to talk about their past lives, but in a general way there is nothing objectionable in it."

One, must judge by circumstances, and I think in this case they are favorable to the telling of my little story. It may benefit you. I was obliged to go where my guardians sent me. My parents had died when I was a little girl; and I lived with an aunt, who was a pious Methodist. So prejudiced against Catholics was she that she would not employ a servant who professed that religion. I had actually gone a block out of my way, more than once, to avoid meeting the priest of the place, whom I now remember as a fine-looking, pleasant gentleman, who had a kind word and a sweet smile for everyone he met.

"When I was fifteen my aunt also died. One of my guardians, a widower with an only child, placed me at a convent school, where it had been arranged that I should go; as the other, a lawyer with a large family, probably did not care to add another to the list. I went much against my will; though I made no outward resistance, having been too well brought up for that. I shrank from the black garb of the Sisters; I could not bear to look into their faces, feeling positively afraid of them. For a month I awoke every night in terror at what might possibly be about to befall me. I grew thin and pale; I would not be comforted.

"But the Sisters were very kind: they did everything they could to make me happy. One day I was reading my Testament during the recreation hour, hiding behind the stairway, trying to make out the chapter by the light of a tiny window high up in the wall. I must have made some noise; for presently I saw a black-veiled head, and I hurried to hide the book. It was Reverend Mother on her way from the parlor, where she had been seeing a visitor.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked, very kindly.

"Nothing, Mother," I replied, timidly; for I thought my hour had come. You

may find it difficult to believe, my child, but I anticipated some terrible punishment for having absented myself from recreation."

"But why?" inquired Mary Ann. "If the Sisters had always been kind, and the other girls liked them, how could you have been so much afraid? I can not understand it."

"Nor can I explain it," was the reply. "I was naturally timid, no doubt; and the stories I had heard refused to be banished from my mind."

"But there must be something the matter, my child," Reverend Mother continued, taking me gently by the hand and drawing me into the full light of the hall. "You are homesick, perhaps?"

"No," I answered; "I have never had any home to speak of."

"We wish you to be happy with us. Is any one here unkind to you, or are you in want of anything?"

"Before I could reply, my Testament—which had been slipping from under my apron, where I was trying to hold it with my free hand—fell to the floor. I am almost sure my teeth chattered as Reverend Mother stooped to pick it up. Yet when I thought that perhaps she would confiscate it or burn it, and that I should never see it again, my courage returned and I cried out:

"Oh, please do not tear it up or burn it! It belonged to my dear dead mother. Do give it back to me!"

"Still holding it in her hand, she replied, with a kind smile:

"And why should I destroy it or take it away, my child? The New Testament! Why have you found it necessary to read it in hiding, my dear?"

"I thought you would not allow me to read it," I sobbed. "They told me Catholics never read the Bible,—that they burned it up whenever they found it; and I was afraid?"

"Who told you this?" she asked.

"Everyone—or nearly everyone—at home," I replied. "They said Catholics would not keep a Bible in the house. I have been told that as far back as I can remember."

"Have you ever remarked, during the short time you have been here," she asked, "that on Sundays Father Bolton reads the Gospel from a New Testament?"

"I always put my fingers in my ears," I answered. "I have never heard him."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, scarcely able to keep from laughing. "And why do you do that, my dear?"

"Because I do not want to hear the Catholic doctrine," I replied.

"Ah, you are a little bigot indeed!" she remarked. "But there is no need that you should go into dark corners in order to read your Bible, my child. In future take it with you to the chapel and read it during Mass in the mornings."

"I was astonished, and asked:

"May I really do that, Mother?"

"Of course you may," she said. "I am very glad to see you so fond of reading it."

"She then gave it back to me, and I thanked her. Grown bold by this unexpected kindness, I said:

"May I ask something else, Reverend Mother?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"I do not like to kneel during the services in the chapel. May I sit down after this?"

"By all means," she answered. "Have you not noticed that Adele and Fanny Meyer do not kneel?"

"Yes; but the girls told me it was because they were Jewesses,—that the Jews never kneel."

"Protestants may sit down also; but you are the only girl that has asked to do so for some time. Were you not accustomed to kneel at your bedside night and morning when you said your prayers? I am sure such a staunch little Bible-reader as you are never omits that sacred duty."

"But that is different," I said; adding, "I fear very rudely, though I did not realize it at the time: 'I kneel to God then.'"

"Assuredly. And to whom do we Catholics kneel?"

"In the chapel?" I asked.

"Yes—anywhere?" she said.

"Saying prayers night and morning by one's bedside, I suppose you kneel to God."

"And in the chapel?"

"There you worship the statues, and the piece of bread the priest lifts up.)*"

"I spoke very confidently; I blush for it even yet. Reverend Mother looked grave for a moment.

"My poor little girl!" she said compassionately.

"I felt that I had said too much; I could not look at her, and kept my eyes on the floor. Presently she placed her hand under my chin, lifting my head until she could look into my eyes. Then she said, in the gentlest of voices:

"You are in error about many things, my child. After you are with us a little longer you will recognize this yourself; I am sure of it. Until you voluntarily go on your knees before that "piece of bread" which you wrongfully think we adore *as bread*, you may retain your seat in the chapel during Mass and Benediction."

"Thank you!" I said, and I felt very grateful. But I could not refrain from adding: "That time will never come, Reverend Mother,—*never!*"

"She looked at me gravely. 'As God wills,' she said, turning away."

"I wouldn't have thought you could have been so set as that, Sister," said Mary Ann. "You must excuse me for saying it, but it seemed kind of hard to talk that way to her, when she was so nice."

Sister Mary smiled.

"That is what I have thought, Mary Ann," she said.

* An actual remark.

"And how did you come to do it at last?" inquired the girl.

"I shall have to cut my story short," was the reply. "It is getting late: I hear the Sisters going to the chapel for night prayers. Besides, there is a great deal that you could not understand. But I will say this much. At the end of a year, one morning when the girls were receiving their first Holy Communion, I knelt and adored the God whom they were about to take into their pure young souls. I had battled with myself a long time, however, before I could do this. I believed, but I could not acknowledge it. Pride had much to do with keeping me back."

"And, after all, you became a nun?" said Mary Ann.

"Yes. As soon as I was a Catholic I had no doubt of what Our Lord wanted me to do. I did not resist that call."

"It must be lovely to be a Sister," continued Mary Ann. "I should think most all the Catholic young girls would remain at the convent. There can't be anything more lovely in the whole world than kneeling and praying in that sweet chapel. It's like heaven itself, Sister: the pretty windows, and the shining floor with that one strip of crimson carpet down the middle; and the white altar with those lovely golden candlesticks, such as we read of in the Bible; and the sweet smell of fresh blooming flowers all the time. And the stillness—O Sister, the stillness! I like that best of all—better than the singing even; though that's fine, especially when *you* sing. You have a heavenly voice."

Sister Mary smiled.

"But one can not be in the chapel all the time, Mary Ann. There is work to be done."

"Yes, I know that, Sister. It must be nice to take care of the chapel and tend the flowers in the garden, like Sister Carmelita and Sister Antonia."

"Perhaps you may some day," said

Sister Mary. "Indeed, stranger things have happened."

"Could I be a Catholic any time—just now, Sister?"

"Oh, no! You would first have to be sure that you desired it; then you would have to get the permission of your uncle, and be carefully instructed. The Church is very slow to accept converts, my child."

"Uncle Jake wouldn't mind," rejoined Mary Ann. "He'd like whatever I wanted to be. But Aunt Lizzie would take on awfully, I'm afraid."

"Pray that Almighty God may give you light and grace, my dear. You do pray fervently, I know."

"I've never missed night or morning prayer since I learned the 'Our Father' from Uncle Jake. It isn't exactly like the one you say here, Sister."

"Yes, I know. God never permits any sincere prayer to go unanswered. Pray to do His will always, dear child. And now good-night!" said Sister Mary, turning off the gas.

It was late that night before Mary Ann slept. She had a deeply religious soul, which had been kept wonderfully pure and unspotted from the world. She was gentle, patient, and conscientious; she had been laying up for herself treasures in heaven during the years she lived under her aunt's uncompromising iron rule. Daily she had prayed for strength; often, in her humility, accusing herself of sloth or incapacity, in a vain effort to seek an excuse for the injustice and persecution to which she was subjected. She had hardly set foot in the convent before she began to admire the Catholic religion—or at least that part of it which she could understand—all that was evident to her senses. For the first time in her life she was tasting peace, and her heart expanded under its beneficent touch.

She had been much interested in Sister Mary's recital. Already the gentle nun

had become to her the ideal of all that was good and beautiful. She found it difficult to believe that she could ever have been the prejudiced creature she had described. She was pleased also to have been made the recipient of her confidence. The Sister, though always kind, was very reserved with regard to herself. It never occurred to Mary Ann that such confidence might have been inspired by any qualities in herself. Her soul was full of a sweet humility,—of the kind which worldly persons often term a lack of spirit, but which is near akin to spirituality—a gift of God to His saints.

(To be continued.)

Sun-Dials, Old and New.

Here and there, even in our new America, is to be found a sun-dial which marks the hours while it adorns a garden; but in the older countries they are far more common. Even there, however, they are growing to be things of the past; and antiquarians are collecting them in anticipation of the time when they will be as rare as a scold's bridle or a turnspit. The mottoes on these relics of another period are quaint, and often contain a lesson which the bustling crowds of to-day would do well to heed. Here is one, of which a bishop was the author:

Amyddst ye floweres
I tell ye houres.
Tyme wanes away
As floweres decaye;
Beyond ye tombe
Freshe flowerets bloome.
So man shall ryse
Above ye skyes.

Here is another: "As a shadow, so does life pass." Above the porch of a fine old Norman church at Bakewell, England, is a sun-dial with the quotation: "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." *Hora pars vitæ*—"The hour is a portion of life"—seemed to be a favorite

inscription with the sun-dial makers; as was also, "How quickly the pleasant days have passed away!"

One of the Deans of Bangor had a very competent but surly gardener, who used to say to all who approached his domain: "Go about your business!" After he died the Dean, who was very fond of him in spite of his gruffness, had this inscription engraved upon the dial in the garden: "*Goa bou tyo urb us in ess.*" You will have no difficulty in deciphering this; but travellers usually mistook it for a Welsh motto, which greatly amused the Dean.

Dr. Young, who wrote the "Night Thoughts," portions of which have doubtless been parsed by many of our young people, had the words, "Alas, how fleeting!" cut upon a sun-dial in his garden. They proved prophetic; for one night a thief broke in and carried off dial, inscription and all.

It used to be the custom to place a dial near a wayside cross; and as the cross gave man hope of eternity, so the shadow on the dial reminded him of the flight of time. You find them now near little country churches. I remember one with its four mottoes—one on each side—running like this: "After darkness, light." "Alas, how swift!" "I warn while I move." "So passes life." They ever warn—of death, of the shortness of life, of the end of all human things. And they are, too, a reproof to the whole army of grumblers; for, as they often tell us, they number only the sunny hours. We keep a record of the sadnesses and clouds and griefs; not so the sun-dials.

Perhaps as beautiful an inscription for a sun-dial as was ever penned was written by our own Whittier:

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show
There's light above me by the shade below.

FRANCESCA.

A Gunpowder Hero.

On the third floor of a large warehouse in London there was stored, many years ago, a great quantity of gunpowder. One barrel had been opened for examination and had not been closed again. A clerk happened to be sent upstairs one evening upon some errand, and lighted his way with a "tallow dip"—a candle without a candlestick. Being a heedless fellow, when he entered the room where the powder was stored he rested his tallow dip in the midst of the explosive in the open barrel. Then suddenly he realized that one spark would let loose a force that would tear him in pieces and lay waste the entire neighborhood, and he turned and ran as if fiends pursued him.

When he screamed out his story to the excited people downstairs, they, in their turn, fled into the streets, and there was a general panic. There might be time to lift the candle from the powder before it fell, or a spark fell from it, but who would be daring enough to try to do this? Ah, there was one hero among that terrified, fleeing host!

One man groped his way through the dark passage, and up the narrow stairs into the powder room. In a corner was a faint glimmer, which he knew came from the candle. The little white pillar was aslant in the powder. There was no time to lose. He took both hands, shut the candle between them, and drew it gently from the deadly black grains. As he lifted it out a piece of the burning wick fell upon his finger and burned it. But he did not mind that. Better his finger than the powder; and the lives of hundreds—for it was a densely populated neighborhood—were saved.

The terrible explosive, gunpowder, has been the occasion of many another daring deed where the most desperate resolution has been required, but the history of

these events is so thrilling that perhaps one is enough to relate at a time. The steel-clad knight has disappeared, and many mourn on account of the belief that chivalry disappeared with him; but honor, loyalty and courage will never die as long as danger and disaster menace, and men are willing to lay down their lives for their fellows.

The Watchmen.

Though a carefully organized police system seems an absolute necessity in our cities, people appear to have got on well enough without policemen seventy years ago. Then, however, they had watchmen, who walked along the streets carrying a lantern and crying aloud the hour of the night. In some respects the watchmen were more serviceable than our policemen, for they also announced the state of the weather. "Past ten o'clock and a rainy night!" was one form of their greeting; and even a "thunder and lightning night" was duly announced.

They also bellowed out important bits of news in a tone loud enough to awake slumberous citizens. When information reached Philadelphia, two hours after midnight, that Cornwallis had surrendered, and that the great Revolutionary war was probably ended, the watchmen rushed through the streets shouting at the top of their voices: "Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" And the people were glad enough to be awakened by such good news.

The "town crier," too, was an officer well known to our grandfathers. Whenever a child was lost, for instance, the crier marched through the town, picking up information. To the present generation, the watchmen and the town crier seem rather ridiculous; but perhaps in olden days people did not need to be watched as closely as they do now.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is good news that the Marquis of Bute is about to publish a new edition of his valuable translation of the Roman Breviary. "For several years," says the *Athenæum*, "the first edition has been out of print; and even second-hand copies of it have of late been difficult to procure. The new edition will contain many corrections and additions."

—Many persons will welcome the latest edition of the New Testament just published by Benziger Brothers. It is a 12mo volume, with round corners and red edges, carefully printed from new plates, cast from large, readable type. The paper is good and the binding durable and tasty. It is always a pleasure to see an edition of the New Testament that can be recommended without qualification.

—A pretty act of kindness brought a rich reward to the late "Lewis Carroll," whose real name was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. To please the daughter of Dean Liddell, another Anglican clergyman, Mr. Dodgson wrote a children's story which he called "Alice in Wonderland." It was afterward published and became the most popular juvenile of the day. It was also the beginning of a career which entitled Mr. Dodgson to a place in the *London Academy's* list of Forty Immortals.

—The Columbus Series of reading books are very attractive—beautifully printed from large, bold-faced type; profusely and excellently illustrated, and substantially and tastefully bound. We have examined the first book of the series, and, while we admire its workmanship, fail to see why it should be particularly recommended for use in Catholic schools. There are readers more to our liking in the hands of Catholic children everywhere. Published by the Catholic School Book Co.

—An autograph letter of Saint Francis of Assisi has just been discovered in Spoleto. It is a blessing which the Saint sent to his "beloved Brother Leo," and it was first announced in this country by Mr. Connellan, the excellent correspondent of the *Pilot*, who gives this translation of its contents: "May

the Lord bless thee and guard thee; may He show thee His face and have mercy on thee; may He turn His countenance toward thee and give thee peace, Brother Leo!" At the request of the Holy Father, this precious manuscript has been deposited in the Vatican.

—We give praise to a new prayer-book compiled by the Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I., and published by Mr. R. Washbourne. It is a ready handbook of ordinary devotions, that ought to become very popular with the faithful in England and Ireland, for whose use it is chiefly intended.

—The Catholic Art & Book Co., of San Francisco, have published for the use of schools a booklet entitled "Quotations Catholic, Patriotic, Miscellaneous." There are also supplementary readings and memory lessons. The quotations from Adelaide Procter are numerous, but in every case the name is misspelled.

—Woe be to the French-Canadian author who descends to the criminality of plagiarizing! Our argus-eyed contemporary, *La Vérité*, is tolerably safe to place him in the pillory of public infamy, and, by means of the "deadly parallel," prove a clear case of literary theft. In a recent issue *La Vérité* exposes a new aspirant to literary honors, who has not scrupled to copy passage after passage, *verbatim*, from a work of De la Blanchère. Verily, the way of the plagiarist is hard—in Quebec.

—The letter of the archbishop and bishops of the Province of Westminster in reply to the letter addressed to them by the Anglican archbishops of Canterbury and York on the subject of Anglican ordinations, makes a handsome pamphlet of 122 pp. There are eight important appendices, which include a short list of recent books and pamphlets that will be useful to those who may desire to investigate more fully the grounds of invalidity in Anglican orders. This pamphlet is published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—As a companion story to that of the old lady who said she did not like to read Shakespeare because his plays were so full of quo-

tations, comes this one of Opie Read, the Western novelist. The scene of one of his stories is laid in Arkansas. Several years ago, Mr. Read visited the locality and heard the following comment on his book from an old citizen: "Huh, that ain't no book at all. I done live heah foh fo'ty years, an' I done hearn people talk that a' way all th' time." Mr. Read's dialect must be the genuine article.

—"Dante's Vision of God," a critical analysis by Caroline K. Sherman, is an artistic booklet, in which Dante's arduous passage to Paradise, the Vision of God, is subjected to a clear, sympathetic analysis. Miss Sherman is not a Catholic, so may be pardoned for the vague considerations which conclude this brochure; but we must add that if the light of Catholic faith is ever vouchsafed the writer's subtle and cultured mind, she will come closer to the heart of Dante's meaning than her philosophy has carried her. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster. 35 cts.
 India; A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated *Chaignon-de Goesbriand.* \$1.50.
 Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid War.* \$6.
 Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.
 The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
 The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe.* 50 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 25 cts.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl.* \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.
 With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon.* \$1.50.
 The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.
 The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.
 Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave.* \$1.
 Rosemary and Rue. *Amber.* \$1.
 Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.
 The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary.* 50 cts.
 Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée.* 50 cts.
 Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.
 A History of the Protestant Reformation. *Cobbett-Gasquel.* 25 cts.
 The Wonder-Worker of Padua. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 50 cts.
 The Man of the Family. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. J. Duggan.* \$1.50, net.



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

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Three Maxims.

ALL that pleases is but for a moment:
 Flowers and streams, blue skies and
 sunny weather,
 Wealth and beauty, pride and pomp and
 glory,
 When Death's summons comes, fade all
 together.

All that troubles is but for a moment:
 Every pain that sad heart may discover,
 Cold and poverty and bitter hunger,
 Vanish when Death cries, "Now time is
 over!"

That alone is aught which is eternal:
 Life's fiercest fire is but a smouldering
 ember,
 Dropped soon to ashes—O how poor earth's
 measure
 Of joy or sorrow, did we but remember!

Recollections of the Late Maestro Capocci.

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

A TALL, ample figure, in a purple cassock and a frilled surplice; a fine, massive head, cherubic face, clean-shaven and innocent of wrinkles; rosy lips, that smiled even in repose; dark eyes, that beamed with good-nature and pleasantry; a broad, expansive forehead, from which rose precipitously a wealth of silvery hair—behold Gaetano

Capocci as I knew him! It is unnecessary to speak of him as director. The fact that he was Maestro Direttore in St. John's—the most famous *cappella* of Rome with the sole exception of the Sixtine—is in itself sufficient evidence of his capability in that office, and presupposes that he was also a composer of no ordinary merit. I would speak of him as composer and teacher—my own teacher for three years.

Capocci, as a composer, was essentially a creation of the Church, and belonged to that fine old school which gave us Basili, Zingarelli, Raimondi, Leo, Mercadante, Aldega, and a host of others. He entered the Roman Seminary when a boy, with the ultimate intention of taking orders. Music is part of the curriculum of studies in that famous institution. Capocci gave more of his mind and heart to the "divine art" poetically so called than to the divine art in reality—Theology. After receiving Minor Orders he left the Seminary. We next hear of him as the brilliant organist of St. Mary Major's. His *canzonette* in honor of the Madonna, for the Month of Mary, began to attract attention because of their religiously melodic sweetness.

When the directorship at St. John's became vacant by the appointment of Meluzzi to St. Peter's, Capocci competed for and won the baton once wielded by the immortal Pier Luigida Palestrina. This was no trifling achievement, when

we reflect upon the severe ordeal of an examination through which aspirants to the baton of a patriarchal basilica must pass. To give the reader an idea of the examination, I submit a few of the themes proposed to the competitors: specimens of single, double and triple counterpoint; a *fughetta* (little fugue) for two parts; fugues for three and four parts; grand fugue for two choirs, on the words, *Cum sanctis tuis in gloria Dei Patris. Amen*; specimens of Plain Chant harmonized in each of the seven ecclesiastical keys; aria in the free style; quartette in the free style. It will be seen from this that the late Maestro Direttore of St. John Lateran's was no novice in the art of composition.

My first introduction to the music of Capocci was at the First Vespers of the Feast of St. Cecilia, in the church of that sweet Saint in Trastevere. A new heaven to me was that church on that day. The columns swathed in red and gold; red and gold festoons pending from the arch over the altar; the altar itself a blaze of light; and, then, to think of that virgin body lying beneath it, wrapped in its robe of green silk, the bloody mark of the sword in the alabaster neck—just as blessed Pope Paschal, dream-illumined, found it in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus!

A mitred bishop intones the *Deus in adiutorium meum intende*. Capocci raises the baton—a scroll of music-paper; it falls, and the choir takes up the anthem in a colossal mass of harmony. Quivering above the harmonic mass can be heard the soprano of Mustafa, the prodigy, already at the zenith of his fame as a singer; following him, the tenor of the priest Rosati; intermediate, the rich contralto of Falcioni; and upholding it all with Atlantean vigor, the basso of Cappelloni. I was lifted into a welkin of bliss hitherto unknown to me. The music marches on triumphantly, carrying the text of the psalms on its cadential

waves. Solos, duets, terzets, quartets, in beautiful variety. Hark! the climax of the Vespers is reached. The antiphonarian intones the words *Cantantibus organis* of Cecilia's anthem: *Cantantibus organis, Cæcilia Domino decantabat, dicens, fiat cor meum immaculatum ut non confundar*,—"To the music of musical instruments Cecilia sang before the Lord, saying, Let my heart be made immaculate, that I may not be confounded."

There is a pause. Sweet, decisive chords are heard coming from the harp; then a rush of *arpeggi*; and, as you are thinking to yourself that it was no wonder David lulled the obsessed Saul into quietude, you are sweetly electrified on hearing the flute, *dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans, aëra, et auribus sedens*. Both instruments produce a prelude, and the clear voice of Rosati sings the anthem in lyric cadence—Capocci's most incontestably original composition. I can not describe it. If the strong, masculine harmonies of the Vespers entranced me, these measures of mystic melody, riding on accompanying strains of harp and flute, carried me hither and thither through a heaven of pure and delightful emotions, where I became kithless and kinless as to this world, tasting the imperturbable serenity of Melchisedech.

I can not speak of, or even mention, all Capocci's works in detail. The thoroughly religious character of his music is what I would intimate. The character is religious, not because the subject of the music is religious, but because the man was religious. There is much so-called religious music which is not religious, but "suggests the theatre and the dance," as Pius IX. said in a commendatory letter accompanying a gold medal which he gave to the Maestro. I mentioned this to him one day during a lesson. He laughed innocently, and said: "Well, I ought to be profoundly religious, for I have received all the Seven Sacraments. Baptism, when

I was old enough to be carried to the church; Penance, after I was old enough to be a bad boy; Eucharist, soon after; Confirmation; Holy Orders (Minor, strictly not 'Holy'); Matrimony, after I met Luigia; and" (becoming very serious) "I have received Extreme Unction twice."

There is another work of Capocci's that has contributed largely toward his fame, and the melodies of which are as popular in Rome to-day as were the songs of Rossini's *Tancredi* in Venice long years ago. I refer to the psalm *Laudate pueri Dominum*. Zingarelli was the first to treat the music of this psalm from the conception that the Royal Prophet was in reality speaking to a chorus or assemblage of children, and inviting them to praise the Lord. He gave to the voice of a man the first verse of the psalm, as an invitatory; the children then took up in chorus the other verses, beginning with *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*. The voice of the psalmist is heard alternately, as if urging the children—*Laudate, laudate nomen ejus*. Aldega treated the psalm in the same way, but with much happier results. Capocci surpassed both. First, the invitatory aria which he gives to the tenor is masculine, decisive, and a happy inspiration as to the melody; the chorus of the children has an infantine ring to it, that enthralls the listener at once; and the harmony to which the conception is wedded is strong and well defined. Many a brilliant inspiration becomes vapid for want of good harmony.

Capocci's success with the *Laudate pueri* emboldened him to make a new departure in treating the Mass. He produced what he called a "Theological" Mass. The *Kyrie* is sung by a choir of adults. The introduction of the *Gloria* is sung by children—"little angels"; for the angels were the first to sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." The choir of adults sings the doxological and prayerful por-

tions of the *Gloria*—the voices of the children being heard ever and anon, as if from afar, *Gloria in Excelsis*, etc. The *Credo* is sung by the adults, for they only are capable of making an act of faith. The children sing the *Sanctus*, for the reason given above; and also the *Agnus Dei*, as far as the *Miserere nobis* and *Dona nobis pacem*, which are sung by the adults; for they only are supposed to be sinners and to be in need of mercy and peace.

Who that has heard the stupendous *Miserere* of Capocci, as sung during Holy Week in the Lateran Basilica, can ever forget it? Or the prayer of Jeremias over the doomed city of God? The master is revealed in every chord of those compositions; the profound Christian, in their every prayerful and penitential cadence. I have stood in the shadow of a column of that Basilica, when the darkness was coming down apace, and felt sorrowfully repentant—aye, even more so than when kneeling in the tribunal of confession—because of the irresistible pleading of that *Miserere*. I speak now of his five-part *Miserere*, which is immeasurably superior to that *a quattro*. It is written in the severe style of Palestrina, the movement of the parts being strictly diatonic. Not one resource of modern music—though he was familiar with them all—did he use. No jumps, no complicated harmonies, no altered chords, no artful *cadenze*. Plain, solid harmony, moving as one melodic mass, is that *Miserere*. His very pauses, to use the expression of an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, "are music." I have heard the Sixtine *Miserere*: it impressed me profoundly because of its majesty. But the Lateran *Miserere* speaks to the heart and rouses the best emotions; and that, says no less an authority than Anton Reicha, is the object of music.

I fancy I see Capocci now as he came into my quiet room, in the quietest corner of the American College, after the evening

Angelus had rung the doves to their cots for the night, and us boys to our little rooms for the vesperal studies. I fancy I see again his infantine smile, and hear his rich, mellow voice give me the *buona sera*, with the sonorousness of the staid Roman he was!

Ah! but wasn't I happy, seated at the piano, playing over the ciphered *bassetti* of old Leo, and listening to his voice now and then as he bade me avoid the consecutive fifths and octaves! And when I had finished playing, we would move to the desk and look over the exercises I had written; and, these corrected, he would dictate those solemn rules on counterpoint left us as a heritage by the great Cherubini. And when I left that sanctuary of peace and learning, I returned to the city of my youthful love, to give my undivided attention to the art. And then it was I who visited the master in his own house; and that, too, in the early morning, after the Angelus had called the doves from their cots, and the city at large to life. My recollection of him now affects an ample figure habited, not in a purple cassock and surplice, as I first saw him, but in an old dressing-gown, tied around him with—a rope. And yet he was as neat in his person as a maiden.

A good didactic teacher Capocci was not. His corrections were after the fashion of old Padre Mattei, the tutor of Rossini and Donizetti, who always accompanied his corrections with the simple remark, *Questo non va bene*,—"This does not go well." When pressed for the wherefore, he would reply, sententiously: "Because it does not sound well." But he gave a tinge of intelligence to the profound love of musical composition which possessed me, and instilled indelibly in my mind some broad principles, which prepared me for subsequent guidance by a man whose name recalls all that is mystic, all that is grand, all that is progressive in modern music—Franz Liszt.

A Sprig of Acacia.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

II.

ONE beautiful evening Julien was still at work, trying hard to keep pace with the twilight, when he became aware of a loud knocking at the door below, and heard some one crying out: "The doctor! the doctor! Run for the doctor!" Seizing his cap, he hastened down the stairs, in time to see Dame Hurlepin opening the door to two or three of her acquaintances, one of whom burst forth, excitedly:

"M. Héroquez is dying! Quick, quick, call the student! The doctor may be too late. Ah, here comes M. Denery! He will surely help us."

"Come, Monsieur,—quick, quick!" said another woman, as Julien followed them without a word.

They passed out into the gathering darkness, entered a neighboring house, and hurried up the stairs, where, lying unconscious on the floor of a brilliantly lighted room, he found a stout old man, surrounded by a crowd of persons, who seemed utterly unable to render him any assistance.

Julien saw at a glance that the prostrate man had been stricken with apoplexy. After some time, he succeeded in restoring him to his senses.

While engaged in his labor of charity he had eyes only for his patient; and therefore he was astonished when the first words that came from the mouth of the sick man were: "My wife, my Claire, where are you?"

Two weeping women were at once beside him; and Julien at the same moment became aware of the fact that he had saved the life of the father of the beautiful young girl he had seen and heard in the garden.

A half hour later the family doctor arrived. He was acquainted with Julien, and approved of all that he had done, saying that the young man had doubtless saved M. Héroquez's life. Before leaving, he requested Julien to call upon the patient daily until he had completely recovered, as he would be obliged on the following morning to leave the city for some days. The student felt highly complimented at the confidence placed in him, and gladly assented.

The convalescence was rapid; and a fortnight later the young man received a present from Madame Héroquez, besides an invitation to dinner. The present consisted of a finely worked purse containing fifty dollars—the first *honorarium* of the future doctor, who looked upon it as a good omen. But the invitation to dinner pleased him still better. He would then be able to see and converse with the charming Claire.

He saw her. She was even more charming than he had thought; and she spoke to him so sweetly and kindly of the gratitude they owed him for having preserved the life of her father, that his head was completely turned.

Julien was a very impulsive young fellow; and, though in America his conduct would be considered both strange and precipitate, the course he resolved upon was not unusual in France, where such things are the custom of the country. Without considering that Claire was little more than a child—hardly seventeen years of age,—an only child at that, and probably wealthy, while he was nothing but a simple student, without position or any fortune to speak of, he resolved to ask her hand in marriage. And, although he was an orphan and a stranger, without any one to vouch for him, he put on his best coat, carefully brushed his hat, took a pair of new gloves, and sallied forth to ask M. Héroquez for the hand of his daughter.

The moment he began to speak the old gentleman's face grew purple—a circumstance which alarmed Julien not a little, even in his repressed excitement. He did not wish to be the cause of another stroke of apoplexy. But retreat was impossible, at least until he had finished. M. Héroquez closed his lips, and blew out his cheeks till they seemed almost at the point of bursting. However, with a strong effort he succeeded in containing himself for the time. But when Julien ceased speaking, the old man hesitated for a brief space, then replied, in a low but positive voice:

“Monsieur, I have already disposed of my daughter's hand. And, besides, she is entirely too young to think of marriage yet, and you also. We will not mention the subject further. I have the honor to wish you good-day.”

With these words he showed him the door; and Julien, abashed and mortified, saluted him and withdrew.

Not wishing to go home in the state of mind in which he then was, he walked down the street, hardly knowing what he was about. As he passed in front of the Sorbonne, one of his fellow-students hailed him from a cabriolet, at the same time ordering the driver to stop.

“I was going to your room,” said his friend. “Get in here, and I will tell you all about it as we go. Coachman, Rue Saint-Florentin, No. 16.”

It was the address of a celebrated physician, Dr. Bianchon.

“What is the matter?” asked Julien. “What has happened?”

“A fine windfall. A journey to go—money to make,” was the reply, as the young man climbed into the cabriolet. “One of the interns at the hospital has suddenly been taken ill: I have to replace him. Dr. Bianchon has been called to Rouen to perform an operation. He must have an assistant: you are to accompany him. Now, hurry up, hurry up; driver!

Twenty sous for a drink if you will drive as fast as possible," continued the young man; while Julien, torn between discomfiture and this new surprise, had scarcely a word to say in reply.

Meanwhile M. Héroquez hastened to his wife's room, where he let his rage burst forth unchecked.

"Oh, the impudence of the fellow!" he exclaimed. "What effrontery! A greenhorn, a simpleton, a vagabond, who has not fifteen sous to his name, I would be willing to wager! I had a mind to throw him out of the window."

"Tut, tut, *mon ami!*" said his wife. "Do not speak so loud."

"And why not? Am I not in my own house? Keep quiet yourself, Madame! I am the master."

"Well, well, I never heard the like! Nothing will come of it,—nothing has happened."

"Something *has* happened, Madame, and you are the cause of it. With your exaggerated politeness to one who was only attending to his proper business, and your absurd gratitude to a man who was paid, and well paid, for his work, what have you done, Madame?—I ask, what have you done?"

His wife remained silent.

"I'll tell you what, foolish woman, you have taught this pitiful fellow, this penniless student, to carry his head so high that he has had the impudence to demand the hand of my daughter, as though it were to be given to the first comer for the asking. I did not think such insolence was possible."

"But, my dear," replied his wife gently, not in the least moved by his anger, "what is there so astonishing or insolent in that? The young man is very fine. And he has a future before him,—Dr. Bianchon said so. I hope you have not been short with him."

"Heavens, Madame!" exclaimed the old gentleman, grinding his teeth with rage.

"I showed him the door. And I am sorry now, as I said before, that I did not throw him out of the window."

Madame Héroquez was grieved. She took out her handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes.

"It would have been noble, Monsieur,—noble indeed," she answered, in a tone which was somewhat sarcastic, "thus to add insult to injury toward one who saved your life,—but for whom you would now be lying in Père-la-Chaise."

So saying she walked slowly but with dignity from the room.

He was beside himself. Having met with reproaches where he thought to have found sympathy at least, if not an indignation equal to his own, he called after her:

"I believe you are in league with him, Célestine. I believe you sent him to me, ungrateful woman!"

She did not reply. Indeed she must have already been out of hearing of the substance of his words, though he roared at the top of his voice.

With a vigorous kick he flung open the door which led to the corridor. There stood Claire, weeping bitterly.

"*Morbleu!*" he cried, starting back.

"Since when, pray, have you adopted the beautiful and honorable habit of listening at the keyhole?"

"Oh, I did not mean to listen, papa!" sobbed the girl. "But you screamed so loud that I ran, frightened, to see what was the matter, and I could not help hearing what you said."

"A fine excuse!" sneered M. Héroquez. "Your mother was bad enough, but you—*you*—quick, out of my sight, or I will give you a good shaking!"

Nothing loath, the girl hurried away to her mother.

Left to himself, M. Héroquez turned his attention to the furniture. He threw down two or three chairs, slammed the doors, and quarrelled with the servants.

Being used to the anger of their master, they did not mind it in the least. Léon, the old butler, even went so far as to calmly hand him the evening paper, the sight of which at once seemed to exercise a soothing influence upon him. Unfolding it, he sat down and read diligently until dinner-time. He went to the table with a smiling countenance, ashamed at having made so much fuss about nothing, and hoping that his wife and daughter would meet him half way. But they both had red eyes; and he could not make Claire smile, although he brought out all the old jokes which were the usual pleasant accompaniment of the repast.

(To be continued.)

The Holy Father to His Children Far and Near.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

SWEETER than my silver trumpets
: sounding
When they peal at Eastertide in Rome
Is my voice which blesses all the faithful,
And which bids the wanderer welcome
home.

I of Christendom am still the Father:
All the woes of all the earth are mine;
Fed with milk my little ones and weakly,
Strengthened are the fainting ones with
wine.

At God's altar plead I for my people;
All alike my love and pity share:
Lazarus his bleeding wounds uncovers,
Kings their sorrows bring to Peter's Chair.

Tend'rer than the tend'rest father's chiding
Is my voice when I mine own sheep chide;
From afar the prodigal I welcome,
And his rags beneath my mantle hide.

For upon the Resurrection morning
I would see my sheep Christ's Throne
around,
Know that through the long, unending ages
They and I *Eternal* Rome had found.

Cardinal Wiseman.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

SOON afterward, Wiseman was asked by Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Quin, who became its first editor, to join them in starting the historic *Dublin Review*. That periodical has, on occasion of its diamond jubilee in 1896, told the story of its birth and life. A friend has kindly allowed us to reproduce here a very characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter of the great Liberator concerning the *Dublin Review*, and incidentally referring to Wiseman. The number of the *Review* to which the letter relates is that for October, 1838. The following are the articles contained in that number, together with the names of their authors as given by the *Review* in its jubilee number:—Anglican Claim of Apostolic Succession (Wiseman); France—Equality and Centralization (M. Stapleton); Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems (Sullivan); Carlyle's Works (T. C. Anstey, M. P.); Memoirs of Scott (J. O'Connell, M. P.); The Visible and Invisible (Steinmetz); Orators in the Reformed Parliament (Dr. Cooper); Belgium and Holland (De Coux); Retribution Due to Ireland (M. Stanton); Geraldine (Bagshawe). The last named writer was the editor of the *Review*, and remained such for nearly a quarter of a century. His services to Catholic literature were indeed great; and it is pleasant to believe that O'Connell's hasty criticism of the editor, then beginning his useful career, was soon forgotten.

The following letter is addressed to Mr. Dolman, of the firm of Booker & Dolman, then publishers of the *Review*:

CORK, November 11, 1838.

SIR:—I am glad of an opportunity to become a subscriber to a new edition of Dodd's Church History, especially as it is

to be published under the inspection of so competent a person in every respect as the Rev. Mr. Tierney. It could not possibly be in better hands. Put me down for two copies.

As to the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, I should be happy to have Moore take it in charge, if there were funds to pay him. But I know not where we could find £500 per annum to secure his services. I am sure that if we had the money he would accept the office of editor. I am also sure that an editor of common-sense is wanting to prevent a repetition of the absurdities, and worse than absurdities, of the last number.

Let me be distinctly understood. Of the ten articles in the last number I am dissatisfied with only two. The first article, on Anglican Succession, is of the first order of merit. *O si sic omnia!* The third article, on Shakespeare, has also sufficient merit. The fourth article, on the French Revolution, is admirable. I detect the delightful pen of the author of "Mores Catholici." The fifth article is my son's. I say nothing of it. The sixth article, on the Invisible World, is bold, but of a highly useful boldness. I admire it much. The eighth article, on Belgium, is highly valuable. The ninth, on Ireland, excellent. The tenth, on Geraldine, is also very commendable.

The two articles I condemn—the one as abominable and insulting, the other as atrociously insulting—are the second article, that on Equality and Centralization; and the seventh article, that on Modern Orators.

Now, as to the French article. It has this absurdity: it laments bitterly the destruction, or rather the breaking down into the mass of society, of the French aristocracy. Look at the article on Carlyle—that by Mr. K. Digby,—and you will see that he shows the French aristocracy to have been the most profligately immoral of the human race; and

also to have been not only audaciously infidel, but actually apostles of infidelity. See what editorship this is! One article deploring the loss of the French aristocracy, another article showing up that very aristocracy as the vilest of mankind!

So far the absurdity. Now to the insult. Look at the eulogium on the British Peers on page 315—"alternately setting at defiance the encroachments of the Crown and braving the indignation of the mob." Now, if this were true—and it is vilely false,—it should be recollected that the *Review* is an Irish work, so far as to be the advocate of Irish rights and liberties. But the peers so eulogized are the bitter and only potential enemies of those rights and liberties. In fact, the only measures of the Crown they effectually resist are the measures which Ireland requires. The only *mob* they brave is the distant Irish mob. And they thus resist and brave because the Irish people are Catholic. What a subject for applause in an Irish Catholic *Review!*

If you, Mr. Dolman, had an English Catholic *Review*, you might praise your worthless peers to the skies, if you pleased. It would even in that case be very unworthy ingratitude to the Irish who emancipated you. But to insert such praise in an Irish Catholic *Review*, to make me, as proprietor of that *Review*, speak these words, is to insult me in the manner in which I am, as I ought to be, most sensitive.

The other article is the seventh. Here, in the Irish Catholic *Review*, you make me praise the Duke of Wellington!!! pay him homage!!! (see page 442, line 32 from the top) "for his general political conduct"—bah!—and (in line 37) for "his excellencies as a man." It is, to be sure, too bad. "Excellencies as a man!" What are they? In private life, what Catholic can praise him without baseness? In public life, what Irish Catholic can praise him without vileness?

Then there is a eulogium on Lord Lyndhurst, and the passages are cited with approbation condemnatory of the Ministry friendly to Ireland. Nay, you praise Dr. Philpotts, who accuses us all of perjury; and you cite a foolish passage having this sting, that it traduces [me] and the Ministry as my minions.

I have a right to know who wrote these two articles. As a proprietor of the *Review*, I claim that knowledge from you. I declare solemnly that if you and Mr. Bagshawe had met me in Bond Street and spit in my face, you would not insult me more than by publishing these articles. They will ruin the *Review* in Ireland. I beg to know Dr. Wiseman's address, that I may write to him. I beg you will send this letter to Mr. Bagshawe. I can not account for his insulting me, who always entertained most friendly sentiments toward him. If he had nothing to do with this publication, I will beg his pardon. But if these two articles were published with his approbation, it is better our acquaintance should simply cease. I seek no apology from him or you. But I must write to Dr. Wiseman before any other step in the matter.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

No doubt Wiseman soothed the feelings of the *Liberator*; for in the very next number of the *Review* we find Dr. Cooper allowed to continue his papers on orators in the English Parliament. Among those whom he describes is O'Connell himself.

But more important service than that of keeping domestic peace in the editorial offices of the *Dublin Review* did Wiseman render to that publication. For long years hardly a number appeared without one or two or even three articles from his prolific pen. Of these, indeed of all the articles that have ever come out in the *Review*, not one is more memorable than that on the Donatists, which

appeared in August—not July, as Mr. Ward states,—1839. It was a sequel to the very article which we have seen O'Connell praise so highly. A friend took it to Newman, pointing out the words, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" "For a mere sentence," Newman tells us, "these words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before." The *via media*, adds Newman, was absolutely pulverized. Thenceforth he began to feel that it might prove to be his duty to become a Catholic. Had Wiseman, had the *Dublin Review* never rendered further service to the Church than this, their names would have lived in the history of Catholicity in England.

Dr. Wiseman was, however, only on the threshold of his noble career. Great destinies awaited him. On June 8, 1840, he was consecrated bishop and appointed coadjutor to Dr. Walshe, Vicar-Apostolic of the Central District. Soon afterward he left Rome and took up his residence at Oscott College, becoming its president. It was a post from which he could watch and help on the Oxford Movement. From that movement much was expected. Much came of it. But the highest expectations were not fulfilled. Perhaps then, and perhaps still, the influence of Oxford on the English people is overrated. The immense masses of the people are not under the influence of that intellectual aristocracy of Oxford University. Its conversion would effect the return of England to the faith about as much as would the conversion of the British Peers in a body. We should rejoice over both such conversions; but we should rejoice more if, by some miracle of grace, the cheap newspapers of England urged the masses to become Catholics. It is, indeed, to the democracy we must look for England's conversion. And the democracy is led by its penny papers.

Wiseman must have felt this. Tory

though he was in politics, he found the necessity of addressing himself to the masses. His tall, portly figure was frequently seen, as a lecturer, on the platform of some popular gathering, or in the slums of London; preaching by torch-light in some crowded alley; addressing himself to his poor Irish flock, with which would mingle not a few English workmen, hearing truths of which before they had no conception. He had been translated to the London District in 1847. He had not been there three years, engaged in such labors as we have described, when it seemed as if the Rome he loved intended to cut short his work; for he heard with dismay that he was to be created cardinal. No cardinal since Pole had resided in England, so he expected that he would have to live thenceforth in Rome. But Pius IX. had other designs. In 1850 the Pope restored to England her hierarchy, made Wiseman a cardinal, and sent him back to London as first Archbishop of Westminster.

To describe in brief Wiseman's career as cardinal and as archbishop, no better words can be found than those of the Church's liturgy, *Ecce sacerdos magnus!*—"Behold a great priest!" He was great as he faced the deluded people of England when, misunderstanding the act of Pius IX. which restored the Catholic hierarchy in that country, and the letter from the Flaminian Gate by which Wiseman made it known, their passions were at white heat. He was great as he allayed those passions by his earnest appeal to the common-sense of Englishmen. He was great as he presided over the first Provincial Synod of Westminster, at which Newman delivered his ever-memorable sermon on the Second Spring. He was great as, under the lofty roof of Amiens cathedral, he delivered, in one of the many tongues of which he was the master, an eloquent sermon to the many French and other bishops there gathered to honor

the relics of St. Theodosia. But he was, perhaps, greatest when in Rome, in 1862, his pen was chosen to record the protest of three hundred bishops, then in the Papal City, against the attacks of which the Holy See was the object.

There is no true greatness without suffering. Wiseman endured the greatest of sufferings—that which is inflicted by a man's best friends. His was a keenly sensitive nature. He must have been cut to the quick by the line of conduct which Archbishop Errington, his coadjutor, the members of his own Chapter, and even his own Vicar-General and his secretary, thought it their duty to observe toward the Cardinal, about the foundation in his diocese of Dr. Manning's Congregation of Oblates of St. Charles, and other matters. This "Errington case," as it is called, is one of no general interest; though it may serve for our edification, as showing how good men may conscientiously quarrel, and how their quarrels are immediately appeased when Rome has spoken. This troublesome matter must have greatly harassed the Cardinal. No doubt it was a great joy for him, at this time of domestic affliction, to visit the land of his ancestors, to be welcomed by its warm-hearted people as one who was of their kith and kin. Wiseman's Irish tour in 1858 was almost a royal progress. Its success was not the less welcome because it was unexpected.

The last years of Wiseman's life were weighed down with disease, but he battled valiantly against it. Not seldom, in these closing days, he would rise from his bed of sickness to deliver one of those eloquent lectures of which the printed reports have left us a feeble impression, as those declare who heard him. In 1863 he visited Belgium, and delivered a long speech on the progress of Catholicity in England to a distinguished gathering of Catholics from all parts of the world, met in congress at Malines. In the fall of the

following year he was again in Belgium, and able to take part in the ceremonies of the consecration of Monsignor Faict, Bishop of Bruges.

These trips abroad always did the Cardinal good. "My health has gained wonderfully," he wrote of this his last trip abroad. "Somehow I feel more at home abroad than at home. Nothing can be more warm-hearted than the reception which I meet from everyone—bishops, clergy, and laity." But this improvement in health was a last flicker of life. Soon he could not stir from his room nor from his bed. During these last days nothing in the way of relaxation was pleasanter to him than to think over the old days in Rome, and of those days spent during the heat of Roman summers at Monte Porzio, on the slopes of Tusculum. It was a spot endeared to him by many pleasant recollections, and he kept constantly in his bedroom a view of it.

In the first days of February, 1865, the Cardinal's condition became critical. He calmly prepared to die. He even arranged with his master of ceremonies the details of his funeral. He had already prepared his own Latin epitaph. He desired to receive all the help religion provides for the dying. "I want to have everything the Church gives me," he said, "down to holy water. Do not leave out anything." On February 4 he was anointed, made his dying profession of faith, as we have already seen, and exhorted all present "to cherish peace, charity, and unity." On the 12th Dr. Manning returned from Rome, bringing the Pope's special blessing. On Wednesday, February 15, 1865, at eight o'clock in the morning, the great Cardinal died.

In his last days Cardinal Wiseman expressed a hope that the Protestants of England would not always think him such a monster as they had when he came among them as cardinal and archbishop. But if, as Newman wrote, "Englishmen

[are] the most suspicious and touchy of mankind," and "unreasonable and unjust in their seasons of excitement," they are also, according to the same authority, "as generous as they are burly; and the repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin."* The truth of these words was shown as Wiseman was being borne to his grave.

As the crow flies, six good miles separate the green cemetery on the outskirts of England's capital from the humble church—then the pro-cathedral—in the heart of the city of London where the dirge had been sung, where Manning had delivered the funeral oration over the body of him whom he was to succeed in the See of Westminster. The whole of this route was crowded with respectful spectators as the long file of the funeral procession wended its way slowly along. Yet the mighty dead had been the red-robed messenger of the Pope whom, a few years before, his friends had warned to keep away from England if he valued his personal safety. He heeded not such timid counsels. He came and boldly faced the enraged people; and though, as Ozanam well said, he spoke to them "with the accents of a St. Anselm or a St. Thomas of Canterbury," they listened to his words. They saw he was no truckler to the spirit of the age. They came to know and love him, and they mourned him as one of their heroes.

* J. H. Newman, "Apologia pro Vita Sua," p. 30.

To rectify innocent mistakes in order to recover some useless reality is to be like those who will see nothing in a plant but the chemical elements of which it is composed.—"*Journal of a Happy Man.*"

HOWEVER inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well-doing of it which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue.—*Ruskin.*

A Work-a-Day Romance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

IT was an afternoon in midsummer. The city streets were hot and dusty; the great main thoroughfares swarmed with sweltering, suffering humanity. In the district of the large retail stores the character of the crowd was different from that of other seasons. It consisted mainly of panting, jaded country-folk, bent upon seeing the sights and doing a little shopping; with now and again a few women of fashion, and modish, sunburned young girls, who had evidently come up to town for the day, either from the beaches or their cool, suburban homes.

In the great department store of Knowlton & Co. the temperature was stifling. The countenances of the older saleswomen wore a resigned expression, which said that, having stood it many summers, they were determined to drag through this one; but their younger companions looked wilted, like the flowers outside the florist's window around the corner.

At the button counter Dora Wylie had a particularly wearisome time. Her companion in charge was away on vacation; shoppers were flustered and exacting; and, fagged out by the sultriness, she found it especially difficult to preserve the regulation smiling face and obliging manner.

A year ago Dora had not anticipated the necessity of seeking employment at Knowlton's; but family reverses had recently obliged her to take the first position that offered.

"I shall not mind coming to and fro in rain or snow half so much; but, oh, this dreadful, heat!" she sighed, as, at leisure for a breathing space, she leaned back against the wall, fanning herself with her handkerchief.

At this moment a face once familiar to her appeared among the throng passing continually in and out through the doorway,—a face which, in its glowing youth and happiness, might have been taken for an ideal picture of summer; not the summer of the city pavements, but the joyous, care-free spirit whose haunts are rural lanes and shady nooks, green hill-sides and the borders of the sea.

"My schoolmate, Phyllis Newton; and she is making straight in this direction. To be ignored or patronized by my Lady Phyllis, as we used to call her, is more than I can abide," mentally ejaculated the much-trying girl, who, yet a novice in the work-a-day world, was, like many another, foolishly self-conscious and sensitive to a degree.

There was no chance of escape, however. The slight, trim figure was already beside her; and, in complying with a gentle request for some of her wares, she was obliged to meet the clear grey eyes, into which flashed a gleam of recognition. In their school-days, Phyllis had been considered aristocratic and exclusive; therefore Dora was now the more surprised; for, exclaiming, "Why, Dora, how glad I am to meet you!" Phyllis clasped her hand in genuine pleasure, and sat down to converse a few minutes, since no other customer appeared just then to demand attention. Few, indeed, could have resisted this unaffected friendliness; certainly not Dora, who responded with equal sincerity.

Phyllis seemed to have brought with her something of the breeziness of the seaside resort where she had been staying. She was very pleasant to look at in her dainty costume of buff linen and natty sailor hat, her soft hair parted above a smooth forehead, her expressive face lighted up with animation.

"I never thought her pretty before," mused Dora; "but there is a charm about her which is so much more than mere

prettiness; she appears, what she is, a perfect lady." And the gaze of the tired girl strayed to a cluster of pink asters that the other wore.

"Do take them!" begged her friend, following the glance. And, leaning across the counter, she pinned them on Dora's white waist, chatting the while of the old times at St. Mary's.

"I saw you one day last winter," said Dora. "You were walking on the avenue with your aunt; and you both bowed to a young man—not so very young either,—who seemed decidedly pleased at the encounter; for, although apparently a man of affairs and in something of a hurry, he not only turned and walked a few steps with you, but continued on to the end of the block, at which I fancied Miss Romaine looked vexed. Do you remember?"

Phyllis colored and answered hastily:

"Had I seen you, my dear, I certainly should have stopped to speak to you; but—the circumstance you mention is so trifling—"

"She recalls it very well," reflected the demure but quick-witted Dora. "Clearly I have stumbled upon a romance of my Lady Phyllis. The young man had a frank, prepossessing face. I wonder why Miss Romaine does not like him?"

But Phyllis, eager to change the subject, was asking:

"Have you been away this summer, Dora? No! Then where are you planning to go?"

The smile of the working girl grew a little pensive.

"Oh, my lines are not cast in such pleasant places as yours!" she replied, lightly. "I have been right here, and here I shall stay."

"You surely are allowed a fortnight's holiday!" protested Phyllis, making a sweeping survey of the store.

"Usually the employees are given a week; but, having been here only a short

time, I have no right to a vacation. Myra Lawson wanted me to spend a fortnight with her in the country—"

"Then why do you not *take* a fortnight and go?"

Dora shook her head.

"It may not be easy for you to understand," she answered, with quiet dignity, departing from her habitual reticence; "but I can not well afford to give up my weekly earnings, small as they are. Since father's death and all the trouble that followed, even a little sum counts at home."

Quick tears of sympathy sprang to the eyes of the listener.

"What a noble girl you are, Dora!" she cried. "What a comfort you must be to your mother! It is brave of you to work hard as you do; yet take care or you will break down. You ought to have an outing."

But here Dora was called away, and the blithe shopper, having completed her purchase, departed with a nod and smile of good-fellowship.

A day or two later, however, Phyllis came in again.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Dora," she announced. "You won't refuse to grant it?"

"Refuse! I shall be only too happy to be of service, Phyllis dear. Is it about anything you wish sent home promptly from the store?"

"No; but you will do as I ask?"

Dora readily assented; marvelling, nevertheless, in what other way it might be in her power to oblige fortunate Phyllis Newton, who, it was supposed, would inherit the wealth of her eccentric aunt, Miss Romaine, with whom she lived.

Phyllis gave her friend no time for further conjecture.

"Write, then, to Myra Lawson, my dear," she continued, "and say you will go down to the country on Saturday, to remain with her during the fortnight for

which she invited you. I shall take your place here, so you will lose nothing while you are gone."

Dora was dumfounded.

"Why, Phyllis Newton—you!" she stammered, in bewilderment.

"Yes," replied the other, laughing. "Of course I have not your tact or patience; but do you think I don't even know buttons, and can not calculate the price correctly?"

"It is not that," objected Dora, seriously; "but—the idea is too ridiculous. What would your aunt say? And if any of your fashionable friends should come in and find you selling goods over a counter—"

"Nonsense!" broke in Phyllis. "As long as I behave properly, nothing in the world will make any difference in the manner of my friends toward me; and, anyhow, they are all out of town at present. As for Aunt Romaine, if a bit odd, she is very good to me, and I have her permission. I have won your mother's consent too—you need not raise your eyebrows in deprecation. I begged her not to tell you I had been to see her until the matter should be settled. Mr. Knowlton has even agreed to engage me as your substitute."

Dora gasped as the enthusiastic girl ran on:

"Yes; I told him I was a schoolmate of yours, and offered to take your place if he would allow you a fortnight's vacation. He looked at me hard and asked my name, at which I felt a trifle disconcerted. Although aunt usually deals elsewhere, she sometimes shops here; and I was afraid if he knew who I was my scheme would fail, as he would not consider me competent. But, luckily, my name is not the same as hers; so I plucked up courage to mention her as my reference. Finally, he told me to come on Monday morning; and your vacation is to begin Saturday at noon, when the store closes."

Dora was dazed. In vain she protested, both then and afterward. The arrangements had been completed. Even her mother, when lovingly reproached for siding against her, declared tearfully:

"Your friend—dear, unselfish girl that she is—told me, what I have indeed seen for myself, that you are already worn out, and will be ill if you do not have the rest. How could I decline when she had so set her heart upon the project, too!"

It was true. And if Dora should really break down, what would her mother and small brother and sister do without her help? Where, moreover, would be the chance to obtain a better position in the autumn? For the sake of her loved ones, therefore, she finally allowed herself to be persuaded; and on Saturday afternoon, still as in a dream, found herself on the train speeding away to the hospitable farm-house that was Myra's summer home.

"Quixotic in the extreme," was Miss Romaine's first designation of Phyllis' plan; but, upon second thought, recognizing in it a dash of her own originality and independence, she entered into it with whimsical ardor; for the shrewd and worldly-wise, albeit not unkindly, old lady foresaw a fund of satirical amusement for herself, as well as of experience for her niece, in the small drama sure to ensue from the altruistic scheme.

To the young girl, however, it was merely the most direct way of lending a helpful hand to an old schoolmate. Left an orphan when a little child, Phyllis had grown to girlhood at St. Mary's. During these years she received few visits from her aunt, who was much in Europe. Even now, although they lived together, alone but for the servants, they did not know each other very well.

The motherless girl was surrounded by luxury and provided with a handsome wardrobe. However, as Miss Romaine was of the opinion that to entrust young

people with the free expenditure of money was but to encourage the formation of habits of extravagance, her niece's allowance was not so liberal as might have been expected. Phyllis could not have provided for Dora's outing from her own purse, even supposing her friend would accept the obligation. She might, indeed, have applied to her aunt. Miss Romaine had many hobbies: was an active member of the association for sheltering homeless cats, a subscriber to the bird hospital and to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but how much her benevolence might be counted upon in favor of her own kind, Phyllis did not know.

"I will not ask aunt for the money that would insure Dora's holiday, or beg to have her with us as a guest, much as I should like to do so," she decided; "but, since I have at least a wealth of time at my disposal, I ought to begin to put into practice some of the good resolutions I used to make at the convent. What is that quotation about the higher motive rendering beautiful the humblest act of self-sacrifice? I intend to coax Dora into letting me have my own way in this project."

And thus, eventually, she carried her point. Miss Romaine stayed on at the sea-shore; but Phyllis came up to town two weeks before the close of the season, and quietly slipped into Dora's place at Knowlton & Co's.

(To be continued.)

A Lenten Supplication.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

SCOURGE me, O Lord! let friends forsake me; show

Unto my soul some part of Thy distress.
But be Thou near me; for if Thou shouldst go

Too bleak would be my earthly wilderness.

Count Roger's Talisman.

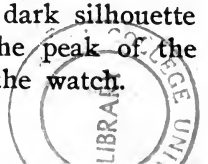
BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

IN olden days the counts of Provence were wont to make war one upon the other. Mementos of those sanguinary conflicts for the adjustment of feuds or the acquisition of new territory still meet the traveller's eye in the stone fragments—crest-sculptured, fire-blackened, moss-enamelled—which peep up here and there from the level green pasture ground surrounding peaceful farm-houses, that now replace the "towered and moated castles."

Like a white rosebud pressed in a crimson-bound volume, the story of Count Roger lies folded away in that ancient time. His years scarce numbered seven, we are told, when his royal-browed father laid a mailed hand in benediction on his bronze head, and, leading a gallant band, "rode into the sunset one summer eve—never to return." There was left for the motherless, brotherless, sisterless boy to love only old Nadine, whose broken voice seemed ill-attuned to blend with his lusty shout. Since he could remember he had known no other playmates than Nadine, the weak and tender; and Jean, the strong and fearless,—Jean who could toss him as the wind a feather; who accompanied him on those delightful walks, limited, alas! to the castle courtyard.

Wherefore never outside the walls? Ah! because without there lingered wild beasts waiting to devour the only sons of absent lords. When "papa" returned he would slay them all, and make the world a good, a safe place to enter. But little Roger's brave spirit chafed, and wistfully he would gaze up at the square of blue sky above him, and that dark silhouette of a soldier's figure on the peak of the highest tower—ever on the watch.



"Surely we might go up where he is, Jean!" he often pleaded. "*Tiens*, so close to heaven as that, no harm could come to us. I wish to see how it looks beyond."

"Not yet, not yet!" replied Jean, softly. "Thou, helpless, wert left to my care; and no harm can ever reach thee save over my lifeless body for a bridge. And yearn not so for what is out of reach, out of sight, child. The happiest days of life—thy Jean declares it,—the happiest days are the yesterdays, to-days and to-morrows of childhood. Enjoy them while thou mayst."

But one morning the little Roger awoke to find Nadine kneeling by his bed, rocking to and fro, bitterly weeping and lamenting.

"We are besieged," she told him. "The enemy is at our gate. At any moment he may enter. Ah, pray with me,—pray to the Blessed Mother for help. We are lost, lost, my Roger!"

The child joined his hands and remained silent many moments.

"Do not tremble so, Nadine," he said at length. "No harm shall come to thee while I am here. And you know papa will soon return, too."

"Ah! blessed one, blossom of innocence!" exclaimed Nadine, clasping him to her breast in a fond embrace. "How little thou knowest of life's cruel realities! Hark! hark! they are already beginning the cannonade."

An hour later Jean rushed in, with pale and blood-stained face.

"Quick!" he commanded. "Our walls can not long withstand so merciless a fire. We must fly by the subterranean passage. Come, Roger, to thy old place on my shoulder for the saddest ride that thou didst ever take,—ride away from thy paternal home. Nay, we can carry none of our treasures with us," he added, as the little Count, running to the altar which adorned one corner of the room, care-

fully took down from its niche thereon a tiny, exquisitely carved statuette of Our Lady.

"We carry *this*," he responded calmly, pressing it to his bosom. "Wherever we may be, shall we not pray the same, morning, noon and evening, to our dear Blessed Mother? And, beside, good Jean, I desire thee *first* to carry me up to the top of the great tower. Thou hast always promised to when papa came back. Now, if we must leave before he comes, there is nothing more to wait for. I have been shut up with Nadine so long, you forget I am almost a man—almost eight years old. I shall soon be a soldier, and wear a helmet, and stand tall and straight like that sentinel I have so often watched up yonder. This instant I am going to him; I know the way. If thou wilt not carry me, follow if thou canst."

And, darting through an opposite door, the boy, pursued, sped down the dark and winding corridors, turned and turned again, till he disappeared among the shadows of the narrow staircase; springing, bird-like, from step to step; and at intervals, mingling with the patter of his flying feet, there showered down a spray of childish laughter.

Jean, impeded by his size and heavy armor, toiled painfully after. At last reaching the summit, he beheld, amidst clouds of smoke and dust, the boy standing, with parted lips and dancing eyes, while arrows glanced and balls whirled about him,—gazing, entranced, beyond at the distant forest of dusky pines, the silver river, the golden fields ripe for harvest, over all his sire's broad domain.

"Unhappy child!" gasped Jean; and, starting, Roger turned, saying sweetly:

"Forgive me, dear Jean, but I could not help it. Now I am happy. I have stood on the great tower; and if we must fly, some day, not far off, I shall stand here again. Just one thing more, Jean, and thou mayst carry me whither thou wilt,"

pleaded the boy, as he was snatched in a pair of iron arms. "Stop an instant as we pass the lowest window of the tower, and let me pluck a spray of that sweet purple lavender that leans against and grows through it."

II.

In a ruined villa, on the Mediterranean's shore—sole inheritance from the impoverished relative who had granted them shelter at the time of their flight to Italy,—dwelt the young Count Roger and his trusty, last surviving companion, Jean. Years had fulfilled the promises of youth; for the Count—brave, generous, gentle, handsome—was the worthy scion of a name famed for good and glorious deeds in days of peace and war. But an abiding sadness clouded his brow; and many a maiden, as he passed in his lonely rides, mounted on his dust-colored steed Bavioca, gazed after him, sighing with intuitive sympathy: *Povero esiliato!*—"Poor exiled one!" Sleeping or waking, he dreamed only of the day when, standing again on the great tower's height, he should see, eastward, westward, northward, southward, his native land—his sire's broad domain. And of late he had grown strangely moody and preoccupied, slowly but steadily making preparations as for a long journey.

The morning of his twenty-fourth birthday, with golden spurs upon his heel, coifed in a helmet with snowy plumes, leading his new steed, milk-white, with purple trappings, and sword in hand, he summoned Jean before him.

"My leal and brave," said he, "it is for thee to follow me once again to the top of the great tower. We go to reconquer my paternal domain from the usurper. The hour is come. Look that Bavioca is well shod. She is thine."

"Monseigneur!" cried Jean, upthrowing his hands in dismay—he had grown used to expatriation. "On what wild and perilous adventure wouldst thou start?

Hast thou forgotten that after sixteen change-bringing years there can be but few remaining who will rally to our standard? What have we to fight with? Only two swords."

"But they are drawn in a just and good cause," replied the young Count, as he enthusiastically brandished his unsheathed blade. "And, with Our Lady's blessing, victory awaits us. Death were better than exile."

So, Roger riding always in advance, his white plumes nodding in the winter sunshine, and faithful old Jean behind on his steady, dust-colored mare—like glad, fearless morning, followed by gray, pen-sive evening,—they set forth, lingering never a moment on the way till they beheld growing across the horizon a sombre forest of pines.

"The unchanged outposts of my father's fortress!" shouted Roger, waving aloft his casque and spurring eagerly forward.

In the forest's heart they found a wood-cutter at work. Bidding him "good-morrow!" the Count, motioning Jean to proceed, paused to ask, as might any stranger, who was now lord of the county.

"Count Joseph," answered the man. Then, with the garrulousness of age: "But he merits not to bear so tender a name. His is not a father's fostering care of his people—though more than that I'll say not. You can ask any other you meet on your way: all will tell you how cruel are the taxes he imposes upon us; how it is war, war all the time, seeking new acquisitions. He'd scarce know his own hand if there were not fresh blood upon it every morning. In the time of good Count Roger the world was another color for us, I'll warrant you—blue as a summer sky and as peaceful. There was not a shady corner in *his* heart: all a blooming garden, full of gushing rills of pity, like a woman's. What eyes ever beheld Count Joseph mounting his horse at winter midnight to ride ten miles and

back for a doctor, because the miller's baby daughter was like to die? Ah, he was a man for heaven, old Count Roger! God rest his soul, and help us bear our burdens till his like be sent to us again! Verily, were there one grain of his noble race left, we would fight for it like starved cocks—though more than that I'll say not."

"See before thee its last scion!" said the stranger, in a voice clear as bugle call. "I am Roger, only son of 'Count Roger the Good,' returned to claim his own from usurping tyrant."

But the aged wood-cutter, after a swift glance at the speaker, shook his head stubbornly.

"Thou hast too sweet a mouth to soil with falsehood," he replied, reprovingly. "The only son of Count Roger died in childhood, soon after his flight to Italy. My daughter's husband heard it from a cousin; that cousin had it from a friend, a soldier, who had just returned from Sicily. *Non, non!* Tell thy wild tale to younger ears, good sir. I at least know better than to believe it." And he raised his ax and drowned the Count's expostulations in a steady downfall of blows.

When the travellers reached the village, its streets were deserted, save three old men at the door of the tavern, warming themselves in the sunlight: Nature's open fireplace, always so hospitably bright and sparkling—save on cloudy days.

"It is now *my* turn to reconnoitre, Monseigneur," whispered Jean. "Ride on. Yonder I see some comrades of former years. They may have a kinder welcome for our story."

And, sure enough, hearing their names spoken, they started and scanned the newcomer, with wonder and pleasure blinking in their eyes. But Jean had sadly altered; and when he told them who he was, who his companion, they turned about like weather-vanes in a whirlwind.

"Jean le Bodine!" they repeated. "Yes,

we remember him,—an honest fellow, merry and life-loving; and that he should have escaped in safety by the subterranean passage we might not find it hard to believe. But as for that being the young Count Roger yonder—no, no! His body was found in the moat the morning after the siege. We ourselves saw it not, but there are many who did. So God help thee, Jean le Bodine—if thou shouldst be Jean! A gloomy prison awaits thee and thy young pretender, if thou dost not fly before Count Joseph's return. That may be at any moment; for he left only a small garrison at the castle. And he is not one to sleep save with one lid closed at a time. Once again we say God help thee, Jean—if thou art Jean! While the gate is yet unlocked, ride out of it."

The further our travellers proceeded, the more mocking and threatening grew the faces that they met. "We know ye not. Depart from us!" This was the reply of all with whom they sought to hold converse.

Sorrow and indignation at last gave place to despair in the young Count's conquered heart. The flush faded from his cheek, the hope-light from his eyes; and, yielding to Jean's wiser judgment and anxious pleading, he turned his horse's head westward, and, with drooping crest and dangling rein, rode slowly out of the "unlocked gate." Taking a different route from that of the morning, they skirted the forest in silence, till, reaching a grassy eminence which formed the road's last bend, the Count suddenly dismounted, and, looking back over his father's lands, stood lost in mournful contemplation.

'Twas a snatch of gay song which aroused him—clear, round notes, held together by the sweetest of girlish voices, like crystal beads strung upon a silver thread. Never fell softer on listening ear the sweet Provençal dialect, which might be described as the French language upholstered in velvet:

After cold winter cometh warm summer—
 Good-morrow, O wish'd-for, welcome and sweet!
 Leaving behind thee a world full of flow'rs
 To cover the tracks of thy sun-shod feet—
 O welcome and sweet!

Some tell me that Love is more fair a flow'r
 Than any thou bring'st us—(I do not know);
 A climbing wild rose—in a single hour
 Overgrowing the heart—say is it so?
 For I do not know.

And there was the singer just rounding the bend, pausing with a startled little cry on finding herself brought so unexpectedly in the presence of strangers. The setting sun, hanging like a crimson shield above the castle tower, cast about her its brightest remaining rays,—a lovely maiden of some eighteen years of age, embodiment of grace, balancing upon her shoulder a quaint shaped basket, foaming to the brim with snowy linen; glancing, shyly blushing, from one to the other of the horsemen; and, according to Provençal custom, paying filial duty to Jean's gray head in a curtsy and murmured, "*Bon soir, père!* Many years to you!" as she passed him.

But the Count, stepping forward, filled her path, touching his helmet plumes to the earth before her.

"Beauteous maiden," he said, "it so may be that the good God has sent you to give comfort to a broken heart. At least your eyes, index of a tender soul, will not deny me, perhaps, a pitying glance when my story has been heard. I am Roger, only son of Count Roger surnamed 'the Good,' who was despoiled of his estates, and killed while fighting in their defence sixteen years ago. I have returned to claim them from the usurper; but, alas! my people would not listen to me. Only cruel threats and mockery have I found awaiting me—" He faltered; the limit of the long strain was reached. Hiding his face in his handkerchief, he began to weep bitterly.

The girl drew nearer to him, her own tears flowing. Ah, *precieuses écrins* are the eyes of woman; precious jewel-caskets,

whose key is in the keeping of every unfortunate one, to strip at will of their pearl and diamond treasures.

"You are Count Roger!" she said, slowly, wonderingly. "Yet you speak not with the accent of one of us, but like an Italian—one of those dark strangers who come sometimes to visit my father. But, oh, how strange!"—as a breeze lifted the brown curls upon her forehead; "how very strange! There is the fragrance of lavender in the air. And yet there can be none growing: we are still in the stiff, cold arms of winter. How strange!"

The young Count threw back his broidered tunic, and drew forth from its abiding place against his heart a silken bag of faded blue.

"*Belle,*" he said softly, opening it and showing her a withered spray of purple lavender (there lay also in the bag a tiny statue of Our Lady). "Look! Sixteen years ago—long, methinks, as thou hast gladdened the earth by thy presence,—I plucked this tuft of perfumed bloom from the bush that leans against and grows through the lowest window of the castle's great tower. Surely thou dost recognize it. There is no lavender like this elsewhere than in Provence, our native land,—land that I am leaving now forever; once again an exile, a wanderer, with but this faded flower to kiss and cherish and—"

"Monseigneur," interrupted the girl, speaking as one inspired, "you are our true lord, only son of him who was as a father to his people,—to an act of whose paternal kindness I, Angèle, the miller's daughter, owe my life. Remount your steed, and suffer me to walk before you carrying aloft this spray of lavender. Something seems to tell me that, by Our Lady's grace, the people will recognize and rally round so noble a knight, so sweet a standard."

The first pine knots were alight in the village as the strange trio re-entered it,—

the maiden in advance, a new Jeanne D'Arc leading her young king to victory. Now at one door, now at another, she knocked, as one having authority, divinely aided; and she cried out:

"Arise, good people! Come forth and meet your lord, Count Roger, son of 'Roger the Good.' See ye not broidered on his tunic the arms of his house; and see ye not here proof as good of rightful title—this sprig of purple lavender, which he gathered with child-hands from the castle tower on the eve of his flight through the subterranean passage sixteen years ago? In the name of our Blessed Lady follow him, fight for him! *C'est lui! c'est lui!*—'Tis he! 'tis he!"

The morrow dawn Count Roger stood once more upon the great tower's height, looking eastward, westward, southward, northward, over his broad domain. The garrison of the castle, few and all off guard, had surrendered like children rather than soldiers; for their arms were not nerved with love of him they served. And so with scarce any bloodshed was won that battle, fought in Our Lady's name, with a spray of faded lavender for a standard to follow to victory.

And does it not set like a crown on the ancient romance, that last page, which tells how the pure young life that old Count Roger's midnight ride preserved, made whole and beautiful in the end that of his only son? Angèle, the miller's daughter, "Countess Angèle,"—the castle's best-loved chatelaine, her people's "angel."

Doubtless deriving its being from that oft-repeated story of Count Roger's home-coming, there still lingers among the pretty sayings of the Provençals this one, full of the sentiment which needs no rhyming to make it perfect poetry:

"The wide world over, what grows there in the reach of man whose fragrance is so sweet, so long-lingering in the memory, as a good deed—or a spray of lavender?"

A Brief Reply to a Bland Question.

SOME time ago we gave serious offence to our Anglican brethren in Chicago by quoting and commenting upon Oakley Hall's definition of the Established Church; and the editor of the *Angelus* asked us to be good enough, when we had leisure, to give the date—the year and the day—when Henry VIII. or somebody else founded in England a new church. "THE AVE MARIA probably will not mind so small a contribution to the dictionaries of the future as a record of the act, whether of Henry VIII. or of anybody else, giving the charter to a new ecclesiastical organization, as distinct from that Church which through the centuries had been governed, and through Henry's time continued to be governed, by Catholic bishops." The *Angelus* man is unkind enough to add that he feels tolerably certain that, in the event of our replying to him, we will content ourselves with generalities, "which only excite prejudice and do nothing for accurate historical knowledge."

Bless your heart, honey, what would be the use of explaining again how the schism began in England, when it began, and who began it? This has been done thousands of times. If it were possible to do it better, or in some new way, we should not hesitate to try. But this is hardly possible; besides, it would be useless. Anglicans will have it that, although separated from the Mother Church and not acknowledged by her, they are still part and parcel of the Universal Church.

It is easier sometimes to ask questions than to answer them. It often requires the space of a volume to give an adequate reply to a difficulty that may be propounded in a dozen words. But if we were asked to explain briefly how England fell away from the Church, we should try to make it plain by an illus-

tration. The colonists that came over from England were, of course, subjects of the British Crown, and acknowledged its dominion over them by the usual acts of fealty. The Mother Country considered the colonists as her subjects and was prepared to defend and sustain them. But after awhile these subjects threw off the yoke of allegiance and set up a government of their own, renouncing England and all her works and pomps. The result was war, and the feeling of hostility it engendered has never died out. Meantime, as a natural result, we have been becoming more and more American and less and less English. So it was when the schism took place in Merrie England. The whole nation had been solidly Catholic, firmly united to the great Universal Church. It would be as absurd to say that England separated from the American colonies in 1776 as to assert that in breaking away from the authority of the head of the Church the followers of Henry the Eighth still remained part and parcel of it.

A work written against Luther acquired for the English King the title of "Defender of the Faith." He could not, therefore, without stultification become a follower of the German apostate; and he could not pretend to be a Catholic after defying the Pope, whom the whole world acknowledged to be the head of the Church. King Henry was, therefore, compelled to make a religion of his own. Those who refused to take an oath of supremacy—all who would not apostatize from the Roman Catholic Church and acknowledge him as their spiritual ruler—were considered traitors, and made to suffer death accompanied with every possible cruelty and indignity. "Laws were made by him and by his parliament condemning to the flames as heretics all who did not expressly conform, by acts as well as by declarations, to the faith and worship which he invented and ordained."

So says Cobbett in his history of the Reformation in England and Ireland. This is history, and contemporary documents assign days and dates. Burton declares that such means were necessary to introduce the Protestant religion into England.

We will not quote Oakley Hall's definition again, or repeat the words that wounded the feelings of our Anglican friends in Chicago. If they are open to conviction, they have only to study thoroughly the question of the schism in England to be convinced that they are clearly outside the visible pale of the one true Church.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic Church has always been recognized as a penitential body; of late it has been more than usually conspicuous as the refuge of condemned criminals and remorseful erotic writers. Holmes, Durrant, and recently Merry, three of the most infamous criminals of the century, sought entrance into the Church to prepare for death; and it is now reported that August Strindberg, a Swedish writer of unsavory reputation, who was arrested at least once as the author of indecent and irreligious books, has followed the example of other great criminals. "He has become an ardent Catholic," observes the *Critic*; "and spends most of his time on his knees saying *Aves* to the Virgin." The Catechism of the Council of Trent says that the life of a Christian should be a constant practice of penance. All Catholics are penitents. The difference between "the good" and "the bad" is only a difference of degrees; and in heaven perhaps degrees are not always measured as they are on earth.

There are now more than two hundred Catholic students attending the University of Michigan, and it is said that the number is increasing yearly. Many circumstances are mentioned in explanation of these figures,

but the gist of them is that there is something radically wrong with Catholic parents or Catholic institutions, or both. However, since our young people do go to Ann Arbor, it is pleasant to know that their religious interests are well cared for by the energetic pastor of the town, Father Kelly, who has erected a superb church chiefly for their use. It is also proposed to establish a Catholic alumni association. It is well known that one of the pioneer priests of Michigan, Father Richard, introduced the printing-press into the Western States and held a seat in Congress; but it is not so well known that he was also a professor in the University of Michigan in the old days when it was located at Detroit. Such an association as Father Kelly hopes to establish might lead to a return to Catholic representation among the regents or professors of the University.

An important decision has just been rendered by the supreme court of Illinois touching the validity of bequests for Masses for the soul of a deceased person. It is decided that such a bequest is in the legal sense a charitable one. This decision reverses that of the circuit court of Cook County, in the same State; the judge of which held that bequests for the saying of Masses for the soul of a deceased person were void, a decree being entered to this effect. As the opinion of the supreme court was handed down after a thorough discussion of the question in all its bearings, it is likely to be followed everywhere.

The revolution in the Philippines is ended. General Prima de Rivera has come to terms with the rebels, whose leader, Aguinaldo, has left the colony. This is a distinct success scored by the new Liberal administration in Spain. Rivera has given full power to grant reforms, and he made the most extensive use of it. The Spanish Liberal papers admit that nothing but bigotry on the part of the priests and unnecessary rigor on the part of the officials caused the rebellion, and they confidently hope that peace has been lastingly restored.—*Literary Digest*.

This is one of many proofs that might be adduced of the anti-Catholic bias—unconscious perhaps—of the present editor of the *Literary Digest*, a periodical which, for

some inexplicable reason, seems to be popular with Catholic readers. We have long since given up the conundrum, Why should one patronize a publication that misrepresents and insults his religion? But perhaps the *Literary Digest* has a reason that it would be willing to assign for generally assuming an anti-Catholic attitude. In the case of the revolution in the Philippines it would have been very easy to get at the truth; and the truth is that the clergy had no part in causing the rebellion. It was fomented by the half-castes, descended from Chinese fathers and native mothers, who represent a small portion of the entire population of the Philippine group. They care little for either Church or State. The United States Minister to Siam assured our countrymen some months ago that the clergy of the Philippine Islands are men of ability, noble character and wide knowledge, whose influence over the people is as good as it is great. Why, then, does the *Literary Digest* speak of them as bigots?

It is well known that for some years Mr. Stead has edited a periodical called *Borderland*, in which various messages from the other world, purporting to come from a spirit named Julia, have been solemnly given to the public. The publication has now been suspended, and Julia will have to look for a job on some other paper. The best thing she ever wrote was her valedictory, in which she tells Mr. Stead: "People don't believe in the hell of fire any more, and they have by their recoil forgotten that there is a real hell, which will be revealed very clearly by you." Erratum: for "by you," read "to them."

The New York *Staats-Zeitung* has some very pronounced views on the services which science has rendered to us during the century. According to our contemporary, it has abolished drunkenness, in favor of "dipsomania," which has a more respectable sound, at least. So, too, there is no longer indecent conversation, but "erotomaniacs" are still to be met with. Thieving has gone the way of all old institutions except among tramps; though sometimes "nice people"

are afflicted with kleptomania. In the same way fire-bugs have been metamorphosed into pyromaniacs. "Nor should we forget," concludes the *Staats-Zeitung*, "that to-day murder is chiefly due to hypnotism or any other old thing with a learned name." Our contemporary is disposed to be sarcastic. He should observe, however, that there is no dearth of new vices to take the place of those outlawed by science. One of them is "fanaticism," the name given by modern dictionaries to old-time religious devotion. Another is "fogyism," the crime committed by those who presume to disagree with the pseudo-scientists.

According to the *Interior*, the tendency of most literary clubs is toward agnosticism or infidelity. Why, dear editor, a genuine agnostic is as rare to-day as an honest Indian agent. A great many healthy young people go through a thin, pale period which they fancy is agnosticism, but which is only mental mumps. We regret to say, however, that with godless schools, "higher criticism," and a generation of children brought up on the skim-milk of sectarianism, there is likelihood that others than literary circles will be weak in the faith in the next century. Good Protestants, like our esteemed contemporary, recognize the danger, but the sects have no power to avert it. They give good advice, but a very odd thing about good advice is that nobody takes it. To a young lady who complained that she met so many "Jews, sceptics and infidels at the literary club," and wanted some advice, the editor of the *Interior* answered wisely: "Make more of your church and less of your club; you will need Christ longer than you will need George Eliot."

The thoroughly Christian character of Washington has not escaped the calumniators, as a recent biography of the great patriot clearly attests. It is said that Washington was a profane man, though there is not a shred of evidence to support the charge. On the contrary, the Father of his Country expressed his opinion of profanity and irreverence in words which all young

Americans—and old ones, too,—should learn by heart: "We can have but little hope of the blessing of God if we insult Him by our blasphemies,—vices so low and without temptation that every man of sense and character detests them." Another defect not uncommon he rebuked by example as well as speech. A rare pamphlet in our possession records that while he was away in command of the army, Washington directed his agent, Peake, to keep one corn-house for the support of the poor. He forbade his steward to allow any poor man to go from his house hungry, and ordered him besides to distribute \$250 in charity every year. He gave the use of some of his farms to the homeless, educated promising young persons, established a charity school, and provided for numerous orphans and for all his aged and infirm servants.

There are people so fearful of hero-worship that a man need only become conspicuous to set them digging for mud to sling. The debt of reverence, one fancies, ought to be paid willingly; but there are ungenerous natures as niggardly of praise as misers are of money—cheap critics who seek "to exalt themselves by virulence into visibility."

Our Presbyterian friends in New York are somewhat flustered over the discovery of a "heretic" in the fold, the heretic being a professor in the best-known seminary of the Presbyterians in this country. It seems that Dr. McGiffert teaches that Our Lord did not even establish a memorial feast at the Last Supper, but only intended to announce symbolically His approaching death. Why the Presbytery should be offended with Brother McGiffert for exercising the right of private interpretation we do not pretend to know, but we rise to rebuke our esteemed contemporary, the *N. Y. Sun*, for its comments on the case. The *Sun* has no religion to speak of, but it takes a paternal interest in Protestant orthodoxy, and is a sort of *enfant terrible* to the preachers. We quote:

Thus, one by one, Presbyterian theologians of distinction and wide influence in shaping the opinions of the Presbyterian ministry, are knocking down the pillars of the Christian faith. They are reducing Christianity to a purely natural level, and

subjecting it to the requirements of scientific demonstration like the veriest infidel. They are eliminating faith wholly, and discarding all Church authority. They demand that there shall be scientific proof; and that means practically the rejection of supernaturalism. They will have no mysteries. They must see and know, or they will not believe; and what is that except pure agnosticism?

We are willing to pardon much to journalistic license, but how do the aberrations of the Presbyterian clergy threaten the pillars of the Christian faith? If the *Sun* wants to know in what state of health Christianity is, let it go to the church conducted by the Paulist Fathers in Gotham, where a hundred converts were recently announced as the result of a single mission. Let it go to any Catholic church, in New York or elsewhere, and it will find that the pillars of the Christian faith are still standing. What is happening to all the pillars of Presbyterianism we do not know, though we do know that one of them, Dr. Briggs, has been living in Rome for some time, and making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day. He is not yet a Catholic, but for his own sake we hope he soon will be one.

Writing of the manners and customs of the blacks of interior Africa, a French missionary says that two of their popular maxims are: "Put off till to-morrow what you don't care about doing to-day," and "Constant labor kills a man, but strengthens a woman." The first of these constitutes a piece of advice too generally acted upon by a good many people, white and black; while the second dictum pretty accurately describes the old-time pagan point of view as regards woman. She was very generally degraded until Christianity's benign influence, and especially the cultus of the Virgin-Mother, changed her position, and gave her the high and honorable standing which is her due.

There died in Buffalo last week an eminent physician who had good reason to remember how modern is the boasted toleration of Protestantism. When Dr. Cronyn had successfully passed the medical examination at the University of Toronto in 1850, he was informed that he could not take his degree

unless he subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles of Protestantism—the "forty stripes save one." When the odious religious test was removed some years later, Dr. Cronyn renewed his application for a degree with better success; and his thesis won the "Chancellor's Prize" besides. He was Buffalo's "good physician," and it is said that no man in America was better acquainted with the literature of his profession. 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 Rt. Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana; the Very Rev. A. J. Meyer, C. M.; and the Rev. Philip J. Smith, Diocese of Albany, who lately departed this life.

Brother Clement, O. S. F., of St. Francis' College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Sister Augustine, of the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, who passed to their reward last month.

Mr. G. P. Theobald, who died a happy death on the 28th of Dec., at Vicksburg, Miss.

Mr. John H. Quinn, of Newark, N. J., who breathed his last on the 19th ult.

Mr. Thomas Mannix, who died suddenly on the 30th ult., in Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. John M. Vogelsberg, of Faribault, Minn., whose happy death took place on the 5th inst.

Mr. Michael H. Keenan, who yielded his soul to God on the 4th inst., in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Thomas T. and Arthur La Pointe, of West Haven, Conn.; Mrs. C. C. Brown, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Edwin Johnson and Mr. John Law, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Alphonsus O'Halloran, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; Mrs. Catherine McCormick, Kaukauna, Wis.; Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Mulrooney and Mrs. Margaret Lynn, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Joseph P. Hanley, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. E. Fitzwilliams and Mr. Daniel Mitchell, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Susan Dever, Frankford, Pa.; Mr. James Duffy, Newark, N. J.; Mr. William Fegan, Co. Down, Ireland; Mr. Martin Ryan, Lyell, New Zealand; Mr. Frank Coffey, Bendigo, Australia; Mr. Jeremiah J. Sullivan, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Hayes, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. Dennis Ryan, Greenville, Conn.; Mrs. Eliza Murray, Jewett City, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Hughes, Dover, N. H.; Mr. Edward Farrell, Mrs. Catherine Gillan, Mrs. John McNerny, Mr. Thomas Conroy, and Mrs. Frank Horan,—all of New Haven, Conn.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

What the Owl Thought.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

WH, it was cold! The wind blew shrilly;
 The white moon rose from the ice-
 white sea,
 The wide sky sparkled, and crisp and chilly,
 The snow path creaked at the foot of the
 tree.

It was a poor old tree, I take it—
 Thin and ragged and crooked and gray;
 Summer breezes could rack and shake it,
 And most of its needles had blown away.

But I was so tired—so tired and aching,
 Beating my way up against that wind,—
 That I thought its shelter was worth the
 taking,
 Since there was a crook to hide behind.

I flew straight into it. Down I hovered,
 Close and warm, on my poor cold toes,
 And fluffed the feathers my brown breast
 covered
 Tranquilly over my Roman nose;

Took a long breath and blinked, and fairly
 Opened my eyes (as *my* eyes I can);
 And, don't you think—oh, it scared me
 rarely!—
 Side by side was I—with a man!

There was a house and a window, truly—
 A great, wide window, shining and bright;
 And out of it, staring and peeping duly,
 The horrid creature glared at the night.

He saw me plainly: I felt it, trembling.
 He called out softly, and others came;
 And then such whispering, such dissembling!
 I *knew* they saw me—I heard my name.

Spying and spying, and laughing and mock-
 ing,

And pointing too! Why, it made me sick!
 I felt the tree with my shaking rocking,
 And every feather was stiff as a stick.

But do you think they knew it? Never!
 I eyed them over, as bold as they;
 Then (mother said I was always clever)
 I opened my wings and—just flew away.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

IX.—A PLEASANT MORNING.

ALL went admirably with the
 operetta. When the Arch-
 bishop made his appearance,
 he was greeted with a royal
 welcome. The pretty little
 play was produced in the evening, and
 proved to be an unqualified success. Mary
 Catherine made a beautiful "Minnehaha";
 although the Archbishop said, privately,
 that he thought the part of "Hiawatha"
 would have suited her better, she made
 such a boyish, martial appearance in her
 Indian costume. Tableaux and choruses
 were nothing new to the majority of the
 girls; but this was Mary Ann's first expe-
 rience of anything of the kind, and she
 was simply entranced with admiration.
 Mary Teresa had been given a subordinate
 part, which she filled very creditably;
 her semi-savage costume became her
 wonderfully well.

After the play was over, she and Mary

Catherine came out to the music room, and sat down by Mary Ann. The trio were fast becoming warm friends.

"Well, what did you think of it all?" inquired Mary Catherine.

"It was so lovely that I can't say anything. You all looked so pretty, and everything was so real, and the lights so beautiful. I can't think how you ever did it, girls. If your mother could have seen you, Mary Teresa," she added, "how proud she would have been! Don't you think she would, Mary Catherine?"

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "She has such a cunning little French way of doing everything; hasn't she?"

Mary Ann laughed as she remarked:

"I don't know exactly what you mean by that, Mary Catherine. I never saw any French people, that I can remember; but I should think they must be very nice if they can all do like that."

"Oh, you dear, matter-of-fact little girl!" cried Mary Catherine, giving Mary Ann what she was wont to call "a loving shake."

It was ten o'clock before the lights were extinguished in the dormitory. The girls went to sleep with their minds full of the contemplated excursion on the morrow—a walk to the woods in company with the Archbishop,—from which they expected to return laden with golden-rod and other autumn flowers, with which to decorate the new shrine of the Blessed Virgin, wherein a beautiful marble statue had recently been placed. This was the gift of one of the old pupils, a convert and godchild of the Archbishop, who had promised to bless the statue on this occasion. It was the season of Indian summer, lovely yet uncertain, and the hopes of the children were doomed to disappointment.

They were awakened next morning by the sharp patter of rain on the roof; and many a sigh of disappointment, with not a few smothered ejaculations, came from

behind the closed curtains at the ominous sound. When they entered the refectory after Mass, Sister Mary, standing in her accustomed place at the head of one of the long tables, gave the signal that the children might break silence. A fearful chatter ensued.

"Oh, what a pity!"—"Do you hear the pour? It is like a deluge."—"There isn't a strip of blue in the sky."—"Listen to the thunder, girls! It is going to be a regular storm."—"Oh, we can't go to the woods, or have the blessing of the statue, or anything!"—"Oh, dear! oh, dear! it is too bad!"

These and a host of similar exclamations poured from a hundred throats, until the appearance of fragrant coffee and griddle cakes reminded them that their appetites remained unaffected by the situation.

After grace had been said, the chatter was renewed; but those nearest to Sister Mary at the table found some consolation in learning from her that the Archbishop had requested they be allowed an entire day of recreation, with permission to make as much noise as possible.

"What a kind man he must be!" whispered Mary Ann to her companion, Mary Catherine, who sat beside her.

"Indeed he is a splendid man!" was the answer. "I am going to take you to him after breakfast and introduce you as the nicest girl in the school."

"Oh, no!" said Mary Ann, quickly. "You'll never do that, Mary Catherine. I couldn't bear to be singled out in that way. And he would know you were only making fun of me."

"Making fun of you!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "Do you think I could be so unkind as that, dearie?"

"What is the Archbishop's name?" asked Mary Ann.

The other told her.

"I think he must be the same one that cousin Lucy Barker saw once at Pontoosuc," said Mary Ann. "It sounds

just like the name; and she said he was such a nice old man, with a kind face and snow-white hair, as this one has."

"But I thought you didn't have any relations?" said Mary Catherine.

"She's not a real cousin: her husband was some distant cousin of my father."

"What did she go to see the Archbishop for?"

"Oh, she just happened to see him! He was at the hotel, maybe."

"I'll ask him if he ever goes there," said Mary Catherine.

"No, don't!" pleaded Mary Ann. "It isn't of any importance. I should think you'd be kind of timid about talking to him, any way."

"Kind of timid!" echoed Mary Catherine, with a proud smile. "Why should I be afraid to talk to him, when he's my father's godfather and my own godfather and my brother Gerald's? I feel as near to the Archbishop—as near—"

"Don't get excited, Mary Catherine," said her companion, in a low, soft voice. "I should think you *would* feel near to him in that case. But if you talk so loud and hold your head up that way, Sister Mary might think we were quarrelling. She's looking this way now."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't!" was the reply. "Everybody knows *you* never quarrel. But you've just got to come with me to speak to the Archbishop."

The entrance of Mother Teresa put a stop to all conversation. She came to announce that, as the weather was so unfavorable, the Archbishop would like to have the children in the parlor for an hour, to renew acquaintance with old friends as well as to meet those whom he had never before seen.

"And you know what that means," she continued. "You will pass a very pleasant morning. The Archbishop will entertain you with an account of his recent visit to Europe, which will be a most delightful treat."

The rain continued to pour; and at half-past nine the pupils were marshalled, two by two, in the corridor, whence they marched to the long parlor, where they found the Archbishop seated in an arm-chair dedicated to his special use.

"Come in! come in, children!" he said, with his incomparably winning smile. "Don't stand about the walls, but sit down anywhere and everywhere. I think myself the little ones will find the floor very comfortable."

In a few moments he formed the centre of a happy, informal group, from which he would now and then single some one as he recognized a familiar face. Everyone felt at home at once, as the good Archbishop began immediately to tell them of his visit to Europe and his interview with the venerable Pius IX., with numerous other pleasant incidents of the voyage.

Suddenly, in the midst of a group near the window, he espied Mary Catherine.

"Ah, Mary Catherine Hull!" he said, holding out his hand. "Come here. How could I have forgotten to ask for you, my child!"

The girl needed no second invitation. She had been waiting for an auspicious moment to have a few words with her beloved godfather, and came forward at once, dragging Mary Ann by one hand and little Mary Teresa by the other. The latter was not averse to being introduced to the Archbishop, who had known her father; but Mary Ann was overwhelmed with confusion.

"I am so glad to see you back again, dear godfather!" said Mary Catherine, with composure, as she knelt to kiss his ring. "I prayed for you every day."

"We all did, Archbishop," said a voice from the corner.

This caused a general laugh, which did not at all discomfit Mary Catherine.

"This is little Mary Teresa Rampère," she continued, gently pushing the child

to her knees, where she dutifully made, as best she could, the obeisance her companion had just performed.

"Rampère? Rampère?" repeated the Archbishop, who never forgot a name, taking Mary Teresa's hand. "Can it be the daughter of Arthur Rampère?"

"Yes, Archbishop," replied the child. "My dear father was once your pupil."

"And such a good boy!" rejoined the Archbishop. "God knew best when He took him, my dear. And your mother?"

Mary Teresa explained that her mother had gone to France on business, the good Archbishop listening attentively.

Mary Catherine was growing impatient.

"Dear godfather," she ventured at last, "this is Mary Ann Barker, the nicest girl in school and the very best."

"This is high praise indeed," said the Archbishop kindly, turning to Mary Ann.

"She is not a Catholic," added Mary Catherine; "and she doesn't know about kissing your blessed ring. But she's my friend, Archbishop."

"And you think that ought to be sufficient endorsement, I suppose," he answered, mischievously. "And where are you from, my little one?" he went on, addressing Mary Ann, who was fast regaining her composure.

"From near Pontoosuc, sir," she said. "I believe you go there sometimes."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" was the laughing rejoinder. And "something comical once happened to me there. I enjoyed it very much. With another priest I arrived, late at night, at the hotel. It was raining, and everyone was asleep. After we had knocked a long time, a man put his head out of the window. 'Who's there?' he asked. My companion told him.—'The house is full,' was the reply.—'But we can't stay out in the rain all night,' said the priest. 'Let us in, and we can sit by the fire.' The man came down and opened the door. He stirred up the fire, and we were soon dry and warm.

Presently the door opened again, and a long, lean, lank personage entered. He was attired in black and carried a satchel in his hand. 'Are you a Roman Catholic priest?' he queried, addressing me. I replied that I was. 'And you?' he added, turning to my companion, who also replied in the affirmative. 'And do these persons abide here to-night?' he went on, addressing the tavern-keeper. The man said: 'Yes, provided they are content to sit by the fire, as I have no bed to offer them.'—'In that case, I go,' he responded. 'I would sooner lay down to rest in a lake of burning fire than sleep under the same roof as these emissaries of the devil. My room is at their disposal. I will seek shelter across the road.' So saying, he departed. We were shown to his late apartment, where we found two comfortable beds, and slept soundly until morning. Such things seldom happen nowadays, my dear children," the Archbishop remarked; "but in early times they were the rule rather than the exception in settlements where there were few or no Catholics."

"Was the man a preacher?" inquired Mary Ann.

"I believe he was some sort of a travelling exhorter or revivalist. But we didn't mind it at all,—no, not at all. One becomes accustomed to such incidents. They are good for the soul, my dears,—good for the soul. But, bless me! now I remember you're not a Catholic, my child. I hope I have not offended you by my little story?"

"No, sir,—no, indeed," replied Mary Ann. "It just made me a little ashamed, that's all. Still, I don't know why I ought to be; for it couldn't have been any of my folks, any way."

At this juncture Mother Teresa drew near, thinking the three little girls had occupied the Archbishop's attention long enough. At a sign from her they retired to the background.

The Archbishop looked at his watch, leaned back slightly in his chair, and said:

"Children, we have still some time left before eleven, when the Mother tells me you must go. I think I will tell you a little story, of which the meeting with Mary Catherine here has reminded me."

(To be continued.)

A Happy King.

Many kings and emperors have been given sentimental names either by their contemporaries or history. Eight potentates have been called "the Good," forty-one "the Great," seven "the Conqueror," two "the Cruel," two "the Fair," and four "the Fat"; but not one has ever been called "the Happy."

Far away from where I write they tell a story about a king. Once upon a time, after a long and wise reign, his Majesty lay dying. Calling to him the son who was to succeed him, he warned him that happiness would turn to dust and ashes at his touch; that no one is more a servant than he who seems to rule; that all on earth is vanity, and that he must look for nothing better than a troubled and stormy life; and be content if death, when it came, came in a peaceful guise.

But the young man—as young men will—protested that he knew better: that the cares of state should sit lightly upon him; that life to a king should be one long holiday, and that he should show his courtiers and all the world what happiness truly meant. While he spoke the heart of his father, being a very old and very weary heart, ceased to beat.

As soon as the royal mourning was done, the new king caused a bell of silver to be placed in the tower surmounting the palace, and connected with it were many ropes which led to every room in the building.

"I wish to have one always at hand,"

he said; "for I intend to ring the bell whenever I am happy, to prove that there was no truth in my father's words. In me the world shall see a happy king."

Time went on, and the people listened for the bell, but it was never heard. The king's hair showed traces of silver and the light in his eyes faded.

"Some day," he declared, "I shall be rid of these vexatious cares. Then I will ring the bell." When the cares became less he said: "My enemies make my life a burden. When they die or are silent, I will ring such a peal as was never heard before." But he grew older, and the bell was still silent.

At last he lay at the point of death. A sound of weeping floated through the palace. The king raised himself up on his pillow and listened.

"What do I hear?" he asked.

The grand chamberlain tried to divert the dying monarch, and said:

"'Tis some passing beggars, no doubt."

But the king knew better.

"Tell me the truth," he demanded.

"It is your people weeping," ventured the courtier.

"Why do they weep?"

"Because you are to leave them."

"So I am dying?"

"Yes, your Majesty; and no one has dared to tell you so," answered the grand chamberlain, falling on his knees.

"And they weep?" murmured the king, sinking back upon his pillow. "Do they love me so much?"

"Sire, they would die instead of you, if that were possible."

"Can this be true?" asked the other, in a faint, eager voice.

"Sire, it is true as heaven."

Then such a beautiful look as those about him had never before seen on human face overspread the whitening features of the dying man. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and passed to the rest of Paradise.

With Authors and Publishers.

—There is a children's magazine in France which is more than a century old. It is the *Courier des Enfants*, and was established in 1795.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has issued a fourth series of Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales*. These interesting and edifying stories ought to serve a good purpose with Sunday-school teachers, etc.

—Two school publications from the antipodes impress us very favorably. The *Convent Annual* hails from Bathurst, Australia, where the Sisters of Mercy have a flourishing academy. From St. Joseph's College, Darjeeling, comes the *North Point Annual*, with an elaborate study of the January eclipse. Both publications are highly creditable to the institutions from which they emanate.

—Edmond Roeland, the new French poet, whose metrical drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," achieved what our Parisian friends style a triumphant success last December, is a young man under thirty. A native of Marseilles, his genius is marked by many of the happy audacities peculiar to that country of the sun; and he has rapidly won recognition from the most competent and reputable of the French critics.

—A Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Alexander Whyte, has published a *Life of St. Teresa* which has already run into a second edition. We expect soon to announce a *Life of the Blessed Virgin* by a Baptist elder, and a novena to St. Francis of Assisi from the pen of a Methodist bishop. Dr. Whyte, we may add, accepts all the miracles attributed to St. Teresa, and writes in a most appreciative and reverential spirit. But he ought to spell the Saint's name without the *h*.

—"Be what you would seem to be," says the duchess, in Lewis Carroll's delightfully droll story of "Alice's Adventures,"—"or, if you like it put more simply: Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others, that what you were or might have been, was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared

to them to be otherwise." This is slightly involved; and the same objection might be urged against Dr. Hunter's favorite motto: "It is pretty impossible and therefore extremely difficult for us to convey unto others those ideas whereof we are not possessed ourselves."

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have published a new edition of the tercentenary life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, written by students of St. Xavier's College, New York city, and edited by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. An appendix affords various devotions in honor of the Saint.

—The shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in the Mission Church, Boston, is a centre of loving devotion to the Blessed Virgin. To further this the Redemptorist Fathers, in charge of this shrine, have published a pamphlet setting forth the history of the church and that of the miraculous picture itself, together with practical instructions on devotion to Our Lady, and special prayers and exercises in her honor.

—In reviewing an historical treatise by a hysterical woman, the *Bookman* takes occasion to say: "We regret the appearance in her pages of such expressions as 'the Romish Church' and 'Romish papists'; for these terms would of themselves lead one to view the whole treatise with suspicion." This pertinent hint is characteristic of the *Bookman*, which is easily the broadest literary journal in our language.

—A helpful lecture on "Socialistic Fallacies," by the Rev. T. H. Malone, has been issued as a pamphlet by the Home Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. For some time Father Malone has been giving his best thought to this subject, hence his presentation of it is clear and convincing. We commend it to those who have scant leisure for reading, but who desire a brief and intelligible statement of the attitude which most Catholic writers take toward socialism.

—Mr. R. Washbourne has brought out a new edition of the *Life of Don Bosco*, founder

of the Salesian Society, translated from the French of M. Villefranche by Lady Martin. The great works achieved by this holy priest, who died about ten years ago, make one wish that there were a Don Bosco in every country in the world. The same publisher has sent us a copy of a new edition of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, compiled from the well-known "Legenda" of St. Bonaventure, by Miss Lockhart. This inspiring volume was edited with a short preface by the late Cardinal Manning.

—The late Mother Vincent, of the Convent of Mercy, Rensselaer, N. Y., found time for some literary work amid the cares of a long and arduous life of administration. She published many translations from the French and German, her last work being an English rendering of the Life of St. Germain, by M. L. Guerin. It was characteristic of the humility and unselfishness of this venerable religious that she never permitted her name to appear as the translator. May God reward her good life!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. H. Whitehead, S. J. \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp. \$1.

Pastoral Theology. Rev. William Slang, D. D. \$1.50, net.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. \$1.

The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. Chaignon-de Goesbriand. \$1.50.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. Wilfrid Ward. \$6.

Bible Picture Book. Lady Kerr. 50 cts.

Hania. Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$2.

The School for Saints. John Oliver Hobbes. \$2.

Passion-Flowers. Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P. \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. Charles Coppens, S. J. \$1.50.

Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. Rohner-Brennan. \$1.25.

Amber Glints. Amber. \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. Rev. E. L. Taunton. \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. F. G. Walpole. \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. Christian Reid. \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. Marion J. Brunowe. 50 cts.

Father Damien. Robert Louis Stevenson. 50 cts.

Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman. 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. II. Schmid-Jenkins. 25 cts.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. Author of "Quo Vadis." \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. Emmy Giehl. \$1.25.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. Bishop Spalding. \$1.

A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

Let Us Follow Him. Henryk Sienkiewicz. 50 cts.

The Commandments Explained. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.60.

Angels of the Battlefield. George Barton. \$3.

With a Pessimist in Spain. Mary F. Nixon. \$1.50.

The Pink Fairy Book. Andrew Lang. \$2.

The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.50.

In the Days of Good Queen Bess. Robert Haynes Cave. \$1.

Rosemary and Rue. Amber. \$1.

Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.

The Orange Society. Rev. H. W. Cleary. 50 cts.

Stories on the Rosary. Louisa Emily Dobrée. 50 cts.

Another China. Mgr. Reynaud, C. M. 60 cts.

A History of the Protestant Reformation. Cobbett-Gasquet. 25 cts.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua. Charles Warren Stoddard. 50 cts.

The Man of the Family. Christian Reid. \$1.

The Life of Christ. Rev. J. Duggan. \$1.50, net.

AN ECHO FROM CALVARY.

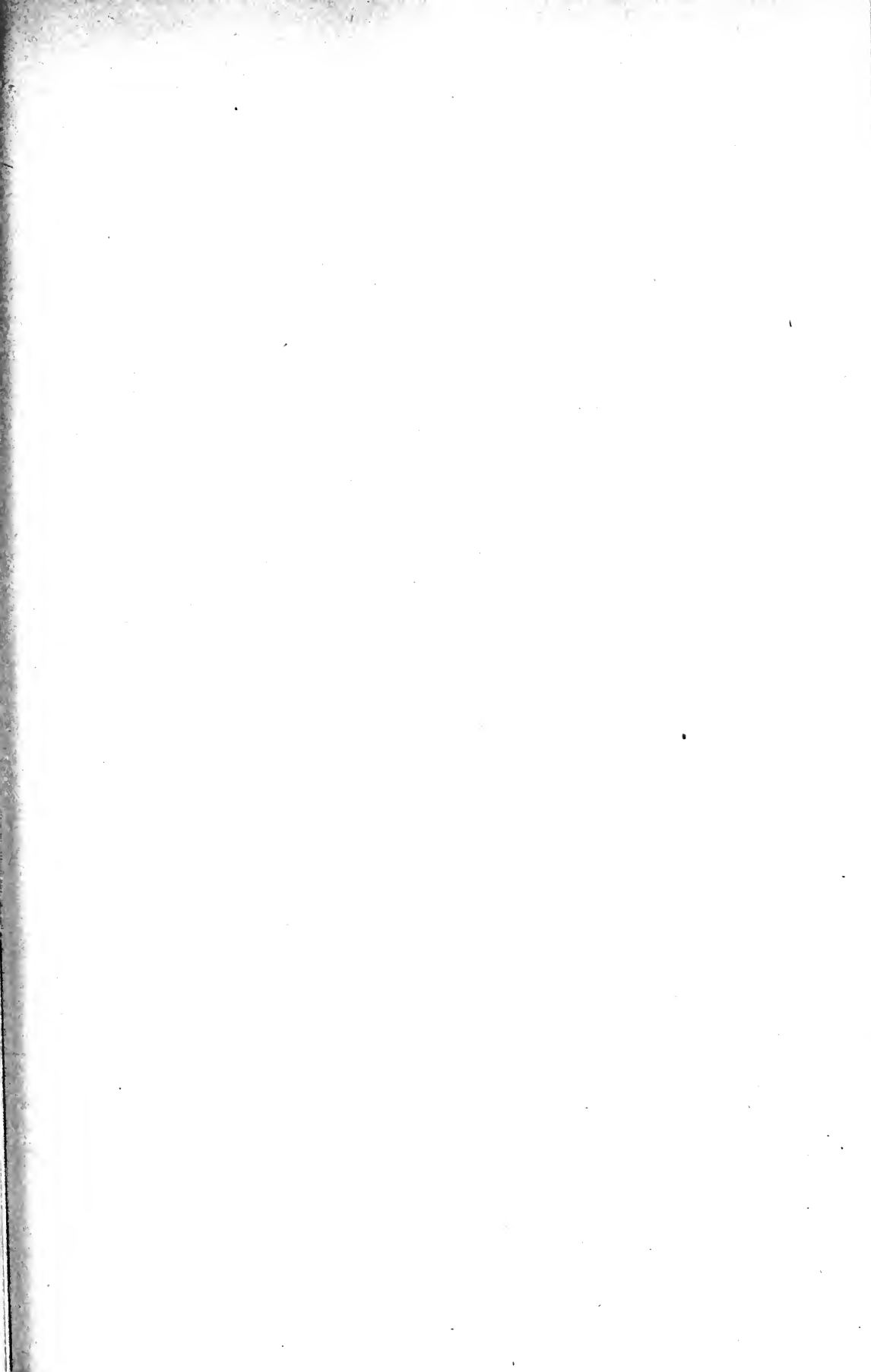
*Andante.*Soprano.
Alto.Tenor.
Bass.

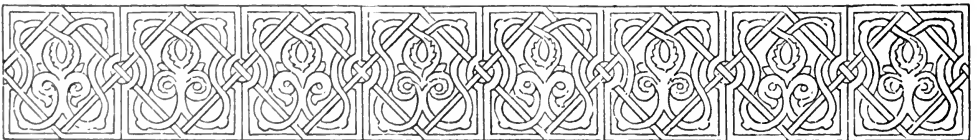
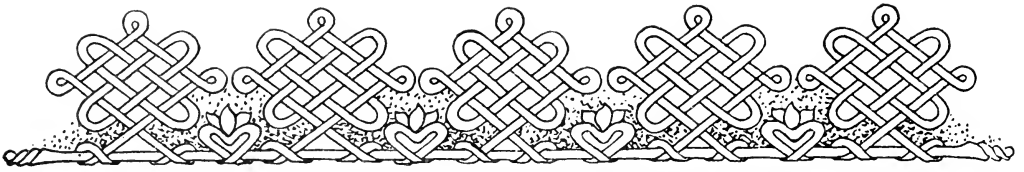
O Moth-er, when the cross is hea - vy And be - neath it I am
 O Moth-er, when my heart is lone - ly And life's bit - ter-ness I
 O Moth-er, when e'en prayer seems hope - less And my heart is cold with

bowed, When my shoul - ders feel it drag - ging Till I fain would cry a -
 know, When each step is one of an - guish As in du - ty's path I
 fears, When I kneel to ask thy pi - ty And my pray - ers are only

loud, Comes the ech - o, full of sol - ace— E - h - o of those words of
 go, Comes the ech - o, full of sol - ace— I ch - o of those words of
 tears, Comes the ech - o, full of sol - ace— I ch - o of those words of

thine: "Ye who pass, be - hold my sor - row! Is there an - y like to mine?"
 thine: "Ye who pass, be - hold my sor - row! Is there an - y like to mine?"
 thine: "Ye who pass, be - hold my sor - row! Is there an - y like to mine?"





THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
(FRA ANGELICO.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

VOL. XLVI.

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Xerxes.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE monarch on his vast array look'd
down,

His myriads, and forestall'd a conqueror's
bliss.

For earth and all it held were surely his;
The fetter'd sea was vassal to his crown,
And the vexed Hellespont had seen his frown.

A phantom cross'd him. "Death sole con-
queror is!"

Cried he, and wept. "A century hence
shall this,

The countless host, be dust,—men, arms,
renown!"

Fool in thy grief as joy. The sea and land
Vengeance prepare, and mock thy frown
and chain.

Ere days, not centuries, pass a holy band
Shall with thy myriads strew the bur-
thened plain.

The poorest Christian lifts a mightier hand;
For he amid immortal hosts shall reign.

WE mourn over the blossoms of May,
because they are to wither; but we know,
withal, that May is one day to have its
revenge upon November, by the revolu-
tion of that solemn cycle which never
stops,—which teaches us in our height
of hope ever to be sober, and in our
depth of desolation never to despair.

—Newman.

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

II.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.



OUR Second Dolor is heralded by a
pageant and a tragedy, and neither
pageant nor tragedy can be over-
looked in its contemplation. The
vision of three Wise Men, who were kings
as well, crossing the desert on their camels,
led by an inspiration from heaven to seek
Him whose coming was to be heralded
by a star, and that star burning steadily
in the clear sky of the Orient with a
brilliancy altogether unheard of; the visit
of these three Wise Men, kings as well, to
Herod, King of Judah, in the holy city of
Jerusalem; and, obedient to the prophecies,
turning to the little town of Bethlehem,
there to find the One whom they sought,
not in kingly state but lying in a manger;
there, also, to offer to this Babe of days
their precious gifts of gold, frankincense
and myrrh,—the whole has passed into
the poetry and the art of all succeeding
ages, and even into modern story.

We speak literally when we say of all
succeeding ages. It was one of the favorite
subjects of the first, second and third cen-
turies on the walls of catacomb chambers;
and when the Arch of Triumph lifted its
head in Santa Maria Maggiore, our three
Kings were there, and so was the star, and

so were Herod and the unwilling readers of holy prophecy; and the Divine Babe was there receiving their gifts. And the tragedy was there also; and the wail of the Bethlehem infants and the frantic cries of their mothers were lifted up in testimony to the Incarnation, to which the whole arch is a monument.

But our actual dolor, "The Flight," was not one to be treated easily in mosaic. Landscapes at that early time were very rarely attempted, and had little interest for the primitive Christians, whose minds were so seriously occupied by the fundamental dogmas of a religion for which they might at any time be called to die. The accessories, therefore, of "The Flight" being technically difficult, they included all its significance in those graphic representations of the Murder of the Holy Innocents which are still to be found among the cathedral treasures of Southern Europe.

We can not suppose Our Lady to have been actually present at any of those scenes so brutally enacted at the command of Herod; but that visit of the angel to Saint Joseph in his sleep, saying, "Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him," opened to Mary all the possibilities of the danger before her. Saint Matthew is the only one of the Evangelists to give this narrative; but it is told by him so circumstantially that this Second Dolor stands as sharply defined as Simeon's prophecy was vague, and which she now reads with an awful sense of what is still to come.

Archbishop Kenrick, in his note upon this passage in Saint Matthew's Gospel, says: "It is probable that immediately after their [*i. e.*, the Wise Men's] departure, the Child was brought to Jerusalem to be presented in the Temple." Then, in another note following immediately, he

says of the dream: "This took place probably as Joseph, after the presentation, was on his way to Nazareth." The Gospel tells us that he arose and "took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt."

This subject could not fail to have been treated in the miniatures which illustrated so lavishly and so touchingly all the choir books of the Middle Age monasteries; and even in the large representations of the Murder of the Holy Innocents it comes into the backgrounds, especially in architectural decorations of churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as Notre Dame de Chartres; and in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna" we are told, in a note, that it is "conspicuously and elegantly treated over the door of the Lorenz Kirche at Nuremberg"; indicated, as she remarks, rather than represented.

But while we are preparing ourselves for disappointment in our search for early representations of this dolor in its entirety, we find to our delight, in spite of technical difficulties as to mosaic, the whole story, pageant, tragedy, and flight, beautifully given in the second row of mosaics encrusting the domed ceiling of the ancient baptistery of Florence. These wonderful mosaics date to the year 1213, and were begun by Andrea Tafi, assisted by Gaddo Gaddi, a friend of Cimabue; and by Apollonio, a Greek master, under whom both Andrea Tafi and Gaddo Gaddi had learned their art. This row begins with the Annunciation to Our Lady, the Visitation to Saint Elizabeth, the Nativity; and next comes the visit of the Magi, their dream in which they are warned to return another way into their own country, which they do in a sail-boat; then the Presentation in the Temple followed by Saint Joseph's Dream, in which an angel communicates the danger awaiting the Holy Child, and the actual Flight. The gentle animal on which Our Lady is seated with her Child is led by

an angel, but the Child Himself stands on His Mother's knee and points the way, while Saint Joseph follows the holy group; and the Murder of the Innocents occupies the next compartment. The vivacity with which these groups are executed would make them perfectly intelligible to a child.

Still, the event can hardly be said to have been treated as a dolor, except in choir books, before the year 1400—that century in which rare tenderness of devotion quickened the imaginations of so many gifted sons of Italy. It is on the wall of a cell in the Monastery of San Marco, Florence, that we find our Flight treated as a dolor, with no other idea in mind; for it was painted there by the hand of the Angelical Brother who painted but for one purpose on these convent walls—which was to assist the meditations of the Brothers who dwelt there, whose lives were shaped and colored by the indwelling thought, not by the execution of the picture whatever it might be.

And what is this picture which, in despite of four centuries, keeps its place in every work of art, and challenges the critic with any or all of its imperfections? A barren landscape, hills and valleys, with here and there an abode more or less humble, and far off a line of the sea; just four trees, shaped for all the world like the toy trees of a child's Christmas-box. Edging the path is delicate herbage, as if it had sprung up at the moment from the atmosphere of this group; and close to us the barest outline of a mouse-colored donkey, such as we see in Italy, but living and moving, and intent on accomplishing his journey. No bridle, no rein of any sort; but we know the donkey is on the right path, that he will not falter or need urging or stumble; for on his back is seated the gentlest rider that a donkey ever bore,—the gentlest rider and the most wonderful; for she is a Virgin-Mother, and she holds to her cheek, without a thought of aught else in the world, the promised One

of Israel, the Messiah of her people; the Redeemer of the whole human race, foretold to Adam and Eve even after their sin, and now come; the very Word Himself made flesh and committed to her arms, while the nation that should welcome Him and the king who should bow down to Him are seeking His life. Her soul is utterly abandoned to this one thought, all the instincts of motherhood inspiring her to shield Him, while the tender face is calm even in the anguish of her heart; and this anguish to be divined only by a gentle lifting of the eyes heavenward, and a pressure, which we feel rather than see, of the hands that hold her Babe to her cheek; while the Infant looks into His Mother's face with a confidence which assures her that all will be well.

Saint Joseph follows with a step as firm, as untiring as that of the patient animal that needs no urging. The white locks fall in waves on his shoulders from under a close cap; but the simplicity of the drawing gives us a deep, far-seeing eye, and the profile of a face as intelligent in heavenly things as it is benign. He carries, on a stick over his shoulder, the garments for his family, and in his hands certain utensils which you know will be used when they pause to rest. The soul of the picture could be given in a circle which would enclose the head of the Mother, of the Child, and the encircling arms and hands. The terror which seized her when Joseph gently roused her from her sleep, told her of the vision and of the command, still freezes her; we see that she has but one care—to shield her Infant from "the terrors of the way."

A more direct contrast to this conception of our dolor could not be found than "The Flight" by Titian. A glorious landscape, umbrageous trees, a beautiful Mother and sleeping Babe, a foster-father; but, nearly lost in the magnificence of the landscape as they are, we feel that they were introduced as an after-thought, to

give significance and perhaps tenderness to the scene. It is the world's way of looking at all these events, simply as events and circumstances pointing the story. Pinturicchio, in one of his pictures in Sant' Onofrio, Rome, has rendered the Flight with all the hurry and trepidation which is usually seen in figures fleeing from imminent danger of any sort; and in the background we see the brutal Murder of the Innocents and the distracted mothers. Guido represents the Holy Family flying on foot; while Nicolas Poussin embarks them in a row-boat, with angels in the air bearing a cross.

We turn from all these—for our dolor is not to be found in them—and come to an artist in our own century who has given this dolor in all the supernatural environment that belongs to it, and with a charm which should convince us, once for all, that it is not the century in which we find a picture, nor the technique, however perfect, which has produced it, which makes its value (and this not only for one age but for all time), but the mind which has meditated upon, the soul which has apprehended, actually laid hold of the mystery contained in the event; and the sensibility which has come in touch with the subtlest chords in the human Heart of Mary, the human Heart of Jesus Himself. Only by a transporting of one's whole self into this subject can any artist in the least hope to put before our eyes what the Flight really was as an event even, and what it will continue to be as a dolor so long as there is one heart left on earth to compassionate that Mother guarding her Divine Infant with her virginal arms from "the terrors of the way."

These two precious pictures are included by Overbeck in his "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels." The first of these two gives us the Dream. This Holy Family, whose never-to-be-spoken joy had come to it in the Stable of Bethlehem,

had paused for the night, it would seem, in another stable, or perhaps courtyard accessible to travellers; for we discern faintly the patient donkey unbridled at his crib in the background; while sitting on the bare floor, supported by the wall, we see Saint Joseph, his staff in his hand, in a deep sleep; made apparent by the one hand hanging limp over his knees, and by the very soles of the feet pressing on the floor, supporting him equally with the wall; a deep, deep sleep. Opposite Saint Joseph, sitting also on the bare floor, is the Virgin-Mother just leaning against the wall, one foot partly beyond her robe, the head under its mantle bent until the cheek touches the head of her Child; a very brooding of the nestling, folded—O how closely!—in her arms; one hand of exquisite grace sustaining her elbow, to make a cradle for her darling, her first-born, of whom no slumber can make her, for one instant, unconscious. Near Saint Joseph, on a rude block of stone, stands a lamp.

But what apparition is this flooding the bare stable with a heavenly radiance? An angel, fair and strong, vested, girded and winged, bends in haste over Saint Joseph; one hand points downward to the sleeping Mother and her Babe; the other, with a wonderfully speaking gesture, points outward and onward; and just outside the open wall we see the Mother and her still sleeping Babe, placed by Joseph's strong and gentle arms on the donkey. Above them is the fragment of an arch; and still above, in the clear, wintry air of a February night, is the crescent moon. We understand it all. Joseph, roused at once from his deep sleep, knew that he had seen a vision, understood the voice, the command. The donkey was led from his crib; the Mother was roused without awakening the Child, and placed securely on his back, and the flight was begun; a flight, because made suddenly but without any trepidation;

and we expect to see them—just as we do see them afterward, by the hand of the Angelical Brother on the wall of a cell in San Marco—two scenes in one act.

But our second picture? Nothing that we can recall in all the representations of the Murdered Innocents in the least equals the heartbreak of this scene. The little ones are dead,—and so beautiful in death that the hymn of Prudentius, of the fourth century, comes to mind:

Ye lovely flowers of martyrs, hail!

Two lie directly before us like twins, one over the other; but the group of six mothers fills the foreground. One bears her dead infant on her knees, with uplifted arms; another buries her face, but she can not bury her grief, in her hands; a third throws herself on the ground over her dead child and bewails him, with such tears as angels only can dry; a fourth lays the little lifeless face to her cheek, as if trying to bring it back to life by her caresses; but the fifth, her back toward us, sees her child dead, does not touch him, but mourns, with one hand to her tortured brain, the other hanging listlessly over the little form on the ground before her; and a sixth we see rushing off in wild despair, her hands to her ears as if to forget the death-wail of her darling.

All this in the foreground. But a middle distance comes in, the court of the Temple it might be; and up the many steps flies a mother, her child hugged frantically to her shoulder, and pursued by a murderer, who actually clutches her robe, threatens the child with his dagger; and still higher, within the portico, is another, whose child has been wrenched from her by one foot, but clinging to it still even while the murderous wound is being given.

Quite to the left stretches a line of arches, and we see—what? The Virgin-Mother closely veiled, looking neither to the right nor to the left, her Babe held close to her cheek; the donkey ambling

gently, without rein or bridle, through one of the arches; Saint Joseph following, as if the wind stirred his mantle, a bundle over his shoulder, and looking backward. O Virgin-Mother, have you heard the cry of one of these murdered Innocents, the wail of one of these mothers? And do you bear in your compassionate Heart, adding still another pang to your own dolor, the sorrows of the mothers of Bethlehem, while knowing that you are saving, by your flight, their Redeemer and your own?

A Sprig of Acacia.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

III.

ARRIVED at Rue Saint-Florentin, Julien was met at the door by Dr. Bianchon, all ready for a journey.

“Come, get into the carriage this minute, M. Denery,” he said. “We have no time to lose.”

“O Doctor, I am not prepared! Morel happened to meet me on the street. If I had known—”

“We must start, all the same, and at once. We are not going into a desert where nothing can be purchased. Come on. Good-bye, Morel,—good-bye! Above all things, do not stir from the house during office hours.”

Pushing the young man ahead of him, the Doctor made him get into the carriage, while Julien called out through the window:

“Morel, tell my landlady. Will you?”

Morel went in and closed the door.

“Tell his landlady, indeed!” he said, with a laugh. “What a provincial he is, to be sure! As if all the landladies of the Quartier Latin were aware, or expected to be made aware, of the whereabouts of their students when not at home!”

Meanwhile Julien had a most pleasant

experience. The journey was quickly made; the operation was a great success, and Dr. Bianchon complimented him on his nerve and attention to detail. They returned as quickly as they went, arriving at midnight at the Rue Saint-Florentin, where Julien was prevailed upon to accept the hospitality of the Doctor. Early the next morning he bade his host adieu and started for his own quarters, little prepared for the strange reception which awaited him.

For two nights Dame Hurlepin had not retired until after twelve, and then not to sleep soundly. For the first time in her life she left the door open all night, so that Julien might find no trouble in entering, if he should return. The young man had made for himself a warm place in her affections, and her honest heart was ill at ease concerning him. On the second morning she arose very early, just as the milkwoman was opening her can at the door. To her she at once began to relate her distressing tale.

"He has not come back," she said.

"Are you sure? Have you been in his room this morning?" asked the other.

"No, I have not been near it—not since yesterday afternoon. And then I could not go in, as I had not the key. But I knocked repeatedly, all to no purpose. Besides, I would have seen him come in. I always did before."

"Pshaw! He might easily have come in while your back was turned. You are neither an automaton nor a wax figure in a barber shop, staring straight ahead of you without ever changing your position year in and year out."

"To be sure not. But I would have heard him at least. I know his footstep very well."

"See here, my friend. I who am speaking to you no longer ago than last week believed that my boy had gone to the festival at Bayeux; and I was displeased with him, for I had forbidden him to do

so. I waited up, intending to give him a scorching when he came; although I was tired to death, and my head nodded every moment. At last Genevieve called out from the bedroom: 'Mamma, it must be very late. Why don't you come to bed?'—'I am sitting up for Baptiste,' I answered. 'He has gone to the *fête* in spite of all I said.'—'Baptiste gone to the *fête!*' she cried, and laughed aloud. 'He went to bed with a bad headache four hours ago, and he said he didn't care at all about going to Bayeux. He only wanted to tease you a little. Come to bed, mamma.' Sure enough: there he was, fast asleep in his room; and I could have sworn that I had seen him stealing off in the lamplight, in the shade of the houses. Go knock on M. Denery's door, Madame Hurlepin. Ten to one, he is sound asleep in his bed. I will go with you."

The two neighbors mounted the stairs together, and Dame Hurlepin knocked loudly on the student's door; but there was no response.

"What did I tell you?" she observed, turning mournfully to her companion.

"Well, I don't know what to think about it," said the milkwoman. "I shall be late: I must go."

With these words she clattered down the stairs to her cans, leaving the Dame to her own devices. A prey to her uneasiness, she stood for a few moments irresolute, when a door on the opposite side of the hall was cautiously opened, and the servant of the lady who occupied the apartments looked out, saying:

"Did you knock, Madame Hurlepin?"

"Not at your door, Lisette; but at this one—M. Denery's. He has not been home—poor young man!—since the night before last. I fear something must have befallen him."

"Oh, you are mistaken!" replied the old woman. "I saw him coming upstairs just at dusk yesterday evening. Perhaps he is ill."

"I have knocked several times, but he does not answer."

"Probably too ill to do so. You must open the door."

"I have no key, Lisette."

"Well, Madame Traineaux retained one when she gave up that apartment, you know. I will ask her for it."

Madame Traineaux—a retired dress-maker, who passed her life reading the fashion books, the supplements of which were filled with sensational stories—was deeply excited when her maid told her of the situation. She produced the key with alacrity, fully convinced that the young student would be found dead in his bed, either asphyxiated or poisoned. Hurriedly joining in the quest, she awaited the result with an impatience only second to that of Dame Hurlepin.

The room was vacant, the bed neatly made as Dame Hurlepin had left it two days before. An open letter, or something resembling a letter, lay on the table. It proved to be a receipted tailor's bill. Julien's usual everyday attire lay upon a chair. Nothing foreboded disaster of any kind. Suddenly Madame Traineaux, who was a tall, thin, angular woman, reached forth her long arm and took a paper from the mantelpiece.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as she devoured it with hungry eyes. "I have solved the riddle: I have the key to the mystery. The unfortunate young man is dead—he has committed suicide!"

"Oh, how do you know? What does it say—what does it say?" inquired Dame Hurlepin, endeavoring to get a glimpse of the paper.

"Just read this!" continued the dress-maker, with a tragic gesture; presenting to the two women an engraved note which bore the following words:

"Monsieur Dubreuil, notary, has the honor of inviting you to the marriage of his daughter, Mlle. Marie Dubreuil, with Monsieur Anicet Austrue."

"And here is another," she went on, taking a similar one from the mantelpiece and reading aloud:

"Monsieur Dubreuil, notary, has the honor of inviting you to the marriage of his daughter, Antoinette Dubreuil, with Monsieur Théophile Austrue. Merville, July 25, 18—."

The two women looked at each other in dismay, as Madame Traineaux held the paper at arm's-length, in silence, for the space of a moment. Then she said, in a solemn, deep-toned voice:

"It is the despair of love. Poor, poor young man, he has committed suicide! He will be found at the morgue, if not to-day, certainly to-morrow. Ah, what a pity! Such a handsome young man!"

"But, Madame," interposed the servant, "there—are two young ladies mentioned in those notes."

"All the more reason. He probably was in love with both."

"With both!" cried Dame Hurlepin and the servant in one breath.

"Precisely—with both," said Madame Traineaux, in a tone which admitted of no contradiction. "With the elder, deeply; having in mind that if she were not for him the other yet remained. Therefore the double marriage was too much for him. Or," she added, in the triumphant tone of one who has finally solved an intricate problem, "they may have been twins; they *must* have been twins, so exactly alike that the difference between them could not be told. It is now your duty, Madame Hurlepin, to make your report to the chief of police."

"I shall run there," was the answer. "Alas that I did not know this sooner! He might have been saved."

She ran quickly downstairs, pausing at the door to inform her husband of the errand on which she was bound. Then she hurried to her friend, the fruit-woman, who accompanied her to the grocer's wife, where they found the milkwoman. After

many exclamations of surprise and regret, and some deliberation, the four women decided that before waiting upon the chief of police it might be better to go to the morgue.

This little promenade was exactly to the taste of Dame Hurlepin, who seldom passed a month without making the gruesome place a visit. It was always a *fête* day with her when she was able to spare an hour for the morgue. A strange pleasure, surely; one calculated to harden both the heart and the imagination. But when one sees women of intelligence and supposed refinement delighting in such horrid spectacles as are there presented, one can not blame their less cultured sisters for the abnormal interest they manifest in tales of scandal and scenes of crime and desperation, so many of which culminate in this last drama of despair.

An hour had elapsed when the four women returned, disputing as they came along. Goodman Hurlepin had profited by his wife's absence to pay a lengthy visit to the adjacent coffee-house, with the result that his greeting to her was more eloquent than elegant. Very soon the voices of the quintette became so boisterous that the neighbors opened their windows to learn the cause of the disturbance below.

"I saw him and recognized him!" cried Dame Hurlepin to the inquiries of Madame Traineaux, from the balcony. "He is at the morgue, poor boy—drowned! You were right; my friend,—you were right. He is dead—drowned on account of a faithless girl."

"Perhaps not faithless," answered the dressmaker, in a tone of apology. "It may have been a case of unrequited love."

"But no: you are mistaken, Madame Hurlepin!" exclaimed the grocer's wife for the twentieth time. "The drowned man we saw has been three days at the morgue. The keeper told me so."

"It is not true,—it is not true!" Dame

Hurlepin answered. "He simply did not want me to go in. That man sells the dead bodies; he *sells* them,—I know it. Therefore he did not wish me to reclaim that of my poor M. Denery. As if I could not recognize my lodger, the most gentlemanly one I ever had. How could you know, Madame Pilon? You never noticed him particularly when he was alive."

"But, Madame Hurlepin," interposed the milkwoman, somewhat timidly, yet with an air of conviction, "this man was middle-aged and much smaller than M. Denery."

"Shut up, shut up, all of you!" cried M. Hurlepin, seizing a broom, which he brandished over the heads of the excited women, who did not seem to mind it in the least. "This comes of renting one's rooms to scalawags and vagabonds."

"What scalawags! What vagabonds!" said his wife, snatching the broom from his hand and giving him a smart blow on the back with the handle. "That poor young man was worth ten like you, good-for-nothing drunkard that you are!"

Dodging the broom, once more uplifted by his irritated spouse to emphasize her words, M. Hurlepin took his departure to the rear of the building.

Suddenly the milkwoman uttered a piercing cry, and at the same moment M. Denery, looking a little pale, but otherwise quite resembling his usual self, appeared in the midst of the women, whose numbers were now considerably augmented by several of the neighbors.

"It is he,—it is he!" exclaimed Dame Hurlepin. "O Monsieur! have you risen from the dead?"

"What did I tell you?" said the milkwoman. "I knew it was a middle-aged man we saw."

"Thank God you thought better of the rash deed, Monsieur!" called Madame Traineaux from the stairway. "Life has sweets yet in store far more desirable than those you have lost."

"Pardon me, Monsieur!" observed the fruit-woman. "But you should not have alarmed your friends in this manner."

Amazed, the young man looked from one to another; and, far from appreciating the welcome extended him on all sides, he experienced a qualm of disgust, realizing for the first time how commonplace were his surroundings.

"What is all this fuss about?" he inquired in an icy tone. "I have been absent from the city for a day,—that is all. Did you not receive my message, Madame Hurlepin?"

"What message, Monsieur? I have had no message. We have been to the morgue, and I was just preparing to go to the chief of police."

With a slight gesture of impatience, the young man began to ascend the stairs. Abashed, the women slunk away; and Dame Hurlepin, seeing that her maternal solicitude had been wasted, hurried off to her own quarters, where her recreant husband soon felt the force of her unsparing reproaches.

A few moments later, unable to restrain her curiosity, she appeared in M. Denery's apartment.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Monsieur?" she asked, with a curtsy.

"Nothing, Madame," replied the young man, somewhat regretful that he had been so curt with her a few moments before. After all, she was interested in him—the only one in the world perhaps, except his old Aunt Alexandrine. "I am sorry you did not get my message, or that you should have been put to any anxiety on my account."

Entirely appeased, the good woman sought Madame Traineaux, to whom she confided her opinion that M. Denery had simply absented himself to attend the double wedding; and that, if her observation counted for anything, his heart seemed to be as whole as ever.

(To be continued.)

"Dolor Meus in Conspectu Meo Semper."

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

BEHIND the rocks, before the crispy sands,

Where the blue waves come up toward Nazareth,

Sun-ridged and golden, John and Jesus played.

The sunshine fell in splendor, and the sun—Misty and dazzling white—was overhead.

A line of brilliance semicircular Lay round the bay, while brightly far beyond The city walls and homes stood boldly out. Below there bloomed no flowers, but up the rocks

The fairest blossoms hung, from which sweet scents

Spread and rose upward 'neath the evening-star.

Thrice did the elder-born essay to reach The beauteous clusters; but the cruel rock, Jagged and keen, bade him no longer strive.

II.

So Mary's Son, with smile and loving look, Would, with a resolute will, gather the flowers.

Below, the sands were barren, bare and dry. Steep were the rocks and sharply dangerous, Yet still He clomb their rugged, stony sides, Blood starting from His Hands the dolorous way.

Anon the clustering blossoms fell; and John, Gathering them up, enwove a coronal, And placed it reverent upon Jesus' brow. Just then a troop of merry children came And sang a joyful canticle in His praise. Kneeling around, in innocent childish play, They called Him "King," and kissed His wounded Hands;

So were His Sorrows ever in His sight.

THE very Mother of God herself was blessed in being for awhile the handmaid of the Word of God made flesh; but she was much more blessed in this, that through her love she keepeth Him forever.—*Venerable Bede.*

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—DUE WEST TO DENVER.

COMMENCEMENT week at Notre Dame ended in a blaze of glory. Multitudes of guests who had been camping for a night or two in the recitation rooms—our temporary dormitories—gave themselves up to the boyish delights of school-life, and set numerous examples which the students were only too glad to follow. The boat race on the lake was a picture; the champion baseball match, a companion piece; but the highly decorated prize scholars, glittering with gold and silver medals, and badges of satin and bullion; the bebies of beautiful girls who for once—once only in the year—were given the liberty of lawns and campus; the frequent and inspiring blasts of the University Band, and the general joy and happiness that filled every heart to overflowing, rendered the last day of the scholastic year romantic to a degree and memorable forever.

There was no sleep during the closing night—not one solitary wink; all laws were dead-letters—alas that they should so soon arise again from the dead!—and when the wreath of stars that crowns the golden statue of Our Lady on the high dome, two hundred feet in air, and the wide-sweeping crescent under her shining feet, burst suddenly into flame, and shed a lustre that was welcomed for miles and miles over the plains of Indiana—then, I assure you, we were all so deeply touched that we knew not whether to laugh or to weep, and I shall not tell you which we did.

But the picnic really began at the foot of the great stairway in front of the dear old University next morning. Five

hundred possible presidents were to be distributed broadcast over the continent; five hundred sons and heirs to be returned with thanks to the yearning bosoms of their respective families. The floodgates of the trunk-rooms were thrown open, and a stream of Saratogas went thundering to the station at South Bend, two miles away. Hour after hour, and indeed for several days, huge trucks and express wagons plied to and fro, groaning under the burden of well-checked luggage. It is astonishing to behold how big a mere boy may claim for his very own; but it must be remembered that your schoolboy lives for several years within the brass-bound confines of a Saratoga. It is his bureau, his wardrobe, his private library, his museum, the receptacle of all that is near and dear to him; it is, in brief, his *sanctum sanctorum*, the one inviolate spot in his whole scholastic career of which he, and he alone, holds the key.

We descended with the tide in the wake of the trunk freset. The way being more or less clear, navigation was declared open. The next moment saw a procession of chariots, semi-circus wagons and barouches filled with homeward-bound schoolboys and their escorts, dashing at a brisk trot toward the railroad station. Banners were flying, shouts rent the air; familiar forms in cassock and biretta waved benedictions from all points of the compass; while the gladness and the sadness of the hour were perpetuated by the aid of instantaneous photography. The enterprising kodaker caught us on the fly, just as the special train was leaving South Bend for Chicago; a train that was not to be dismembered or its exclusiveness violated until it had been run into the station at Denver. After this last negative attack we were set free. Vacation had begun in good earnest. We all turned for a moment to catch a last glimpse of the University dome, towering over the tree-

tops; and feeling very tenderly toward everyone there.

It was near the summer solstice. The pond-lilies were ripe; bushels of them were heaped upon the platforms at every station we came to; and before the first stage of our journey was far advanced the ladies of our party were sighing over lapfuls of lilies, and the lads tottering under the weight of stupendous *boutonnieres*.

As we drew near the Lake City, the excitement visibly increased. Here there were partings, and such sweet sorrow as poets love to sing. It were vain to tell how many promises were then and there made, and of course destined to be broken; how everybody was to go and spend a happy season with everybody or at least somebody else, and to write meanwhile without fail. There were good-byes again and again, and yet again; and, with much mingled emotion, we settled ourselves in luxurious seats and began to look dreamily toward Denver.

In the mazes of the wonderful city of Chicago we saw the warp of that endless steel web over which we flew like spiders possessed. The sunken switches took our eye and held it for a time. But a greater marvel was the man with the cool head and the keen sight and nerves of iron, who sat up in his loft, with his hand on a magic wand, and played with trainfuls of his fellowmen—a mere question of life or death to be answered over and over again; played with them as the conjurer tosses his handful of pretty globes into the air and catches them without one click of the ivories. It was a forcible reminder of Clapham Junction; the perfect system that brings order out of chaos, and saves a little world, but a mad one, from the total annihilation that threatens it every moment in the hour, and every hour in the day, and every day in the year.

It did not take us long to discover the advantages of our special-car system. There were nigh fifty of us housed in a

brace of excursion cars. In one of these—the parlor—the only stationary seats were at the two ends, while the whole floor was covered with easy-chairs of every conceivable pattern. The dining car was in reality a cardroom between meals—and *such* meals, for we had stocked the larder ourselves. Everywhere the agents of the several lines made their appearance and greeted us cordially; they were closeted for a few moments with the shepherd of our flock, Father Zahm; then they would take a bite with us—a dish of berries or an ice,—for they invariably accompanied us down the road a few miles; and at last would bid us farewell with a flattering figure of speech, which is infinitely preferable to the traditional “Tickets, please; tickets!”

At every town and village crowds came down to see us. We were evidently objects of interest. Even the nimble reporter was on hand, and looked with a not unkindly eye upon the lads who were celebrating the first hours of the vacation with an enthusiasm which had been generating for some weeks. There was such a making up of beds when, at dark, the parlor and dining cars were transformed into long, narrow dormitories, and the boys paired off, two and two, above and below, through the length of our flying university; and made a night of it, without fear of notes or detentions, and with no prefect stalking ghostlike in their midst.

It would be hard to say which we found most diverting, the long, long landscape that divided as we passed through it and closed up in the rear, leaving only the shining iron seam down the middle; the beautiful, undulating prairie land; the hot and dusty desolation of the plains; the delicious temperature of the highlands, as we approached the Rockies and had our first glimpse of Pike's Peak in its mantle of snow; the muddy rivers, along whose shores we glided swiftly

hour after hour: the Mississippi by moonlight—we all sat up to see that—or the Missouri at Kansas City, where we began to scatter our brood among their far Western homes. At La Junta we said good-bye to those bound for Mexico and the Southwest. It was like a second closing of the scholastic year; the good-byes were now ringing fast and furious. Jolly fellows began to grow grave and the serious ones more solemn; for there had been no cloud or shadow for three rollicking days.

To be sure there was a kind of infantile cyclone out on the plains, memorable for its superb atmospheric effects, and the rapidity with which we shut down the windows to keep from being inflated balloon-fashion. And a little later there was a brisk hail-storm at the gate of the Rockies that peppered us smartly for a few moments.

We were quite sybaritical as to hours, with breakfast and dinner courses, and mouth-organs and cigarettes and jam between meals. Frosted cake and oranges were left untouched upon the field after the gastronomical battles were fought so bravely three or four times a day. Perhaps the pineapples and bananas, and the open barrel of strawberries, within reach of all at any hour, may account for the phenomenon.

Pueblo! Ah me, the heat and oppressiveness of that infernal junction! Pueblo, with the stump of its one memorable tree, or a slice of that stump turned up on end—to make room for a mere railway station, that could just as well have been built a few feet farther on,—and staring at you, with a full broadside of patent-medicine placards trying to cover its nakedness. On closer inspection we read this legend: "The tree that grew here was 380 years old; circumference, 28 feet; height, 79 feet; was cut down June 25, 1883, at a cost of \$250." So perished, at the hands of an amazingly stupid city

council, the oldest landmark in Colorado. Under the shade of this cottonwood Kit Carson, Wild Bill, and many another famous Indian scout built early camp fires. Near it, in 1850, thirty-six whites were massacred by Indians; upon one of its huge limbs fourteen men were hanged at convenient intervals; and it is a pity that the city council did not follow this admirable lead. It afforded the only grateful shelter in this furnace heat; it was the one beautiful object in a most unbeautiful place. Tradition adds, pathetically enough, that the grave of the first white woman who died in that desert was made beneath the boughs of the "Old Monarch." May she rest in peace under the merciless hands of the baggage-master and his merry crew! Lightly lie the trunks that are heaped over her nameless dust! Well, there came a time when we forgot Pueblo, but we never will forgive the town council.

Then we listened in vain at evening for the strumming of fandango music on multitudinous guitars, as was our custom so long as the *muchachos* were with us. Then we played no more progressive euchre games many miles in length, and smoked no more together in the ecstasy of unrestraint; but watched and waited in vain—for those who were with us were no longer of us for some weeks to come, and the mouths of the singers were hushed. The next thing we knew a city seemed to spring suddenly out of the plains—a mirage of brick and mortar—an oasis in the wilderness; and we realized, with a gasp, that we had struck the bull's-eye of the Far West—in other words, Denver!

(To be continued.)

THERE is no moment in our lives when we feel less worthy of the love of others, and less worthy of our own respect, than when we receive evidences of kindness which we know we do not deserve.

—Ik Marvel.

A Work-a-Day Romance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

IN the beginning all went well, and each evening found Phyllis tired but happy. After two or three days, however, the novelty wore away, and it seemed as though the fortnight would never come to a close. Dora's companion at the counter returned; she was an irritable girl, and inclined at times to be jealous, especially because Phyllis' efforts to please quickly made her a favorite with many customers.

Phyllis kept her own counsel. No one in the store knew that when the day was over the sweet-faced new girl at the button counter went home to a stately house in an aristocratic neighborhood, where the elderly negro "Mammy" left in charge marvelled to find "little Missy so done up,"—simple old Mammy, who had acquired the notion that her young lady was in town to take bicycle lessons, "an' was jest half killin' herself a-practisin'!"

If Mr. Knowlton suspected that the work was strange to Phyllis, she met with no consideration upon this score. Naturally, she made a few blunders; moreover, the mistakes of her companion were often shifted upon the newcomer. Once or twice, too, the superintendent called her to account in a sharp tone, which brought an angry flush to her cheek and caused her eyes to flash; but for Dora's sake she checked the haughty reply that would have brought matters to a climax. Then, too, the other employees, despite her readiness to be kind and obliging, mistook her reserve for pride, and did not like her.

So Phyllis began to understand something of the trials of a breadwinner girl. The only recompense for these irksome

days was the thought of Dora growing stronger in the country, the knowledge that Mrs. Wylie received every week the stipend her daughter was accustomed to earn, and the consciousness that she herself was trying to do a little good in the world.

A "wave" of cool weather during the last of August, of a sudden sent people back from the mountains and beaches; and Phyllis began to distinguish faces she knew among the throngs at Knowlton's. At first she brightened when she saw them, but soon grew to shrink back instinctively in pained surprise. For a number of ostentatious society women of her aunt's acquaintance, after a swift glance, passed her by with a stony stare; while others whom she had to wait upon ignored her with cool insolence; and it was the same with several of her own former associates.

On a certain evening, happening to walk home behind two pretty girls with whom she had been friendly the winter before, she inadvertently overheard one say to the other:

"Just think, Phyllis Newton is at the button counter in Knowlton's! People say her rich old aunt has cast her off; and Phyllis herself is as poor as a church-mouse, you know. It will be easy for our set to drop her, since she has not been formally presented to society—which is rather unlucky for her, though; for had she made her *début*, there might be a suitor to step forward now and claim her hand. Then Phyllis might snap her fingers at the old dragon and marry for love, in the charmingly sentimental way our grandmothers approve; but as it is I don't believe she is acquainted with *anybody*."

"I am sorry, sorry for her; yet—pride goes before a fall, and I must confess she always was too high and mighty for my taste," answered the second girl, airily.

But here, hot with indignation, Phyllis quickly crossed the street, that her ears might no longer be offended by their hateful chatter.

"And this is friendship!" she thought, with the indiscriminating cynicism with which youth ever turns from a shattered ideal. "These are the girls who fawned upon Aunt Romaine and wished to be my closest companions last year! How unjust to aunt, too! I would set them right on that score had she not required me to promise that, whatever comes, I am to enter into no explanation of the why and wherefore of what she is pleased to term this experiment. I am bound to respect her wish. Heigh-ho! it must be that I find the world so different from what I supposed because until now I have seen nothing of the seamy side of life. Well, at least I have *one* friend who would approve of my endeavor. I do not intend that he shall know of it now. Fortunately, his attention is given to his own affairs, and he is not likely to hear or heed idle gossip. But perhaps I shall tell him—sometime—"

And in a young girl's innocent reverie, Phyllis soon forgot the petty annoyances of the day.

III.

"Jack, there is something that must be attended to, and I have such a short time in town before leaving for the Adirondacks—my husband had to go on in advance to secure hotel accommodations—and it is raining—and—"

Thus in the drawing-room of her winter home, now only half prepared for occupancy, so brief would be her stay, little Mrs. Stevens poured out the story of her dilemma to her brother, Jack Harding, whom she had hastily summoned from his bachelor quarters upon the plea of important business.

"I am in a quandary, Jack. What *shall* I do about it?" she continued, disconsolately.

"Send for the carriage at once," he suggested dully, wondering why so simple a solution of the problem had not occurred to her.

"Since I had pneumonia the doctor says I must not risk taking cold by going out in the rain."

"Can I be of service, Mollie?" Jack inquired, gallantly; supposing she wanted to have a check cashed or something of the kind.

"Dear boy, it is so good of you!" she cried, catching at the offer. "You see, I told Madame la Mode I would select the buttons for my new Russian blouse; and if she does not receive them promptly it will not be finished this week. Marie, the children's French nurse, is so stupid about not speaking English, there is no use in sending her; so I thought, either on your way down to business or else when coming home, perhaps *you* would get them."

"Get what?" repeated the young man absently, looking at his watch; for he had a mercantile appointment of some consequence that morning.

"How abstracted men are!" laughed the vivacious lady. "Have I not just told you? The *buttons* at Knowlton's. I had a sample sent up yesterday; all you need do is to buy two dozen to match it."

"Oh—ah!" he stammered.

But the pathetic wistfulness of the thin face that smiled at him so confidently arrested his protest. Mollie was his only sister. She had been petted and spoiled all her life. For the last year her lungs had been very delicate; and now, after a summer by the sea, she was ordered to the mountains. How fragile she seemed! Could he be so unfeeling as to say that she might send a messenger boy upon her errand or avail of the telephone? No: it would be barbarous; besides, there was no telephone in the house. So, with a sense of droll perplexity, but a determination to find the boy, and deliver to this

modern mercury the instructions which she wrote out with minute care, he readily accepted the commission.

"There!" said Mrs. Stevens, with an air of triumph, as from the window she saw him board an electric car. "Marie would have wasted the whole forenoon over that errand. Now she will have time to finish embroidering the table-cover I intend to give mother for a Christmas present. I like to arrange so that everything will be ready in good season. My husband says I have a great talent for management."

Thanks to this administrative ability of the cheery little woman, it accordingly came to pass that, when the afternoon was well advanced, Mr. Jack Harding, recalling with consternation that he had until that moment forgotten her commission, concluded he must now execute it himself, after all.

Half an hour later Phyllis, with a start of surprise, beheld him striving to make his way through the throng at Knowlton's in the helpless manner of a man entirely out of his element, and looking as confused and ill at ease as the proverbial bull in a china shop.

"Jack Harding come a-shopping! Well, wonders will never cease!" she said to herself. And, although her cheeks flushed, she watched with amusement to see how he would extricate himself from his plight.

For Phyllis was growing accustomed to her surroundings. She had come to know, here and there, among her fellow-employees, women of natures as gentle and refined as any to be met in sunnier paths of life; and others whose off-hand manners at times grated upon her sense of good-breeding. She had heard tales of everyday heroism and self-sacrifice which commanded her admiration and respect. Her views, also, were widening. She felt ashamed of her many idle days when she saw around her girls no stronger than herself, and as young and as pretty, working

industriously and cheerfully from morning until night in order to carry their share of a family burden. Even toward those who toiled from no higher motive than to gratify a foolish love of dress and display, she felt a certain sympathy; remembering how hardly these trumperies were earned, and how much as a matter of course she had accepted from her aunt the luxuries of life.

And in the characters of her customers, too, she was beginning to discern the wheat from the chaff. To her dismay, she had found that, without exception, the acquaintances who encountered her here at Knowlton's concluded summarily that Miss Romaine had cast her off. In her hearing some blamed the supposed harshness of the old lady; others wondered what the girl had done to deserve her aunt's displeasure. But if beneath the surface politeness of some society women was now too often revealed an ignoble arrogance, others showed themselves noble and true. Whilom companions whom she was wont to consider thoughtless and frivolous had proved as tactful and kind as she herself had been toward Dora. In short, she had discovered real friends where she least expected to find them.

Therefore it did not occur to Phyllis to speculate as to what Jack Harding would do when presently he should catch sight of her. They had been attracted to each other from the first. He was much older than she—over thirty, in fact (and thirty seemed a great age to the ingenuous girl); rather grave and serious, too; an intelligent young merchant with excellent prospects; above all, a practical Catholic. And he had more than once given Phyllis to understand that his regard for her was something more than friendship.

Unfortunately, however, Miss Romaine chose to exhibit an air of hostility to Mr. Harding.

"Depend upon it, he fancies you are a prospective heiress," she frequently

declared to her niece. "He takes it for granted I am going to settle my fortune on you; but any one who builds upon such hopes is likely to be sadly disappointed. Besides, I prefer to have you marry a professional man, and" (dryly) "of course you will defer to my wishes."

Or again she said, by way of warning: "Very probably, child, the man does not expect you to give a second thought to the attentions he has paid you; such courtesies are but the small coin of society, as you will comprehend when you have seen a little more of the world."

Yet, despite this salutary advice, the girl had fallen into a way of conjecturing what Jack Harding would think of this or that; and of her present bird-like flight into other "Queen's Gardens," she told herself he would approve with a generous enthusiasm.

But, alack! how often it is the unexpected that happens! By this time Mr. Harding was within a few paces of the button counter; the next instant his roving gaze met the smiling eyes of Phyllis. Of his amazement there could be no doubt; but for what followed she was indeed unprepared. Instead of eagerly springing forward, as usual, to answer the greeting that trembled upon her lips, he stood stock-still, stared at her blankly an instant; and then—alas for the chivalric ideal enshrined in her imagination!—he turned abruptly, and, without a word or sign of recognition of her, beat a hasty retreat, never looking to the right or left until he reached the door of the store.

Poor Phyllis! In that moment her heart seemed to stop beating.

"What is the matter, Miss Newton?" asked her companion. "One would think you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—the ghost of a foolish day-dream," she answered apathetically, putting her hand to her head. "I think I will go home."

The girl looked incredulous.

"Here we are not generally so independent," she said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, I forgot!" Phyllis sighed, wearily. Then suddenly her pride came to the rescue. "How dare he show me such disrespect!" she thought, with indignation. "So, after all, it was the niece of the rich Miss Romaine, not simple Phyllis Newton, whom he sought. Because he does not find me in my aunt's drawing-room, or walking with her on the promenade, he is apparently unconscious of my existence. So be it; henceforth he shall not be favored with my acquaintance. Aunt Romaine was right; but—O Mother Mary, help me to endure this sorrow!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

When Sister Died.

WHEN sister died, our hearts, in anguish shrouded,

Wailed out the burden of their bitter woe;
Life's skies so fair all sombre grew and clouded,

And Joy's bright fountain ceased its sparkling flow.

"God's will be done!" we sobbed in accents broken

Above her lifeless form, Death's maiden-
bride;

And only God knew all the rue unspoken
That pierced our souls the day when sister died.

When sister died, rich gleams of sunshine faded

From out the brightness of our household cheer;

And Grief's pale form our happy home invaded

To temper all our joy for many a year.
And yet, God's will be done! Our tender flower,

Whose budding grace we watched with loving pride,

Was but transplanted to a fairer bower;
For a lily bloomed in heaven when sister died.

Silence as a Healer.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

NOW and then among the myriad "fads" which take possession of humanity, many of them absurd and some of them downright evil, we meet with one which contains a measure of common-sense, and whose tendency is salutary. Such is the silence-cure.

People have taken to many curious ways of healing. They have walked bare-footed through the dew and snow; they have tried the faith-cure and the grape-cure, the rest-cure and the water-cure; they have fitted their windows with blue glass; they have worn divers strange fabrics; they have dieted on everything edible, and denied themselves everything palatable; they have bathed in mud of a material sort, as well as in the imbecile foulness of "Christian Science." And now "silence, like a poultice, comes," and is a wise and wholesome relief.

No one can deny that the breakneck speed with which women of to-day plunge through their varied rounds of duties and pleasures is fatal to their nerves, unfits them for the calm consideration of the more weighty matters which concern the soul, and works great havoc with the adjustment of the social and domestic machinery. The strife for the higher culture, innocent and harmless when kept within bounds, has taken on the garb of an intellectual Saturnalia. Associations are formed for the consideration of every object which the wildest imagination can devise. There are reforms—many of which deform—of every description. There are leagues and charities, patriotic societies and free Kindergartens, as well as mothers' meetings and musical classes. In the strictly social world there are functions which it would be a burden even to catalogue.

All these things require speech—incessant, guarded, careful words. And when we remember the state of collapse into which an hour of trying conversation sometimes plunges us, we can estimate the strain of long-sustained colloquy with this and that person; avoiding entanglements, smoothing out misunderstandings; inspiring, cheering, admonishing; or simply being agreeable, as the exigency may require.

A gifted writer upon current themes declares that the inability to maintain silence or to endure solitude is the great malady of the age. Those who know from experience the healing, beneficent power of temporary isolation will testify to its supreme efficacy as a stimulus to the mind, a physician for the body, and a guardian of the impulses of the heart. The Church knows this; hence the retreats, the quiet hours, the rules of religious orders regarding abstinence from verbal communion with one's fellows, and the meditative seclusion of Lent; and, while motives of a religious nature may cut no figure in the craze of fashionable people for the silence-cure, it is a step in the right direction, and may lead to a realization of the danger to the higher life which exists in the constant and feverish herding together of a voluble lot of chatterers, who exhaust their energy in a linguistic contest for supremacy.

This new cure is not needed by the madding crowd alone. If the overworked mothers, for instance, would only give heed to the precepts of the advocates of silence as a healer, and systematically run away betimes from the eager questions and harrowing complaints and perpetual demands of their youthful and beloved tyrants, they would find in sweet solitude a refreshment which does not exist in drugs, and can not be found in "poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world."

A Little Cloud Out of the Sea.



IT is as gratifying as it is surprising to observe how common expressions of reverence, even of tender admiration, for the Blessed Virgin are becoming among non-Catholics of every shade of belief. Those who are watching the religious signs of the times must regard this marked change in Protestants with astonishment. Hitherto those outside the Church seemed afraid to speak of the Mother of the world's Redeemer in terms of respect, fearing to dishonor God; and we have seen Protestant catechisms in which our Blessed Mother was referred to in a way that is painful to remember. Catholics were accused of Mariolatry for their praise of her of whom it was prophesied, "All generations shall call me blessed"; for honoring her whom the Almighty honored so exceptionally. And to invoke the patronage of her through whose intercession Christ wrought His first miracle at Cana of Galilee was regarded as savoring of idolatry. Now it is different. Non-Catholics are beginning to realize that the homage we pay to the Mother of Our Lord is her due, that our praise of her is fully merited, and that our devotion to her is well grounded.

We could fill pages with quotations from recent sermons and writings by Protestants praising the Blessed Virgin in terms that might be employed by the most fervent of her clients. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York, would have Mary extolled from Protestant pulpits. "Surely her life and character," he says, "ought to suggest many a tender and instructive discourse." The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., a Presbyterian minister, lecturing in Edinburgh, has set an example to his *confrères* in this respect. It would be a pleasure to quote him at length, but we must content ourselves with one short extract, which

reads like a paragraph from some work of Catholic doctrine:

For my own part, I do not know the grace or the virtue that woman ever had that I could safely deny to Mary. The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received or attained or exercised by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her who was so miraculously to bear and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct the Holy Child. We must give Mary her promised due. . . . Mary must surely wear the crown as the Mother of all them who believe in her Son.

It is a long call from Scotland to New Hampshire, but our good Shaker friends at East Canterbury have just favored us with a pamphlet entitled "Mary the Mother of Jesus," which affords another illustration of the growing reverence for the Blessed Virgin outside of the Church. The author is a Unitarian, and, of course, does not believe in the divinity of Christ; but he sees the inconsistency of which non-Catholic Christians are guilty. He says: "It seems quite plain that Catholics who think of Jesus as God are much more logical in making Mary a divine being and calling on her in prayer than the mass of Protestants, who also call Jesus God but almost entirely ignore his human mother. . . . Among the mass of Protestants she receives but little notice. I never remember of hearing a sermon about her, or of reading an article about her in a religious paper." "Is it not strange," he says in another place, "that she who cradled the world's Christ in her maternal arms should receive so little thought? That she who nursed the Infant Jesus at her pure breast should be almost forgotten by the millions who worship her first-born son?"

Strange, indeed; but very strange also that a writer so intelligent and fair-minded should accuse Catholics of "making Mary a divine being." He would be offended if we were to speak sternly and say: "It is false! No Catholic holds that Mary is a divine being. The accusation has been refuted a thousand times. It

is unfair to accuse when we can not answer; it is unjust to fasten on us what we deny.' It is not surprising, however, that a Unitarian should find no better reason for Protestant neglect of the Blessed Virgin than reaction against what he calls the "adoration" of her by the Catholic Church. Being a Unitarian, he holds that the life and actions of Jesus were purely human and natural; most other Protestants, who get their religion from the Bible, will not deny that Jesus Christ was divine. This is the stumbling-block. They can not consistently deny the divinity of the Redeemer, and yet they do not believe in it as Catholics do,—two things very different. If they did believe, they would understand our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But as Christ came into the world through her, it may be that through her also those who have strayed from Him will return. This is why we regard the increasing honor paid to the Blessed Virgin by non-Catholics as a most consoling sign of the times.

It may be that among the many Protestants who now pay honor to Our Lady there are few who invoke her intercession; but it will come—it is coming. Even the Unitarian to whom we have been referring closes his tribute to Mary the Mother of Jesus with these fervent lines of a well-known Catholic poet:

"Hail Mary!" lo, it rings through ages on;
 "Hail Mary!" it shall sound till time is done.
 Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven! let us repeat,
 And lay our love and tribute at her feet.

Yes, the new Visitation of Christ's all-holy and ever-glorious Mother has begun. Her light is come and the darkness is disappearing. The drought is now past; "a little cloud has come out of the sea." The flowers have sprung up in a land which knew them not—the tokens of love, the harbingers of peace.



THE bullets of judgment are cast in the mould of sin.

A Life Out of the Common.

SO little is generally known about the life of the great English naturalist and traveller, Charles Waterton, that the sketch of him given in a recently published work, entitled "Social Hours with Celebrities," is full of interest. He was a faithful son of the Church, and gloried in being related to Sir Thomas More, from whom he was descended collaterally. Walton Hall, his picturesque home in Yorkshire, was a little kingdom, with "Squire" Waterton as its recognized monarch; his confiding subjects being all sorts of winged creatures.

After the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, he had wished to enter a monastery; but, being dissuaded from this by his confessor, he determined to follow a monastic rule, though in an unostentatious way. "Life in the woods," he would say playfully, "teaches one to dispense with many things which encumber us in civilized life, though we get to consider them necessary." For thirty years he never slept in a bed, but on bare boards, resting his head on a block of oak. "My couch might be even *less* luxurious," he once remarked. "Don't you remember the story of the old Highland chief who, finding his son, a mere boy, sleeping on the battlefield, kicked the support (a large snowball) from under his head, exclaiming, 'What do you want wi' a pillow? I'll nae hae such effeminacy in my family.'" The Squire rose at five every morning, winter as well as summer, and passed two hours in prayer in his domestic chapel. Although his guests were treated with royal hospitality, and his servants with rare indulgence, the privations he imposed upon himself were hard and unflinchingly carried out. His breakfast, we are told, consisted of dry toast, with a bowl of hot water, in which he allowed himself one spoonful of tea, a minute

quantity of sugar, but no milk. A tenth of all his revenues went to the poor. He also dedicated a part of a farm to St. Joseph, and most of its produce was appropriated to pious uses.

The author of "Social Hours with Celebrities" was privileged to spend six weeks at Walton Hall in 1861, when its good old master was still in vigorous health; and from his son and sisters-in-law, as well as by personal observation, learned much about the strange life, so near to the heart of nature, led by Squire Waterton. The world does not know how much it is indebted to him. The knowledge he acquired by his close observation of animal life dissipated the errors, ignorantly and widely propagated, respecting creatures hitherto reputed mischievous, whom he proved were in reality valuable auxiliaries to agriculture and the most useful friends of mankind. The affection of his feathered friends was unbounded, and their confidence in his paternal protection was so complete that they manifested no alarm at any unusual noise provided he were present. The great naturalist's biographer says:

One is almost forced to believe that the Squire possessed some special mode of making himself comprehended in the animal world; at least one is tempted thus to account for the mutual good understanding which subsisted between him and the inhabitants of his domain. That the poultry in the farmyard should cheerily greet him unbidden was not the most astonishing. The peacocks on the lawn, however depressing the weather, seemed to vie with one another the moment they saw him approach, in strolling eagerly forward, and spreading out the glory of their fantails for his delectation. Most remarkable of all, however, was it in the woods, where it was impossible not to believe the birds recognized their benefactor, when one saw them come out to meet him, flying about him as he walked, settling on his shoulder, and even on his hand when he held it out to them; while a call from his voice would bring them from any distance. It is a very curious fact that when the good old man died, and his corpse was conveyed in a boat across the lake to the spot where his father was buried, and where he himself had desired he might be laid in a sequestered nook of the park, a flight of birds suddenly appeared, gathering as it went, and followed the boat to its destination.

Similar stories are related of others who have lived in the woods, but it may be questioned if any naturalist of our times got nearer to the heart of nature than Charles Waterton. His life seems to have been out of the common in every way—gentle, simple, austere, Christian.

An Object-Lesson.

A SINGULAR experiment has been tried in the schools of Brussels, and has met with astonishing success. The French are a proverbially frugal people; and their cousins, the Belgians, do not appear to be very far behind them in this respect. For eight months the school-children, whether rich or poor, were instructed to bring to school anything, no matter how worthless it seemed, that they could find. This was faithfully done; and the amount of rubbish—waste paper, leather, bits of metal, wood, cigar ends, bottles, broken dishes, and the like—which accumulated daily was something wonderful.

Then this miscellaneous collection was systematically sorted, and sold to various dealers in raw materials, the proceeds being devoted to charity. It will hardly be believed that as a result five hundred little waifs were provided with clothing, ninety-eight invalid children sent to health resorts, several charity classes furnished with books, and some hundreds of francs given to the poor of the city.

The people of France have been much interested in watching the experiment, and considering the advisability of teaching their own school-children the uses of what is commonly called waste. If France ever survives the dangers which threaten her at present, she will need all the aids she can muster into her service; and the practical frugality of her common people will play an important part in the deliverance from her woes.

Notes and Remarks.

The annual report of the state of Catholic missions among the Negroes and Indians again emphasizes the fact that lack of resources is still the most serious obstacle to the spread of the faith. Bishop Moore announces that so strong is anti-Catholic feeling in some parts of his diocese that "an old Methodist church, that we bought and opened a school in, was burned down; and a notice posted upon a tree threatened to burn our church and convent if we reopened our school there." But such complaints are, happily, very rare; most of the missionaries lament only that money is lacking for schools, though occasionally we get glimpses of the discomfort and poverty—truly apostolic—which good priests and religious suffer to gain souls. "Our people are touched with sympathy," writes Bishop Meerschaert, "when they hear of sacrifices made and of lives spent through pure devotedness in heathen lands for the propagation of the faith; but are they not oblivious to the fact that we need not go out of our own country to find the heathen and the abandoned?" Neither need we go out of our own country to find shining examples of missionary zeal, as this report affords abundant proof. The tendency of the present time is more and more to contribute toward missionary works at home rather than abroad. Certainly it would not be easy to find a worthier field for energy and generosity than to labor for the conversion of the Africa and the India that lie at our own doors.

It is to be hoped that the career of Savonarola will be better understood among non-Catholics as the result of the commemoration this year of the fourth centenary of his martyrdom. The committee of arrangements includes several cardinals and bishops. It is no new experience to find saints and prelates doing honor to the Florentine reformer, but appreciation of his work is greater now than ever before. It is generally felt that Savonarola was the best Catholic of his time, though the sectarians have not been backward in claiming

him as a forerunner of the "Reformation." "How," asks an Italian writer, "could saints have shown such deep veneration for a friar if he had been guilty of disobedience toward the Church? How could it have been allowed at the time that Savonarola should be painted among the theologians in the renowned fresco of Raffaele in the Vatican, and how could later popes have allowed his portrait to remain there?" The anti-clerical party attempted to induce Carducci, the author of a "Hymn to Lucifer," to deliver an oration on the occasion, hoping to turn it into an anti-Catholic demonstration; but Carducci replied that the life and death of Savonarola could be treated only by a consistent Catholic.

The Actors' Society of America having declared by a resolution recently passed that it is opposed to Sunday performances in theatres, *The Churchman* pertinently advises the actors to prosecute their good work by protesting against the kind of plays which managers are giving them to act,—plays which make decent people who go to see them wish that they had stayed at home. If the influence of the Actors' Society were strongly exerted in this direction, it could scarcely fail to have a deterrent effect on many a manager whose sole purpose is to fill his house, without further care as to the morality of his plays than is essential to keep him clear of the police courts.

The Bishop of Arras, France, recently obtained from the Holy Father the privilege of permitting the Catholics of his diocese to accomplish their "Easter duty" from January 1 until the end of Paschal time. The favor was accorded for three years, and seems to have been granted in view either of missions, retreats, and spiritual exercises held outside the Paschal season proper, or of the scarcity in some places of ministering priests.

A discovery as interesting in its method as it is valuable in its result has been made in the Church of All Saints, in Florence. A visiting Franciscan informed one of the city

officials that, according to an old manuscript which he had once seen, there should be two ancient frescos in the chapels of St. Andrew and St. Elizabeth, covered by the pictures of those Saints. Investigation proved that not only two but three old frescos had thus been hidden away for centuries, the third being Ghirlandaio's "Misericordia." Historians have long been seeking this picture on account of the true portrait of Amerigo Vespucci which it contains. What makes the discovery still more interesting is the fact that preparations have just been begun for the celebration of the quarto-centenary of the voyage of discovery made by Vespucci, from whom the continent of America derives its name. Vespucci was a Florentine merchant, and he has been charged with cheating Columbus of a well-merited honor by inserting the name "Tierra de Amerigo" in a map of the new continent; the fact is, however, that America was so named by a German geographer, Waldseemüller, without the knowledge of Vespucci.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, appeared before the senators who compose the Committee on Indian Affairs to speak, as he said, "in behalf of the Indian wards of the nation, to whom I am related in the consanguinity of faith." It is safe to say that the senators never before had the pleasure of hearing such a perfect combination of the ripest eloquence, the most compelling logic, and the most tactful persuasion. We give one extract from the Archbishop's address, sincerely regretting that we can not reprint the whole. Speaking of the need of positive religious instruction as a basis for the moral life, his Grace said:

It is, then, religion that gives motives for morality. See that strong young man contending with the passion of intemperance or impure love. He knows from sinful indulgence in the past the gratification attached to the sin. The power that stands between him and the object of his sinful desire must be stronger than the power of that desire. The power that protects is founded on doctrines which if denied leaves him at once a certain victim to his own passions; and if weakened by skepticism, leaves the conflict doubtful, with the odds against him. The doctrines of hell and heaven, and the presence of his God witnessing the conflict, are all

necessary to him. See, again, the man tempted to self-destruction. Life has ceased to be worth living. A moment and he shall be liberated from all his misfortunes by poison or the pistol. What power can stay the hand of the liberator? Talk to him of the beauty of virtue in the abstract, or the evil his rash act will inflict on human society. What cares he for the human society which, perhaps, allured and betrayed him? But point to hell yawning at his feet, and to heaven about to be barred against him for evermore; to a tenderly loving God, who will aid him in the conflict. Recall the invitation, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily laden, and I will refresh you"; tell him that all this is not mere pious poetry, but living, certain truth, as real as vision itself, for which millions are ready to die; and immediately you gain the poor outcast to God and society. Statistics clearly show that suicides increase or decrease according as this faith advances or declines. They are of rare occurrence in the Catholic and Lutheran portions of Germany; and rarest of all in Ireland, where the people, both educated and uneducated, possess a deep, abiding faith in the doctrines of Christianity. Now, if positive doctrines and not mere ethical platitudes be necessary to restrain passion in the thoroughly civilized man, how much more in the case of the recently converted Indian?

We do not know how far the exigencies of politics may prevent the Committee from yielding to the Archbishop's eloquent argument; but we are persuaded that if the address had been delivered in presence of all the senators just before the appropriation was voted, the government would have stood by its old contract. It is a pity that so powerful an orator can not speak all day and write all night, all the year round.

The oldest Catholic parish in all the vast region that lies between Lancaster, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo., is St. Patrick's at Carlisle, Pa. Few parishes have so interesting a history. It was founded by the Jesuits in 1779, and has numbered among its pastors the apostolic Pellentz, the learned Brosius; Gallitzin, who fled a principedom to become a priest; and De Barth, who fled a bishopric to remain a priest. Father de Barth even carried his humility to excessive length. It is said that the bulls for his consecration as bishop of Philadelphia had actually arrived in this country; but the good priest, evidently panic-stricken, wrote thus to Archbishop Maréchal, who with Cheverus had recommended him: "I will not accept, but will

kneel down and devoutly put the bull into the fire. Then I will make out testimonials for myself signed in my real name as Vicar-General, and give myself another name in the body of the paper; and then farewell, Monseigneur! Neither you nor any one else will ever know the corner of the globe where I shall vegetate the few years left me to live." Roger Brook Taney, the only Catholic chief-justice we have ever had in the United States, was a member of St. Patrick's parish when a student at Dickinson College. The present pastor is our esteemed contributor, the Rev. Henry Ganss, who has published an interesting volume to perpetuate the traditions and history of the venerable parish over which he presides. We note with some surprise that he counts among his flock more than a hundred red-men who are pupils at the Carlisle Indian School.

After Father Kneipp's "water-cure," and Dr. Keeley's "gold-cure," and sundry other people's "faith-cure," we have now the "slumber-cure," propounded and advocated by Dr. Oswald in *Health Culture*. In a great variety of complaints, sleep is declared to be a sovereign remedy. That it is a most efficacious remedy in not a few complaints most people know by experience; so Dr. Oswald is not teaching an absolutely new doctrine. The following dictum of the physician may prove of interest to intellectual workers: "Brain work succeeds best while the activity of the animal organism is reduced to an indispensable minimum. The mind is never clearer than early in the morning, when the work of digestion is finished; and for similar reasons digestion proceeds most prosperously while the brain is at rest." From our knowledge of human nature, we should judge that the "slumber-cure" is likely to become very popular—principally with those who don't need it. The "silence-cure," on the contrary, will probably have few patrons, though it ought to get a fair trial from everyone during Lent.

As Catholics, we enter an emphatic protest against the action of those who attribute the alleged persecution of the Jews to "Catholic

feeling." No true child of the Church can conscientiously believe in persecution; and if our brethren in France are disposed to persecute the children of Abraham, it is not because they are good Catholics, but because they are Frenchmen born into the world with a hatred of all things Jewish. It is true that in France and Italy the Jews wield an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. It is also true that that influence is usually unfriendly to the Church. But neither of these facts can make it lawful to persecute those who honestly believe in Judaism; and that they do so believe we must assume until the contrary is proved. There has been oppression for conscience' sake in past ages, but it was not the true Christian spirit which inspired the persecutors. We note with pleasure that the attempt to saddle anti-Semitism upon the Church has been promptly decried by the leading Hebrew journals. They are right. As for certain politicians in some of the so-called Catholic countries, the only use they seem to have for the Church is to employ it on occasion to cloak race prejudice under the guise of religious zeal, for which the Catholics of future ages will feel called upon to apologize.

The widow of Windthorst, the most illustrious German Catholic of modern times, deserves to stand amongst the noblest heroines of the Fatherland; for Dr. Windthorst himself repeatedly avowed that without her sympathy and assistance his public career would have been impossible. She lately passed to her reward at the venerable age of ninety-three. *R. I. P.*

An Eastern traveller tells us that in looking down from a neighboring height into the great leper hospital of Hamel-en-Arade, he saw two lepers sowing peas in a field. "The one had no hands, the other no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other, who wanted feet, on his back; and he again carried in his hands a bag of seed, and dropped a pea now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot." A counterpart of

this sad case was presented recently at the Poplar Hospital for Accidents in London, on occasion of an entertainment given to the patients. So many of them had either lost an arm or had one injured that an ingenious patient arranged that all the one-armed men should sit next to one another and applaud by each man clapping his neighbor's sound hand. The arrangement was entered into cordially—everyone was willing to lend a hand,—and the applause gave great amusement to the audience if not to the performers.

We take it to be an extremely healthy sign of the times in France that Catholic periodicals in that country are emphasizing the necessity of Catholics' taking an intelligent and active part in political elections. The plan of lying back supinely and allowing Freemasons, anti-clericals, and all that ilk, to conduct according to their own sweet will revisions of electoral lists and other political work preliminary to a campaign, has been tried long enough to demonstrate its utter folly. To content themselves with praying that God will enlighten candidates and voters is another mistake of our French co-religionists. The efficacy of prayer can not, of course, be impugned; but, in view of the evils actually afflicting, and the further ills threatening, the Church in France, we opine that the active rather than the contemplative life is in order among clergy and laity in that Catholic country dominated by anti-Catholic rulers.

According to a report published by the Evangelical Church in Prussia, the number of children born of mixed marriages during the year 1896 was 57,277. Of these 25,923 were baptized in Protestant churches. To comment on these figures would be like carrying coals to Newcastle.

It is said that there are parts of Ireland in which, owing to the successive failures of the crops, the poor people are in greater destitution than they have ever been since the famine of '79. "I saw houses without windows or furniture," says a correspondent;

"beds without bedding, or composed of straw or rags; women and children unable to go out for want of clothing; emaciated, pinched faces, starvation plainly written on them; and much sickness in consequence of lack of necessaries." The detailed statements which follow are too horrible to quote. Some months ago certain Irish bishops declared that they apprehended famine, and individual priests have asked for aid from time to time, but so far no general appeal has been made by the hierarchy. We can not but believe that if conditions were really so bad as reported, the bishops would speak, and their words would be heeded. Meantime the unfortunate spirit of faction among party leaders shows no sign of abating.

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. Dr. T. A. Crowther, of the Diocese of Shrewsbury, England, whose happy death took place on the 28th of January.

Sister Mary Euphrasia, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary Lucretia, of the Sisters of the Holy Names, who lately passed to their reward.

Dr. Henry N. Hahn, who departed this life on the 22d ult., in St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Ellen Hammond, of Detroit, Mich., who was called to the reward of her charitable life on the 20th ult.

Mrs. James Fenlon, who yielded her soul to God on the 7th ult., at Helena, Mont.

Mr. Joseph Rahe, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose good life closed peacefully on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Rachel H. Lennon, who breathed her last on the 11th ult., at Olyphant, Pa.

Mr. Thomas Young, Miss Agnes Keighrey, and Mrs. Mary T. Devany, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. H. McNeil, Woodland, Cal.; Miss Catherine Curran, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Hugh Syron, Youngstown, Ohio; Miss Mary A. Keenan, Mrs. Mary McGreevey, and Mrs. Mary Casey, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Jane Hughes, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Robert McCafferty and Mr. Hugh O'Hara, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Agnes Ahern, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John and Mrs. Ellen McGlynn, and Mr. Jeremiah O'Donnell, Waterbury, Conn.; Col. C. P. Rudd, Bayfield, Wis.; Mr. John O'Brien, New York city; Miss Catherine Bland, Bellefonte, Pa.; and Mr. Frank Malone, Victor, Colo.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

To the Saint of March.

FOSTER-FATHER dear of Jesus,
Deign to heed our humble prayer;
Beg thy Son, who ever sees us,
Deck our souls with virtues fair.

By each gladness and each sorrow
That was thine while here below,
Help thy children with each morrow
More and more like thee to grow.

Aid us in life's struggles ever,
Aid us most when struggles cease;
And when Death life's cord doth sever,
Help us win eternal peace.

L. B.

Four Marys: A Story of School Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

X.—THE ARCHBISHOP'S STORY.

THERE are two reasons for telling you this particular story, my dear children," began the Archbishop. "One is the remarkable devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament which I have observed among you. My room is opposite the chapel, and I have noticed that the sound of voices and footsteps is always hushed when you near the sacred place. At no time of the day have I entered there without finding some one of the pupils either engaged in prayer or pausing at the door to make an act of adoration. I am well aware that yesterday and to-day have been days of

recreation, when there is more time for visits to the Blessed Sacrament; but I am also aware that if the spirit of devotion did not exist within these walls, the time of extra recreation would not be employed in extra prayers.

"There is also another reason why the memory of the incident I am about to relate recurred to me. It comes through the law of the association of ideas. Some of you, graduates and undergraduates, having studied mental philosophy, will understand what I mean."

The Archbishop looked around with a smile until his eyes rested on several of the larger girls seated together, who met his gaze blushing and smiling; then, laying his hand on the head of Mary Catherine, who had drawn a low stool to his feet, where she had seated herself, he continued:

"Whenever I see our little Indian princess here I think of her good father, and I can not think of him without also remembering her brave grandfather; and so, by a natural association of ideas, as I said before, I recall the story I am about to relate to you."

These preliminary remarks had the effect of causing Mary Catherine to glance proudly and complacently around the circle of her companions, as if to say, 'Don't you all wish you were in my place?' But it was not in the spirit of egotism or self-conceit that she did this, as the girls well knew. It was simply a natural, childlike pleasure, in which she took no merit to herself. They all knew that she would have rejoiced if it

had fallen to the lot of any or all of their number to have been so distinguished, and they did not grudge her the honor. A subdued but audible ripple of amusement ran round the room, however, as she pushed her footstool nearer; and, looking directly up into the face of the Archbishop, leaned her elbows on her knees and her face on her hands as she prepared to listen to the story.

With a kindly nod toward her, the gentle prelate began his narrative:

"It was shortly after the Mexican War—perhaps six months or so—that Captain Hull, Mary Catherine's grandfather, who had served gallantly in that campaign, called upon me one morning with some startling information.

"'Bishop,' he said (I was a bishop then), 'I have just heard something which has given me a great deal of distress. I have come to tell you about it.'

"'Well, my friend, let me hear it,' I answered; 'and if I can assist you in any way, I am at your service.'

"'It is not a personal matter,' he went on; 'but one that concerns every Catholic. It is only you who can do anything—if anything can be done.'

"Then he told me that on the previous day an Irish girl had called at his house to say that in a small town, about twenty miles from our city, an ex-volunteer officer in the late war was keeping in his house, as a curiosity, a fragment of the Sacred Host which he had obtained in the pillage of a Mexican church; that he had frequently shown it to his neighbors and friends; and that, being a Protestant of the most bigoted and rancorous type, he derived great satisfaction from the exhibition of it. Captain Hull added that he knew the man well, and felt certain that no inducement could persuade him to relinquish what he held.

"I was horrified at the recital, and asked him to send for the girl who had given him the information. He did so,

and I became satisfied that she was telling the truth. Captain Hull was present at the interview. When she had gone, I said:

"'There is only one thing to be done. I must go there as soon as possible. Will you accompany me?'

"'With pleasure,' he replied. 'But the visit will avail you nothing. That man is so perverse that not only he will not give it up, but he would not permit you to enter his house if he knew who you were.'

"'Nevertheless, we will go, Captain,' I answered. 'And to-morrow morning, with the help of God, I shall recover it before we return.'

"He went away, promising to be on hand at six o'clock next morning, with a fast horse and buggy. I sent and went to several of the convents, and had the good Sisters praying hard. You may be sure, children, that I spent a great part of that night before Our Lord in the tabernacle, praying with great earnestness.

"Captain Hull came on time, according to promise; and we started out, in the clear, crisp cold of a November morning, for our drive of twenty miles. In those days it was not possible to reach the town of M—— in any other way, as there was no railroad leading to it.

"'Bishop, what do you propose to do?' asked the Captain, after we had gone some distance. I told him I did not know—had not the slightest idea; but I felt fully confident that Almighty God would assist us, when the proper moment arrived.

"And here, my dear children, I see an opportunity for impressing on your young minds the wisdom, the necessity, of having absolute confidence in God. His word never fails. Do not pray to Him in a half-hearted way at any time; careless and perfunctory prayers are an insult to Him, who has created and redeemed us, who preserves us from countless dangers of soul and body every day of our lives. He is the tenderest of fathers, who never allows the supplications of His creatures

to go unheard or unanswered. They may not be granted just as we would have them; they may even appear to have been unheeded; but such is not the fact, my children,—such is not the fact! They are heard, they are answered, in God's own way, in His own good time. And in the majority of cases—I judge by my own experience as well as that of others far more worthy than I—our petitions are granted even as we would wish, provided only that we throw ourselves absolutely on the goodness, the tenderness, the mercy, the fatherliness, of God. Remember this, children,—remember it always. When doubts assail you, when trials thicken, and troubles threaten to darken the horizon of faith, put the tempter behind you and recall to mind this sweet fatherliness of God."

While the good Archbishop was thus speaking, his face grew radiant; his eyes, half raised to heaven, seemed filled with the light of sanctity; his voice became louder and clearer, impressing the depth of his own convictions and their truth on the minds of his young hearers. Then, as though suddenly recalling himself to everyday affairs, his expression changed, and he continued in his ordinary tones:

"But I must not digress too far nor at great length, children; I do not wish to detain you too long on this your well-earned day of recreation. To shorten my narrative as much as possible, I will say that we finally arrived at M——, and were directed by the druggist of the little town to the residence of Captain T——. We knocked at the door, which was opened to us by a boy of about twelve.

"Good-morning, my son!" I said to him. "We would like to see your father."

"He is not at home," was the reply.

"Well, then, your mother."

"She is not at home either."

"Will they be absent long?"

"They have gone to the city; they will not be back before night."

"Captain Hull looked discomfited, but I here saw my opportunity.

"'We have come from a distance,' I added; 'and must return before evening. Perhaps you may be able to assist us in our errand. With your permission, we will go inside.'

"'Come in,' said the boy, politely, leading the way into the parlor.

"'I have heard that your father brought home some trophies of the Mexican War?' I went on.

"'Yes, sir, he did,' answered the boy, who seemed intelligent.

"'This gentleman is also a soldier,' I said. 'We would like to look at them. Will you show them to us?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, opening the glass door of a small cabinet which stood in one corner. 'Here they are.'

"We approached. The first thing that attracted my attention was a small glass box, in which I had been told by the girl the blessed species was kept. I took it in my hand.

"'What is this?' I inquired—and my hand grew cold; for there, with only a thin sheet of glass between it and my fingers, was the particle of the Sacred Host which I had resolved to obtain, and which I felt Almighty God would put it in my power to secure.

"'Oh,' said the boy, 'that is the Catholics' God! My father got it in a church in Mexico. It was in a big silver cup. There were others like it, but he kept only this one.'

"I shuddered. 'And where is the cup, as you call it?' I asked.

"'He sold that,' said the boy. 'There were two candlesticks. He sold them too. I think he got quite a lot of money for them. I'll open the box, if you like.'

"He reached out his hand to take it, but I anticipated him. Lifting the cover, I took out the sacred particle, placed it on my tongue, and, falling on my knees, remained for some moments in prayer

and thankfulness. Captain Hull also knelt down. Mute with astonishment, the boy gazed at us until I arose and said:

"I am the Catholic Bishop of M——. This is Captain Hull, of the United States Infantry, a gentleman well known to your father. The latter will know where to find me if he wishes any explanation of what I have done. Kindly tell him, my boy, that I feel under no obligation to apologize for my action. I have preserved the Catholics' God from further sacrilege."

"He will be very angry. I'm afraid he will make you pay for this, gentlemen," said the boy, as we took our departure."

"Were you fasting, Archbishop?" asked Mary Catherine.

"Of course, my child," was the reply. "You see, children, Providence was with us. I had anticipated a long and severe struggle; there was none. Captain Hull told me later that he had had several Masses offered that morning."

"But, oh, to think of the terrible sacrileges that had already been committed!" said Mary Catherine.

"True, my child," rejoined the Archbishop. "But, like the Jews of old, those who perpetrated them sinned through ignorance: they knew not what they did."

"And the man, Archbishop? Was he very angry?"

"We never again heard from him with reference to the subject. Your grandfather told me afterward that he had met him once on the street, but there was no sign of recognition."

"O poor grandpapa!" exclaimed the girl, so plaintively that her companions all laughed.

"And now," said the Archbishop, "I shall not tax your patience any longer. The clouds are breaking: we may have a pleasant afternoon."

With these words, followed by his blessing, which all knelt to receive, he dismissed them.

(To be continued.)

Some True Ghost Stories.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

If any bright boy or girl would like to know why the epithet "true" appears in the title of this sketch, let me tell them at once that it is because most ghost stories are *not* true. A good many tales of terror-inspiring apparitions are pure flights of their authors' fancy; and not a few awful white-robed figures that have "scared the wits out of" sundry young people have turned out to be nothing more fearful than night-gowns hanging on clothes-lines, or mischievous boys with sheets wrapped around them. It is pretty safe to disbelieve ninety-nine out of every hundred ghost stories that one hears nowadays; and even the hundredth need not be accepted as genuine unless it possesses features that render disbelief impossible.

That there are some stories of ghosts or apparitions that have really been seen can not, however, be doubted. Perhaps some of our readers may remember seeing in *THE AVE MARIA*, three or four years ago, a picture called "The Dead Hand of Foligno." Well, the article that accompanied that picture relates *one* true ghost story. A dead nun appeared in an Italian convent to one of her fellow-religious, spoke to her, and before disappearing placed her open hand on the door of the room. The dead nun had said that she was suffering in purgatory; and as a proof of it the wood of the door was burned just as though her hand were a red-hot piece of iron. The writer of the article in *THE AVE MARIA* saw the door with the marks of the fingers on it just as it looks in the picture. This ghost of the Italian nun appeared hardly forty years ago—in 1859.

Another story whose truth can not be questioned is told in the life of St.

Stephen, Abbot of Citeaux. Seeing that one of his monks was about to die, St. Stephen commanded him "under holy obedience"—the most solemn command that a religious priest, brother, or sister can receive—to come back after death and tell him, the Abbot, whether the practices of austerity and the manner of life led in the monastery were pleasing to Our Lord.

Now, I don't say that St. Stephen had any right to give such an order, or that the dying monk was at all bound to obey it—or, rather, that God was at all obliged to pay any attention to it; but, as a matter of fact, the monk *did* appear some time after his death to the Abbot. He was all luminous, as though his body were of glass and a powerful electric light were glowing inside it; and he told St. Stephen that God was pleased with him, and that before long the Saint would be able to say with the Prophet Isaias: "Give me more room: my lodging is small." The very next year the great St. Bernard and thirty other young men presented themselves at the monastery as novices.

My third story is from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. We read in that book that John of Alverno, seeing that his intimate friend, Jacques of Fallerone, was going to die, made the latter promise, if it were pleasing to God, to come back after death and tell him about his fate in the other world.

The day after Jacques' death, John waited impatiently for the apparition of his friend. While he was lost in prayer he had a vision of Our Lord accompanied by a great multitude of angels and saints, but Jacques of Fallerone was not among them. John thereupon recommended his friend's soul very fervently to the mercy of God; and the next day Jacques appeared to him, crowned with glory, his face radiant, and accompanied by a legion of angels.

"O beloved Father!" said John, "why did I not see you yesterday, as was agreed upon between us?"

"Because I still had need to purify myself," was the rejoinder. "Yesterday, however, you prayed for me; your prayers have been heard, and to-day I enter the glory of Paradise."

So saying, Jacques (who as well as John was a monk) was borne up to heaven, leaving Brother John filled with consolation.

Now, I think my readers will agree with me in thinking that true ghost stories are less disagreeable and terrifying than "made-up" ones. Some other time I shall relate the very interesting narrative—ghostly narrative, of course,—told by the Polish Countess Rzewska. In the meanwhile I hope none of our young folks will feel a bit afraid of being in the dark, of passing a graveyard at night, or of the midnight noises made in some houses by the wind, or by restless mice and rats.

A Noble Venetian.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Early in the fourteenth century, when all Europe was in a turmoil, the various cities of Italy were constantly at war with one another. Florentines and Romans, Genoese and Pisans, Paduans and Venetians, struggled for the mastery. The Venetian Republic, enthroned in splendor upon its lovely lagoons, was especially noted for its magnificent seamen; some of the captains being veritable kings, and as worthy of note as Nelson, Farragut, and the naval heroes of history. To such proud, able spirits as these defeat was a disgrace, one might almost say a crime; and their love for the state became a passion with them.

Sabellico, the old chronicler, tells an interesting story illustrative of these facts,

and also of the beautiful religious spirit of the men of that time.

Vittore Pisani, commander of the Venetian fleet, was surprised and disastrously defeated in the harbor of Portolungo by Genoese seamen, in one of those fratricidal strifes which rent in twain the heart of Italy. For this defeat the Council of Ten condemned and imprisoned him.

Without their favorite leader, however, the sailors could do very little; one loss followed another, and at last Paganino Dorio sailed into the harbor of Venice and besieged the beautiful city.

The Venetians met upon the Piazza; talked earnestly of their unhappy condition; sighed for their hero, Pisani, who lay in durance vile while the city of lagoons and water-ways was endangered.

At last they besieged the palace, and loudly clamored for his release. The Doge yielded to their demands, and sent to prison for Pisani that he might bring him forth publicly.

So great was the modesty of Vittore Pisani, the old chronicler goes on to say, that he preferred to remain in prison over night, but begged that a priest might be sent to him in the morning. As soon as it was day he went out into the court, and to the Church of San Nicolo, where he received the Most Blessed Sacrament, in order to show that he had pardoned every injury, both public and private. Having done this, he made his appearance before the prince and the signoria. Making his reverence to the Senate, not with angry or even troubled looks, but with a countenance glad and joyful, he placed himself at the feet of the Doge, who thus addressed him:

"On a former occasion, Vittore, it was our business to execute justice: it is now the time to grant grace. It was commanded that you be imprisoned for the defeat of Pola: now we will that you should be set free."

Pisani made answer in this fashion:

"There is no punishment, most Serene Prince, which can come to me from you, or from the others who govern the Republic, which I should not bear with a good heart as a good citizen ought. I know, O Prince, that all things are done for the good of the Republic, for which I do not doubt all your counsels and regulations are formed. As for private grievances, I am so far from thinking that they should work harm to any one, that I have this day received the Blessed Sacrament, so that nothing may be more evident than that I have wholly forgotten how to hate any man."

Then there was great rejoicing among the people; for their hero had returned to them, and they knew all would be well. Vittore Pisani laid his plans cleverly. He designed to put the enemy off their guard by keeping the city quiet until all was in readiness; then to steal out over the lagoons at night and besiege the besiegers in turn. All was executed as he desired; the Genoese were conquered, and the victorious Venetians treated them magnanimously, not putting them to death as was the custom of the times.

All was due to one man—a soul noble enough to put the state before his own pride, his fellowmen before himself, God before all.

It was the fervent and sturdy piety of such men as Pisani—who, having received the Blessed Sacrament, had "wholly forgotten how to hate any man,"—which made medieval Venice the bulwark of Christendom against the encroachments of the heathen Saracens.

ONCE it was considered quite complimentary to speak of a boy as an *imp*. Lord Bacon wrote: "Those most virtuous and goodly young imps, the Duke of Suffolk and his brother." The word *knave*, too, once meant only a boy. Many words in common use have a strange and eventful history.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new volume of Cardinal Wiseman's "Meditations" has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Its appearance is most timely, as the meditations deal with the touching and pathetic truths of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

—Correspondents of the late Coventry Patmore who possess letters of interest would greatly oblige his widow by lending them or supplying transcripts to her. Mrs. Patmore is preparing a biography of her distinguished husband.

—The Rev. J. F. Timmins has translated a course of six "Lenten Sermons" from the German of Father Sauter. There is one discourse on Judgment, one on Heaven, three on Hell—two too many,—and one on Purgatory. The sermons are very simple and very practical, full of the old-fashioned strength and directness. Pustet & Co.

—The name of Miss Agnes M. Clerke is well known to those who are familiar with the advancement of astronomical science. Her "History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century," now in its third edition, is of acknowledged high excellence. Messrs. A. & C. Black announce a new work by Miss Clerke entitled "Problems of Astrophysics."

—The editor of the *New World*, Mr. William Dillon, has made a modest booklet of his lecture on "Some Scenes from the Iliad," delivered at the Columbian Catholic Summer School last year. Those who love and enjoy Homer—and all should know him, at least in a good translation—will find Mr. Dillon's lecture very pleasant reading for a leisure half hour. D. H. McBride & Co.

—It is a pleasure to see a new edition of a good book. We have to thank the Art & Book Co. (London) for a reprint of Father Bertrand Wilberforce's record of the "Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan." It is a most interesting and edifying account of the Dominican missions in Japan, which reads like a description of the first Christians in the Gardens of Nero. Japan is the Mother of Martyrs. A fine church has been

erected at Nagasaki, where, on the 10th of September, 1622, fifty-two Christians were put to death. The number included a boy, five years of age, named Peter, who "walked alone to martyrdom." Kneeling with hands clasped, his lips moving in prayer, "he awaited the stroke of the executioner's sword with the utmost fortitude."

—In these days of universal condensation—of condensed milk, condensed meats, condensed news—perhaps no achievement of the kind ought to surprise us; but it must be acknowledged that Thackeray's condensing feat was the most extraordinary on record. To compress "The Sorrows of Werther"—that three volumed novel: a book of size—and tears, full of devotion and desperation—into a few lines that tell the whole story, was a triumph of art which it is very possible Goethe would admire less than we do.

Werther had a love for Charlotte

Such as words can never utter.

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

—Catholics the world over ought to be grateful to the English Catholic Truth Society for affording in pamphlet form two famous sermons of the venerable Cardinal Newman—"The Second Spring" and "Christ upon the Waters"—both delivered on memorable occasions in England. What delightful reading these discourses are! They are saintlike in unction, lofty in thought, and they are literature besides. The more one reads of Newman's writings and the more one learns of his life the greater he appears. English-speaking Catholics do not thoroughly appreciate him even yet. But in the next century he will probably be regarded as the greatest man produced by our own.

—The new edition of the collected works of the Venerable Denys of Leeuwis—sometimes called the Ecstatic Doctor, but best known as Denys the Carthusian—will comprise forty-eight large quarto volumes. Eleven have already been printed, the work being done at the establishment of the Carthusian Order at Notre-Dame-des-Prés,

Montreuil, France. Denys the Carthusian was one of the most learned men of the fifteenth century, and a bright ornament of the ancient Order of St. Bruno. He expounded all the books of the Old and New Testaments, and his writings include an exhaustive refutation of the Koran and of the errors of the Waldenses. Cardinal Manning in his well-known work "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost" observes that the spiritual treatises composed by Venerable Denys are remarkable for their beauty and depth, "uniting the subtilty and accuracy of a scholastic with the spiritual light and sweetness of a mystical theologian." We are told that the contemporaries of the illustrious Carthusian used to wonder how a monk who wrote so much could possibly follow the religious exercises of his Order; while his associates, who admired his assiduity in prayer, marvelled that he could find time for literary labors. The secret was that he slept only a few hours before midnight, devoting the rest of the night, after Matins, to reading and study. He used to say playfully that he had a head of iron and a stomach of brass. But his heart was of gold, as his writings prove.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.

The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goebsbriand.* \$1.50.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward* \$6.

Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.

The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.

Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.

Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe.* 50 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.

Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 30 cts., each.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr.* \$1.25.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.

A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.

The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.

Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.

With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon.* \$1.50.

The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

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

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Inadequate.

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

VIRGIN and Mother, thy matchless graces
 Artists may limn in their dreams alone;
 Crude and unworthy, their fairest faces
 Pictured on canvas or carved in stone:
 Ne'er but in visions to saints accorded
 Gloweth thy loveliness here below,
 Nor till thy Son hath our trust rewarded
 May we the spell of thy beauty know.

So of the scope of thy mercy, Mother,
 Vainly we strive in weak words to tell;
 Pleading thy cause with each tepid brother,
 Urging him fondly to serve thee well:
 Not upon earth shall we gauge that ocean,
 Fathomless deep of thy tender love;
 Not till, as crown of our life's devotion,
 Share we thy bliss in our Home above.

A Lost Race.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

CENTURIES ago, before any one
 knew that the shining sands of
 California rivers were sown with
 gold, before the very existence of
 this fertile country had begun to be so
 much as a fable among the civilized
 nations of the globe, this Western land
 was peopled with a race whose origin,
 history and fate are to-day unknown,—a

race which has unaccountably disappeared
 off the face of the earth, leaving behind
 it uncounted examples of its skill as
 artisans, its love of the picturesque and
 beautiful, and also a series of mysterious
 picture-writings whose meaning no man
 of science has yet been able to decipher.

Cabrillo, the fearless and pious explorer,
 who visited California early in the six-
 teenth century, and who found the country
 so enchanting that he took up his resi-
 dence there, leaving his mortal frame
 entombed upon one of the islands of the
 Santa Barbara Channel group, has given
 a clear and intelligent account of the
 native races which he found in possession
 of the land. He describes them as a
 simple, harmless, peaceful people, without
 ambition or disposition to progress; pos-
 sessed of a low degree of intelligence, but
 friendly and hospitable. Their manner of
 life was primitive, their habitations for
 the most part consisting of the rudest
 brush shelters; their utensils few in
 number and variety, and limited only to
 their actual needs; their food consisting
 principally of the products of the sea,
 along whose shore their populous villages
 were congregated. Nor were they of
 migratory habits, their excursions inland
 extending but a short distance in the
 pursuit of game. They had the most
 meagre language, their entire vocabulary
 consisting of but a hundred words or so,
 expressing the simplest objects and acts;

and they appeared to possess no inkling of such a marvel as any written forms of communication.

Such were the California Indians, and especially the tribes of Southern California, found by Cabrillo and the early explorers. Yet all along the mountain slopes that looked down upon their humble dwellings, and along the lofty table-lands facing the Southern California shore, are found the indelible records of races possessing a high degree of intelligence, and invested with certain traits which distinguish them above all known native tribes.

While the traces of this lost civilization are found all the way from the Mexican line until they are lost in the dense forests of the north, they are most remarkable along that little strip of coast which stretches from Pt. Concepcion on the west to San Buenaventura (degraded to Ventura by the railroad gazetteers). Any one who will examine this portion of the California coast-line on the map, will find that throughout this space it is sharply deflected to the east, forming a line almost direct east and west; and in consequence it is plain that this favored bit of country is only grazed by the trade-winds, which, blustering in from the west, are the one drawback to comfort during the greater portion of the year in other localities along the coast. Whether this indicates that these vanished tribes manifested by their selection a taste and judgment usually wanting among primitive peoples, or whether the favorable conditions provided by climate and scenery resulted in a development exceeding that of savage races in less salubrious and attractive regions, is a question for the ethnologist. Certain it is that a superior race once dwelt here, long before the white-man set foot in the country.

To enter upon a description of the records they have left of their existence would be a task embarrassing to one who

had made a life-study of the subject, and better suited to the scope of a ponderous volume than to a brief magazine sketch. It is impossible at this day to describe their extent, nor can this ever be known. The most that we know is in the nature of accidental discovery. For hundreds of years the hand of nature has joined the hand of man in smoothing away the footprints of this people; and within the past fifty years the work of obliteration has been speedy and thorough. Still, what has already been uncovered is bewildering in its revelations.

The Santa Inez range, which towers behind the narrow strip of coast valley, averaging from three to five miles in width, is marked with countless cañons and gulches. The more important of these indentations lead back through tortuous windings of the hills to well-worn mountain passes; and at bends of the streams that mark their course frequently widen into picturesque little vales, with romantic outlooks. These little vales, the heights that rise above them, and either bank of the deep ravines that cut the mesas lying seaward, generally bear evidence of having been the sites of ancient settlements. I hesitate to use the word "villages," commonly employed in this connection; for we have no means of knowing whether these tribal congregations were on the feudal, the patriarchal or the democratic plan. That they were actual dwelling-places we know by the inexhaustible quantity of broken sea-shells that the elements have spared even to this late day, and which are scattered over the surface of the earth, and thrown out with every excavation. Further evidence of permanent settlement is frequently found in the shape of mortars deeply worn in great boulders strewn about. A few years ago the writer saw an enormous, perfectly shaped stone pestle taken from one of a series of great mortars discovered in a flat ledge at the summit of San Marcos

Pass, on the crest of the mountain range.

Accompanying these ancient settlements, after the aboriginal custom, are the burial-places. The graves are, as a rule, crowded closely together, in many instances more than one skeleton being found in a grave. In one very beautiful burying-ground on the banks of Arroyo Burro, or San Roqui Creek, some four miles out from the town of Santa Barbara, I have seen the bones of three persons—a man, a woman and a little child—taken from the same mound. These graves are usually marked by flat stones, in many cases appearing to have been dressed by hand; but the instances are few where these stones are now to be found on the surface of the earth, for a new soil has formed on top of them. It takes a practised eye to discover these prehistoric mounds, with all exterior markings gone; however, a distinctive growth of shrubs, a slight circular elevation not to be explained by the surrounding ground, or perhaps a slight difference in the character of the soil itself, tells the experienced and observant eye that beneath lie the ashes and all the belongings of a former monarch of the soil.

These prehistoric burying-grounds have many peculiar features. In some of them, where the excavations have been made with a degree of intelligence, and the investigations have been thorough, it has been observed that one mound, larger than the rest, is notable for the number and variety of the ornaments and weapons buried with the tenant. From a single one of these large circular mounds there has been taken a cart-load of utensils, weapons and ornaments.

The most populous of these villages or the dead which has come to my knowledge lies at the entrance to Mission Cañon, and adjoining the property of the Santa Barbara Mission Church. Here, within a small area comprising less than an acre, bodies of men, women and chil-

dren appear to have been heaped together in the soft earth. Some ten years ago this burial-place was subjected to the common pillage which overtakes all such necropolises when their location becomes known to the rabble; and as the earth was found to be literally sown with stone and bone beads, shell ornaments, arrow-heads, and polished stone bowls, a rich harvest was reaped by the despoilers. No attention was paid to the solution of the historical problem, of the greatest interest—*i. e.*, what causes led to this hasty and wholesale interment; and it is still a matter of doubt as to whether the deaths were due to starvation, the fierce onslaught of enemies, or the ravages of a pestilence. The exceeding great age of the bones was evident from their advanced decay, the most of them crumbling to dust at a touch.

Yet among them one notable discovery was made—namely, a skull, judged to be that of a woman, so decayed that the upper portion of the skull was crumbled away, but with the jaw and entire lower portion petrified. This is a most significant circumstance, having an important bearing in determining the very great age of the deposits; as such petrifications are invariably due to the action of water. And this skull was found three or four feet beneath the surface of the ground, under the edge of a sandstone boulder, on the slope of a hill two hundred yards back from Mission Creek and a hundred feet above it, where the water could have reached it only in a remote geological period.

Another most remarkable discovery connected with these old burying-grounds is the presence, in at least two instances, of a deeply graven cross carved in the trunk of great live-oaks overhanging the circular mounds from which so rich a store of relics have been taken. One of these crosses was found on a tree on the Bond place in Montecito, a dozen or

more years ago; and one is still to be seen upon a colossal oak in a side gulch of San Roqui Cañon, close to Santa Barbara. Those who have most closely examined this latter tree express the positive opinion that the manner in which the deeply graven symbol is overgrown makes it certain that it was cut prior to the introduction of Christianity into this land, or any possible knowledge of its sacred symbol. It is a pity that the tree can not be cut through in sections and this point be accurately determined by a careful count of the layers of bark which have grown over the scar.

But when one attempts to go into details concerning the striking features accompanying these relics of a dead civilization, the mass of interesting matter becomes overwhelming. I shall speak of only one more historical enigma. In a careful excavation of the site of the ancient villages at Dos Pueblos (Naples), eighteen miles along the coast westward from Santa Barbara, many glass beads of remarkable beauty were found, their iridescence pointing to a considerable age. Among these is a genuine ancient Phœnician bead, beautifully inlaid in a characteristic pattern. The collector at whose instance the excavations had been made was for a long time unaware of the nature of this exquisite specimen; now that it has been satisfactorily identified, its authenticity can not be doubted. The specimen is not for sale, but is jealously treasured; and it would be the height of absurdity to suppose that the poor workman hired to make the excavations could perpetrate such a fraud upon his employer as to secrete among his spoils so priceless a treasure. I am told that similar beads, discovered in San Diego and Los Angeles counties, are to be seen in a loan collection of prehistoric relics on exhibition in the Chamber of Commerce rooms in Los Angeles.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Sprig of Acacia.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IV.

IN that swift but mysterious manner in which ill news invariably travels, it had been communicated to the servants of M. Héroquez that the young student had committed suicide, and that his body was even now lying at the morgue. The mistress was soon aware of the sorrowful discovery; and, although uncertain as to Claire's feelings concerning Julien, she wished to spare her the shocking news as long as possible. Therefore, having forbidden her maid to mention it, she repaired at once to her husband's study, where he sat busy with his accounts.

"What have you done, Hector?" she broke forth abruptly, as he looked up.

"What have I done?" he repeated. "What do you mean, my dear?"

"That young man is dead—lying at the morgue,—and all on account of our Claire—or rather of your unkindness."

"How do you know?" he inquired, dropping his pen.

"How do I know! It is all over the neighborhood. The servants are talking about it—everyone knows it; but, fortunately, nobody is aware of the cause, unless he left a note, which is not likely. He was too gentlemanly and refined to publish our names in connection with the affair; I feel assured of that."

"I hardly believe the story," said M. Héroquez, striving to appear at his ease. "Though, if it be true, I do not hold myself in the least accountable for it."

"You do not! Instead of bidding him hope, you treated him as though he were a criminal. His heart was undoubtedly broken."

"In that case it would have killed him without the suicide. One can not live with a broken heart."

"And you can jest about it, Hector! Until the day before yesterday I never guessed you to be so cruel."

"Come, now, Célestine! My conscience does not reproach me in the least. If it be a fact that M. Denery has committed suicide, it only goes to prove that I was right in refusing him my permission to address Claire. Such an act would prove him to have been quite destitute of both courage and principle, not a fit husband for our daughter."

"But he was so young!"

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined, my dear. In a very little while we should have been a most unhappy family."

"I believe you are glad he is dead," said Madame Héroquez. "At any rate, you do not seem in the least concerned about it."

Her husband left his chair and took a couple of turns about the room. He was really more concerned than he would admit, though his views on the subject were precisely as he had announced them. Still, it is not pleasant to feel that one has been connected, be it ever so remotely, with the premature death of any person. At this moment some one knocked at the door. It was Madame Héroquez's maid.

"Madame," she whispered, "it was a false alarm. M. Denery has just returned. Dame Hurlepin told me so."

"Thank God!" replied her mistress, clasping her hands together with a sigh of relief. "I should never have gotten over it. Now I must go and tell Claire all about it."

Without vouchsafing a glance at her husband, who was standing perfectly motionless in the middle of the room, she hurried away. As the door closed behind her, he sank into his chair. "Thank God!" he murmured in a low voice, and resumed his work. M. Héroquez was really a kind-hearted man.

It was the evening of the next day. For the first time since his abrupt dismissal

by the angry father of her whom he had aspired to make his wife, M. Denery had leisure to reflect upon the situation; and the more deeply he thought, the more he realized how precipitate he had been. With his uncertain prospects and lack of money, he had indeed been presumptuous; and in the cool light of reason he did not wonder at the brusqueness with which M. Héroquez had dismissed his suit. He sat for a long time at the table, his head leaning on his hand, until, having looked at the situation in all its phases, he actually began to sympathize with the indignant father, finding no excuse for himself save that of the natural wish to place the coveted prize beyond the reach of another. And now he was about to sever the last link which bound him to the scene of his fervid though short-lived dream. That afternoon he had received a proposition from Dr. Bianchon to take up his abode in his house,—a proposition which might mean much to him in the future. If he had only waited before committing such an error as that which he now regarded with the air of an unimpassioned observer. Dr. Bianchon's proposal had been accepted, and Madame Hurlepin's tears had fallen at the news; although in her secret heart she knew and was glad that it augured good fortune to her favorite lodger.

"Some day we shall be speaking of him as the great Dr. Denery. Mark my words, it will be so," she had said to the milkwoman that evening.

All Julien's effects were packed and ready. He was to leave early the following morning; and now, sitting alone in his room, he allowed himself these last moments of reflection and regret. Being possessed of more than an ordinary fund of good sense as well as prudence, he sturdily resolved to put the thought of Claire out of his mind forever. She had smiled upon him, it was true, but had never given him the right to think that

she had any marked preference for him. He blushed for his own temerity when he recalled the indiscreet and impetuous fashion in which he had approached her father. The thought inspired him with another, which he welcomed as one calculated to set right, as far as might be, the mistake he had already made. Moreover, as has before been related, he was a young man of great prudence and foresight; he reflected also that, for the sake of his future career, it would be well to make, if possible, a friend of M. Héroquez instead of an enemy. He was a man of wealth and influence; his word would be of weight in the circle in which his family moved; he might even carry his resentment so far as to prejudice Dr. Bianchon, on whose good offices Julien began to feel his future now depended.

Seizing his hat and hurriedly leaving his apartment, lest his courage should suddenly fail him, Julien ran down the stairs, and almost before he knew it was standing at M. Héroquez's door. A touch of the bell summoned a servant; the next moment he found himself face to face with the master of the house. Much to his surprise, that gentleman arose smiling, and held out his hand.

"Monsieur," he said, heartily, "I am glad to see you alive. Pray be seated."

Julien made a gesture of impatience, knitting his brows.

"I thank you, Monsieur!" he replied, taking the proffered seat. "That absurd rumor was all owing to the neglect of a friend to deliver a message. I went to Rouen with Dr. Bianchon to assist at an operation. I am about to leave my present lodging to take up my residence in his house. He has done me the honor to invite me to become his secretary and assistant,—that is, in so far as I may be such before having obtained my diploma."

"You are a fortunate young man,—very fortunate indeed," said M. Héroquez. "Dr. Bianchon is a savant, as everyone

knows; he has an extensive practice, and—he is a bachelor. Provided you fulfil the promise he no doubt sees in you, you may be his successor in more ways than one. I congratulate you, M. Denery,—I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Monsieur!" replied Julien. "I should not have troubled you with my affairs, but that my leaving the neighborhood gave me some excuse for again intruding upon you. I have come—"

"You have come," repeated the other, with an encouraging smile, which, if the young man had possessed more worldliness or a particle of experience, he would have interpreted in its true meaning. But, possessed by one idea, he thought only of how to make his apologies to the man whom he had, as he thought, justly offended.

"I have come," he continued, his clear eyes seeking those of M. Héroquez, a slight flush on his cheek, "to—to—ask your pardon for my impertinence the other day. It *was* impertinence; I see it now. I can not imagine how I could have been guilty of such presumption. I could not quit the neighborhood without asking you to excuse it, if possible. It was an indiscretion, Monsieur. Pardon it, and try to forget that it ever took place."

"I have already done so, M. Denery," said the old gentleman. "Indeed, I made too much of it at the time; but you will understand. I have but one daughter; she is the flower of my life, the angel of my heart and home. However, I am always a little too quick; I regretted my rudeness almost as soon as it had occurred."

"Your kindness embarrasses me very much, Monsieur," said Julien, rising. "I feel as though I could not get myself away quickly enough; the more I consider it, the greater appears my offence."

He held out his hand.

"Will you not see the ladies?" inquired M. Héroquez. "They would entertain you less awkwardly than I."

"Do they know?" asked Julien.

"I must acknowledge that they do," answered the old gentleman.

"In that case I must decline," said Julien. "I confess I should not know how to appear before them. Kindly 'make them my adieux.'"

"But, Monsieur," began M. Héroquez, now as anxious to detain the young student as he had formerly been eager to dismiss him, "I am sure—"

"Oh, no, no, Monsieur!" replied Julien. "I appreciate your good-will, but I could not think of it. I will say good-bye."

The attitude of both men perceptibly stiffened as he spoke. Julien was thinking, "Has he no delicacy that he thus insists on pushing me into a most annoying situation?" While M. Héroquez said to himself: "Well, I certainly shall not thrust my daughter upon him, since he evidently does not wish to see her again." Therefore, barely touching each other's hands, they separated, with a polite bow.

As Julien passed into the street below, Madame Héroquez espied him from her balcony.

"Can it be possible," she thought, "that he came to renew his suit? Brave young man, if so I heartily wish him success; and I shall assist him by every means in my power. That journey to Rouen with Dr. Bianchon is already a feather in his cap."

But the prophetic soul of Claire, who was peeping from behind the shutters of her window when she heard the door close, predicted otherwise.

"He is going away," she said to herself. "I know he is going away. Why he came I can not think; but I feel that we shall see him no more."

A few moments later she went to her mother's room and took up her work. Presently her father entered and threw himself into an arm-chair. After waiting sufficiently long for him to speak, Madame Héroquez said:

"Was not that M. Denery I saw leaving the house?"

"Yes," answered her husband, shortly. "He is going away from this neighborhood, and came—to make an apology."

"For what, *mon ami*?"

"For having had the presumption to aspire to an alliance with us."

"I had thought him more of a man," said Madame Héroquez, with a haughty elevation of the head.

"I considered it a manly act," replied her husband. "Not one in ten thousand would have done it."

"And where is he going?" inquired Madame Héroquez.

"As secretary and assistant to Dr. Bianchon. A fine opening. He will yet become a famous scientist and successful physician. I have not a doubt of it."

"You are sure he came to apologize, my dear?"

"Am I an idiot? Do I not understand my own language?"

"Did he not ask for us?"

"No," rejoined her husband, in the curtest of tones.

"Then it is all over. I am greatly disappointed in him."

"What an extraordinary woman you are! To be sure it is all over. For my part, I consider him a fine young fellow."

Madame Héroquez glanced at Claire. The young girl's head was bent low over her embroidery, but there were tears in her blue eyes.

(To be continued.)

A PROTESTANT layman may determine and propound all by himself the terms of salvation; we are bigots and despots if we do but proclaim what a thousand years have sanctioned.—*Newman*.

It is manifestly as unfair to judge of a place by its March as to judge a man's disposition by the hour before dinner.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.

Satan Loquitur.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

I.

THIS Holiness the Pope (I much respect,
Of course, while fighting so august a foe)
Would put an end to heresy and sect

At one—in sooth, most charitable—blow.
He gently begs all dissidents reflect

On words divine which all profess to know:
To look at facts historic, too, and see
The promised Rock impregnable to me.

II.

But will they? 'Tis indeed a stubborn fact,
That selfsame Rock, and prominent withal.

Yet never has it cost me more than *tact*—
And often, I may say, no pains at all—

To make the dolts declare it badly crack'd,
Or undermined, and just about to fall;
Or even to persuade them "Look again.
'Tis vanish'd! Bah! A vapor from the plain!"

III.

O Rome! O strength*—in weakness per-
fected!

While pagan realms ador'd thee, thou wast
mine.

But when the Conqueror had bruised my
head,

I found that my astuteness serpentine
Had only serv'd *His* purpose—only led
(O master-stroke of policy divine!)

To world-wide sway for *Him*; and placed
my throne

In earth's great heart as footstool for His
own!

IV.

The dust I chew'd o'er this—a bitter peck!

But soon 'twas given me to try again
At "hatching empires"—doom'd to suffer
wreck,

But yet, dear Milton, not entirely "vain." †
The Seer of Patmos drew my sevenfold neck

Draconic with no simper of disdain,
What time I call'd up from the deep serene
The first beast of Apocalypse thirteen.

* Roma is the Latin form of a Greek word
meaning "strength."

† Or to sit in darkness here,
Hatching vain empires.

—Paradise Lost.

V.

A doughty power, that Saracenic beast!

My present to the Gentile Antichrist.

I paid him handsomely, to say the least—

For service, though, *now* greatly under-
priced.

If Islam's Crescent shines but in the East,

'Tis not that Western chivalry sufficed

T'uphold the standard of the Crucified:

'Twas Peter's Rock stemm'd the victorious
tide.*

VI.

But what to "fools and blind" are facts like
these?

I bode my time, and call'd up from the
earth

A beast with horns quite agnine, if you
please—

But dragon voice, which should have told
his birth.

And here (ha! ha!) your commentator sees

Just what is *not*. So much is learning
worth,

That seeks far off, and veil'd in mystic guise,
A thing evolving right before its eyes!

VII.

Behold apostate Europe at this hour!

"Horns as a lamb"—yet Christian but in
name.

Can Leo count upon a single Power

To back his rights? 'Tis *I* have won the
game.

With Art my left, and Science my right
bower,

I've euchred Faith. The Press, too, has a
claim

(The part that's neither imbecile nor croaker)
To grateful recognition, as—my joker.

VIII.

As to the "wonders" my pet beast has done,
Their evidence leaves nothing to desire.

St. John himself made special note of one—

The more than Promethéan theft of fire,

Whereby the very lightning's made to run

On vain man's errands, captive to a wire. †

But, surely, things destructive were worth
mention?

Or don't torpedoes look like *my* invention?

* Mr. T.W. Allies has a volume entitled "Peter's
Rock in Mohammed's Flood."

† Apoc., xiii, 13.

IX.

All serve, no doubt, the world's progressive needs.

I use them to persuade my pack of fools
That man is his own god—which better feeds
Their pride than fog of pantheistic schools.
Materialism everywhere succeeds:

While spiritists recruit their aptest tools
From those who think to keep *me* at a distance
By scornfully denying my existence.

X.

No Hell, no Devil! Very good, my dears.

We'll talk that over in the "by-and-by"—
Which may not prove so "sweet" as it
appears.

Meantime the old Church keeps a watch-
ful eye
On something steadily gaining with the
years—

The oath-bound secrecy, which dares defy
The thrones of Europe with their chains and
warders,
And forms the chief of *my* religious orders.

XI.

The part 'twill play when comes upon the
scene

My Jewish Antichrist! Ha! ha! The mark
On hand and forehead should be plain, I ween,
Already—save to guessers in the dark.
The old beast's "image," too, would rouse
the spleen

Of most wisecracs, were a sudden spark
Of lucky wit to leap into a flame:
And so, of course, the "number of his name."

XII.

But slowly, Lucifer. If first there come
A big set-back? Enough. What must be,
must.

Perhaps the roaring lion may play dumb
While gets the snake another taste of
dust.

I'm good at schemes; and bound to win with
some,

If foil'd with others. A well-grounded
trust:

Since ne'er hath fail'd me yet my human
quorum—

The *infinitus numerus stultorum*.*

* Eccles., i, 15. *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*.
"The number of fools is endless."

ANNOTATIONS.

I. "The first beast of Apocalypse thirteen." This beast can be easily identified with the Saracenic empire by its *component parts*, as the late Mr. Ambrose De Lisle Phillipps has shown in his "Mahometanism in its Relations to Prophecy."* The "leopard" part is the old Greco-Macedonian empire; the "bear" part, from the Persian; the "lion," from the Assyrian.† The "*feet* of a bear" means the active propagandism from Persia; the "*mouth* of a lion" signifies the Kaliphate (or Mahometan Popedom) at Bagdad.

(a) It is a strangely blundering interpretation that fails to notice these component parts; and which, again, confounds this beast with the "red dragon" of the preceding chapter, and with the "scarlet beast," on which "Babylon" is seated, in chapter xvii. The fact of all three monsters having "seven heads and ten horns" has led to this confusion. But the "red dragon" of chapter xii has "diadems" on his *heads*, while the beast we are dealing with has the diadems on his *horns*. The dragon, again, is, of course, the "Prince of this world"; and his diademed heads are the seven great empires through which he has opposed the Kingdom of Christ from the beginning. His "horns" are the *ten persecutions* with which, in his *Roman* manifestation, he wars upon the Apostolic Church (the "Woman clothed with the sun"), who is "in travail with the Man-Child," *the Papacy*.

(b) And when the Man-Child has been brought forth, and "caught up to God and to His *throne*"—the Papacy, that is, firmly established in *the sphere of*

* I have not this work with me. I read it over twenty years ago, from the library of the Paulist Fathers of New York. It was published by Dolman of London. Mr. Phillipps was a distinguished convert from Anglicanism.

† See Dan., vii, 4-6.

divine dominion, which is the meaning of "heaven" in the Apocalypse,—the dragon "casts forth a flood from his mouth, to carry away the Woman"; to wit, the barbarian incursions, which destroyed the Roman empire: but "the earth swallows up the flood"—the barbarian hordes are converted; and "to the Woman are given the wings of a great eagle"—the Papacy receives its "temporal power" (as Mr. Phillipps very happily interprets "the wings of the *Roman* "eagle").

Then the red dragon sets to work to bring up "from the sea" (whence Daniel's "four beasts" arose—for "the sea is the world," as Our Lord says, using the same symbolic imagery) the mighty Saracenic empire of Mahomet, the *Gentile Antichrist*.

The "seven heads" of this new "beast from the sea" are the seven great *thrones* of the Saracenic empire; and his "diademed horns" are its ten *dynasties*. Mr. Phillipps has elaborately shown all this, and I must refer the reader to his work.

(c) The "scarlet beast" on which "Babylon" is seated is the "great red dragon" again, undoubtedly. And we behold here what may be called the Trinity of Evil—the Devil, the World, and the Flesh; for the Woman is the World, and the cup in her hand the Flesh. But particularly we see Pagan Rome—the capital of Satan's kingdom and the centre of all "abominations." This "scarlet beast," then, is quite distinct from the first beast of Apocalypse xiii.

II. Mr. Phillipps, however, and the late Father Lockhart after him (in his "Who is the Antichrist of Prophecy?"), are mistaken, in turn, with regard to the *second* "beast" of Apocalypse xiii—the beast which "comes up out of the *earth*, and "has two horns as a lamb, but speaks as a dragon."

(a) St. John beholds one of the heads of the first beast "as it were wounded to death"; then adds: "And his deadly

wound was healed." Here, most correctly, Mr. Phillipps sees the overthrow and extinction of the Kaliphate at Bagdad by the Ottoman Turks—followed by their astonishing conversion to the Mahometan faith. So he takes the second beast "with two horns as a lamb," to signify the Ottoman empire and the pastoral origin of the Turks; and understands what is called "making the image of the beast" to mean simply the solidification and extension of the second Mahometan empire as the *image* of the first.

(b) But this second beast, if a new empire, should have come up from the "sea"—not from the "earth." And, again, a mere reference to pastoral origin would be wholly out of keeping with the other symbolic language.

Now, in the first place, the term "earth" is used in contrast with the term "heaven." The victory of Christianity over paganism is described, in the twelfth chapter of this mysterious Apocalypse, as "war in *heaven*." St. Michael and his angels drive out the dragon and *his* angels from the sphere of divine dominion, or "the region of God," which they have so long usurped by drawing man's worship to themselves. And we read that these vanquished ones were "cast into the *earth*." The "earth," then, as a symbolic expression, means the world of error and darkness; or, again, of unbelief and resistance to divine truth. In the second place, by "horn" is always meant *power*: and the horn of a *lamb* must mean a *Christian* power—at least in name and pretension.

(c) Do we not see, then, in this beast which comes out of the "earth," the resuscitated paganism of the present day? It is the *nominally* Christian world in the state of "revolt" predicted by St. Paul; particularly the Europe of to-day, with "*two* horns as a lamb"—Christian Church and Christian State, *nominally*; and "speaking as a dragon," because its

interests and principles are on the side of the devil and against the reign of Jesus Christ. It is the Europe which began with the so-called Reformation, and has developed into the Revolution which is working itself out before our eyes.

(d) And here comes in the "mark on hand and forehead," without which "no man might buy or sell." Mr. Phillipps makes a sorry attempt to explain this "mark." But *we* behold the *secret-society* principle, as plain as anything can be. Well, then, may Satan call Freemasonry his "chief religious order." By it he has made the revolution a success, and by the same agency will the final Antichrist acquire his power over Europe.

III. With regard to Antichrist. It is evident that both St. John and St. Paul speak of a *principle* already at work; but it is equally certain that they predict an *impersonation* of this principle. St. Paul is particularly clear when he says "*the man of sin*," "*the son of perdition*."

(a) Now, Mr. Phillipps and Father Lockhart have sought to prove that Mahomet is at once the "Antichrist" of St. John and "the man of sin" of St. Paul's prophecy. According to them, there is no other to come. But, if this be so, interpreters have all along been deceived about the great persecutor who is to appear before the end of the world. Surely they could not be mistaken on a matter of such importance. Yet the distinguished writers aforesaid *have* shown that Mahomet and his empire *do* fulfil, most strikingly, the greater part of the prophecies of Daniel and St. John. St. John's premonition, "This is Antichrist, who denieth the Father and the Son," is exactly verified in Mahomet's teaching. "God hath neither begotten nor is begotten," says the Koran. Point-blank "denial of the Father and the Son." Then, again, the very name of the Arabian impostor, as written by the Byzantine-Greek his-

torians—that is, *in the idiom of the Apocalypse*: Μωμμετις, or Μαμμετις—gives the number 666.

(b) But Mahomet does not answer *adequately* to St. Paul's "man of sin." The false prophet did not "exalt himself above *all* that is called God or worshipped"—except in so far as he reduced our Divine Redeemer to the level of a prophet, and one destined to be superseded by himself. Neither can Mahomet be said to "sit in the temple of God, showing himself as if *he* were God" (or "that he *is* God")—save only in the sense of having occupied Christian temples (such as St. Sophia in Constantinople); and, again, of having substituted himself and his religion as the medium of salvation. No doubt, we can see here a *partial* fulfilment of St. Paul's prediction; but we look in vain for the *adequate* realization of the picture which he draws in such very strong language. Like other great prophecies of Scripture, this one has a *double* fulfilment—the first being intended as an earnest of the second. And what the Apostle says of the "revolt" that must "come first"—reminding his hearers how he had told them of "that which withheld"—while it refers, undoubtedly, to the breaking up of the Roman empire, which preceded the rise of Mahometanism, *also* looks far onward to a "falling away" from the empire of the Church.*

(c) So that what St. Paul foretells in magnificent but obscure terms, St. John shows us in the thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse under the symbolic forms of beasts: a *dual* power or system of Antichrist.

And it appears to me that as Antichrist is in all things the opposite of Christ, the *impersonation* of him must be *dual*, because Christ is *one*. As Jesus is the one Messiah for both Jew and Gentile, there will be a *separate pseudo-Messiah* for

* II. Thess., chap. ii.

each. If Christ began as the Messiah of the Jews and then became the Messiah of the Gentiles, Antichrist will begin as the *pseudo*-Messiah of the Gentiles and become at last that of the Jews. Our Lord, again, laid the foundations of His kingdom during three years and a half; then extended it over the Gentile world. Mahomet begins by extending his empire over the Gentile world; and the Man of Sin will triumph, as the *pseudo*-Messiah of the Jews, for "three years and a half"—the "three *days* and a half" of Apoc., xi, 9 (for "day" in the language of prophecy means "year").

(*d*) Lastly, though the Mahometan power, especially in Europe, will have been destroyed, its place will be taken—and thus the "image of the beast" will be made—by what is now known as Freemasonry. What is left of Mahometanism will become fused with the rationalistic Judaism which we see spreading so widely. For all well-to-do Jews at the present day are Freemasons, apparently; and so are a great number of influential Mahometans. And Freemasonry sets up for *the universal* religion, particularly attracting Jews and Mahometans by its profession of deism. Moreover, we know that, even now, Freemasonry becomes a persecutor of the Church, and shows itself her sworn foe wherever it gets power and opportunity—as in Italy, in France, and in Central and South America. No wonder, then, that St. John tells us that "it was given" to the beast "with horns as a lamb" to "give life to the image of the [first] beast; and that the image of the beast should speak, and should cause that whosoever would not adore the image of the beast *should be slain*. And he shall make all, both little and great, rich and poor, freemen and bondmen, to *have a mark on their right hand and on their foreheads*; and that *no man might buy or sell but he who had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.*"

Most probably the Jewish Antichrist—he of whom Our Lord said, "If another shall come in his own name, him ye *will* receive"—will have a name giving the number 666, even as the first "false prophet" had. And he is to be "received" not only by the Jews—who, it would seem, will have regained possession of Palestine, and rebuilt Jerusalem with great splendor,—but by all who, as St. Paul says, "receive not the love of the truth."

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—IN DENVER TOWN.

COLORADO! What an open-air sound that word has! The music of the wind is in it, and a peculiarly free, rhythmical swing, suggestive of the swirling lariat. Colorado is not, as some conjecture, a corruption or revised edition of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who was sent out by the Spanish Viceroy of Mexico in 1540 in search of the seven cities of Cibola: it is from the verb *colorar*—colored red, or ruddy—a name frequently given to rivers, rocks, and ravines in the lower country. Nor do we care to go back as far as the sixteenth century for the beginning of an enterprise that is still very young and possibly a little fresh. In 1803 the United States purchased from France a vast territory for \$15,000,000; it was then known as Louisiana, and that purchase included the district long referred to as the Great American Desert.

In 1806 Zebulon Pike camped where Pueblo now stands. He was a pedestrian. One day he started to climb a peak whose shining **summit** had dazzled him from the first; it seemed to soar into the very heavens, yet lie within easy reach just

over the neighboring hill. He started bright and early, with enthusiasm in his heart, determination in his eye, and a cold bite in his pocket. He went from hill to hill, from mountain to mountain; always ascending, satisfied that each height was the last, and that he had but to step from the next pinnacle to the throne of his ambition. Alas! the peak was as far away as ever, even at the close of the second day; so, famished, foot-frozen and well-nigh in extremity, he dragged his weary bones back to camp, defeated. That peak bears his name to this day.

James Pursley, of Bardstown, Ky., was a greater explorer than Pike; but Pursley gives Pike much credit which Pike blushing declines. The two men were exceptionally well-bred pioneers. In 1820 Colonel Long named a peak in memory of his explorations. The peak survives. Then came General Fremont, in 1843; and the discovery of gold near Denver fifteen years later; but I believe Green Russell, a Georgian, found *color* earlier on Pike's Peak.

Colorado was the outgrowth of the great financial crisis of 1857. That panic sent a wave westward,—a wave that overflowed all the wild lands of the wilderness, and, in most cases, to the advantage of both wave and wilderness. Of course there was a gradual settling up or settling down from that period. Many people who didn't exactly come to stay got stuck fast, or found it difficult to leave; and now they are glad of it. Denver was the result.

Denver! It seems as if that should be the name of some out-of-door production; of something brawny and breezy and bounding; something strong with the strength of youth; overflowing with vitality; ambitions unconquerable, irrepressible—and such is Denver, the queen city of the plains. Denver is a marvel, and she knows it. She is by no means the marvel that San Francisco was at the

same interesting age; but, then, Denver doesn't know it.

True it is that the Argonauts of the Pacific were blown in out of the blue sea—most of them. They had had a taste of the tropics on the way; paroquets and Panama fevers were their portion; or, after a long pull and a strong pull around the Horn, they were comparatively fresh and eager for the fray when they touched dry land once more. There was much close company between decks to cheer the lonely hours; a very bracing air and a very broad, bright land to give them welcome when the voyage was ended—in brief, they had their advantages.

The pioneers of Denver town were the captains or mates of prairie schooners, stranded in the midst of a sea-like desert. It was a voyage of from six to eight weeks west of the Mississippi in those days. The only stations—and miserably primitive ones at that—lay along Ben Holliday's overland stage route. They were far between. Indians waylaid the voyagers; fire, famine and fatigue helped to strew the trail with the graves of men and the carcasses of animals. Hard lines were these; but not so hard as the lines of those who pushed farther into the wilderness, nor stayed their adventurous feet till they were planted on the rich soil of the Pacific slope.

Pioneer life knows little variety. The *menu* of the Colorado banquet July 4, 1859, will revive in the minds of many an old Californian the fast-fading memories of the past; but I fear 'twill be a long time before such a *menu* as the following will gladden the eyes of the average prospector in the Klondyke:

SOUP.

A la Bean.

FISH.

Brook Trout, a la catch 'em first.

MEATS.

Antelope larded, pioneer style.

BREAD.

Biscuit, hand-made, full weight, a la yellow.

VEGETABLES.

Beans, mountain style, warranted boiled forty-eight hours, a la soda.

DESSERT.

Dried Apples, Russel gulch style.

Coffee, served in tin cups, to be washed clean for the occasion, overland style, a la no cream.

In those days Horace Greeley, returning from his California tour, halted to cast his eye over the now West. The miners primed an old blunderbus with rich dust, and judiciously salted Gregory gulch. Of course Horace was invited to inspect it. Being somewhat horny-handed, he seized pick and shovel and went to work in earnest. The pan-out was astonishing. He flew back to New York laden with the glittering proofs of wealth; gave a whole page of the *Tribune* to his tale of the golden fleece; and a rush to the new diggings followed as a matter of course.

Denver and Auraria were rival settlements on the opposite shores of Cherry Creek; in 1860 they consolidated, and then boasted a population of 4000, in a vast territory containing but 60,000 souls. The boom was on, and it was not long before a parson made his appearance. This was the Rev. George Washington Fisher, of the Methodist Church, who accepted the offer of a saloon as a house of worship, using the bar for a pulpit.

Colorado Territory was organized in 1861, and was loyal to the Union. Denver was still booming, though she suffered nearly all the ills that precocious settlements are heir to. The business portion of the town was half destroyed in 1863; Cherry Creek flooded her in 1864, floating houses out of reach and drowning fifteen or twenty of the inhabitants. Then the Indians went on the war-path; stages and wagon trains were attacked; passengers and scattered settlers massacred, and the very town itself threatened. Alarm-bells warned the frightened inhabitants of impending danger; many fled to the United States Mint for refuge, and to cellars, cisterns, and dark alleys. This was

during the wild reign of Spotted Horse along the shores of the Platte, before he was captured by Major Downing at the battle of Sand Creek, and finally sent to Europe on exhibition as a genuine child of the forest.

Horace Greeley's visit was fully appreciated, and his name given to a mountain hamlet, long after known familiarly as "Saint's Rest," because there was nothing stimulating to be found thereabout. Poor Meeker, for many years agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune*, founded that settlement. He was backed by Greeley, and established the *Greeley Tribune* at Saint's Rest. In 1877 Meeker was made Indian agent, and he did his best to live up to the dream of the Indian-maniacs; but, after two years of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause, he was brutally betrayed and murdered by Chief Douglas, of the Utes, his guest at the time. Mrs. Meeker and her daughters, and a Mrs. Price and her child, were taken captive; but they were rescued in due season.

When General Grant visited Central, the little mountain town received him royally. A pavement of solid silver bricks was laid for him to walk upon from his carriage to the hotel door. One sees very little of this barbaric splendor nowadays even in Denver, the most pretentious of far Western burghs. She is a metropolis of magnificent promises. Alighting at the airy station, you take a carriage for the hotel, and come at once to the centre of the city. Were you to continue your drive but a few blocks farther, you would come with equal abruptness to the edge of it. The surprise is delightful in either case, but the suddenness of the transition makes the stranger guest a little dizzy at first. There are handsome buildings in Denver—blocks that would do credit to any city under the sun; but there was for years an upstart air, a palpable provincialism, a kind of ill-disguised "previousness," noticeable that made

her seem like the brisk suburb of some other place, and that other place, alas! invisible to mortal eye. Rectangular blocks make a checker-board of the town map. The streets are appropriately named Antelope, Bear, Bison, Boulder, Buffalo, Coyote, Cedar, Cottonwood, Deer, Golden, Granite, Moose, etc.

Somehow Denver, after my early visit, leaves with me an impression as of a perfectly new city that has just been unpacked; as if the various parts of it had been set up in a great hurry, and the citizens were now impatiently awaiting the arrival of the rest of the properties. Some of the streets that appeared so well at first glance, seemed, upon inspection, more like theatrical flats than realities; and there was always a consciousness of everything being wide open and uncovered. Indeed, so strongly did I feel this that it was with difficulty I could refrain from wearing my hat in the house. Nor could I persuade myself that it was quite safe to go out alone after dark, lest unwittingly I should get lost, and lift up in vain the voice of one crying in the wilderness; for the blank and weird spaces about there are as wide as the horizon where the distant mountains seem to have slid partly down the terrestrial incline,—spaces that offer the unwary neither hope nor hospice,—where there is positively shelter for neither man nor beast, from the red-brick heart of the ambitious young city to her snow-capped ultimate suburb.

(To be continued.)

A Pledge.

♪ S it in honor of thee, dear Saint,
 And thine isle of emerald sheen,
 That spring sends forth to grace thy feast
 Its first faint promise of green?
 Is it a pledge to thy sons, dear Saint,
 That a type of fair hope is seen,—
 This herald of brighter days to come,
 The spring's first promise of green?

A Work-a-Day Romance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

WHEN Phyllis Newton returned home at dusk, she found her aunt ensconced in the latter's favorite cosy corner of the library.

"Yes, I have arrived, bag and baggage," announced that lady. "My dear, you do not look well. It was a mistake to allow you to carry out this ridiculous project of yours. You must give it up to-morrow."

"I am only a little tired; it is nothing, I assure you, dear Aunt," laughed Phyllis, uneasily. "Do not ask me to give up now. In a few days Dora's vacation will be over; then I shall be free to employ my time in any way you desire,—for I wish in future to have every moment of the day filled with work."

"Hem! what has happened?" mentally commented the older lady, adding aloud: "As you will, my dear." But for the remainder of the evening she watched her niece narrowly.

Yet in love, as in friendship, how necessary is the trust that is not over-ready to discover motes in its sunbeam! Although appearances were against matter-of-fact Jack Harding, in all sincerity the young merchant did not deserve the scorn with which Miss Newton determined never to vouchsafe him another thought. Had he cared less for Phyllis, his self-possession would not have been so speedily put to rout. As it was, the sudden meeting with her under such unexpected circumstances set his brain in a whirl.

"She has had a misunderstanding with her aunt," he reflected, rapidly. "The heartless old lady has shown her the door. With her education and advantages, Phyllis should have been able to obtain a better position than this one; but, no doubt, being without experience, she did

not know what to do. Poor little dove, how she must have suffered!"

So short a distance separated them! Should he make one stride forward, take her hands in his and say:

"Phyllis, I admire your independence, your anxiety to maintain yourself. But come, dear, I love you. Be my wife; gladden my life, as I shall try to render yours happy"?

No: this was not the time or place for such a declaration or entreaty. He hesitated; he could not command himself sufficiently to address her in the casual terms of mere acquaintance; the fervid words he longed to speak might slip out unawares.

"I shall only make a fool of myself, and cause her annoyance," he ejaculated under his breath, and forthwith fled.

A few hours afterward, as Jack sat by his bachelor hearth, moodily cogitating upon the state of affairs, he was aroused by a knock at the door; and, in response to "Come!" there was thrust into the room the shock-head of a handsome Irish lad, who sometimes did chores about the house of Mrs. Stevens, and a cheery voice said:

"The Mistress sent me over, sor, to ax if you had brought her the buttons."

"*Confound* the buttons!"

"All right, sor. I understand, sor." And the door closed again without delay; for Michael did not consider it necessary to await what further information was to be found in the book that came spinning through space, aimed at his curly pate.

Harding broke into a laugh.

"I shall have to make my peace with Mollie to-morrow," he mused; "but"—and his face grew troubled again—"with Phyllis it will be a far more difficult matter; for I acted like an idiot. Yet why should I presume that she likes me at all? Perhaps now, in my anxiety to gain a right to shield and protect her, I shall be striving to obtain her consent to

a marriage without true affection. That would be a great wrong to her."

The next day he made up his mind, however. Phyllis might be farther from him than ever, but he was determined to win her if he could. She was undoubtedly at odds with her aunt, he reasoned; but that constituted the one advantage to him. Now he could no longer be accused of mercenary motives, at which the old lady had more than once hinted. He would go to Knowlton's and beg Phyllis for an interview, since he knew not where else to find her. How he blessed Mollie for having furnished him with the excuse!

In the course of the morning, while rearranging her stock upon the shelves behind the counter, Phyllis was startled by a familiar masculine voice at her elbow meekly asking for "Ladies' dress buttons"; and, turning, she confronted Jack Harding awkwardly fumbling in his watch-pocket for a lost sample. With a proud air the offended girl drew back for an instant; but he met her look of youthful disdain with a glance so honest and kindly that she faltered; and the absurdity of the situation forcing itself upon her, brought a twinkle of amusement to her grey eyes, in spite of her resolve to treat him as a stranger.

Harding seized his opportunity.

"Miss Newton, you will sympathize with me," he began, having recourse to small talk as the safest manner of bridging over the moment of embarrassment. "My sister has entrusted me with a commission which is beyond my capabilities. But never mind it now." And, fearful lest some one else might appear to bespeak her attention, he added inconsequently: "I really came in, Miss Phyllis, to ask if I may call upon you this evening."

Words commonplace enough, but they were precious to Phyllis; for they told her that in doubting Jack Harding she had done him an injustice. And when she answered him with shy formality,

‘Certainly; I shall be pleased to see you,’ the little conventional phrase conveyed to him that she regretted having been so quick to distrust. Yet he only bowed, and went on, with some hesitation:

“Then I fear I must inquire with what friends you are staying?”

Phyllis looked puzzled. Suddenly she realized the comedy of errors through which they were struggling. A spirit of mischief and innocent coquetry took possession of her: she would test him awhile longer. Since he thought he was wooing a girl who had lost all chances of a fortune, it would be a pity to undeceive him. Moreover, had not Miss Romaine decreed there should be no explanations to any one? Therefore, casting down her eyes, naïve Miss Phyllis answered in a tone of assumed carelessness:

“Oh, I am still at my aunt’s! She has not yet turned me out of doors, notwithstanding the gossip afloat that we do not get on together.”

Her conscience smote her when he replied gravely:

“I am glad the lady had so much humanity.”

But Miss Romaine chuckled over the speech when her niece contritely told her of the conversation.

That evening Phyllis received him in her aunt’s spacious drawing-room; and soon, without much ado, he had asked and obtained her promise to become his wife. Scarcely, however, had he begun to describe to her an airy “castle in Spain,” of which she was to be the gracious chatelaine, when Miss Romaine appeared upon the scene.

Harding, impatient at the interruption, yet managed to maintain an appearance of composure.

“Madam,” said he, with studied politeness, “since you still afford Miss Newton the protection of your home, I think it right to lay before you my hopes and our plans.”

Phyllis’ eyes opened wide. No one had ever before ventured to speak thus to her aunt, and she dreaded lest this drama might be carried too far.

But it was evident that Miss Romaine was greatly amused.

“In short, you want to marry Phyllis,” she snapped, brusquely. “You understand, I suppose, that she is a penniless girl, who has no claim upon me beyond the tie of relationship, which counts for very little in these days?”

“Phyllis has given me her own answer. It is only as a matter of deference to her wishes that I request your assent, Miss Romaine,” he rejoined, with dignity. “Since you have driven her to earn her bread, it is clear you do not intend to bestow upon her your fortune. But I shall work for her all the days of my life. As my wife, she shall not need your grudging bounty—”

“Jack—Aunt—I *will* speak!” interrupted Phyllis.

Nevertheless, Miss Romaine checked her imperiously.

“If somewhat too hasty, I believe you are at least sincere, Mr. Jack Harding,” sighed the old lady, in a changed tone, after a brief silence. “And, although the acknowledgment will probably cause you some surprise, I will admit that in reality I never doubted you. But I was vexed at you, sir; because I knew you sought what is more to me than all else I possess. I dare say you think your sentiments very unselfish and noble because you have no designs upon my money. Has it never crossed your mind that you are depriving me of much more in taking from me Phyllis, the one being whom I love? Like so many of my dear friends, you think me a hard-hearted old woman because I chose to let the girl see something of the trials and struggles and sacrifices of a walk of life other than her own. Still, Phyllis is my niece, sir. You may marry her and work for her

as hard as you please—she is worth working for; but I made my will several years ago, and I do not propose to change it to accord with your heroics: all I have shall be hers *when I die*.”

A day or two later Phyllis' experiences at Knowlton's came to an end. Dora Wylie returned from the country wonderfully benefited by her happy vacation. She did not resume her place at the button counter, however; for one of her father's old friends had hunted up the family during her absence, and now offered her a position as book-keeper, which she gladly accepted.

In November Phyllis and Jack Harding were married. Miss Romaine insisted upon a grand wedding; and if some prominent women of society experienced the mortification of finding their names omitted from the list of invited guests, they might console themselves with the knowledge that Miss Romaine took a keen satisfaction in thus passing them over, and the reflection that “the wind blows not always from the west for fair-weather friends.”

Phyllis was so happy she would have welcomed them all, however; and she contrived that every one of those who had been her fellow-employees at Knowlton's should have at least a little share in her happiness.

“For, Dora,” she said to her pretty maid of honor, “I shall never forget the lessons some of those girls unconsciously taught me; and I feel that those two weeks were the most profitably spent of any in my life—”

“Yes,” interrupted Jack, with a half-teasing, half-admiring glance at his young wife; “Phyllis undertook to prove that the solution of the social problem of the hour lies in mutual helpfulness, sympathy and interest; therefore, for the sake of consistency, she was obliged to be kind to me when I went in search of those buttons.”

“The buttons for which I am *still waiting!*” exclaimed his sister, sprightly little Mrs. Stevens, whose health had been much improved by her recent sojourn among the mountains. “But you need not apologize, my dear brother; for Madame la Mode suited me much better than you could have done.”

“And I—eh—suited myself,” laughed Jack, as he and Phyllis set out upon the wedding journey, which was to be the first stage of their journey of life together.

(The End.)

Notes and Remarks.

“The Real in Education” is the subject of an able paper by Prof. Stockley, of the University of New Brunswick, read before a teachers' institute and published in the *Educational Review*. Discussing the contention of those who urge that a teacher has to do with intellectual education only, Prof. Stockley pertinently observes:

We are all pretty well agreed, in theory at least, that human beings are complex creatures; that children's minds can not be taken out, cleaned and arranged just as the mental surgeon may wish, after the fashion of his up-to-date physical brother, with our stomachs. We are all pretty well agreed that the teacher is *in loco parentis*; therefore that he is, in school, to think not only of so many mental machines before him, but of so many responsible beings—in old-fashioned, New Testament language, of so many souls. It is true that mental knowledge is the chief, if not the highest, object of the school. But to whom or to what are you going to give it? To a being of so much heart and feeling, of so much self-will and passion, of so much lightness—good and bad—that one could even despair of training it mentally at all? Evidently, to abstract the child's mind from the rest of him is impossible.

The whole paper is an excellent exposition of education as it should be, and by implication a strong arraignment of the mere *instruction* which is so generally foisted upon the world as an efficient substitute.

Another attempt is to be made to do away with the last vestiges of the old penal laws. Mr. Patrick O'Brien is about to introduce into the English Parliament a bill providing

for the abolition of the disabilities under which Catholics still labor in Great Britain, notably those which prevent them from holding the chancellorship of England and the vicerealty of Ireland. We hope that Mr. O'Brien may succeed where Mr. Gladstone failed; for in the matter of religious toleration, most of all, the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns. And in this enlargement of mind Catholics have borne the part of honor. Our sectarian friends lay the flattering unction to their souls that the widening process is due in some way to a principle of toleration inherent in Protestantism; but a more profound study of history would prove that the opposite is true. At this late hour, it need arouse no ill feeling among neighbors to tell the truth, and the truth is that the intolerance of Protestantism in England and Ireland during three centuries has done more to promote religious toleration generally than any other cause. Persecution has set conspicuously before the world the example of men whom death could not drive nor worldly advantage allure from loyalty to the Catholic faith; and this heroism, more than anything else, has taught the world the sanctity of individual conviction. No country—whether it be Protestant England or Catholic Peru—can rightly claim to be civilized so long as any class of its people suffer disabilities for conscience's sake. Neither can it claim to be Christian. "Ye know not of what spirit ye are."

From distant Zanzibar, in East Africa, comes the story of a recent funeral that took on all the characteristic adjuncts of a "veritable triumphal procession," as it was termed by the English General, Mathews. The deceased was no native potentate or foreign ambassador, no venerable missionary priest or even self-sacrificing missionary Sister; but a simple lay-woman, in whom the whole city—native and European, Arabs, Indians, and Negroes of all kinds—recognized a true heroine of charity. In 1883 Madame Chevalier resided in Paris, at the Convent of the Sisters of Adoration. Learning from an African missionary of the deplorable condition of the poor black slaves,

who, becoming sick or grown infirm, were abandoned by their masters, and left to die without the slightest care or religious instruction, she immediately resolved to quit all that made life agreeable and devote herself to these unfortunate Negroes. In March, 1884, she arrived in Zanzibar, and two months later opened the Hospital of Our Lady of Angels. Although forty-seven years old, she at once set about learning the native tongue; and succeeded so well that in a few months she could dispense with an interpreter and hold direct conversation with her patients. She learned also considerable medical knowledge, and for thirteen years exercised an apostolate that compelled the admiration of all. Thousands of patients received at her hands the saving waters of baptism, and tens of thousands blessed her for the solace given to their bodily ills. Her death was deplored as a public calamity, and Zanzibar never before witnessed so impressive a funeral service. Twenty thousand mourners attended the obsequies, and her best panegyric was the exclamation that frequently arose from amidst the sobbing multitude: "The lady of the poor is dead!"

It used to be said of Mr. Froude that his history was full of fiction, but the modern popular novelist must be credited with making good use of fact. Mr. Conan Doyle's new story, "The Tragedy of the Korosko," thin as it is, offers an instance. Of thirteen tourists who are attacked by Arabs one is an Irishwoman, with "kind grey eyes and calm, sweet face, which brought comfort and hope to the whole party." She was a devout Catholic, and Mr. Doyle adds: "It is a creed which forms an excellent prop in hours of danger." Time was when people would tolerate no such digression as this in their fiction, and time is coming when they will have no fiction in their history.

Writing in the Paris *Cosmos* of hypnotism and kindred phenomena, Albert Battaudier talks of a "Believers' Group," as opposed to the "Scientists' Group." The former, he says, is composed "in the first place of those orthodox Catholics who, examining

the question superficially, see only the work of the devil. It is the devil who effects the hypnotic sleep." M. Battaudier should have consulted orthodox Catholic authorities before uttering so superficial a generalization. An elementary acquaintance with Catholic scientific publications or even ecclesiastical reviews would have preserved him from such stultification. While the devil possibly has more to do with certain phenomena that are exploited as purely natural than pseudo-scientists imagine, it is ridiculous to charge orthodox Catholics with making the devil responsible for everything at present beyond mortal ken.

The Juneau *Miner* announces that the venerable Father Tosi, S. J., once Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska, failed to appear at morning devotions one day; and a *confrère*, entering his room after Mass, found him kneeling, lifeless, beside his bed. It is impossible to force back the comparison which the manner of his death arouses in the mind. The mountain-sides of the Klondyke are strewn with the bones of men who perished in the vain quest for gold. They, too, are often found kneeling rigid in death; but the pick and not the crucifix is clutched in their stiff, cold fingers. Father Tosi accompanied Archbishop Seghers on the missionary journey which won for the saintly prelate something very like a martyr's crown. Both were holy men, of unbounded faith and zeal. The lives of both were filled with humble, patient service; but their greatest service was to impress on a worldly, pleasure-loving age that love for God is still as potent as lust for gold. *R. I. P.*

Max Nordau's theory about the anti-Jewish demonstrations in France is even less valuable than his theory about "Degeneration." His statements that "the movement was managed from Rome" and that "France is on the eve of another St. Bartholomew's massacre" prove triumphantly that Max is not entirely sane, and that his ponderous theory is not to be imputed to him. Beside his declaration let us place the vigorous words uttered by Drumont, the chief Jew-baiter in France, during a late interview. "Take this

down word for word!" he exclaimed; and this is what the interviewer took down:

I am a Christian and a Catholic, it is true. It is in my blood to be so; for I was born a Catholic and am descendant from Catholic stock. But what can this have to do with my anti-Semitic sentiments, I ask you? Anti-Semitism is an economic, not a religious war. In our ranks you will find men of every religious belief, also atheists and agnostics. As to the Church dignitaries or the Jesuits being interested in our movement, I know absolutely nothing about that. I never see any; and, in fact, the higher clergy are rather inimical toward the movement. The poor village *curé*—who receives a miserable pittance from the government and is treated like a lackey in return,—being in touch with the masses and understanding their needs and their troubles, naturally wishes us success. No, we are not clericals; and for my own part I would even hail the separation of Church and State as a salutary reform.

M. Nordau, like his fellow-martyr, M. Zola, has achieved some notoriety as a writer of books; hence they do not object to a little mild persecution. Their publishers endure it with even greater fortitude. But nobody who is able to read will be deceived by the cry of religious persecution in France. Neither Zola nor Nordau is good material for a martyr.

The completion of the twentieth year of the pontificate of Leo XIII. finds the world looking to the Church as it has not done for three centuries. Joachim Pecci was an old man—about sixty-nine—when he became Leo XIII., yet few popes in history have passed on so many important questions as he. Fewer still have in an equal degree won the admiration and affection of non-Catholics. His successor will have the whole world looking up to him, at least attentive to his message.

The fact that organized Protestantism is doomed was recognized by leading Protestants as early as 1811. In that year the eminent German scholar, A. W. Schlegel, wrote to De Montmorency: "I am convinced that the time is not far off when all Christians will reunite in the old faith. The work of the Reformation is accomplished; the pride of human reason, which was evident in the first Reformers and still more in their successors, has guided us so ill, especially during the last century, that it has come

into antagonism with itself and destroyed itself. It is, perhaps, ordained that those who have influence on the opinions of their contemporaries shall publicly renounce it, and thus assist in preparing a reunion with the one Church of former days." Schlegel's prophecy came true; for it must not be forgotten that Germany had her "Oxford Movement" before England had hers. It is pleasant to note that among the leaders of it was Schlegel's famous brother Frederick.

The recent congress of German historians brought out in a striking manner the difference between the two classes of historical writers in that country—the individualists and the socialists. The former, following the method of Ranke and Lehmann, consider the individual as the main element in history, and refer the whole movement of an epoch to powerful personalities; while the latter recognize in collectivism the great force of history. Great individuals who appear from time to time are in their opinion mere emanations. Their action is explained by their being the incarnation of the thought and belief of the masses. It is toward this second school that contemporary German historians seem to be leaning.

Perhaps the most severe check on the movement to commemorate the Irish "Rising" of '98 has come from a distinguished Irishman whose patriotism can be as little called in question as his distinction—Cardinal Moran, Primate of Australia. The Cardinal's own ancestors were active participants in that conflict, which the prelate styles a crime on the part of the English government, and a blunder on that of the insurgents. To celebrate the centenary of this crime and blunder would be, in Cardinal Moran's opinion, a great mistake; and it is probable that his views will have considerable effect upon many who might otherwise have taken part in the commemoration.

By the death of Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, the Church in Canada has been bereft of one of its worthiest, most venerable and most scholarly prelates. A vigilant

custodian of the souls entrusted to his keeping, Mgr. Cleary habitually stood on the watch-tower and delivered his warnings with no uncertain sound. While his fearless proclamation of Catholic truth on questions of social and political import occasionally won for him the frenetic abuse of sectarian journalism, his personal character and accomplishments extorted the genuine admiration of non-Catholics and Catholics alike. Some years ago, Archbishop Cleary's letters on a controversial topic were referred to by a distinguished Canadian Protestant critic as being the best literary productions of that kind that had yet appeared in Canada. *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. William J. Dunn, of the Diocese of Louisville, who departed this life on the 24th ult.

Mr. George Roberts, whose death took place on the 23d ult., in Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Margaret Croke, of San Francisco, Cal., who passed to her reward on the 17th ult.

Mr. Leo Burgoon, of Du Bois, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hurlbut, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Shanahan, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. John S. Kennelly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary A. Filan, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Susan Harrigan and Anna Keeffe, New York city; Miss Mary A. Fallon, N. Attleboro, Mass.; Mr. John O'Meara, Queen's Co., Ireland; Mr. Patrick Bourke, Mrs. Margaret Hodson, Mr. Frederic Buckley, Mrs. Mary Maloney, and Mrs. Mary Shackley, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret McGrath, San Rafael, Cal.; Mr. John J. Mullen and Mrs. Mary Kinsella, Auburn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Collins, Blairsville, Pa.; William and Margaret Kibby, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Mr. Patrick F. Larkin, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary A. Keenan, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary A. Glynn, E. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, Palmer, N. Y.; Daniel Falvey, Mrs. Mary Hurley, Mrs. Patrick Murphy, and Mary A. McCormick, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Miss Catherine Padden, Miss Allen Callen, Mr. John Burns, Miss Catherine Doherty, Mr. James Doherty, and Mr. John Resh,—all of Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Margery McBride, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Anne Murphy, Dupont's Bank, Del.; Mrs. Martin Leonard, New Castle, Del.; Mrs. Margaret De Nash, Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Michael F. Gleason, Thomas J. Cunningham, Arthur Murphy, and Bridget Maloney, Worcester, Mass.; also Mrs. M. V. Boland, Baltimore, Md.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XI.—A PERILOUS TRIP.



EWSPAPERS were not allowed at St. Mary's,—that is to say, the daily papers, never; and no religious paper until it had been closely scanned by the directress of the first classes, and then allowed to be read only by the pupil to whom it was sent. There was wisdom in this rule, as it kept the minds of the children from being distracted by outside affairs, and prevented evils to which the indiscriminate reading of local or other journals would necessarily give rise. Therefore it was that the first grave rumors and threatenings of the Civil War had almost become actualities before these closely-sheltered and light-hearted convent girls had caught more than a slight echo of what was going on in the seething world outside. In those eventful days it was indeed a seething world; for there is no enmity like that between children of the same parents or natives of the same land.

The school was situated so far from the city that there were but few visitors. Still, vague rumors of what was pending reached St. Mary's; and sundry controversies began, not always conducted in the most amicable manner. There were about twenty Southern girls in the school, all ardent defenders of slavery—the pivot

on which the all-absorbing national question was turning. On the other hand, there were many quite as ardent on the opposite side; and as time went on, and the friction between North and South increased, so did the warmth of argument between their respective partisans at St. Mary's. Finally they began to resolve themselves into factions, with leaders; Mary Catherine being at the head of the Union contingent, and a girl from South Carolina, named Eugenia King—the most self-assertive of the Southerners,—tacitly acknowledged as the mouthpiece of the Southern girls. In spite of the constant watchfulness of the Sisters, much bitterness had been engendered among the pupils, which needed but an opportune occasion to burst into open hostility.

It was a beautiful afternoon late in December, only two or three days before Christmas. Those whose homes were not far distant had departed that morning to spend the vacation with their families; but a large number remained to pass the holidays at the convent.

"Girls, let's ask Sister if we may go to the woods," said Mary Catherine, as they stood idly around the fire after dinner. "It is like a day in summer. I am sure I heard a bird singing just now."

All were willing, and permission was soon obtained. They set out gaily in scattered groups of five and six, in one of which were Mary Catherine, Mary Teresa, and Mary Ann—the three companions who were almost inseparable during recreation hours. Just behind them came another group, Southern girls all, with

Eugenia King at the head. At some distance in the rear Sister Mary and Sister Genevieve followed with the little ones, keeping the entire company in sight. The way led over a path carpeted with dead autumn leaves, which, no snow having fallen as yet, were not the dank, sodden mass they would soon become after the first winter storms. Overhead, the branches of the trees, which during summer formed a dense, pleasant shade, now stripped of their leaves, save here and there a stray reminder of their former beauty, showed through their interstices glimpses of blue sky, almost as azure in tint as though the month were June instead of December.

"Girls!" exclaimed Mary Catherine, looking back on her companions who were marching in single file behind her. "Do you know what we are like now, as we go so noiselessly along this way?"

There was no reply.

"We are like a company of Indian scouts reconnoitring the enemy."

"Did you ever see such a company?" inquired Mary Teresa.

"No, but I've read about it very often; and I feel like one now—just exactly as if I were a scout, Mary Teresa."

"If that is the case," called Eugenia King from the head of her little detachment, "we had better all run as quickly as possible; for if an Indian scout once gets a chance to do his treacherous work, there is no more hope for the poor enemy."

"Eugenia!" remonstrated Mary Ann, turning around. "Mary Catherine was just having a little fun," she continued in a low tone. "Don't hurt her feelings."

"Well, if that isn't grand!" said Hilda Poer, who, though not a Southern girl, was a great friend of Eugenia's. "I'm sick of all this catering to Miss Indian Princess and her feelings and her temper. Even the Sisters are beginning to harp on it. It was only last night that Sister

Genevieve told me not to read my letter aloud before her."

"Why?" inquired Eugenia.

"Because there was something in it about two Indians that were hanged somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. I was just dying to do it, though. My brother wrote me about it. He cut the slip from the newspaper and sent it; but Sister must have taken it out of the letter: I didn't get it."

"Why did he think you were interested in such things?" asked Eugenia.

"On account of the Indian princess yonder," was the reply. "I told him all about her last vacation."

"I can't think her brother was very kind; can you, Mary Ann?" whispered Mary Teresa in the ear of her companion.

"Far from it," said Mary Ann.

"Hilda," called a voice from the rear. "You mustn't forget that Mary Catherine has really much to be proud of. Her grandfather was a distinguished army officer, and her father also."

"But that's not what she *is* proud of," rejoined Hilda. "She seems to think her claim to distinction lies with her Indian mother, who no doubt went about in a blanket and moccasins."

"Girls, *please* don't let her hear you!" pleaded Mary Teresa. "You know she has such quick ears; and what you said was not very kind, Hilda."

But Mary Catherine was already out of hearing distance, for they were not speaking loud. Stalking ahead of her companions with long, quick strides, a small red turban perched on top of her head, two thick, long jet-black braids hanging almost to the hem of her dark green cloak, the girl presented a most picturesque appearance.

"Why does she go off by herself all at once in that way?" inquired Hilda. "Probably to show off."

"I think because she heard you, and she doesn't want to give way to her

temper," said Mary Teresa. "You know she is trying *very* hard to get into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin by the Feast of the Purification. That is one reason why we ought not to vex her."

"*We* vex her!" laughed Hilda. "Why, *you* are a regular satellite of hers, following her everywhere like a little poodle."

"Come, Mary Ann!" said Mary Teresa, seizing her friend's hand. "It will soon be *my* turn to get angry; and I'm not going to do it during Christmas time, if I can help it. Come, Mary Ann!"

Casting a reproachful glance at Hilda, while she wondered how a young lady of seventeen could thus tease and irritate a girl so much younger than herself, Mary Ann hastened her steps.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" called Hilda, after the departing girls. "Good wishes to the princess!"

But they did not look back. They soon overtook Mary Catherine, who, hearing them running behind her, suddenly came to a standstill. Whatever had been her motive in distancing her companions, she made no allusion to it; though her sparkling eyes and brilliant color betrayed some inward emotion. They were now at an opening in the wood—an old-time clearing, circular in form, at the opposite edge of which the trees sloped down to a deep ravine, which had once been spanned by a rough bridge. But a storm had long since carried it away, and it was necessary to make a *détour* in order to come out on the other side of the ravine. On this account the afternoon walks usually ended here; it was only on an all-day excursion that they were in the habit of going around and walking home by the high-road which bordered the wood at its other extremity.

"I suppose we are to go no farther to-day," said Mary Catherine. "Let us pile up the leaves here for the Sisters to rest on when they come. They will be tired after this long walk."

"But won't it be very damp?" asked Mary Teresa.

"Oh, no!" said Mary Catherine. "I've provided for that." Producing a blanket from beneath her cloak, she threw it on the ground.

"Did you have this all the time?" asked Mary Teresa. "And how did you carry it?"

"On my arm, of course. I would have slung it over my shoulder—a far easier way,—but those horrid girls would have said I wanted to be like an Indian or something of the kind."

So saying she proceeded to gather the scattered mounds of leaves into a high soft heap. Her companions followed her example. When the others came up, the girls were just spreading the blanket over all.

"A throne for the Indian princess!" whispered Hilda to Eugenia.

"Don't, Hilda," said one of the party. "You are too unkind. I'm sure that seat has been prepared for the Sisters."

But these were nowhere to be seen—neither they nor the little ones who had accompanied them.

"What shall we do?" said Mary Ann, when, after waiting a considerable time, they did not appear.

"Perhaps they thought we were going too far, and turned back."

"They would never do that," said one of the girls. "At least they would have called and let us know we were to go back also."

"Or Sister Mary would have sent one of the little ones to tell us," remarked Mary Catherine.

"I can't think what is the matter," said Eugenia, throwing herself on the ground. "I suppose we must go in a few minutes if the Sisters don't appear. But I'm tired; aren't you, girls?"

"Yes," they all responded; and very soon they were seated on the leafy carpet beside her. They were all chatting and laughing pleasantly when the sound of a

horse's hoofs was heard in the distance, and a moment later one of the farm boys came through the wood at a gallop. He had a newspaper in his hand, and shouted as he passed them: "Young ladies, South Carolina has seceded—seceded from the Union. There's going to be *war!*"

For one brief instant the echo of the last terrible word seemed to electrify the forest stillness, while their young hearts almost ceased to beat at the dire news. They looked at one another speechless and trembling. But it was only for a moment. A wave of crimson flashed across Eugenia's face, leaving it pale as death as she rose to her feet, wildly waving her handkerchief and shouting at the top of her voice:

"Hurrah! hurrah for South Carolina!"

The effect was magical. In an instant six of her companions had followed her example; while the rest—outnumbering them more than two to one—also rose, clustering together, Mary Catherine in the centre of the group.

"Shame! shame!" she cried, her whole frame quivering with excitement, her voice tremulous with emotion. She could say no more: the words seemed to choke her, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, do you believe it? Isn't it dreadful?" whispered Mary Teresa to a girl who stood beside her. "And will there be war,—*will* there be war?"

"How can I tell?" answered the other. "I suppose it's true. Maybe we can't go home if it *is* true," she added; at which sad news Mary Teresa threw her arms about Mary Catherine, and they mingled their tears together.

Mary Ann stood a little aloof, unable to cope with the situation. Suddenly Mary Catherine lifted her head, dashing the bright drops from her eyes.

"Say you're sorry, Genie,—*say* you're sorry!" she cried, her large eyes fixed imploringly on the champion of South Carolina.

"Sorry for what? That my State should go out of this mean old Yankee Union?" exclaimed Eugenia. "Indeed I am not sorry. I'm glad there is going to be war. We'll soon show you indeed."

"Oh! oh!" cried Mary Catherine, beside herself. "Hear her, girls,—just hear her! Don't I wish I were a man now; or a boy, like my brother Gerald! He can go if there is war, and papa too. Oh, how I'd like to fight the cowards!"

"Cowards! *Who* are cowards?" cried the Southerners, one and all.

"What are you saying, Mary Catherine?" inquired Eugenia. "You would no more dare to fight a South Carolinian, if you *were* a boy, than you'd dare to run across that ravine just now."

The chasm was at least fifty feet deep, spanned only by a rotten log which had fallen there during some long past storm. Human foot had never crossed or attempted to cross it; but no sooner had Eugenia's mocking words been uttered than Mary Catherine sprang to her feet, and before her companions could prevent her she was stepping lightly and swiftly along its gnarled and narrow surface.

One wild scream from the girls, and silence ensued. Breathlessly they gazed at her until she reached the middle of the dangerous bridge, where an immense knot broadened the pathway. Turning here, she faced her companions, waved both hands and cried: "Hurrah for the Union! Down with traitors! Down with South Carolina!" Then, resuming her perilous journey, she sped lightly along, without seeming to realize the dreadful abyss beneath her feet, until she reached the other side. At the top of the bank she turned once more, waved her handkerchief with a prolonged triumphant shout, and then seemed about to recross the chasm. But she paused at sight of the Sisters, who, unobserved by all, now made their appearance in the midst of the excited girls.

"Go back, my child!" implored Sister Mary, as the girl made a step forward. "Go back at once!"

A moment of hesitation, and, with a swift, proud throwing back of the head, she turned, ran down the bank and soon disappeared amid the trees.

"Thank God she is going home by the road!" exclaimed Sister Mary. "For a moment I feared she would attempt to recross that treacherous bridge. And now, young ladies, what does all this mean?"

(To be continued.)

St. Longinus.

The legendary lore of the Church has preserved for us the name of the soldier who pierced the side of our Blessed Lord while He hung upon the cross. It was Longinus; he was one of the soldiers sent to keep guard, and was converted by the stupendous miracles which attended the crucifixion. We are further told that he was one of those appointed to watch the sepulchre, and was the only one who refused to assert that the body of Our Lord had been stolen by the disciples. For this fidelity, it is said, Pilate resolved upon his destruction.

Longinus soon retired from the army and began to preach the new doctrine,—without, however, obtaining permission from the governor of Judea or from Rome. When he arrived in Cappadocia, Pilate sent a detachment of soldiers, who found him teaching the people. There were with him two others, who had also been soldiers; and they used three crosses to illustrate the great tragedy of which they had been the witnesses. The Roman detachment cruelly beheaded them; and, nailing their heads upon those emblems of our salvation, carried them back in triumph to Jerusalem.

The Feast of St. Longinus falls on the 15th of March.

Old-Time Schools.

The district schools which existed in this country just after the Revolution were very different from those of to-day. Then the boys and girls sat upon round blocks of wood of various heights, which were furnished by their parents. There were no modern desks with all the up-to-date conveniences; so there was nothing to lean against, and the backs of little Priscilla and Hezekiah must have grown very weary before the day was over. That was an age when respect to one's elders was in fashion. A gentleman of the old school once declared that he never dared to sit down or speak in the presence of his mother unless she invited him to do so. There was much reverence paid to teachers as well.

The teaching of spelling, which was usually the last lesson of the day, was peculiar. The master gave a blow on the desk with his strap and named a word, which the entire class spelled out in chorus. If one made a mistake, the teacher could detect it; and he never stopped until the slightest inaccuracy was corrected. Oh, they were very clever fellows, those old-time schoolmasters! And, more than that, they turned out clever pupils, who, it is safe to affirm, could hold their own with the products of the free schools of the end of the century.

A Reverie.

I WONDER if the sparrows scold
 Their little sparrowlings?
 'Cause if they do, I pity them—
 The poor, dear feathered things!

I wonder if the sparrows say,
 "Don't muss your feathers, dear!"
 Or if they say, "Now do sit still!"
 Or, "Come and study here!"

'Tis dreadful to be scolded at
 For little bits of things;
 I hope the sparrows don't scold much
 Their darling sparrowlings.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A third edition of Wilfrid Ward's biography of Cardinal Wiseman has already been called for.

—Richard Bentley & Son have issued a new edition of "Memories of Father Healy of Little Bray," with an appendix that was hardly worth appending. Father Healy was a good priest, but a joker of jokes.

—The Italian poet Carducci, who once wrote a hymn to Lucifer, and who signalized the tercentenary of Tasso's death by a violent denunciation of the Papacy, has now surprised his atheistic admirers by an ode in which he celebrates the Church as the civilizer and purifier of the world.

—The old-fashioned Protestant firm of Harper Bros. advertises a list of twenty books dealing with religious subjects, under the heading of "Lenten Reading." So far as we know, this is the first time that the penitential season has asserted its influence in secular publishing houses. Books issued by the Harpers fifty years ago denounced institutions like Lent as popish superstitions.

—English readers will welcome the life of Father Dominic of the Mother of God, by the Rev. Pius Devine, C. P., which is already in the press. The sainted Father Dominic was the founder of the Passionists in England. Even in boyhood he was inflamed with an extraordinary zeal for the return of the English nation to the old Faith; and it was he who received Cardinal Newman into the Church.

—"Catholic Practice at Church and at Home," by the Rev. A. Klauder, of the Diocese of Ogdensburg, is one of the most useful manuals for the Catholic home that we know of. Its object is to afford reliable information about the external practice of our holy religion, and to promote uniformity in this respect. It is a veritable *multum in parvo*. We feel sure that the clergy will welcome this little book, for it contains many rules and directions of real importance and utility. The laity will find it an indispensable guide on occasions too numerous to mention.

Every Catholic family in the land should possess a copy of "Catholic Practice." Angel Guardian Press.

—"The Little Month of St. Joseph" is a timely publication from the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass. The advantages to be derived from devotion to St. Joseph, methods of profiting by the month dedicated to him, and prayers and meditations suitable for March, comprise this useful little manual.

—"To Calvary through the Mass," by the Rev. Eric William Leslie, S. J., is a series of dialogues explanatory of the Mass as a sacrifice. The author calls them lectures, and in a naïve preface tells how they came to be written. The cover of this little volume will attract the class of readers most likely to be benefited by it. Published by the Catholic Truth Society.

—The "Lincoln Literary Collection" of readings and recitations designed for Arbor Day, Decoration Day, etc., must certainly find favor with teachers. Mr. J. P. McCaskey, the compiler, has chosen wisely; and the poems and prose articles contained in this collection represent our best writers; and even the casual reader will find pleasure in perusing his old favorites again. The American Book Co.

—Two books by well-known Irish patriots have been highly praised in unexpected quarters. One is "My Life in Two Hemispheres," the autobiography of the venerable Charles Gavan Duffy; the other is "Life and Progress in Australasia," by Michael Davitt, M. P. It is a remarkable fact, by the way, that Australia and her neighboring islands are becoming very prominent in books. An American literary journal lately reviewed, in one issue, four books dealing with the southern continent.

—An essay by Mr. D. H. Olmstead on "The Protestant Faith; or, Salvation by Belief," is a course of laborious reasoning to explain a lot of truisms and a lot of falsisms. The truisms are that the Protestantism of to-day is not the Protestantism of Luther's

time; that belief is of the intellect and can not be forced; and that the sects are plunging on into dissolution. The falsisms are that every man is free to make his own religion; that religious authority does not exist; that it is immoral to do good for so selfish a motive as gaining heaven. Mr. Olmstead's metaphysics is a little muddy, but his book is absolutely free from the old-fashioned vulgar prejudice against the Church. Perhaps if he had a more pronounced religious belief he would not be so indulgent as he is. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—We earnestly recommend to all who take an interest in their spiritual advancement, the excellent treatise on "Solid Virtue" by Father Bellécius, S. J., of which the publisher, Mr. R. Washbourne, has just issued the fifth edition. "It tells, in simplest language and exhaustive detail, of all that goes to constitute genuine devotion or solid virtue, how it may be practically acquired, what prevents the multitude of believers from attaining it, and how fruitful of choicest grace and happiness it is when attained." Translated from the French by an Ursuline nun.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.

Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolica Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Slang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.

The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goebriand*. \$1.50.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.

Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr*. 50 cts.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.

The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.

Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.

Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.⁹

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole*. \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe*. 50 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.

Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 30 cts., each.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl*. \$1.25.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding*. \$1.

A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.

The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.

Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton*. \$3.

With a Pessimist in Spain. *Mary F. Nixon*. \$1.50.

The Pink Fairy Book. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.

The Golden Chaplet of Prayer. \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. Vol. IV. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

In the Days of Good Queen Bess. *Robert Haynes Cave*. \$1.

Rosemary and Rue. *Amber*. \$1.

Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. \$4.

The Orange Society. *Rev. H. W. Cleary*. 50 cts.

Stories on the Rosary. *Louisa Emily Dobrée*. 50 cts.

Another China. *Mgr. Reynaud, C. M.* 60 cts.

HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

Words by
JOHN E. BARRET.

NOTE.

Music arranged and composed by
H. G. GANSS.

The melody of this hymn, with the exception of a few notes added for its rhythmic structure, dates from the year 1050, and strong evidence points to it as being a chorus used by the Crusaders. Liszt was so charmed by its majestic, devotional rhythm that he used it as a *leit-motif* in his oratorio "St. Elizabeth." The author is indebted to Eduardo Remenyi, the great violinist, for calling his attention to this gem. Incidentally it may be of interest to know that it received its initial rendition at the consecration of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, Penn., the first church placed under the invocation of Erin's great saint on the American Continent, and was sung by a chorus of *a hundred Catholic Indians* with full orchestral accompaniment.

Religioso.

Introduction.
(ad lib.)

The first system of the introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G major, marked *pp*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *mf* appears later in the system.

The second system continues the introduction with two staves. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *pp* is present.

The third system continues the introduction with two staves. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present.

The fourth system concludes the introduction with two staves. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ritard.* is present.

THE AVE MARIA.

HYMN.

p

1. When great St. Pa - trick raised the Cross Where er - ror long held sway, And
2. Then o'er the land the peace of God, Like Ho - ly man - na fell, And,

sempre legato.

bade the peo - ple lift their eyes To Hope's e - ter - nal day, The
from His ho - ly tem - ples spoke The sol - emn ves - per bell; Bright

dawn of Faith on E - rin's hills In glo - ry did ap - pear And
were His bless - ed al - tars then, Dark were the Dru - id fires, And



all her peace - ful val - leys felt Je - ho vah's pre - sence near.....
to the vault of hea ven rose A thou - sand ho - ly spires.



3. O! glo - ry to God who gave us The truths St.



Pa - trick taught! Glo - ry and praise to Him for all the



deeds St. Pa - trick wrought! The bea - con of Faith he

left..... us, The light he set on the shore When the

dark-ness of blind-ness threat-ened, We will keep for ev - er - more.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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The Way of the Cross.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

TEACH me, dear Lord, to tread Thy
doleful way

With spirit all in unison with Thine;
With soul amazed that even love divine
At such a cruel cost could thus defray
Our debt of heinous sin; with heart a prey
To contrite grief and penitence that mine
Have been the hands Thy crown of thorns
to twine,
And wield the scourge Thy sacred flesh to flay.

Ah! Lord, 'tis I that heavy cross should bear;
But, since my burden Thou hast made
Thine own,

Let me at least in spirit with Thee share
Each day Thy grievous load; let me atone
By tracing oft the journey Thou hast trod
For all my countless crimes 'gainst Thee, my
God.

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

III.—THE THREE DAYS' LOSS.

THE pain of pains, whether—as
Dante puts such comparisons—a
man measures himself by himself or
measures himself with God,—still
the pain of pains is the mystery of our
Third Dolor; for it is the pain of loss. It
was the dread of loss which had made the
anguish of the Flight; but to this had

succeeded the peaceful sojourn in Egypt,
even if it were an exile. And when the
angel appeared again to Saint Joseph, it
was to assure him that they were “dead
who sought the life of the Child.” And
the Holy Family took its way, according
to his command, to the land of Israel and
to Nazareth; its peaceful hills and valleys
not more peaceful than the gentle tenor
of these three holy lives.

The bliss of these years has inspired
many a Christian artist to give the lovely
intercourse not only between Jesus, Mary
and Joseph, but with Elizabeth and the
young John the Baptist and Zachary,—all
of whom had been included in the events
connected with the Incarnation as recorded
by Saint Matthew and Saint Luke. So
that a peculiar oneness of thought must
have made their intercourse second only
to that of the blessed in heaven.

Beautiful and most peaceful these years
certainly were; but more to Mary than
any joy of occupation even with her Son
must have been that of watching from
week to week, from month to month,
from year to year, the unfolding of the
Godhead in the manhood, in a way strictly
according to the laws of increasing intel-
ligence with children, yet so marvellous
as to fill the soul of the Mother with
continual and delightful astonishment. It
was the blossoming time of that Mother's
life. Thoughts of danger must have been
lulled; a sense of security must have

relieved the tension of soul and of body; and when the time came for her grave and beautiful Boy to accompany Joseph and herself to Jerusalem, she must have looked forward to that journey and to His first appearance in the Temple since His presentation.

That presentation! O Virgin-Mother! did no shadow pass over thy soul, like those which chase each other over verdant meadows and fields of waving grain, from we know not what, unless from the dreamy clouds of the welkin? Mary could not forget Simeon's prophecy; and as she neared the Temple, with this Son of twelve years at her side, the natural exultation of the Mother's heart must have died out, if only for the instant; and Simeon's aged face and trembling voice must have come, for that instant, between her and the radiant Being whose hand was held so dutifully, so lovingly, within her own.

Seven days—filled, as none of Mary's days had ever before been filled, by contact with noisy crowds,—completed the sojourn of the Holy Family in Jerusalem, as it did of all the devout Jews who had come from every part of the civilized world to keep the Feast of the Passover. The streets were thronged, so were the gates. For one instant her Boy was missing—carried from His place, as she supposed, by the crushing multitudes. She would see Him when they had passed the gates, she said to herself; and Joseph assured her of this also. But the gates were passed; every living being must have been pressed through by the weight of multitudes thronging from the rear; and it was not possible to turn back, or go to the right or to the left: they must simply drift with the strong tide.

Their caravan, which was from Galilee, was made up of several thousand persons; so that when they were again on the highway it was still impossible to seek for any missing member of a family; and

as it was then noontide, they must be content to wait until the caravan paused for the night, as it did, we are told by an ancient tradition, at Beëroth.

But although a diligent, and very soon an agonized, search was made for the Boy Jesus; and while, as on all such occasions, everyone was eager to find the missing Child, no trace could be found of Him. No one could remember having seen Him after the first ranging of the family in the band to which they naturally belonged. "We have sought Him," they said sorrowfully to each other, "among all our kinsfolk and acquaintances; He must have remained in Jerusalem."

The earliest dawn saw them in the Holy City, threading the same streets through which they had walked with Him, hand in hand, on their departure; to the very house where they had found hospitality during their sojourn of seven days; but the Boy Jesus was not there—had not been there since leaving. One street after another, one locality after another, drew them, they hardly knew why, until Mary, no longer able to contain herself, asked everyone they met if he had not seen a beautiful Boy of twelve years,—more beautiful, she would add, than any of the children of men. They even made their way to the Temple, now almost deserted; but when they found Him not, the weary search from house to house began. There were few in Jerusalem who had not seen the anxious but still gentle face of the young Mother from Nazareth who had lost her Son; nor did the accents of her voice cease to echo in their hearts even when they had passed her by, and a sympathetic tone came into the harshest voice with the "Nay, good woman, we have not seen thy Son."

In vain did Joseph try to persuade her to take some rest, some nourishment; for what could rest her or what could nourish her when not only the light of her eyes,

the sun of her soul, had been taken from her, but the Hope of Israel who had been confided to her—the very Son of the Most High, who had taken flesh of her; He who had created her, had come to redeem her, with all the souls that had lived, still lived, were ever to live on this earth? The infinite magnitude of the possession, the infinite magnitude of the loss, surpassing mortal understanding!—even Saint Joseph, with the infused perception of spiritual things which came from his intimacy with Jesus, could not fathom the agony of her search for this infinite trust committed to her care, of all the daughters of Eve.

Jerusalem had been searched with eyes keener than lamps. Once more would she go to the Temple. Could one so gentle, so considerate, resist the drawings of her heart any more than the steel can resist the loadstone? She was confident that He had hidden Himself from her—for what reason she did not seek an answer. It was enough for her that He had withdrawn Himself from her; that she was to seek Him until she found Him. Never had the fifteen steps to the Temple seemed to her so long, and a dizzy faintness came over her at the last; for if He were not there, whither should she go?

The first court was passed; but "on Sabbath days the Jewish doctors were accustomed to meet in one of the lofty halls of the Temple, there to solve any difficulties occurring in the interpretation of the Law. In the time of the Pasch, particularly, when Jews from all over the world flocked to Jerusalem, there were throngs about these far-famed masters, eager to be instructed by them."* To this hall pressed forward Mary, followed by her faithful spouse; and as she entered the door, what sight met her eyes? Truly her grief, her solicitude, must be measured

by her joy. For there, in the midst of the great doctors of her nation, all looking eagerly into His face, all listening with rapt attention to the words which came from His lips, was her beloved Son!

Never had that face been so radiant even to the eyes of Mary; never had that voice so transported her soul. A majesty, hitherto restrained, uplifted His whole being, yet took nothing from its divine modesty. Asking questions, listening to their solving,—the very question was an instruction, and floods of light poured over the minds of the grave doctors to whom the questions were propounded. It was another stride onward in the manifestation of the divinity. Mary understood it all now, but her heart was still sore: the ache had not yet died out; and, advancing with Saint Joseph at her side, she stood before the Teacher in all the plenitude of her Divine Motherhood, breathing rather than speaking: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? behold Thy Father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing."

Dante, in the fifteenth canto of his "Purgatory," brings this scene before us as one of those sculptured on the marble walls illustrating sweet Patience:

. . . . I saw we had attained
Another terrace; whence I speech restrained.
There by an ecstatic vision rapt away
I suddenly seemed; and, neath a Temple's dome,
A crowd I saw of many people come;
And, at the door, a dame, whose sweet, mild way
Was that a mother hath, and soft and low.
"Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? For lo,
Sorrowing Thy father and myself," she said,
"Were seeking for Thee." More she did not say.*

Dante and Giotto were school-fellows, and much that Dante put in verse our Giotto painted. This scene he placed on the walls of the famous Arena Chapel at Padua. Jesus, strictly as the Boy Jesus, is seated on a high bench. We see His profile only; one hand holds His mantle, the other arm is outstretched to the doctor nearest to Him, toward whom He

* See "La Vie de N. S. Jésus Christ." By Abbé Fouard. Translated into English by George F. X. Griffith.

* See Wilstach's Translation.

leans, with a gentle persuasiveness in which there is majesty as well. Advancing toward the group of doctors, we see Mary, her face still wearing the traces of her sorrowful search; both hands extended toward her Child; the star on the shoulder of her mantle; and beside her is Joseph. Not one strained gesture, not one line of enforced majesty; but the sorrow is there as well as the joy, and the Boy Jesus is instructing even while He asks questions.

A charming picture by Spagnoletto, in the Vienna gallery, preserves the youthful gentleness of the Divine Boy. The beautiful, eager face, the boyish curls, the hand grasping the arm of the chair from which He has half risen, and this arm a bit of choice carving—an eagle's bent head;—the right arm and index finger raised heavenward as He inclines toward a turbaned doctor earnestly scanning the pages of a book resting on the table, around whom are five magnificent heads of doctors, earnest also; and seventeen press forward at the rear. But at His side we can see the head of the Virgin-Mother and also of Saint Joseph, both of a noble type; and Joseph's staff just visible; the whole full of the true spirit of the scene.

Among the Dusseldorf series of religious prints is a very beautiful one after Ittenbach. The youthful Christ, gentle, modest, is seated on a bench of honor; His feet on a stool on the raised dais; in His hand a roll, and the right hand and index finger slightly raised as if by the energy of speaking. Eight doctors are standing or seated on low benches around Him; but one is deeply in earnest, and is drawing out answers to his questions from the Child, who is listened to with admiration. Upon this scene appears the Mother Mary, ecstatic with joy, yet bearing traces of her grief, as well as Saint Joseph; and both are so demonstrative as to cause one of the grave doctors to turn his eyes upon them. A beautiful

and reverential feeling runs through the picture, and the spontaneous action of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint Joseph is precisely what we ourselves should imagine after this three days' loss.

Overbeck has given two renderings of this scene; but the one in his "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels" seems to us to have been inspired by a deeper, sweeter feeling than the other; although, evidently, the same conception runs through both. In this the Divine Child is even younger than in the first; still seated on the heavy tomes; but He has turned from one eager, impatient questioner to listen to another; and the attitude is in itself eloquent, while it is a marvel of technique in drawing. Slight as the position allows our view of the face to be, it is that of a listener and a speaker as well; but the irrepressible rabbi who touches His hand to compel His attention, does not disturb the serenity of the exposition being made by the raised fingers and thumb. Every ear, every eye, among the fourteen doctors is riveted—spellbound, as it were—on the wonderful Child.

Upon this scene comes, in the far background, the Virgin-Mother with a dejected, heart-broken mien. She has not yet discovered her Son, has not yet heard His voice; and Joseph is encouraging her to proceed with him, for she follows him. It is the only picture I know which gives the actual search and at the same time the young Christ in the midst of the doctors. The heads of the doctors are wonderfully individualized, every shade of attention being given; while the figures of the Virgin-Mother and Saint Joseph express the weary, heart-breaking search; and the youthful Christ is a dream of beauty and of supernatural intelligence.

But the Beuron, which we may also designate as the modern Benedictine School of Ideal Art, gives another rendering of this scene too precious to be

omitted. The youthful beauty of the Child Jesus is entrancing. No conception yet embodied in any picture I know rivals it. The oval face has the length of a boy's of twelve; the simplicity of the pose is altogether as youthful. He is seated on the high base of a double column, connected by classic garlands to two other columns. It would seem to be a seat for an instructor; but His feet do not touch the footstool, intended for some adult, to which lead four steps, all richly draped. To one side are five doctors, who have been occupied with the rolls beside them; while in the hand of the Boy Jesus, resting on His knee, is an open volume.

But neither Boy nor doctor is now occupied with grave questions; for directly on the opposite side appear the Virgin-Mother and Saint Joseph. She comes close to the steps, raises her rapturous yet still questioning hands, looks into the eyes of her beloved One, and the sweet words, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us?" come from her lips. The Boy's eyes are bent upon, meet the eyes of His Mother, and the hand is raised slightly, in gentle expostulation, saying: "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" Saint Joseph stands at her side with his staff, one hand raised in that worshipful admiration which beseems him so well; and the sweet affection, divine majesty, of the Boy Jesus leave nothing to desire even when He says: "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

We have given the traditional treatment of this dolor, and the action of the Divine Child, from Giotto to our own decade; these traditions being altogether on the side of fealty on the part of the Virgin-Mother herself; and, on the part of her Son, everything which endears youth to age; setting on the brow of the Boy Jesus of twelve years that aureole of meekness which beautified His cruciform nimbus as the Redeemer of men.

A Sprig of Acacia.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

V.

TWO years had passed, and our hero— if the reader chooses to call him such—was now Dr. Denery, making his way to the very front of his profession. Separated from his old neighbors by distance, occupation and associations, he never thought of them without a sigh. Not seldom he would find himself wondering if Claire were married. She was such a charming girl, with such pleasant manners, such a graceful kindness, such beautiful eyes, that, with the large dowry which was sure to be hers, it was more than likely that she was no longer Mademoiselle Héroquez.

Since the little episode of which he still felt ashamed he had never met any of the family; and yet, in those rare moments when he allowed himself to dream of a possible home of his own, in spite of himself the angel of his fireside always bore a strong resemblance to the young girl in whom he had been so deeply interested from the first moment of seeing her until his dream had been so rudely and suddenly shattered. Then a gentle melancholy would steal over his senses. Closing his eyes, he would again hear the flutter of the acacia branches against his little window in the Rue St. Jacques; once more he would inhale the perfume of the delicate flower which was always associated with her memory.

The month was July, and very warm, when one day he met Dame Hurlepin, who had been taking her usual recreation.

"Ah! M. Denery, is it you?" the good woman exclaimed. "But you are long since a doctor, of course?"

"Yes: nearly two years now," Julien replied. "You are looking well, Madame. And your husband—how is he?"

"Gone to glory, I trust," she replied. "I have been a widow about a year."

"Ah! I am sorry to hear it," said Julien, feeling it incumbent upon him to express sympathy with the loss.

"You were with me long enough, Monsieur, to know that it was the best thing for both, especially as he died fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. Everything goes well now at No. 187, though I have never replaced you."

Julien smiled.

"You look warm, Madame," he said.

"How can I help it, trudging through the hot streets as I have been for the past hour? It is a long way from my house to the morgue. You see, I never miss a month that I do not visit the morgue. There are so many drowned this weather, Monsieur, what with bathing and swimming, not to mention suicides."

"What a perverted taste!" thought Julien, with an inward shrinking. He was about to pass on, when a question sprang to his lips. "The Héroquezes—are they still your neighbors?" he inquired; adding hurriedly, lest she should guess the cause of his solicitude: "Is the health of the old gentleman quite good?"

"Oh, yes, yes! they are still there, of course," answered Dame Hurlepin. "As they own the property, it is likely they will remain as long as the old people live, any way. They do say that Mademoiselle Claire is about to be married. I don't know about that myself."

"Indeed!" said Julien. "Well, good-day, Madame Hurlepin! I must be off."

When he reached his rooms he found a letter awaiting him from his aunt, the still faithful custodian of his family property. As he read it, a feeling of homesickness suddenly took possession of him; the dusty streets and sultry air became intolerable.

"I will take a holiday," he said aloud. "Dr. Bianchon will be back to-morrow, and on Monday I will go home for a

fortnight. Home!" he repeated, sadly; the word did not mean much to the lonely young man. "But there is Aunt Alexandrine, at least, poor old creature!" he thought. "She is of my own flesh and blood, and that is something. It will rejoice her heart, at least, to see me again."

Having come to this conclusion, an indescribable longing took possession of him. He feared lest something should detain his colleague, who was absent at St. Valérie. But the Doctor returned on time, and Monday morning saw Julien *en route* for his native place. He had previously sent a letter to his aunt, who was expecting him with all the affection of her faithful old heart.

For two or three days after his arrival, Julien took great pleasure in accompanying his Aunt Alexandrine over the little estate, examining the improvements and noting the changes which time had made. Then there was the *curé* to be visited, besides several old-time friends. He had previously been aware that the Dubreuil sisters, with their husbands, had gone to America. The notary, their father, was dead. But when Saturday evening came he had resolved to shorten the proposed visit of a fortnight by seven days; life at Merville just then seemed frightfully commonplace.

"Aunt Alexa," he began, as they sat in the *salon* after tea, "I am afraid I shall have to go back to Paris on Monday."

"But I thought you had come for a fortnight, Julien?" said the old lady. "Why are you returning so soon?"

"I can't explain," he replied, a little petulantly—and without reason, it would have seemed to one who did not know that his melancholy mood was caused by the perfume of the acacias then in bloom at the end of the garden. It emphasized his loneliness—this haunting memory of days forever past. But his aunt, knowing nothing of all this, thought him unnecessarily brusque.

"As you please, my dear boy," she said, sadly. "But I am disappointed."

"Never mind! I shall come back next year," he answered, kindly.

"And perhaps I shall not be here," remarked the old lady. "But if you *must* go, Julien, I can only make the best of it."

They went to High Mass together the next day. Julien's aunt was pleased to see that he had not lost his early habits of piety. He heard Mass as one who was accustomed to assisting at the services of the Church, producing a well-worn prayer-book from his pocket; and the heart of his good old relative was filled with thankfulness.

"To whom does that elegant carriage belong?" he inquired afterward, as he was about to assist his aunt to a seat in the rather dilapidated cariole, glancing as he spoke at a vehicle waiting near by.

"To some persons who have taken 'La Roseraie' for the summer," she said. "They are from Paris,—very wealthy."

"Rather an out-of-the-way place for fashionable people," said her nephew.

"But it is for the air,—the air, Julien," replied Mademoiselle Alexandrine. "You know how beneficial it is here at Merville; and I have been told that the mother is in delicate health. But come, dear boy; what are you staring at?"

Staring he was indeed; for scarcely ten yards distant, advancing toward the fine vehicle, was M. Héroquez, stouter and even more florid than ever; followed by his wife, whose appearance was not so robust as it had formerly been. And then, just behind them, daintily lifting her skirt with one hand, a pretty pink parasol in the other, came Claire, attired in spotless white, a marvel of ruffles and insertion; and wearing a gypsy hat trimmed with something that looked to Julien like angels' pinions, but which were in reality only marabou feathers. And then he knew that his dream had never been ended.

The next moment M. Héroquez glanced in his direction, recognizing him at once. He uttered an exclamation of surprise. Madame Héroquez followed the glance, and Claire suddenly turned her head. All three were smiling; and, even in the midst of his astonishment and confusion, Julien observed that the young girl was sweetly blushing. No: his dream was not ended.

The husband and wife approached him with outstretched hands; Claire remained where she was, her attitude undecided, her pretty head half averted. Julien saw it, even while returning the friendly greeting of her father and mother.

"Ah, M. Denery! How pleased we are to meet you again!" cried M. Héroquez, in his loud and cheery voice.

"Yes, yes!" echoed his wife. "We are indeed pleased. And how do you happen to be at Merville?"

"It is my home—my birthplace," said the young man. "I came for a short holiday."

His aunt touched him on the elbow, bringing him back to the conventionalities; he had forgotten her existence. Introductions followed. Like the touch of a rose-leaf he felt Claire's hand in his; she murmured something—he could not recall the words when he tried to remember them. Ten minutes later he and Mademoiselle Alexandrine were driving homeward, having promised that, they would call on the Héroquezes.

"You will not return to Paris, then, Julien?" said his aunt, her eyes full of mischief, but her voice quite composed.

"No, I think not—for a few days at least," rejoined the young man, apologetically. "You see, I knew these people a couple of years ago; they are an excellent family."

"So I should suppose. They are very nice, the young girl especially, Julien. Do you not think her charming?"

"I thought her so two years ago," he

replied; adding, after a moment's pause: "And I do not find her changed."

The old lady coughed significantly, but thought it better to say nothing. The remainder of the way was pursued in silence. Unsophisticated in the ways of the world though she was, though she had never felt the sentiment of love for any man, and though no man had spoken words of love in her ear during her long life of nigh seventy years, Mademoiselle Alexandrine was still a woman. She divined at once that here was a little romance; her old eyes sparkled, her old heart throbbed pleasantly at what she foresaw would be the happy *dénouement*; for she had observed in Claire's manner something deeper than the naïve coquetry of a pretty young girl.

Julien spent the afternoon walking about the garden,—now lifted to the skies in a fever of hope, now prostrated to the earth by the chill of despair. They had expressed pleasure at meeting him again; but might not that have been because the past was to them a sealed book which they did not dream could ever be reopened? And was not this theory compatible with the truth of what he had heard from Dame Hurlepin,—a great gossip, it is true; but, nevertheless, likely to be well and reliably informed about the affairs of her neighbors? Claire was betrothed, her future assured; there was no longer any danger from her former rejected suitor. Might not the friendliness shown by her devoted father and mother be only the expansiveness and general good-will to all the world, natural to parents whose daughter is about to make a fortunate marriage? For it need not be said that M. Héroquez would be careful to see to the worldly prospects of his future son-in-law.

But that sweet, shy smile, that charming blush—had they meant nothing? The beaming motherliness of Madame Héroquez; the unfeigned pleasure of the

old gentleman at seeing him, the hearty shake of his hand—were they only the result of gratification at meeting a fellow-Parisian in this out-of-the-way corner of the country, where anybody or anything at all civilized must be a welcome relief from *ennui*?

Thus passed the afternoon and the evening. Julien did not sleep well—he who usually closed his eyes the moment his head touched the pillow. When he came down to breakfast next morning his aunt observed:

"You are looking pale this morning. Do you not feel well?"

"I have a slight headache," replied the young man.

"Take a glass of new milk. You know Dr. Romauld always recommended it."

"He was of the old school. I have not the slightest faith in its efficacy. Besides, I detest milk."

"Too bad. This coffee is hot and strong, and the rolls are excellent. Sometimes a bite of something to eat will dissipate a morning headache."

Julien did not answer; but his aunt noticed that he seemed to enjoy his coffee, and that he took a second roll.

"At what time shall we set out this afternoon?" she asked, after a considerable pause. "About two, perhaps?"

"That will be too early, Aunt. It is no distance, and we intend making only a short call."

"Very well. I have thought of asking your friends to spend the afternoon and evening with us. For what day shall I invite them?"

"They are scarcely friends, Aunt: only acquaintances. But I helped to cure the old gentleman once of a slight stroke of apoplexy, and they were grateful."

"They seemed very glad to meet you again. It will only be polite to invite them, Julien. You do not object?"

"Oh, not at all—not at all! It will be entirely proper, Aunt."

"What do you say to asking them to come Tuesday?"

"That will be to-morrow? Isn't it a little early after our visit?"

"Well, we shall allow them to name the day, then. I must have a couple of fowls killed the night before, and there will be confections to make."

"Do not go to any great trouble, Aunt. Though wealthy, they are very simple people. They will not expect it. Besides, it might savor of—"

The old lady snapped her bright black eyes, as, raising an admonitory finger, she smilingly replied:

"I know what you would have said, my dear boy. I hope it is not a guilty conscience that prompted you to give me the warning. But, jesting aside, you could do far worse than think of Mademoiselle Héroquez. I consider her charming."

"Her father is very wealthy; I have my own way to make in the world," answered Julien, gravely. "And I have reason to think she is already promised in marriage."

His aunt's face fell. Her innocent plans were all "ganging a-gee."

"If that is the case, there is nothing to be said," she observed, putting back on her plate the fragment of roll she had been about to place in her mouth, as a morsel that had quite lost its relish. "But if it were not so, what more could any sensible man wish for his idolized daughter than a young, well-appearing physician like yourself, who has already had remarkable success, with the prospect of attaining the height of his profession?"

Julien smiled languidly.

"Don't build air-castles, Aunt Alexa," he said. "They are apt to blow to pieces."

"Well, but have you never thought of matrimony?" she inquired.

"Twice," he replied, without hesitation.

"And what happened?"

"I was disappointed in both instances. You see, I am cut out for an old bachelor."

"Would you mind telling me more?"

"First, there were the Dubreuils."

"The Dubreuils! Which of them?"

"Both of them."

"Both! You probably mean either?"

"That would have been better—though my heart was set on Marie."

"What a blessing, Julien, that it came to nothing! I had never suspected it."

"The wound was not deep. When your letter came announcing their prospective marriages, I moped for a day or two, but it was soon over."

"And there was another?"

"A rank piece of folly on my part."

"I hope the girl was not beneath you socially."

"Oh, no! But I was a presumptuous ass,—that is all. I can not tell you any more, Aunt."

"Very well; as you please," answered the old lady quietly, a bright light breaking in upon her. She rose from the table, inwardly resolved, as far as it lay in her power, to promote the marriage of her nephew with the charming Mademoiselle Héroquez. The more she reflected, the less confidence she had in the story of a previous engagement.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Wrecks of Departed Years.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

LOW in the depths of the murmuring sea
Lie buried the wrecks of departed years;
And betimes, when the moon through the
storm-cloud peers,
Above the night wind the mariner hears
The wails of the coffinless dead at sea.

Under the waves of the sea of life
The ghosts of humanity, sin-wrecked, sleep;
And anon when meek saints their vigils
keep,
They hear the angels in heaven weep
For the sunken souls in the sea of life.

A Lost Race.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE Channel Islands, and Catalina, farther south off the California shore, are veritable treasure-houses of these prehistoric relics. San Nicolas, the most barren of the Santa Barbara group, now long uninhabited and uninhabitable owing to the absence of fresh-water, was once the site of a great population; and upon its desolate sands, bared by the winds, human bones and skulls lie so thick that it seems like some great charnel-house. On San Miguel—bleak and wind-swept, possessing fertile mesas, but with a large part of its area covered with extraordinary deposits of drifting sand, hundreds of feet deep, and where dry quicksands daunt the most fearless explorer,—there is abundant evidence that at no remote period the entire island, now absolutely treeless, but then covered with thick forests, was submerged beneath the sea; yet this island contains veritable catacombs of the dead. Exquisite implements are often found at a shallow depth, and sometimes on the surface of these islands.

Many of these stone implements are a mystery to the most accomplished students of ethnology, who have not been able to determine their uses. Some of them, it is believed, were used in various prehistoric games; some, perhaps, did service in lost arts. But, whatever their purpose, they serve to show the taste, the mechanical skill and beautiful workmanship of their makers. The Smithsonian Institution, the California State University, the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, the State Mining Bureau of California, the Golden Gate Park Museum, the Santa Barbara Natural History Society, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and several private museums in Los Angeles,

San Francisco, and Santa Barbara, have extensive collections of the relics of this past civilization. But it is much to be regretted that speculation and traffic in objects of such inestimable value to our own country should have resulted in the transfer to European museums of many of the most valuable discoveries.

Although the great bulk of relics so far unearthed has been taken from this little strip of coast valley adjacent to Santa Barbara, easy of access to the searcher, this by no means represents the extent of territory inhabited by this lost people. Throughout the valleys and hills of the southern coast counties, and northward in San Luis Obispo county, are found copious evidences of their former occupation. In Santa Barbara county, however, these evidences are most abundant, and in the most unexpected and apparently impossible location.

This county is about seventy miles in length and forty miles in breadth, and is covered, for fully three-fourths of its area, with rugged and for the most part impassable mountains. Lompoc valley and the valley of Santa Maria, following the course of the river of that name, and the uplands of Santa Inez and Los Alamos, constitute the remaining tillable, watered portions; and all these abound, like the coast strip, with mementos of the unknown race.

In the northern part of the county, however, there lies another great mountain valley, or succession of noble uplands, known as the Cuyama, or Cujama. The Cujama is for the most part unsettled; for, although its lands are fertile, and its climate ranks as one of the world's great sanitariums for pulmonary complaints, it has no water supply. Its streams run dry early in the summer season, and in some years scarcely flow at all. There are occasional springs many miles apart; but, nevertheless, the country is arid and incapable of affording the moderate

supply of water required for stock and domestic purposes on a small farm. In the heart of the Cujama it is from sixty to seventy miles by wagon road to the nearest settlement; and the few ranchers who contrive to eke out a scanty living there, occupying this great tract consisting of hundreds of thousands of acres of rolling country, mustered seventeen votes at the last presidential election.

Yet this beautiful country, which at present yields a niggardly support to a little handful of people, once sustained an immense population. In the heart of the Cujama there are great midden mounds, telling of the existence of prehistoric cities of far greater importance than any found along the coast. Burial mounds which have been opened have yielded implements of superior workmanship; and the only authentic instance of a stone sarcophagus found upon this coast was uncovered in the heart of the Cujama country. In a beautiful and lonely plain, surrounded by mountains, rise grand monuments of stone, apparently reared by nature, but covered with picture-paintings whose pigments, although subjected to exposure for centuries, are still unfaded. Similar picture-writings are found upon cliffs at the head of the Sisquoc, a mountain stream, tributary to the Santa Maria; on opposing cliffs at the head of Lewis Creek, high up in the Santa Inez range near Santa Barbara, in a great domed cavern in the Cujama; and in a smaller cave near the crest of the Santa Inez range in the vicinity of San Marcos Pass; and in remote fastnesses of the San Rafael and Madre ranges, farther north. In fact, this maze of rugged mountains in the northern part of Santa Barbara county, although intersected by a trail or two, is virtually unknown and unexplored.

There are romantic tales attached to it concerning a lost valley which a party of hunters came upon, straying from the regular trail, some twenty years ago.

Climbing the crest of a mountain to get their bearings, they tell that they looked down upon an enchanting valley large enough to be the site of an important city, through which coursed a sparkling stream, losing itself through a rocky and inaccessible gorge. So delighted were the party with their discovery that when they had again found their trail and returned home, they set out once more with the intention of gaining access to the charming valley and taking possession of it; but, although they have since organized many expeditions for this purpose (one of which set out last summer), they have never succeeded in retracing their way to the spot.

This story has been laughed at and denounced as a myth, but experienced surveyors soberly admit the possibility and even probability of its truth. In any case the members of a prominent hunting club, composed of representative men, which has for a dozen years past made a practice of cutting new trails through this mountain wilderness in order to reach new and unpenetrated regions, have constantly found evidences that they were travelling in the paths of a race that is gone.

In one lovely valley shut in by mountains, on the waters of the upper Sisquoc, they found a great stone sphinx, mutilated by the wear of the elements, but still possessing a marked resemblance to the Egyptian figure. They took photographs of the colossal image, and examined it closely to determine whether it had been wrought by natural or artificial means; but, although there were bright men among them, they could not decide whether God or man had shaped it. At its base they found a great stone mortar; and among the caverns which perforated it, and which bore unmistakable signs of former human occupancy, they found one with an inner chamber forming a secret passage for escape; and there, imbedded

in the sand floor, discovered one of those rare prehistoric implements of wood, variously known as "digging sticks" and war clubs, of which the Smithsonian Institution has secured only a manufactured imitation. No one has been able to identify the wood of which this stick is composed; but, although over its polished surface can be seen the marks of the stone hatchet which shaped it, a species of natural petrification has given it the consistency of metal, and it will turn the edge of a sharp knife. Slightly curved in a peculiar shape, and pointed at either end, it is a formidable weapon.

The paintings left by this lost people show skilled draughtsmanship, striking mathematical accuracy, and taste of coloring. The sun and the stars are frequent symbols, represented now in one fashion and now in another. The scorpion also is a figure easily recognizable; but the emblems employed are for the most part difficult of construction or explanation. How they were placed where they are found is another riddle; as, for instance, at the head of Lewis Cañon, where they appear on two perpendicular cliffs, and on one side are upon an overhanging wall twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground.

Whence came they and whither have they gone? Were they allied to the Aztecs, or did they belong to that lost continent of which the islands of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Nicolas, and wee Santa Barbara form the only portions now remaining above the water, and which have themselves been submerged, perhaps destroying all animal life upon them? Were they a gentle people, given to peaceful ways and a rude poetic imagery; refined in habit, and shaping with infinite patience and in beautiful forms the dishes from which they took their meat and drink; always choosing for their dwelling-sites an eminence commanding a noble prospect; reverent of the dead, and interring all

their worldly possessions with them,—which proves them innocent of the awful greed of inheritance; capable of computation and keeping an original system of accounts; given to a genial social life and innocent home amusements, with pretty toys and ingenious games; fond of beautiful ornaments, and willing to exert much skill and taste in their manufacture; skilled with the needle and wearing skins; fond of music, and distinguished in the design of flutes, and all manner of fragile wind instruments of stone and polished bone; watching the skies and reading the meaning of the stars? So much they seem to tell us in the tokens they have left us; but their doom no man knows, and we who try to read it grow weary with thinking.

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE trains run out of Denver like quick-silver,—this is the prettiest thing I can say of Denver. They trickle down into high, green valleys, under the shadow of snow-capped cliffs. There the grass is of the liveliest tint—a kind of salad-green. The air is sweet and fine; everything looks clean, well kept, well swept,—perhaps the wind is the keeper and the sweeper. All along the way there is a very striking contrast of color in rock, meadows, and sky; the whole is as appetizing to the sight as a newly varnished picture.

We didn't down brakes until we reached Colorado Springs; there we changed cars for Manitou. Already the castellated rocks were filling us with childish delight. Fungi decked the cliffs above us: colossal, petrified fungi, painted Indian fashion.

At any rate, there is a kind of wild, out-of-door, subdued harmony in the rock-tints upon the exterior slopes of the famed Garden of the Gods, quite in keeping with the spirit of the decorative red-man. Within that garden color and form run riot, and Manitou is the restful outpost of this erratic wilderness.

It is fitting that Manitou should be approached in a rather primitive manner. I was glad when we were very politely invited to get out of the train and walk a plank over a puddle that for a moment submerged the track; glad when we were advised to foot it over a trestle-bridge that sagged in the swift current of a swollen stream; and gladder still when our locomotive began to puff and blow and slacken its pace, as we climbed up into the mouth of a ravine fragrant with the warm scents of summer—albeit we could boast but a solitary brace of cars, and these small ones, and not overcrowded at that.

Only think of it! We were scarcely three hours by rail from Denver; and yet here, in Manitou, were the very elements so noticeably lacking there. Nature in her natural state—primitive forever; the air seasoned with the pungent spices of odoriferous herbs; the sweetest sunshine in abundance, and all the shade that makes sunshine most agreeable.

Manitou is a picturesque hamlet that has scattered itself up and down a deep ravine, regardless of the limiting lines of the surveyor. The railway station at Manitou might pose for a porter's lodge in the prettiest park in England. Surely there is hope for America when she can so far curb her vulgar love of the merely practical as to do that sort of thing at the right time and in the right place.

A fine stream brawls through the bed of this lovely vale. There are rustic cottages that cluster upon the brink of the stream, as if charmed by the music of its song; and I am sure that the

cottagers dwelling therein have no wish to hang their harps upon any willows whatever; or to mingle their tears, though these were indeed the waters of Babylon that flow softly night and day through the green groves of Manitou. The breeze stirs the pulse like a tonic; birds, bees, and butterflies dance in the air; the leaves have the gloss of varnish—there is no dust there,—and everything is cleanly, cheerful and reposeful. From the hotel veranda float the strains of harp and viol; at intervals during the day and night music helps us to lift up our hearts; there is nothing like it—except more of it. There is not overmuch dressing among the women, nor the beastly spirit of loudness among the men; the domestic atmosphere is undisturbed. A newspaper printed on a hand-press, and distributed by the winds for aught I know, has its office in the main lane of the village; its society column creates no scandal. A solitary bicycle that flashes like a shooting star across the placid foreground is our nearest approach to an event worth mentioning.

Loungers lounge at the springs as if they really enjoyed it. An amiable booth-boy displays his well-dressed and handsomely mounted foxskins, his pressed flowers of Colorado, his queer mineralogical jewelry, and his uncouth geological specimens in the shape of hideous bric-a-brac, as if he took pleasure in thus entertaining the public; while everybody has the cosiest and most sociable time over the counter, and buys only by accident at last.

There are rock gorges in Manitou, through which the Indian tribes were wont noiselessly to defile when on the war-path in the brave days of old; gorges where currents of hot air breathe in your face like the breath of some fierce animal. There are brilliant and noisy cataracts and cascades that silver the rocks with spray; and a huge winding cavern filled with mice and filth and the blackness of

darkness, and out of which one emerges looking like a tramp and feeling like—well! There are springs bubbling and steeping and stagnating by the wayside; springs containing carbonates of soda, lithia, lime, magnesia, and iron; sulphates of potassa and soda, chloride of sodium and silica, in various solutions. Some of these are sweeter than honey in the honeycomb; some of them smell to heaven—what more can the pampered palate of man desire?

Let all those who thirst for chalybeate waters bear in mind that the Ute Iron Spring of Manitou is 800 feet higher than St. Catarina, the highest iron spring in Europe, and nearly 1000 feet higher than St. Moritz; and that the bracing air at an elevation of 6400 feet has probably as much to do with the recovery of the invalid as has the judicious quaffing of medicinal waters. Of pure iron springs, the famous Schwalback contains rather more iron than the Ute Iron, and Spa rather less. On the whole, Manitou has the advantage of the most celebrated medicinal springs in Europe, and has a climate even in midwinter preferable to any of them.

On the edge of the pretty hamlet at Manitou stands a cottage half hidden like a bird's-nest among the trees. I saw only the peaks of gables under green boughs; and I wondered when I was informed that the lovely spot had been long untenanted, and wondered still more when I learned that it was the property of good Grace Greenwood. Will she ever cease wandering, and return to weave a new chaplet of greenwood leaves gathered beneath the eaves of her mountain home?

At the top of the village street stands Pike's Peak—at least it seems to stand there when viewed through the telescopic air. It is in reality a dozen miles distant; but is easily approached by a winding trail, over which ladies in the saddle may reach the glorious snow-capped summit

and return to Manitou between breakfast and supper—unless one should prefer to be rushed up and down over the aerial railway. From the signal station the view reminds one of a map of the world. It rather dazes than delights the eye to roam so far, and imagination itself grows weary at last and is glad to fold its wings.

Manitou's chief attraction lies over the first range of hills—the veritable Garden of the Gods. You may walk, ride or drive to it; in any case the surprise begins the moment you reach the ridge's top above Manitou, and ceases not till the back is turned at the close of the excursion—nor then either, for the memory of that marvel haunts one like a feverish dream. Fancy a softly undulating land, wooded, and decked with many an ornamental shrub; a landscape that composes so well one can scarcely assure himself that the artist or the landscape gardener has not had a hand in the beautifying of it.

In this lonely, silent land, with faint cloud shadows floating across it, at long intervals bird voices or the bleating of the distant flocks charm the listening ear. Out of this wild and beautiful spot spring Cyclopean rocks, appalling in the splendor of their proportions and the magnificence of their dyes. Sharp shafts shoot heavenward from breadths of level sward, and glow like living flames; peaks of various tinges overlook the tops of other peaks, that, in their turn, lord it among gigantic boulders piled upon massive pedestals. It is Ossa upon Pelion, in little; vastly impressive because of the exceptional surroundings that magnify these magnificent monuments, unique in their design and almost unparalleled in their picturesque and daring outline. Some of the monoliths fairly tremble and sway, or seem to sway; for they are balanced edgewise, as if the gods had amused themselves in some infantile game, and, growing weary of this little planet, had fled and left their toys in con-

fusion. The top-heavy and the tottering ones are almost within reach; but there are slabs of rock that look like slices out of a mountain—I had almost said like slices out of a red-hot volcano; they stand up against the blue sky and the widespreading background in brilliant and astonishing perspective.

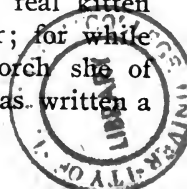
I doubt if anywhere else in the world the contrasts in color and form are more violent than in the Garden of the Gods. They are not always agreeable to the eye, for there is much crude color here; but there are points of sight where these columns, pinnacles, spires and obelisks, with base and capital, are so grouped that the massing is as fantastical as a cloud picture, and the whole can be compared only to a petrified afterglow. I have seen pictures of the Garden of the Gods that made me nearly burst with laughter: I mean color studies that were supremely ridiculous in my eyes, for I had not then seen the original; but none of these makes me laugh any longer. They serve, even the wildest and the worst of them, to remind me of a morning drive, in the best of company, through that grand garden where our combined vocabularies of delight and wonderment were exhausted inside of fifteen minutes; and where we drove on and on, hour after hour, from climax to climax, lost in speechless amazement.

Glen Eyrie is the valley of Rasselas—I am sure it is. The Prince of Abyssinia left the gate open when he, poor fool! went forth in search of happiness and found it not. Now any one is free to drive through the domain of the present possessor and admire his wealth of pictorial solitude—without, however, sharing it further. If it were mine, would I permit this much, I wonder? Only the elect should enter there; and once the charmed circle was complete, we would wall up the narrow passage that leads to this terrestrial paradise, and you would hear

no more from us, or of us, nor we of you, or from you, forever.

On my first visit to Colorado Springs I made a little pilgrimage. I heard that a gentle lady, whom I had always wished to see, was at her home on the edge of the city. No trouble in finding the place: any one could direct me. It was a cosy cottage in the midst of a garden and shaded by thickly leaved trees. Some one was bowed down among the strawberry beds, busy there; yet the place seemed half deserted and very, very quiet. Big bamboo chairs and lounges lined the vine-curtained porch. The shades in the low bay-window were half drawn, and a glint of sunshine lighted the warm interior. I saw heaps of precious books on the table in that deep window. There was a mosquito door in the porch, and there I knocked for admittance. I knocked for a long time, but received no answer. I knocked again so that I might be heard even in the strawberry bed. A little kitten came up out of the garden and said something kittenish to me, and then I heard a muffled step within. The door opened—the inner door,—and beyond the wire-cloth screen, that remained closed against me, I saw a figure like a ghost, but a very buxom and wholesome ghost indeed.

I asked for the hostess. Alas! she was far away and had been ill; it was not known when she would return. Her address was offered me, and I thought to write to her,—thought to tell her how I had sought out her home, hoping to find her after years of waiting; and that while I talked of her through the wire-cloth screen the kitten, which she must have petted once upon a time, climbed up the screen until it had reached the face of the amiable woman within, and then purred and purred as only a real kitten can. I never wrote that letter; for while we were chatting on the porch she of whom we chatted, she who has written a



whole armful of the most womanly and lovable of books, Helen Hunt Jackson, lay dying in San Francisco and we knew it not. But it is something to have stood by her threshold, though she was never again to cross it in the flesh, and to have been greeted by her kitten. How she loved kittens! And now I can associate her memory with the peacefulest of cottages, the easiest of veranda chairs, a bay-window full of books and sunshine, and a strawberry bed alive with berries, blossoms, butterflies and bees. And yonder on the heights her body was anon laid to rest among the haunts she loved so dearly.

(To be continued.)

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Pergolesi's Masterpiece.

IT was Friday in Passion Week,—the day consecrated to the remembrance of Our Lady's Sorrows. In the Church of San Gennaro dei Poveri, at Naples, Solemn High Mass was being sung; and kneeling behind one of the pillars was a young woman bearing in her arms a sleeping child. Her pale, worn features bore the stamp of suffering, and her large dark eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. From time to time a racking cough shook her wasted frame; and as each paroxysm ceased she clasped the child closer to her breast, while her lips moved in inaudible prayer. The Epistle was over; the priest began the recital of that wonderful sequence of Mary's sorrows, "Stabat Mater Dolorosa"; and the choir took up the pathetic strain.

The choir of San Gennaro was composed of the orphans of Dei Poveri di Gesù Christo, a large institution where destitute boys received a good elementary education, and where those who displayed special aptitude were carefully instructed in music. Trained to perfection by Maestro Gaetano Greco, the pure young voices rang out their mournful chant, seeming

to rise heavenward with the burthen of their woe.

The pale woman kneeling in the shade of the pillar raised her eyes in prayer, and then her glance fell on the child sleeping unconscious in her arms. "Soon, my sweet Giovanni," she murmured, "thou wilt be an orphan. Oh, if I could only take thee with me to thy father!"

Just then the child, awakened probably by the flood of melody which filled the church, opened his eyes and looked in the direction whence the sweet sounds came. The face of the babe suddenly glowed with an angelic light, as if those beautiful, sorrow-laden strains found an echo in his little heart. He smiled at his mother, who only clasped him the tighter, and kissed him over and over again in an outburst of mother-love. Then, summoning up her remaining strength, she turned toward a statue of Our Lady of Sorrows and prayed thus: "O Mother of Sorrows, may he belong to thee alone! Thou hast ever been a Mother to the desolate; for thy sorrows' sake, in thy Son's Name, do not despise the poorest and most desolate orphan in Naples!" Then she whispered to the child, "Behold thy Mother!" pointing as she did so to the sweet face of Our Lady. It was her last effort, and she sank fainting to the pavement.

A few days later little Giovanni was motherless; and years afterward, being then seven years of age, he became an inmate of the institute Dei Poveri di Gesù Christo. The choir-master, Gaetano Greco, grown morose and surly with advancing years, still wielded the baton there. Giovanni early manifested marvellous love for music. The violin was his favorite instrument; and, by dint of unceasing practice, at twelve years of age he was master of it. The stern old Gaetano's heart swelled with joy and pride at his progress, but he never allowed the boy to suspect his feelings toward him.

Giovanni was different from the others. A melancholy seriousness, unnatural to his years, and a love of solitude, marked him as one apart; and it was noticed that his musical genius never revealed itself so clearly as when he sang or played the music of the Passion.

One day, toward the end of the year 1722, the boys were playing in the courtyard of the asylum. When the boisterous fun was at its highest, Giovanni contrived to slip away unnoticed; and, taking his violin, stole to the empty dormitory, where he quietly ensconced himself in a corner and began to play. Before many minutes he was utterly absorbed in his music. From the depths of his sorrowful soul came harmonies of weird, entrancing beauty. The thrilling sounds floated to the noisy playground. They were heard in a momentary lull, and in an instant the wild mirth was hushed.

Giovanni did not notice that the dormitory door had softly opened, and that the stern old Gaetano and Maestro Mattei were standing on the threshold, gazing at each other in silent amazement, and fearful lest the least movement should interrupt the wonderful performance. The eyes of the young musician, shining like stars with the light of inspiration, seemed fixed on some object invisible to others.

Giovanni paused, sighed deeply, and then—he beheld his master! Giovanni would have fled, but it was too late. Already the surly old man had taken the frightened boy in his arms and kissed him on his forehead, uttering at the same time loving words of praise and encouragement, declaring that henceforth Giovanni should be to him as a son.

That night, through the quiet hours of darkness, the orphan boy, unable to sleep, pondered over the change in his fortunes.

"The Maestro has praised and honored me highly, but still I have not given expression to the thought that torments me. Where, oh! where have I heard those

strains, so sweet and sad, so pure and lovely, which rise up in my soul night and day; and which, like echoes from dreamland, evade me when I try to grasp them?"

The turning-point in Giovanni's life had come. Thenceforth fortune smiled upon him. When only twenty-two years of age he composed a Mass for ten voices, which was sung on the Feast of St. Januarius, he himself conducting it. All Naples applauded in delighted astonishment. But his success brought no contentment to the young artist. Gaetano advised him, as an antidote to sadness, to divert his mind by the composition of secular music. Giovanni acted upon this advice, and composed several operas; but still he was dissatisfied and restless.

At length, in 1735, he determined to go to Rome. But he met with scant encouragement there; for his compositions were wanting in brightness. Giovanni in his heart acknowledged that his critics were right: he felt that such music was repugnant to his genius, and was not the spontaneous outpouring of his soul. So from Rome he fled to Naples, where his great comfort was to kneel before the altar where his dying mother had consecrated him to the Queen of Sorrows. There he bade farewell forever to earthly melodies, and solemnly vowed his genius to the service of God alone.

As the year drew to its close, each day found Giovanni paler, graver, and more absorbed in spiritual things. Constantly he meditated on the Passion of Christ and the Dolors of His Blessed Mother. A wonderful "Salve Regina" composed about this time shows the depth and the tenderness of his devotion. But he could never feel satisfied: his ideal evaded him still.

"It is not yet time," he would sigh. "In the recesses of my memory, in the depths of my soul, there is ever echoing sweet music, which it seems to me I must

have heard in childhood. Oh, if I could only write those strains upon paper!"

During the Lent of 1736 Giovanni gave himself up entirely to prayer, meditation, and study. Each morning he received the Bread of Life; and then, after a long thanksgiving at his favorite altar, he returned to his dwelling and devoted the remainder of the day to his work. Occasionally strains of almost unearthly sweetness would be heard issuing from his chamber. He lived as if in perpetual ecstasy; little food passed his lips; like a shadow he glided about, his eyes aglow with a strange light.

"Giovanni lives in Paradise," said one. "In a paradise of pain," said another, who knew him better. "He will not last much longer. Giovanni will keep the Feast of the Resurrection in heaven."

One morning he sought his old friend and teacher, Gaetano, and laid before him a large bundle of manuscript which bore the title "Stabat Mater, by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi."

"At last," said he, "I have found what has haunted me all my life. Now I am at peace. Look at it." So saying he left the room.

The composition proved a masterpiece. Gaetano resolved that it should be sung on the Friday in Lent dedicated to the remembrance of the Dolors of Our Blessed Lady. At the first rehearsal, Giovanni, too weak to conduct it, knelt in a corner of the organ-gallery, and Gaetano led the choir. When all was over they found Giovanni still kneeling, his hands clasped, a smile on his pale, worn face; but his soul had fled. Just as the last strains of thrilling sadness died away he passed to his eternal rest. He was with his Mother, the Queen of Sorrows, who had tenderly watched over and shielded him from his very infancy. The "Stabat Mater," which thus proved his Requiem, is the most beautiful of all his works, and has rendered his name immortal.

Notes and Remarks.

The number of Catholics who are ensnared by the subtle and accomplished advocates of Christian Science, Buddhism, Theosophy, and so forth, may not be large; but it is large enough to show the danger to which many people expose themselves by reading books that attack or ridicule the truths taught by the Church, on account of not being well instructed in their religion, and not understanding what are the world's greatest moral forces for order and right conduct. This danger is pointed out by some of the Irish bishops in their pastoral letters for Lent. Speaking of literature which, though not positively irreligious, nevertheless has the effect of dulling the spiritual sense, Cardinal Logue observes:

A large part of the books, periodicals and journals which circulate so freely among the people are calculated to give an unhealthy tone to the mind, deaden its appreciation of spiritual things, and blind it to the importance of supernatural aims. Occupied, as these publications so frequently are, with the world and its concerns; borrowing from the pleasures, vicissitudes, and sometimes even from the dark spots of life, that interest by which they so often hold the reader spellbound, either ignoring or touching very distantly the great truths of religion, they can not fail to sap the foundations of fervor and dry up the springs of the spiritual life. For the very reason that this danger can not be entirely avoided the remedy which we find in spiritual reading becomes the more necessary. . . . It would be a most laudable practice, and one which would bring a blessing on the family, if in the evenings—especially the Sunday evenings—some one member would read for the others a passage from a spiritual book. The books for such profitable reading we have in abundance.

Those homeopathic legislators who believe that religion can be killed off by doses of petty persecution are severely rebuked in a leading German review by Professor Heinrich Gelzer, of the University of Jena. Narrow-minded legislation, which aims at restraining or suppressing religious works, he says, belongs to a past era. His defence of the Sisters is especially gratifying. As nurses, they are unsurpassed; and "surely it is asking too much for religious to train up their pupils as enemies of the Church."

Then follows this hard saying: "The governments allow without hesitation concessions to disorderly houses; but when a few nuns wish to live in a separate house for prayer and devotion, government and police are at hand with all kinds of prohibitions and pettifogging chicanery. Public opinion is quite tired of these reminiscences of the Kulturkampf." These are good words from Professor Gelzer, who finally recommends to the countries of Europe the broad policy pursued by our own government.

That excellent Catholic lecturer, Henry Austin Adams, recently concluded, in Boston, a course on "Historical Personages" with a study of Lord Halifax, the ardent promoter of Church Union. To the earnest efforts of this Anglican noble was due the examination by Leo XIII. of the question of the validity of Anglican ordinations. That the Pope decided against the validity of such orders was naturally a grievous disappointment to Lord Halifax; but his manner of accepting the decision throws a white light on the Christian sincerity and humility of the man. "Back to our knees!" he cried; and it is safe to predict that, with such a spirit, his prayers will eventually lead him into that Church about whose orders there is and can be no question—the Church of his forefathers in the days of Merrie England.

For the past month a painful suspense has hung like a cloud over our country. A body of inconsistent citizens, who bitterly resented the help given to insurgent States by England when our Union was threatened with disruption, had long urged the American government to interfere in behalf of insurgent Cuba for the disruption of the Spanish Kingdom. Strained feeling inevitably followed; and the unfortunate letter of Señor de Lome, and, most of all, the appalling disaster to the *Maine*, with the loss of so many brave lives, brought the trouble to an acute stage. In the face of grim war, the mischievous jingoes are silent; and the American people, as a whole, have set the world an admirable example of self-control. At this writing the results of the investi-

gation into the cause of the *Maine* disaster have not yet been published; but it seems opportune to say that if any degree of responsibility for the wreck of our man-of-war be ultimately fixed upon Spain, the course suggested by Prince Bismarck is the only one which we Americans can consistently follow. The Iron Chancellor proposes that Spain and America submit their differences to the Holy See for arbitration. Bismarck himself once submitted an international perplexity to the Pope, with the happiest results, as all the world knows. We in the United States have always given our vote for arbitration as against war, and perhaps the hour has now arrived to test the sincerity of our declarations.

We know from the testimony of eminent physicians—Sir Andrew Clark, for instance—that seven out of every ten invalids owe their ill health to the abuse of alcohol. Pauperism generally has the same evil source. As the Bishop of Down remarks in his Lenten pastoral, "drink, and not want of labor nor insufficiency of wages, is, in most cases, the cause of the pauperism which degrades our population, fills our work-houses, and throws on the sober working-man the support of the drunkard and his children." Nor can the Bishop's contention be questioned, that "no human law can give such security against want as temperance united with industry."

Even so mild-tempered a prelate as Archbishop Keane is moved to indignation by some of the vagaries of the quasi-omniscient and not excessively modest editorial magnates who here and there preside in the sanctums of ostensibly Catholic newspapers. In a paper contributed to the *Catholic World* for March, the Archbishop says: "Reasonable people... can feel little short of disgust for petty journalists who bring discredit on religion and scandalize multitudes by spreading abroad insinuations of heterodoxy against prelates from whom they ought to be learning their catechism." The rebuke is well merited; for it does undoubtedly seem apparent that sundry Catholic journalists

fancy that their position entitles them to speak with authority on a variety of questions about which their notions are of the vaguest and most hazy description, and to discuss with lamentable flippancy personages whose official dignity and personal worth should exempt them from the strictures of at least those of their own household.

The last of the great commanders of the Civil War passed away on the 11th inst., at his home near Los Angeles, Cal. Major-General Rosecrans was unquestionably one of the bravest and most efficient of that noble band; and the record of his brilliant campaigns in Tennessee will form a thrilling chapter in the history, yet to be written, of that memorable conflict. Full justice has not yet been done him; and it is not generally known that the victories he gained—at a time when the Union cause seemed most desperate—prevented the triumph of the Confederacy. After the war he was appointed Minister to Mexico, and subsequently became a member of Congress from California. General Rosecrans was a convert to the Church and led a most exemplary Christian life. The conversion of his brother, the beloved Bishop of Columbus, was due, under God, to the zeal and example of the General, one of whose sons entered the priesthood and enrolled himself in the Paulist community. In 1896 General Rosecrans received the Lætare Medal of the University of Notre Dame, in recognition of his distinguished services and noble example to the Catholic citizens of the United States. May he rest in peace!

A favorite calumny of anti-Catholic agitators has been that government employees in Washington are practically forced to contribute to Catholic charities. With a view to collecting evidence on this point, one Joseph Trainor bought a number of tickets for an entertainment, the proceeds of which were to be given to a Catholic founding asylum in the Capital. Stationing himself in a favorable place, he accosted several of the government employees and attempted to browbeat them into purchasing the tickets.

No one purchased, however; and Joseph had the doubtful satisfaction of feeling that he had helped a Catholic charity without any visible return. The bigot next observed the name Kelliher on the pay-roll; and, concluding that that name could belong only to an Irish papist, he trumped up various charges of incompetency, neglect and dishonesty, and demanded the officer's removal. In the examination which followed, Mr. Kelliher was completely exonerated; and, as a last resort, the bigot asked: "Mr. Kelliher, are you not a Catholic?" The answer completely prostrated the bigot. "No," said Kelliher, "I am not; and I do not see what that has to do with this case. It is true I was born and brought up a Catholic, but I have dropped away from my Church. I want to say right here and now that I am glad that question has been asked. From now on I will be a Catholic, and a good one, if God will help me." Joseph Trainor is not the first vessel of ignominy that the A. P. A. has changed into a vessel of grace for others. It is a well-known fact that the wave of persecution that swept over the country a few years ago was the means, under God, of bringing back hundreds of indifferent Catholics to the regular practice of their religion.

It was a rare compliment which the leading Protestants of Staunton, Va., paid to Father Gaston Payne when they requested him to publish and circulate a discourse on "Christianity and Citizenship" which he had delivered before them. The request is the more significant when it is remembered that Father Payne's address was frankly Catholic throughout. "The carpenter's bench at Nazareth," said he, "was the first pulpit in the world from which was preached the nobility of honest toil and the rights of the vast army of toilers. Oh, if our American people would only be guided and governed by the Christian principles laid down by Leo XIII. in his timely letter on the 'Relations of Capital and Labor,' there would be no more strikes! Then employers and employees would be governed by a Christian spirit, which would enable them to adjust all their differences by amicable

arbitration." Virginia has not always had a reputation for toleration, and that these sentiments from a Catholic priest should be so cordially applauded means that the "mother of presidents" has taken a long stride forward.

Not many years ago a Protestant clergyman essayed the herculean task of proving that St. Patrick was a Baptist. The ordinary reader will perhaps think it a parallel absurdity to claim that Shakespeare was an Irishman. Yet a distinguished lecturer recently addressed the National Literary Society of Dublin on "The Celtic Genius of Shakespeare"; and, it must be said, made out a far stronger case for the contention that the greatest of English poets was a Celt than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has yet made for the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. The proverbially fine treatment of women that characterizes the plays was insisted on as being "most assuredly not Saxon, but indubitably Celtic"; and the conclusion of the whole study was that Shakespeare was "by blood, nature, sentiment and sympathy a Celt."

Dr. Burrell, of Brooklyn, rises to remark that Calvinism is not dead, as it is said to be by a Protestant clergyman of Boston. Possibly the wish is father to the thought with the Brooklyn divine; but it seems pretty clear, his opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, that Calvinism, if not quite dead, is at least so near its last gasp that its funeral may be arranged for without the slightest incongruity. Even Dr. Burrell himself is constrained to avow that "it is true that ministers no longer preach the doctrine of the damnation of infants, if they ever did, which is doubtful. Nor does reprobation appear in modern sermons."

Is it in the least doubtful that Calvinist ministers ever preached the damnation of infants? If so, there are more lies and errors to be cleared up than historians dream of.

Some of "the great dailies" make it a practice to print "symposiums" of diverging

beliefs and opinions concerning timely or untimely topics of general interest. Now and then some eminent Catholic prelate, for instance, is invited to deliver himself upon the subject of theatre-going or card-playing. The following common-sense words of the English Jesuit, Father Vaughan, admirably epitomize Catholic doctrine on both subjects:

Some people said: "But surely a man must not go to a theatre." No one heard such rubbish spoken from a Catholic pulpit. If a man thought the theatre helped to recreate him, let him go; but if he found it poisoned the wells and let loose his passions, it was not recreation, and he must not go. Again, some played at cards. Some people thought there should be no cards used in their house. Well, let them keep them out. But if others found help, let them use them; but as a recreation, not as a means to lose their fortunes and tempers. They should go nowhere and do nothing which, if they were struck down dead, would meet the frown of Christ.

Notable New Books.

THE REACTION FROM SCIENCE. By the Rev. W. J. Madden. Published by the Sanitarium and Home, San José, Cal.

The pleasant style which we noted in Father Madden's "Disunion and Reunion" continues in evidence throughout this useful volume, in which the author has a reassuring word to say for those faint-hearted Christians who fear the bogey of "science," falsely so called. It is dedicated "to those whose hearts are troubled by the burden and the mystery of life, and to those who say they can not believe." Father Madden shows himself to be familiar with the chief currents of modern thought, and insists that a reaction from the hot pretensions and the cold formularies of the sciolists has already set in. In succeeding chapters the effects of modern unbelief upon society are considered chiefly from the sociological view-point. Then follow warnings, expositions, exhortations; and, finally, a series of short but effective answers to the vague objections commonly raised against Christianity. Let us quote one of these:

I remember the celebrated meteorologist laying down for a smoking-room audience—a sympathetic one—in mid-ocean, that the only comfortable way to live was just to follow all the instincts of

nature when it could be conveniently done. They must be right, else we should not have them.

Reply.—It is honorable to be a naturalist and versed in the laws of storms, as you are; but dishonor and shame and remorse are sure to follow the naturalism you advocate outside your profession. There is nothing more certain than that, as abundant experience around us in the world shows, law courts and jails are the sad necessities imposed by the "instincts of nature" that you would have men follow when it pleased them; therefore there is something wrong with nature—human nature—in many respects, since it leads to such disaster. It needs restraint and discipline, and only when corrected by a higher teaching can it be trusted at all.

Father Madden's book makes no pretence to scientific fulness, nor would it satisfy those who desire an elaborate analysis of the *Zeitgeist*. But, unfortunately, there is work for Father Madden's book to do among people who are not fitted for severe study, but whose faith has been destroyed or tainted by the glittering superficialities of the modern press and platform. To such persons we cordially recommend this little book. The list of *errata* is long, but we regret to say that it is far from complete. *Brunctière*, for instance, appears everywhere for Brunetière.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION TO THE GREAT MOGUL. By Francis Goldie, S. J. M. H. Gill & Son.

Now that so many non-Catholics have taken to writing the lives of the saints, it is safe to say that Catholics would take to reading them provided they were done like Mr. Stoddard's biography of the Wonder-Worker of Padua, or this story of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva and his companions, from the pen of Father Goldie. One knows what to expect from him after reading his admirable Life of St. John Berchmans. It was an officer of the United States Army, who had read this book during a railroad journey, that first called our attention to its excellence, at the same time expressing regret that there were not more works like it. We can say that the present volume is of the same kind. It affords a readable account of the Great Mogul and his court; of the Christian mission established at Salsette, and of the martyrdom there, in 1583, of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva, Blessed Aranha, Blessed Berno, Blessed Pacheco, and Blessed Antony

Francisco,—all of the Society of Jesus. It was a barren soil that these heroic martyrs watered with their blood; but, thanks to that fruitful rain, it afterward flourished like a garden.

The publishers are to be congratulated on producing so acceptable a book. It is well printed, from large, clear type, and appropriately bound in red buckram. The appendixes and sketch maps greatly enhance the interest of the work.

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. B. Herder.

This "Life" is practically a diatessaron, annotated abundantly, and illustrated with many charming pictures and valuable maps. The notes are judiciously chosen, and occupy about three times as much room as the text, which is the simple Bible narrative. In character, they are exegetical, historical, dogmatic, and, rarely, polemical. The introductory dissertation has the solidity which the public has learned to look for in the work of Father Maas.

Though the primary aim of this work is to aid in a proper understanding of the inspired narrative, there is much to enkindle or increase devotion. The work is popular rather than technical in spirit, and its usefulness is evident from the fact that two editions of it have already been exhausted. One adverse criticism, however, we must make on the publishers: they have bound this book in a style more befitting a work of fiction than a Life of Christ. In book-binding, as in other arts, there is such a thing as congruity.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR A TEN DAYS' RETREAT. By the Very Rev. Rudolph v. Smetana. Benziger Brothers.

As a whole, these "exercises" are worthy of high praise; but there are two passages in the book to which we feel obliged to take exception, as being lurid and unsound. On page 39 we read:

Unbelievers who deny the punishment of hell, or at least its eternal duration, think it incredible that so large a proportion of mankind—indeed the larger proportion by far—will be condemned to it. Heretics have devised the doctrine of salvation by faith only, in order to escape this terrible truth; and they will not see that every page of Holy Scripture enjoins a living faith productive of good works,

and rejects a dead faith. Even among Catholic teachers there are many who interpret the small number of the chosen as referring to all mankind, including heathens, Jews, and heretics. But it is the universal teaching of the holy Fathers that few of even rightly believing Christians will be saved.

And on page 42 :

Oh, how many Christians receive on their death-bed the last Sacraments with apparent devotion, and outwardly perform the duties which a dying Christian is expected to perform ; and who lead all who surround them, and even the priest himself, to suppose that they have died a good death ; and who, nevertheless, perish because these acts of devotion which they had excited in themselves were merely due to the weakness of their nature ! It was but the fear of death, the natural desire for comfort and consolation in need, which excited these acts ; in the heart there was no trace of *supernatural repentance, of a deliberate and fruitful purpose, of a sincere love to God.*

The italics are not ours.

Now, the author has a perfect right to believe these things if he likes, but he has no right to set them forth as Catholic teaching. There is no authoritative doctrine on the first point ; hence the words we have quoted ought to have been labelled as private opinion in no wise binding on the faithful. The second passage is simply an assumption. It is a great mistake to accept the teaching of every Catholic writer as Catholic truth.

FACTS AND FAKES ABOUT CUBA. By George Bronson Rea. George Munro's Sons.

Mr. Rea was a correspondent sent to Cuba by the New York *Herald*. He went with strong prepossessions in favor of Cuba, he declares ; but his enthusiasm for the insurgent cause did not survive close contact with the Cuban leaders. Of the dead Maceo he formed a high opinion, but for the living Gomez he has only words of contempt. The other newspaper correspondents evidently inspired little respect in Mr. Rea, who says that the glowing and picturesque accounts of Cuban victories and Spanish atrocities were wholly invented at their quarters in the comfortable hotels of Havana. Messrs. Halstead, Davis and Bosal are described as honest men, too easily deceived.

It will be said, of course, that Mr. Rea's book is entitled to no more regard than the "fake" newspapers which he himself criticises. One thing, however, is certain : this class of newspapers has been infamously

unjust to Spain throughout the whole controversy. Discriminating readers all along suspected it, and this volume triumphantly proves it, giving dates, names and figures. Mr. Rea's book has many defects ; but, such as it is, it may help to crush a great lie, and we are glad he has written it.

THE LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA,
By Edward L. Ayme, M. D. Benziger Brothers.

Tuscany's virgin saint, Catharine of Siena, has found many biographers ; but none more earnest, few more sympathetic in delicacy yet strength of portrayal, than Edward Ayme. He has given us in small compass the records of her parentage, her early life, her consecration to God, and her progress in the way of perfection which outstripped her years. The miracles and ecstasies of this holy virgin are dwelt upon at some length, but the practical side of her beautiful life is not lost sight of. Hence all are enabled to profit by the lessons taught in this worthy addition to the lives of the saints ; and no chapter, perhaps, is more replete with the wisdom of the spiritual life than that which treats of St. Catharine's frequent Communions, and at the same time shows the source of strength and consolation of the soul to be the Holy Eucharist.

CARMEL IN IRELAND. By Father Patrick,
O. D. C. Burns & Oates. Benziger Brothers.

According to Father Patrick, the first Carmelites to enter Ireland were "St. Palladius" and his companions. Some readers will question this statement ; but there can be no two opinions about the value of the services rendered to Catholic Ireland by the Carmelite Order during the times of violent persecution and the long periods of comparatively mild oppression. We wish the author had worked out this edifying picture in more detail, even if some of the other chapters should have to be abbreviated. Like those preachers who invariably begin their sermons with the fall of Adam, Father Patrick goes back to the Prophet Elias, the reputed founder of the Carmelites, and sketches the growth and history of the Order ; hence he has less space than one would like to see for the true *decus Carmeli*—the martyrs and confessors in brown. One

of the most interesting chapters in the volume deals with O'Connell's love for the Carmelites; but even that might better have made room for matter more strictly proper to Father Patrick's subject. As it is, the book is sufficiently attractive, especially for members of the venerable Order of Carmel; however, honesty compels us to express our conviction that the author has missed an opportunity to write a work of universal interest. We are grateful for what he has recounted, but can not help feeling regretful for what is untold.

SCIENCE OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M. B. Herder.

It is now pretty generally understood what topics the reader may expect to find treated in a book bearing such a title as "Science of the Bible." The character of Moses, the authorship of the Pentateuch, the nature of inspiration, "higher criticism," creationism or evolution—and so on through the familiar category. The aspects of Biblical science which occupy Father Brennan most in this work are the relations of geology, biology and anthropology to revealed religion.

The predominant note in the volume is conservatism. The current controversies of the "higher critics" and the apostles of evolution have evidently not impressed the author as being important. A very moderate and restricted process of evolution, as a preparation for the creation of new species, he seems not to condemn; but, while admitting that evolution is as worthy of God as special creationism, he holds that the higher orders of animal life were not evolved from the lower ones—in fact, that one *species* has never been evolved from another. In the same way the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is firmly insisted on.

Whether evolution be a true theory or false, whether "higher criticism" win or lose the day, the teachings of the Church are nowise affected. She is of no school, but outside of and above all schools. And one good result of the conflict of current opinions will be to establish more clearly the real distinction between the dogmatic teachings of the Church and the opinions, however dearly cherished, of her children.

Obituary.

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

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

Brother Cianan, of the Christian Brothers, who passed to the reward of a devoted life on the 17th ult., at Oakland, Cal.

Mr. John Winterbottom, of Morrison, Colo., whose happy death took place on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Joseph Clark, who died a holy death on the 16th ult., at Fairfield, Ky.

Mrs. Margaret A. Daily, of Lincoln, Neb., whose life closed peacefully on the 18th ult.

Miss Mary Mullen, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 8th inst., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John Lacher, of Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. O. Mulcare, Lebanon, Mo.; Mrs. Bridget Clifton, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. William O'Brien, New York city; Mr. William Burke, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Blanche White and Mr. Thomas Hughes, Austin, Texas; Mr. Jeremiah Griffin, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Hughes, Latrobe, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Doyle, Elkhorn, Wis.; Mr. Michael E. Corbett, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Cecilia Keating, Worcester, Mass.; Miss — Donaldson, Summit, N. J.; Mr. John Murry and Mr. George Yattaw, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. William H. O'Shea, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine F. Sullivan, Bloomfield, Ky.; Mr. Thomas Davis, Mr. Dennis Feehan, Mr. John Langley, Mr. Timothy Shea, Mr. Andrew Gillispie, Miss Mary Wieser, Mrs. Jane McGann, Mrs. Ellen McGarry, Mrs. Mary Haden, Mrs. Anne McDermott, and Mrs. Mary A. Brennan,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Indian and Negro Missions:

M., \$10; Mrs. John B., \$1; a Priest, \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

A Friend, \$1; H. A. T., 25 cts.; M., \$5; a Friend, 35 cts.; N. N., Newark, O., \$1; P. Morand, \$1; F. L. C., 35 cts.; Archbishop S., \$10.12; a Friend, 17 cts.; Friends, Ash Forks, 50 cts.; a Priest, \$1.

The Sisters at Nagpur, India:

D. P., \$1; A. O'B., 50 cts.; a Lady, 25 cts.; M. McG., \$3; a Priest, \$1.

The Leper Hospital, Gotemba, Japan:

C. K., \$1; a Priest, \$1.

For the Propagation of the Faith:

F. E. W., \$1.

The Ursuline Indian Mission:

N. S., 50 cts.; Mrs. W. C., \$1; a Priest, \$1.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

To St. Joseph.

I.

ST. JOSEPH, grant that I, like thee,
 May ever in my labors see
 The face of Mary, Mother mild,
 And that of Him, the Holy Child.

II.

St. Joseph, grant that I, like thee,
 In death their faces, too, may see;
 To see the Son and Mother dear—
 Ah! that will make it heaven here.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XII.—IN WAR TIME.

EUGENIA stepped forward when Sister Mary ceased speaking. She was a tall, fair girl, with delicate features, but with plenty of determination and courage in her dark grey eyes. Though naturally inclined to be imperious, on this occasion her voice was gentle and contrite as she began:

"Sister, it was all my fault. I almost dared Mary Catherine to do it."

"Dared her to do it, Eugenia!" said Sister Genevieve. "Were you not aware that the rotten log on which she walked has been lying across the ravine for years, exposed to all the ravages of time and weather? Had you ever seen or heard of anything heavier or less light of foot than a rabbit going over it?"

"Well, I did not exactly *dare* her," said Eugenia; "but she was angry and took it that way."

"Her rashness does not excuse you in the least, Eugenia. What if she had fallen and killed herself?"

"I have no excuse to make, Sister," replied the girl, penitently. "As I said before, it was all my fault. But I was really angry, and so was she."

"Probably the painful news we heard this afternoon was at the bottom of it," said Sister Mary. "No doubt you and Mary Catherine had one of those disputes which have been far too common lately."

"Yes, that was it," answered Eugenia. "Joe Flite came riding by, and told us that South Carolina had seceded. I could not help being glad, and shouted and waved my handkerchief; and then Mary Catherine—"

"And why were you feeling so glad, my foolish little girl?" interrupted Sister Genevieve.

"Because—oh, because we want our rights; and it shows we're not afraid and we're not cowards, as Mary Catherine said. That is why I got so displeased. I told her that if she were a boy she would no more have the courage to go to the war than she would to cross the ravine on that rotten old log. I never thought she would attempt to do it, and I am willing to apologize for my part of it."

"You see what comes of a moment's relaxation of vigilance, Sister," observed Sister Mary, glancing at her companion. Turning to the girls, circled in a group about her, she continued: "One of the

children hurt her foot, and we stopped to rest for a few moments. Joe came along while we were waiting and told us the deplorable news. Sister Genevieve or I should have come on at once, as it seems you are not capable of being trusted alone, young ladies. Now, let us get back to the convent as quickly as possible. Mother will know best what is to be done in this matter, which threatens to disrupt more than one Union."

The walk homeward was a silent one. As they entered the enclosed grounds from the rear, they caught a glimpse of a red turban advancing from the opposite direction. The girl who wore it had thrown back her dark green cloak, and was walking at a rapid pace, her head proudly erect; while on the rising wintry wind, which blew in their faces, were borne back the echoes of the refrain of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which Mary Catherine was singing in her beautiful *contralto* voice.

The girls looked at one another; eyes sparkled, cheeks flushed, and, with a sudden, quick movement, they rushed forward to meet their indomitable companion, at the same time bursting into a spirited chorus. But there were some who held back; notably Eugenia and several of the Southern girls.

Sister Mary lifted her hand to command silence, and there was silence. Not another word was spoken, even when Mary Catherine joined them; all seemed to understand that the air was ominous. Sister Genevieve accompanied them to the recreation room. Sister Mary went in search of Mother Teresa, who soon came to them there, where she talked very seriously of the situation as it appeared; at the same time exhorting them to banish all feelings of animosity and strife from their hearts, and promising severe punishment if she should ever again hear of an ebullition of feeling similar to that which had occurred that afternoon.

After she had finished, Eugenia rose, once more accusing herself of having been in fault.

"You show a good disposition, my dear," said Mother Teresa. "Nothing now remains but that you and Mary Catherine shake hands."

Eugenia looked toward the corner where her adversary sat, with tightly closed lips, which did not relax in the least at the words of the superior.

Eugenia seemed about to advance, but on second thought she turned away her face. Certainly Mary Catherine's manner did not warrant any advances.

"Mary Catherine, are you not ready also to make due apology?" inquired Mother Teresa, upon whose countenance a shade of anxiety began to appear.

The girl rose slowly, coming forward with evident reluctance.

Eugenia once more advanced, holding out her hand. But, entirely ignoring it, it was to Mother Teresa that Mary Catherine addressed herself.

"Mother," she observed, in a peculiar tone, which in her always indicated suppressed fire, and of which the Sisters had long since learned the signs and tokens. "Mother," she repeated, standing erect, with both hands tightly clasped behind her back, "I, for one, have done or said nothing which requires an apology. I am ready to *accept* one if Eugenia King wishes to make it, and will promise not to repeat the offence. Otherwise it will be only a *farce* to do it; and in her place I shouldn't consider it worth while."

"Of course the whole thing is a farce, from a sensible view of it," said Mother Teresa. "Furthermore, I wish to say that any recurrence of it will not be permitted in the school. Here there is no North, no South: we are all members of one family; and, whatever goes on outside, we must dwell together in peace and unity."

Mary Catherine's lip curled perceptibly. "Mother," she replied, "I can't help

what you may do to me—perhaps turn me out; but I *must* say what I have to say. I know, and we all know, that what you want us to feel is Christian, and so on. But there *is* North and South in the school, and there always will be as long as there is trouble outside of the school; and no one can stop it, because we've got it right down in the very bottom of our hearts."

"And you wish to turn the school into a battlefield, Mary Catherine?" inquired the superior.

"I didn't begin it!" cried the girl, aroused out of her enforced calmness. "They just shouted for joy—because—" her voice broke in a sob.

"And you said we were cowards, Mary Catherine," interrupted Eugenia, in a trembling voice.

"And I'll say it again and again!" exclaimed the other, stamping her feet and waving her arms, now fairly beside herself with anger and excitement.

"Come, Mary Catherine," said a gentle voice behind her; and, taking her hand, Sister Mary led her from the room. Presently she returned for Eugenia, who followed her obediently. What occurred between them the girls never knew; but it was soon evident that a show of peace had been made, temporarily at least.

That night Mary Catherine did not appear at table; the Sisters once more strictly forbade any allusion to war or politics, under threat of instant dismissal to the first offender. But the following morning the sky was clear again, and the Christmas holidays passed pleasantly enough. Mary Catherine received a large box of good things from her aunt, sent by her father's orders; and so generously and impartially did she share them that her good-nature did much to dissipate whatever ill feeling still lingered.

When the pupils who had been home for the holidays returned, it was almost impossible to prevent news of "the world"

from being discussed, particularly that which was of war and rumors of war. Events succeeded each other quickly in those days. After the fall of Fort Sumter, the country began the first realization of the horrors which were to hold it in thrall for the next four years. Many and many an incipient rebellion between the opposing forces in that miniature world was crushed only by the tact and wise foresight of Mother Teresa. Much of her influence was no doubt due to the fact that, while a Southern woman herself, she never allowed the children to see that her heart was with her rebellious native State, as undoubtedly it was. Perfectly just and impartial, her influence was a potent factor in healing the sharp little wounds which would often, inadvertently perhaps, be inflicted upon one another by thoughtless companions.

Several of the Southern girls were removed at the beginning of the war, but others remained. On both sides, whatever their feelings, people were slow to believe that the rebellion would last more than a few months—three at furthest. On this account, as well as by reason of the great distance between certain portions of the North and South, many of the pupils had not been sent for by their parents.

Meanwhile Mary Catherine's father gave up his government position and joined the army as a volunteer. He soon rose to eminence, and was beside General Rosecrans through most of his long campaign. This was what his daughter had expected; but Mary Ann was not prepared to hear that her uncle had also enlisted. The news made her very anxious. His health was not good, he was no longer young, and she feared that he would not be able to endure the hardships of camp life. However, her loyal heart throbbed with admiration when she thought of the brave old man responding so readily to the call of his country. He announced his purpose in the following letter:

PONTOOSUC, June 6, 1862.

MY DEAR NIECE:—I think it my duty to inform you that I have enlisted in the First Pennsylvania Regiment, Company T—, under the command of Captain Watson, brother of the man you know. Though a West Pointer, he has not been in the army for years. You may think it a foolish move on my part, but I felt it my duty to take up arms in defence of my country; though I can hardly expect to compare with younger and stronger men. There are thirty-six men going from around Pontoosuc; all of them are known to you by name, and some you are well acquainted with. [Here followed a list of names.] So I shall be with friends and neighbors if anything should happen to me, which I hope and trust will not be the case. It is not likely that there will be any fighting to amount to much. We will soon frighten the Rebs into submission, as all men of common-sense expect.

It is a terrible thing, this war; and to think of it amounting to anything more than a temporary scare is not believed by me. But I have put my affairs in order in case anything should happen. Mr. Watson knows all about them, and has my papers. Aunt Lizzie's brother Ike will look after the farm while I am gone. Think of your old uncle, my dear girl, and remember that he always loved you best in the world; and that if things did not go just as they might with you, he could not help or hinder them. Be a good girl always, Mary Ann, whatever happens. Hoping and trusting that we may meet again in this world, if it be God's will; and if not, in His heavenly kingdom, I remain

Your loving uncle,

JAKE BEATTY.

Mary Ann never knew that the good, kind uncle whom she was not to see again on earth had been driven to enlist by the taunts and sneers of his wife, who, not considering his age and infirmities,

pronounced him a coward for holding back, until she really made him believe he was one. That letter was the last ever received from him. He was killed at the first battle of Bull Run; but Mary Ann did not know of his death until, having written repeatedly to her aunt without receiving a reply, she addressed herself to Mr. Watson, who communicated to her the sad news.

She was now alone in the world, and at first she could not help reproaching herself with having left her uncle. But when Mr. Watson, in reply to a letter of hers alluding to this, assured her that the old man had never ceased talking of the pleasure and consolation he had drawn from the knowledge that she had been given an opportunity for a good education, she endeavored to banish those gloomy thoughts from her mind, already enough saddened by her loss. The farm had been left to her aunt during life, at her death reverting to Mary Ann. But thoughts of the future did not as yet weigh heavily on her soul. Mature in many ways, she had that faith in Providence which some one has said seldom belongs to any but young birds and little children.

(To be continued.)

THE burial places of our dead Presidents are widely scattered. Washington's body lies at Mount Vernon; the two Adamsons are buried under the old church at Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson rests at Monticello; Madison's grave is at Montpelier; Monroe's remains lie in the Richmond cemetery; Jackson's grave is in front of his old residence—"The Hermitage"; Van Buren was buried at Kinderhook; Harrison, at North Bend, near Cincinnati; Polk, at Nashville; Fillmore, at Buffalo; Pierce, at Concord; and Buchanan, at Lancaster. Lincoln's grave is near Springfield; Johnson's, at Greenville; Garfield's, at Cleveland; Grant's, at Riverside; and Arthur's, at Albany.

The Legend of the Blessed Virgin and the Hermit.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

In the days of the great St. Pacomius, when life eternal was the chief preoccupation of all Christians, a hermit, whose name has not come down to us, resolved to bury himself so far away in the desert that no one would be able to disturb his solitude or interrupt his meditations. After a long search he found a locality pretty similar to what he desired. It was behind a mountain, where a spring of water flowed into a little rocky basin; while close by stood four large date-palms. Although there was no real grotto, an overhanging rock almost supplied the deficiency; so the hermit thanked God for his discovery and installed himself in his new home.

He spent all his time in praying, or singing psalms, or meditating upon eternity. One of his greatest pleasures was to picture to himself Paradise and its beatified citizens—God, the saints, the angels, and especially the Blessed Virgin. "How beautiful she must be! How happy must they be who see her!" he often repeated. And, remembering that she had sometimes appeared to holy solitaries, he began to beg such a favor for himself.

He prayed for many months, but caught no glimpse of the Mother of Christ. Finally an angel appeared to him and told him that his request was to be granted; but the granting would cost him dear, as he would lose the sight of one of his eyes.

"Never mind that!" cried the hermit. "Just let me see her!—O let me see her!"

At that moment the Blessed Virgin showed herself to him in all her glory. Twelve stars formed her crown; choirs of angels flew round about her; SS. Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Agatha, and thousands of other virgins, constituted her court. The

vision lasted a long time, but the hours passed without the hermit's noticing them.

When he at length came to himself he found that the angel had predicted truly: he could see with only one eye. Our Lady was so beautiful, however, and he was so rejoiced at having seen her, that he did not at all regret the sacrifice.

Eight days had not elapsed before he was consumed with the desire to behold her again. But now he questioned himself whether he could discreetly ask for this second favor. Then, again, if he lost the sight of his other eye, how could he live alone in the desert? He spent some days in deliberation; but at last the desire to see his Heavenly Mother proved stronger than all other considerations, and he began praying once more that the vision might again be accorded to him.

He prayed fervently for a week, a month, a year, two years—but nothing appeared. Still he was not discouraged, and said to himself: "She will eventually yield." As a matter of fact, the Blessed Virgin did appear to him a second time, fully as beautiful as on the first occasion.

When the vision disappeared, our hermit expected to find himself completely blind. He was agreeably surprised, however; for, as a reward of his great love for her, Our Lady had not only left his good eye uninjured, but had restored sight to his other one.

WHEN Lewis Cass, the great statesman of Michigan, was exploring the head waters of the Mississippi, he determined to give to the lake a name which should indicate that it was the true head of the great river. "What are the Latin words for true head?" he asked one of his companions. "*Veritas* and *caput*," was the blundering reply. *Veritas-caput* being deemed too long a name, the end of one and the beginning of the other word were joined, and the name *Itasca* was applied to the lake.

Tommy Stringer's Friend.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Not very long ago the story of the teaching of Tommy Stringer was told in these pages. Those who were interested in the unfortunate boy by that recital may be glad to hear a little more concerning him, especially of the interest which was taken in him by Helen Keller, a girl older than he by several years, and similarly afflicted.

When Tommy was but a baby his darkened life began; for then a terrible illness left him blind and deaf. For five years after that he lay in a living tomb, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and knowing very little.

Then Helen heard of him. She herself had been in just such a prison, and the light had been brought to her. She determined to take it to Tommy. She was at that time ten years old—a sensitive, delicate child, but with a brain active and well developed, and a heart ready to respond to any call.

"I am the one to save that poor boy," she persisted. They wanted to take him to the almshouse; for he was considered an incurable and troublesome patient, requiring the continual services of an attendant. At the almshouse he could at least be sheltered and fed; and really it seemed as if that was all that could be done under the circumstances.

"No," said Helen, in the strange sign-language she used. "What has been done for me can be done for him." And she talked about him and wrote letters about him, and denied herself every little luxury in order to save money for her darling object.

She had a beautiful dog—a Newfoundland—named Lioneis. By mistake this pet was shot by a policeman; and when the fact became known people wrote to

Helen from every part of the country, offering her money that she might buy another dog. Then came her opportunity; and she sent letters flying in every direction, telling these kind unknown friends that she did not wish another pet; that she was grateful, but that no dog could take the place of Lioneis; and that if they wished to make her happy, they might help a little boy in whom she was interested. She ended by telling them of Tommy Stringer. It was no light task that Helen undertook, but she never faltered. She sent as many as eight letters a day,—a large number when you think that she was blind, and that no thought or help from another could reach her through her ears. Beside that, she wrote many appeals to the generosity of the public, and had them widely circulated. They all bore the same sad refrain: "Help the little lad who dwells in the dark and the silence!"

And the result of that devotion? You already know it. Helen's friends promptly responded, both because they loved her and because they shared her pity for Tommy; and in a short time he was comfortably entered as an inmate of the Kindergarten for the Blind, and is now one of its most promising pupils.

Was there ever a more beautiful lesson wrapped up in a young life? Helen, like Tommy, lives in a world where no light can ever enter, where no sound can ever come; but instead of repining because she has less than the poorest beggar in the street, she helps others and calls down blessings upon herself. We who have our senses ought surely to do as much. There may be no little Tommy Stringer that we can help, but there are other Tommys: there are unfortunates all about us, whom we see, while Helen could not see Tommy Stringer; whose sad voices we can hear, while Helen could not hear Tommy's. We can find them in plenty if we are willing to try.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The boys are indebted to Miss Molly Elliot Sewell for another capital book, "The Rock of the Lion," published by Harpers. It is the story of an American sailor-boy during the Revolution, and is an excellent mixture of history and romance.

—The public has heard so much of the domestic troubles of Admiral Nelson that the announcement of the publication of much of the correspondence that passed between the great naval commander and his wife will be received with mixed emotions. Little use has hitherto been made of these letters in the biographies of Nelson, and even that little seems to have been garbled.

—"Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle" is a book of devotions adapted to hours and half hours of adoration, compiled and edited by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. It is a treasury of prayer-inducing suggestions, meditations, and ejaculations to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In point of binding, form, size and typography, it leaves nothing to be desired. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"Responses for Divine Service in the Catholic Church," compiled and arranged by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, has lately been published by J. Flanner, of that city. Directors of choirs will find this collection most useful, as it contains the responses (arranged in different keys) for the various prefaces, for Vespers, Benediction, the *Te Deum*, for the ceremony of Confirmation, etc.

—Many persons who realize the need of an English Catholic Bible, and who, like ourselves, never cease to regret that Cardinal Newman did not supply it, will learn from the new life of Wiseman that the great English convert actually began the work of revision, but was dissuaded from continuing it; for what reasons it is not stated. (The prejudices and supineness of hereditary believers in England no doubt arrested the spread of the Church in many ways.) The project seems to have been suggested by Father Benigno, the learned superior of the Franciscans in the Trastavere, who was a

member of the Congregation of the Index. The plan he proposed to Newman was to take the Protestant version, correct it by the Vulgate, and get it sanctioned as the English authorized translation of the Bible.

—J. Fischer & Bros., New York, have sent us a taking operetta for children—"An Irish May-Day," a cantata bringing in the favorite Irish melodies. The story unfolded in song is attractive, and we recommend this work to schools and societies needing special features for entertainments.

—"The Fifth Reader" of the Educational Music Course, published by Ginn & Co., continues and elaborates the study of "three-part songs" begun in the preceding volume. Modulation is next taught in progressive lessons, patriotic songs concluding the work. "The Sixth Reader" carries on instruction and exercises in three-part songs, closing with several compositions written for this course by noted American musicians—Chadwick, Clarke, De Koven, Foerster, and others.

—About a quarter of a century ago André Lepas published a French work entitled, "At the Gate of Paradise: Judgments of Mgr. St. Peter on the Cases of Certain Candidates for Election." The book is a curious mixture of the humorous and the grave; it would not suit English readers, though it has won the admiration of young and old, clerics and laymen, scientists and theologians, society women and nuns, the secular and the religious press in France. A new edition has just appeared, which is honored by the recommendation of the late Bishop Deschamps.

—Our discriminating contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*, pays an appreciative tribute to a foremost Catholic novelist—one whom our readers long ago learned to love—who has recently been bereft of a beloved husband. The *Casket's* estimate of Mrs. Tiernan's influence on her countless readers is a just one, and we heartily echo its eulogy as we share its sympathy for the stricken widow:

There are thousands of persons throughout the English-speaking world whose sympathy will go out to a bereaved woman in North Carolina whose face they have never seen. That woman is known to them

as "Christian Reid," but this, as most of them know, is only a pen-name. The name of the husband whose death she now mourns was James M. Tiernan; and her own ere she took his, eleven years ago, was Frances C. Fisher. . . . In her grief, of which it is almost a profanation to speak, she will have the sympathy of countless readers whom she has introduced to an enchanted world of high ideals and noble deeds, and not one of whom, it is safe to say, has ever perused a volume from her pen without being lifted, for a time at least, to loftier aspirations and higher views of the meaning of life.

—Of Lionel Johnson's work, which has often been referred to in this magazine, the *Bookman* says: "Mr. Lionel Johnson has put together another book of poetry, in which the twofold note of inspiration again appears: the austere majesty of the golden poetry of the Greeks with the passionate freedom and wild sweetness of the Celtic Muse. As in his former work, the love for Ireland and the strong Catholic sentiment are predominant." Mr. Johnson is an English convert, and his volume of Irish songs was published appropriately for St. Patrick's Day.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden.* \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame.* \$2.

- Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellicius.* \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klaunder.* 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goebsbriand.* \$1.50.
 Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$6.
 Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.
 The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
 The Journal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowé.* 50 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-jenkins.* 30 cts., each.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehl.* \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.
 The Commandments Explained. *Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.* \$1.60.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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The Fourth Station.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

COMES at length the sad procession,
 moving onward to the hill,—
 Comes the weary Man of Sorrows, bowed
 beneath earth's weight of ill;
 Burden sore, the Cross He carries on His
 shoulders drooping low;
 Sorer far the sin it symbols to His soul
 oppressed with woe.

Few of all who throng about Him in that
 mocking train there be
 Moved to tender Him compassion, few to
 proffer sympathy;
 Yet not friendless reels He onward—see!
 where turns the lengthy street,
 Mary, stricken dumb with anguish, waits
 her Son, her God, to meet.

Who shall sound her sorrow's ocean, who
 conceive her awful grief,
 When His pain-shot eyes uplifted hold hers
 for a moment brief?
 Jesu's Mother views His torments, notes
 each single pang and throe:
 Notes—aye, *feels* them. All His passion doth
 her spirit undergo.

Son all-perfect, spotless Mother! By the
 anguish of that hour,
 Help me shun whate'er may grieve You;
 arm my soul 'gainst Satan's power;
 Grave the picture of Your meeting deep my
 memory within,
 That its sight may fill my being with a
 steadfast hate of sin.

The Power of a Crucified Life.*

BY FATHER FIDELIS (STONE), C. P.

The word of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but to them that are saved it is the power of God.
 I. COR., 1, 18.

TO this city of Rome, to which all things in the world turn as to a centre, there came, about one hundred and sixty years ago, an unknown pilgrim. He was but a youth, penniless and friendless; he came bare-footed and bareheaded, with eyes cast down; and he wore a coarse habit, which was not that of any Order known in Rome. Before entering the city gates, he knelt and kissed the ground; and then he turned his tired steps toward the great dome, which hangs as if in mid-air, dwarfing all the seven hills of the Eternal City. He went there to pray; and when evening came he sought shelter in a hospice for pilgrims.

The next morning early he went again in the direction of St. Peter's. He had it in mind to throw himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ and to beg his blessing and approval of certain rules for an austere and penitential life, which he had written in solitude and in much

* A discourse delivered in Rome, in the Basilica of SS. John and Paul, April 28, 1880, on the occasion of the translation of the relics of St. Paul of the Cross.

suffering, and under an impulse which he himself believed came from heaven. From his childhood he had had but one thought, and that was devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ; and now he trusted that the time had come when, with the approbation of the highest authority on earth, he might begin his life-work of kindling and reviving that devotion in the hearts of others.

With innocent simplicity, he drew near to the portals of the Vatican and asked to see the Holy Father. The official to whom he chanced to speak looked at him a moment, and then said: "Do you know how many rogues come round here every day? Be off with you!" He made no answer, but went away. He wandered on till he came to a fountain. He was faint and hungry; so he sat down, and took from his bosom a piece of bread which had been given him that morning. A beggar came and held out his hand; and he gave the half to one who was poor like himself. It was a meal which St. Francis would have envied. Then he thought over what had happened. He thought that he was the most wicked and ungrateful of men, and that he had been treated just as he deserved; and he was glad to have it so. He thought also that he had been treated like One who on earth was "despised and the most abject of men";* and that made him strangely happy. And then he saw that God's time had not come yet; and, with an act of loving abandonment to that divine and blessed will, he rose and went out of the city as he had entered it, and began his journey back to the country from which he had come.

Who was he? His name—yes, you know that. But *what* was he? There are two opinions on that point. I do not suppose there are any who would share exactly the judgment of the unlucky custodian of the Vatican that morning; but

there are many—they are the majority—who would say that he belonged to a class more intolerable to them than that of rogues: to the class of fools, of fanatical fools. "We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor."* On the other hand, there are some—not many nowadays—who would say that he was a hero of the highest order, one in whose life was made manifest the power of God. Now, it is precisely this difference of opinion which marks the dividing line between the children of this world and the children of faith; or, in the uncompromising words of the Apostle, between those who perish and those who are saved: "The word of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but to them that are saved it is the power of God."

So long as the Gospel of Jesus Christ speaks only of the perfection of which human nature is capable—of charity and universal brotherhood, of divine sonship and immortal life,—men can not withhold from its doctrines the tribute of at least a formal admiration. They will even concede to its Author a distinguished place among the sages of the earth. But when that Gospel comes to speak of the means by which such perfection is to be attained; when it declares that human nature, fallen and corrupt, can be regenerated only by a process which it calls crucifixion—that is, the "crucifixion of the flesh, with its vices and concupiscences";† the mortification, or putting to death, of selfish passions and depraved inclinations; when it preaches penance, contempt of the world, and poverty of spirit; when, in fine, it holds up the Cross of Christ as at once the glorified instrument of man's redemption, and the expressive symbol of a life conformed to the teaching, inspired by the example, and energized by the power of a crucified Redeemer, then instantly it encounters—evokes rather—an opposition so furious

* Isaiah, liii, 3.

* Wisdom, v, 4.

† Gal., v, 24.

and unrelenting as to furnish ample illustration of the rebellion with which our nature is charged. Then at once begins that long warfare of the flesh against the spirit, which, while it rages secretly in the soul of every man, is conducted on a grander scale in the history of our race; which lies deeper than all national animosities, and back of all political quarrels; which broke forth first in the "*Tolle, crucifige!*" of Good-Friday, and echoes still in the "*Ecrasez l'infame!*" of the Revolution.

It was the rebuke which the doctrine of the Cross gave to the selfishness of man: to pride, which is selfishness of the intellect; and to luxury, which is selfishness of the flesh; that stirred the wrath of pagan Rome, usually so tolerant of creeds, against a religion which otherwise appeared only contemptible; drawing down the whole brute force of the empire upon innocent victims who made but a passive resistance; drenching the world with generous blood, and converting this antique metropolis, down literally to its very foundations, into a burial place of martyrs, a city of sepulchres and shrines.

Well, you know the issue of that first campaign. The result was in very truth surprising—inexplicable except on one supposition. In the year that Nero ascended the throne, before the Cæsars had begun to shake themselves from their indolent security, and gird themselves for their strange encounter, an Apostle of the new religion penned these astonishing words: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to naught things that are."* Yes, the Cross triumphed. "The word of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but to them that are saved it is the power of God."

Many and various have been the efforts of human passion to destroy the prestige of a doctrine whose supremacy it finds intolerable. At length, in the sixteenth century, came an attempt which, for ingenuity of conception as well as for the temporary success which it achieved, surpassed any that had preceded it. Not bold enough or not strong enough to attack Christianity in front, the spirit of pride and sensuality took the form of heresy, and sought to gain its end by glossing a faith which it could not overthrow. It took down the figure of the Crucified from the too stern gibbet on which it had hung, and hid away out of sight its too eloquent wounds. It gilded the Cross. It covered over the thorns that hedge the narrow way which leads to life, and strewed with flowers a new path of its own. It said: 'Christ hath died,—the Just for the unjust; and that is enough. He has done all, and there is nothing left for us to do but to enjoy the liberty of the sons of God. Only believe. *Pecca fortiter, sed crede fortius!** No more abasement, no more penance, no more crucifying of the flesh! It is all folly; for Christ hath suffered for us,—not leaving us an example, for there is no need that we should follow in His steps.'

It was a seductive doctrine, and it spread with contagious rapidity. But as Aaron ran into the midst of the camp of Israel, when the plague had begun, with incense and fire from the tabernacle of the Lord; so against the ravages of this more deadly pestilence there arose in the midst of the Church men whose faith and devotion were as fire from the altar; they stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.† Protestantism, as such, has long since ceased to be any menace to the Church of Christ.

The real damage done by Protestantism

* "Sin stoutly, only believe more stoutly,"—a maxim of Luther's.

† Num., xvi, 46-48.

* I. Cor., i, 27, 28.

was the breach which it made in Christendom, and the advantage which that gap afforded for a culminating attack from a more open foe. I say, a last great assault; for beyond complete apostasy there is nothing left. And this is the movement which is going on now—the return of the Christian nations to paganism. It began early in the last century; and, slowly gathering strength under the lead of the French Encyclopædists, burst into sudden fury in the wild terrors of the great Revolution. Checked for a time in its more fierce excesses, it was not really repressed, but fell back only to prepare for a more orderly advance. And that advance has already been made. The end is not yet, but it can not be very far off.

Yes, we are not blind to plain facts. We regard them, not without sorrow, but without fear. The Catholic Church is to-day as immortal, as really invulnerable, as in the days of her beauty and renown; but her visible glory has been taken from her. Catholic Christendom is no more. It is a mockery now to pray for Christian kings or Christian governors. Civil society is already apostate. Among the nations of the earth there is no more recognition of the claims of God; no more appeal to any authority which He has established upon earth; no more unalterable justice; no more inviolable rights of the weak; no more supreme homage to Him, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Nazareth, the Crucified—Jesus Christ, King of kings and Lord of lords. From man there is no more help. And it is better that it should be so. We are content to leave the issue in His hands to whom it belongs. "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou most mighty! With Thy comeliness and Thy beauty set out; proceed prosperously and reign, because of truth and meekness and justice; and Thy right hand shall conduct Thee wonderfully."

It would seem that the religious crisis of our times is a reversal of the first glorious advance of Christianity against gentilism. To a great extent it is so. And in some respects it is worse than a mere retrogression. The revolt of to-day is worse than a mere return to paganism, because apostasy is worse than ignorance, however dense; because it is worse to turn away from the light than never to have seen it; because the abandonment of Christianity will not be, and can not be, a return to the paganism of Greece and Rome, but a going off into blank atheism; to paganism without its first freshness, without its good faith, without its glimmerings of light and gropings after God; to paganism embittered by the rejection and haunted by the reproachful memory of the truth.

It is not indeed from any fear or any hope of martyrdom that we speak thus of the new revolution. The tactics of the Cæsars are not likely to be tried again. Their heavy blows failed against the ethereal spirit of faith; the enemies of the Cross have learned to wage more scientific war. The spirit of modern infidelity is a spirit of malignity sharpened by the acid of scorn. Mockery—yes, this is the new weapon which has been forged in the arsenal of hate, and which is to do such clever work. And in truth its wounds are cruel. It is the adding of mockery to proscription which gives to the revolutionary onset its peculiar dash. Mockery of God and of all things sacred—of priesthood and sacraments, of prayer and sacrifice; but, above all, of that which has been from the beginning the object and the cause of all this rebellious tumult—mockery of the Cross of Christ. Against all that is a reminder of the Cross, and all that is inspired by the spirit of the Cross; against weak women who give away their ambition but to follow a crucified Spouse, and meek men who have no ambition but to follow a crucified Master,—against all these there is kept up, while the

work of spoliation goes on, a well-directed storm of insult.

Whence came this light and airy spirit of blasphemy? We do not find it in the comparatively earnest arguments of Celsus and Porphyry; nor is there anything like it in the bellowings of Luther or the bilious vituperation of Calvin. It sounds like the cry of spirits, long baffled, who at last see victory as within reach. Historically, it finds its first and most complete expression in that unique Frenchman, the father of this new infidelity, the most accomplished scoffer of modern times, whose wit was venom and whose genius curdled into a sneer.

And what new armor does the Church oppose to this new attack? None. She has nothing new to offer. Her mission is to teach and to suffer; and, whether men heed or whether they scoff, she is always the same. "We preach Christ crucified; unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The Church has no new weapon either of defence or attack; but she is ever fresh, and ever fertile in putting forth new and astonishing forms of the divine life which is in her. Even while men persecute and deride her, lo! she has budded afresh.

And now, after this review, which, rapid as it has been, may have appeared out of place, we shall be better able to estimate in a few words the life and mission of St. Paul of the Cross. He was born in the same year with Voltaire, and their long lives of more than eighty years ran parallel and in contrast. I do not suppose that St. Paul of the Cross had the least idea that he had a special work to do in combating the evil influence of his contemporary. He could not have heard of him until the design of his own life was already well filled out. Nor do I imagine that this humble servant of God was ever

even tempted by the thought that future generations would remember and venerate him as a saint; still less as a marked and representative saint—a saint peculiarly of his times. It is this very unconsciousness of destiny which gives to the lives of all elect souls their deepest significance and attraction. So it is that the wisdom of God makes use of the free-will and spontaneity of man to complete the symmetry of His eternal designs. It is only now, when the activity of the eighteenth century has congealed into history, and we can survey it from a sufficient distance to catch the real perspective of men and events, that it is becoming evident that St. Paul of the Cross was raised up for a great and special purpose. His figure stands out more and more in beautiful relief.

The characteristic of unbelief in the eighteenth century was derision of the Cross; and there is no saint of his age—nor is it too much to say, of any age—the single object of whose life was so obviously the exaltation of the Cross. All the saints are devout to the Passion; there is no saint but has become a saint by the study of it. It is their higher science; and St. Bernard speaks for all when he says: *Hæc mea sublimior philosophia, scire Jesum, et hunc crucifixum*. But there is no saint in whom devotion to the Passion takes, if I may use the word, so exclusive a form, concentrating into one intense focus all the powers and purpose of the soul. So that in this sense we may say of him what the Church sings, with ever-varying significance, of all: "There was none found like him."

Everything about him savors of the Cross. His name recalls it; his words are tinged with it; his work is transfigured by it. It was the subject of his meditation, the object of his imitation. To study it the better, he hid himself in lonely hermitages and climbed the heights of solitary mountains. He copied it as an artist copies a masterpiece, stroke for

stroke. To be poor like Jesus Christ, he gave up all that he had and might have had. To be despised like his divine Master, he went, as his biographer says, "in search" of humiliations. To have a share in the sufferings of Jesus, he fasted and scourged and afflicted himself. He entered into the inner meaning of the Passion, beyond where our cold conjecture can follow him; contemplating the divine motives of it, and adoring eternal decrees therein made known to him, until he forgot the world of the senses, and passed into the stillness of ecstasy.

And not merely in transient hours of rapture, but as a permanent state, he went out of himself. That is to say, all the affections and movements of his soul became so merged in the interests of the crucified Lord whom he loved, that he ceased from himself,—ceased to have any desires, any will, any life of his own. All his powers became transformed, possessed, by the power of God. And when he was reminded of himself at all, it was only as an obstacle; only to bewail that *he* did nothing but hinder, or, to use his own word, ruin the work of God. In all truth he could say, what we can only hope some day to understand: "With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. I live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

It was the thought of the insult which sin offers to an all-loving God that made him tremble and turn pale. It was the thought of that same God suffering for sin, and suffering in vain, which made his tears flow night and day. It was the desire of making some reparation for man's ingratitude, the burning desire of bringing souls so dearly purchased to know and estimate the love which had bought them,—it was this desire which sustained him in that long life of apostolic toil, the very recital of which makes us sigh and wonder; this the inspiration which, on the day that he died, when he could no longer use the tongue that

had spoken so many persuasive words for God, prompted him to search with trembling fingers until he found a little image of the Crucified, and to give it away, with mutely eloquent gestures, as the last, the only sermon of his life.

There—*there* is the man whom God raised to confront the sensuality of these latter times! Simple as a child, gentle as a mother, the rebuke of his life is as a flaming scourge. He is not a product of the third century, nor even of those Ages of Faith which men would paint so dark: he is our own St. Paul. Is not his life a power? Is it not a power to-day in the hearts of thousands? Not because he was a genius, not because he controlled the politics of a continent, but only because the word of the Cross was to him and in him the power of God—*Verbum Crucis, Dei virtus*.

And see how God has glorified him! I will not speak of the wondrous gifts which God showered upon him, nor of the marvellous effects which God wrought through him, while he yet lived. Let me speak only of that which is his most enduring monument, and which will be his eternal crown. He longed to do something to make men remember and love the Passion of Jesus Christ, and his desire was granted. To-day, after so long a time, through the Congregation which he founded, and by the children who call him Father, he, "being dead, yet speaketh."

We have seen how he came to Rome for the first time, and how he went away again. Years passed by, but he seemed to take no further thought concerning the object of what men would call his mad errand. We find him sometimes in desert solitudes, sometimes in the heart of great cities or in the wards of hospitals; but only a simple layman still, and apparently as far as ever from the realization of his strange hope. Twenty years passed by, and the rules which he had carried that morning, next to his heart, to the gates

of the Vatican, were approved and doubly confirmed by one of the greatest and most learned Popes that ever sat in the Chair of St. Peter—Benedict XIV., of illustrious memory. Fifty years passed by, and what is this that we see? A Pope—yes, it is the Pope this time who leaves the Vatican and comes hither to the Church of SS. John and Paul. He mounts the stairs; he enters the little room hard by the old bell-towers overhead. The Pope—yes, yes! the Vicar of Christ has come to see Father Paul. Not one but two successive Popes came, like loving friends, to visit the poor old bedridden man, whom all Rome knew now to be a saint.

Was not this honor enough? More than a hundred years have gone since then, and is his name forgotten or his fame grown dim? Is there statesman or philosopher, is there sage or poet, whose sepulchre is thus honored? You have travelled much: tell me, have you seen tomb of king or conqueror so gemmed and garlanded with glory? Do you know any of the world's great dead before whose cold ashes men will come day after day and kneel in silence, till the thoughts of their hearts brim over in grateful tears? O Paul of the Cross, thy grave is an altar, and the princes of God's people shall come from far and offer up the Adorable Victim upon the hallowed slab which shelters thy repose! He thought only of God, and God has not forgotten him. He lived only for God, and God has made the place of his sepulchre glorious. "Whosoever shall glorify Me, him will I glorify; but they that despise Me shall be despised."

Ah! this world passeth away, and the fashion thereof. There is only one way that leads to life, and it is the way of the Cross. Is this the path your feet are treading? Jesus Christ has said: "Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, can not be My disciple." Are you trying to imitate Jesus Christ? Do you think that you are crucified to the

world, and the world to you? Are you quite sure that you even understand what such words mean? Are they not to you rather like the jingle of a nursery rhyme, so familiar that you never thought of anything but the sound? Ask St. Paul of the Cross to teach you the meaning of a crucified life, to explain to you the *verbum Crucis*—the word of the Cross. He will help you to learn the lesson, the wondrous lesson, of the Cross. And it will transform your whole lives. For "the word of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but to them that are saved it is the power of God." Yes, the power of God.

A Sprig of Acacia.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

VI.

THE call was nearly over. It had not been a very short one either. But Julien had been ill at ease; for Claire had remained seated demurely in the background, apparently deeply engaged in her embroidery. Once he had almost ventured to cross the room and sit down beside her; but his courage failed him when he remembered that she was engaged, and that propinquity would but serve to increase his hopeless passion to no purpose. As has been related before, he was a prudent young man. But Madame Héroquez had called him over to the sofa, where she was reclining with a severe headache; and had said to him, in a tone both kind and confidential:

"My dear M. Denery, may I speak to you professionally? It may be a little out of order; but I came down here to get relief, if possible, from headache, to which I have been subject for the past year. I do not seem to improve. Would you write me a little prescription?"

"With pleasure," replied Julien. "Do you wish it to-day—at once?"

"Well—yes," said Madame Héroquez, after an instant's hesitation. "If we are to accept your aunt's kind invitation for Thursday, I want to be in good condition," she continued, with a charming smile, very like her daughter's.

After asking some questions, the young Doctor drew forth his note-book and wrote a prescription, which he tore up immediately with an impatient gesture.

"This can not be filled at Merville," he said. "But I can have it from Paris by Thursday afternoon. I feel confident it will relieve you, Madame; it is almost a specific. Have you never consulted a physician on the subject?"

"No," was the rejoinder. "It seemed such a trifle. But I have always had great confidence in you, M. Denery, since you did so well in my husband's case. We were all sorry to lose sight of you."

It seemed to the young man there was more in her tone than the words implied, yet he dared not meet her eyes. After a moment's silence she added:

"We will leave the prescription, then, till another time. After a good sleep to-night, I shall feel better."

A few minutes later there was a movement of departure. Claire came from her seat by the window and stood by her father, resting her hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Until Thursday," said Mademoiselle Alexandrine, as she shook hands with Madame Héroquez. "I trust your headache will have disappeared by to-morrow. A headache is poor company."

"Until Thursday," echoed Julien in a low voice, as he touched Claire's little white hand.

The girl bowed and smiled sweetly, half averting her eyes.

On Tuesday Julien spent his time entertaining an old friend of his father from a distance, who, having heard he was at home, travelled several leagues to see the boy whom he had known since

his birth. Mademoiselle Alexandrine was very glad of the occurrence: it gave him something to do. On Wednesday the *curé* took him for a drive to visit another family friend, bedridden and helpless. The good priest stopped to tea with them. After his departure the old lady excused herself under the plea of having some culinary duties to attend to, which Pierrette, the servant, might not be able to accomplish alone.

Julien took a cigar, went to the end of the garden and sat on a rustic bench under the acacia trees for an hour, quietly thinking. Then he went to bed and slept soundly.

The next day, after an early dinner, he announced his intention of driving to S——, where he expected to find Madame Héroquez's prescription.

"Will it be at the post-office?" inquired his aunt. "You sent to Paris for it?"

"Yes, Aunt," was the reply. "I hope she may not need it, but it will be well to have it on hand. I can give it to her this afternoon, when they come."

"But why not drive over with it?"

"I had thought of it, but it might look intrusive," said Julien.

"Intrusive! She asked you for it: you are a physician. How have you ever made your way thus far if you are so thin-skinned with everybody?"

"I shall be back in an hour and a half," he answered, without taking any notice of her remark. "They will not have arrived before then."

"They will hardly come before three. But you will have to dress."

"Dress! I am well enough, Aunt. It is not to be a dancing party."

"Well, well! you know best," said the old lady, eying him critically, but not with disapprobation. He was indeed good to look at, and she felt a thrill of pride as she regarded him. She would have liked a more elaborate coat, but the rough tweeds he wore were very becoming.

"At least put on your black satin tie with the red polka dots. It sets off your dark complexion well."

Julien laughed; but came down a few moments later wearing the tie, and started immediately for S—. A quarter before three he returned, bringing the package for which he had gone. The expected guests had not yet arrived; the good woman was beginning to feel nervous, lest something should prevent them from coming. She was standing with her back to the vine-covered kitchen window, giving some directions to Pierrette.

Julien went up to his room, returning with a book in his hand; he then strolled leisurely down to the end of the garden, where, seating himself on the bench, he began to turn over the pages. Presently he came to something which appeared to please him. He read it again and again, seeming each time to find it more enjoyable. Then a drowsiness began to steal over him; the book fell from his grasp—he was almost asleep.

Suddenly he was startled from his reverie by the sound of a delicious little laugh. It was an involuntary ripple, instantly repressed; for when he turned his head he caught sight of a flying skirt on the path behind him. He sprang to his feet; the runaway looked back, but kept on.

"Mademoiselle Claire!" he exclaimed.

The young girl paused.

"Did you call me, M. Denery?" she asked, presenting a demure face to her questioner.

"Yes," he said, approaching her. "I fear you caught me napping."

"I did," she replied, unable to repress a smile. "It is quite a triumph for such an insignificant person as I over a grave savant like yourself."

"You are fond of jesting," he went on. "But I flatter myself that I am at least good-natured. I was not aware that you had arrived."

"I presume not. Papa and mamma are in the *salon*, and I begged permission to walk in this lovely, old-fashioned garden."

She made a step as if to turn away.

"Why go back at once? It is lovely here, under the acacias," said Julien.

She made a gesture of surprise, and he added quickly:

"I know that in Paris it would not be *en règle*; but here at Merville can we not waive ceremony a little? Come, sit down for a few moments. I have some verses which I would like to read to you."

"Some verses! Are they your own?"

"Oh, no! I am not a poet."

She turned half reluctantly, and sat down. He seated himself at a little distance but did not offer to begin. She looked rather uneasy. Appreciating her feeling, he said:

"I asked you to sit down, because I thought the place and the poem suited each other so well."

"And now are you going to begin?"

He opened the book and began to read a poem entitled "In a Garden," written in 1750. He had an expressive, well-modulated voice.

My lady passes
Between the grasses
Edging the narrow paths on either hand;
With birds delighting,
And flowers inviting,
There is no lovelier maid in all the land.

The young blooms love her,
And bend above her
To mark the beauty of her gentle face;
The bees surround her,
But never wound her,
As they flit to and from their dwelling-place.

So far above me,
She could not love me,
Or even dream that all the busy day,
Amid my flowers,
I count the hours,
Hoping at sunset she may pass this way.

White lily blossom,
Into your bosom
Only I breathe my secret now and then;
Soft words caress her,
Sweet angels bless her,
And guard her footsteps till she comes again!

He paused. Her eyes were downcast, her hands lightly folded on her lap.

"Do you like it?" he asked. Then, without waiting for a response, he continued: "'White lily blossom'—change that to 'acacia blossom,' and it will tell you a story. Do you like the perfume of acacia?"

"I love it," she answered, glancing at him shyly.

"So do I," he said. "But for it I should not now be sitting here."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Shall I tell you the story?" he asked.

"Is it a long one?" she inquired.

"That depends on you," he rejoined, "It may be finished now—this afternoon. in a few moments; or it may last through two lifetimes—yours and mine."

Her lips moved, but he quickly made a restraining gesture and went on:

"Once there was a lonely student. He had some acquaintances, no friends. He was neither very good nor very bad; not vicious certainly. He loved his books and spent much time with them. One evening he was writing in his room. Feeling fatigued, he thought he would take a few turns about the floor. As he passed and repassed a certain spot he caught the fragrance of some delicious flower. He could not account for it: there were no flowers in the room. Next morning he saw that a little window high up in the wall had been left open. Mounting on a chair to close it, he found on the narrow sill a sprig of acacia which had been wafted from the neighboring garden. He could not resist the temptation to look over. There he saw a charming family picture: a gentleman walking about tending the flowers; a lady sitting in the summer-house; a young girl in a pink gown. That picture has never left the student's mind; he could not banish it if he would. Once, having erred through an unwarrantable presumption, he tried to do so; but the memory always remained. So

many things there were to remind him of it: the haunting recollection of a sweet face; another old garden with the ever-recurring perfume of acacia-blossoms; old trees under whose shade he could not resist seating himself on summer afternoons; verses which seemed to suggest the lady of his dream; and at last the beautiful vision embodied—"

"Ah, Monsieur, say no more!" cried the girl, rising hurriedly. "You distress me. I know not what to say."

"It is true, then," he said, rising to his feet. "You are promised in marriage?"

"I, Monsieur! Surely no," she replied.

"But I had heard so. There was some one at your home—"

"My cousin Léon from Tours. That was neighborhood gossip."

"It was from a gossip that I accidentally learned it. Still, I thought—"

"That I had forgotten you, Monsieur?" she said, with a certain archness, yet not free from seriousness.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Claire. Why, indeed, should you have remembered me?"

"Why, indeed, Monsieur, save that, like the lonely student of whom you speak, it was impossible—entirely to forget you."

"And your parents?"

"Can you not see, Monsieur, that my mother adores you?"

He smiled rapturously.

"But your father, Mademoiselle?"

"I hear his voice through the shrubbery at this moment calling me. Ask him, Monsieur, what opinion he has of you."

The next moment the burly form of M. Héroquez was to be seen, parting the acacia branches as he approached. Claire had disappeared in the opposite direction.

"Hector, why do you not cut down those acacias, they are such disorderly creatures?" said a friend to Monsieur Héroquez, a couple of years later. They were smoking after dinner in the latter gentleman's garden.

"Yes, I know it," was the reply. "I have often threatened to do it; but my son-in-law, who is the best fellow in the world, has some foolish sentiment about them. He thinks them beautiful, and will not let me do it. I can't find it in my heart to cross Julien, since he prizes them so highly; so there they will stay, probably, till the end of the chapter."

(The End.)

● ● ●

Stabat Mater.

—
BY R. O. K.
—

HARDLY breathing, scarcely sighing,
By the Cross of Jesus dying
Stood His Holy Mother mild;
Dumb in agony of feeling,
Only tears of blood* revealing
How she suffered with her Child.

As the deep sea is her anguish,
Yet not sense or strength doth languish,
Christ's sweet Mother woe-begone!
But her soul doth utter praises,
And she worships while she raises
Tearful glances to her Son.

For our race's expiation
Hangs He there in tribulation,
Striped and wounded, mocked and cursed;
On His head a thorn-crown wearing,
Four rude nails His body bearing,
On His lips a burning thirst.

Looking reverent up, and heeding
Hands and feet transfixed and bleeding,
Arms outstretched and open side;
May my stony heart be riven,
And the nails therein be driven
Of my Saviour crucified!

O sad Mother, grant this favor—
That I love my dying Saviour
With sweet pangs of love like thee;
That through life, by contemplation,
Faith and prayer and resignation,
I may dwell on Calvary!

* Some of the saints have said that Our Lady shed tears of blood.

—

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.

—

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

—

IV.—THE MEETING BETWEEN OUR LORD
AND HIS MOTHER ON THE WAY TO
CALVARY.

HOW like a dream, in an atmosphere of inconceivable loveliness, must not have seemed to Mary the hidden life of Jesus at Nazareth! Of all the Nazarene youths, none was more retiring than "the Son," as He was accounted, "of Joseph the carpenter." Not one was more assiduous at his occupation; and in the early days of the Church the faithful were reminded of the ploughs and yokes made from the hard wood by this Youth who had confounded, by the wisdom of His questions, the perfection of His replies, the wise men of His nation. And until the age of thirty this marvel continued.

Saint Joseph died during these years, breathing out his soul most peacefully on the bosom of Jesus, with Mary at his side; and this unity of the Holy Family once riven, we feel that it is a signal for the breaking up of the household itself. The ears of Jesus and of Mary were quick to hear the cry of the Baptist. It was the call to the public life of Jesus Himself, and was obeyed as implicitly as Saint Joseph had obeyed the voice and gesture of the angel charging him to flee into Egypt.

That Mary followed we can have no doubt; and thus the home at Nazareth was a deserted one. We can see her blue mantle flitting among the crowds that flocked to Saint John on the banks of the Jordan. She saw that Dove, symbolizing the same Holy Spirit which had flooded her soul with an awful joy at the moment of the Incarnation, descend upon the head of Jesus; she heard the voice, and she knew that the beginning of the end had come. The vocations of the several Apostles were so many revelations to her;

and when they appeared with their Master at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, the miracle which she evoked from her Son disclosed Him in all His beauty to the admiring guests. It was the opening of a celestial flower under the smile of Mary's virginal maternity.

Thenceforth the story of the "three years' ministry" absorbs the Evangelists. She appears once with His brethren while He is preaching and working wonders; and the word is sent to Him that His Mother and His brethren are without, desiring to speak with Him. But while she hears that voice declare, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in heaven, he is My brother, My sister, and mother," she knows that her presence has been a consolation to Him.

But the plots of Pharisees and Sadducees are deepening: closer and closer around Him are their nets woven; and closer and closer around Mary draws that circle of holy women who are to be her companions to the last: Mary, the wife of Cleophas, the brother of Saint Joseph, the mother of James and Jude, and a near relative of the Blessed Virgin; and Saint Mary Magdalene, the sister of Lazarus of Bethany.

During these last days she is always represented with these devoted women; above all, with Saint Mary Magdalene. They are with her when the tidings come to her, by the mouth of the Beloved Disciple, of all that passed in the Garden of Olives, the judgment hall of Pilate; but now she sees with her own eyes that the murderous sentence is to be carried out. She sees the procession of centurion and guards and soldiers taking its way from Pilate's house; and in the midst she sees Jesus bearing His cross without one helping hand; sees Him sinking to the ground under its weight. With a cry of anguish, she darts forward, makes her way through the ranks of armed soldiers, kneels beside her Divine Son, stretches

toward Him the hands that wrapped Him in His swaddling clothes, but which are not allowed to touch Him now in His humiliation. All the dolors of her thirty-three years—since she presented Him in the Temple, fled with Him to Egypt, sought Him through the streets of Jerusalem; all the grief at seeing Him rejected by His nation, persecuted, calumniated, at last condemned, and actually led to a most shameful and bitter death,—seize her heart like a death spasm. The eyes of the Son meet the eyes of the Mother; the same spasm that wrenches the heart of the Mother wrenches that of her Son; and her broken, tearless sobs are the only sounds that mark their meeting.

In that "Way of the Cross" in which the late beloved Father Sorin, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, has given us his meditations while making the actual *Via Crucis* in Jerusalem, we read: "The pilgrim is told where Jesus and Mary met on the road to Calvary; the sacred spot which even now, from tradition, is called 'The Spasm,' and which has been kept ever since in the greatest veneration. Here, in overwhelming affliction, met the two tenderest hearts that ever lived. O Mother of Sorrows, to whom shall I liken thee? For thy pain is boundless as the sea."

Cimabue, at Assisi, gives the mounted soldiery, awful in helmets and armor and lifted spears, pressing through the gate of the Holy City; and just outside we see the procession on foot, led by two mounted men-at-arms. In their rear are the two thieves who are to be crucified, urged on by blows; followed by Our Lord carrying His cross with a meekness that might disarm the malice of His executioners, if not of those who had sought His condemnation. Behind Our Lord are two other armed men, who are addressing a group of sorrowful women that have braved soldiers and horsemen to follow the Crucified; and here we recognize the

Blessed Virgin, Saint Mary Magdalene, Mary of Cleophas, the Beloved Disciple Saint John; while scowling horsemen, as we have said, press upon them at the gate.

But most threatening of all is one of the horsemen leading the procession, who looks angrily back and points his naked sword at the sorrowing women, as if ordering them from the ranks. The Magdalene meets his eye and the glint of his sword, and seems to remonstrate; but the Mother, like her Son, bows meekly to the command, as do her companions; Saint John holding his cheek in his hand, in his anguish.

In the Franciscan church of Santa Croce, Florence, Taddeo Gaddi gives this scene with a beauty of conception worthy of the artist who adorned the Spanish chapel in Santa Maria Novella. The towers of the Holy City are seen above the walls, from which pour crowds following in the wake of the cross, which rests on the shoulders of Our Lord, surrounded by armed men in their helmets and banners, with spears raised high. Close in the rear we see a group of women, and a soldier is raising his mace at them threateningly. But one darts forward, throws out both her hands to the full-length of her arms toward the holy Sufferer, with an expression on her face of such anguish, such agony, as only a gesture like this could express; while the meek Lord turns upon her that look of divine compassion which only a mother could claim, and that a virgin-mother. The dolor is here in all its fulness, in all its supernatural intensity. No one who ever looked upon that picture could fail to compassionate Mary, even when the meek Son of God is seen bending under His cross as a malefactor; for this it is which pierces the soul of Mary, rending her heartstrings.

Once more our Fra Angelico takes up the story of Mary's Dolors. Can we not picture to ourselves the Dominican Brother who had never dreamed of taking

Holy Orders; who took his place in the stalls instead of before the altar; who thought not of edifying his brethren, only of saving his own soul, and by the pious practice of his art to help them to save theirs; whose modesty shrank from preferment, and who loved, next to his prayer-stall in the choir, the solitude of his cell and the silence of his special calling,—can we not imagine this humble lay-brother shedding silent tears, as meditating, with his brethren, on the Passion of his beloved Master, the thought of Our Lady and of her part in that Passion comes over him like a wave of compassion, until he realizes that the sorrows of Jesus were Mary's sorrows as well, and the anguish that pierced the Heart of Jesus pierced hers also?

To pass from the choir to his own cell, or to the cell of the Brother whose book of meditation he was painting on its walls, was only to pass from one place of prayer, from one place of meditation, to another; and when he addressed himself to delineating the scenes in the story of Jesus of Nazareth, he had only to bow his head with an invocation to the Holy Spirit, to bring everything before his mind with the vividness of the actual event. No wonder that these conceptions, so simple in their outlines, often so barren as to details, lift the imagination, rouse the sympathies, and open, we know not how, vistas of thought which attract us, lead us out of the beaten paths of worldly conceptions, worldly criticisms, to yield ourselves to the gentle spell of genius lighting its flame at the lamp of the sanctuary.

Again we see the lofty towers that strengthen the walls of Jerusalem; a few cypresses lift their heads beside them; a few olive-trees are scattered over the hillside. The gate is open, and horsemen in helmets and armor come forward on their war steeds, but without haste or animosity. To the right we see a road

winding among rocks, and an armed procession following its sharp curves; while between these is a group which tells us the bitter story. Under the very heads of the horsemen issuing from the gate is a group of women, gentle, with clasped hands, as if adoring while they walk. The first full figure that comes to view is that of the Magdalene. A fillet binds modestly the hair which once wiped the anointed feet of her Master. Her hands are clasped in pain; her eyes look steadfastly before her, as if they could not turn from the object of her adoration; and directly before her, a tall, gentle figure, the hands clasped even tighter than those of the Magdalene, the star shining on her mantled shoulder, is Mary. She bends forward with a longing gesture, as if she must touch the object of her soul's worshipful love; and the eyes meet His whose glance has been the sunshine of her life.

But as she leans forward a soldier puts out his hand toward her as if to say: 'You must not advance one step!' That 'must not' was all that need be said to break Mary's heart. The anguish on that tender, thin face—the unresisting anguish—is like His only who goes before her, His unshod feet cut by the stones in the way, the slender hands balancing the heavy cross on His own shoulder; but the head, with its cruciform nimbus, turning toward His Mother with an agony of compassion. No other compassion we have described has been like this compassion; no other has probed like this the depth of Mary's dolor.

We pass from the quiet cloister of Saint Mark's, from the silent presence of its lay-brother, called "the blessed one" even by his brethren of the monastery, to a studio in Rome—the studio of one beloved as few in this world have been beloved; and yet bereaved of father, mother—every relative but an uncle, by whose loving, appreciative care his genius has

been sheltered from the age of eleven years. The world, its nobles, its princes, its emperors, its pontiffs, have lavished upon him their highest honors, their unbounded admiration. The wonder is that no flattery has altered his gentle modesty, no worldly grandeur taken from him the vision of heavenly things. Some mysterious virtue surrounds him, men say; but angels know that he has kept his youthful piety.

In the midst of all the commissions of imperial and pontifical favor comes one from the monks of Monte Oliveto, Palermo, Sicily; the scene to be that in which Our Lord is met on His way to Calvary by His most sorrowful Mother. In a moment of tender exaltation, of pious emotion, the artist of the Vatican, the almost worshipped Raphael of Urbino, of entire Italy, and of civilized Europe, conceives that picture which is still called to-day *Lo Spasimo*, or "The Spasm." In this there is all the charm of a receding landscape, of a vernal sky, of trees putting forth their tender leafage; and the winding road, over which are scattered many and differing groups, leads to a hill on which stand two crosses, the ominous space between them to be filled by Him who had come to redeem the world from the consequences of its sin by His own most bitter death.

The broad standard of Rome, with its S. P. Q. R., carried by an officer superbly mounted, helmeted and in full armor, floats between us and that hill of skulls. The centurion, a model of manly beauty, with uncovered head, but otherwise in complete armor, mounted on his charger, surrounded by his staff with their long lances, issues from a strong gateway; but standard-bearer and centurion are alike occupied with the scene that fills the foreground. The victim of His nation's hatred, of Pilate's timorous selfishness, has fallen under the heavy cross laid on His shoulders; and the centurion, with a look of deep anxiety on his face, motions to an

attendant to relieve the condemned One of its cruel weight, which taxes even the trained muscles of the executioner to raise. There is no rudeness, no urging; all are simply performing the conditions of the sentence—an ordinary sentence, and yet it would seem upon some extraordinary man. Under the shadow, the shelter for the moment, of His own cross, on which He still keeps one hand, the other grasping a stone of the road as He falls on His knees, is the King of Glory, His cruciform nimbus mingling with His crown of thorns; His divine beauty unobscured by the blood that mats the hair falling on His shoulders, crimsoning His robe; and, looking upward, half prostrate as He is, to meet the eyes—of whom?

Directly in front of the centurion and his war charger, on her knees, is Mary, as if when her Son fell she had fallen also; the yearning, agonized face looking into His; and the arms—how can we put into words what those long arms and hands, extended to their utmost, tell of that Mother's agony! Mary Magdalene, Mary of Cleophas, and still another, with Saint John, are sustaining her; but she heeds them not. For herself, even, she has no thought. One only fills her soul, seizes her heart like a spasm—which is, to see the Incarnate One trodden upon as “a worm and no man” by the creatures He has created, whom He sustains in life while hastening to His own death. Seas may be convulsed, rocks may be rent; but, to Jesus, Son of God and Son of Mary, none of this compares with the spasm that clutches at His Mother's heart as He turns on her His divinely compassionate eyes.

Yet devotion, genius, the skill which the world admires, craves, have set this dolor before the eyes of one century after another, for one purpose only, whether by the hand of Cimabue, Taddeo Gaddi, Fra Angelico or Raphael—to win us to its contemplation.

V.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

The *Via Crucis*, that Way of the Cross, which was a way of unutterable sorrows, has been made. Blood is tracked along the streets of Jerusalem from Pilate's hall to the city gate through which that procession passed; is tracked along the winding, rocky way which it took from the gate. Simon of Cyrene has borne—first unwillingly, then with a mysterious joy, which flooded his soul, and was succeeded by the gift of faith—that same cross on which Jesus is to redeem the world. Veronica, too, has won by her ardent devotion, her uncalculating charity, that image on her mantle, which is still shown on Good-Friday from a balcony in Saint Peter's Basilica. Both have been immortalized by their compassionate service to the Man of Sorrows.

And now we approach, actually stand on the summit of that hill of Calvary, bearing the ghastly name of Golgotha, or place of skulls; and here, in full sight of the Holy City, the City of David, they crucify Him of whom the prophets spake and the psalmist sang; for whom the world had waited and longed for four thousand years;—crucify Him between two thieves, adding ignominy to ignominy; thus fulfilling the prediction of Isaiah: “He was reputed with the wicked; and He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors.”

It was high noon, and the March sun shone unclouded from the sky, when that space which was seen between two crosses on the summit of Calvary when Mary met her Son in the way was filled, bearing on its beam the Body of the God-Man, on its arms the pierced hands of the Victim of sin; but no sooner was He thus lifted up than a darkness more appalling than any blackness preceding a tornado covered not only Mount Calvary, Judea, but the entire earth. For three hours it hung like a pall over the world, so that Dionysius the Areopagite exclaimed in his fair city

of Athens: "Either the God of nature is suffering or the framework of the world is breaking up!" And for three hours that Body of the Incarnate Word hung white amid the surrounding darkness, was seen distinctly from the Holy City; and for three hours Mary, maiden and mother, stood by the cross of her crucified Son. She did not lean against that cross, she did not lean upon the faithful women who had accompanied her: simply stood under His pierced right hand.

The first hour had been passed when the eyes, clotted and bloodshot, sought those of Mary lifted to His own; "and the lips parted with these words, "Mother, behold thy son!" Then the eyes turned to the Beloved Disciple standing under His left hand as He said: "Behold thy Mother!" "O what change to thee!" exclaims Saint Bernard. "Thou art given John for Jesus; the servant for his Lord; the disciple for his Master; the son of Zebedee for the Son of God; a mere man for very God!" A dolor in itself.

Again that voice is heard in its low minor key: "I thirst!" Jesus thirsts! He who made the world; who set the springs of water in the deep rocks, protects them by shadows in the dense forests where the shy stag can quench its thirst at noonday; sends down the dew at evening to revive the fainting flowers over the whole earth,—calls for one drop of all that He has created and blessed both for man and beasts and fowl of the air; and Mary can not give Him the drop for which He sighs so piteously. Another dolor within our dolor.

Again a voice, but not the voice of Jesus, breaks on Mary's ear—the voice of the Good Thief, the only alleviation which was vouchsafed during three hours of agony on the cross: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And the tender voice she loves so well is heard: "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."

But now it is a cry—a cry that pierces the heart of Mary, close beside Him in the awful darkness: "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Not only pierces her heart, but opens before her undreamed-of abysses of anguish in the soul of Jesus! Another dolor within our dolor.

Another cry, the last cry; so strong that it startles the centurion, who exclaims: "Verily this Man was the Son of God!" For that cry, *Consummatum est!*—"It is consummated!"—tells Mary that the soul of her Jesus has left the earth which He had blessed with His incarnate presence for thirty-three years; has left the world He came to redeem; and who can tell the absolute vacuum left in the heart of Mary! She sees the beautiful head—gory indeed, ghastly indeed, but, oh, how beautiful still!—fall on His breast; and she knows that her Jesus is dead. While Jesus lives Mary stands. Can we wonder if she sinks on the arms of her friends as gently as the head of Jesus has sunk on His breast?

At this moment the veil of the Temple, the veil that hid the Holy of Holies, is rent in twain from the top to the bottom; the earth quakes beneath her; the very rocks are rent; the graves of Jerusalem are opened; but none of these horrors can stir the heart of Mary, for they stir not the Heart of Jesus.

While no hand is yet known to have delineated this divine tragedy on any wall of an early catacomb, or upon any wall of chapel or basilica before that which in this last half of our present century has been laid open to view in the subterranean Church of Saint Clement, Rome, the perfection of this Crucifixion as a type is proof that it was treated in the liturgical books from a very early period; and this Crucifixion itself must have been executed long before the year 800, when the Church of Saint Clement was so severely injured by an earthquake as to

necessitate the building of another basilica on its still sound walls; and from that time until 1858 was hermetically sealed to the eyes of men. It is painted on a wide pilaster forming a right angle with the end of the nave. Our Lord is represented attached to the cross by four nails, the arms horizontal, the head above the cross-beam; so that He seems literally to hang there of His own free will.

On the right side stands His Blessed yet sorrowing Mother, both hands raised to Him as if in sympathy; on the left hand Saint John, his right hand raised also in the same spirit, but in his left hand is the scroll of an Evangelist. Simple as the conception is, it embodies the Gospel story, and in no Crucifixion have the relative places of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint John been deviated from. Although the old Saint Clement was in darkness, the tradition which it followed in this instance was the inheritance of Christendom; and from that time to this has been adhered to; and from that time no subject has been so near to the heart of Christendom, or so universally chosen by her artists.

From the first, the Blessed Virgin and Saint John were introduced, we think, invariably; and later, in the Church of Saint Francis at Assisi, in the series begun by Cimabue and finished by Giotto, the Crucifixion is given with all its attendant circumstances. In this picture Longinus has already pierced the side of Our Lord; and, as if this act had opened the eyes of his mind, he has left his steed and is kneeling on the ground with his hands lifted in adoration. Saint Mary Magdalene is embracing the cross on one side, Saint Francis on the other; and in the centre of a group of pitying women is Our Lady, who has sunk to the ground in a swoon. Troops of horsemen are leaving Mount Calvary, and the space on the right is occupied by the followers of the crucified One.

Duccio's Crucifixion dwells upon the sorrow of Our Lady in a still more marked manner. The Lord of Glory is dead; the spear has pierced His side; and directly in the foreground is the beautiful group of Our Lady tenderly supported by the holy women who are her companions, while Saint John takes her hands on his own. She does not actually swoon, but the revulsion of mortal weakness has come after those three hours of standing immovably;—one of Duccio's loveliest groups, and in no way contradicting the account by Saint John; since it represents, we may say, the scene a few moments after the death of Our Lord, and is full of the tenderest human sentiment.

Simoni Memmi, in the series painted by him in the Spanish chapel of Santa Maria Novella, gives a magnificent epitome of the event in the arch above and around the altar; so arranged as to give the procession to Mount Calvary, the scene immediately following the Crucifixion—soldiers, guardsmen, mounted officers, and those who derided Our Lord, saying: "Vah! vah!" All are there, with the crucified thieves, the angels in the air lamenting. But on the right side are the holy women around Our Lady; and Saint Mary Magdalene is entreating a soldier, who turns toward her, to allow them to go near to the cross. In this, Our Lady stands, with clasped hands but perfectly quiet, looking at her suffering Son, while the Magdalene entreats for her.

On the bronze panels of the pulpit in Saint Lorenzo, in Florence, Donatello has given the whole story of the Passion and death of Our Lord with a vividness which seems to throw all other representations into shadow, as we follow out the awful story. In this Crucifixion, how cuirassed men, soldiers with their spears, horsemen who draw their helmets over their eyes to shut out the horrors of a scene more awful than the eye of man had ever before

witnessed, throng upon one another! How the three crosses and the three victims, how angels and demons, how the spears and the banners fill the air! And we actually see the blackness, the more than midnight darkness of that eclipse; see and feel it as actual. But in the midst of all this how the head of Jesus bends toward the Mother, standing, with bowed head and clasped hands, beside Him! Our dolor is there in all its intensity: fills the eye, fills the heart, as it fills the very centre of our foreground.

With the Crucifixion by Fra Angelico, in Saint Mark's at Florence, we enter upon another phase of its representation. We have the reality of the three crosses, the Lord of Glory crucified between two thieves; but instead of helmeted warriors, guardsmen, executioners, we have the saints of all times, especially those religious orders that favor meditation; for it is the reality, as it comes before the faithful by way of meditation, that Fra Angelico delineates in his Crucifixion; drawing forth that bundle of myrrh of which Saint Bernard speaks as lying always on his breast "to make up for the sheaf of merits" which he knew he had not. "To think of these troubles and griefs," he says, "is real wisdom. In them I have determined to find perfect righteousness, full knowledge, plentiful salvation, and abundant merit. It is the thought of these troubles and woes of His that cheereth me when I am afflicted, and maketh me grave when it is well with me. Do ye also gather you a bundle of this beloved myrrh."

Here we have the motive of Angelico's picture. This is why we see Saint John Baptist, still as the precursor, beside the cross; why we see Saint Lawrence with his gridiron, Saint Benedict with his book of rules, Saint Dominic and Saint Francis with their disciples. But meditation is sure to keep in mind our Blessed Lady and her Dolors; and the

"Stabat Mater" echoes in every line of this picture; sets to its plaintive measure every thought of the mind, every compassionate impulse of the heart of him who conceived and executed it. She is seen here sustained by Mary of Salome, and by Saint John as her son; while before her, on her knees, the Magdalene embraces her as the Mother of Sorrows; in the abandonment of her own grief, compassionating Our Lady.

Luca della Robbia, a contemporary of Fra Angelico, whose tender piety has interpreted in so many of his works the choicest sentiments of the Christian soul, has companioned the Angelical in the ways of meditation. In his Crucifixion, how close to that cross stands the Mother, looking down in her own anguish upon Saint Francis, as if to console him for the wounds borne for the love of Jesus; while "the most beautiful Saint John in the world" stands and adores the Master; adoring angels filling the air, bringing heaven and its transports to the King of Glory in His humiliation!

It was in this same spirit of meditation that Perugino composed his "Great Crucifixion," as it is called, for the chapel of Saint Mary Magdalene of Pazzi in Florence. Instead of a crowded scene, the very air vibrating with the ghastly horrors of a midnight at noonday, three wide arches stand between us and a vast landscape—hills, valleys, inland seas, towns. Trees, just foliating as if in spring, crown the near hills, and fleecy clouds float through the broad spaces of sky. Within the central arch stands the cross which bears the crucified One, the beautiful head, with its circlet of delicate thorns and the cruciform nimbus, slightly bowed as if in death; the arms are nearly horizontal; the whole figure self-sustained and of the perfection of beauty in its proportions, breathing repose, as it were, in every line. At the foot of the cross kneels Saint Mary Magdalene,—one of

Perugino's Magdalenes, unlike all others in the tenderness of its absorbed devotion; the eyes raised to her Lord, but the lids heavy with weeping; the hands gently joined at the finger tips. It is Mary of Bethany, who had chosen the better part.

Within the left-hand arch stands Saint John, his eyes fixed upon the face of his Divine Master; the arms and hands dropped at his side, as if saying: 'Was ever sorrow like this sorrow? Was ever love like this love?' Nothing more compassionate, nothing more gentle, nothing more affectionate, was ever imagined as a Saint John. Very near to him kneels Saint Benedict, his face, with its deep look of abiding compassion for his Lord, raised to Him hanging on His cross.

Within the right-hand arch stands Our Lady, looking out upon the world which was given to her by Our Lord when He gave her Saint John as her son. A desolation not to be put into words pervades the whole figure. The hands, held downward, do not clasp, but interweave in the distress of this desolation; there is a weariness in the eyes like those of patient watchers by beds of sickness and of death; and the sad sweetness of the mouth is that of one who suffers without complaint. Near her kneels Saint Bernard, his tender words of sympathy giving him this place beside Our Lady.

But Steinle, of our own day, brings us back to the actual keynote of our theme. We see the domes of Jerusalem; before the cross stands Mary; Jesus is not yet there, only the sword promised by Simeon. The head is bowed; the hands and intertwining fingers raised to her agonized breast, not to avert but to accept this dolor of the Crucifixion.

THE Feast of the Annunciation may well be called the Feast of the Incarnation. Then our redemption began.... We can not enough praise Mary, that high and noble creature.—*Martin Luther.*

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—A WHIRL ACROSS THE ROCKIES.

A LONG time ago—nearly a quarter of a century—California could boast a literary weekly capable of holding its own with any in the land. This was before San Francisco had begun to lose her unique and delightful individuality—now gone forever. Among the contributors to this once famous weekly were Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Prentice Mulford, Joaquin Miller, Dan de Quille, Orpheus C. Kerr, C. H. Webb, "John Paul," Ada Clare, Ada Isaacs Menken, Ina Coolbrith, and hosts of others. Fitz Hugh Ludlow wrote for it a series of brilliant descriptive letters recounting his adventures during a recent overland journey; they were afterward incorporated in a volume—long out of print—entitled "The Heart of the Continent."

In one of these letters Ludlow wrote as follows of the probable future of Manitou: "When Colorado becomes a populous State, the springs of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille will constitute its Spa. In air and scenery no more glorious summer residence could be imagined. The Coloradan of the future, astonishing the echoes of the Rocky foothills by a railroad from Denver to the springs, and running down on Saturday to stop over Sunday with his family, will have little cause to envy us Easterners our Saratoga as he paces up and down the piazza of the Spa hotel, mingling his full-flavored Havana with that lovely air, unbreathed before, which is floating down upon him from the snow peaks of the range." His prophecy has become true in every particular. But what would he have thought had he threaded the tortuous path now marked by glistening railway tracks? What would

he have said of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, the Black Cañon, of the Gunnison, Castle Cañon, and Marshall Pass, over the crest of the continent?

I suppose a narrow-gauge road can go anywhere. It trails along the slope of shelving hills like a wild vine; it slides through gopher-hole tunnels as a thread slides through the eye of a needle; it utilizes water-courses; it turns ridiculously sharp corners in a style calculated to remind one of the days when he played "snap-the-whip" and happened to be the snapper himself. This is especially the case if one is sitting on the rear platform of the last car. We shot a cañon by daylight, and marvelled at the glazed surface of the red rock with never so much as a scratch over it. On the one hand we nearly scraped the abrupt perpendicular wall that towered hundreds of feet above us; on the other, a swift, muddy torrent sprang at our stone-bedded sleepers as if to snatch them away; while it flooded the cañon to the opposite wall, that did not seem more than a few yards distant. The stream was swollen, and went howling down the ravine full of sound and fury—which in this case, however, signified a good deal.

Once we stopped and took an observation, for the track was under water; then we waded cautiously to the mainland, across the sunken section, and thanked our stars that we were not boycotted by the elements at that inhospitable point. Once we paused for a few minutes to contemplate the total wreck of a palace car that had recently struck a projecting boulder—and spattered.

The camps along the track are just such as may be looked for in the waste places of the earth—temporary shelter for wayfarers whose homes are under their hats. The thin stream of civilization that trickles off into the wilderness, following the iron track, makes puddles now and again. Some of these dwindle

away soon enough—or perhaps not quite soon enough; some of them increase and become permanent and beautiful.

Night found us in the Black Cañon of the Gunnison. Could any time be more appropriate? Clouds rolled over us in dense masses, and at intervals the moon flashed upon us like a dark lantern. Could anything be more picturesque? We knew that much of the darkness, the blackness of darkness, was adamantine rock; some of it an inky flood—a veritable river of death—rolling close beneath us, but quite invisible most of the time; and the night itself a profound mystery, through which we burned an endless tunnel—like a firebrand hurled into space.

Now and again the heavens opened, and then we saw the moon soaring among the monumental peaks; but the heights were so cloudlike and the cloud masses so solid we could not for the life of us be certain of the nature of either. There were cañons like huge quarries, and cañons like rocky mazes, where we seemed to have rushed headlong into a *cul de sac*, and were in danger of dashing our brains out against the mighty walls that loomed before us. There was many a winding stream which we took at a bound, and occasionally an oasis, green and flowery.

Marshall Pass does very well for once; it is an experience and a novelty—what else is there in life to make it livable save a new experience or the hope of one? Such a getting up hill as precedes the rest at the summit! We stopped for breath while the locomotive puffed and panted as if it would burst its brass-bound lungs; then we began to climb again, and to wheeze, fret and fume; and it seemed as if we actually went down on hands and knees and crept a bit when the grade became steeper than usual. Only think of it a moment—an incline of two hundred and twenty feet to the mile in some places, and the track climbing over itself at frequent intervals. Far below us

we saw the terraces we had passed long before; far above us lay the great land we were so slowly and so painfully approaching. At last we reached the summit, ten thousand eight hundred and twenty feet above sea level—a God-forsaken district, bristling with dead trees, and with hardly air enough to go around.

We stopped in a long shed—built to keep off the sky, I suppose. Gallants prospected for flowers and grass-blades, and received the profuse thanks of the fair in exchange for them. Then we glided down into the snow lands that lay beyond—filled with a delicious sense of relief, for a fellow never feels so mean or so small a pygmy as when perched on an Alpine height.

More cañons followed, and no two alike; then came plain after plain, with buttes outlined in the distance; more plains, with nothing but their own excessive plainness to boast of. We soon grew vastly weary; for most plains are, after all, mere platitudes. And then Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, with its lake shimmering like a mirage in the great glow of the valley; and a run due north through the well-tilled lands of the thrifty "saints," getting our best wayside meals at stations where buxom Mormon women served us heartily; still north and west, flying night and day out of the insufferable summer dust that makes ovens of those midland valleys. There was a rich, bracing air far north, and grand forests of spicy pine, and such a Columbia river-shore to follow as is worth a week's travel merely to get one glimpse of; and at last Portland, the prettiest of Pacific cities, and heaps of friends to greet me there.

Bright days were to follow, as you shall soon see; for I was still bound northward, with no will to rest until I had plowed the floating fields of ice and dozed through the pale hours of an arctic summer under the midnight sun.

(To be continued.)

An Episode in the Life of Cardinal Wiseman.

THE recently published Life of Cardinal Wiseman contains an episode which, while affording a glimpse of the severe mental trials to which he was subject, shows his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "He had gone to make a retreat, previous to his consecration as bishop, in the Passionist Monastery of SS. John and Paul, in Rome. Before making his confession he was seized with the religious terror and distress to which his imaginative and scrupulous nature was occasionally liable. The immediate relief which came in answer to prayer to the Blessed Virgin made so deep an impression on him that, while disdaining all belief that it was wrought by a miraculous vision, he wrote down a full account of what had passed." Mr. Ward presents the document in full as follows. It is entitled "A Legacy of Gratitude. A. M. D. G. Private Memorandum." It is signed N. Wiseman, and dated June 1, 1840:

"For the greater honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin, for my own consolation, and, if it should please God, for the encouragement and comfort of others, I think it right to note down what happened on the night of Sunday, the 31st of May, 1840 I had conferred with the holy missionary, Father Raimondo, respecting myself and the sort of confession I ought to make; having retired into this religious house of SS. John and Paul, belonging to the edifying Order of the Passionists, to prepare myself for receiving the episcopal consecration, of which I feel myself so unworthy.

"My intention in entering the house had been to make a general confession of my whole life, in order to set at rest the anxieties which from time to time trouble me so fiercely. I thought it, however, my duty to submit to the prudent

consideration of this experienced and holy priest an account of my former general confessions, etc., that he might judge how far it was expedient to make one now. After explaining all to him with all candor and sincerity, he came to the determined conclusion that I must not think of it; and I therefore proposed to him, and he acceded to it, that I should next (this) morning make a confession since my last, two and a half years ago. But after leaving him and going into the garden, I became frightfully agitated, my mind conjuring up a thousand difficulties, perplexities, doubts and dangers, which it is not necessary to rehearse, but which drove me into a state of anguish and dismay. I called on God to help me, offering myself to do whatever He might wish, to put my mind at rest; feeling that such a state as I was in at that moment would be enough, if it continued, to drive me out of my senses. Being somewhat relieved, I sought company, and found further alleviation. Still, my mind was troubled until night. When I had retired to my chamber the uneasiness became greater still; and at length, fatigued and oppressed, I went to bed.

“With the signal for the religious to rise—being about four—I awoke; and, feeling chill, I drew upon my bed the cotton counterpane which I had drawn down before going to rest. But presently my frightful anxieties returned. I was overwhelmed with anguish and tribulation, which seemed to drive me to despair. I looked forward to what I had to do in the morning with terror, as impossible to be well done; and it seemed to me as if all I had done till now had been ill performed. My body was bathed in perspiration; a burning fever seemed upon me, so as to compel me to throw off the coverlet once more. I turned from side to side, and clasped and wrung my hands, calling on God to help me; till at length, unable any longer to bear the struggle,

I made an earnest appeal to the Blessed Mother of God, saying with great earnestness: ‘I have never called on you in vain. Hear me now. Put an end to this trial. *Pour your oil upon these troubled waters and reduce them to a calm.*’

“I know not whether immediately upon saying these words I fell into a slumber or not; but certain I am that, with the clearness of a very vivid dream, I seemed to myself surrounded by waves boiling up; and to see at a distance the heavens open, and the Blessed Virgin, in great glory, pouring from a vessel upon the surface of the sea, which then became calm; and the calm diffused itself till it reached and surrounded me; and I seemed in a mild, pleasant bath, and part of the waters appeared covered over and changed into gardens. That this may have passed in a slumber I dare say; for, though I retained a most vivid impression of it, it had not the distinctness of a vision; nor could I for a moment believe myself worthy of such a favor. But certainly I was quite awake again the moment after, in a state of delicious calm,—something like the state of soft wakefulness which I have experienced after an opiate; every doubt and perplexity had vanished; my mind was happy and at rest. I thanked God and His Blessed Mother for what I could not but consider a marked and instantaneous interposition in my behalf; and, falling into a gentle slumber, awoke quite refreshed and ready for my work.

“There are some other points connected with this event, which it is not necessary to record, as being secondary and not so clear. I awoke for a moment once or twice; my doubts seemed trying to revive, but were instantaneously banished by the recollection of what I had seen.

“When I saw Father Raimondo, his mind was made up about me. He said he had offered Mass for me, and that God had given His assurance; that I was to be quite easy. This being the third, or

perhaps the fourth, time in which I have been instantly heard on having earnest recourse to Mary, I have surely every reason to trust in her patronage and hope for everything from her intercession. *Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*"

Among the practical resolutions taken during that retreat we find, under the heading "Points of Duty," this item: "To promote devotion and piety, particularly toward the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin." The memorandum, which is given in full, concludes with these words: "God's grace enable me to carry these things into execution for His greater honor and glory, the good of souls, and my own poor soul's eternal salvation. Amen."

Notes and Remarks.

We think it well to warn those Catholic journals who cry bigotry because there are so few Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, that they are doing the government a grave injustice. Let us state a fact. Some years ago an American Archbishop was requested by the President to select a number of Catholic chaplains for the navy. He wrote twenty letters to as many bishops, also to superiors of several religious orders, but succeeded in securing the services of only two priests—Fathers Parks and Raney—who were suitable for the service. This statement is made on the authority of the Archbishop himself; hence if fault lies anywhere, it is not at the door of the government. The charge of bigotry in this regard is utterly unfounded; it ought to be promptly dropped.

The White Fathers who are evangelizing Central Africa have written at considerable length to *Les Missions Catholiques* concerning the recent troubles in Uganda. It will be remembered that King Mwanga has been deposed, and his son Choua raised to the native supremacy in his stead. From the interesting correspondence of the missionaries, it would appear that much of the

trouble might have been averted had Mr. Wilson, sub-commissioner and practical ruler of the English possessions in the Uganda district, been a little less self-sufficient, and a little more attentive to the advice of the leading missionaries, Protestant and Catholic. Mr. Wilson has learned by rude experience that his policy of treating with contemptuous silence the first symptoms of conspiracy between Mwanga and the principal native chieftains has not proved a shining success. He superciliously disregarded counsels of those who clearly were better able to judge the trend of native sentiment than himself; and, doing so, let slip more than one opportunity of effectually quelling the insurrection. It is to be hoped that his recent experience will teach him wisdom in future conjunctures.

A striking illustration of that catholicity of spirit which makes the true missionary "all things to all men to gain all to Christ" was the late Father Sifferath, of the Diocese of Detroit, who died recently at the age of seventy. For the first twenty years of his ministry he lived so exclusively with the Indians of Michigan that during the second twenty years he could never wholly throw off the red-man's mode of existence. His life was a holy and a laborious one; and, after forty-three years of service in the sanctuary, his fortune consisted of exactly seven dollars in cash. He was assiduous in translating catechisms and prayer-books into the dialects of the Michigan Indians.—Another notable death of recent occurrence was that of Theodore Davie, Chief-Justice of British Columbia, who is compared to the late Sir John Thompson. Judge Davie was a layman whose fine powers were carefully cultivated; a convert whose pious fervor and noble life were a cause of pride and edification to the Catholics along our northern border. *R. I. P.*

To an anxious reader who wrote to the *Freeman's Journal* for information regarding "faith cure"—the belief of those who say that people may be cured of illness by thinking themselves cured,—Dr. Lambert answers, with admirable point, that if "faith

cure" were a reality there would be no insane people, since all insane people consider themselves sane. Dr. Lambert tells a Lincoln story to illustrate the matter still more fully. At the beginning of the war the President was visited by a Western delegation—one of those innumerable delegations which were more troublesome than the war itself—that requested him to declare all slaves emancipated immediately. He replied that such a declaration would have no value just then, because it could not be enforced. "If you call a sheep's tail a leg," said Mr. Lincoln, "how many legs would the sheep have?" The foreman of the delegation promptly answered: "Five."—"No," said the President; "you are wrong. Calling the tail a leg does not make it one."

We seldom read anything from the pen of Dr. Hedley, the Bishop of Newport, without being strongly tempted to share it with our readers. Few Catholic writers of our day have so great skill in expository writing. Observe here the note of the teacher: "The grace of God is a certain divine stimulation of the heart and will, without which repentance is impossible. It does not act mechanically, as when the lever is applied to a heavy weight; it does not destroy or suspend a man's free-will. Unless we, on our part, accept, embrace and co-operate with the solicitations and the promptings of our Heavenly Father, they are as useless for spiritual profit as the winds which sigh round men's houses in the night and in the morning have left no trace."

The contrast so often pointed out between the large congregations who attend Mass and the small gatherings at Protestant services is not altogether new. A report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the state of religion in Cheshire and Lancashire, England, during the very heat of the "Reformation" fervor, demurely confesses that "small reformation has been made, as may appear by the emptiness of the churches on Sundays and festivals." Contemporary records, all filled with the same complaint, show what the first-fruits of the new heresy were. Pilkington,

bishop of Durham, says in one of his sermons: "Come into a church the Sabbath day, and ye shall see but few, though there be a sermon; but the ale-house be ever full. Woe worth the Papists, therefore, in this kingdom; for they be earnest, zealous and painful in their doings... A Popish summoner, spy or promoter will drive more to church with a word to hear a Latin Mass than seven preachers will bring in a week's preaching to hear a godly sermon." "Painful," in the sense employed, isn't a bad epithet for the Catholics of Pilkington's time. As for the complaint about slack attendance, it is evident that the sects are neither more nor less attractive than they were three hundred years ago.

The plague of locusts is unfortunately not merely a Biblical reminiscence. Writing from Senegambia, Mgr. Barthet describes the devastation caused in his diocese by myriads of these insects, which have invaded a district many square leagues in extent. Gardens are blotted out as effectually as if a mowing machine had passed over them; the trees are stripped of every semblance of foliage,—in a word, vegetation of all kinds is utterly destroyed by this pest. The Bishop declares the masses of these insects form reddish clouds that actually obscure the sun, and that no efforts to drive them off by fire or other means prove of the least utility.

Visitors to the British House of Commons are not a little puzzled by the fact that before a great debate the first two benches are empty at prayer-time, though the rest of the house is invariably well filled. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* explains that this peculiar circumstance does not argue that the party leaders stand in less need of devotions than their followers: it is due to an unwritten law of the House, which can not accommodate more than half the members. Here is the explanation in full:

On the table, in a little box, is a supply of small white cards with the words "At prayers" in large Old English letters. Obtaining one of these cards, and writing his name on it under the words "At prayers," the member slips it into a receptacle in the bench at the back of the seat, and thus secures

the place for the night against all comers. He may immediately leave the House and remain away as long as he pleases; the place may be occupied by another member in the meantime, but whenever the master of the seat—the gentleman whose autograph is written on the card in the little brass slit—returns to the Chamber, the temporary occupant of the seat must give place to him. Thus does piety in the House of Commons meet immediately with the substantial reward of a seat in which to listen in comfort to a long debate. The consequence is that at times of great excitement in the House there is a most edifying display of devotion on the part of members; but in the dull seasons the attendance at prayers is deplorably lax. And as the occupants of the front benches have their seats secured to them by custom—a custom which now possesses all the force of a law,—they never lend the *éclat* of their presence to the daily devotions of the House.

This curious custom is a pretty good illustration of the way in which religion is regarded by the average politician: it isn't a bad thing when it helps him to a seat in the halls of legislation.

It is reported from a reliable source that over seventy operations for the cure of spinal curvature have been successfully performed within a short period in the Royal Southern Hospital in Liverpool. A large number of hunchbacks are still awaiting treatment. In some cases the operation had to be repeated; but an eye-witness declares that the patient seemed to be suffering no pain; his only anxiety being that his clothes would not be long enough for his mended body. The Royal Southern is said to be the only general hospital in the world to practise this delicate operation; but it is not too much to hope that other institutions will provide themselves with a competent staff to undertake so important a work. The president of the trustees of the Royal Southern affirms that "deformity need never occur, while many thus afflicted are rescued from premature death consequent on malformation."

At times everything would seem to point to a coming conflict between Christianity and the powers of darkness. Political and social upheavals are the devil's opportunities. In France the condition of things is most serious and pitiable. It is pleasant, therefore, to hear words of hope,—one prophecy which has no sound like a funeral knell. A Frenchman

of learning and sound judgment, who has lately made a tour of the United States, records his impressions of it in a calm and discriminating way; and, in comparing our country with his own, takes occasion to make this prediction: "Infidelity is doomed. Before the year 1900 the Lord God will be the fashion in France."

The world takes her fashions from France; so we may pray—we say it with all reverence—that the genial Frenchman's assertion may be verified, and that the eldest daughter of the Church may return to her mother.

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. Nicholas Sifferath, of the Diocese of Detroit; the Rev. W. R. Callan, Diocese of Newark; the Rev. Joseph Clampbell and the Rev. John Gavegan, Melbourne,—all lately deceased.

Sister Mary of St. Thomas, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Melbourne; Sister Augusta Thomas, O. S. D., Springfield, Ky.; Sister Mary Catherine, Order of Mercy, Rochester, N. Y.; and Sister Ignatius, Presentation Convent, Limerick, Ireland, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Herman J. Berg, whose happy death took place on the 9th inst., at Butler, Pa.

Dr. C. F. Starr, of Manchester, N. H., who died a holy death on the 10th inst.

Mr. Joseph Fink, who departed this life on the 11th inst., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Sarah McGowan, of Portland, Me., whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult.

Mr. James McGowan, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 17th ult., at Scranton, Pa.

Mr. John Harris, of Guelph, Ont., Canada; Mr. Nicholas Cotter, Mr. Francis Mulry, and Mr. John J. Hogan, New York city; Mrs. P. J. Jordan, Camden, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Omer, Miss Margaret Tehan, Mr. Daniel Guilfoyle, Miss Mary F. Crowley, Mrs. Mary Duff, and Mr. Edward Reid,—all of Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Charles Walsh, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, Mobile, Ala.; Miss Hannah Broderick, Alton, Ill.; Mr. Michael Counihan and Miss Mary Counihan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine E. Prendergast and Mr. William McGlynn, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Mary A. McCaffrey, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret Conroy, Queen's Co., Ireland; Mr. John Daly, E. Windsor Hill, Conn.; and Miss Loretto O'Connor, Homer, Neb.

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 Legend of the Daffodils.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN Gabriel came to Mary
 As the messenger of God,
 The song birds sang from bough and spray,
 And the March winds were abroad;
 The skies were as blue as sapphire,
 And the clouds were white as foam,
 And daffodils grew in the garden
 That stretched round Mary's home.

They grew by the garden borders,
 They stood by the cottage wall;
 'Mid leaves of the deepest emerald,
 Stately they grew and tall;
 In garments of saffron yellow,
 In robes of the sunset gold,
 The daffodils raised their haughty heads
 In that garden proud and bold.

But when Gabriel Mary's answer
 Had back to heaven conveyed,
 She walked alone in the garden
 On the path by Joseph made,
 With the message hid in her bosom,
 And the new light on her face;
 And the haughty daffodils bowed them
 To her who was "full of grace."

And néver through all the ages
 That have come and gone since then,
 When the song birds sing their anthems
 In wood and in field and glen,
 When the skies are of pearl and azure,
 And the March winds are abroad,
 Have the humbled daffodils raised their heads
 Again to the skies of God.

THE crosses on the English royal crowns were introduced by Richard III. during his short and turbulent reign.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XIII.—A TRIP TO THE CITY.



HEARING for a fact that South Carolina had seceded, old General Rampère insisted on returning to America at once. If he had been twenty years younger, the fact of his being on the retired list would not have counted with him. He longed to be up and stirring in the annihilation of the "Yankees," whom he hated with all his fiery old heart and soul. It cost his daughter-in-law a severe struggle to pass so near her child on the return journey without being able to see her; but by the time they reached the vicinity of P——, near which St. Mary's was situated, the old man had grown so weak and ill that it seemed as if the slightest delay would result in his not reaching home alive.

Reluctantly, then, Mrs. Rampère was obliged to forgo a visit to Mary Teresa, who had expected and anxiously wished for a sight of the mother she so tenderly loved. The disappointment was so great that the child became ill, and the Mother Superior seriously thought of sending her home. But, on reflection, she deemed it might be unwise; particularly as the country was in such a distracted condition. She wrote to Mrs. Rampère, advising her, if possible, to come North; but was soon convinced that the journey would be out

of the question, as the General would not think of leaving Mobile under existing circumstances; preferring, as he said, "to go down with my State, if it should come to that, rather than prove myself a coward and traitor by running away." He was a man of iron will, in spite of his great age and many infirmities. His sight had been somewhat benefited during his sojourn in Paris, and he seemed to take a new lease of life from the fact.

Mother Teresa had not informed Mrs. Rampère of her daughter's illness, not wishing to add to her other anxieties. On her part, Mary Teresa bravely endeavored to conceal her own longing for the mother in whom all the love of her young heart was centred. But the effort cost her very dear; she did not recover her strength, and the good superior saw that it would be necessary to divert her thoughts in some manner.

"Take her to the city, Mother," said Doctor Shields. "The child needs a little diversion."

"That would not be a bad idea," said Mother Teresa. "I have business there next week; and, as I usually take one of the children with me when I go, it can hardly make the others jealous. But she is such a timid child I don't think she will be able to enjoy herself alone."

"Take some lively girl along,—Mary Catherine, for instance. *She* will enjoy the martial sights that may be seen there every day now."

Mary Catherine's wardrobe was in need of replenishing,—a fact about which she concerned herself but little until she heard that it might afford an excuse for going to P——, where she felt assured she would form a part of the warlike atmosphere which she now only whiffed from afar. Poor little Mary Teresa also welcomed the change. The thought of her mother had so dominated every other that she found it almost impossible to fix her mind on her daily duties.

They left the Academy in the early dawn one morning, in order to catch the train at Loomis station. Tears came to Mary Teresa's eyes as she remembered the autumn day when she had traversed that same route in company with her mother. When they reached P—— they observed an unusual commotion at the depot.

"See, see!" cried Mary Catherine, as the train slowly steamed into the station.

The streets were alive with people. Drums were beating, flags flying; there were soldiers everywhere.

Mother Teresa made her a sign to be quiet. But she could not restrain the eager look in the eyes of the girl as she kept time with her foot to the martial music playing in the distance. Leaving the cars, they hurried to the carriage which stood waiting.

"Oh, what can be the matter, Mother?" asked Mary Catherine, as they entered the carriage. "Surely they are not going to have war here in P——."

"Indeed no; not yet awhile, any way."

"*Never!*" said the old driver, who had been with the Sisters twenty years and more. "The 133d Pennsylvania Volunteers is marchin' through to join the Army of the Tennessee. They do pass this way often these days. God help 'em! There's many a fine fellow goin' that'll never be comin' back again."

In the afternoon the girls went out with an old lady who lived at the convent to see the departure of the regiment, one thousand strong. The streets were filled with people in holiday attire. One would have thought it the celebration of a great victory. From the second-story balcony of a friend of old Mrs. Lorraine, they had a good view of the procession. Tramp, tramp, the soldiers marched on in military precision, perfectly drilled; though, without a single exception, they were all volunteers, the majority of whom had never known the use of a gun until a

month previous. Since that time they had been constantly in camp, preparing to go to the seat of war. Beardless boys most of them were; marching proudly, with head erect and eyes beaming with the light of youth and health. Loud cheers saluted them as they passed, to the sound of martial drum-beat and the blare of band after band playing the national airs.

The regimental flag was particularly beautiful, having been made and presented by the women of Pennsylvania. The wind played softly through its silken folds,—now concealing, now displaying the field of stars representing the union of States for the preservation of which the gallant boys were about to join their comrades.

Mary Catherine said to her companion:

“Did you ever see anything so lovely as our flag?”

And the child, who as yet knew nothing of the stars and bars, answered fervently: “I never did.”

“I just want to laugh and cry in one breath,” continued Mary Catherine.

Their enthusiasm was shared to the fullest extent by the large numbers who crowded the sidewalks, the windows and balconies of the houses along the line of march, gaily decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens. But it needed not a very close observer to remark that in the eyes of many tears glistened unbidden; while the majority of women, both old and young, made no secret of the grief which they vainly endeavored to repress. Many among them had already bidden farewell to loved ones now far away on the scene of conflict; and to all of them there was something infinitely pathetic in the sight of the flower of the nation's youth thus going buoyantly and bravely to meet the unknown future.

Mary Catherine would have liked to follow the procession to the depot; but this proposition was not considered for a moment by old Mrs. Lorraine, who repre-

sented to the girls that the Sisters would be horrified to learn of such a proceeding. Reluctantly Mary Catherine turned her steps in the direction of the convent where Mother Teresa was staying,—sauntering as slowly as possible, in hope of falling in with some delayed feature of the grand tableau they had just witnessed.

As they passed a large market-house extending the full length of a square, they saw a number of well-dressed ladies near the entrance, some with one, others with a couple of large empty baskets in their hands. Carriages stood in waiting, and servants were carrying various large burthens from the market-house to the vehicles of which they had charge. There were also many women of humbler rank in life; but all had empty baskets, and all seemed to be united by a common bond of interest and sympathy.

As the girls came nearer they saw that the interior was decorated with bunting and flowers, and that the long stalls on either side were covered with white muslin.

“What is going on in there?” Mary Catherine inquired, pausing abruptly, and becoming deeply interested, as she always was at sight of the red, white and blue.

“They have been feeding the soldiers,” answered Mrs. Lorraine.

“Oh, feeding the soldiers!” repeated Mary Teresa. “Were they hungry? Don't they have anything to eat themselves?”

“Yes, they have regular rations, of course,” said Mrs. Lorraine. “But from Philadelphia to P—— requires a journey of about twenty-four hours; and as all regiments from the East are obliged to pass through this city before embarking for the seat of war, the kind ladies of the place have established the hospitable custom of giving the soldiers a good meal between the time of coming and going. Sometimes it is breakfast, sometimes supper; but more often dinner, as the boat usually goes at four or five in the afternoon.”

"Isn't that lovely!" exclaimed Mary Catherine.

"Indeed it is," was the reply. "One of the market-houses is always offered for the purpose. The announcement of the coming of a regiment is made a couple of days in advance, and the town is ransacked for the very best its markets afford. And the ladies always wait upon the soldiers themselves, loading their plates with the choicest food. Poor fellows! for some of them, no doubt, the meal they receive here is the last good one they will have for many a long day, if ever—God help them!"

"Oh, how I wish I might see them sometime!" said Mary Catherine. "How often do they have such a meal?"

"Whenever a regiment comes in. The time is uncertain. You see all those ladies? Many of them belong to the wealthiest families in the city, but none of them are too proud to wait upon our brave soldier boys. On the contrary, they consider it a great privilege."

"Oh, dear! how hard it is to have to be at school while all these things are going on!" said Mary Catherine. "I wish I could wait on the soldiers."

"I fancy you can do your duty equally well by praying for them," replied Mrs. Lorraine. "Indeed they stand in need of earnest and persevering prayers during these troubled times."

"Praying is not *my forte*," said Mary Catherine, in that grandiloquent tone which always excited the amusement of those who heard her. "Little Mary Teresa here is a great prayer, but I am a worker. Oh, I should so love to be a Daughter of the Regiment!"

"The duties of that mainly fictitious personage are only ornamental, I think," answered Mrs. Lorraine. "I can't imagine a little convent girl wishing to occupy such a position, either," she added, looking somewhat severely at Mary Catherine and preparing to move on.

The girl frowned; while from beneath her heavy brows her large black eyes flashed a half-contemptuous glance on the old woman, whom her sense of propriety prevented her from answering as she would have liked to do.

"My father is in the army," she said; "and my brother—as a volunteer. Papa was an officer in the regular army, but he retired some years ago. As soon as war was declared he joined again, of course. We are a fighting family."

"I don't doubt it," returned the old lady, with an intonation which left the girl puzzled as to her precise meaning.

"I don't believe *we* are," said Mary Teresa, in her gentle tone. "At least, my father was not a soldier—he was never in the war."

"But your grandfather was," said Mary Catherine. "He is too old to fight now, of course; but I don't know but what that is a blessing, as he would probably be on the wrong side."

"You are a Southerner?" said Mrs. Lorraine kindly, turning to Mary Teresa.

"Yes, she is a Southerner," answered Mary Catherine. "She is just as sweet as she can be, though; and no one makes the least bit of difference with *her* on account of it. Some of them are awfully conceited. But we'll whip them terribly; you'll see we shall."

Mary Teresa smiled, pressing closer to her companion; while she looked up into the face of the old woman as if to say: "Don't mind her; I don't."

When the party returned to the convent Mary Catherine was in such a state of excitement that Mother Teresa doubted the wisdom of having allowed her to come to the city. During the three subsequent days her time was spent principally in the dentist's chair; but on her journeys to and from the office she saw enough of the pomp and panoply of war, as displayed by marching regiments *en route* to Tennessee, to furnish her with

ample material for the wonderment and diversion of her companions for months to come.

Mary Teresa was allowed to pay a visit to a friend of her mother who lived in the suburbs, with whose children she soon became intimate. They pitied the poor little girl, separated from her mother by the exigencies of war, and did all that was possible to make her stay pleasant. Although nothing could compensate the thoughtful, affectionate child for her great deprivation, she was very appreciative of all kindness; and the entire change from the routine of her daily life proved beneficial to both body and mind.

But nothing from the beginning to the end of the trip pleased her more than the sight of Mary Ann waiting at the big carriage gate when they arrived at St. Mary's. It would have caused the heart of her absent mother to thrill with pleasure could she have seen the warmth of the embrace in which the large girl folded the little one, as she exclaimed:

"Welcome back, you darling little thing! I have been longing for you all the time you have been away."

(To be continued.)



RENAUD, the late French Senator, once engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent in advance.—"Will you have a receipt?" asked the landlord.—"Oh, no!" answered Renaud. "It is not necessary: God has witnessed the payment."—"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.—"Most assuredly," said Renaud. "Don't you?"—"Not I, Monsieur."—"Then," said the Senator, "I will trouble you to write me a receipt."

A WORK-BASKET and other tokens of womanly industry are often seen in pictures of the Annunciation, on account of the traditional story that the Blessed Virgin had sat down to her work when the Angel Gabriel appeared.

The Shrewd Dervishes.

When Mahmoud II. was Sultan of Turkey, a certain order of dervishes made him a great deal of trouble. They were always prominent in revolutionary movements; and, being really very powerful and enlightened, their influence over the masses of the people was almost unlimited. The name of this troublesome order was the Bektashee. It still exists in Turkey, but in a changed and modified condition.

"Suppress the Bektashee!" was the demand from their rivals and enemies. The Sultan was not at all reluctant to do this if he could; but these shrewd dervishes had always been found equal to any occasion, and it was by no means certain that they would fall into any trap that could be set for them. Mahmoud, however, resolved to see what could be done. Accordingly he arranged for a great banquet, to which he invited the principal members of the Bektashee.

When they arrived at the dining *salon* they discovered that the table was furnished with spoons whose handles were a yard long. How were they to eat with such extraordinary utensils? The other guests gazed upon them inquiringly, and the Sultan called out from his throne: "My good friends, why do you not eat your pilaf?"

The dervishes looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. Then, as if the same idea had come to them all, they began to feed each other across the table, finding the handles of the giant spoons just long enough to be useful. The other guests were amazed and delighted at such ready ingenuity, while the Sultan clapped his hands with delight.

"Well done!" he cried. "You are the most sensible lot of men I ever saw. I have no thought of suppressing your most excellent order just to please a crowd of blundering idiots, who are not worthy to tie your shoes!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—Some years ago Miss Mary E. Phillips, through the good offices of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, obtained from Mr. William Wetmore Story a mass of information respecting his lifework. This she has embodied in a volume of "Reminiscences," to which Miss Starr contributes much valuable matter.

—The announcement that a new novel, "The Two Standards," from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Barry, is to appear in the autumn is a gratifying piece of literary news. Dr. Barry's versatility is a constant surprise even to his friends. "The Two Standards," however, is not his first venture into fiction; "The New Antigone," one of the strongest of our English novels, is his creation.

—Mr. William Bellinghausen, well known for his important contributions to Catholic publications abroad, is engaged in the compilation of a catalogue of living Catholic writers in our language. He is desirous of making his list as complete as possible. Those who have published books, pamphlets, etc., as well as contributors to periodicals, are kindly requested to send their names, with full address, to William Bellinghausen Esq., Freiburg, Baden, Germany.

—The Baroness Pauline von Hügel, in "Carmen's Secret," has given us a charming story of three noble characters, and their influence on the lives of three other characters, different in every way, yet interesting and well drawn. Carmen, Margaret or Meg, and Helen are a trio that will win friends among the young folk. The religious element, while evident, is not obtrusive, and the book is wholesome without being "preachy." The Catholic Truth Society, London.

—Any one who writes a pure and wholesome story for our Catholic youth deserves well of the critics, for the need of such reading matter is pressing. Gilbert Guest, therefore, is to be commended for her efforts to meet the demand. "A Trinity of Friendships," her latest story (Donahoe, Henneberry & Co.), deals with life in a convent school, and portrays three widely different characters, bound in the tender ties of friendship.

However, we think that young Catholic writers would do well to make more of the literary art than they do. Knowing that truth underlies all they think and say, they sometimes neglect the rules of workmanship. We recommend "The Art of Writing English," by Arlo Bates, especially the chapters on narrative and construction, to Gilbert Guest and all other beginners in the work of story-writing.

—The teaching of the Church in regard to indulgences is not always understood by even well-read Catholics, and many of the faithful do not attach sufficient importance to the treasures showered upon us in this way. This want of knowledge and this seeming indifference will, we hope, be lessened by a small handbook on the subject, entitled "A Practical Guide to Indulgences," adapted from the original of the Rev. P. M. Bernard, O. M. I., by the Rev. Daniel Murray, and published by Benziger Brothers.

—That the leading Polish Catholic novelist has achieved notable American fame is evident, among other indications, from the interest displayed in the pronunciation of his patronymic, Sienkiewicz. In several papers we notice sundry conflicting pronouncements upon this matter; and for our personal satisfaction have consulted Polish friends as to the proper accent, the sounds of vowels and consonants in the novelist's name. From them we learn that the word is one of three syllables, with the accent on the second. The approximate English word would be Schin-kay'-vitch.

—The original method adopted by an Eastern book-agent to sell his wares deserves the success it has met with. "A Yale professor," says the *Critic*, "hearing his door-bell ring three times unanswered, finally went to the door himself. On the steps outside he met a man doubled up and convulsed and collapsed in a fit of laughter, who at sight of the professor made a great effort to regain his composure and speak, but in vain. After waiting awhile the professor demanded: 'What ails you?' To whom, at length, the man,

though gasping for breath and able to get out only a word at a time, replied: 'Mark Twain's new book!—I'm selling it—waiting for your door to open—I just took a look into it—myself—and oh! oh!'—and off he went into another paroxysm." Whether or not the professor bought the book so strongly recommended, we are not told; but he had the curiosity to follow the book-agent unobserved. To his great amusement, he saw the man going through the same performance at every house on the street.

—Under the title "Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets," Mr. Harrison Conrard has published a collection of verses varied in quality as in themes. There is a ring of earnestness in his patriotic efforts, a note of sincerity in his heart-poems, some lines of which linger in the memory like a song's refrain. "The Cry of the Unemployed" reminds one of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children"; though it is not, of course, equal in poetic quality or intensity of feeling to the English poem. The sonnets are better in thought than in construction. The Editor Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden.* \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.

- Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame.* \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellecius.* \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder.* 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolica Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand.* \$1.50.
 Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$6.
 Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.
 The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
 The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowé.* 50 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 30 cts., each.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr.* \$1.25.
 Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
 A Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 50 cts.
 Angels of the Battlefield. *George Barton.* \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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On Good-Friday.

JESUS, let me comfort Thee!
 All Thy anguish was for me:—
 Bloody sweat and dungeon cold,
 Cruel scourge, with wounds untold;
 Mocking reed and thorny crown,
 Streams of crimson dripping down;
 Shame and nakedness and pain,
 Mud and mire and spittle stain;
 Trembling hands and halting breath,
 Thirst and agony and death.
 Jesus, it was all for me:
 Let me share Thy Cross with Thee!

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

VI.—THE DEPOSITION.

JUST at the first shout in the streets of Jerusalem from the fierce rabble that apprehended Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane; at the first gathering in the hall of Pilate; at the appearing of Our Lord, crowned with thorns, the reed-sceptre in His hand, on the balcony overlooking the riotous crowd, crying, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" at the departure of the procession from the door of Pilate's house; all along the *Via Crucis* to the very summit of Calvary;

during the awful darkness of the three hours of agony on the cross, till the death-cry, *Consummatum est!* rent the veil of the Temple, cleft the rocks, opened the graves around Jerusalem,—two figures moved as silently as shadows through all these scenes; not as participants, but as men whose intelligent eyes read and noted every incident, yet so abstractedly as to escape observation.

These were Joseph of Arimathea, a good and just man, a noble counsellor of the Sanhedrim, privy to all its doings but without consenting to them; and Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, like Joseph of Arimathea a member of the Sanhedrim, who had come, very early in the three years' ministry, to Jesus by night. Both, at heart, have been, from the first, disciples of Jesus, but secretly out of regard to their worldly position. Now, however, as the darkness rolls away from Calvary, these noble souls rise from their abject bondage to Sanhedrim and Synagogue; and when the soldiers come to take down the three bodies from their crosses, Joseph of Arimathea finds the centurion, whose spear had attested the death of Jesus, and whose faith had been born of the death-cry, ready to accede to any request of the noble counsellor, who forthwith presents himself boldly before Pilate and begs the body of Jesus.

Together Joseph and Nicodemus buy fine linen and spices, returning to Calvary,

where the centurion and the holy women and Saint John keep watch over the sacred humanity of Jesus of Nazareth. How carefully and how tenderly they place the ladders at the back of the cross! How gently they ascend, these noble senators, the coarse rounds. Not only how gently, but how reverently! Not only how reverently, but how worshipfully! And now they actually touch the lifeless body of Jesus—touch it with a feeling like nothing in the world so much as that with which the priest touches the body of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar. With an adoring pitifulness they lift the crown of thorns from the bowed head, drawing out the sharp points slowly from the flesh, from the hair matted with blood—never had thorns seemed so cruel,—and lay it into the uplifted hands of Saint John.

Adoringly—they know not how, so firmly are they fixed in the hard wood of the cross, so glued do they seem to the fleshly wounds of the pierced hands,—they draw forth those large, rudely-fashioned, blunt nails, that have bent under the stroke of the hammer, leaving wide open those two wounds, like rings set with jacinths; and, thus half released, the body, gently sustained by Joseph of Arimathea, leans forward till Mary's arms are raised to receive it; while Nicodemus descends and draws out the one dreadful nail on which both sacred feet have borne down through three hours of mortal agony; the wide-open wounds, livid yet tinged with blood; bringing to mind that word of the psalmist, "They pierced my hands and my feet," when the arms slide rather than fall upon Mary's shoulders, and the lifeless lips touch hers, clinging to them with the sweetness of a mother's anguish.

One moment more, and Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus and Saint John bear the body of the Lord in their arms to where Mary is being led by the Magdalene and Mary of Cleophas, to a

rock pushing up through the turf, and lay on her knees the still limp form of her lifeless Son—the one indulgence granted to her motherhood; the same Son whose infant limbs she had wrapped in their swaddling clothes in the Stable of Bethlehem; whose tender cry she had stilled with a few drops of milk from her virginal breast! There is no cry now: the silence is that of death; and the pierced hands, the pierced feet, the pierced side, the long hair clotted with blood, the still livid marks of the scourges, tell the awful story as no word of man or of angel could tell it to Mary.

The actual Deposition, or the taking down of the Crucified One from the cross, was chosen early by the Greek artists; and the deepest veneration was adhered to in the conducting of this descent of the sacred body. The Greek traditions had been transmitted to Duccio of Siena, and to his representation we turn as to the most perfect exponent of the sentiments of that age. In this we see Joseph of Arimathea descending the ladder, one arm thrown over the arm of the cross in order to steady himself, but the right supporting the body of the Lord under both arms. Saint John has one arm around the body, the other around the knees; and Nicodemus is drawing the one nail from the crossed feet. Thus, as the body inclines forward, one arm and hand falls on the shoulder of Mary, who takes His face between her hands and kisses it most fondly; the other hand and arm has been taken by the Magdalene in her mantle, and pressed to her cheek with an exceeding mournfulness of pity. Four other pitying women surround this group, in which the dolor of the Blessed Virgin may be considered as the chief motive; and this motive expressed with a tenderness, a loveliness, which leaves it, as a conception, unequalled in art. Again and again had this type been hinted at, but never carried out in its perfection

until the Sienese painter, inheriting, as he had, the sensibility which belongs to his race, conceived it, in a moment of tearful transport, for one of the compartments of the great altarpiece in the cathedral of his own city.

In the sacristy of the Church of "The Trinity," Florence, Fra Angelico painted a Deposition, which is now in the Belle Arti of that city, so elaborate in its arrangement, so carefully executed, that it has been regarded always as one of his greatest works. The city of Jerusalem and its hills make the background, sorrowing angels filling in the points of the side arches; the middle taken up altogether with the cross and the ladders, and the figures of the noble senators who are supporting the body under the arms; the beautiful head rests on its own shoulder,—the whole figure so sustained by Saint John on one side, on the other by two disciples, as to give the perfection of grace and beauty in death: no distortion by reason of the agony that is past; no effort on the part of those who have entirely released the precious body from its bed of suffering; Saint Mary Magdalene is holding the pierced feet adoringly on her hands, as she touches them with her lips.

At the left hand, near Saint John, is a group of figures—holy men who have followed the Lord, and are now with Him at His burial; and one, carrying in one hand the three nails, in the other the crown of thorns, holds them pityingly before them; while a youth, with a shining halo, but not an aureole, kneels in a transport of adoration, gazing at the dead Christ descending from His cross on the hands of those who love Him. On the right hand, the holy women, a group of seven, sorrowingly surround the Blessed Virgin, who is on her knees, waiting with hands joined to receive her Son into her arms; while standing over her is Mary of Cleophas, looking down upon her, with

clasped hands and streaming tears, as if pitying the heart-break of this Mother of Sorrows.

The holy tranquillity of an adoring compassion is unbroken by one movement of haste or of anxiety; and the line of blood and water that trickles from the wounded side, and a few drops on the forehead where the crown of thorns rested, only recall that copious blood-shedding by which the world had been redeemed; while on the countenance rests a serene brightness, as if the Divine Sufferer had entered into His rest.

It is told of Murillo that, as a mere child, he would linger for hours before the great picture by Campana in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Seville, a Descent from the Cross,—“waiting,” as he said, “until those holy men should take down the Blessed Lord.” The most beautiful fruit of this early predilection is a mystical Deposition—the dead Christ lying on the lap of the Eternal Father; the arms resting horizontally to the elbows across the knees; the head held in one hand, the other lifted over the forehead of the Eternal Son as if in benediction; still above planes the Dove of the Eternal Holy Spirit; the winding-sheet on which repose the lifeless limbs upheld by angels, dense clouds closing around it; while above is a burst of glory, as if from the Beatific Vision.

The scene following immediately upon the actual Deposition, when Our Lord rests from the grievous travail of Redemption on the knees of His Blessed Mother, called the “Pietà,” or the Compassion, has found a place in sculpture and in painting through all the most beautiful periods of Christian art, calling forth the most delicate sentiments of sympathy from the soul of the artist, and demanded by the people of every nation which has heard the story of Redeeming Love and of Mary's woes. The Byzantine School, from first to last, made it one of the sub-

jects of predilection; and when Cimabue painted in the upper Church of Saint Francis at Assisi, Giotto in the Arena Chapel at Padua, it was not forgotten. Ambrogio Lorenzetti's "Pietà" is in the Academy at Siena; Donatello's, on one of the bronze panels of the pulpit in San Lorenzo, Florence; Botticelli's, in the Munich Gallery. Mantegna's can be studied in the Brera Gallery; Bellini's, in Florence. Fra Angelico painted this scene several times; but while the title is allowed to cover many scenes in the same act, we limit our own presentation of it to the literal lying of the dead Christ on the lap of His Mother.

It is this which Michael Angelo sculptured with all the fervor of youthful piety as the spring flower of his mighty genius, and which stands to-day in the first chapel to the right hand as we push back the ponderous leathern curtain that hangs before the entrance to Saint Peter's Basilica, Rome. The right hand of the Virgin-Mother supports the slender body of her Son under its right shoulder, the hand dropping helplessly in death; the head is pillowed once more on her arm, the limbs upon her knees, as she bends over Him with all a mother's compassion; and her left hand is put forth slightly, with a gesture of irrepressible anguish, as if saying: "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

In the Belle Arti, Florence, is a "Pietà," strictly so called, by Perugino; not the actual scene on Mount Calvary, but by way of meditation. The body of the dead Christ rests on His Mother's knees; the head is borne on the shoulders of a kneeling youth, who looks out from the picture as if asking our pity; but above him is seen a Saint John, who seems to be still gazing on his Lord upon the cross. The feet rest upon the knees of Saint Mary Magdalene, who, with clasped hands, deeply meditative countenance, contemplates those wounded feet which she

anointed for their burial. At her side stands Joseph of Arimathea, the clasped hands held downward, the face full of the deepest compassion, looking upon Our Lady, as she, too, looks with unspeakable compassion upon the face of her Divine Son—that face so benign in death, yet so solemn in its adorable sweetness. The whole group is sublimely conceived; the sorrow a sublime sorrow, and the grandeur is of that sort which takes in the beginning and the end: the eternity of Redemption in the mind of God, as well as the eternity of its duration for those who embrace it.

To the right, as one enters the Chapel of San Brizio in the Cathedral of Orvieto (where we see on the walls the unrivalled groups of the Last Judgment in all their terrible significance by Luca Signorelli, and on the ceiling those groups of the blessed after their last judgment by Fra Angelico), in the midway arch stands high on a pedestal, so as to break in between Signorelli's groups, a "Pietà" in marble by Ippolito Scalza,—a veritable Dead Christ on the lap of His Mother. Her hand lies under His right arm, hanging downward; His head rests upon His own shoulder; His left arm is slightly raised by Saint Mary Magdalene, so that her cheek presses upon the pierced hand; while her own left hand is laid gently under His pierced left foot. Joseph of Arimathea stands to the right of the Blessed Virgin, one hand on the ladder, the other holding to his breast the pincers with which he detached the Lord Christ from His cross; and he looks down into the dead face pillowed on its own shoulder, with a manly tenderness of sympathy which is also worship.

The grandeur of the Mother of Sorrows is emphasized by the raised hand, as if she were uttering one of the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the lifeless Saviour of her people as well as her own Son. The terminal forms of the Christ have not the

delicacy of those in Michael Angelo's "Pietà": the whole form is heavier; but the head is very beautiful, the relaxed expression of the whole figure most pathetic; and the sublimity of Mary in anguish is worthy of all the prophecies which she and her Divine Son have fulfilled.

The Campo Santo, not of Pisa but of Siena, gives us a "Pietà" which proves that neither piety nor inspiration is to fail with the ages. This is by Giovanni Dupré, born at Siena, March 1, 1817. Let us quote his own words: "When I was engaged by the Marquis Ruspoli to make the 'Pietà' for the Campo Santo of the Misericordia in Siena, I said: 'The Son of God crucified and dead, the Mother mourning for Him,—these are the two grand thoughts of my subject; two, but virtually forming only one.' This idea called up in my mind the image of the group, and I made my small model in clay." To this followed studies from a model; but nothing satisfied. "One day in summer," he says, "I fell asleep; and lo! I seemed to see what I had long sought in vain, my 'Pietà': Jesus stretched on the ground, sustained upon the knee of the Madonna; His right arm resting upon her, the left hanging down, His head gently inclined upon His breast; while the Madonna was bending over Him with that look of unutterable woe. I woke up, ran to my studio and instantly made the new model. I tremble to think how this design, so simple, after I had in vain tried to find it by art and by long study, came to me almost of itself." And indeed it is easy to believe that the artist was really inspired!

Our century closes with a "Pietà" from the School of Beuron, so tender, so altogether heavenly in its sorrow, so exquisite in its technique, that our own words may well close with it as gently as on the strings of a harpist would die the last strains of the "Stabat Mater."

VII.—THE ENTOMBMENT.

The sun is near to its setting, and to-morrow is the Sabbath; and Mary, with her lifelong habit of obedience to the law, resigns her Son, as she resigns herself, to the preparation which Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus have already made for His honorable burial. The fine linen is spread upon the turf of a quiet spot which has escaped the trampling of armed men, of brutal soldiery, not far from the cross itself; and upon this they lay the body of our crucified Redeemer.

For the first time it lies before their eyes at its full length; for the first time not only the five open wounds, the livid marks of the whips, of the cords which bound Him to the pillar, are visible at one glance, but the wasting from the bloody sweat, the scourging, the crucifixion, the absolute fast from the hour of the Last Supper,—all like a repetition of the scenes in Gethsemane, in Pilate's hall, along the *Via Crucis*, the nailing to the cross, the three hours' dying. And this one instant opens anew the floodgates of Mary's sorrow, of all those who surround her, of all who are taking part in this last act of love for the dead. "They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced; they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for the death of the first-born," in this moment is fulfilled; and He who had wept at the tomb of Lazarus suffers these dear ones to pour out their anguish like rivers of water. He who groaned at the tomb before He said, "Lazarus, come forth!" allows their sobs and their cries to testify to their grief for Him. It is the outburst of a grief allowed by the God-Man Himself to the creatures He has created. There has never been a death-bed over which some mourner has not thrown himself in an agony of tears; and it must not be denied to the tenderest of all mothers, to the heart broken as no other heart has been or can be, or to her companions.

As the crowds had dispersed from Mount Calvary; still later, as the centurion, who had attended only to the taking down of the bodies of the two thieves and their burial, leaving the entombment of Jesus of Nazareth to his two noble friends of the Sanhedrim, left the scene of death with his staff,—one by one the disciples, and even Apostles who had fled out of fear of being arrested as the followers of the Nazarene, return to the Mount, clustering around the scene of death. Swiftly Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus do their work; for the stars must not shine over Jerusalem, ushering in the Sabbath, until they have laid the Victim of that cruel day in His tomb. With skilled hands they spread the myrrh and precious spices over the body, here and there closing some bleeding gash, wrapping tightly the linen lengths around the body, the limbs; swathing them as the manner of the Jews was to bury. And as the deep blood stains come through the linen folds, they repeat to themselves Isaiah's exclamation: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this Beautiful One in His robe?... Why is Thy apparel red, and Thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?" Adding, in the sorrow of their souls: "Truly He has trodden the wine-press alone, and of all who have followed Him there has been none to help."

The last fold has been given: Jesus is ready for His tomb. But "where will they lay Him?" some ask of one another. Even Mary says in her bruised heart: "Where will they lay my precious One?" But Joseph of Arimathea knows of the garden close by the place of skulls where the divine tragedy has been enacted; for in that garden he has had hewn out for himself a new sepulchre in which no one has ever lain. Toward this sepulchre, then, the little procession takes its way; Joseph of Arimathea as its leader, with Nicodemus and Saint John; and those

disciples who have returned to see what would be done with Jesus are only too favored, they believe, to be allowed to take on their arms, and even shoulders, the lifeless form of the Master they love even in the midst of their cowardice. The long twilight of the approaching Paschal time favors the hasty arrangements, and before the first star has glinted in the blue sky Jesus has been laid in the narrow bed of stone which Joseph of Arimathea had hewn out for himself in the spacious tomb; then, laying over it a slab, and rolling a heavy stone to the door of the sepulchre, they leave the Lord of Life to His place among the dead.

The baldness of the written narrative was supplied, from the first, by the oral narrative; the wealth of details not only, as must have been, from the Blessed Virgin herself, Saint Mary Magdalene, and Mary of Salome, but from the retentive memory of the Beloved Disciple, whose Gospel must have seemed to him, and to those few of his contemporaries who read it—for it was the last of the Four Gospels that was written,—meagre beyond all things, when Saint John had so much to say, had they not come into the beautiful inheritance of the oral tradition which quickened the meagre word and filled all the empty spaces. These traditions have never died out of the memory of the faithful, and Art took early possession of them as her birthright.

Cimabue learned from his Greek masters all the Byzantine traditions, and he gives us a veritable "Pietà"; but leaves to Giotto the enshrouding of the body of Jesus, or the laying Him in His winding-sheet. In Cimabue's "Pietà," the lordly citizen of Florence, whose Madonna in Santa Maria Novella is a daughter of the royal house of David, loses himself utterly in the expressions of grief which he has given to the Blessed Virgin herself and her holy companions; and Giotto at

Padua, where we see the dead Christ laid on His winding-sheet, makes no scruple of giving vent to the most pathetic and, in some of the personages, the wildest expressions of grief. But leaving those artists who, like Mantegna, expressed the natural rather than the supernatural sorrow of this moment, we come to Perugino, whose Entombment, as it is called, portrays the very scene we have in mind with a pathos and altogether a perfection of sentiment which leaves us nothing to desire.

The dead Christ has just been laid on His winding-sheet in a half-reclining position. Saint Joseph of Arimathea, on his knees, supporting the body under the arms with the winding-sheet; Saint Mary Magdalene, His head; Nicodemus, on his knee, holding up the winding-sheet under the feet; while the Blessed Virgin holds His left arm on both her hands, looking into His face as if she felt the divine eyes of her Son would open upon her under her sorrowful gaze, although "lying nerveless among the dead." It is Saint Bernard who thus apostrophizes Mary on the Feast of her Dolors, on the Friday of Passion Week: "Did she not know that He was to die? Yea, without doubt. Did she not hope that He was to rise again? Yea, she most faithfully hoped it. And did she still mourn because He was crucified? Yea, bitterly. But who art thou, my brother, or whence hast thou such wisdom, to marvel less that the Son of Mary suffered than that Mary suffered with Him? He could die in the body, and could not she die with Him in her heart?" And yet in the First Responsoy of this pathetic office, which is one of the poetic gems of the Roman Breviary, we read: "Maiden and Mother, thou didst look on Him with eyes full of tenderness; and there thou sawest not only that thy Son was smitten, but that the world was saved." All this is in Perugino's Entombment.

Of the beauty of this conception there has been no end of praise. Eastlake, in his History of Our Lord, says: "Perugino's exquisite picture in the Pitti, a work in which there are more beautiful heads than perhaps any other in the world." Of the Saint Mary Magdalene it was once said to me by a friend whose faith had never compassed the Godhead of the Son of Man: "It is the most pitying face I ever saw." St. John stands in his grief close to Joseph of Arimathea; Mary of Cleophas raises both her hands in the wonder of her soul over this unheard-of anguish; and still others come into the group without breaking in upon the exaltation of its pathos. A landscape stretches far off, with the towers of Jerusalem between the rocky hills which enclose this scene of scenes. This picture was painted for the nuns of Saint Clara in Florence. Vasari tells us that "Francesco del Pugliese offered the nuns three times as much as they had paid Perugino for the picture, and promised to cause another exactly like it to be executed for them by the same hand; but they would not consent, because Perugino had told them he did not think he could equal the one they possessed."

The literal bearing of Our Lord to His tomb, like the Deposition, has excited the ambition of the most skilful pencils, of the most subtle colorists, the most learned anatomists; but our dolor is not in all these, and we turn to those which have been painted under the inspiration of Our Lady's part in that sad procession.

The one which comes first to mind is Titian's. With all his Venetian sense of the glory of color, the charm of the picturesque, Titian had, deep in his soul, the sound Venetian faith. As a child, he painted Madonnas, tinting Our Lady's mantle with the juice of the pretty blue flower which still grows as commonly as a weed on all the meadows around lovely

Cadore, where Titian was born, and so brittle that it stains the garment of the careless pedestrian. The love of our Blessed Lady never left his heart, and when he conceived his Entombment she was one of his first thoughts.

Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, bear the sacred body on its winding-sheet with worshipful reverence; the eyes of the two senators fixed upon the face of the Master, watchful of the effect of every step which they make; the left hand is pendant, but the right is held by Saint John, who looks toward Mary as she presses forward with clasped hands, the Magdalene at her side folding her in her arms. The liveliest sympathy is expressed among all these personages; for they seem to have come to the very door of the tomb, and are even bending to make its entrance.

But Titian has given to the lifeless body not only the perfection of his brush as to form and tint, but over the bowed head, from which still trickle drops of blood from the wounds given by the crown of thorns, and over the lacerated shoulders, has been thrown a shadow so solemn that He seems to have entered already into the gloom of His sepulchre. Low clouds, such as come at sunset, just tinged with crimson, a jutting point of the hillside with its verdure and crowned with foliage, make the garden background of the picture; the twilight gloom symbolizing the shadows of death. For years we may have this picture near us and it will never lose its pathetic charm; while Titian gave to it his superb knowledge and his most careful skill as an act of devout love to the sorrows of the Mother and the Son.

Among those Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels by Overbeck, to which we so often allude, is the Entombment—the bearing of the dead Christ to that tomb which He again and again predicted for Himself. The stars have not yet appeared, but the deep twilight has come. Light

is thrown upon the sacred body, and on the head resting upon the shoulder of a disciple, from the torch held by Nicodemus at the very entrance of the tomb, into which Joseph of Arimathea is already passing, as the host who is to receive his Guest.

The torch flares upon the head and shoulders of the Master sleeping in death; upon the arm and pierced hand that lie so meekly on the breast; on the pierced feet that still cross each other as on that gibbet of death, resting as the limbs do upon the shoulder of another disciple. Saint John is seen weeping, in his heart-broken way, above the right shoulder; and following close is the Blessed Virgin, one hand holding her mantle to her breast, the other laid affectionately on the arm of Mary of Bethany. Close to them follow the two other holy women; while over the heads of this sad procession, far out on the hills round about them, mingling with the evening mists, floats the smoke of the torch in a long, slender thread of funereal vapor. To us it is most like what that procession really was, of any limned by any master whatsoever.

But Cimabue at Assisi, Duccio at Siena, have entered that gloomy cavern, wherein is the tomb hewn from a rock, in which no man as yet has been laid. Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, Saint John, have laid the body in its last resting-place, the arms straight beside Him, the feet side by side. When Mary bends over Him to give that last kiss which she can bestow upon her dead Son, Cimabue twines her arms around His swathed body; Duccio touches the dead cheek tenderly with her hand as she presses her lips to it; that farewell which has broken hearts from the time Eve pressed her lips to the cheek of the murdered Abel,—murdered, like Mary's Son, by his own brother. Through Eve death had entered into the world, and how bitter must have been

her sorrow! But the second Eve, Mary, knows that by the Fruit of her womb she has given life in the midst of death, and she says to her Beloved: "Thou art counted with them that go down to the pit, but God will not suffer my Holy One to see corruption."

O Mother of Sorrows, how deep is the night settling over Jerusalem, as, with thy three loving friends and Saint John, thy feet tread the same road trod by thy Jesus, still reddened by His blood, to be lighted up by the round Paschal moon as it rises above the now dark purple hills! "Her face is swollen with weeping; on her eyelids are the shadows of death"; and she sighs, this maiden and mother: "He hath made me desolate and faint with sorrow.' Truly 'a bundle of myrrh is my Beloved unto me'; for I bear under my mantle the cruel thorns with which they crowned Thee, in my hands the nails that pierced Thy hands and Thy feet, and in my heart the spear that cleft Thine. Very mournful art Thou to me, O my Son Jesus!" And we, her children, do we not compassionate her and say, on our bended knees, her Dolors Seven in our heart of hearts:

Had I been there, my Lady sweet,
I would kiss the printing of thy feet,
O dear, dear Mother Mary!*

* "Returning to Jerusalem." Austin O'Malley.

"GOD leads us by our own desires," after we have once offered the sacrifice of them with full sincerity. The "ruling love," the best-beloved good, which we offer to slay, as Abraham did Isaac, that very good is given back to us glorified and made indeed the thing which we desired. We have, with the Wise Men, to leave our own people and our father's house before we can see "Jesus with His Mother"; but, after that, God bids us 'go back *another way into our own country.*'—*Coventry Palmore.*

Maggie's Romance.

I.

THE season was nearly over; and Maggie, glad to have a breathing spell after four months of close attention to business, sat at the window, knitting in hand. But the work was a mere pretence this afternoon: her eyes were on the sea, a pretty glimpse of which could be had from where she was seated. A land-breeze swept inward the sweet, fresh perfume she loved. It felt good in her nostrils. She drew long, exhilarating breaths, leaning out now and then to enjoy it to the full. She loved the sea in all its phases; the voice of the waves, whether plashing in ripples along the shore, or flinging petulantly back and forth on a breezy day, or screaming in the fury of a winter storm, seemed to her ears the sweetest music in the world.

True, her world was very small; but once she had had dreams. Perhaps it would have been better to say "a dream." But that had long been over, and no one had ever suspected its existence; not even the lover, who but for this short-lived and foolish fancy might have been her husband. It is to be presumed that Maggie had not regretted his loss very much: she never seemed otherwise than happy and content.

Twenty years ago she had been a sweet-looking girl, with no claim to real beauty save that with which a pair of soft, shy brown eyes could endow her small and childish face. Her hair had been thick and soft and wavy in those days; but a short, sharp spell of fever had thinned it so much that ever since she had worn it cut close.

It began to grow foggy, and Maggie shivered. The window of her little shop gave directly on the sidewalk; she arose to shut it. As she did so a carriage came sharply round the corner, stopping before

her door. The coachman was in livery. A gentleman and two young ladies were inside. The gentleman was portly, handsome, and middle-aged; he had iron-gray hair. She saw him step briskly out of the carriage; the next moment the little bell rang, the door swung open, and she turned to the counter, in readiness to wait upon her customer. But he said nothing, and it seemed to Maggie that he looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"What do you wish, sir?" she inquired at length.

"Ah, it *is* Maggie!" the gentleman exclaimed, stretching forth his hand. "Don't you know me?"

"I must confess I do not," she replied slowly, and yet with an impression that she had seen him before. "So many persons come here in the summer, one is apt to forget."

"I have not been here for twenty years," said the stranger. "I should not have known you either but for your voice," he continued. "And yet it was only in the hope that you might be here still that I stopped the carriage when I saw the papers and toys hanging inside the door. Can't you remember me at all?"

Maggie shook her head, while she looked at him attentively.

"No," she said at length. "I can not remember ever having seen you before, sir. However, it may be possible that I have. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, with a pleasant smile—"if you can not even pay me the compliment of remembering me."

With a sudden flash of memory she extended her hand, while her pale face took on a faint rose tint.

"Can it be?" she said, in a low and tremulous voice. "Is it Anthony Hayes?"

"Now I am glad," said the other, warmly clasping her hand in his own. "It *is* Anthony Hayes."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Maggie. "And you are prosperous, I can see."

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "Some years ago I took out a patent on a horseshoe. That was a considerable time after you sent me away from Lowhampton," he added, with a smile that showed the wound was long since healed. "It gave me a start. I am a rich man."

"Where do you live?" asked Maggie.

"In Brooklyn," he replied.

"You are married, of course?"

"Yes, these fifteen years. We have no children. We have been spending the summer at Middlehampton, and I took a fancy to drive this way to-day. Everything seems the same."

"Yes, there has been little change," said Maggie.

"And you are not married—have never been?" he asked.

"No," was the reply, smilingly given.

"Strange! When I left here I had a fancy you had thrown me over for some one else."

"No: I have never been married nor asked in marriage, Anthony," she said gravely, while the rose tint deepened once more on her faded cheek.

"I am inclined to believe that you looked down on me a little in those days, Maggie," he continued.

"Perhaps I did," she answered, without hesitation. "I was more romantic than you suspected. But if I did, Anthony," she added, smiling, "you can have your innings now. The tables 'are turned these many years."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" he said. "I bear no malice, Maggie. Are you still as keen as ever on the Sunday-schools?"

Maggie sighed.

"No," she said, after a pause. "Somehow, the children have grown away from the old methods. And after mother died perhaps I was not so eager."

"Your mother is dead? Well, she was a good woman, and always my friend; wasn't she, Maggie?" Without waiting for a reply he went on: "We have a fine

Sunday-school at home, and a fine priest. I've never lost interest in those things. I've been blessed, Maggie; and I try not to forget it—"

"Uncle, uncle, come, please!" called a sweet girlish voice from the carriage.

Anthony held out his hand.

"They are a couple of pleasant tyrants," he said, with a proud, proprietary smile. "I'm glad to have seen you once more, Maggie. Probably I shall never pass this way again, so good-bye and good luck!"

"Good-bye, Anthony! I am very glad to know that you have prospered."

"Thank you! thank you!" he said, as he passed out. The door swung to, and he was gone. A moment later a cloud of dust hid the carriage from sight.

"He did not offer to introduce me to his nieces," thought Maggie, as she watched it disappear. "Once he would have thought it an honor for any of his people to know me."

There were no regrets in Maggie's heart as she went about preparing her frugal evening meal. Indeed, she had never felt any regret for her dismissal of Anthony Hayes, whose attentions she had accepted only because it was her mother's wish, but whom she certainly would have married had it not been for a short-lived and romantic episode, which seemed to her now, through the mists of twenty years, like a dream within a dream. But she had never forgotten it—never could forget it while she lived. Her pale cheek would flush when she recalled it, and the memory had been the single drop of bitterness in her cup of life; for hers was a proud nature.

When she had eaten her supper and washed the dishes, she seated herself in the big rocking-chair, her usually busy hands idly folded.

"What a strange thing is life!" she thought. "If I had married Anthony he would in all probability have remained at Lowhampton all his days. But, then,

perhaps not; he was always of an inventive turn, and would no doubt have come into luck all the same. In that case I should be riding about in my carriage now, and doing some good in the world, instead of being tied to this little shop year in and year out, as long as I live. It might have harmed me, though: I have an idea I might have become a very worldly woman."

After musing thus for perhaps half an hour, Maggie left her seat, went to the bureau and opened the lower drawer, from which she took a handsomely bound volume. This she did as regularly as night came on, the last thing before saying her prayers. Turning a leaf here and there, she began to read to herself random verses, some of which she seemed to know by heart; for, leaning her head against the back of the rocking-chair, she would murmur them half aloud. When the clock struck nine she turned to the first page, intently regarding a picture thereon engraved. After looking at it for some time, a gentle, scarce audible sigh escaped her lips. "He was a good man," she said. Then, replacing the book in the drawer, she fastened the shutters, said her prayers, and retired.

II.

Twenty years ago that summer Maggie had been making her wedding-clothes in the little room behind the shop where she had sat all the evening dreamily recalling the past. To be sure, she had never been what is vulgarly called "in love" with Anthony Hayes; but he was a good fellow, her mother wished her to marry him, and she was preparing to do so, not at all reluctantly. But deep down in her heart there lurked a strain of romance, known only to herself, and of which neither her mother nor lover had the least suspicion. And while she did not envy the gayly-dressed summer visitors who came often to buy a novel or a paper in the shop, or to exchange a book at the

library attached to it, she wished at times that fate had laid her future in the ideal lines and flowery paths in which, it seemed to her inexperience, those summer visitors perpetually trod. She was such a modest little thing, such a stranger to ways of coquetry of all kinds whether in dress or manner, that the handsome young gentlemen who sometimes escorted the girls, sometimes dropped into the shop to exchange their silver for her little wares, never gave her another thought.

She was a passionate lover of poetry. One verse-writer of the day, in particular, she endowed with every charm of mind and soul possible to any single scion of humanity. On his personal appearance she had never speculated, for her dreams were as yet only abstractions.

One day a bevy of laughing girls came into the shop. While they were busy examining the books on the shelves, Maggie caught snatches of their conversation, gathering from their remarks that the poet—*her* poet—was spending the summer in Lowhampton. Her heart gave a bound of delight. It was possible—nay, probable—that she would see him, then; for everyone of any note frequented the shop for magazines and papers. But how should she know him when he appeared? Perhaps he might open an account; they sometimes did, those summer visitors, but not usually. Without seeming to listen, she approached nearer the group, pretending to be arranging a pile of newspapers. Soon she caught the words, "six feet or more," "splendid looking," "crisp, black curly hair," "splendid brown eyes."

When they had gone, Maggie sat down behind the counter with a soft, contented sigh. He would surely come, she thought; and she would as certainly know him by the description she had heard. Oh, what bliss, what good fortune to see him with her own eyes, to hear him speak! If she had ever thought of picturing him to

herself, it would have been as those gay young creatures had described him. She took down a volume of his latest verses and began to read some of her favorites.

The bell tinkled, an old gentleman entered. He was very small, very thin and very pale. He leaned upon a stick, limping slightly as he walked.

"You keep the New York papers, my girl—the weeklies, I mean?" he inquired in a not unpleasant voice.

If Maggie had noticed it, he had very kind gray eyes. But she did not: he had disturbed the beautiful day-dream she was weaving; and he had addressed her as "my girl,"—a mode of salutation very displeasing to her, as savoring too much of superiority and patronage in him who used it.

"Yes, sir, we do," she answered, in a business-like tone, yet not ungently; for the gentleman was old, and Maggie had been taught the virtues of respect and reverence. Mentioning what he wanted, he began to stroll about the shop while she wrapped them in paper. The volume of verses still lay upon the counter where she had left it. The stranger picked it up.

"Ah! you like this sort of thing, do you?" he asked.

"Very much," replied Maggie promptly, detecting disapprobation in his tone.

"You look like a sensible girl," he continued, with a twinkle of the eye that would have reassured an older and more experienced person than the girlish bookseller. "Now, I can't see what merit you find in these verses."

"Perhaps that is because you are not young any longer, sir," was the reply.

"What are they all about? Love, I suppose?" said the old gentleman, turning over the leaves as he spoke.

"There's not much love in them, sir," said the girl; "but what there is I think most beautiful. There are some very pretty things about the sea and the flowers, and spring and little children."

"And you are of the opinion that when a man begins to get old he can no longer enjoy these beautiful things?" asked her questioner, mischievously.

Before she could reply the bell rang again; and as Maggie lifted her eyes the little shop became glorified in her sight. The old gentleman turned quietly away, not wishing to take up the time of a new customer; and there strode up to the counter, behind which Maggie stood, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with clear pink and white complexion; crisp, black hair, curling tightly about his head; and large brown eyes, which were full of fun and good-humor. His lips were a trifle coarse; and his voice, when he opened them to ask, "Any sporting journals?" rather thin and weak for one of his size and physique. But these deficiencies were not observed by the girl before him, lost in the joy of recognition; for her poet stood before her! Yes, it was he, just as she heard him described. For a moment she could not answer him. But he did not seem to notice her embarrassment, and presently she found him the papers he wanted. Throwing the money on the counter, he turned and walked quickly away; and the little shop seemed to the foolish heart of the simple girl as though a radiance had gone from it.

All that day and the next she was absent-minded, looking up eagerly when the bell rang, and sighing with disappointment when the stranger did not appear. But on the third day he came again, this time purchasing several papers of a kind which Maggie felt some surprise to see he preferred. But he never exchanged a word with her other than was necessary; and, strange to say, she neither desired nor expected it; being content to worship from afar.

But the first glimpse she had had of him changed her little world completely. Anthony Hayes, with his commonplace jokes and everyday routine of ordinary

conversation, became distasteful to her. Finally she began to treat him with such indifference that her mother took alarm and remonstrated with her severely. But remonstrance availed nothing; by contrast with the magnificent Apollo, who now represented to her all that was beautiful and glorified on earth, Anthony was odious; and, being a youth of some spirit, he soon rebelled. The result we already know. He left Lowhampton, and Maggie and her mother continued their monotonous life. Monotonous indeed it became to Maggie when, the season being over, her hero came no more to the little shop. But she did not regret Anthony, though her mother's reproaches would not permit her to forget him; and she had the inward gratification of feeling that for at least a brief period of her life she had been in Paradise, with treasures of memory that nothing could take away. And perhaps he might return next year, she thought; and lived in the anticipation. By this time her little volume of verses was very well worn at the edges; she knew them all by heart.

Meanwhile the little old gentleman had become a very good customer, though Maggie seldom waited on him. Since their first meeting she had resented what she thought his want of appreciation of her favorite poet. One day she was sitting behind the counter sewing. Her mother was absent in New York, and the entire care of house and shop devolved on her. It was about the beginning of October, and most of the summer visitors had departed. The day was gloomy, and Maggie in somewhat melancholy mood. Beside her, on the counter, lay the little book, her inseparable companion. The old gentleman entered, and, after choosing his purchases, came forward to pay her.

When she returned with the change, she found him examining the book. He looked up at her with a smile. For the first time she thought his face attractive.

"My dear girl," he said, kindly, "Mr. Fane has at least one devoted admirer. This book is almost worn out."

"I know every verse in it by heart," replied Maggie, proudly. "Mr. Fane was here for six weeks this summer."

A peculiar expression passed over the face of the old gentleman.

"But you did not see him?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir! He came here several times a week for papers and magazines."

"Ah, indeed! What sort of looking person was he?"

"Very fine," said Maggie, her cheek flushing with enthusiasm. "He is over six feet tall, with black curly hair and beautiful skin. A most noble-looking man, sir."

"Young?" inquired the old gentleman.

"About twenty-five or twenty-six."

"Wearing flannels usually?"

"Yes, sir, always when I saw him."

"With a kind of swaggering walk?"

"Well—yes, perhaps you might call it so," answered Maggie, a little reluctantly, deprecating any remark not quite complimentary to her idol.

"Had a flat gray little cap?"

"Yes, I think he had."

"I am afraid this is a case of mistaken identity," said the old gentleman, dryly. "Your description answers to that of Glover, the English prize-fighter, who has been in training here all summer."

Maggie gasped.

"Oh, no! I can't think it, sir!" she murmured.

"Nevertheless, it is true," replied the old gentleman, with a smile. "I am confident that you have been mistaken. Beside, even if my supposition about the prize-fighter should not be correct, the poet does not answer your description at all. I know him well—by sight."

She looked at him piteously, without being able to keep her lip from quivering. She hated herself for it to this day. And yet, through all her mortification and

disappointment, she was aware of a most gentle, compassionate sympathy in the face of the old man, for which she thanked him later in her heart. At that moment it was too full of bitterness to give conscious place to any softer or more generous feeling. On his part, the sudden realization of how much the disclosure meant to the girl made him regret what he had said, at least momentarily. But the next instant he probably reflected that in the long run the revelation would prove less cruel than it now appeared. He opened his lips to speak, then hesitated, and finally said:

"My dear child, I will say this. While the poet is not nearly so handsome a man as the one you have mistaken for him, I think I can safely affirm that you would like him better, if you knew him; and I think I can also say that he would fully appreciate your interest in his verses."

The door opened to admit another customer. The old man picked up his papers.

"Thank you, sir!" said Maggie, in a low voice, as he prepared to depart. He looked at her kindly and went his way. She never saw him again.

Once more alone, the girl turned feverishly to the pile of "sporting papers," at whose contents she never glanced. She soon found what she sought—the picture of "her poet," *alias* "monarch of the prize-ring, as demonstrated in his late victorious fight against Teddy Myers, the Australian." She had no difficulty in recognizing it—Maggie's romance was ended.

Not long after this there came to her by express a neat package, from whence she never knew. It proved to be a volume of poems—the verses she loved,—beautifully bound in Russia leather, and bearing on the fly-leaf the inscription: "With kind regards of the author." The frontispiece was an excellent likeness of the pale little old gentleman.

To a Wood-Pigeon in Passion Week.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

TELL me, thou mild and melancholy bird,
Whence learnedst thou that meditative
voice?

For all the forest passages rejoice,
And not a note of sorrow now is heard;
I would know more: how is it I preferred
To leave the station of my morning choice,
Where, with her sudden startle of shrill
noise,
The budding thorn-bush brake the blackbird
stirred?
Sweet mourner—who in time of fullest glee
Risest to uttering but so sad a strain,
And in the bleak winds, when they ruffle
thee,
Keapest thee still, and never dost com-
plain,—
I love thee; for thy note to memory brings
This sorrowing in the midst of happiest
things.

 North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—OFF FOR ALASKA.

IF you are bound for Alaska, you can make the round trip most conveniently and comfortably by taking the steamer at Portland, Oregon, and retaining your state-room until you land again in Portland, three weeks later. Or you can run north by rail as far as Tacoma; there board a fine little steamer and skim through the winding water-ways of Puget Sound (as lovely a sheet of water as ever the sun shone on), debark at Port Townsend, and here await the arrival of the Alaska steamer, which makes its excursion trip monthly—at least it used to before the Klondyke hordes deranged the time-table and the times.

If this does not satisfy you, you may take passage at San Francisco for Port Townsend or Victoria, and connect at either port with the Alaska boat. Those who are still unsuited had better wait a bit, when, no doubt, other as entirely satisfactory arrangements will be made for their especial convenience. I went by train to Tacoma. I wanted to sniff the forest scents of Washington State, and to catch a glimpse of the brave young settlements scattered through the North-western wilderness. I wanted to skirt the shore of the great Sounds, whose praises have been ringing in my ears ever since I can remember—and that is a pretty long time now.

I wanted to loaf for a while in Port Townsend, the old jumping-off place, the monogram in the extreme northwest corner of the map of the United States of America—at least such it was until the Alaskan annex stretched the thing all out of shape, and planted our flag so far out in the Pacific that San Francisco lies a little east of the centre of the Union, and the Hawaiian islands come within our boundaries; for our island arm stretches a thousand miles to the west of Hawaii—it even chucks Asia under the chin.

But now let me offer you a handful of stray leaves from my note-book—mere suggestions of travel.

At Portland took morning train for Tacoma, one hundred and forty-seven miles. Swarms of people at the station, and some ominous “good-byes”; the majority talking of Alaska in a superior fashion, which implies that they are through passengers, and they don’t care who knows it. Alaska boat left Portland two days ago; we are to catch her at Port Townsend, and it looks as if we should crowd her. Train crosses the Columbia River on a monster ferry; a jolly and restful half hour in the cars and out of them.

A very hot and dusty ride through Washington State,—part of it pretty enough and part of it by no means so. Cars full of screaming babies, sweltering tourists, and falling cinders that sting like dumb mosquitoes. Rather a mixed neighborhood on the rail. An effusively amiable evangelist bobs up almost immediately,—one of those fellows whom no amount of snubbing can keep under. Old Probabilities is also on board, discoursing at intervals to all who will give ear. Some quiet and interesting folk in a state of suspense, and one young fellow—a regular trump,—promise better things.

We reach Tacoma at 6.30 p. m.; a queer, scattering town on Commencement Bay, at the head of Puget Sound. Very deep water just off shore. Two boys in a sailboat are blown about at the mercy of the fitful wind; boat on beam-ends; boys on the uppermost gunwale; sail lying flat on the water. But nobody seems to care, not even the young castaways. Perhaps the inhabitants of Tacoma are amphibious. Very beautiful sheet of water, this Puget Sound; long, winding, monotonous shores; trees all alike, straight up and down, mostly pines and cedars; shores rather low, and outline too regular for much picturesque effect. Tacoma commands the best view of the Sound and of Mt. Tacoma, with its fifteen thousand perpendicular feet looming rose-pink in the heavens, and all its fifteen glaciers seeming to glow with an inner tropic warmth. There are eighteen hundred miles of shore-line embroidering this marvellous Sound. We are continually rounding abrupt points, as in a river,—points so much alike that an untutored eye can not tell one from another. Old Probabilities industriously taking his reckonings and growing more and more enthusiastic at every turn—especially so when the after-glow burns the sea to a coal; it reminds him of a volcanic eruption. There are some people who when

they see anything new to them are instantly reminded of something else they have seen, and the new object becomes second rate on the spot. A little travel is a dangerous thing.

Pay \$3.25 for my fare from Tacoma to Port Townsend, and find a moment later that some are paying only \$1 for the same accommodations. Competition is the mother of these pleasant surprises, but it is worth thrice the original price—the enjoyment of this twilight cruise. More after-glow, much more, with the Olympian Mountains lying between us and the ocean. In the foreground is a golden flood with scarlet ripples breaking through it—a vision splendid and long continued. Air growing quite chilly; strong draughts at some of the turns in the stream. Surely, in this case, the evening and the morning are not the same day.

At 9.30 p. m. we approach Seattle—a handsome town, with its terraces of lights twinkling in the gloaming. Passengers soon distribute themselves through the darkness. I am left alone on the after-deck to watch the big, shadowy ships that are moored near us, and the exquisite phosphorescent light in the water—a wave of ink with the luminous trail of a struck match smouldering across it. Far into the night there was the thundering of freight rolling up and down the decks, and the ring of invisible truck-wheels.

Slept by and by, and was awakened by the prolonged shriek of a steam whistle and a stream of sunlight that poured in at my state-room window. We were backing and slowing off Port Ludlow. Big sawmill close at hand. Four barks lie at the dock in front of it; a few houses stand on the hill above; pine woods crowd to the water's edge, making the place look solemn. Surely it is a solemn land and a solemn sea about here. After breakfast, about 8.30 o'clock, Port Townsend hove in sight, and here we await the arrival of the Alaska boat. What

an odd little town it is—the smallest possible city set upon a hill; the business quarter huddled at the foot of the hill, as if it had slid down there and lodged on the very edge of the sea! The hotels stalk out over the water on stilts. A person sleeps well in the sweet salt air, lulled by the low murmur of the waves under the veranda.

I rummage the town in search of adventure; climb one hundred and fifty steep steps, and find the highlands at the top, green, pastoral and reposeful. Pleasant homes are scattered about; a few animals feed leisurely in the grassy streets. One diminutive Episcopal chapel comes near to being pretty, yet stops just short of it. Nevertheless, there is a kind of unpretending prettiness in the bright and breezy heights environed by black forest and blue sea.

A revenue cutter—this is a port of customs, please remember—lies in the offing. She looks as if she were suspended in air, so pure are the elements in the northland. I lean from a parapet, on my way down the seaward face of the cliff, and hear the order, "Make ready!" Then comes a flash of flame, a white, leaping cloud, and a crash that shatters an echo into fragments all along the shore; while beautiful smoke rings roll up against the sky like victorious wreaths.

I call on the Hon. J. G. Swan, Hawaiian Consul, author of "The Northwest Coast; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory." Find him delightful, and delightfully situated in a perfect museum of Indian relics; himself full of the liveliest recollections of Indian life, and quite an authority on Indian tongues and traditions; find also an old schoolmate, after long years of separation, and am most courteously entertained. What a drive we had over the hills and along the beach, where the crows haunt the water's edge like sea-birds! It has been repeatedly affirmed that these crows have been seen

to seize a clam, raise it high in the air, let it drop upon a rock, and then pounce upon the fragments and feast furiously. But I have never seen one who has had ocular proof of this.

There was a very happy hour spent at Colonel Douglas' quarters, over at the camp; and then such a long, long drive through the deep wildwood, with its dense undergrowth, said to be the haunt of bear, panther, wild cat, deer, and other large game. Bearberries grew in profusion everywhere. The road, kept in splendid repair by the army men, dipped into a meadow full of savage mosquitoes; but, escaping through two gates, we struck again into the forest, where the road was almost overgrown with dew-damp brush, that besprinkled us profusely as we passed.

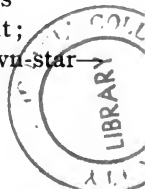
We paused upon the slope above Port Discovery Bay; saw an old fellow on the porch of a wee cottage looking steadfastly into the future—across the Bay; with pipe in mouth, he was the picture of contentment, abstraction and repose. He never once turned to look at us, though few pass that way; but kept his eyes fixed upon a vision of surpassing beauty, where the vivid coloring was startling to the eye and the morning air like an elixir. Nothing but the great summer hotel of the future—it will surely come some day and stand right there—can rob the spot of its blissful serenity.

(To be continued.)

Hope's Vision.

☉NTEN shadows gather round us,
Purple is the twilight gloom;
But the rifts show golden star-gleams—
Promise of the light-crowned tomb.

Dark and darker grow the shadows
Till the gloom of Calvary's night;
Through the rifts Hope sees the dawn-star
Herald of the Easter light.



A Grateful Ghost.

—

IT has been remarked by one of the most acute students of supernatural occurrences that what is wanted for their due investigation is a plain statement of facts in regard to the same,—facts set forth in simple language, and with the details given on creditable authority. The following account of an apparition is related in the "Memoirs" of Count Falloux, who gives it in the very words of the Polish Countess Rzewska. The proofs of its genuineness are such as to warrant its being classed among the comparatively few ghost stories that are true. The sneers of the cynical and the scoffs of the unbelieving most certainly can not alter facts; and in this case the testimony is not to be rejected as the result of an overwrought brain, imagination or fancy. The complete change in the course of Prince Lubomirski's life proves that something real was encountered by him.

There was in the Countess Rzewska's family a very sad example of religious indifference or unbelief, which all at once was turned into a remarkable conversion. Her grandfather, Prince Lubomirski, who was known as the Solomon of Poland, had denied the existence of God and of the human soul, in order, it would seem, that he might give himself up without restraint to a licentious life. He had even begun to write a work in the endeavor to prove that there is no God, and that the immortality of the soul is a delusion. He spent many a night at his desk, devoting long hours to his evil work.

One day, when he was especially tired, and dissatisfied with the progress of his book, he extended his daily promenade beyond its usual limits. Meeting an old woman who was loading a donkey-cart with dried leaves and dead branches, he greeted her with:

"Haven't you any other way of making a living?"

"Alas! no, my lord," was the reply. "My husband was the sole support of our whole family. I have had the misfortune to lose him by death, and am not able to do anything else."

"Here," said he, throwing her several gold pieces. "This will relieve present necessity."

The Prince then continued his walk, paying no attention whatever to the blessings showered upon him by the grateful old woman.

The next evening, while he was writing away with great fervor, he happened to look up from his manuscript and saw a peasant standing motionless just opposite his desk.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed the Prince, in great indignation. "Who gave you permission to come in here at all?"

Ringling his bell violently, he soon had his servants about him, and scolded them soundly for allowing a stranger to enter his study without asking first whether or not he would see any one. In the meantime the peasant had disappeared. The servants all protested that they not only had not admitted any one, but had not even seen any stranger go in or out; so the visit remained inexplicable.

On the following evening, at the same hour, the same silent and immovable peasant was again discovered by the Prince, looking fixedly at him with something of sorrow in his glance.

Prince Lubomirski was startled but he was no coward, and this time he called nobody. Throwing down his pen, he arose and walked straight up to the peasant.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "whoever or whatever you are, I want to know your business in my room! What are you here for?"

"I am," replied the peasant, "the husband of the poor woman whom you

befriended two days ago. I have asked God to allow me to repay your kindness by these words only: *the soul is immortal!*"

The apparition vanished on the instant. The Prince hastily summoned his family about him, and in their presence tore up his manuscript. Thereafter his life was as religious and edifying as it had formerly been impious and dissipated.

The torn pages of the unfinished book are still in existence, and the priest who preached the funeral sermon of Prince Lubomirski in the cathedral of Varsovia declared that he had heard this story from the Prince's own lips.

A Lesson of the Hour.

IT is everywhere the practice to place a crucifix in the hands of a dying Catholic. This representation of our divine Saviour's ignoble death for the redemption of mankind is rightly thought to furnish a potent incentive to confidence on the part of the agonizing soul,—an effective palliative of the paralyzing dread with which even the least guilty among Christians contemplate the approaching interview with their omniscient Judge. As Father Faber says, the crucifix "holds a light to time that it may look into eternity and be reassured."

It need not be said that the crucifix will serve this purpose most effectively in the case of those who, in the days of their health and strength, were most familiar with its features, most assiduous in studying its salutary lessons; most given to seek in the sublime sacrifice thereon depicted comfort in sorrow, patience in suffering, strength for the daily combat one perforce must wage against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Such thoughts, frequent enough in all Catholic minds during this penitential season, suggest the question whether, in our normal life, our everyday conduct from January to

December, the crucifix receives as much attention and meditation as it deserves; as much as we would wish that it had received when compassionate friends will place it in our rapidly chilling hands some few years hence at most—it may be some few months or weeks, or days even.

That those who neglect to familiarize themselves with the representation of Christ crucified; who seldom or never regard it in any other aspect than as a piece of church furniture or a religious ornament; who fail to take to heart what it means and signifies to their individual selves; who treat it with mere mechanical reverence, entirely devoid of all vivifying influence,—that such careless Catholics are disregarding a substantial aliment for the nourishment of their spiritual life is indisputable. Frequent contemplation of the crucifix, frequent meditation of the Passion which it represents, can not but facilitate one's performance of the most arduous duties, lessen the burden of earth's heaviest crosses, sweeten life's bitterest draughts.

There is a lesson for Christians of every condition in the story of the girl of noble birth who presented herself as a postulant to the superioress of a very austere order of cloistered nuns. Wishing to test thoroughly the vocation of the would-be religious, the superioress gave her a picture, drawn in the darkest possible colors, of the rigor and severity of life in the cloister. Conducting her in spirit through each apartment of the convent, she showed the girl the thousand and one objects that would very certainly prove repugnant to her nature. The young postulant appeared somewhat shaken, but she remained silent. "Well, my daughter, what say you now?"—"Mother," was the reply, "are there any crucifixes in the convent? Shall I find a cross in the narrow cell where the couch is so hard? in the refectory where the food is so coarse and scanty? in the

chapter where such severe corrections are administered?"—"Yes, my daughter, you will find the cross *everywhere*."—"Ah! then, Mother, I am content to enter. Nothing can be very difficult in any place where one can see the crucifix."

Surely she was right. What trials may not be supported by him who seriously reflects on the Passion of Jesus Christ? What humiliation, disgrace or injury may not be patiently borne by him who, gazing on the figure of the Crucified, asks himself, "Is the servant above his Master?" What reverses of fortune, disappointed hopes, wrecked ambitions, may not be accepted with peaceful resignation by him who has learned at the foot of the crucifix to say with St. Paul, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ"?

Comfort and consolation to Christians in whatever condition, the crucifix is above all the hope of that most unfortunate of Catholics, the habitual sinner—him who perchance has begun to question whether the mercy of God can extend over the multitude of his iniquities. Let him but prostrate himself before an image of his crucified God, gaze upon it with lively faith, and ask himself whose blood flowed down the cross which was its prototype, and for whom did it flow. What may it not obtain? If it was shed—as it unquestionably was—for even the vilest among sinners, for each of us individually, what may I not hope for, even though my sins be as scarlet? All the sins of the universe may be drowned in the Blood of Jesus Christ a thousandfold more easily than a grain of sand disappears and is lost in the fathomless ocean.

In very truth, face to face with the crucifix, one must either have lost all faith or must hope for mercy and pardon. Happy those of us who regard it often, open our hearts to its eloquent pleading, and heed its beneficent lessons!

Kate Carney, Heroine.

THE disastrous fire in Chicago a week or two ago, by which so many lives were lost, brought to light some instances of splendid heroism; but the bravest of the brave was Miss Kate Carney, forewoman in one of the ill-fated shops. Forty young women employed under the direction of Miss Carney fled, panic-stricken, in all directions when the fire broke out; but, with the coolness and skill of a great general, this valiant woman rallied them and placed them on the elevator. The flames were so near and the heat so intense that her hands and face were blistered, and there seemed no hope for her. The last place was taken, and she commanded the elevator-boy to descend. The young women entreated her to force herself onto the small platform, but that was impossible. She only answered, "Never mind me," and repeated her command; and the elevator shot down through the smoke to a place of safety.

Happily, the brave Miss Carney did not perish. Through the scorching flames and the blinding, choking smoke, she made her way down the burning stairs and reached the street in safety, where she was greeted by the shouts and cheers of the excited multitude. Her act of heroic virtue did not go unrewarded, and she escaped with some painful but fortunately not serious burns.

Kate Carney is a heroine if ever there was one. We know nothing of her personally, but it is safe to say that the strength to perform this great act of courage came to her from the faithful practice of her religion. It is only people who live well that can look undaunted into the face of death. Miss Kate Carney, of Chicago, deserves to outrank even her distinguished namesake 'who lived by the the Lakes of Killarney.'

Notes and Remarks.

It is sad to think that the Cœnaculum, or "upper chamber" in Jerusalem where Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist, is still in the hands of the Moslem. Many attempts have been made by various European governments to secure the holy shrine. France once offered the Sultan two millions of dollars for it, but was informed that if the whole area about it were paved with gold pieces the Cœnaculum could not be handed over to the Christians without causing an outburst of Moslem fanaticism. This, at least, is strong presumptive evidence that the tradition which identifies the present shrine with the "upper chamber" of the Gospel is well founded. It is now announced that the Sultan has been persuaded—by what gentle arts we know not—to cede the Cœnaculum to the German Emperor, to be kept in custody by Catholic priests. Reports like this have often raised delusive hopes in the past, but the present one has an air of plausibility. If it prove true, it will give great joy to Christendom.

The apostate Renan, who had spent his early years in a French seminary in the closest intimacy with the clergy, once declared: "I have known none but good priests." A Protestant writer, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, quotes Renan's words approvingly in a monumental study of "France" which has just appeared; and he adds: "Seven years of constant association with French ecclesiastics of every rank has impressed upon me the full value of this testimony. . . . There is not a more exemplary body of men in the land." Exemplary, indeed, they are in morals, which makes us doubly regret their supineness, their pathetic attachment to worn-out traditions, their hostility to the government that is, and their studied seclusion from men and movements. The influence of the clergy in France, a country overwhelmingly Catholic, is next to nothing in some respects; and it will continue so as long as they look helplessly to the past, sighing for the return of a King. Let them come to the front, ally themselves with the

people, and accept modern conditions so long as they are not unchristian. Then some of the anomalies which Frenchmen themselves do not attempt to explain will disappear. At present, as Mr. Bodley notes, the name of God is regarded as such a symbol of superstition that the school edition of La Fontaine, who passed as a "Liberal" in his day, was expurgated of all reference to the Deity, in order not to mislead the young with allusions too fabulous even for a fable.

Our European contemporaries who speak disdainfully of the present war feeling in this country as "jingoism," mistake the temper of the American people. A bill was recently introduced into the House of Representatives for the relief of the families of the sailors who perished in the *Maine* disaster, and a Congressman asked whether the families of those who were not American citizens were also to be included in the government bounty. The answer, which expressed the sentiments of the whole House, was: "Any man who was blown up on an American ship under our flag is enough of an American citizen to be recognized by this government." This genuine sentiment is the same which inspired these noble lines of the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke:

And thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
Wherever born, is born a son of thine.

The manly courage of "Dicky" Doyle, the best-known cartoonist of his time, who resigned from the staff of *Punch* because that publication persisted in caricaturing Pius IX. and Cardinal Wiseman, has often been commended as an example to Catholic laymen. The most capable dramatic critic of our generation, Mr. Clement Scott, a convert to the faith, also administered to bigotry a lesson almost as notable in its own way. According to the *Midland Review*, Mr. Scott was once engaged by a Chicago publication, of strong anti-Catholic spirit, to contribute poems and criticisms to its pages. When he discovered the real character of the journal, however, he broke his contract (which was for a year) rather than seem to countenance

a publication which derided his faith. Fancy the fine scorn with which Mr. Scott would hear that in this country there are large numbers of Catholics who are not only willing to earn money from such publications, but actually help to support them by their subscriptions and advertisements!

“The great crime of our age,” says the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, “is the abuse of the press. This crime is renewed thousands on thousands of times every day by journals of every shade that have entered the service of the great modern apostasy, and have sold themselves to the new paganism which, in our day, wishes to separate civilization from the Church—the daughter from the mother. In the higher circles of society, these papers dupe intelligences; in the lower classes, they pervert and demoralize hearts.”

And yet, true as all this undoubtedly is, how many Catholic fathers are there not who subscribe to secular periodicals, while a Catholic publication is scarcely ever found in either their own hands or in those of their children! Short-sighted parents, indifferent sons of the Church, are they. A home without at least one good Catholic paper habitually visiting it is an anomaly that should cease to exist in an age such as ours.

No writer of the century has done more for the spread of unbelief than Prof. Huxley; yet it is but fair to say that his private character, as described by the distinguished Catholic scientist, Dr. Mivart, was worthy of the highest respect. Honesty is the first requisite of the truth-seeker, and of Huxley Dr. Mivart says:

All injustice and insincerity were revolting to him, and he had a vivid perception of the duty incumbent upon all of us to make good use of our reason, and not to prostitute it by giving credence to propositions which are neither self-evident nor adequately proved. In many a talk with me he strongly insisted on this duty, the violation of which he would speak of as “the sin of faith.” He was led, not unnaturally, so to speak; since amongst those who assailed him that word “faith” was often used in an altogether irrational sense, as if we had some intellectual faculty beside our reason to appeal to, or as if it could be either a duty or

a merit to accept religious statements upon insufficient evidence; though, of course, we are often bound to act upon a balance of probabilities.

Huxley is extravagant in denouncing “ecclesiasticism,” but not, it would seem, as extravagant as were some of his theological opponents. “One even went so far,” says Mivart, “as to affirm that a doctrine may not only be held but insisted upon by a teacher who is, at the time, fully aware that science may ultimately prove it to be quite untenable.” Huxley was scandalized at such language, as he had reason to be; but he made a serious mistake in confounding Christianity with the narrow prejudices of some of its defenders.

In the United States and Great Britain Protestants support one hundred foreign missionary societies, which employ about nine thousand missionaries. These societies collect and spend eleven million dollars annually, and the question which is now agitating our Protestant friends is: Do these foreign missions pay? The Rev. Mr. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, thinks that, even ignoring the spiritual side of their work, the missions do “pay,” because they render notable service to art, science, civilization, etc. We venture to question this statement. Eleven million dollars would equip a good many college professors for the service of science in foreign lands, and the net gain to human knowledge would be incomparably greater. Foreign missions that do not *Christianize* are flat failures, no mistake about it.

The excellent work that is being done by Catholic Truth Societies has unquestionably much to do with the saner view nowadays taken of the one true Church and her doctrines by many of those outside her pale. That the functions of a Catholic Truth Society can be at least partially performed by individual effort on the part of the Catholic body, lay as well as clerical, is equally indisputable; and that these functions are not performed far more generally than at present is, we think, almost a crime. That the misrepresentations, slanders, and calum-

nies, doctrinal and historical, which are still exploited against Catholicism have, time and time again, been exposed and refuted, is scarcely a sufficient cause for refraining from declaring and proving their falsity once again. "What's the good of noticing such absurdities?" is sometimes the pretext for excusing a reprehensible inactivity, rather than a satisfactory reason for neglecting to brand a falsehood prejudicial to the interests of our holy religion. Without precipitating oneself into a bootless controversy, it is surely possible in a thousand and one instances to discount the calumnies of the vilifiers of the Church. To take a case in point. A secular journal in a small city published a sermon by a Protestant clergyman containing a reference to "that Church which places the Virgin above the Father and the Son." On the following day the same paper published a note from a correspondent who called attention to the following extract from chapter xlv of "Catholic Belief":

Catholics do not believe that the Blessed Virgin is in *any way* equal or even comparable to God; for she, being a *creature*, although the most highly favored, is *infinitely* less than God.

Can it be doubted that the intelligent readers of that note did not discount the parson's version of Catholic doctrine on this point? Similar instances occur almost every day, and surely no loyal son of the Church can be excused for manifesting toward them an attitude of indifference.

Everyone who has been in Venice must remember the pretty, confiding doves that walk about the huge flagged square of St. Mark's all day long, preening themselves in the sunlight, and keeping an eye open to the tidbits thrown to them by admiring tourists. From time immemorial these little creatures have been protected by the city, although until recently they have not had their rights and privileges formulated by the law. A short time ago, however, something happened which caused the Venetians to rally as one man to the rescue of the pigeons. This incident was the cruel assassination of several of them by a gang of urchins. The boys were promptly imprisoned; but when

they were brought to trial, the question arose: "Whose property did the culprits destroy?" And no one could answer; for the birds belonged to nobody in particular, being only permanent and welcome guests of the city. Thereupon the people said: "We will adopt them." So while the boys languished in prison, the proper authorities took steps to constitute the little feathered creatures really and truly the wards of Venice. After that the boys were duly punished. An appeal was taken to a higher court, which confirmed the decision of the lower one; so that in future the doves have a position of great honor, and whoever harms one of them harms the property of the proud Queen of the Adriatic.

It will gratify the Catholic public to know that, as the result of Archbishop Ryan's address before the Senate Committee, the appropriation voted by Congress for the support of the Catholic Indian schools has been increased ten per cent. It will be remembered that Secretary Hoke Smith, at the beginning of President Cleveland's second term, announced the policy of the government to be the steady decrease of the appropriation at a rate which in five years would completely wipe out "State assistance." This year the schools were to have received only twenty per cent of the amount formerly doled out to the religious who have undertaken to educate and civilize the wards of the nation. Thirty per cent, the amount which the Catholic Indian schools will actually obtain, is hardly worth being grateful for; and we can not even console ourselves with the hope that the government will change its policy. Our statesmen would almost seem to believe that the only good Indians are the dead ones, whose improved condition is assured.

"After all, what is there in the Protestant theology of to-day to prevent us from praying for the dead? I know some good Protestants who do that habitually."

Thus writes a non-Catholic clergyman to the *Waterbury (Conn.) American*, commenting on a pulpit notice of a memorial service "in the interests" of the victims of the *Maine*

disaster. Yet he declares that he changed the wording when he read the notice, because it seemed to savor of "Romanism." This parson is decidedly naïve. If there is nothing in Protestant theology against the custom of praying for the dead, then it is decidedly inconsistent to condemn the Catholic Church for following it. In changing the notice he had been requested to read from his pulpit, the domine betrayed his prejudice. As Dr. Nevin, one of the most eminent of Protestant theologians, remarks: 'It is high time for the opponents of the Catholic Church to realize that the system of tactics which they follow needs only a slight change of circumstances at any time to work just the opposite way from that it is meant to work.'

The many friends of the Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, to whom his personal worth as a man, citizen and public official is so well known, feel that the Lætare Medal of the University of Notre Dame was never more worthily bestowed than it has been this year. Judge Howard's record is an honorable one. His fidelity to religion, service to country, ripe scholarship, educational work, trustworthiness in official life, efficiency in legislative circles, and high standing as a jurist, certainly entitle him to the distinction so appreciatively conferred. He is now serving his second term as Chief-Justice of the State of Indiana, and we feel confident that his character and ability will some day elevate him to the supreme bench of the nation.

It seldom happens that two brothers, both priests, die a half century apart; but this is what has happened in the ancient Eyre family of England, which boasts that no Protestant has ever been known in the present Catholic side of the house. Of the five sons of the wealthy Count Eyre, one was Father John, who died in 1842; another was Monsig. Eyre, who died in 1871; a third was Father William Eyre, S. J., just deceased; and a fourth is the present Archbishop of Glasgow.—Another prominent priest who has recently passed away was Monsig. de Concilio, of Jersey City. Born in Naples in

1835, he came to this country at the age of twenty-four, and soon acquired distinction for zeal and learning. He made some valuable contributions to the religious literature of America.—The laity have suffered a notable loss by the death of Col. G. B. Malleson, who was considered the highest authority on questions regarding India, and was the author of a half dozen books of permanent value. Col. Malleson was received into the Church about seven years ago, and his zeal was boundless. One of his last acts was to write a letter asking prayers for the conversion of an old friend in India; and it was while posting this letter in London that he was stricken with the paralysis which caused his death. *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 Rt. Rev. Peter Dufal; the Rev. Mauritius Greck, O. M. Cap.; the Rev. J. Devine, C. M.; the Rev. John E. Hickey, Archdiocese of Boston; the Rev. M. F. Downes, Diocese of Newark; and the Rev. Constantine Smith, Archdiocese of St. Louis, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Daniel Morrison, whose happy death took place on the 4th ult., in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, of Pittsburg, Pa., who died a holy death on the 11th ult.

Mr. Charles P. McKenna, whose life closed peacefully on the 12th ult., at Côte-des-Neiges, Canada.

Mrs. N. Kayes, of Yazoo, Miss., who died on the 15th ult.

Mr. John L. Lane, of Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Corr, New York city; Mr. George Redihan, Avon, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Mulvey, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Julia Lanahan, Los Angeles, Cal.; Anna Scannell, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Dalton, Mrs. Annie O'Hanlon, and Mrs. Rose McCluskey,—all of Camden, N. J.; Miss Jane Synan and Mr. William Spillane, Limerick, Ireland; Mr. Maurice Whalen, Mrs. Margaret Corcoran, Mrs. Mary A. Stillwagen, Mr. Charles M. Risacher, Mr. Michael Heffernan, Mr. John C. McCallion, and Master W. V. Quinn,—all of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. William Duncan, Mrs. Cecilia Burns, Miss Bridget Coughlin, and Mrs. E. McCarthy, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Hatt, Napa, Cal.; Mrs. David Donahue, Trenton, N. J.; and Mr. D. J. Sheehan, Austin, Texas.

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.

In April.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

Oh! I love the gladsome April time,
 When beauteous Spring is in her prime,
 And the birds, all back from the Southern
 clime,
 Upraise their tuneful voices;
 When the brooks, released from their icy
 thrall,
 Rush down their course in good-humored
 brawl;
 When the great big sunlit raindrops fall,
 And the whole wide world rejoices.

Oh! I love the month when the flowers peep
 From out the buds where they've lain asleep,
 And the green leaves swift o'er the bare
 trees creep,
 Their unsightly boughs to cover;
 When the breeze blows soft as an angel's
 sigh,
 When the sun laughs down from a bright
 blue sky,
 And Nature's spirits are brimming high,—
 Oh! yes, I'm an April lover.

PRECIOUS stones have a religious significance as well as flowers and plants. The diamond denotes divine light and celestial joy; the sapphire, truth and constancy; the emerald, hope; the topaz, the goodness of God; the ruby, divine love; the carbuncle, blood and suffering. The sardius typifies the blood of martyrs. The amethyst signifies sorrow and suffering. The pearl is the emblem of purity and humility.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XIV.—ANOTHER UNPLEASANTNESS.

ONE girl at St. Mary's named Ida Lee, of whom mention has already been made, was disliked by nearly every one of her companions. As a rule, school-girls are not "toadies." In all well-conducted educational institutions, in this country at least, democracy is an established principle. Unfortunately, boastfulness and vulgarity were not the worst qualities of this unamiable girl: she had a jealous, spiteful and false nature. Not having been properly trained, and seemingly not amenable to the influences of refinement or religion by which she was surrounded, these evil tendencies, like bad weeds, grew luxuriantly in the uncultivated soil of her heart.

If the girl had a redeeming quality, it was a latent affection for Sister Mary, who, quickly reading her character, had endeavored to be kind to her, seeking thus to eradicate some of her faults. But Ida's nature did not respond to anything but flattery, and of this Sister Mary was incapable. On several occasions she had gently reproved her for some glaring manifestation of selfishness or impoliteness; whereupon Ida at once renounced her allegiance, and at recreations the neighborhood of the favorite nun knew her no more.

When Mary Ann had been at the convent several months, and, in spite of Ida's unkind criticisms, which she never resented, had time and again helped her with her lessons, it suddenly occurred to the vain girl that "the clodhopper," whom she expressed herself as "just becoming able to endure," was a prime favorite with teachers and companions. What particularly excited her displeasure on this account was the fact that Sister Mary appeared to distinguish her now and then by little kindnesses, unobserved, or at least unenvied, by the others, but which Ida designated as "preferences."

With the great tact which always marked her intercourse with the pupils, Sister Mary had at once seen that Mary Ann, while gifted with great natural talents and excellent traits of every kind, was possessed of an extraordinary degree of shyness, which would leave her in the background unless others took the initiative in bringing her forward. Therefore she did everything in her power to accomplish this, feeling certain that the child would take no harm from it. It was the one defect in her character; and Sister Mary, aware that she would be obliged later to earn her own living, felt it her duty to make her, if possible, more self-assertive. She was very soon rewarded by seeing that Mary Ann was growing to be just what she would wish her.

Scarcely had the jealous Ida begun to notice what she styled the "uppishness" of her companion, and the "partiality" of Sister Mary, than her jaundiced eyes opened still wider; revealing, in addition to the unpleasant truths fast crowding upon her, the knowledge that Mary Catherine and Mary Teresa were also sharers in the enviable kingdom of Sister Mary's heart. Mary Catherine she had always disliked, because of her failure to impress that impulsive but unselfish girl with a sense of the importance of the Lee family; while Mary Teresa she

regarded as a "nonentity," because the child simply could not understand her vulgar boastings, becoming weary and bewildered whenever she made an effort to awe her with tales of magnificence such as were sometimes effectual with a number of the other younger girls. To see this trio inseparably united, and to be found "close to Sister Mary's elbow" whenever opportunity offered, was very vexatious to Ida's petty soul.

For Eugenia King she also cherished an aversion, as that young lady had on one occasion styled her in no uncertain tones "a vulgar Yankee,"—an appellation which, while it drew forth for Eugenia a punishment of "sixty lines of Telemachus into English," had rankled in the soul of Ida—an incurable wound. Although Eugenia, who was very frank and honest, penitently endeavored to explain to Sister Mary that she had not meant to assert that *all* Yankees were vulgar, to Ida the explanation seemed, and rightly, worse than the offence.

One evening, in the early days of the war, the girls were gathered about the large round table where they read, embroidered or played games during the evening recreation hour. One of them had recently paid a visit to the city, bringing back the news that General Lee had resigned his position in the United States Army and assumed the command of the rebel forces.

"I don't suppose any of you know that he is a cousin of mine," said Ida, who for some moments had been quietly listening to the comments of the others on the great soldier, of whom she had probably never before heard. But she was accustomed to claiming wealthy and distinguished persons as relatives at every opportunity, and without any regard to consequences.

"How can that be, I should like to know?" inquired Eugenia King, turning quickly toward her.

"And why not, pray?" asked Ida, in a lofty tone. "Do you mean to insinuate, Miss King, that our family is not as good as—"

"I did not mean to insinuate anything," replied Eugenia. "But I was not a little surprised to learn that yours was a Southern family."

"A Southern family!" exclaimed Ida, with an air of contempt, which Sister Cecilia, the prefect that evening, could not understand, as she was not aware of the old grudge that Ida bore Eugenia. But she assumed a look of reproach quite pronounced enough to hold in check the rising ire of the latter.

"General Lee is a Virginian," observed Mary Catherine, leaning her arms on the table and looking calmly into Ida's face, exactly opposite her.

"No such thing!" answered Ida, who, having made her first assertion at random, felt obliged to maintain it, flounder as she might.

"Where was your father born?" asked Eugenia, wisely deferent of the presence of a watchful monitor.

"I call that an impertinent question, Eugenia King," responded Ida. "Don't you, girls?"

"Let us change the subject," interposed Sister Cecilia, seeing a storm portending. And the subject was changed—for the time being only, as any one who knows girls might have predicted, and as probably Sister Cecilia anticipated.

On the following morning, at the earliest possible moment after breakfast—which on school-days was always taken in silence,—the subject was resumed, this time by Mary Catherine. A group of girls had gathered outside the refectory, nearly all of them intent on reading over the lessons learned the evening previous.

"Ida," she began without ceremony, "where *was* your father born?"

"None of your affair, Miss Impertinence!" was the answer.

"But it *is* my affair," continued Mary Catherine, in her usual positive manner. "And it's to your interest as well."

"Why?" inquired Ida, curiosity getting the better of her irritation.

"Because we should think a good deal more of you here in the school, for one thing," was the reply. "We should believe there was something in all that loud talk of yours."

"Loud talk about what?" queried Ida.

"About your family."

"No, we wouldn't," remarked Eugenia King, promptly.

"Well, some of us would," said Mary Catherine. "At least we'd forgive her for it. But where was your father born, Ida? Do tell us, won't you?"

This was said so gracefully, and in such a persuasive tone, that Ida relented, and answered with some hesitation:

"I *think* paw was born somewhere in Massachusetts; I *know* maw was."

"In Massachusetts!" echoed Eugenia, with a sigh of satisfaction. "He can't belong to *the* Lee family, then."

"I want to know why."

"But don't you see, Ida," said Mary Catherine, trying to be magnanimous, "the Lees have always lived in Virginia? You know they are connections of the Washington family."

"What Washington family?"

"George Washington's, of course," said Eugenia King.

"Who cares for old George Washington nowadays?" exclaimed Ida, derisively. "He wasn't anything but a clodhopping farmer, anyway."

The words were hardly uttered before she shrank back, half alarmed at the loud exclamations of disapproval which greeted her. For the moment, the differences between North and South were forgotten in the bond uniting them all—reverence for the name and pride in the fame of the Father of his Country.

Mary Catherine made a step forward.

"If you were a man, and we girls were men, you'd be lynched in half a minute, Ida Lee!" she cried. "The idea of your *daring* to say you were related to General Lee!"

"I thought *you* were such a great Union champion, Mary Catherine!" she responded. "I wonder what has changed you so quickly? I think *you're* the one that ought to be ashamed."

"Who ever denied that Robert Lee was a brave man?" cried Mary Catherine, with flashing eyes, looking round at her companions as though challenging an answer. "Not *I*, for one. But brave men—that is, men with a certain kind of bravery—have been traitors before this. He was not the first, and it looks as though he would not be the last."

Eugenia, who, in the sympathetic spirit of a moment before, had been standing quite close to Mary Catherine, now drew back quickly.

"Don't use that word 'traitor' again, please, Mary Catherine," she said, in short, sharp tones. "I've promised Sister not to quarrel; but if I'm goaded to it, there's no knowing what I'll do."

"O girls, what is the use?" now interposed Mary Ann, who, with Mary Teresa, had just joined the group. "Sister will be so displeased, and it doesn't do any good. Come, let's study; the bell will soon ring for class, and we won't know our lesson."

"Perhaps *you* won't," said Ida Lee. "But we don't all have to study as hard as you do, Mary Ann" (Ida was the dunce of the class).

"I know that," assented Mary Ann. "I didn't mean anything by what I said, except to try to stop the quarrel before it went further."

"Young ladies *never* quarrel," replied Ida. "The word is not even known in good society."

"She remembers that from some book of etiquette," whispered one girl in the group to another.

But it was a loud whisper. Ida caught it, and thought it came from Mary Ann.

"If *you* were reading books of etiquette from now till the end of the year you would not learn how to behave in good society, Mary Ann Barker!" she exclaimed angrily. "You are out of place in this school, as it is; and everyone knows it. You are only tolerated because of your indigent circumstances, and it would be well for you to remember it."

Everyone was surprised; no one more so than she who had been thus addressed. Several of the girls turned away, too much disgusted to pay any attention to this tirade; but Mary Catherine was about to make an angry retort, when she caught the warning shake of Mary Ann's finger, whom the heartless denunciation did not seem to disturb in the least. That, and the peaceful countenance of her friend, had the effect of allowing her judgment to prevail over the rashness which would only have resulted disastrously. Hurriedly stepping over to Mary Ann's side, she took her arm and both walked away.

Neither of the girls observed Mary Teresa, always gentle and unobtrusive, yet more impulsive than any one but her mother knew. Just now her kind little heart was throbbing with sympathy for her friend, and indignation against the girl who had sought to wound her. She looked about her; she and Ida were all that remained of the group that had encircled the disputants. It would have been impossible to her delicate mind to give speech to her reproachful thoughts in the presence of others. But the two chanced to be alone, and she walked bravely up to the girl, to whose shoulder she barely reached, determined to tell her in what esteem she held her.

"Ida," she began, quietly.

"Well?" said Ida, in some surprise, as she encountered the steadfast gaze and marked the quivering lips.

"You are cruel," said Mary Teresa,—

"*very* cruel; and you tell falsehoods and you are not a lady. Some day I believe God will punish you for what you said to Mary Ann just now."

"I tell falsehoods, do I? I am not a lady? *Not a lady!* Why, my father could buy all your old grandfather's 'nigger' plantations with the one hundredth part of what he's worth. And he wouldn't miss the money any more than—any more than—"

"If you were a lady, you would *never, never* talk about money the way you do," said the child, still calmly. "And you could not hurt people's feelings, and you would not tell falsehoods. You know it is not true that Mary Ann ought not to be in the school. If I were Mother Teresa, I would turn *you* out of it,—yes, I would. You should not stay in it a day longer; for you are not a lady, and it is understood that only young ladies are received in this convent, Ida Lee. And it was not Mary Ann at all who said that about the book of etiquette."

"Who was it, then?" asked Ida.

"Never mind. She can tell you herself; and she will when she understands that you thought it was Mary Ann. *She* was not even vexed. And if she had been, she is too nice to quarrel."

"Too much of a lady, I suppose!" retorted Ida. "Oh, my! what a joke!" she laughed. "Clodhopper Barker, shoe-black Barker a lady! Oh, dear!"

"I shan't say any more; I see that I made a mistake in stooping to—reprove you even," said the little one, calmly meeting the angry eyes of her schoolmate. "I hope nothing may force me to do so again."

The bell rang. Sister Cecilia and Sister Genevieve came to the door; further recriminations were impossible. However, before they separated Ida Lee found time to whisper in the ear of Mary Teresa:

"I'll fix you for this; see if I don't!"

(To be continued.)

Told of the Prince Imperial.

An American lady relates an incident that occurred when she was a little girl going to school in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy, in which Louis, the Prince Imperial of France, figures with dignity and gentleness. We will call the child Agnes.

Now, Agnes and her mother were both pious persons, and it was Lent; so one morning, as was their invariable habit, they went to Mass, this time at the great Church of Santa Croce. When Mass was over, Agnes, attracted by a beautiful group of marble angels, became separated from her mother. In vain she searched for her; then she knew that she was lost, and began to weep, as children will in time of trouble.

As she turned into the great central nave she met with a boyish-looking young fellow dressed in deep black. A bunch of violets which she held in her hand dropped to the floor, and he picked it up and handed it to her, at the same time saying a few words of French in a gentle voice. As he did that he saw the tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, bending over her.

She quite broke down at this kindness and began to sob.

"Oh, I have lost my mother! Will you help me to find her?"

"Indeed I will," he replied. "Tell me how she was dressed and where you left her. Do not weep, my child! We shall find her. There is no doubt of that. And I will stay with you until we do; so dry your tears."

Agnes put her tiny hand in his, and they began the tour of the edifice; but the mother, who was herself at that time greatly troubled by the accidental separation, was searching in a distant corner, and not to be seen.

"We will go to the main entrance and wait," said the young man after awhile. "Your mother will come there in time. It is the easiest and the surest way. Perhaps she is there now."

And so she was.

"There she is!" exclaimed Agnes. "O mother, I lost you! And I was crying, and this gentleman was so good and helped me to find you."

"How can I thank you?" asked the mother, with her arms about her happy little Agnes. "Will you kindly let me know to whom I am indebted?"

"There is no question of indebtedness, dear Madame. It was a pleasure to restore your little daughter. But here is my card." And he handed her a bit of pasteboard on which was engraven: "Prince Louis Napoleon."

Then he made a low bow, patted the little girl's cheek, and, saying that his mother was at Mass in one of the chapels and would be looking for him, withdrew. He came back very soon, however, with the ex-Empress leaning on his arm,—a fair-haired lady in deep mourning, with a sad, sweet face, who spoke a few words to the Americans, and seemed proud that her son had been so gracious and courteous.

In a little satin box the bunch of withered violets is laid away. It is the dearest earthly treasure of the lady who was befriended by the brave young fellow who was at one time heir to the throne of France.

Poor lad! There is no heart so callous and cold that it fails to throb with sympathy at the story of the ending of his checkered life, when he lay beneath the burning sun of Africa, murdered by an enemy who knew no pity; and it is pleasant to hear of his kindness to the little stranger from America who was in such perplexity. We may not sympathize with the pretensions of his family, but we admire the kind heart of a noble boy.

In Holy Week.

There are two courts of Europe where the ancient custom of the washing of paupers' feet by the sovereign on Maundy-Thursday is kept up. These are the courts of Austria and Spain. The office is conducted with the utmost solemnity; and while it is in progress a dignitary reads from Holy Scripture the account of Our Lord performing the same service for His Apostles.

At Vienna the ceremony is carried out with much pomp, and all the dignitaries of the palace are present in full uniform. The proudest princes of the Empire uncover the feet of the old men, bishops hold the ewer and the basin; while the Emperor, kneeling, washes the feet presented to him, and wipes them on a gold-fringed napkin. A banquet follows this ceremony, at which the archdukes act as waiters; and the happy old men are sent home in the court carriages, each with a handsome present.

The ceremony at Madrid very much resembles this, except that, on account of the youth of the King, twelve old women take the place of the old men, and the Queen Regent washes their feet and serves them at table. A noble way of teaching the sublime lesson of humility and of kindness and condescension to the poor!

On Holy Thursday the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the Pope's private chapel, and he remains before It in prayer. At midnight, when notified of the hour by a cardinal, who strikes twelve blows on the door of the chapel, he arises from his knees and makes the Sign of the Cross over the sleeping city. An artist might be proud to paint that scene: Rome slumbering, the aged Pontiff keeping loving watch over her and blessing her from his watch-tower by the Tiber,—beloved Rome, home of saints and burial-place of martyrs!

With Authors and Publishers.

—The fifth volume of "The Manual of Catholic Theology," edited by the Rev. Thomas B. Scannell and the Rev. Joseph Wilhelm, D. D., is announced for early publication by Kegan Paul & Co.

—The learned English Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, is preparing a volume of "Characteristics," from the writings of Cardinal Wiseman. Mr. F. C. Burnand has wisely suggested a complete edition of all his works, including his fragmentary Shaksperean notes.

—Mr. Frederick Tennyson, elder brother of the late Laureate, died last month in London at the age of ninety-one. During the youth of the brothers it was thought that Frederick was destined to be the more distinguished poet, how erroneously all the world knows. Frederick Tennyson did, however, achieve some distinction as a writer of pleasing verse.

—The Catholic Truth Society has afforded some extremely good reading in its brief biographies of Father Tom Burke, O. P.; Bishop Milner, "the champion of God's ark in an evil time," who wrote the famous "End of Religious Controversy"; Garcia Moreno, president of Ecuador, one of the noblest Christian heroes of the century; and St. Peter Fourier, the Apostle of Lorraine. We shall have occasion to refer again to this last. Of the biography of Father Burke it may be said that, though brief, it gives a truer picture of the great Dominican than the pretentious life written by Mr. Fitzpatrick.

—A publication of more than usual interest and value is "Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Baxter and issued by Mr. P. J. Kenedy. The compiler hopes to take advantage of the childish appetite for stories in making the little ones familiar with the chief episodes of the Old Testament; and even older people, he trusts, may understand and appreciate sermons the better for reading this volume. Under such titles as "What is the Church?" and "What is Forbidden by the Fourth

Commandment?" Dr. Baxter has arranged biblical selections from which the answers may be drawn. On account of this excellent method the volume will also be helpful to preachers.

—Two books of fiction from Catholic pens will soon appear: "The Loves of the Lady Arabella," by Molly Elliot Sewell; and "The Spanish Wine," by Frank Mathew, a nephew of the Apostle of Temperance.

—It is surprising that some enterprising publisher does not arrange for a volume of Archbishop Ryan's sermons and addresses. We could name a number of them that ought to be in permanent form for general reading. The volume would be as charming as Bishop Hedley's "Christian Inheritance"; and higher praise of it there could not be. Another thing: "What Catholics Do not Believe," a lecture by Archbishop Ryan, delivered some years ago in St. Louis, ought to be republished in good style and kept constantly before the public. It is a masterpiece, and would be read with eager interest by thousands of inquiring non-Catholics.

—If many of the spiritual treatises published nowadays were not weak and watery, their multiplication would still be regrettable, inasmuch as they cause standard works to be forgotten. Most of the books that nourished the piety of our Catholic forefathers are little known to the present generation. Some years ago one of our publishers brought out an edition of Nieremberg's "Temporal and Eternal"; but it is now out of print, and, alas! out of mind. A revised edition would be a boon. This work was written originally in Spanish, and first "done into English" in 1672. (As many as ten editions had already appeared in Spain.) The translation was dedicated to Queen Catharine, who seems to have been a woman of extraordinary piety and virtue. Let us quote a bit from the quaint old "epistle dedicatory":

That person (especially if a publick person) instructs well, who lives well: and the dumb good work hath oftentimes more of the persuasive faculty in it, than either pen or tongue can match. Your

life is a noble School of Vertue, and reads us a fair Lecture of a more than ordinary Christianity, far beyond the cold instructions of Book or Pulpit. They onely utter words; you speak examples.

Quaint, but how sensible! There is another passage, characteristic of the time, in which the translator plays on the title of the book, expressing a thought well worthy of quotation:

Time and Eternity are points of good and wholesome use to all wise and intelligent contemplations. Time indeed got the start of Man at the Creation, and is five dayes elder than he. Nevertheless Man still lives in hopes he shall at long-run overtake, and even out-live Time. And this shall be when the general Resurrection shall have restored him to his better and glorified self, *and all that is mortal in him shall have put on immortality*. Man then being like to prove the longer liver of the two, Time cannot (nor indeed any thing that shall perish with Time) be that great end, for which Man was finally ordained. That onely can be man's end, which hath none it self; and that is Eternity: a happy Eternity; the last article of our Creed, and the last end of our Creation. Sure then it behooves us to be wary Gamesters, when Eternity is at stake: and not carelessly to throw away our affections at a venture, or heedlessly to engage our hearts, here and there, upon every slight invitation from sense and fancy: but to proceed advisedly in the choice of our object, and in *the difference we make between things Temporal and Eternal*.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

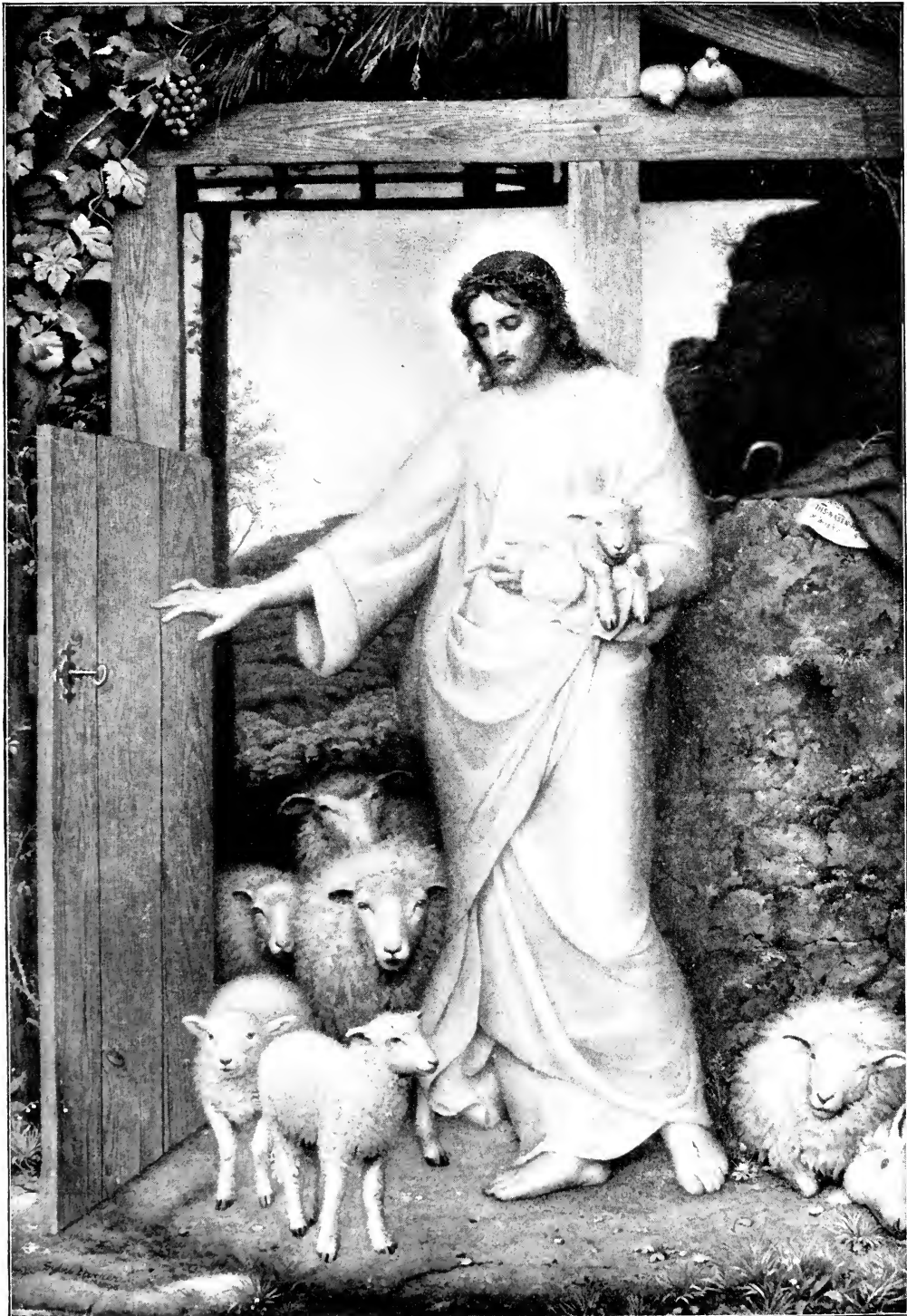
The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, *net*.
- Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.
- Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net*.
- Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net*.
- The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net*.
- The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden.* \$1.25.

- The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
- The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net*.
- Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame.* \$2.
- Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* \$1.25.
- Solid Virtue. *Bellécius.* \$2.
- Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder.* 50 cts.
- Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.
- The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
- Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.
- India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
- Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
- Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
- A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
- Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.
- The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand.* \$1.50.
- Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
- The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$6.
- Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
- Hania. *Henryk Stenkiewicz.* \$2.
- The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
- Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
- Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
- Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
- Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.
- Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
- The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
- The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
- A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.
- Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid.* \$1.
- The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe.* 50 cts.
- Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 50 cts.
- Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
- Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
- Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 50 cts.
- Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins.* 30 cts., each.
- Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.
- Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr.* \$1.25.
- Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.
- Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Stenkiewicz.* 50 cts.





THE DOOR OF THE FOLD.
(SYBIL PARKER.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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A Song for Paschal Time.

BY M. E. M.

REJOICE! rejoice! The news proclaim
To all beneath the skies,
And let angelic anthems ring
From earth to Paradise.

Rejoice! rejoice! He lives, He lives!
The Lord is risen again;
He stands in glory, all transformed,
Who on the Cross was slain.

One met Him near the garden tomb,
And two upon the way:
Alleluia! He lives, He lives,
This glorious Easter Day!

And though His tender, loving Face
This morn I may not see,
Nor touch His wounds nor hear His voice,
It matters not to me,

If in His cruel, bitter death
My soul hath borne a part,
So that His grace for evermore
Shall dwell within my heart.



As the most august of sanctuaries is called the Holy of Holies, and the most sublime of inspired songs the Cantic of Canticles, so, says St. Gregory, is Easter the festival of festivals.

THE root of all good works is faith; and when faith produces no good works, it is dead.

Our Individual Easter.

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

FOR every Christian worthy of the name there is perennial interest in that old-time simple yet stirring narrative of the holy women seeking, in the early dawn of the Sunday following the Saviour's death, the tomb wherein His bruised and mangled body had been laid to rest; of their finding the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre, and of their hearing from the angelic messenger the stupendous tidings of their Master's Resurrection: "He is risen, He is not here!" Through all the years of all the centuries that have come and gone since that first Easter morning, the unchanging and unchangeable Church has commemorated with appropriate triumphant strains the magnificent solemnity of the Man-God's rising; and to us once more, as to untold millions of our brethren in the past, she addresses the jubilant Easter watchword: "Alleluia, Alleluia! This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein."

"Let us be glad and rejoice." But in what capacity, in what character, shall we rejoice? Shall we be glad merely as members of the great body of Christians

who point to the Easter mystery as the irrefragable proof of their Master's divinity? Shall we rejoice in the character of constituent units in that Church of whose indefectibility, of whose everlasting duration and successive triumphs against the gates of hell, the resurrection of her Divine Founder is a more than sufficient assurance and guarantee? Or may we, not only as members of that body corporate, but as individual souls, each charged with the responsibility of imitating that Christ whose triumph we celebrate,—may we verily and indeed rejoice and be glad,—rejoice, not in the mere outward semblance of smiling countenances and conventional phrases, but in the very depths of our innermost being? Do the Alleluias of the Church find a perfect echo in our hearts and souls? Or do our lips simply repeat those Alleluias as sterile formulas that hold for us no real significance, futile expressions of a fictive gladness that finds no warrant in our inner consciousness? Is our joy real or counterfeit,—real, in that we have truly risen with Christ from the sepulchre of sin; or counterfeit, because we have either not risen at all or have not “risen with Christ,” and are consequently disinclined to follow the counsel of St. Paul and “seek the things that are above”?*

We may distinguish three sorts of resurrections from sin, each of which is wonderfully symbolized in Holy Writ. In the first Book of Kings we read that the unfortunate Saul was rejected by God for having disobeyed the order given him to destroy the Amalecites. Seeing himself hard pressed by the Philistines and abandoned by the spirit of God, he gave himself up to despair and had recourse to sorcery. Disguising himself, he went to a divining woman, the witch at Endor, and commanded her to call up the spirit of the prophet Samuel. A spectre appeared in the form of an old man covered with a

mantle, and cried out to Saul: “Why hast thou disturbed my rest, that I should be brought up?... For the Lord will do to thee as He spoke by me: and He will rend thy kingdom out of thy hand, and will give it to thy neighbor David.... And to-morrow thou and thy sons will be slain.”* And having pronounced these words, the spectre vanished.

Are there not Catholics whose spiritual resurrection resembles this one of the Scriptures? The Church admonishes them on Ash-Wednesday that they should be converted and do penance. All through the season of Lent she reiterates the same truth. Her voice is insistent; she threatens penalties for disobedience, and menaces with the deprivation of Christian burial those who neglect to perform their “Easter duty.” And so such a Catholic obeys. He goes to confession because he dares not delay it longer; but, like the spectre of Samuel, he says to the Church: “Why do you come to interrupt my pleasures, to trouble my peace, to arrest the march of my passions? Why hast thou disturbed my rest, that I should be brought up?”

Apparently, such a man rises from sin; but is the resurrection real? Is it quite certain that he does not go to confession simply because he must; because most Catholics do so during Eastertide; because he does not wish to suggest or to strengthen certain suspicions about his orthodoxy; because he desires to efface certain disadvantageous impressions and safeguard his reputation as a practising Catholic? To absent himself from the Eucharistic Banquet at Easter would be to invite remark and criticism, and, it may be, to give scandal; and he therefore obeys the precept of the Church. But is the underlying motive of his reception of the Sacraments an earnest desire to quit evil-doing, to break forever with bad habits, to be strengthened to avoid the

* Col., iii, 1.

* I. Kings, xxviii, 15-19.

occasions of sin? Is it a fervent heart-longing to be reconciled with God, to work seriously for the salvation of his soul, to effect a necessary reformation in his manner of life? Is it a generous determination to pass for good from the state of death to which sin has brought him to that life of grace with which the Sacraments can reanimate him? If the motive be not such or such like—if the Eastertide reception of the Sacraments be rather a matter of habit, of following the example of the crowd, of ridding himself of the disquietude consequent upon the neglect of an imperious duty,—has the soul really arisen from the sepulchre of sin, or has its rising been merely a semblance?

The second kind of resurrection is that which is indeed real but of brief duration. Such was that of Lazarus, whose return to life is a faithful image of the conversion of all too many sinners. Lazarus, says the Gospel, died in Bethania. Four days afterward our Blessed Lord approached his grave, caused the stone which covered it to be removed, and cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth!" And immediately he that had been dead came forth, full of life; and the Jews who witnessed the miracle believed in Christ.

Genuine, however, as was this resurrection, it was still imperfect and transitory in its effects. Lazarus, brought back to life, spent some years as the pious Bishop of Marseilles, and became once more the victim of death. Is it not to be feared that such is also the experience of some who spiritually rise during the Easter season? They exert themselves somewhat to receive the Sacraments worthily—roll away the stone that confines their soul in the grave of iniquity, and quit the proximate occasions of evil-doing; but it is merely for a time. They simply declare a truce with the world, the flesh, and the devil; they do not effect a complete rupture with sin: they rise only to die

again. Hardly have a few days or weeks been spent in a truly pious fashion, when they once more take up the old-time routine of neglected graces, slighted spiritual duties, relaxed vigilance, careless exposure to occasions, and consequent relapse into disorder and sin.

The third and last species of resurrection is that of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which should in all points be the model of our individual spiritual rising. Three characteristics of Christ's resurrection are particularly worthy of serious consideration. It is true and real—"the Lord is risen indeed"; it is visible and manifest—"and has appeared to Simon"; it is enduring and permanent—"Christ, rising from the dead, dieth now no more."

The glorious fact of Christ's rising is, so far as Catholics are concerned, a certainty altogether removed from the domain of doubt or questioning or incredulity. Equally certain is the fact that Christ took especial pains to establish its reality, to render it incontestable. St. Chrysostom tells us one reason why He did so. It was to make us individually realize the obligation incumbent upon us to rise genuinely and indeed, as Christ and with Christ. To rise as and with Christ is to take, as He did and with Him, a new life. Now, as the sign of life is action, so the signs of a new life are new actions, new words, new thoughts, new desires,—a life of faith, hope, and charity; a life of meekness, humility, and patience. To rise with Christ is to pass from the death of sin to the life of sanctifying grace, or from the state of grace to a more perfect state; from lukewarmness to fervor, from a lower to a higher degree of justice and holiness.

A true spiritual resurrection is verified by our so ordering our lives that their record shall hold nothing of guilt or shame; by our giving to the paramount business of our earthly sojournment, the salvation of our souls, that prominence

which it unquestionably merits; by our devoting to our sanctification, not merely in theory or in the abstract, but in daily practice, in very deed and truth, the major portion of the attention which has heretofore, perhaps, been given almost exclusively to our temporal well-being. We have but to ask ourselves whether we are thoroughly resolved and determined to reform our conduct on these lines—to “seek the things that are above,” to prize God’s friendship more than the world’s approval, to value purity of conscience beyond gifts of fortune,—and we shall be qualified to decide whether, like Christ, we have risen indeed.

Another characteristic of Our Lord’s resurrection is that it was visible and manifest; and our spiritual rising should likewise be apparent to all—should be exemplary and edifying. He did not conceal His resurrection; on the contrary, He published it, appearing frequently during forty days to His Apostles and disciples. He did so in order to edify and confirm in the faith His chosen twelve and the converted Jews, who had been disturbed and almost scandalized by His passion and death. Even so should the resurrection or reformation of the sinner be clearly seen of all men; be abundantly manifest to the frequenters of the circle in which he moves. Both the honor of God and the edification of his neighbor demand not only that he rise indeed, but that he be known to have arisen. Heretofore the sinner has despised, openly violated God’s law; and St. Chrysostom declares that his life henceforward should be a visible apology for numerous past transgressions.

Not less does the edification of his neighbors necessitate the publicity of the sinner’s rising. Those neighbors have been disedified, perhaps even induced to evil, by his previous bad example; now it behooves him to repair his scandals by edifying them, leading them to the

practice of virtue by the force of his good example. It is essential that those who have been the witnesses of his backsliding should henceforth behold him steadfast and fervent in the path of duty.

If, through human respect, deplorable indifference, or a supremely vain conceit in his boasted “good sense” and “broad views,” he has neglected his palpable religious duties; has absented himself from the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table; has not scrupled to neglect Mass for insufficient reasons or for none; has spoken lightly of the ordinances of the Church and her hierarchy; has partially justified, by his words and conduct, a suspicion that he is a nominal rather than a practical Catholic,—all the world must now be made aware that he is a consistent son of the Church, thoroughly convinced of the infallible truth of all her doctrines, and possessing that full courage of his convictions which translates itself upon occasion into truly Catholic action.

If he has been known as one who possessed a malicious tongue; who delighted in detailing scandal; who habitually held up neighbors to ridicule and contempt; who repeated with exaggerated comments every report that told to the disadvantage of associates; who fostered hatred and jealousy and envy,—his spiritual rising must be made manifest by the uniform charity that will characterize his conversation and communion with even the most intimate companions.

Yet again, if, as head of a family, he has been derelict to that most important duty of properly training his children; if the example he has set them in word and deed has been pernicious rather than exemplary; if he has neglected to foster virtue in their hearts by frequent counsels, and by a wise choice not only of the living companions with whom they have associated, but of those oftentimes more influential companions, the books to which they have had access; if he

has been so culpably imprudent as to allow his children unchecked license in swallowing the poison and sensuality and indifferentism and infidelity that make so much of the periodical literature of the present day a veritable curse,—his resurrection must display itself in a more painstaking supervision over the moral and mental education of those whom God has entrusted to his care, and for whose future weal or woe his training will in a very large measure be responsible.

In fine, our spiritual resurrection should resemble that of our Saviour, not only in its reality and publicity, but in its permanence as well. "Christ, rising from the dead, dieth now no more"; and we, emerging from the tomb of sin, should see to it that we sink not back into its filth and corruption. Having "washed our souls in the Blood of the Lamb," we must henceforth keep them spotless and unsullied. At the tribunal of penance we have promised God to avoid sin and the occasions of sin—not merely for a week, a fortnight, or a month, but for evermore. It is clearly our duty to serve God, to love Him with our whole heart, to do His sacred will as manifested in His Commandments. It is our supremest honor on earth to be His faithful servants, just as it is our greatest dishonor to be the slaves of the devil or of the tyrannic passions of our baser nature. Moreover, our temporal and eternal happiness is bound up in our practising virtue. On this point our personal experience is in perfect accord with divine teaching. No other felicity that we have ever enjoyed is comparable with that which irradiated our lives during those periods when we served God faithfully, freely, and fully. And if we hope for heaven, we must assuredly follow that path of virtue which alone leads to it.

This being so, it behooves us to show ourselves really and truly risen with Christ,—risen visibly and durably, for

the honor of God, our own sanctification, and the edification of our neighbor. Our individual Easter will wear the features that we ourselves have moulded. It depends entirely upon ourselves whether this jubilant festival of the Christian year shall be for us a sorrowful or a glorious epoch. Sorrowful it can not but prove if we neglect its obvious lesson; for then it will mark only another era of base ingratitude to the God who has so long awaited our real conversion. Glorious it will certainly be if, animated with the firm purpose of showing that we are risen with Christ, we henceforth "seek the things that are above,"—the only things that can insure our future enjoyment of the eternal Eastertide of heaven.

The Easter Egg.

MANY years ago there lived—and died—in the city of Baltimore a lady who, having inherited wealth, spent the greater part of it in benefiting her fellow-creatures. Although her days were passed in prayer and charity, and had been from her girlhood, she had a heavy cross to bear—one which had aged her long before her time. It was her only son, to whom at an early age an indulgent father had allowed the unlimited use of money. In consequence, the youth had soon become the prey of evil companions, whose habits were as expensive and vicious as his own.

After the death of his father, who had left all his property in the hands of his wife during her lifetime, the young man was restricted to a monthly allowance not at all in keeping with his tastes or desires. This fact chafed him continually, creating a breach between him and his mother. Pander to his corrupt tastes she could not, lend an ear to her advice and remonstrances he would not. She treated

him with unflinching gentleness, never reproaching him angrily; but, by sublime acts of charity, making of her life a continual prayer, which she offered to the throne of the Almighty in his behalf.

One evening about seven o'clock, Ernest returned home to find his mother stretched on a bed of death, where she had just been placed by the frightened servants, who found her lying at the foot of the stairs, having made a misstep and fallen from the top to the bottom.

As he entered her room she slowly began to recover consciousness. His heart was not bad. When he gazed on her pale face, and saw her kind eyes meeting his imploringly, the young man threw himself on his knees beside the bed, regardless of the presence of those around him.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, seizing her hands, which he kissed passionately.

The ghost of a smile flitted across her countenance.

"Ernest dear!" she murmured, "do not cry. I feel no pain."

"Oh, then, it is nothing!" he said. "You will be all right after awhile."

"I fear not," she replied.

"Shall I go for the doctor?" he asked, rising from his knees and kissing her forehead, on which his sins and his indifference had traced so many lines. It was not the first time he had noticed them, but never before had he realized their cause.

"No: stay with me," she said. "Send one of the servants."

"I will go," said the old butler, who stood near the foot of the bed.

"Do so, Frederick," she replied. "And at the same time summon a priest."

The young man started.

"That is not necessary!" he exclaimed.

"It will be better to do so, Ernest," she observed.

The priest and doctor arrived almost at the same moment.

"Is it serious, doctor?" asked Ernest,

after the physician had made a careful examination.

The old man made no reply. Turning to a servant who had been in the family many years, he said:

"Catherine, undress your mistress very carefully. Then come to me."

"Is it serious, doctor?" inquired the young man once more.

"Tell him, doctor," said his mother. "I already know."

"It is," replied the physician, curtly. He would have ignored the presence of the misguided boy whom he had known from his infancy, and for whom he had no liking; but compassion for the mother rendered that impossible. "Come!" he continued, in a softer tone, as he saw the anguish that overspread the young man's face. They left the room together.

Before Ernest saw his mother again she had made her confession and received the Holy Viaticum. Her spine had been injured, and death could be only a matter of a few hours. As he entered, the priest was about to take his departure. Once more throwing himself on his knees beside the bed, Ernest burst into loud and bitter weeping.

"Be calm, my boy! be calm!" said the priest, gently taking Ernest's hand in his. "You will disturb your mother."

When the dying woman and her son were left alone, and the violence of his grief had subsided, she laid her hand upon his head, whose soft brown curls she had so often twined about her fingers. Alas! how very long it seemed—how very long since her hand had rested there! And now this was the last time—forever.

"Ernest," she said, "in a few hours you will have your mother no longer. Bitter, very bitter have been the tears you cost me; but now that is past: I shall weep no more. To weep no more!—oh, it seems impossible that even in heaven I could be happy and you a sinner! Yet so we must believe."

"Mother darling, you can not die,—you *must* not die!" moaned the young man. "Live—live for me, mother! I will be good—I will be good!"

"God has decreed otherwise," she said. "But I can die happy if you will promise to do better after I am gone. Promise me to forsake your evil way of living, my boy; promise me to break with bad companions!"

"Oh, I promise with all my heart!" he said. "But live, mother mine,—live!"

"Ernest," she continued, "I am leaving you, but I shall not forsake you: I shall watch over you, pray for you, and love you still, my boy."

"O mother, I have been blind and deaf!" he sobbed; "but my eyes are opened now. Make the Sign of the Cross on my forehead as you used to do when I was a little fellow. Mother darling, make it once more!"

The dying woman did not answer at once. At length she said:

"Ernest dear, I had a presentiment of what has come to pass. To-morrow will be Easter Day; this morning I prepared a gift for you. It is in the corner of my top bureau drawer, wrapped in paper. Bring it to me."

The young man went to the bureau and brought back a small package.

"Open it, my son," his mother said.

He did so, and found an old-fashioned ivory rosary case, finely carved.

His mother smiled.

"It is an Easter egg, Ernest," she said; "a precious relic of my grandmother. I had a fancy to give it to you. It contains a rosary and a medal of the Blessed Virgin."

"Thank you, mother!" he answered.

"But that is not all," she resumed. "Promise me that you will not open it to use the rosary or wear the medal until you have gone to confession and received Our Lord in Holy Communion. Promise this to your dying mother."

"I promise, mother!" was the reply. "And it will be soon."

She looked at him wistfully—at the high, broad forehead framed in rings of wavy hair; at the deep blue eyes, moist with tears and full of repentant love. But her gaze slowly wandered lower, to the weak mouth and effeminate chin, and she sighed deeply.

"With God's help—yes," she said, in a low voice. "But only with His help. Remember this, my Ernest. Without it, without fervent prayer, you can not break off in a day the habits of years."

"I know it, mother," he replied. "But I *will* do it,—I *will* do it. I care for nothing now but you. O mother, mother, do not leave me—do not die!"

She took his hand and drew him closer.

"Kiss me," she said.

He bent, and their lips met in a long, agonized kiss. Then she lifted one trembling finger and made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, as she had been wont to do in the days of his childhood after bidding him good-night.

The next day Ernest was an orphan. For a brief space he led an exemplary life, avoiding his former evil companions. During that time the violence of his grief and regrets kept him from temptation. At the expiration of a fortnight he chanced to meet some of his old friends, who induced him to join them in a game of cards. He hesitated, yielded, and was lost; never pausing in his downward career until every cent of the large fortune which he inherited on the death of his mother was entirely squandered. When the end came, ashamed to remain in his native city, he went to New Orleans.

The Civil War had just begun; he enlisted in the Confederate army, went through numerous campaigns, and, after seeing some hard fighting, was wounded, taken prisoner, and sent North. This was just before the close of the war. Finally he was dismissed from the hospital, with-

out enough money in his pocket to buy a meal. For several months he endured all kinds of privations, glad to perform the most menial work for the price of a bite to eat. But his health improved, and he realized for the first time, in all its magnitude, the sin and folly of the past. Grace has its own seasons, and the prayers and sufferings of years were about to be answered and rewarded.

One day, after having carried a parcel from one part of the city to another, he had occasion to pass a certain church, of which he had heard his mother speak, as it contained a picture of the Blessed Virgin which she had greatly admired, never missing an opportunity of seeing it on her visits to the North. Feeling a desire to look at it, he entered. It hung over the side altar. As Ernest knelt before it, gazing reverently up into the sweet countenance of the Virgin-Mother, tears filled his eyes: he seemed to see in it a resemblance to his mother. Since the unfortunate day when he had broken his promise he had not said a prayer, feeling that contempt for his own weakness which the despairing sinner experiences who has not the strength or courage to throw himself on the infinite mercy of God. But now it was as though he felt once more his dying mother's kiss upon his lips, that last Sign of the Cross upon his forehead; and he prayed, humbly, fervently, with all the strength of his mind and soul. Torn with anguish for the sorrow he had brought into his mother's life, his one desire was to make reparation to God and to her.

For a long time he knelt there, unaware of the lapse of time. A slight noise roused him; looking up, he saw a priest enter the confessional. Obeying the impulse of the inward grace which had touched his heart, he followed him. Half an hour later he again knelt before the altar a regenerated man, purified in the waters of sacramental absolution.

About a month after this, Ernest sat in the priest's study, where he was now a frequent visitor. He had not yet obtained permanent employment, although he had received an offer of a partnership from a young man whom he had once befriended, which he felt would be the means of setting him on his feet once more, were he able to avail himself of it. But it required capital, and Ernest had neither money nor friends.

It was Easter Day—a bright, beautiful Easter,—and, in spite of adverse circumstances, Ernest felt a peculiar lightness of heart; for his soul was now at peace. Suddenly he put his hand in an inner pocket and drew forth the rosary case, which had never passed from his possession, and to which he had clung with a peculiar affection as the one link still binding him to his dead mother.

"Father," he remarked, "there is an incident connected with this which I should like to relate to you."

After he had finished, the priest said:

"Now you have complied with the conditions imposed upon you by your mother. You may open it, I think."

"That is what I wish to do," Ernest replied. "At last I feel myself in some way worthy to use her precious gifts; and it is a coincidence that only this morning I remembered she had called it an Easter egg—the Easter gift she had designed for me on the very day she met with the accident that caused her death."

A narrow blue ribbon was pasted over the opening which divided the ivory globe in two parts. Ernest removed this, and opened the case. It contained a small, strong pair of dark, lava beads—just the kind for daily use; under them was a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception, and at the bottom a bit of paper compactly folded. Ernest opened it, expecting to find a loving message from his dead mother. And so it proved to be, but a message of which he could

never have dreamed. It was a note of deposit in a New York savings-bank for five thousand dollars, bearing interest from a period of six years before.

Well had the prophetic soul of that loving mother foreseen all that was to happen to her erring son. She had kept her promise: she had not forsaken him, watching over him from her home in Paradise through all those years of sin and vicissitude; to reward him at last, when poverty and misery should have led him to turn to his Creator, by this thoughtful gift of a mother's enduring love, thus opening for him anew the path to spiritual blessedness and worldly prosperity.

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North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—IN THE INLAND SEA.

WE were waiting the arrival of the Alaska boat,—wandering aimlessly about the little town, looking off upon the quiet sea, now veiled in a dense smoke blown down from the vast forest fires that were sweeping the interior. The sun, shorn of his beams, was a disk of copper; the sun-track in the sea, a trail of blood. The clang of every ship's bell, the scream of every whistle, gave us new hope; but we were still waiting, waiting, waiting. Port Townsend stands knee-deep in the edge of a sea-garden. I sat a long time on the dock, watching for some sign of the belated boat. Great ropes of kelp, tubes of dark brown sea-grass, floated past me on the slow tide. Wonderful anemones, pink, balloon-shaped, mutable, living and breathing things,—these panted as they drifted by. At every respiration they expanded like the sudden blossoming of a flower; then they closed quite as

suddenly, and became mere buds. When the round core of these sea-flowers was exposed to the air—the palpitating heart was just beneath the surface most of the time,—they withered in a breath; but revived again the moment the water glazed them over, and fairly revelled in aqueous efflorescence.

“Bang!” It was the crash of an unmistakable gun, that shook the town to its foundations and brought the inhabitants to their feet in an instant. Out of the smoke loomed a shadowy ship, and, lo! it was the Alaska boat. A goodly number of passengers were already on board; as many more were now to join them; and then her prow was to be turned to the north star and held there for some time to come. In a moment the whole port was in a state of excitement. New arrivals hurried on shore to see the lions of the place. We, who had been anxiously awaiting this hour for a couple of long summer days, took the ship by storm, and drove the most amiable and obliging of pursers nearly frantic with our pressing solicitations.

Everybody was laying in private stores, this being our last chance to supply all deficiencies. Light literature we found scattered about at the druggist's and the grocer's and the curiosity shops. We all wanted volumes on the Northwest—as many of them as we could get; but almost the only one obtainable was Skidmore's “Alaska, the Sitkan Archipelago,” which is as good as any, if not the best. A few had copies of the “Pacific Coast Pilot. Alaska. Part First. Dixon's Entrance to Yakutat Bay,”—invaluable as a practical guide, and filled with positive data. Dall and Whimper we could not find, nor Bancroft at that time. Who will give us a handy volume reprint of delightful old Vancouver?

We were busy as bees all that afternoon; yet the night and the starlight saw us satisfactorily hived, and it was not

long before the buzzing ceased, as ship and shore slept the sleep of the just. By and by we heard pumping, hosing, deck-washing, the paddling of bare feet to and fro, and all the familiar sounds of an early morning at sea. The ship, however, was motionless: we were lying stock-still. Doubtless everybody was wondering at this, as I was, when there came a crash, followed by a small avalanche of broken timber, while the ship quaked in her watery bed. I thought of dynamite and the *Dies Iræ*; but almost immediately the cabin-boy, who appeared with the matutinal coffee, said it was only the *Olympian*, the fashionable Sound steamer, that had run into us, as was her custom. She is always running into something, and she succeeded in carrying away a portion of our stern gear on this occasion. Nevertheless, we were delayed only a few hours; for the *Olympian* was polite enough not to strike us below the water-line, and so by high noon we were fairly under way.

From my log-book I take the following: This is slow and easy sailing—a kind of jog-trot over the smoothest possible sea, with the paddles audibly working every foot of the way. We run down among the San Juan islands, where the passages are so narrow and so intricate they make a kind of watery monogram among the fir-lined shores. A dense smoke still obscures the sun,—a rich haze that softens the distance and lends a peculiar charm, a picturesqueness, that is perhaps not wholly natural to the locality; though the San Juan islands are unquestionably beautiful.

The Gulf of Georgia, the Strait of Fuca, and Queen Charlotte Sound are the words upon the lips of everybody. Shades of my schoolboy days! How much sweeter they taste here than in the old geography class! Before us stretches a wilderness of islands, mostly uninhabited, which penetrates even into the

sunless winter and the shadowless summer of Behring Sea.

As for ourselves, Old Probabilities has got down to business. He has opened an impromptu peripatetic school of navigation, and triumphantly sticks a pin into every point that tallies with his yard-square chart. The evangelist has his field-glass to his eye in search of the unregenerated aborigines. The swell tourists are much swollen with travel; they loosen the belts of their Norfolks, and at intervals affect a languid interest in this mundane sphere. There are delightful people on board—many of them—and not a few others; some bubbling over with mirth and joy.

What richness! A good, clean deck running the whole length of the ship; a cosy and cheerful social hall, with a first-class upright piano of delicious tone, and at least a half dozen creditable performers to awaken the soul of it; a good table, good weather, good luck, and positively nothing to do but have a good time for three solid weeks in the wilderness. The pestiferous telephone can not play the earwig on board this ship; the telegraph, with metallic tick, can not once startle us by precipitating town tattle; the postal service is cut off; wars and rumors of wars, the annihilation of a nation, the swallowing up of a whole continent, are now of less consequence to us than the possibility of a rain-shower this afternoon, or the solution of the vexed question, "Will the aurora dazzle us before dawn?" We do not propose to wait upon the aurora: for days and days and days we are going to climb up the globe due North, getting nearer and nearer to it all the while. Now, inasmuch as everything is new to us, we can easily content ourselves for hours by lounging in the easy-chairs, and looking off upon the placid sea, and at the perennial verdure that springs out of it and mantles a lovely but lonely land.

Only think of it for a moment! Here on the northwest coast there are islands sown so thickly that many of the sea-passages, though deep enough for a three-decker to swim in, are so narrow that one might easily skim his hat across them. There are thousands of these islands—yea, tens of thousands,—I don't know just how many, and perhaps no man does. They are of all shapes and sizes, and the majority of them are handsomely wooded. The sombre green of the woods, stretching between the sombre blue-green of the water and the opaline sheen of the sky, forms a picture—a momentary picture,—the chief features of which change almost as suddenly and quite as completely as the transformations in a kaleidoscope. We are forever turning corners; and no sooner are we around one corner than three others elbow us just ahead. Now, toward which of the three are we bound, and will our good ship run to larboard or to starboard? This is a turn one might bet on all day long—and lose nearly every time.

A bewildering cruise! Vastly finer than river sailing is this Alaskan expedition. Here is a whole tangle of rivers full of strange tides, mysterious currents, and sweet surprises. Moreover, we can get lost if we want to—no one can get lost in a river. We can rush in where pilots fear to tread, strike sunken rocks, toss among dismal eddies, or plunge into whirlpools. We can rake overhanging boughs with our yard-arms if we want to—but we don't want to. In 1875 the United States steamer *Saranac* went down in Seymour Narrows, and her fate was sudden death. The United States steamer *Suwanee* met with a like misfortune on entering Queen Charlotte Sound. It is rather jolly to think of these things, and to realize that we are in more or less danger; though the shores are as silent as the grave, the sea sleeps like a mill-pond, and the sun sinks to rest with great dignity

and precision, nightly bathing the lonely North in sensuous splendor.

It is getting late. Far into the night I linger over a cigarette. An inexpressible calm steals over me,—a feeling as of deliverance, for the time being at least, from all the cares of this world. We are steaming toward a mass of shadows that, like iron gates, seem shut against us. A group of fellow-voyagers gathers on the forward deck, resolved to sit up and ascertain whether we really manage to squeeze through some crevice, or back out at last and go around the block. I grow drowsy and think fondly of my little bunk.

What a night! Everything has grown vague and mysterious. Not a voice is heard—only the throb of the engine down below and the articulated pulsation of the paddles, every stroke of which brings forth a hollow sound from the sea, as clear and as well defined as a blow upon a drumhead; but these are softened by the swish of waters foaming under the wheel. Echoes multiply; myriads of them, faint and far, play peek-a-boo with the solemn pilot, who silently paces the deck when all the ship is wrapped in a deep sleep.

(To be continued.)

The Good Shepherd.

FOOTSORE and weary, out of the wold,
Leadeth the Shepherd His sheep to the fold.

Close to the lintel there springeth the vine,
Symbol of strength from His love, which is wine.

Footsore and weary, out of the cold,
Leadeth the Shepherd His sheep to the fold;
Where the gray wood-doves are nesting within,

Far from the thorn-paths of danger and sin.

Gently the Master, with pity untold,
Gathers the wanderers back to the fold.
Close to His Heart the wounded lambs sleep:
Ah, He hath given His life for His sheep!

An Event at Boher-na-Breena.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

IN the wildest region of Connemara, the "wild west" of Ireland, perched upon the side of a precipitous mountain, stands the neat little village of Boher-na-Breena, consisting of a *shebeen* boasting of fodder for "man and beast"; a few straggling thatched cabins, each with its attendant potato patch; one house built of stone, the proud residence of the doctor; and the chapel, of which more anon.

A more picturesque situation than that enjoyed by Boher-na-Breena it is hardly possible to imagine. Beneath, the broad Atlantic stretching away to the skyline; right and left, bold and rugged headlands verdure-clad to their summits; here and there a tiny farm-house surrounded by a few gaunt trees; while sheep like so many daisies dapple the mountain sides.

"Come here, Mickey! Come here, avic!" said an old crone, who was shading her weary eyes with her wrinkled hand. "What's that comin' up the road from Leenan? Me eyes is failin' terribly, glory be to God!"

"Sorra wan of me knows," retorted a shock-headed gossoon, whose wondrously ventilated trousers were sustained by a suspender of hay-rope.

"It luks like a hearse."

"It's a carriage!" cried Mickey. "It's from Mullarky's Hotel. I'd know the horses in Ballinasloe."

"Arrah what would bring a carriage up here; ye omadaun? Faix an' I believe yer right! Run, Mickey, and tell Father Tom. Away wid ye!"

While Mickey was bounding across the boulders like a young deer in the direction of the priest's house, the vehicle slowly ascended the mountain road, its occupants alighting at the *boreen* that led zigzag to the village. The party consisted

of four persons—two gentlemen and two ladies. The ladies, elegantly attired in the most up-to-date travelling raiment, chatted gaily in Italian; one of the gentlemen chaffing them in that melodious language, while the other urged the steeds to push on a little faster,—a performance they were exceedingly unwilling to undertake.

It is needless to say that the entire population of Boher-na-Breena turned out *en masse* to receive these unexpected visitors. Even old Tim Donovan, who was both blind and deaf, was, with true Irish politeness, allotted a position in the very front rank.

"It's English they are," said one.

"No: it's Frinch."

"Faix it's Rooshian they're talkin'!" cried an old chap in a rabbit-skin cap, with a Crimean medal on his breast.

"What brings them here, any way?" observed an old lady with one eye.

"Impidence, no less."

"Whisht! Here's Father Tom. He'll soon tell us what they are."

"Faix he has his Sunda' coat on!"

"Aye, and luk at his shoes!—polished as bright as the horns of Ed Muldoon's puckawn."

A tall, sweet, placid old gentleman, attired in the garb of a priest, stepped forward just as the carriage arrived at the crest of the plateau; and, with a bow that was worthy of the Court of St. Germain, in a rich, soft brogue exclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are heartily welcome to Boher-na-Breena! Will you not honor my poor little house with your presence? Paudheen, take their horses and give them a rub down. And, Tom"—to another gossoon,— "run and tell Mrs. Clancy to get a cup of tea for the ladies."

"The very thing I long for, *padre!*" said a tall, stately brunette, who spoke, moved and looked an empress.

It took but a few minutes to place the newcomers on terms of uttermost friend-

liness with Father Tom; for had he not resided ten years in Rome, and did he not speak Italian with the fluency of a cardinal?

After "an illigant cup o' tay," made with Mrs. Clancy's own peculiar methods, the party strolled toward the chapel.

"It's a poor tumble-down little place," observed Father Tom, speaking Italian, as those of the party were of that nationality. "But what can we do? We are quite out of the world here. We manage to exist, glory be to God!—aye," and he added, with a beautiful smile, "we manage to be happy. I have lived here over forty years, and I've been up to Dublin but once; and then only because Cardinal Cullen wanted me to take a great big parish, where I would have been lost, and my dear people here would have fretted for me."

The exterior of the chapel was white-washed to a dazzle. Its roof was of thatch, yellow and shining as gold; but the interior was damp and mildewed, albeit the little altar was exquisitely gilded, and the Stations were chromos of the most delicate colors.

The brunette shivered, exclaiming:

"It is frightfully damp! This chapel is a tomb."

"It's all owing to the roof, Signora. If I had a slate roof the rain would never get in. Poor Phil Demsey promised me one when he was going to America; but he was lost at sea, God rest his soul!" And the sweet old *padre* knelt down and offered up a silent prayer for the soul of his lost parishioner, from whom he had hoped so much.

The two ladies spoke rapidly in an undertone. The brunette, leaving the *padre* with her companion, joined the two gentlemen; and, after a momentary conference, she said:

"*Padre*, at what hour do you celebrate your last Mass on Sunday?"

"At half-past eleven, Signora."

"Good! How many people could you seat in the church?"

"I could not tell you, Signora. We have only a couple of forms for the poor old people who can not stand."

"But could you obtain seats from the cabins?"

"Certainly, if—"

"Listen to me, *padre*. Get seats for the last Mass on Sunday—as many as you can,—and leave the rest to *me*."

"But—"

"Enough said, *padre mio!* Do as I ask of you—will you not?"

"I'll do it," said Father Tom, with a very puzzled expression.

"I shall be here with some friends," she observed; "and now *addio!*"

"I can't make it out at all, at all," exclaimed Father Tom, as he took a pinch of snuff from Dr. Finnicane's box.

"Faith, Father Tom, I think she's only fooling you."

"Never!" cried the priest, indignantly.

"Did the lady give you anything for the poor?"

"N—no."

"Or for the repairs of the chapel?"

"I can't say that she did."

"Or any of the party? Did any one of them fork out?"

The good priest shook his head in a melancholy way.

"Well, then, Father Tom, not a chair you'll get out of this house, and they're the best this side of Ballybocher. It's a bam. She just blew your brains out with a cock-and-bull story for to save a dirty sixpence. I wouldn't trust a foreigner farther than I'd throw a bull by the tail—and that's not far," added the Doctor.

"Truth came from her eyes," replied the priest.

"But the money didn't come from her pocket, Father Tom. We're up in the skies here, but this rarefied atmosphere hasn't made *me* an omadaun, at all events.

Tell me this," he added; "did she give you her name?"

"I didn't ask her," retorted the priest.

"Nor where she came from?"

"No."

"That will do, Father Tom. And she wants all the chairs in the county, bad luck to her impudence! It's the chair of penance she ought to want, bad 'cess to her!"

Upon the following Sunday morning the inhabitants of Boher-na-Breena were in a state of excitement bordering upon frenzy. Father Tom, strong in his belief in the truth of the foreign visitor, had had the floor of the church laid with fresh straw, and had collected liberal tribute for chairs, forms and stools of every sort, shape, size and description. He had also sent to Leenan to borrow extra candles for the altar, and to the gardener of Moynalty Manor for flowers to decorate it. Never since the wedding of Mary Nolan to Myles McManus the gauger, did the little chapel show out so bravely.

"Ah, but it's yer Riverence that ought to be a proud man this blessed and holy day!" said Mrs. O'Huilahan, as she reverently placed a wreath of white roses at the feet of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. "Sure, barrin' Saint Pether's at Rome, this chapel is the finest in the world."

Poor Father Tom was in a fever. He could hardly remain a moment in one place. He had stationed gossoons at coignes of vantage to report the instant a black speck appeared on any of the roads leading toward the village. He had unearthed a venerable telescope, and took snap-shots at intervals of less than five minutes. He took counsel with his house-keeper and everybody except the Doctor. As the time drew nigh, he was literally in a douche of cold perspiration.

A small boy with elfin locks, bare as to feet and ragged as to costume, came

bounding down the sides of the mountain, shouting in Irish:

"There's a lot of carriages and horse-men crossing Tubbermore Hill!"

Father Tom, followed by his entire flock, clambered up the mountain.

"Thank God!" cried the priest; adding to himself: "This will take the conceit out of Dr. Finnican. I'm glad I haven't a chair of his."

Carriages and cars, and men and women on horseback, soon gained the *boreen*.

"As I'm a living man, that's the Duke of Drogheda's carriage with the four horses! And yes—no—yes, the Marquis of Sligo's break; and Lord O'Neil on horseback, and the Lady Eileen! God be good to me, am I asleep or awake?"

And Father Tom blessed himself most fervently with his right hand, whilst he vigorously rubbed his eyes with the left.

"This bates Donnybrook!" cried one.

"It's a miracle!" exclaimed another.

"Sorra a Protestant ever set foot on this blessed mountain since Joe Joyce bet the Oringeman below at Tuch-a-coppa, and med him ate his yellow badge, the spalpeen!"

"Begob, it's the Juke an' the Duchess, an' all the quollity. What but a miracle would bring 'em up here, barrin' it was a play?"

"It's the Holy Mass they're for; an' it's keepin' Father Tom fastin' they are, the haythins!"

The first carriage contained the party of four to whom I have already introduced the reader.

"Do not look so frightened, *padre*," said the queenly brunette. "I have come here to sing; and I have brought some people—your neighbors from Sligo and Castlebar—who are willing to pay to listen to me and to your sermon. Let us get to work at once. Can you seat us all?"

"But—but—my dear lady, I have no respectable chairs, no organ!" cried Father Tom, in dismay.

"I do not require either. You go on with the Mass. I know where the *Kyrie* comes in, and the *Sanctus* and the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus Dei*."

In a very few moments the little chapel was full—chock-full of people, all the "quollity" being seated, the peasantry standing far out into the greensward in front.

Father Tom, after lecturing the two acolytes, who were in a St. Vitus' dance of excitement, donned his best vestments and emerged from the sacristy. The acolytes were so perturbed and so eager to gaze upon the assemblage that they utterly failed in the responses, and at the *Confiteor* the good priest had to supply the omissions.

Suddenly, and as Father Tom ascended the altar, came forth a burst of melody, such as caused his heart almost to stop in a paroxysm of ecstasy; melody so pure, so rich, so harmonious, so heaven-directing—yea, the melody of the soul that is saved, the soul that glorifies God, the soul in supremest ardor. If he had not been bound to proceed with the Mass, Father Tom would have placed his arms upon the altar, his head on his arms, and have listened as though to the dulcet tones of the choir of angels. If the *Credo* was sublime, how glorious the *Sanctus*! It was Gounod's. And, then, the *Agnus Dei*! Not a sound save that heaving voice and the faint sobbing of women.

When the Mass had ended and Father Tom awoke from his dream of heaven, he beheld the sweet singer passing a crimson velvet bag to each of the distinguished people, for whom she had a gracious smile; and in a few minutes she entered the sacristy, leaning upon the arm of his Grace the Duke of Drogheda.

"Here is your chapel roof, Father Tom," she said, with a bright laugh, as she placed the crimson velvet bag on a small table.

"What does it]all]mean? Who are you, may I ask?" gasped the bewildered priest.

"I am—well, the prima donna Lucilla Caprini. We are making a tour of your lovely country. Chance sent us up this picturesque mountain. You, *padre mio*, received us after so sweet a fashion—as unknown foreigners,—I resolved to do something in return. That is all."

Religion and Feeling.

THE Rev. Dr. Frynsinger, of Dickinson College, is widely known to Catholic readers as the clergyman who rashly provoked Father Ganss to a discussion of "Mariolatry" in the pages of this magazine. There is no good reason why his sermons should be selected for criticism except that they are typical examples of the attitude of the average Protestant minister to the Catholic Church. We have been favored with his latest published discourse, the body of which is made up of assumptions and assertions which prove him to be a man of deep prejudices and restricted views. But there is one passage which we deem worthy of attention, because it embodies a favorite fallacy of modern Protestantism: our good friends *know* their sins are forgiven, because they *feel* it is so. Thus Dr. Frynsinger:

The joy of the Lord is the strength of Protestantism. The joy of freedom from sin, which it preaches as the privilege of all, is the experience of its people. They believe their sins forgiven, not because they have been pronounced forgiven by any human lips, but because they have experienced forgiveness; and each can sing for himself,

"Happy day! happy day!

When Jesus washed my sins away!"

"Ye shall know the truth," said Jesus; "and the truth shall make you free." Let us answer him as did Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Amen.

Now, with all due respect to the Doctor, we must observe that that sort of "joy of the Lord" is not easily distinguished from nervous excitement; and we are not a little surprised to find it so popular with

one who favors Protestantism because, as he would say, it is so intellectual, so judiciously calm. Forgiveness of sin is not a matter of feeling; religion is not a mere question of sentiment; the approval of oneself is not always a token of the approval of God. The true conception of the relation that exists between religion and feeling is so well set forth by Bishop Hedley in his Lenten pastoral that, for the edification of our readers no less than for the instruction of Dr. Frysinger, and others who share his notion, we quote it entire:

"It must be plainly understood that true conversion of the heart is not necessarily accompanied by any strong or marked feeling of peace, joy, or fervor. We must carefully distinguish mere feeling from solid determination and a mind made up to serve God. Religion is not feeling. Our feelings are not always at our command or under our control. But, with God's help, we can always use our free will and be determined to live and obey Almighty God. This is true religion. Sometimes our feelings help us to do this, and sometimes they hinder us. When they help us, it is much easier to be good; but when they do not help us, we often-times gain more merit.

"When a man is really repentant and converted, it happens not unfrequently, perhaps generally, that his repentance is followed by much peace and serenity of conscience, and that he experiences great consolation of spirit. But we must beware of considering these effects as the essential part of conversion, for a man might have them without being converted at all. What is called 'conversion' in religious organizations outside of the Catholic Church is often feeling and nothing more. We have all seen or heard of such conversions. A man has led a sinful life. One day he finds himself listening to a powerful preacher; or, perhaps, experiences some great shock, in which there seems to be a certain divine intervention.

Then, suddenly, the whole current of life and thought seems to be changed. He hears Jesus calling; he knows he is forgiven; he feels as if he never could offend God again. And this is accompanied by peace and joy, and by an excitement of feeling which impels the newly converted to confess, to sing, to shout, or to leap.

"There is no need to deny that such 'conversions' take place. For all that is good in them we may thank the Holy Spirit, who by no means confines His prevenient and awakening grace within the boundaries of His Catholic Church. Men may be permanently changed for the better by them, but true conversions they are not. First, there is no real repentance for the past; next, there is no resolution to avoid sin, and the occasions of sin, for the future; thirdly, there seems really to be no active use of one's own will toward God at all; no begging for mercy, no holy fear, no homage, no acts of love. There is only the surrender to an impulse: the heart is caught on the crest of a wave of feeling, and it seems as if it were being lifted to the heavens. But it is more likely to be flung high and dry upon the barren sand. For the feeling recedes, the emotion dies down, and then, perhaps, things go on just as before. Even if they do not—even if there is a real change,—the past remains unrepented of, and all the future is at the mercy of impulses, similar in kind, some contrary, some divergent; but none of them guided and controlled by the faith, the fear, the hope, the obedience, and the prayer which are taught and enforced by the traditions of the True Church.

"Around us, dear children in Jesus Christ, belonging to one or other of the many forms of religious opinion which claim to be called by the name of Christian, there are numberless hearts which from time to time truly turn to God and long to give themselves wholly to His service. But they live in a generation which has lost the true Christian tradition.

Not that any genuine cry of the soul will ever be, or can ever be, disregarded by our Heavenly Father, from whomsoever of His creatures it may come. But one fugitive cry is not enough. Every man has a past, and every man's life goes on, with added moments and accumulating responsibility, to that mark on the dial of time which is fixed for its limit. Life is concerned with many things; the powers and impulses of man are various and complex; help must be had against temptations; questions of right and wrong must be answered; falls must be reckoned with; spiritual hurts must be repaired, and God's Commandments must in all things be obeyed. No man can, in these most serious matters, be his own guide. The most learned of men can not in these things pretend by their own light or study to guide other men or even themselves. There is no way to firm and secure belief, to solid and genuine conversion, to safe and trustworthy perseverance, except to place oneself within that great school of divine illumination which has dominated the past and which claims the attention of the world at present in the one true Church."

The Harvesting of the Lilies.

THE lily, the emblem of the purity of Our Lady, is universally used for decorative purposes at the period of the Resurrection. Surely it is a sign that the Queen of Festivals is becoming more generally observed every year, when we read of the immense industry that has grown around the belief that no flower can vie with this one when we wish to lay at the feet of our risen Lord the rarest treasures of the garden. The bulbs come principally from the island of Bermuda, where hundreds of acres are given up to their culture; but California bids fair to be a close rival.

Simply to lay the foundation for a lily-bulb plantation is the work of several years, and requires a large outlay of capital. The bulbs are all sent North to be developed. It is said that Chicago alone this year witnesses the sale of half a million of blossoms, every one of which has been evolved from the dull-looking Bermuda bulbs. When the tubers first arrive they are kept in the dark and cold; but are gradually allowed more light and heat, and come into full bloom in the greenhouse with their floral sisters. This enormous crop of lilies will be distributed from Chicago in every direction, carrying the message "He is risen!" to the most remote parts of the American continent.

Notes and Remarks.

A letter of inquiry was recently addressed to "some 400 leading persons" in the city of New York, for the purpose of discovering their convictions on the subject of religious education. The sender of the letters, Mr. Levi Seeley, discusses the result in one of the educational journals. "It was a matter of considerable surprise to me," he says, "to find that so large a number have come to the belief that the State ought to assume some responsibility in the work of religious education. I expected a large preponderance of opinion in favor of the State's keeping 'hands off.'" That the "preponderance of opinion" did not favor the policy of secularization means that the cause of religious education has advanced by leaps and bounds within the last decade. It is an odd circumstance, however, that nations are even more loath than individuals to profit by "horrible examples." Just when the people of the United States are coming to understand the question of religious education, the people of Manitoba, for example, are beginning the problem all over again.

Speaking of names, it was wittily remarked by Archbishop Flood, of the West

Indies, that easy as it would be to call a duck-pond the Atlantic Ocean, there would be a difficulty in getting the rest of mankind to do so. It is utter folly for any body of non-Catholics, large or small, here or there, to refer to themselves as the Catholic Church. The Old Church—the one true Church—has been known by this name so long now that in all fairness it ought to be left to her, and even her opponents acknowledge her right to it. If you were to take the highest high Anglican off guard and ask to be directed to a Catholic church, he would forget all about his own. The author of a readable pamphlet noticed in another column tells an amusing story of a Ritualistic clergyman who used to live at F—, Virginia. He was as high as they go. He wore his collars wide, and was always careful to correct those who spoke of his chapel as a meeting-house. Nothing pleased him more than to be called Father, and he always posed as “a Catholic priest of the American Catholic Church.” One day he received by mail a letter addressed, “To the Catholic Priest of F—, Va.” Without the least delay, he returned it unopened to the postmaster, with the remark that the letter was not for him, but should be forwarded to Father T—, “the Catholic priest.”

The greatest of German biologists, the agnostic Virchow, delivered an address before the twelfth International Medical Congress, lately held at Moscow, in which he said:

Little more than a generation ago it seemed credible, if not sometimes necessary, to derive the origin of living beings from epigenetic spontaneous generation. The conviction of the erroneousness of this view is now so general that international legislation is based on this principle. If here and there we hear spontaneous generation spoken of, it is an anachronism. Every living being descends from a preceding living being or element. There is no life but inherited life, more especially is there no disconnected life.

Virchow further admits that, spontaneous generation being set aside, there remains no other explanation of life than the doctrine of creation, which, he says, “is not the object of scientific investigation, but of faith. . . . It is not our duty to think out a plan for the universe: we are responsible only for

carefully observing and faithfully holding whatever we can observe.” This is one of many signs which seem to show that ere long the Don Quixotes of science will discover that they have been fighting wind-mills. And there are Don Quixotes of theology, too.

The first religious community devoted to the free education of poor girls was founded by St. Peter Fourier, known during his lifetime as the Bon Père, and now as the Apostle of Lorraine. His idea of education for the poorer classes ought to be widely propagated. The daughters of the poor, to the betterment of whose condition his whole life was dedicated, were to be taught not useless and fanciful things, but “the Catechism; . . . a love of virtue, of good works, and of Christian manners; . . . civility and propriety of behavior; . . . reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and other feminine occupations, and whatever else may be advantageous.” A sensible model, surely.

Mgr. Cazet, a noted Jesuit missionary of North Madagascar, celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the religious life. Thirty-four of the fifty years he has spent in the prosecution of his apostolic labors in the distant isle of his adoption; and the remarkable success which has attended his ministrations throughout his career is the best panegyric that could be pronounced on the occasion of his golden jubilee. A gratifying feature of the celebration was Mgr. Cazet's reception of a purse destined to enable him to carry out a project dear to his heart—the erection of a new church in Teneriffe.

A hopeful sign of the impulse which modern scholarship has given to Gaelic literature is the revival of the Oireachtas, an ancient Irish institution for encouraging the growth of the national literature. The method adopted is that of awarding prizes for meritorious work in Gaelic prose and poetry. The first annual Oireachtas since the revival was held last year, with happy results; the second will take place in Dublin

next month. The promoters of the movement entertain the large hope that Ireland may yet be thoroughly de-Anglicized in speech; and when one remembers the vital connection between national life and national language, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the strong race spirit of the Irish may yet prevail over English speech. Who knows but the thunder of Gaelic oratory may yet be heard in College Green?

The archbishops of Canterbury and York have sent Cardinal Vaughan a joint letter which is remarkable for two things: first, it is studiously dignified and polite; and, secondly, it makes no answer to the inquiry propounded by the Catholic hierarchy of England. It will be remembered that the Cardinal and his suffragans bluntly asked their Graces to enunciate the teachings of the Anglican body on the subject of the Eucharist. If the Catholic doctrine were enunciated, the Low Church party would cut loose; if the Real Presence were denied, the High Church party would be panic-stricken. But Protestantism is a religion of compromises; and both York and Canterbury, deeming silence the best course, can only say: "The Church of England has clearly stated her position with respect to this doctrine, and it is unnecessary for us to say that we heartily and firmly concur in the judgment which she has pronounced." The prudence of their Graces is very like the prudence of that exceptional Irish soldier who deserted in the face of the enemy. When charged with cowardice, he answered sharply: "Begorra, I'd rather be a coward for five minutes than a corpse all the rest of me life!"

The experiences of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff when following the fortunes of the army of the unemployed continue to be the chief attraction of *Scribner's Magazine*. The human conditions in which he found himself in Chicago are painful to contemplate; and it would be hard to believe that one who at any moment could change his status if he chose, really endured all that he describes, if it were not for the purpose his experiment was intended to serve. A noble purpose it

was. It had been concluded that the only way of learning the actual condition of the destitute poor—the first step toward ameliorating it—was for some one to share the lot to which they are bound by the hardest facts of stern reality. Mr. Wyckoff's devotion to suffering humanity will bear fruit—has already borne fruit—in many ways. Few writers have done more to bridge the chasm between opulence and penury.

There is a delicate touch in the current instalment of Mr. Wyckoff's article, where he describes himself as wandering aimlessly through the crowded streets in hope of an odd job. Physical pain and the sense of being beyond the range of human sympathy seemed to blind him for the time being to all but the hard and sordid in the world about him—the misery, the hideous squalor, the selfishness and cruelty. This is how the spell was broken:

And now there passed me in the street two Sisters of Charity, walking side by side. Their sweet, placid faces, framed in white, reflected the limpid purity of unselfish, useful living; and their eyes, deep-seeing into human misery and evil, were yet serene in the all-conquering strength of goodness. It was in some saner thought inspired by this vision that I walked on across the river to the comparatively peaceful quiet of the North Side. I needed all the sanity that I could summon.

About a year ago the Rev. Father Mazel, a French missionary in China, was massacred. The French legation took steps to obtain reparation; and M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, writes to the press that the murderers have been punished, and that an indemnity of 15,000 taels (about \$21,000) will be paid by China. This sum will be divided between the Society of Foreign Missions, to which the victim belonged, and the personal relatives of Father Mazel.

The decadence of Protestant prejudice in this country is rapid and general. The illustrations of it that came under our own observation last week are as remarkable as they were gratifying. A prominent Unitarian minister in an Eastern State, to whom we had sent a book explanatory of a point of Catholic doctrine which he had unconsciously misstated in one of his published sermons,

wrote in acknowledgment: "I have carefully read the work, and with deep interest. There is a marked change in my thought and feeling about the Catholic Church since then, and I shall read the book again. There are other things I should like to know," etc. Another clergyman, well known as an historical writer, and one of the ablest of Protestant theologians, expressed his pleasure on seeing in this magazine "an emphatic rebuke to unworthy insinuations against the high worth of Pope Clement XIV." Still another pleasant letter was addressed to us by one of the leaders of a band of "Christian communists," in reference to Father Taunton's recently published volume, "The Black Monks of St. Benedict." "We are all eager to get this work for reading during meals. The life of the early monks is a subject of great interest to us. They are the ones who continued the Christian life after the death of the Apostles."

We hope we have not violated confidence by sharing a portion of these letters with our readers. They will understand our reason for doing so. The writers in each case are men for whose earnestness and sincerity we have the highest regard.

The serene Society of Friends has addressed a memorial to the President, in which they say that "should the United States and Spain be unable to adjust their present differences by the ordinary methods of peaceful diplomacy, we would urge the resort to arbitration as a course honorable in itself and in accord with the spirit which should animate a Christian nation." The tone of this document is in marked contrast with that adopted by certain fire-eaters, whose judiciously calm temperament may be known from the fact that they are intolerant of all who lift their voice for peace. These people, who grow sick at the sight of a few human bodies mangled in a railroad collision, fling up their caps at the idea of war in the abstract. But the mischief is that wars are never abstract: they mean blood and death and mourning and desolation. Mr. McKinley, who is a good American, knows this; and neither he nor

the saner portion of the nation is eager to plunge our country into the horrors of war at the bidding of yellow newspapers. There are good men among the war zealots, but they have been misled by irascible politicians, by selfish speculators, by their own impulsiveness, or by the frantic appeals of juvenile press reporters who ought still to be doing tasks in school. We shall be in favor of war when war shall have been proved unavoidable without loss of honor.

In his first pastoral letter, Mgr. Richelmy, the new Archbishop of Turin, dwells at considerable length on the subject of Catholic journalism. He appeals to all his spiritual children to aid to the fullest extent of their power the Catholic press. Of the ideal Catholic publicist he has this to say:

Priest or layman, the Catholic journalist should be a "clerical" in the sense which current usage gives to that word; for he should consecrate himself entirely to the cause represented by the Sovereign Pontiff. He should be the obedient son of his bishop, the zealous champion of all the rights of the Church. Before being plunged into the inkstand, his pen should be dipped in the oil of charity, in the balm of prudence and of strength.

The Archbishop further declares that in these days Catholic journalism has become a species of veritable apostolate, and that our publicists owe it to their calling to give our adversaries no ground for saying evil of their lives or principles. One other paragraph of the letter merits translation:

I say more: those to whom Providence has given a superabundance of earthly goods should in their turn proffer aid and subsidy [*secours et subside*] to the Catholic press. Be not content with paying your own subscription, but spread among the people a large number of copies of good religious periodicals.

The absurd proposal to appropriate large sums of money for "the construction of monuments worthy of Voltaire and Rousseau" was the cause of a lively scene in the French Senate the other day. It would have been a sufficient answer to say that the political and moral bankruptcy of France is "monument" enough for both; or that, as M. Fresneau said, since thirty-five of the thirty-seven millions of people in France cherish the Catholic faith and wish

to die in it, the Senate has no right to vote a monument to its avowed arch-enemies. The services of infidelity in bringing about whatever liberty exists in France are ludicrously exaggerated. On this point M. Fresneau bears testimony worthy of record:

Educated at the University of Paris, I had as professors certain free-thinkers who, just because they belonged to the *École spiritualiste*, had a slender esteem for the genius of Voltaire, and none whatever for the phraseology of Rousseau. Thirty years later I found them Christians, devoted to good works; and when I spoke to them in a friendly way of so great a change, the most distinguished in the University hierarchy said to me: "What has changed me is disgust, the dissonance I found between the fine writing over which I was enthusiastic and the acts of those who produced it."

Despite this saying and similar others, however, the effects of the teaching of Voltaire and Rousseau are still clearly marked on the public mind of France. General Billot Minister of War, in an address spoken over the tomb of General de Jessé, expressed the hope that he would one day meet his old friend again "before the throne of the God of justice and mercy." Not a remarkable profession of piety, surely; yet it fills with rapture the editor of a French religious weekly, because "it is the first time in twenty years that a minister of the Republic has dared to pronounce the name of God in a public discourse!"

Our French exchanges are unanimous in their expressions of lively regret for the death of M. Ollé-Laprune. A valiant Christian scholar and scientist, the lamented *savant* for long years did excellent work for religion in a country where Renan and Berthelot and many another had sought to antagonize the Church and science. Catholic France has lost an exemplary son, whose activities were ungrudgingly placed at her disposal, and whose noble service she will long remember. *R. I. P.*

Referring to the hard life led by many priests in Texas, the *Southern Messenger* speaks of one parish, in visiting which the missionary must travel 1,392 miles by railroad and 444 miles overland by stage. The district was formerly called "No Man's Land," and

comprises sixty-nine counties. The number of churches in the mission is very small, but Mass is offered in twenty-five private houses many miles apart. This largest parish in the United States—certainly there can be none larger—is in the Diocese of Dallas, the area of which is 118,000 square miles. But Texas would have to be even broader than it is to limit the zeal of a prelate like Bishop Dunne, or of a priest like Father Lenert, of the Panhandle Mission.

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. Joseph M. Walter, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; the Very Rev. P. J. Macken, Diocese of Alton; and the Rev. J. J. McDonnell, Diocese of Pittsburg, all of whom lately departed this life.

Mother M. Gertrude, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Circumcision, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Isidore, O. S. D.; and Sister M. Evangeline, Sisters of Mercy, who passed to their reward last month.

Mr. Greenville W. Smith, whose happy death took place recently, in Louisville, Ky.

Judge James Goggin, of Chicago, Ill., who breathed his last on the 29th ult.

Miss Mary T. Vogler, who died a precious death on the 19th ult., at Wheeling, W. Va.

Mr. P. Craddock, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully on the 8th ult.

Mrs. Ellen Quinn, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 2d ult., at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Mr. Philip V'D. Brownson, of Detroit, Mich., who perished in a shipwreck on the 20th ult.

Mr. Matthew Balue, of Marysville, Kansas; Mrs. Margaret Turner, Denver, Colo.; Mr. James J. Cunningham, Harrison, N. J.; Mrs. John Mulgrew, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Mary McDermott, Vallejo, Cal.; Anna Ellen Philon, Prince Albert, Canada; Mrs. Mary Larimer, Mrs. Catherine McPhinoly, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Mr. John Hayes, and Mr. Leo Spuhler,—all of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. John Allman, Mrs. Winnifred Corden, and Mr. Owen McKeon, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine O'Brien and Mrs. Mary Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Bernard Bennett, Zumbro Falls, Minn.; Mr. William B. Flinn, San Francisco, Cal.; Marcella McCormick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael McNamara, Petaluma, Cal.; Miss Bridget Riley, Cohoes, N. Y.; Miss Clara G. Farrell, Dorchester, Mass.; and Mr. John Callahan, Co. Cork, Ireland.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Little Girl's Love.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"THOSE cruel nails—I hate them so!"—
 The little voice was choked with tears.
 "If through the crowd I could but go,—
 Back, back through all the years!"
 "You'd take the nails from out His feet?"
 The mother voice said, low and soft.
 "Your words of love have done it, sweet!—
 At morn He soars aloft!"

Easter Lilies.

SPRING had come again, and the glorious feast of Easter was at hand. In a small room, the smallest at the humble little inn, from the windows of which could be had a glimpse of the stately chateau in the distance, lay a young and beautiful woman. The hectic flush of fever burned on her cheek, as she tossed her arms wildly about from side to side. A little girl about six years of age leaned over the bed, her lips trembling, while tears slowly coursed down her cheeks.

"O mamma, mamma darling!" she murmured. "Don't you know your little Marie? Won't you speak to me?"

A middle-aged woman, followed by a servant, entered the room.

"Come away, little one!" she said, taking the child by the hand. "Pierette will stay here with your mother until the doctor comes. This is no place for you."

"Ah, Madame, let me stay by mamma! She will not like me to leave her."

"But she does not know you, dear," replied the kind-hearted landlady. "She is very ill." Then, turning to the servant, she continued: "Pierette, is there not something familiar in the features of this lady?"

"Yes, Madame," said the old woman. "I thought so when I saw her first. She certainly reminds me of some one. And it is a fine face, Madame; she is no common person, this poor sick woman."

"You are right, Pierette," said her mistress. "There is some mystery here. God grant that the little one—well, well!" she went on, turning sharply at a sign from Pierette. "You are not gone yet, my child? Run away, dear, to the garden, and watch the pretty doves. Pierette will stay with your mother."

The little girl was turning reluctantly away when the sick woman stretched out her arms.

"Marie!" she cried,—"Marie darling, we are nearly there. We are nearly there, my sweet one! And to-morrow will be Easter Day."

"She is not as far gone as we thought," whispered the landlady to Pierette.

The child leaned over her mother, and murmured: "Mamma!"

"Oh, it is such a great feast at home, my darling!" continued the sick woman. "If I could only keep it there once more! The bells ring, and the flowers bloom so brightly. Every year I give mamma a bunch of Easter lilies from the garden. I say: 'Here, mamma, are your lilies.'

And then she kisses me so affectionately, and seems to be surprised. But I love to do it, though I know well it is not really a surprise."

"She raves: she fancies herself a child again, poor creature!" whispered Pierette to her mistress.

The sick woman glanced toward them, and seized the hand of the child. They retired to the other end of the room, conversing in low tones.

"She is very ill, indeed," observed the landlady. "I fear she will not recover. What shall we do?"

"Let us go down and make her a cup of tea," replied the servant. "The doctor will be here soon. Ah! there he comes!" she exclaimed, as a gig entered the courtyard.

"I will go to meet him, Pierette," said the landlady.

The sick woman had ceased speaking, but as they left the room she resumed her wandering complaint.

"Ah," she said, "how sad it is that we could not reach home in time! My darling—I can not go any farther; but you—you will take my place, Marie. You remember the chateau we saw from a distance the evening we came?"

"Oh, yes, yes, mamma!" said the child. "I remember."

"You will see a large gate, my sweet one. Enter without fear. Inside there is a park—oh, such a beautiful park! After awhile you will come to the garden in front of the house."

"Yes, mamma," answered the child; "I will do just as you say."

"There you will see an immense bed of Easter lilies. Gather your little hands full—full, my darling,—and go in by the broad front door. It is always open in pleasant weather. Go up the wide stairway, and along the corridor till you come to a room hung with green tapestry. There you will find an old lady. She will not know you; but when you lay

the lilies on her knee, she may perhaps remember—some one."

"Yes, mamma," said Marie once more.

"And then—then, sweet one, when you are returning, gather some more lilies, and bring them to your poor sick mother. Perhaps they may cure me; oh, I think they *will* cure me! You are not afraid to go, my darling?"

"Afraid, when the sun is shining!" exclaimed the child. "No, no, mamma; I will go just now."

Bending over her mother, she kissed her tenderly, bravely wiping away the tears which had begun to fall.

At that moment the doctor entered the room, accompanied by the landlady. They did not notice Marie, and she went softly down the stairs. An hour later she was kneeling beside a great bed of lilies in the garden of the chateau, admiring their beauty and inhaling their delicious fragrance. She was about to set herself to her appointed task when she heard an exclamation. Turning, she saw an old man in livery standing behind her.

"*Mon Dieu!* Can it be Mademoiselle Andrée!" he cried.

"I'm Marie," said the child, rising from her knees. "Mamma is Andrée. Please do not forbid me to gather the flowers; they are for an old lady who lives here. Mamma wishes me to give them to her because to-morrow will be Easter Day."

The old man looked at her tenderly. "Gather your arms full, and come with me," he said.

"Will you take me to the old lady?" she inquired.

"Certainly," he replied. "Now gather your flowers."

She did as he bade her, and then followed him into the house, up the long stairway, and down the corridor, at the end of which he knocked at a door. A woman's voice answered: "Come in!"

The man opened the door, remaining outside, while the little feet advanced

timidly into the middle of the room. Her large eyes looked sweetly and fearlessly before her; the lilies, which filled her arms, dropping at every step. The lady uttered a cry and sprang to her feet in a moment.

"Andrée!" she exclaimed, holding out her hands.

"Andrée is my mamma's name," said the little one. "I am Marie."

"Who brought you here, my child?"

"No one. God showed me the way."

"Who sent you?"

"Mamma."

"Your mother?"

"Yes. She said: 'It is Easter Day. Go gather some lilies; give some to the old lady, and bring me some. I think they will cure me.'"

"Your mother is ill?"

The eyes of the child filled with tears.

"Yes!" she sobbed. "She is *very* ill. Her cheeks are red—so red! She called her mother all night, but she did not come. If I knew where she lived I would go and find her."

"She called her mother!" exclaimed the old lady, burying her face deep in her hands.

"Why do you cry, Madame?" said the little one, laying down the flowers and stroking the withered cheek. "Are you ill, too?"

"I am very unhappy, my child. Once I had a daughter. Every Easter morning she used to bring me a bouquet of lilies. I thought for a moment it was she herself when you came in."

"And she never comes to see you any more, Madame?"

"No, I have forbidden her to come."

"Ah! why?"

"She left me, who loved her only, to follow one whom I did not love."

"Was it a wicked person whom she followed, Madame?"

"No, my child. But I wished her to love only me."

"But if she had called you, Madame, you would have gone—if you had heard her, Madame, I mean?"

"Oh, yes! God knows I would."

"I wish that *my* mamma's mother could have heard her. I am sure she would have come at once; for she loves her very much."

"Where is your father, my child?"

"Papa is dead. The angel took him to heaven, and mamma is very sad. Papa was an artist and had lovely pictures. Now I must go," she went on, stooping to divide into two heaps the flowers which lay on the floor. "These are for you, Madame," she said, placing a large bunch on the knees of the old lady; "and these are for mamma. They will cure her."

"Where is your mother?" asked the old lady.

"She is at the inn."

"May I go with you to see her?"

"Yes; I shall be very glad. You are such a nice old lady."

"Simon!" called the mistress of the chateau.

The old man entered.

"The carriage—quick!" she ordered.

"I am going with this child. You will accompany us."

The fever had subsided; the sick woman lay quietly sleeping, with Pierette near her; while below, the landlady, with the other servants, hurried hither and thither through the garden, searching in vain for the child. A carriage drove up.

"It is Madame d'Auvers!" exclaimed the landlady. "And the little one is with her. What can it mean?"

Upstairs, a few moments later, the sick woman opened her eyes. Her mother sat beside her, Marie on her lap.

"Mother!" she murmured, holding out her arms.

Together they mingled tears and kisses, while the fragrance of the Easter lilies filled the room.

Down below, old Simon related the occurrence of the morning.

"Well, I knew that I had seen her face before," said the landlady, wiping her eyes. "But, oh, how changed!—*mon Dieu*, how changed in seven years! The wife of a poor artist,—how she must have suffered!"

"Well, it is all past now," chimed in Pierette. "Often have I said that Madame was unhappy in her big chateau all alone; now it will be so no longer. God be praised! the little one has worked the miracle, and Mademoiselle Andrée has come to her own again at last."

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XV.—IDA LEE PLANS REVENGE.

The study-hall and general recreation room for the larger girls was one of the pleasantest in the Academy. It had twelve large windows—six on the south and six on the east. The former commanded a fine view of the road; the latter overlooked the meadow-land and woods stretching away down the level, over a gradually ascending country, to the majestic hills which bounded the horizon. Along three sides of this room benches had been built against the wall, broad enough to make very comfortable seats. Subsequently, by a happy thought of Mother Teresa, the space under these benches had been utilized in the following manner: partitions had been placed twelve inches apart, thus forming little boxes, or cupboards, with an opening fastened by a simple catch. Thus there was a "box," as it was called, under every seat, very convenient for keeping work-baskets, sewing, knitting, embroidery, articles to be mended, and so forth. These cupboards were supposed to be

always in perfect order, as they were liable to inspection at any time by the sewing teacher.

The doors opened outward to the floor; so that when the signal was given to "open doors," the girls knew that they were expected to stand up, throw wide these little cupboards, and stand aside while the teacher walked slowly down the room, glancing into each as she passed. While the larger portion were always presentable, and a few extremely neat, like their dainty owners, a number were generally to be found in extreme disorder; for at St. Mary's, as in every school, there were pupils who seemed to find it impossible to keep their belongings up to the regulation standard.

Mary Catherine was a sad example of this sort of carelessness. While her jet-black hair was always smooth and shining—for this was before the days of crimping and curling,—her attire neat and well-fitting, she was so impulsive that she upset things in her eagerness to get at them; and pushed them into their places without regard to order, in her hurry to put them back. As with her box, so with her desk, in which books and papers were accustomed to be piled indiscriminately. But it was all "clean dirt," as Sister Mary had more than once said while on her usual tour of inspection. In Mary Catherine's desk were discovered no crumpled little bits of torn or inky paper; no ragged blotters or pencil shavings hidden away under the heavy sheet of brown paper with which the bottom of all the desks was protected. True, in her "cupboard" one might have found half-mended stockings, a bit of embroidery and a piece of crochet work or knitting lying unfolded as they had been hastily thrust in at the sound of the bell. Her work-box was often upset, its contents on the floor of the cupboard; but one would have to search there in vain for the odds and ends whose proper place

was the rag-bag; or fragments of candy, fruit, and orange peel,—betraying the surreptitious enjoyment of dainties which were supposed to be partaken of only on Sundays and holidays.

For the first few months Mary Teresa, whose box was always in perfect order, had sat next to her friend; and quite frequently, on Saturday afternoons, she had taken the opportunity to put Mary Catherine's box in order. But shortly after the incident related in the last chapter the seats in the study-hall were changed, and, much to her regret, she had been placed beside Ida Lee. Sister Mary had used her best judgment in so doing: she had hoped the ladylike manners and gentle ways of Mary Teresa would have an effect on the vulgarity and haughty temper of her older companion. She was not aware of the unpleasant episode which had taken place, as Mary Teresa had not spoken of it to any one; although if she had been aware of it, it would probably not have affected her purpose.

As it was, she could not have done anything more acceptable to Ida, who had been smarting under the reproaches of Mary Teresa, resolving to revenge herself in some way that would bring the little girl into discredit with her companions. Nothing more despicable could have been imagined than the means she employed to accomplish this result. She had been engaged for some time in embroidering a crimson velvet table-cover, worked in gold, with a border of grapes and leaves. For this purpose she used bullion of the purest quality, cutting it into pieces half or quarter of an inch in length, thus applying it to the pattern stamped on the velvet.

Mary Teresa had been sitting beside her for some days before she gave any acknowledgment of her proximity, and the child felt uncomfortable because of it: her active resentment, at least, having subsided, although her opinion of Ida's

character remained unchanged. Consequently she had a feeling of relief when one afternoon Ida turned toward her with great friendliness, offering to hold a skein of wool she was trying to wind with the assistance of two chairs placed back to back. Although few remarks were exchanged, the prospect seemed amicable from the occurrence, which gratified Mary Teresa very much.

That evening, while seated at a short distance from Ida, who was embroidering near a drop light placed over the small table near which she sat, the little girl saw that she beckoned to her. Rising, and leaving the companion with whom she was speaking, she went toward her. Ida made room for her, drawing up a vacant chair which stood near.

"Don't you like to work in this pretty bullion?" she inquired very sweetly.

"I have never done anything of the kind," was the response; "but I think it is lovely. You do it so well, Ida," she added, with the point of one little finger touching the strip of crimson velvet stretched in the small embroidery frame.

"Yes, I flatter myself I do," said Ida. "But it is a great bother to cut up this bullion wire. Perhaps you wouldn't mind helping me with it?"

"I should love to do it," answered Mary Teresa, taking up the small, sharp scissors with which this part of the work was performed. "But what if I should cut the pieces too large or too small? You couldn't use them for anything then, could you?"

"Here, I will set out three sizes for you," said Ida, selecting them as she spoke. "You need not be particular to have them *exactly* the length of these, but as nearly as possible."

"Very well," responded Mary Teresa, taking the scissors to begin her task. For a little while she snipped in silence, then she said: "Don't you find it very troublesome, Ida, to choose from such a

mixed up lot of pieces? It must take a good deal of time to find the right size."

"Well, it does," replied Ida. "But how can I help it?"

"If I were in your place, I should have three tiny boxes—one for each size. You could put them in a row in front of you, and take the right-sized piece on the point of your needle whenever you needed it, instead of poking about in this one box as you have to do now."

"That *is* a good idea," observed Ida, graciously. "But I have no little boxes."

"I have," said Mary Teresa. "When I was sick I had to take a lot of powders, you know. I have five or six in a large box that I keep in my desk."

"What a provident little thing you are!" replied Ida. "Now, I should just have thrown them away when I had finished with them."

"I thought they would be nice for pens," said Mary Teresa. "I hate to have pens and pencils lying about; don't you?"

"I can't say that I do," rejoined the other, carelessly. "The fact is, I never give a thought to such things; I have such quantities of them."

"Shall I go and get the little boxes?" inquired Mary Teresa. "If there is time before night prayers, perhaps you will let me separate the different lengths of bullion wire."

"Yes, I'll take the boxes," answered Ida. "I'm sure there will be plenty of time, if you want to arrange them; there must be fully an hour before prayers."

Mary Teresa got up at once, went into the next room, and returned with the three little boxes, which Ida pronounced suitable. Resuming her seat, she began to divide the shining bits of gold according to their respective sizes.

"How very pretty these are!" she exclaimed, with childish delight, after she had finished, and the boxes, full to the top, lay before her on the table.

"I would give you some," said Ida,

"only this gold bullion wire costs such a lot; and, besides, it wouldn't be of any use, since you can't embroider."

"Oh, I never thought of *wanting* any of it, Ida!" was the reply. "I love pretty things, whether they belong to me or not."

"I ought to give you something for those boxes," said Ida. "It doesn't seem right to take them without some kind of payment."

"Ida!" replied Mary Teresa, quickly. "I hope you don't think me so mean as to take pay for them!"

"Well, don't make a fuss, and talk loud," responded Ida, glancing across the room to see if there were any listeners. "True, Sister has forbidden us to trade; but the girls do it all the same, especially the little ones; and *you're* such a little one, I didn't know but what you might expect me to give you something."

Mary Teresa did not reply. Her companion looked at her intently.

"I have something prettier than this bullion wire in my box," resumed Ida, presently. "If you will go over and open my cupboard, you'll find a rosewood box in the back part. Just fetch it here, and I will show you something."

Mary Teresa was not particularly desirous of seeing Ida's treasures just then; but, not wishing to appear unamiable, she rose to do as she had been requested. When she returned with the box she said:

"I have a box exactly like this, Ida. Mamma gave it to me the last birthday I was at home."

"Where do you keep it?" asked Ida, who had already seen it one day when the girls were regulating their bureaus.

"I keep it upstairs, in the attic," said Mary Teresa.

"Why don't you bring it down? I believe in using things."

"So do I," said Mary Teresa. "But I have a nice little basket; and, somehow, I like to keep my letters in it—mamma's letters, you know."

"Oh!" replied the other, taking an oddly shaped key from her pocket and unlocking the box. "See!" she added, running her hand through its contents. "Don't you think *these* are pretty?"

It was partially filled with spangles of various sizes, which did indeed look very pretty as they glittered under her fingers.

"Oh, yes, Ida, they are beautiful!" said Mary Teresa, bending over them. "Are they for your embroidery?"

"Some of them," was the reply. "I don't think I shall need them all. Has your box a false bottom?" she inquired, touching one of the gilt knobs which ornamented the four corners, at which a lower compartment opened, disclosing a drawer containing four rings, a couple of gold pins, and a blue enamelled locket.

"Perhaps it has," replied Mary Teresa, eagerly. "I mean to look the next time I go upstairs."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Ida. "Is it exactly like this?"

"Exactly, I think," answered Mary Teresa. "I don't believe mamma knew of the lower compartment, though; if she did she would have told me."

"Do you think these are pretty?" inquired Ida, slipping the rings on and off her fingers.

"Yes, I do. Why don't you wear some of them, Ida?"

"Don't you know it is forbidden to wear more than two rings?" said Ida.

"Yes; I had forgotten," was the reply. "If I were in your place, I should wear that dear little locket, though. It would be lovely on a narrow piece of black velvet ribbon."

"That baby thing!" replied Ida, with a gesture of contempt. "It is as ancient and out-of-date as Mathusala. I've had it since I was five years old, and I didn't like it then."

"What a pity to hide it away in a box!" said Mary Teresa. "It is such a lovely blue. Is it enamelled?"

"Yes, I think so," said Ida.

"It must be very costly, then," was the reply. "May I take it in my hand for a moment, please?"

"Certainly," answered Ida. "It is not made of sugar."

Mary Teresa daintily lifted the trinket with her finger and thumb, turning it on the reverse side.

"O Ida, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "Such tiny pearls in the centre! They form a forget-me-not; don't they? What a pretty idea!"

"Yes, rather pretty, but awfully old-fashioned," said Ida. "You may have it if you want it."

"Thank you very much," replied Mary Teresa, at once replacing it in the box. "I could not think of taking such an expensive gift."

"Expensive!" said Ida. "It couldn't have cost more than ten dollars at most."

"Ten dollars seems a great deal to me," returned Mary Teresa. "Besides, I don't think it is right to give a present away; and mamma would not be pleased if I took it, I know."

"You are a model child," replied Ida, with an emphasis which sent the blood to Mary Teresa's delicate cheek.

"Don't be vexed, Ida," she said, in a low voice, as a couple of her companions approached them.

"Not at all," said Ida, with a smile. "I am much obliged to you, dear, for the nice way you've arranged my bullion."

"You are welcome," said Mary Teresa, warmly. "When you need some more cut, I'll be ever so glad to do it for you."

So saying she tripped away to join the group that had clustered about Sister Mary's chair.

(To be continued.)

"SHINNY," the name of a game for boys, is a corruption of the Scotch name *shinty*, from which it came. It is called *hockey* in England, and *bandy* in Wales.

Winged Flame-Bearers.

A great many curious Easter customs survive in Italy. The most remarkable, perhaps, is that of the Easter car. In ancient times this was a war chariot drawn by oxen. On the car was a wooden castle, with a tall mast and cross beam, to which a bell was hung, and over it floated a banner inscribed with the city's arms. In the walls of the Church of San Biagio there are stones brought from Jerusalem, together with sacred fire from the tomb of Our Lord. On Holy Saturday charcoal is lighted, and the stones are drawn on the *carro* to the cathedral. From this fire the sanctuary lamp is relighted. There is an interesting legend connected with this ceremony, which runs as follows:

During the crusades Raniero, a Florentine, was the first to raise the Christian standard on the walls of Jerusalem. On this account he was permitted to carry away a light kindled on our Saviour's tomb. He attempted to take it back to Florence, but the wind came near extinguishing it. So he made his horse walk backward, which amused the people so much that they called him "Fool! fool!" But he succeeded in getting the light safe to San Biagio, where, in Holy Week, the coal is kindled, and carried first to the square of the Pazzi, then to the cathedral, as we have already observed. After this an artificial dove, with its tail on fire, is brought into requisition, and lights the sacred lamp; the dove typifies the Holy Spirit.

There is another story in which doves figure in a similar way. The husband of a Russian princess while besieging a town had been killed by his enemies, who added insult to injury by ordering that the widow withdraw her army. "I will," she said, "if you will send me three pigeons for every roof." This was done at

once, the inhabitants thinking it an easy way to settle the difficulty. But they changed their minds when, at dead of night, the birds came back, each with a piece of burning tow attached to its tail. They sought their homes, as pigeons will, and set every thatched roof on fire, making the taking of the town an easy task for the wily princess.

Still another tale in which birds wrought woe and ruin. In the year 552 the Saxon invaders had surrounded the British town of Cirencester, but were kept at bay by the inhabitants. Finally an idea struck one of the Northmen, and his companions fell in with it. They captured a great number of the birds that build in the houses of men, and tied to the feathers of each one a lighted torch; then they released them. The town was built of mud and thatch and was dry as tinder. The result can be imagined. Bret Harte relates the story in striking verse: For straight to each nest they flew, in wild quest Of their homes and their fledglings, that they loved the best;

And straighter than arrow of Saxon e'er sped,
They shot o'er the curving streets, high overhead,
Bringing fire and terror to roof-tree and bed,
Till the town broke in flame wherever they came,
To the Briton's red ruin—the Saxon's red shame!

Her Blossom.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SHE bore it to the altar,
A white, half-opened flower,
Nursed in a windy garden,
Chilled by an April shower.
And then—dear little maiden!—
A listener heard her pray:
"Sweet Mother, make my blossom
A flower by Easter Day!"
She came on Easter morning,
That darling little maid;
The listener followed softly,
Half hoping, half afraid.
And, lo! the Virgin-Mother
Had hearkened to her prayer:
The lily bloomed in beauty,
The sweetest flower there.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A correspondent who asks the *Bookman*, "In your opinion does modern fiction as a general rule exert a religious influence?" is answered with an emphatic No! To the further query "About what per cent of modern novels can be considered as exerting such an influence?" the response is: "We are not very well up in vanishing decimals."

—"Under the Red King," by C. M. Home, is an interesting tale of the times of St. Anselm, told with good powers of description and character portrayal. The saintly Archbishop is depicted with reverence and sympathy; William Rufus stands out clearly, and the little romance adds a pleasing color to the picture of those early days. The Catholic Truth Society, London.

—If all visitors to the famous mission of San Gabriel, situated in Los Angeles county, California, were furnished with a copy of the little guide book prepared by Mr. John J. Bodkin, we venture to say their enjoyment and profit would be greatly increased. It contains information of the highest interest, never before printed, concerning the "Queen of the Franciscan Missions." Published by the *Tidings Co.*, Los Angeles.

—Choice literary selections carefully graded, excellent illustrations, handsome type, clean printing, and tasteful yet durable binding, are commendable features of Baldwin's School Readers, published by the American Book Co. The series is divided into eight books—one for each year or grade before the high school. It is hard to see how these school readers could be improved for general use. They form a notable contribution to textbook literature.

—At last a monument is to be reared to Cædmon, the morning voice of England. It will be cruciform and will stand on the old abbey heights on the chalk-cliffs of Whitby. The inscription on the cross will be nine lines from Cædmon's "Creation," in Runic letters, with a translation in modern English. We regret, however, that the inspirer and patroness of the poet is to be ignored. A monument to Cædmon which excludes all

suggestion of the Abbess Hilda is a delicious absurdity.

—The perennially interesting "Story of Æneas" is told for school-children in the Eclectic Readings published by the American Book Co. It is presented in admirable form for children of twelve or fourteen years.

—The *Collegian*, published monthly by the students of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., is the latest addition to the long list of college journals. The initial number is creditable, and is all the more interesting for being unpretentious.

—"Confession and Communion"—a manual for religious and those who communicate frequently—by the author of "First Communion," has just been published by Benziger Brothers in a neat and convenient form. It is to be recommended especially for its rare quality of practicability, and its nice discrimination, in the examination of conscience, between feelings or emotions and direct movements of the will.

—A priest of the diocese of Richmond, who evidently thinks there is much in a name, has published an able pamphlet intended to show how the Church came by the name Catholic; that no other is equally appropriate, and that she alone is entitled to it. The writer emphasizes the fact that the word *Roman*, so often prefixed to the traditional title of the one true Church, is simply to denote the centre of her unity. "The Catholic Name" ought to be circulated widely among our separated brethren, and it deserves the best attention of newspaper polemics generally. Surely such a publication as this ought to have a publisher with a local habitation and a name.

—The editor of *Catholic Book Notes* calls attention to the general neglect by English printers of the rules given by grammarians for the division of Latin words. These rules are founded on the structure of the language. Zumpt says that "(1) A consonant which stands between two vowels belongs to the latter, as in *ma-ter*. (2) Those consonants which, in Latin or Greek, may together begin

a word, go together in the division of syllables,—e. g., *pa-tris*, not *pat-ris*; and *pro-pter*, not *prop-ter*. (3) In compound words the division must be made so as to keep the component parts distinct." For instance, *adoremus* should be divided *ad-o-remus*, and not *a-do-remus*.

—Mr. Condé Pallen has done no better work than some parts of "The New Rubáiyát," just issued by Herder. The poetic glamor and the Oriental imagery of Omar Khayyám have dazzled many readers, blinding them to the agnosticism with which his quatrains are steeped. The Persian poet's chant is unbelief; his philosophy is "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Mr. Pallen has written a pæan of faith; he sings the spiritual life, and answers the laureate of agnosticism with the philosophy of Christianity. He has not the dreamy indefiniteness of Omar Khayyám, but he has truer and better poetry, in spite of a few imperfect lines. There is a mixture of *thou* and *you* on p. 42, and irritating misprints are not infrequent. These errors are the more regrettable on account of Mr. Pallen's reputation and the really excellent quality of his quatrains. It was a happy thought to reprint the old Rubáiyát beside the new.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 35 cts.

Confession and Communion. 45 cts., *net*.

Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., *net*.

Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.

Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net*.

Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net*.

The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net*.

The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.

The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net*.

Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.

Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.

Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.

Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.

The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand*. \$1.50.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.

Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr*. 50 cts.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.

The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.

Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.

Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole*. \$1.25.

Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. *Marion J. Brunowe*. 50 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.

Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.

Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.

Tom's Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 30 cts., each.

Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of "Quo Vadis."* \$1.

Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehr*. \$1.25.

Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.

AN EASTER HYMN.

Words by ASBURY.

Arr. by NEWTON A. PRESTON.

Alleg. Mod. ♩

1. With thank-ful hearts this Eas-ter morn Re-joice, for Christ's a-
 2. Pro-claim His praise! From Eve-ry fane Let sweet chimes fill the
 3. Let li-lies deck the ho-ly shrine Where un-seen an-gels
 4. For Christ has pledged His word di-vine, When time shall cease to

Rejoice for Christ's a-
 Let sweet chimes fill the
 Where unseen angels
 When time shall cease to

ri-sen! He's hewn the way, the Con-quer-or, And
 skies; With pae-on grand greet eve-ry land The
 praise; Let an-thems ju-bi-lant be sung, And
 be, That those who fol-low Him shall rise To

bro-ken Death's dark pri-son.
 King of Pa-ra-dise.
 hearts like ta-pers blaze.
 im-mor-tal i-ty.

CHORUS.—Faster
 Al-le-lu

ia al-le-lu ia al-le-lu ia.

D. S.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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No. 16.

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The First Witness.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHAT visit paid He first that glowing
 morn,
 When, all refulgent, burst He from the
 tomb,
 And flashed His glory through the sullen
 gloom
 Which, pall-like, hung o'er men and earth
 forlorn?
 What dearest one did prescient raptures warn
 That He was near whose visage, all a-bloom
 With life supernal, mocked Death's boasted
 doom,
 And told a tale of victory new-born?
 Not she whose penitential love sufficed
 To wash the scarlet of her sins away,—
 The second, she, to view the risen Christ,
 When morning broke, that primal Easter
 Day.
 Ere yet 'twas dawn, the Man-God first had
 pressed
 His Mother Mary to His loving breast.

THE Catholic Church rests not on
 the judgment of any individual, however
 holy or wise; but on the witness of a
 universal and perpetual body, to which
 teacher and taught alike are subject;
 and because all are in subjection to the
 Church, all are redeemed from bondage
 to individual teachers and the authority
 of men.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Irish Laborer at Home.

A POETESS* of the "Young Ire-
 land" period wrote:
 Ireland rests mid the rush of progression,
 Like a frozen ship in a frozen sea.
 That was about the year '48. Since then
 well-nigh half a century has flown, and
 many things have happened in the mean-
 time. Of the classes into which the rural
 population may be roughly divided—
 landlords, farmers, laborers,—there is no
 class that, up to a decade of years ago, so
 literally verified the description as the
 laboring class; for the last ten years or
 so there is no class that has relatively
 made such progress.

I.—FORMER POSITION.

It is hard for a person to realize how
 one act of the legislature could work
 such a revolution. I have lived all my
 life among the Irish laboring population;
 and yet, looking back as I do now, I find
 it hard to recall the sensible outlines of
 what had been their severe and, as it one
 time appeared, inexorable lot. It would
 seem as if I had grown to be an old man
 and were trying to recall the things that
 happened when I was young, so thorough
 has been the change, and so completely
 effaced the traces of their wretchedness
 and slavery.

* Lady Wilde.

Before the passage of the Laborers' Act in '83, Ireland was a country of cabins. The eye of the tourist was shocked, and he condemned indignantly, but somewhat unreflectingly, the barbarism that he saw reigning everywhere. I venture to say that if these tourists had, by some stroke of a superior power, been forced to live in those cabins, and been (as the Irish laborer was) morally strait-waistcoated within them, each of them would have been as ready to shoulder a pike as any Fenian that ever took to the hills. And as we now see that the government could have remedied it, because it *has* done so, it would not be outside the logical conclusion of things that the incarcerated tourist should bear hatred in his breast for a government that could and ought to find a remedy, but was too occupied or too heedless to do so.

But the tourist's condemnation was unreflecting. The cabin was hardly the height of a man; its walls were of clay, occasionally kept in their place by props thrust against them from the outside. The thatch seemed, in wet weather, a heap of manure pitched on the top of these walls; in dry weather, a disorderly heap of dead and living grass. Within, the furniture was more rickety and old than the strangest imagination could conceive. Often there was no chimney, only an opening in the wall or the thatch; and the smoke from the peat or the fagot or the furze, or the dried droppings of cattle, wandered about the hovel, and, seeking an outlet, stained the inner roof with a gloss of ebony, and perfumed every garment and every article there. At the entrance might be seen what Maynard Gilfil found in Daniel Knott's "prettiest place you ever see": "a small cowyard full of excellent manure, and leading right up to the door without any frivolous interruption from garden or railing."*

Now, the tourist, without a moment's hesitation, condemned all this, as well as all who had hand, act or part, relation or connection with it; never dreaming that there were others, on the sod, who condemned it as heartily. The doctor, for instance, had, in the course of his duties, from time to time to enter these abodes of humanity, and to declare that not only were they unhealthy, but positively dangerous to the community at large. The clergyman, making his pastoral rounds, and in the hour of sickness and sorrow (for human hearts are in the hovel too) bent his shoulders and entered by the low doorway. He shook his head and thought on morality. The landed proprietor, who had travelled, contrasted what he saw in other countries, the neatness and order of the poor man's home, with the squalor before him, and felt heart-stricken; while womanly eyes grew moist with compassion.

But why did they stand it? Why did they not change it? Or why did they not run away from it?

It is a person who has not weighed the surroundings and the infantile strength of the poor man that would have asked such questions. It is a way in Ireland to answer a question by asking a question; and, taking advantage of that privilege, we may be allowed to ask: What could that poor laborer or cottier do? It would do him no good to run away, for he found the same circumstances existing everywhere. He could not build a house for himself for two reasons: he owned no land on which to build; and, secondly, he had no money.

It might, perhaps, as a final coup, be urged: Why did he not leave the country altogether, and go to a decent land? He had not the means to do so. But as soon as his children grew up, they left their poverty-stricken home. They went to the United States, and carried with them the same feelings that you and I would have

* "Scenes of Clerical Life."

had (unless you and I were saints indeed) had we been housed, or rather hovelled, as they had been.

Who, then, was to blame for all this wretchedness and squalor? The laborers themselves were not to be blamed; for, as we have seen, they had not the power to remedy it. The farming class were and were not to be blamed. In some places it rested with them to build better dwellings for their laborers; in others, it did not. The farming class were divided into leaseholders and tenants-at-will. The latter class had certainly no inducement to build cottages on their farms; as, after having built them, they might any day, before the passing of the recent Land Acts, be driven from their holdings, and leave cottage as well as land, without compensation, to the landlord.

In the covenants to the leaseholders' leases there was most frequently a clause forbidding the building of cottages for laborers. And how this came to be I will explain.

In leases dating from the time before the Great Famine of '47 and '48 in Ireland, these clauses are not to be found. But in those years the Poor Rates increased to such an extent that the rates were even higher than the government valuation of the land itself. I give a few figures to prove this:

YEAR.	POOR RATES.	NUMBER OF POOR RELIEVED.
1840	£37,057	10,910
1848	£1,835,634	2,043,505
1849	£2,177,651	2,142,766
1850	£1,430,108	1,174,267

The landlords, as a rule, were so terrified at this excessive increase in the Poor Rates that the laborers were hunted from their estates, and any member of the farming class known to harbor them even for a night was threatened with eviction. I do not say that every landlord did this. On the contrary, I knew of a case where a landlord, seeing the poor in the time of the famine living wholly on

Indian "stirabout," thought that he too should live on the same diet. He was a man of sense, not a simpleton; a man of intelligence, brains, and charity; he was born to a title, but—good man!—did not live to inherit it.

Still the fear engendered by the excessive Poor Rates amounted to a tradition; it haunted the minds of the landholders and their agents like a ghost, and was exorcised only by the prohibition clause alluded to. In this way it was felt that the taxation would be kept low; and because the Poor Rate is struck in the "Division," and not on the Union at large, it did not matter where the poor went, so that they left the division. This drove the poor into the cities and towns.

It thus happened, as the old people will still tell you, that there are not half or a third as many houses by the wayside now as there were before the famine. This will explain to you, if you are of a reflective turn of mind, and see the traces of foundations, or it may be even the old "cowels" (cabin-walls) themselves standing as you go along,—this will make clear to you the mystery of the skeleton outlines. You will not need the aid of figures to realize that the population from a teeming one has become a sparse one; that from eight millions and over, it has dwindled to less than five.

Here and there among the gentry, especially among those who spent the greater portion of their time at home with their tenants and dependants, there were found individuals who built cottier houses on English or Continental plans for their laborers. These were spoken of through the country side, by the wondering peasants far and near. These cottages were oases in a desert. Their stone-walls, brick facings, and slate or tiled roofs were talked of by the poor as something that one might read of in a book or have seen in a dream. It was told that they had beautiful shrubs or roses standing

at the door; that there were creepers climbing up along the walls, and flowers actually growing in the windows. It was often made a Sunday pilgrimage to go to see; an excuse of a pattern or hurling or a dance brought people that way; and sometimes coming from the market-town or the fair, they chose that road, "though often it was a round"; while the evening sun of summer or autumn day lent a golden glamour to fairy homes their eyes had been all but too unaccustomed to see.

II.—THE REMEDY.

In this way did matters stand for many a long year, nor dreamed of change. From Lady Day till Michaelmas, but more generally from Lady Day to Lady Day, was the laborer's tenancy of this squalid home. The house belonged to the farmer. The laborer gave so many days' work for the tenancy of the hut, and for the rest of his labor he was paid at a certain fixed rate of wages per week.

They had a curious way for reckoning the number of days. If, when you went into one of the little huts, you looked up to the thatch above the door, you saw something like a white wand with a number of marks on it; and if, on entering the farmer's home, you looked in the same place, you saw just such another. This is the explanation. The farmer and laborer took a hazel branch and planed on it a smooth flat face; across the flat face the laborer and his employer *made with a knife a number of marks*, or indentures, generally on a Sunday afternoon, to represent the number of days the laborer had given in the week that was past. The marks were made right across the face of the bough, which was then divided; the farmer keeping one half, the laborer the corresponding half. And if you put the two parts together again, you had the marks right across the face once more. Each had thus a tally; the marks could not

be effaced, nor could they be added to without manifest exposure. And next Sunday afternoon, when they met for reckoning again, each brought his half; and before the marking took place, I used to see them binding the two pieces together with cords at the ends, for fear that an awkward indenture might be made, or that the pieces might slip and that the marking would not be regular. You might see several of them stuck in the thatch after the course of the year, toward the coming of Lady Day.

A sad day was that Lady Day! There was an almost universal moving of household gods. And when you remember that their furniture was being shifted thus from year to year, you can easily conceive that in the long run it was of very little worth. I have seen children standing on the roadside and crying, as they turned round to wish a mute goodbye to the companions with whom they had played.

This system had one sole advantage: it insured the poor laborer constant employment all the year round. Fortunately, the remedy came in the time of the Land Agitation, and one might truly say it was haphazard. The gatherings, or "meetings," which took place in '79, and the following years were, to a large extent, composed of laborers. There was at the beginning of the agitation no thought of improving the laborers' lot. The poor laborers themselves did not think of it.

It is a tradition—and a tradition with a foundation—that Mr. Parnell took a long time to consider before yielding to the claims of the tillers of the land, that were afterward put forward under the banded power of the Land League. He had determined at the beginning to agitate for Home Rule pure and simple, but events forced him to identify himself with the Land Agitation. He took the step with hesitancy, if not with reluctance. Later on he was to take a further step with

greater hesitation and with undoubted reluctance. But again the course of events forced him.

I have said that at the beginning even the laborers themselves hardly thought of advantages. There is an inborn spirit of agitation in the Irish nature. At first the laborers went out of curiosity to the meetings,—they meant hardly more than “to keep up the blaze, *asthore*.” But when they saw the farmers reaping advantages in the shape of reductions in their rents, they began to cry: “Are *we* going to get anything? Will *we* tramp miles and miles to the place of meeting, and clap and shout ourselves hoarse, and come home with our finger in our mouth?”

Here and there they began to form laborers' leagues modelled on the plan of the farmers'. They had in their hearts as much bitterness against the farmers as the farmers had against the landlords; but there was this difference: farmers and laborers, farmers' children and laborers' children, their wives and daughters, met every day in social intercourse; while the landlord class stood isolated, aloof from the body of tenant-farmers; were dwelling in a distant part of the country, or had been absentees; and thus there was none of that kindliness of everyday meeting to tone down the theoretic and general asperity.

But even with this advantage there was a very bitter spirit growing up between farmers and laborers. There were various standpoints from which this bitterness was regarded. For instance, the landlords (small blame to them!) were, as a class, delighted at this disagreement between “rogues.” Some among the peasantry, but especially among the poor laborers, took narrow and selfish views; while others were persuaded that the fostering of this bitterness could do no good ultimately to landlords, farmers, or laborers themselves. So they took the matter in hand and gave it thought, and from their cogitation

evolved this programme: (1) House and plot independent of farmer; (2) free education; (3) parliamentary vote; (4) vote for Poor Law Guardians.

At the time, these were looked upon as “castles in Spain.” So far from Mr. Parnell or the Land League having any thought of their claims, there was not even a word about them in the *Agenda* of the first Land League Convention held in the year '80 in the Rotunda at Dublin.

In the afternoon of the first day, after a hurried consultation, the present writer was put up to enter a protest against the omission. From time to time, during the three days' convention, the matter was incidentally alluded to; but nothing like a methodical, much less sympathetic, advocacy or debate took place on the occasion.

In the summer of the following year a delegate convention on the Labor Question took place at Limerick, the south of Ireland being much riper in the matter than any of the other provinces. The sequel of this was a deputation to Mr. Foster, in London. Mr. Foster was chief secretary for the time, and was beginning, despite his honest nature and well-meant proceedings, to enter on a course which was to cause his name to be hissed and hated in Ireland. He was arresting and imprisoning at his will—or, rather, at the will of subordinates—priests and laymen. And it was circulated from mouth to mouth (not through the press) that he had declared that not until four bishops and twenty or thirty Catholic clergymen should be imprisoned would there be peace in Ireland.

I am not giving that as a fact, but I give the circulation of the rumor as a fact; and I mention it for two reasons: as an explanation of the hatred of the Irish people for “Ould Buckshot,” as they called him; and as a proof that there was little sympathy between the Land League and the Labor League, when, despite the

odium clinging to Mr. Foster, a deputation went from the Labor League to him. A further fact to show the want of sympathy is this: Mr. Parnell refused to have anything to do with the deputation in its interview with Mr. Foster.

However, it was that deputation, and the attention which Mr. Foster paid to it, that won the ear of the government to the laborer's cause. It was a moment of interest when one of the speakers at the deputation, on saying that the Irish landlords prevented houses being built for the laborers, was pulled up short by Mr. Foster with the question: "Have you any authority for that?"—"Yes, Mr. Foster. Here is the clause in my lease."—"Show me the lease." We all stopped. There was dead silence while Mr. Foster looked at the lease and read the clause slowly. "Can you leave me this lease for a time?" said the chief secretary. We left, firmly convinced that attention to the matter was awakened. Next evening Cardinal Manning received the deputation, and uttered weighty words on the subject.

In the autumn of that year another convention was held in Dublin. In the *Agenda* mention was made of the Labor Question, but it was considered by the labor advocates faint and half-hearted. A meeting, however, took place on one of the nights of the convention between Mr. Parnell and a number of the Irish members of Parliament on the one side, and the labor delegates on the other; and at this meeting a union was formed and a programme drawn up which argued good things for the Labor Movement. On the next day at the convention this union was applauded and ratified.

The "No Rent Manifesto," however, followed after a few months. The Irish parliamentary leader and a number of his party, together with all the leading men of the Land League through the country, were in jail; and it was then the Labor League won its innings. Up

to this the vials of government wrath had been poured out only on the Land League and its aiders and abettors; the Labor Movement had had a certain share of connivance from it. As a counter-blow to the "No Rent Manifesto," the Land League was proclaimed by the Lord-Lieutenant; but the Labor League was not mentioned. And so the incarcerated members felt that the country must be kept strongly agitated.

Both sides, the government and the Irish parliamentary party, got their fill in that struggle; and if Mr. Foster and Mr. Parnell had lived to the end of the twentieth century, one would not again have issued a "No Rent Manifesto," and the other would not have imprisoned the leaders of a moral agitation and proclaimed their league. Some one called it a "dog's toss," and everyone in Ireland believed that both wrestlers had kissed their mother earth.

When reconciliation took place, therefore, it was like "the lovers' quarrel and the renewal of love." The government was in a more conciliatory mood to offer, and the Irish members in a more willing mood to accept, parliamentary gifts. And so in '83 the Irish Laborers' Act was passed, empowering boards of guardians to build cottages for the laborers, and to purchase half-acre plots adjoining the cottages. Another act passed by Mr. Gladstone's government gave them the parliamentary franchise; while an act passed by the conservative party during Mr. Balfour's chief secretaryship gave them free education for their children. Thus three out of the four claims put forward in their programme had been obtained.

III.—ONE LAST CLAIM.

Since the passing of the Laborers' Act, which attached a half acre of land to each cottage, the legislature has added another act, empowering boards of guardians to purchase an additional half acre; or, in

the case of a new scheme, to buy an acre all at once. This is optional with the boards of guardians; indeed, the whole thing is, to a large extent, optional,—that is, the building of houses and buying out of plots, etc. And thus it has happened that where the laborers had not formed societies of their own, and where the elected guardians were not sympathetic, the acts have been, in a sense, a dead letter. The south of Ireland, as has been said, was much better organized than the other provinces; and consequently the laborers' cottages have replaced the old thatched cabins in a much higher ratio, proportionately to the number of laborers there, than elsewhere.*

There is, however, one further claim; and, again, it has originated in the sight of the advantages and gains that the tenant farmers have reaped. Everyone now is persuaded that it is to the benefit of the country, to its peace and its productibility, to have a peasant proprietary established broadly rather than a dual system of tenure. There was for a time a heresy—which even still has some few followers—holding that land nationalization should take the place of purchase. The Irish peasant, like every other member of the human family, becomes conservative the moment he becomes "comfortable." The Irish farmer wishes to have as his individual right what was obtained by his individual toil, to enjoy it during his days, and to leave it at his death to his children. His motto, then, is not to nationalize, but to denationalize the land.

The laborer, with his cottage and plot, follows in the wake of that idea. His motto is to take from public companies, such as boards of guardians, the right of ownership over cottage and plot, and

* The Union in the district from which I write—Croom Union, County Limerick—has been the first in all Ireland to give the laborers the additional half acre.

to invest it in himself. There is, besides the desire of ownership, a further motive impelling him to this. He has seen that the tenant-farmer, by the purchase scheme introduced by Mr. Balfour into the Land Act of '96, will, by easy gradations, be lightened of the load of rent he was to pay—in a few years of about a fourth, in some further a third, and so "small by degrees and beautifully less." That Mr. Balfour would do and has done no injustice in this matter to any individual or class goes without saying.

The poor laborer, seeing this, asks why may not the same be done in his case. There seems indeed no reason why it may not and should not be done. On the other hand, there seems every reason why it should. The contentment of its people is of the highest value to every civilized government.

We in Ireland understand why we had Fenianism. But would it be possible to have Fenianism with a peasant proprietary among the farming class, and peasant cottage homes among the laborers? No, undoubtedly it would not. If the sons of peasant proprietors or of peasant laborers emigrated to America, would they carry with them the heart-burnings that would induce them to rejoice in the difficulties of English statesmen, and readily endanger their young lives in any project, no matter how imprudent, that would promise to change the proprietorship of homes and lands, the possessions and dwellings of their fathers and brothers, and give them over to others? Most assuredly not. If, then, the financial change can be made—putting the houses and plots into the hands of the laborers, on a basis similar to that on which the several purchase schemes introduced by Conservative and Liberal governments have been made—it were well that it should be done.

I have not loaded this paper with statistics as to the number of cottages built in the several provinces and the

different counties: I have for the moment taken but the picturesque aspect that appeals to the tourist's eye. In that alone has been made a progress almost beyond words to tell.

Suppose, still further, that, with their present desire for embellishment of a simple nature in their cottages, these poor men held the houses and plots by their own individual right; suppose that they planted apple and other fruit-trees—and Ireland in the last century was largely a fruit country,—suppose they had their hives of bees; and then, taking all in all, with the delightful balm of our climate, the tourist's eye might rest on no land lovelier, happier or holier.

R. O. K.

The Story Told to Me.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

MY grandmother was a handsome old lady, who talked very well and was very fond of talking. She had seen a great deal of "life," and could produce from the wealth of her experience exactly the illustration needed to support a theory or to confute an argument—where the theorists or the disputants were her own grandchildren. As we were not by any means afraid to state our opinions, and as we were brought up to think for ourselves and to abide by our convictions, there were often very lively times around her hospitable board.

She had her favorite models, of course, and her formidable examples. We were familiar with them all. Names of the olden time were in as constant use among us as those of our school-fellows; and we were on terms of reference to dead-and-gone potentates that would have shamed their own children for intimacy. We could easily have passed an examination on the weaknesses and the virtues of many whose own grandchildren have dwindled out of

history, as is the way with so many of the "old families." Her graphic tongue, her dramatic manner, her strict justice and splendid honesty, her sound good sense and keen insight, could not but leave countless impressions; and there is no doubt that our grandmother's wisdom has availed us not a little in such success as has been ours throughout the family. Nevertheless, there were times when she used her lash remorselessly, and cut the very ground from under feet more weakly faltering than deliberately erring.

There were the Conwells, for instance. They were brothers whom my grandmother had known from her childhood, but who had long been dust and ashes when I first heard of them. They seemed to have been agreeable men, and not without their strong points for good; but my grandmother had placed them under a ban and spared them no scathing she could administer. They had gone their different ways with years—as widely different from each other as from their old friend,—and, singularly enough, she was no more pleased with one than with the other. George had filled a most unequivocal position toward the last of his career as a professional gambler; and his gradual descent through all the stages of a bright fellow at learning new games, a lover of them, a skilful player, a ruined player, and finally a wretched schemer who lived by playing, was continually set forth to us without mercy and with unspeakable scorn.

There was a beautiful little inlaid card-table in my grandmother's parlor which furnished the text of many a discourse to us; for at it George Conwell had passed the last night of many a sojourn under my grandfather's roof, and from it he rose to turn forever from the threshold of his most faithful friend. It had stood in the room he occupied with one of my uncles, and my grandmother's quick ear and ready understanding had discovered the

employment of their sleeping hours. I have often thought over the scene she described to us, when she walked in upon them at dawn, "gave them a bit" of her mind, and stood waiting for George to take his instant departure.

"He died in a ditch," she would end it. "As handsome a man as there was in the United States—excepting your grandfather,—and with all the good gifts any man had need of when he began life. All thrown away. Those miserable cards ruined him, as they will ruin any one. There was a dying fire on the hearth that morning, but I made it blaze with the last pack that has ever entered my doors. Your grandfather thought I was foolish; but he cared nothing about it one way or the other, and he let me have my way. And George Conwell died in a ditch on his way home from a card party. Quarrelled, was stabbed, and pushed into the mud and water to suffocate."

It had a gruesome sound indeed, that story. We were all properly impressed; and, although we knew all the games current in society, they never did more than afford pleasant amusement,—never even betrayed us into the greed and cheatry of a progressive euchre.

But the curious part of the Conwell brothers' history was my grandmother's bitterness against Geoffrey, and the sharp storm we encountered if we brought the conversation at any time to such a quarter that she could diverge upon his track. Geoffrey had studied for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, to which they all belonged; had been in active and faithful charge of a large parish for years, and had then become a Roman Catholic. The fate of George—his waste of life and shame of family—was, after all, less evil in her eyes than Geoffrey's abandonment of "the church he was born in, his mother's church, the church of his family and his friends. He was a coward, he was a weak fool, he was a

waverer always; no credit either to the church he left or the newfangled way he had taken up when he was old enough to know better." I must confess that the view impressed upon us as a truthful one of Geoffrey Conwell was no less impressive in its scorn and contempt than the one of his brother. Yet, surely, they were of very different shadings.

My grandmother was a very old lady—though her memory was not dimmed nor her tongue flagging—when it came to me to follow Geoffrey Conwell into the Catholic Church. In the strange and anxious days that led up to that most important step, I lived over again and again all that I had heard of him, long set aside and apparently forgotten. My grandmother's strong portraiture rose before my mind's eye as I pondered the changes such a step would no doubt bring to me; and a faint shrinking from walking in the path that had seemed direct and swerveless to a mind apparently so far astray and so singularly unbalanced as Geoffrey's, was not the least in the causes of the short delay that took place when I was thoroughly convinced of what I should do, and what I would do in the end. I thought of Geoffrey Conwell when I went as a Catholic to interview my grandmother, and I was fully prepared to listen from the other side to the old story.

But I heard nothing of the kind. There was a great change in my grandmother. She was less interested in the things of the world as it passed by; and my new faith never called forth an unkind word or look, and never chilled my reception under the familiar roof. It was from quite another source I was to hear the story of Geoffrey Conwell again.

I had been a Catholic but a short time when I received a most kind and welcome invitation from the nearest convent to make a retreat with the Children of Mary who had their spiritual home beneath its

roof. It was an invitation in the fullest sense; for, knowing that I had very few Catholic friends, I was asked to pass the week of the retreat at the convent. Most gladly availing myself of the favor, I found myself comfortably established in a convent cell, and hospitably entertained by the kind and elegant religious.

The first evening I arrived, I was introduced to several of the Sisters, and there was a quiet exchange of courtesies which did a great deal toward making me feel at home and quite comfortable. Among others, there was a gentle-voiced little old Sister, of a peculiarly attractive manner. The next day I saw her once or twice in the intervals of the exercises; and when I had retired to my room at the close, she came with a gentle tap at the door to see if she could do anything for me or help me in any way.

"Will you sit with me a little while, Mother, and answer a few questions that I am anxious to ask? You see, there is so much I do not quite understand even while I believe and accept it all."

"Most certainly," she said. And when she had listened to the questions and given me the most satisfactory answers, she took up this sentence again: "I can understand perfectly, dear, that there is much you find new and strange. I am a convert, too."

"Oh, is it possible! Do you think I shall ever come to look and seem so truly Catholic as you do? I really know very little about Catholics. I never even heard of them until a year ago. Oh, of course, I knew there were Catholics! But we were Episcopalians, and that satisfied us."

"I was an Episcopalian," said the nun.

"Will you tell me how the true faith came to you? Perhaps I should not ask the question. You must tell me what I should or should not do; for I am to learn Catholic etiquette here, I hope, as well as the more important things."

"I have very little to tell, and nothing

that could not be told to you. I lived with my sister and her husband, and they were the first to become Catholics. He was a clergyman." There was a slight pause before she inquired: "Did you ever hear of Geoffrey Conwell?"

"I should think I did! My grandmother knew him well, and used to talk of him by the hour. Indeed, he was the only Catholic I ever heard of until I went South a year ago."

"And what did your grandmother say of him, may I ask?"

I hesitated.

"He had few friends," she continued, softly and regretfully. "Most unkind things were said by those who knew him in his early life. But those things were false. I may tell you how it really was?"

And she did. It is many years now since that spring evening when, new to my faith, new to my surroundings, filled with vague visions and girlish dreams, I sat in the convent cell and heard a story that was old to me in far other scenes, and yet which I had never heard at all. The tiny black-robed figure before me sat with thin, motionless hands clasped on her lap; and the quiet voice was of another timbre than the rich, full tones of my grandmother; yet the recital was no less dramatic, no less impressive. But the Geoffrey Conwell that remained with me ever after was not the same man of whom my grandmother had breathed fine scorn.

"We were living at that time in the South," she began; "and my brother had a very large and interesting parish. The church was an old one for that portion of the country, and the people for the most part well off and refined. There was great kindness of spirit and great consideration for one another and for their pastor, so that we really found our lines laid down for us in pleasant places. But for some time my sister and I had noticed a change in her husband, and an increasing sadness and depression; and

we often spoke of it to each other, fearing for his health. We were not prepared for the revelation he made to us one night when we returned from evening service. He had found either a book or a paper—I forget which, it was such a trifle—several months before, which had aroused his interest in certain Catholic truths, and he had been unable to escape from the questions they awakened. He had sent to New Orleans for some books he had heard of, and had read and studied and thought to such purpose that, without knowing a Catholic, and without having exchanged a word in speech or a line in writing with any one, he had reached the turning-point of life. He must become a Catholic!

“It was a terrible blow to me. But even in the first moments of confusion and distress I was struck by the fact that my sister acted unlike herself. Very soon she broke down completely; and, as well as she could for emotion, she told us that, without an idea of her husband’s studies, she, too, had been led into the same train of thought and inquiry; had sent for books, and had unknowingly kept pace with him. We talked the whole night through. I can see the lovely day-dawn on the strange, new, dreary morning as I went away from them to my own room—never more the same woman that I had been before.”

“But how strange and how convincing!” I said, as the nun paused. “What could have brought about such a state of things except the grace of God? And how impossible to suspect either of them of undue influence, or flimsy excitement! They were certainly ‘led by the Spirit.’”

“Yes, I could not doubt them. And they were such good, unselfish creatures always; they had worked so hard and so faithfully to do their duty as a clergyman and his wife. You see, Anne and I were orphans, and I had shared their home from the first. It was really the first home

we had ever had, and we made so much of it. It was a lovely spot, and so comfortable. It was natural that I should think very differently, after a few hours’ reflection, of anything that Anne and Geoffrey seemed to understand so well and to be so strangely united upon. I asked them to give me some of their books, and to teach me what they had learned; and I, too, began to be a Catholic.

“Of the time that followed, you will think it strange when I say that I have only a confused and dim remembrance. Geoffrey did not feel that he could defer his explanation with his parish for any worldly expediency, and he told them of the change at once. Anne was altogether with him; but I kept to myself and read and waited, thinking only of the one thing. Of course there could be but one end. I wanted nothing but to do the will of God—nothing else in any sense. And when there was no opposition, He wrought it quickly in His own way.

“When I came to Geoffrey and Anne to tell them that I, too, was ready to go with them, I found that all was arranged. Our life in the dear home was ended. And never once did we seem to feel regret or fear. We had given up all care or thought of a home here. We have just gone forward from that day, and *they* have gone home.

“The people were very, very kind to us, and grieved to part with us; but they did not try to hold us back. In that we were fortunate. Geoffrey’s family and friends were all at a distance; and, as he knew their views, he said it was not worth his while to tell them until it was too late for remonstrance. Anne and I had no one except ourselves. So as speedily as possible we broke up the home, parted with all our belongings, and went down the river to New Orleans.

“Looking back at that time now, with a whole lifetime between me and that day, it seems impossible that so much

could have been done in so short a time. I counted the days rather than the weeks which passed before I found myself on a vessel, going from New Orleans to New York alone. We had all been received into the Church together one morning, and at noon of the same day Geoffrey and Anne were on the high seas on the road to Rome, and I was on my way to the convent in New York."

She paused, for I had uttered an exclamation of surprise that startled her.

"I did not intend to enter it as a novice," she said, with a smile. "No, it was not quite such quick work as that. But, as you know, I was alone in the world without Anne, and a convent was the best place for me in every sense. It was not very long, however, before I came to hope I had a vocation. That was forty years ago, and I have never had cause to regret that my first resting-place as a Catholic was under a convent roof."

"As this is mine," I said, half fearfully.

She laughed a gentle, happy laugh, full of peaceful trust, as she replied:

"They will give you plenty of time to decide. And I do not think you will find your vocation here. I did not find mine in the first convent. It was from quite another aspect I came to look on the life of a religious, and it was Anne who entered the order I first learned to know."

"Anne! Did she leave her husband?"

"Geoffrey died. Rome was his grave and his new birthplace. I never saw him after the parting on the ship's deck at New Orleans. And Anne never came back from Rome,—never, that is, as she went to it. For I have seen her once since our parting, and that was last year."

"Last year! Years and years after!—did you say forty?"

"Yes, forty years. We have followed each other's course with unflinching love and sympathy, each rejoicing in the other's happiness—for we *have* been happy. And last year she came here to prepare for a

new convent of her order. She was very wise and strong and clever, and had done much good. When we learned that we were to be so near each other, it was arranged by our superiors that we should meet here as she passed through. It was a very happy meeting; and we found that, after all, no letters had done justice to our lives. We had changed, but we had grown upward, thanks be to God! We shall never be so long parted again. Anne died since then."

She spoke with perfect calmness, and yet with unspeakable tenderness.

"And I," she said, in response to my look of sympathy,—“I am only waiting to be called. But was it not wonderful that into the woodlands and the wilderness, as one may truly say, the Spirit of God came seeking the wanderers and brought them home to the very Heart of our dear Lord,—home to the sweet peace and silent broodings of our Blessed Mother's sheltering mantle? It is a wonderful, wonderful story! And yet it is not a story at all. It has little action, no tragedy, no climax. It is all peace, deep and ever-deepening peace."

"Nevertheless, Mother, I am glad to have heard it. Do you know what cause for rejoicing and encouragement there is in the thought that such a story of wonderful peace is possible? Trial and care and loss and pain are everywhere; they are the law of nature and of human life. But the All-powerful can make perfect in tenderness and beneath the shelter of His wings at His will. It seems such a blessed thing to wait in the hands of such a Father, who thus provided even for ignorance and innocent error. Thank you a thousand times, Mother, for the talk we have had. I shall never forget it, and I hope I shall profit by it. A convert needs some things the children of the Church are strong without."

She had risen to leave me, and I stood looking down into her fine and gentle

face. Its strength was evident, and the whole story flashed before me once more. What must have been the intercourse of these three, growing straight into the sunlight of Heaven from the mists and fogs of a religion for which they were working so hard?

We parted friends who had met as strangers. I never had so long a conversation with her again; although for a few years we saw each other occasionally, and loved each other, too. But she and Anne were not parted long.

And the world, in its turning, thus brought together my grandmother's portrait of the convert and this other. Truly, I think my grandmother was not quite just when she dealt out judgment upon the brothers Conwell with an impartial hand.

Graces.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

GATHER them while it is day,
 Gather them while you may;
 For, hour by hour, they pass away:
 And changing changes ever change;
 While passing strange

It seems to miss so many on the beaten way:
 Familiar voices mute,
 Familiar faces fled;
 Ungathered graces, many fair and rich,
 Neglected, past and dead.

II.

So changed the way, the crowd,—
 The beardless youth grown old, the old at rest,
 The way more craggy, heavier the breast,
 How altered hope and will!
 Strength become weakness, weakness made
 so strong,
 Yet still much to fulfil,
 Much to be met and done:
 Stern labor, losses, sorrow in the vale,—
 High winds yon track, unsheltered from the
 gale,
 In sight of the scorching sun.

Much work before the journey is complete,
 Much to renew and mend,
 Patient obedience, while the changes change,
 Then comes the end.

III.

Pass them not by, then; lose no grace un-
 gained,
 Now the weeks shorten rapidly and die;
 Now the years seem but half their length
 of old—
 (What means that sigh?)
 Much that was sought in sunnier days
 gone by
 Is sought no more;
 It seemed at once so beautiful and nigh,—
 A shadowy dream of yore.
 Now, therefore, when the lengthening shad-
 ows lie,
 And the old seasons never can return;
 When Evening stays the hand, and stars
 begin to burn
 And spangle heaven's dome,
 Work ye, that treasures gathered may be safe,
 The store be great,
 The rest secure within the golden gate
 Of an Eternal Home.

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—ALASKAN VILLAGE LIFE.

WITH the morning coffee came a rumor of an Indian village on the neighboring shore. We were already past it, a half hour or more, but canoes were visible. Now, this was an episode. Jack, the cabin-boy, slid back the blind; and as I sat up in my bunk, bolstered among the pillows, I saw the green shore, moist with dew and sparkling in the morning light, sweep slowly by—an endless panorama. There is no dust here, not a particle. There is rain at intervals, and a heavy dew-fall; and sometimes a sea-fog that makes it highly advisable to suspend all operations until it has lifted. After coffee

I found the deck gaily peopled. The steamer was running at half speed; and shortly she took a big turn in a beautiful lagoon and went back on her course far enough to come in sight of the Indian village, but we did not stop there. It seems that one passage we were about to thread was reached at a wrong stage of the tide; and, instead of waiting there for better water, we loafed about for a couple of hours, enjoying it immensely, every soul of us.

Vancouver Island lay upon our left. It was half veiled in mist, or smoke; and its brilliant constellation of sky-piercing peaks, green to the summit, with glints of sunshine gilding the chasms here and there, and rich shadows draping them superbly, reminded me of Nukahiva, one of the Marquesas Islands—the one where Herman Melville found his famed Typee. The agricultural capabilities of the Island are unquestionably great; and the farming operations, carried on chiefly at Victoria, near the harbor of that name, are said to have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. The principal products, in addition to those of the soil, are furs, obtained chiefly from the beaver, racoon, land-otter and sea-otter; and fish of the most valuable species abound on all parts of the coast.

It seems extravagant to associate any feature in the Alaskan archipelago with the most romantic island in the tropical sea; but there are points of similarity, notwithstanding the geographical discrepancy,—daring outlines, magnificent cloud and atmospheric effects, and a fragrance, a pungent balsamic odor ever noticeable. This impalpable, invisible balm permeates everything; it is wafted out over the sea to us, even as the breath of the Spice Islands is borne over the waves to the joy of the passing mariner.

Surely there can be no finer tonic for a fagged fellow with feeble lungs than this glorious Alaskan air. There is no

danger of surfeit here; the over-sweet is not likely to be met with in this latitude; and, then, if one really feels the need of change, why here is a fishing station. The forest is trimmed along the shore so that there is scant room for a few shanties between the water and the wilderness. A dock runs but a little way out into the sea; for the shores are precipitous, and one finds a goodly number of fathoms only a few yards from the shingle.

At the top of the dock, sometimes nearly housing the whole of it, stands a shed well stored with barrels, sacks of salt, nets, and all the necessary equipments of a first-class fish-canning establishment. A few Indian lodges are scattered along the shore. The Indians, a hearty and apparently an industrious and willing race, do most of the work about here. A few boats and canoes are drawn upon the beach. The atmosphere is heavy with the odor of ancient fish. The water-line is strewn with cast-off salmon heads and entrails. Indian dogs and big, fat flies batten there prodigiously. Acres of salmon bellies are rosy in the sun. The blood-red interiors of drying fish—rackfuls of them turned wrong side out—are the only bit of color in all Alaska. Everybody and everything is sombre and subdued.

Yet not all fishing stations are cheerless. The salmon fishery and trading store located at Loring are picturesque. The land-lock nook is as lovely as a Swiss lake; and, oh, the myriad echoes that waken in chorus among these misty mountains! The waters of the Alaskan archipelago are prolific. Vast schools of salmon, cod, herring, halibut, mullet, ulicon, etc., silver the surface of the sea, and one continually hears the splash of leaping fish.

A traveller has written of his visit to the fishing-grounds on the Naass river, where the tribes had gathered for what is called their "small fishing"—the salmon

catch is at another time. These small fish are valuable for food and oil. They run up the river for six weeks only, and with the utmost regularity. At the point he visited, the Naass was about a mile and a half wide; yet so great was the quantity of fish that, with three nails driven into a stick, an Indian would rake up a canoeful in a short time. Five thousand Indians were congregated from British Columbia and Alaska; their faces painted red and black; feathers upon their heads, and imitations of wild beasts upon their dresses. Over the fish was an immense cloud of sea-gulls—so many were there, and so thick were they, that the fluttering of their wings was like a swift fall of snow. Over the gulls were eagles soaring and watching their chance. The halibut, the cod, the porpoise, and the finback whale had followed the little ones out of the deep; and there was confusion worse confounded, and chaos came again in the hours of wild excitement that followed the advent of the small fry; for each and all in sea and air were bent upon the destruction of these little ones.

Seven thousand salmon have been taken at one haul of the seine in this latitude. Most of these salmon weigh sixty pounds each, and some have been caught that weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. Yet there are no game fish in Alaska. Let sportsmen remember that far happier hunting grounds lie within twenty miles of San Francisco, and in almost any district of the Northern and Southern States. On a certain occasion three of our fellow-voyagers, armed in fashionable fishing toggery, went forth from Sitka in quest of a day's sport. A steam launch bore them to a land where the rank grass and rushes grew shoulder high. Having made their way with difficulty to the margin of a lake, they came upon a boat which required incessant bailing to prevent its speedy foundering. One kept the craft afloat while the others

fished until evening. They caught nothing, yet upon landing they found five fish floundering under the seats; these swam in through a hole in the bottom of the boat. I say again, on good authority, there are no game fish in Alaska. There are salmon enough in these waters to supply the world—but the world can be supplied without coming to these waters at all. The truth is, I fear, that the market has been glutted and the business overdone.

One evening we anchored off a sad and silent shore. A few Indian lodges were outlined against the woods beyond. A few Indians stolidly awaited the arrival of a small boat containing one of our fellow-passengers. Then for some hours this boat was busily plying to and fro, bringing out to us all that was portable of a once flourishing, or at least promising, fishery and cannery, now defunct. (Meanwhile the mosquitoes boarded our ship on a far more profitable speculation.) It was pitiful to see our friend gathering together the *débris* of a wrecked fortune—for he had been wealthy and was now on the down grade of life—hoping almost against hope to be able to turn an honest penny somehow, somewhere, before he dies.

At times we saw solitary canoes containing a whole family of Indians fishing in the watery waste. What solemn lives they must lead! But a more solemn and more solitary scene occurred a little later. All the afternoon we had been sailing under splendid icy peaks. We came in out of the hot sun, and were glad of the cool, snow-chilled air that visited us lightly at intervals.

It was the hour of 9.30 p.m. The sun was dropping behind a lofty mountain range, and in its fine glow we steamed into a lovely cove under a towering height. A deserted, or almost deserted, fishing village stood upon a green bottom land—a mere handful of lodges, with a young growth of trees beyond, and an older growth between these and the

A Year of Tragedy.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

glacier that was glistening above them all. A cannery looking nearly new stood at the top of a tall dock on stilts. On the extreme end of the dock was a figure—a man, and a white man at that—with both hands in his pockets, and an attitude of half-awakened curiosity. The figure stood stock-still. We wondered if it lived, if it breathed, or if it were an effigy set up there in scorn of American enterprise. We slowed up and drew near to the dock. It was a curious picture: a half dozen log-built lodges; a few tall piles driven into the land for steamer or trading schooner to make fast to; a group of Indians by a feeble camp fire,—Indians who never once changed their postures more than wearily to lift their heads and regard us with absolute indifference.

When we were near enough to hail the motionless figure on the dock, we did not hail him. Everybody was mildly curious; everybody was perfectly dumb. The whole earth was silent at last; the wheels had stopped; the boat was scarcely moving through the water. The place, the scene, the hour seemed under a spell. Then a bell rang very shrilly in the deep silence; the paddles plunged into the sea again; we made a graceful sweep under the shadow of the great mountain and proudly steamed away. Not a syllable had been exchanged with that mysterious being on the dock; we merely touched our hats at the last moment; he lifted his, stalked solemnly to the top of the dock and disappeared. There is a bit of Alaskan life for you!

(To be continued.)



THE man who assaults a battery of Maxim guns with a pea-shooter or a pop-gun is not set down among the manly and the brave. He is simply a fool. Not less of a fool is the one who daunts the Omnipotent and braves eternal punishment.—*W. J. Madden.*

ANCIENT buildings in time seem, like people, to take on some one distinguishing characteristic, and even to become embodied expressions of this predominating trait. Unthrift, prodigality, prosperity, hospitality, humility, dignity, arrogance, lawlessness, find as positive expression in stone and brick and mortar as in flesh and blood. Nor are these qualities merely a matter of architecture. Frequently they exist in contradiction to every line of the designer, in defiance of the original intention. They appear to hover about the silent piles, a tangible presence, recognized even by the young and thoughtless.

Not the least vivid of these personalities are those which invest certain sacred edifices dedicated alike to the worship of God and the uplifting of His children. There are comparatively few of these which impress the observer with the sense of holiness alone. Many are austere and forbidding; not a few are fashionable. About others there is a distinct air of worldly thrift and of keen business enterprise. Many wear an air of extreme benevolence; some are condescending, some are friendly. An air of gentle hospitality consecrates others to their good work. Many are stern monitors, recalling the soul, with a warning that is almost a shock to the worldly, to a sense that the consideration of the soul's immortal welfare must forever rise above all temporal interests.

The old Mission of Santa Barbara, California, standing on a gentle eminence overlooking valley and sea, with the eternal hills for a background, has always seemed to me to be the embodiment of peace. Deprived of much of its former glory, its possessions reduced to but a

few hundred acres where once it was surrounded by its thousands, with all the face of the country around it altered, it alone has stood unaltered through this century of change. A noble specimen of Moorish architecture, its massive simplicity has formed a lovely resting-place for eyes wearied of the garish effort of modern architectural fashions. Bathed in sunshine during the greater part of the year, in a land where the summers are long and the winters short and fleeting, when occasional storms have poured their floods down upon it, its open portals have worn the aspect of a peaceful shelter for storm-driven souls.

Before it and below it, its fruitful vineyards and fields of maize have yielded an abundant return for the patient labor expended upon them; and the sight of bareheaded Brothers, in coarse woollen gowns, meekly guiding the plow has been a salutary lesson to modern pretence. In its orchard and vegetable gardens all things grew and bloomed and fruited as if by magic; and there is no more hallowed place in all the country than its sheltered old burying-ground, where a life-size figure of Christ on the Cross, crowned with thorns, lifts its pure face to heaven; while roses drop showers of tinted petals over the grave of Ramona's foster-mother; and the mortal frames of others less celebrated in literature, but dear to pioneer history, lie beneath sun-kissed mounds. A monument to the industry of the early mission workers and their splendid organization, the Mission has been for the last quarter of a century the object point of a ceaseless flow of fashionable travel, the shrine of many a devout pilgrimage; and over the reverent and the reckless, over the world-worn and the innocent alike, it has cast its peaceful spell.

In the year 1896 it was completing its hundred and tenth year of sacred ministration. I must not appear to make the

historical blunder of attributing to the present church structure a greater age than actually belongs to it; but although it was erected early in this century to take the place of one destroyed by the earthquake of 1812, which, in turn, had taken the place of temporary structures dating back to the first raising of the Cross in 1786, the present edifice is, to all intents and purposes, the representative and survival of the first modest shelter of boughs and brush; and the work begun in the one had been carried forward with no material break or interruption up to that date, two years ago, when the dread calamity came that paralyzed the whole community and sent a shock throughout the civilized world—"Father Ferdinand has been murdered!"

This was the message which blanched every cheek, which depressed every heart in the country around; which brought to the old Mission throngs of people—parishioners, unbelievers, Protestants, and even Protestant clergymen: all anxiously begging for news that should deny the tragedy which the message had conveyed. The gentle priests of the Mission were alike beloved by the lowest and the highest; and none more dearly than Father Ferdinand Bergemeyer, the Father Superior, whose cheerful disposition and loving heart had endeared him to young and old, and created between him and his associates a bond that not even death could sever.

In the grey dawn of early morning, on February 27, 1896, as he started to ascend the steps leading to his chamber, after a frugal meal in the refectory, the good Father had been waylaid by the assassin, who had fired six balls into the priest's body, piercing the vital regions, lacerating and wounding him in the most cruel manner. Father Ferdinand fell to the ground, writhing in mortal agony; but his sole idea and purpose, after one short cry of piteous reproach addressed to

his slayer, was to save the unfortunate man from the legal consequences of his awful deed.

Father Reynarius, learned scholar, wit and philosopher of more than local fame, and lifelong friend and countryman of Father Ferdinand, was among the first to reach the spot. He bent over his old friend, and, aided by others who had hurried in from the garden at the sound of the shots, endeavored to ease the sufferings of the mortally wounded priest and to bear him to his room. His life-blood was pouring upon the tiled floor, the pallor of death was on his brow, every breath was a struggle and an agony; but Father Ferdinand did not utter a word of complaint. All his passing vital force seemed concentrated in an effort to entreat forgiveness and consideration for his slayer.

"Henry did not know what he was doing. Henry is not responsible. Don't blame Henry!"

These expressions fell from his lips continually during his brief hours of suffering. Many of those to whom they were repeated thought of that Sufferer on the Cross more than eighteen hundred years ago, and the cry that has rung down through the centuries:

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

His hours of suffering were few. One of the most eminent surgeons in America—the late Dr. Richard Hall, of Santa Barbara—came at once to his side, and all that human skill could do was done to recall the fast ebbing life; but the case was from the first hopeless. Bearing his pain and the surgical operation made in his behalf with a fortitude which won for him the love and admiration of his physician, with loving words for his old associates, and a prayer for forgiveness for the cruel hand which had fired the fatal shots, at peace with God and man, Father Ferdinand, before the day

was done, passed on to the higher life.

His slayer, Henry G. Grusemeyer, was a man of feeble mind, who had sought the Mission when destitute and friendless, and had been taken under the special protection of Father Ferdinand, but had been tolerated by his associates under protest; Father Reynarius, in particular, having always contended that "Henry" was neither in his right mind nor a person to be trusted. In his mad outbreak the maniac had struck down the one who had most lovingly befriended him. He is now an inmate of Highlands Lunatic Asylum, at San Bernardino, California. Only his victim's intercession saved him from a trial and a possible verdict that would have sent him to the gallows; for public feeling was tense. And, while it was generally conceded that the slayer was possessed of an unbalanced mind, there were many who were ready to take the ground that he was sufficiently intelligent to be fully responsible for the crime which he had committed, and over which he afterward exulted.

Father Ferdinand's funeral was the most notable one ever held in Santa Barbara. It was attended by people of every religion and of every rank in life. Father Servatius Altmicks, assisted by a number of priests, conducted the obsequies, and the ceremonies were long and very impressive. Among those in attendance was the most distinguished American author and novelist of the day, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who that winter occupied the Rowland Hazard residence, "Mission Hill," adjoining the church grounds, and had been a frequent visitor at the Mission. Mr. Hale joined reverently in the services; and when they were completed, formed one of the procession which wound through the old graveyard to the vault in which the body was entombed.

But the most impressive portion of the spectacle was the body of aged priests and

Franciscan Brothers, Father Ferdinand's close associates during many years of unselfish labor; a sombre and sorrowing group, who took no part in the sacred rites, but sat with bowed heads beneath the altar, and walked with measured step along the flower-fringed paths that thread the burying-ground.

This year, so sorrowfully begun, was destined to deepen the shadows gathering about the Santa Barbara Mission. On the 23d of August Father Servatius Altmicks, the newly-created superior, after a short illness, breathed his last in Los Angeles, whither he had gone for a change, and on the day following was buried at Santa Barbara.

On the 2d of December, to the grief of all, the Rev. Bonaventure Fox, the oldest of the priests at the Santa Barbara Mission, rendered his blameless life to God. He had been in feeble health for some time, and the shock of the tragedy which cut short Father Ferdinand's existence prostrated him. He never left his little upper room after that day; but sank into a state of helplessness, from which the Angel of Death brought a welcome release.

Before the year was done the vault was opened for a fourth time, on this occasion to receive the body of the Very Rev. Clementine Deymann, Franciscan Commissary of California and Arizona, who died at Phoenix, Arizona, on December 4; and, at his special request, was taken to Santa Barbara for burial, the interment taking place on December 9.

For a time it seemed as if the shade of gloom that the year's mournful events had left would never be banished from the old Mission; but it is a blessed characteristic of human memory that sorrow and bitterness vanish or moderate with the years, while the hallowed and the glad recollections are cherished.

The tragedy of the venerated Father Ferdinand's death has already lost its

sharpness. His heroic effacement of self in the hours of his dying agony survives, a sacred and inspiring memory. Shaking off the lethargy of grief, and gathering inspiration from its noble past, the old Mission of Santa Barbara has entered upon a new work, and the sunshine again bathes her lofty towers and drops its tenderest beams upon the low mounds in the little churchyard.

The Standard of the Christian Life.

NOTWITHSTANDING the notable and oft-commented upon disparity in the conditions of men, Providence has so wisely distributed the good and the evils of life that everyone, be he rich or poor, great or little, cultured or ignorant, finds that he has his own trials to support, his own crosses to bear. There is no age without its troubles, no calling without its drawbacks, no honors without their irksome responsibilities, no rank without its oppressive restraints. Dignity has its occasional bitter subjections; obscurity, its humiliation and contempt; the world, its cares and caprices; solitude, its *ennui*, its sadness, and depression. All, from the monarch in the gilded luxury of his magnificent palace to the laborer in the stinted poverty of his humble tenement, have to suffer somewhat, and learn from personal experience that unalloyed happiness is not of earth.

More fortunate than most of their fellow-sufferers are they who, in the midst of life's thousand trials, have discovered the source of true and solid consolation. That source unquestionably is resignation to the will of God. The only really effectual remedy for the multifarious stings of care is the spirit of Christian faith that ever and always can heartily echo the Saviour's words: "Not My will but Thine be done."

To submit to the will of God is practically to do what He commands, to shun what He forbids; and to accept resignedly and bear patiently whatever crosses, trials, and burdens Providence may impose upon us.

To discuss the question whether the good pleasure of God should or should not be our rule of life is superfluous; for it is obvious that the will of the Creator should be the law of the creature. And this submission of our own will to God's is a prerequisite condition to salvation. "Not everyone that saith to Me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father, who is in heaven,"—he only may hope for that glorious ending.

The will of the Father is certainly the wisest as it is the most legitimate standard by which to regulate our lives; since it is the perfection of what is right, just, and enlightened. Though it may well happen that we do not always understand the designs of God in His conduct toward us, though in certain conjunctures we fail to realize how our interests are being promoted or our advantage being provided for, it is the part of true wisdom not to murmur or repine over the ways of Providence. We should rather be as submissive as is the patient to his physician: accepting from his hand the most bitter medicines, supporting the most painful operations; as submissive as the captain who suffers his ship to be steered whithersoever the pilot directs.

But how is God's will made manifest to us? In its great lines, by His own Commandments, by the precepts of the Church, and by the laws of our legitimate superiors, ecclesiastical or temporal. It is manifested likewise in the duties of our state in life. In assigning to each of us some particular calling, God undoubtedly desires us to acquit ourselves worthily of the obligations connected therewith.

In calling us all to sanctity, He wishes us to perform works of precept before those of mere counsel; to reform ourselves before dreaming of correcting others; to do the good which we are bound by duty to accomplish before attempting that which is of supererogation.

The divine will is also shown—we may not doubt it—in the various incidents, circumstances, and conditions which exist without our seeking them: the cold and heat, the drought and flood, the reverses of fortune, the loss of friends, the accidents, misfortunes, deaths—none of which occur without His having willed them. God wills all that happens to us save sin, which He only permits. "You have no power over Me," said Christ to Pilate, "save that which is given to you from on high." And so we may fearlessly say to the devil, to men, and to creatures of whatever nature: "You could not trouble us were it not God's will."

This consideration should in itself be sufficient to dower us with some portion of that patience which is exemplified in Job's "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" In the multitudinous events of life it should be our determination to accept, if not joyfully, at least without bitter expostulation, whatever it may please Providence to order. In the midst of our trials and tribulations, when self is clamoring to be heard, when the temptation is strong to bewail with futile repining our sad fate, our misery and our woe, let us nerve ourselves to act the part of fervent Christians, reverently and resignedly exclaiming, *Fiat voluntas tua!*—"Thy will be done!" A simple phrase; but, coming from the heart in the hour when adversity's storm-clouds are gathered thick and black above us, it is worth a thousand protestations of gratitude addressed to Heaven when we are basking in the radiant sunlight of prosperity and peace.

A National Flower.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE discussion concerning a floral emblem for the United States waxes and wanes. The subject is now again prominently before the people on account of the activity of the Columbine Association,—an organization which claims for the columbine, or wild honeysuckle, the privilege of representing the country when pure sentiment is concerned. Several blossoms have had their claims presented, and were then heard of no more. The May-flower, or trailing arbutus, was the pioneer. It was, its advocates said, the first flower seen by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and by Washington's army after their winter at Valley Forge. It grows wild in the original Thirteen States, and is so independent as to reject all overtures of cultivation. But its enemies—if a flower can have an enemy—maintained that it was practically unknown to most people, and, from its habits, always would be; and that it had been for a long period the emblem of Nova Scotia.

Then came the golden-rod adherents. It surely was well known, as its yellow plumes in August decorate every roadside. But physicians called it unwholesome; farmers named it the "yaller weed," and declared that it hurt the cattle; and its doom was sealed. The claims of the pansy were then urged, but the fact that it was not a native flower settled the matter adversely.

There were many who championed the cause of the maize, or Indian corn. "But," said its opponents, "we wish a flower, not a vegetable; a national flower that is not a flower is an absurdity." And no more was heard of the maize. Many clamored for the pink, the pampas plume, and the ox-eyed daisy; while the peanut, the potato, and the cotton and tobacco plants also found friends.

Today the Columbine Association is ahead. The columbine is graceful, say its members, decorative, and can never become a weed. It wears the national colors and grows everywhere. In fact, it seems to be the only flower which meets all the requirements; and it possesses the several merits of its rivals as well as a number peculiarly its own.

There is one advantage which this blossom owns which must not be overlooked, and that is its name. The word *columbine* was applied to it on account of a portion of it which resembles a dove,—Latin, *columba*. It seems peculiarly fit that the country called Columbia, from Columbus who discovered it, should still further honor the memory of the great explorer by choosing as its symbol a flower which is philologically associated with him. So one who loves the May-flower, admires the golden-rod, and treasures the pansy, votes for the columbine.

 An Evil and Its Remedy.

NOT the least of the many services rendered to the cause of religion by Mr. James Britten, K. S. G., is his latest publication, "The Truth about Convents," issued by the admirable society of which he is the honored head. The ex-nun and the ex-priest we shall always have with us, and it is well that there should be a ready antidote for the poison they try to instil into the minds and hearts of those who know the Church only from misrepresentation. One man like Mr. Britten at the head of an association like the Catholic Truth Society might have arrested the revolt of the sixteenth century. His work is so well done that it need never be done over again. The Edith O'Gormans and Slatterys of today will sink into oblivion tomorrow, and new editions of Mr. Britten's pamphlet will require only a change of names. He has

shown how the evil which impostors do is to be combated, and how the scandal they give can be nullified. They are all of a kind, and their methods are pretty much the same the world over. Some of them, it is true, are less disreputable than others; but all are impostors, whose infamy is equalled only by the ignorant prejudice and marvellous credulity of their dupes.

There are persons who welcome false witness against the Church; and with such persons it is, of course, useless to try to deal. But most Protestants, we are persuaded, would rather believe good than bad of their fellow-creatures; and their very generosity in maintaining what they believe to be "missionary work" induces the hope that they may be willing to hear the other side. The printed word, however, is not the only way of presenting it—nor the most effective way.

The best refutation of calumnies against the Church, the surest way of drawing outsiders to her pale, is the example of a fervent Christian life,—a help which no Catholic can have any possible excuse for withholding. No one need have the slightest fear about the ultimate victory of truth over error. The only thing that can delay it is the presence of sin among us. As Cardinal Newman said on a memorable occasion, it is the drunkard, the blasphemer, the unjust dealer, the profligate liver, that we have to fear. The open scandal, the secret sin known only to God,—these form the devil's real host. Corruption, hollowness, neglect of mercies, deadness of heart, worldliness,—these are the enemies to be dreaded, all the more so because they are enemies within the citadel.

It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings.—*Newman.*

WHEN men and women rise from prayer and find themselves better, that prayer is answered.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

A French writer of reputation who was asked to express an opinion on the future of America answered: "Good heavens! The Americans are enjoying only a temporary power, which is entirely industrial and commercial; but that power rests on nothing. The family does not exist among them. *They live in hotels!* People who live in hotels do not form families, and where there are no families there is no nation." This uncomplimentary saying has the rare distinction of being a correct conclusion drawn from incorrect premises. The American nation does not live in hotels, but family life is rarer and family spirit weaker in America than in any other nation of the earth. Nowhere else is parental influence so weak and filial domination so strong; nowhere is there so much liberty and so little home-staying among children. But chief among the enemies of the American family are (1) the divorce evil, which makes married life seem a temporary compact, based only on fickle affection, between man and woman; and (2) the horrible practice of "regulating" the size of the family. The Frenchman was right in saying that where there are no families there is no nation; and that socially America is not strong. National power is not, in the long run, a mere question of war-ships and big guns; the strongest nations are those that have fewest divorce courts and the greatest number of cradles.

Those who are foolish enough to believe that if all the relics of the True Cross could be brought together there would be enough to build a ship, would do well to read what the Rev. James Bellord has to say on this subject in a pamphlet lately published by the Catholic Truth Society. The multitude of relics of the True Cross that are found about the world are in reality a multitude of splinters considerably less in bulk than the original Cross of Christ, which, according to the estimate of careful investigators, contained about $6\frac{3}{8}$ feet of timber, or about 11,448 cubic inches. The greater relics of the True Cross are exceedingly few in

number. A grand total for all known existing and lost relics would be only 661 cubic inches. More than 10,787 cubic inches of the original Cross, therefore, remain to be accounted for. The marvel is, not that there should be so many relics of the True Cross existing, but, all things considered, that there should be so few.

The sturdy character of Prince Bismarck was illustrated in an interesting way last month. The veteran statesman suffers greatly from neuralgic pain in the facial nerves, and is often obliged to sit for hours with his hands pressed firmly against his mouth. A friend finding him thus situated on a recent visit to Friedrichsruh, was moved to console him. But the Iron Chancellor did not want sympathy. "This is justice," he replied. "During my life I have sinned most with my mouth—eating, drinking, and talking." There is a religious tone in this answer that will surprise even the admirers of the ex-Chancellor. But Bismarck is an old man now. His ship is putting into port; and, like Tennyson, no doubt he feels the need of a pilot in "crossing the bar."

The number of converts in New York whose reception into the Church was considered worthy of mention in the daily press was unusually large during the past month. Among them were the Rev. George Bowns, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal body; Miss Emma Arnold, a prominent "church worker" and friend of another notable convert, Miss Elizabeth Gurney; Mrs. Mary Robbins, widow of Judge Chilion Robbins; Justice Smythe; and Mr. and Mrs. A. Oakley Hall. Mr. Hall, the best known of the group, is a writer of some note, and was once Mayor of New York city.

So many offensively anti-Catholic books have been found in school libraries purchased in due part by the taxes of Catholic citizens that one wonders whether our people really have much regard either for their faith or their reputation. Coffin's infamous "Story of Liberty" was ordered out of Indiana schools

by the legislature last year; yet it is sweetness and piety themselves compared with Painter's "History of Education," which is used in the State normal school in New Jersey. According to Painter—who is Painter, anyhow?—the monasteries were nests of ignorance and depravity; the clergy of old were hypocrites, blasphemers, and drunkards. The Catholics who permitted such a book to remain in the library of a single school supported by public taxes deserve no better fate than to be despised and misjudged by their neighbors; and despised they will be so long as they persevere in the policy of masterly inactivity. It is the duty of both clergy and laity to correct misrepresentation of the Church so far as lies in their power. A quiet investigation as to the character of books purchased for schools, libraries, and other public institutions, with vigorous and continued protest where protest is needed, would speedily work a reform; and no Catholic ought to be too busy or too modest to do his share toward it.

It is said that a large band of pilgrims is about to start from Paris to Lourdes mounted on bicycles. The plan seems to be conceived devoutly enough, though it would doubtless be an odd sight for the French peasant to witness the pious procession scorching by, singing hymns; and prejudice against the bicycle as a vehicle for pilgrims to Lourdes may prove too strong for the success of the project. Yet there is the example of the old Puritan goodwife who was won over to a toleration of the fiddle by discovering that hymns could be played on it as well as jigs. A bicycle pilgrimage to Lourdes may be good for the bicycle; whether it will be good for Lourdes remains to be seen.

The chief conditions of a happy marriage are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife.

—*President Eliot, of Harvard College.*

This isn't preaching, but it is as true as preaching; and, coming from a layman and a Protestant, it may, perhaps, have weight with a certain class of young Catholics who are disposed to disregard the

advice of old people in the most important step of their lives. Experience teaches; but, alas! there are many who do not learn—at least until it is too late. A successful professional man of our acquaintance—one who, it must seem to his neighbors, has “all that heart could wish”—once told us that his life had been rendered miserable in a thousand ways on account of the difference on the score of religion between himself and his wife. Their union of heart and mind is otherwise perfect. He declared that he would gladly give up everything he possessed and begin life over again to have his wife united with him in religious belief.

The public tribute to the Rev. George Müller, who passed away in England at the advanced age of ninety-three years, was spontaneous, cordial, and well deserved. He was a Protestant clergyman who possessed an extraordinary faith in prayer. During his life he built five large orphan asylums, established schools for the education of 150,000 pupils, and carried on other Christian works requiring in all an expenditure of \$7,000,000. This enormous sum he collected from the voluntary offerings of people of his own faith—a fact remarkable enough in itself, but rendered more remarkable by the circumstance that *he never made an appeal for money either in public or private!* According to his own account, when he had hundreds of children to feed he was often at a loss to know where the next meal was to come from; but he prayed with confidence, and the meal never failed.

There is still a great divergence of opinion in the popular mind concerning hypnotism: some regarding it as the greatest discovery of the century, others as a scourge which opens the door to every form of immorality and diabolical deceit. A learned French Dominican, Father Coconnier, has published an elaborate study of the ethical side of this subject; and his conclusions, summarized by the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, are not without interest, though they are not wholly new. They may be thus briefly condensed: the effects of hypnosis range

from ordinary hallucination to instantaneous hemorrhages; these phenomena may be explained naturally by the influence of the imagination over the body. Conscientious and skilled practitioners have cured disease, relieved pain, and overcome vicious tendencies by the use of hypnotism, which is legitimate when employed “for a reasonable motive, by reliable agents, under circumstances physically and morally safe.” Hypnosis is wholly explicable by natural means; hence its phenomena are essentially different from miracles. The service which experiments in hypnotic sleep were expected to render to psychology was absurdly overestimated, but practical medicine will gain much from them. We need only add to these statements that the temptation to indulge in hypnotic experiment for idle curiosity or parlor amusement is indefensible in morals, and has often been attended by the most serious results.

In a stimulating study of the career of Cardinal Beaton in *Blackwood's*, Mr. Andrew Lang disproves the charge of forgery against the Cardinal, and shows that his death was really compassed to revenge the punishment by him of the abbey-robbers. The ultra-Protestant party, as Mr. Lang shows, good-naturedly offered to take off the Cardinal “for a consideration,” as an acceptable service to religion. That the murderers actually had no qualms of conscience is perhaps best seen from the fact that immediately after the commission of the barbarous deed they retained possession of the castle, and provided for their spiritual and temporal wants by bringing with them two chaplains and a cook. Knox later became their chaplain. The Scottish “reformer” cuts a sorry figure in the story; his persecuting spirit and the vileness and virulence of his invectives meet with the strong condemnation which they so richly merit.

Even in its beginnings the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has shown earnestness and power. The work of the organization thus far has been of much consequence; and the papers read at the

second annual meeting last month were earnest, tactful and progressive. The statement of Judge McKinstry that "the great stumbling-block for non-Catholics is confusion as to the doctrine of papal infallibility" is peculiarly interesting to us, because we have met some odd proofs of it recently, both in life and literature. The other day a person of education defined it in our presence as "the doctrine that the Pope can do no wrong"; and in a new book entitled "Notes from my Log-Books," by the English Admiral, Sir John Hay, appears another curious definition of it. A Mr. Black, a former member of the British Parliament, just returned from a continental tour, was asked where he had spent his vacation. "I have been to Rome," said he, "and veeseted the Pope. He said to me: 'Mr. Black, I understand you are a member of the Scoatch Parliament.' Talk o' that man being infaullible!" It is to be feared that many non-Catholics share Mr. Black's idea of "infaullibility."

An earnest and capable educator, who has discovered that just one-half of the non-Catholic children of the United States attend Sunday-school, thus comments on the situation in the *Educational Review*:

The meaning of these figures is simply overwhelming. More than one-half of the children in this Christian land receive practically no religious instruction!—for but few parents who fail to send their children to Sunday-school are careful about the religious training of their children in the home. Even this feature does not show all of the truth. It seems to admit that the fifty per cent who attend Sunday-school are receiving proper religious instruction; but everyone knows that this can not be granted. With less than one hour's instruction per week, with irregular attendance, with lack of study on the part of the children, and with so many untrained teachers, is it any wonder that, even among those who attend Sunday-school, there is still woful ignorance of the Bible?

The days of the practice of evangelical poverty among the princes of the Church have not yet passed away. Mgr. Dusserre, the venerable Archbishop of Algiers, who died not long ago, left as his sole fortune three dollars and a few cents. The very bed

on which he breathed his last had been borrowed, the vestments in which he was buried belonged to another. In his heroic charity, he had literally stripped himself of even the necessaries of life to aid the poor. In return, the poor surrounded his bier night and day until the funeral took place, bewailing their loss, and offering for his eternal repose prayers that outweighed, we are sure, the most munificent fortune ever bequeathed by dying millionaire to more or less grateful heirs.

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 Settele, of the Diocese of Cleveland; the Rev. F. J. Donnelly, Diocese of Covington; the Rev. Conrad Roetter, Diocese of Peoria; the Rev. George Carr, O. P.; and the Rev. John V. Talley, C. M., who lately departed this life.

Mr. John Lumbard, who passed away on the 31st ult., at Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. Robert Keith, of Smithdale, Ark., whose happy death took place last month.

Miss Elizabeth J. Flynn, who yielded her soul to God on the 13th ult., at Fall River, Mass.

Mr. John W. Rogan, of Pocopson, Pa., who died on the 5th inst.

Mrs. George Staincliffe, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death some weeks ago, at Fall River, Mass.

Mr. Theodor Knapp, Mr. Joseph McDonald, and Mr. Hugh Loughlin, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Bridget Cronin, Glens Falls, N. Y.; John Rock, Rice's Landing, Pa.; Martin Shannon, Waynesburg, Pa.; Matthias Meighen, Jollytown, Pa.; Mrs. Maria Corbet, Clarksville, Pa.; Thomas Burke, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Timothy Maher, Mrs. Mary Kane, and Mr. John Brady, Philadelphia, Pa.; Antony Leonard, Scanton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. William Dorgan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Alice Nash, Valley Junction, Iowa; Mrs. Josephine Fagan, Casey, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Fagan, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Lewis H. Stay, Michael Farley, Daniel Quinn, Timothy Sullivan, John Murphy, Cornelius McAuley, J. A. Houston, James White, and Mrs. — Sullivan, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Denver, Colo.; Anna Farr, Peoria, Ill.; John Murphy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Michael Regan, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Mary Mague, Bridget Smith, John Carroll, Mrs. Mary McNamara, and Mr. David Nolan, Stuart, Iowa; also Mr. Edward Walsh, Decorah, Iowa.

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

Stepping lightly across the passage, she went swiftly up the stairway which led to the dormitories. There the coast seemed clear, and she began to ascend the attic stairs. Hurrying along, she soon reached Mary Teresa's bureau, in the top drawer of which she deposited the box. Her object accomplished, she returned to the study-hall as quickly as possible, took up her embroidery and began to work.

She did not see Mary Teresa again until recess time, when she came to the porch where Ida was sitting.

"I can not find my box, Ida," she said. "Where did you put it?"

"I!" exclaimed Ida. "I did not have your box. What are you talking about?"

The child looked at her in amazement.

"Don't you remember?—the pretty little rosewood box like yours? We were looking for the spring this morning and couldn't find any."

"You must be dreaming. You did not give it to me," said Ida. "I suppose you will find it where you left it. I don't know anything about it."

The little girl turned away, too great a lover of peace to argue with one whom she knew would adhere to her first statement no matter what might be said to the contrary. However, she was deeply concerned about her box, which contained her mother's letters. Finally, after vainly looking about the study-hall, where she thought Ida might have carelessly laid it down and forgotten where she had left it, she began to think that she had been mistaken and might perhaps have carried it back to the attic. Having obtained permission to go up, she found it in its accustomed place. Then she reflected that she could not have put it away, as the children were not allowed to go to the wardrobe room without permission, which she had not asked.

Ida's conduct became more inexplicable than ever. All her old indifference and aversion seemed to have returned. She no

longer smiled on Mary Teresa as she had done on that solitary evening.

One day, not long after this, Ida was sitting in the midst of a group of girls.

"Hilda," she said, addressing one of her companions, "some one said you were going to the city next week. Are you?"

"Perhaps," said Hilda. "It all depends on Uncle Frank. If he and Aunt Mary come this way—they are going to Baltimore,—he will send for me to meet them there. Why did you ask, Ida?"

"Because I wanted some bullion and spangles. I think I could trust you to get me some, if I give you a sample."

"Trust me!" exclaimed Hilda, who, knowing Ida's character, felt rather piqued at her words. Had they come from any of the other girls they would not have thus affected her.

"Oh, don't take offence now!" replied Ida. "I did not mean anything except that you would be able to select the right quality. Still, I don't think *everyone* in this academy can be trusted."

"You don't mean that any of the girls are dishonest, do you?" asked one.

"That is just what I mean," answered Ida. "It is the most mysterious thing. I haven't said anything about it before, but some one has been taking my bullion and spangles. I ought to have enough to last for a month yet, and I don't think I shall have any more than I can use this week."

"Perhaps you have lost some, Ida?" said Hilda Poer.

"Where could I have lost it, pray? I never take it out of the study-hall."

"Or spilled it?" said another of the girls, tersely. "It isn't a very pleasant thing to feel that perhaps there is a thief in the academy."

Ida looked cautiously about her; then, lowering her voice, she said:

"I don't like to accuse any one, girls; but I have a suspicion that, if it has been stolen, I could lay my hand on it this minute."

"Ida Lee! What are you saying?" cried Eugenia King. "I do not believe there is a single girl in the academy who would steal."

"No—unless, perhaps, among the little ones, you know," rejoined Ida. "Some one who admired the shine and glitter might have taken it."

"To put it—where?" asked Eugenia. "You know there is not a single trunk or bureau drawer in this house that is kept locked."

"There are boxes," replied Ida. "You have one yourself, and so have I."

"Those insignificant little boxes!" said Eugenia. "I never think of locking mine. And the little ones *never* come up here to our recreation-room, Ida."

"Oh, yes, they do! Some of the girls in the higher classes are not so *very* large."

"You mean some one in particular, then!" said Eugenia. "Why not come out at once and say who it is?"

"I shan't say another word," replied the other, "except this: my bullion and spangles have mysteriously disappeared."

At this juncture Mary Catherine Hull, accompanied by her two friends, drew near the group.

"What has mysteriously disappeared?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing!" answered Ida, to the surprise of her companions, who could not understand her sudden reticence.

"You can't think Mary Catherine is guilty!" exclaimed Fanny Winslow, a mischievous girl in the group.

"Guilty of what, Fanny?" inquired Mary Catherine.

"Ida declares that some one has been stealing her bullion," retorted the other.

"*Stealing* it!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "How can you say such a thing, Ida Lee?"

"Oh, I never thought of accusing *you*, anyhow!" replied Ida.

"No: you said it was one of the little ones," answered the irrepressible Fanny.

"Did you see her taking it, Ida?" asked Mary Catherine.

"No, I did not; but I have good reason for suspicion," returned Ida, fixing her glance on Mary Teresa, who stood by Mary Catherine's side.

The little girl colored violently, remembering the evening she had been asked by Ida to arrange her embroidery materials.

"I don't believe a single word of it," said Mary Catherine. "I think you imagined you had more than you really did have, and then got it into your head that some one had taken it. It would be well for you to bear in mind, Ida, *that no one has ever accused another of an action of which she was incapable herself.* And you know Sister Cecilia told us once that it was impossible for an honest person to form a rash judgment; that the accuser was more guilty than the accused, and was ever to be regarded with suspicion. Besides, no one could use the bullion without being found out."

"Thieves don't always stop to think when they are about to steal," said Ida. "The glitter of the gold might have attracted a little girl."

Once more she looked at Mary Teresa, who blushed, cast down her eyes, and, suddenly throwing her arms around Mary Ann's neck, burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

Ian Dhu's Snuff-Box.

The Scottish Highlanders are great tellers of tales. Quaint stories and legends and anecdotes are passed down from one generation to another, never losing their freshness or their interest. Many of these relate to the wonderful acts of the saints; for the ancient faith is yet strong in that wild country, whose people were so loyal to their religion in the old turbulent times. Indeed, the saints seem to these guileless and trustful folk almost like

dear friends, not afar off, but concerned in the daily happenings of existence. One of these stories, or legends, is called "St. Brandan and the Magic Snuff-Box." It is related to encourage the virtue of hospitality, and to illustrate the danger of refusing anything to the stranger within the gates.

Long ago the lord of a certain one of the Hebridean islands was a McDonald, and one of his tenants was a worthy man named Ian Dhu McGillaspick. That name was long enough, you will admit; but the name of his farm was longer yet—Carnmore-na-tubberbrandan; which, when translated into English, means "the big cairn of the well of St. Brandan."

One day Ian Dhu was going down to the shore to take his boat for a trip to the mainland, when he met a gentle, grayhaired man.

"I look for Ian Dhu McGillaspick," he said, with dignity.

"I am he," replied Ian.

"And I," answered the other, "am St. Brandan. Well pleased I am with the way you have kept my well. In testimony of this I will grant you a boon."

Then the stranger took from his girdle a handsome snuff-box made of oak, filled with the fascinating mixture so much prized by gentlemen of the olden time, and offered it to Ian Dhu.

"Pray accept this," he said; "and remember that as long as the lid remains hospitably open, it will continue full, no matter how many pinches are taken from it; but once close it in the presence of a guest, and it will be empty forever after." Saying this the good Saint disappeared.

Ian was overjoyed, and hastened down to the shore, where he treated all the fishermen and sailors to a portion of his treasure, without diminishing it in the least. The snuff seemed inexhaustible.

Other good fortune seemed to follow the visit of St. Brandan. Ian Dhu succeeded in everything he undertook, and

began to be looked upon almost as a laird. Prosperity appeared to have come with the snuff-box, and you may be sure that its lid was never closed.

Now, it happened after some years that a new McDonald came to be lord of the isles, and took a trip around them in order to become acquainted with his tenants, especially of so prominent a one as Ian Dhu McGillaspick.

Ian heard of his anticipated visit, and advanced to meet him, holding the open snuff-box in his outstretched hand. But he had done the wrong thing. In France, where this new and haughty chieftain had been reared, it was the custom to close a snuff-box when offering it to a superior; so this open box was to him an affront.

"What do you mean by this insult?" he cried to Ian Dhu, rushing forward and grasping the box, which he closed.

Ian tried to undo the mischief, but it was too late. When at last the box was opened again it was empty. St. Brandan's words had proved true. The closing of the box had done away with the generous reward for hospitality. But the lord of the isles did not understand.

"You have played a trick upon me!" he cried to Ian, whom he ordered to be bound hand and foot in front of his own door.

The unfortunate man had given up all hope of getting free again, for in those days insults were punished severely; but just then good St. Brandan appeared once more with cheer and comfort.

"Do not fear, Ian," he said. "It was not your fault that the lid was closed."

Then the Saint cut the cords which bound Ian Dhu, removed the gag from his mouth, and bade him go to the lord of the isles and tell him the whole story.

The McDonalds were fierce, but they were just; and when the chief heard the strange tale he began to inquire of others concerning the wonderful talisman, and ended by asking the pardon of his tenant.

He did more: he made ample reparation.

"Give me the snuff-box," he said to Ian. "It will teach me humility; and, beside that, it will be a precious relic of St. Brandan. And in return I shall take great pleasure in presenting to you, to be your own forever, all the lands for which you now pay rent."

So that was the way that Ian Dhu became a laird. To this very day his descendants live upon the land for which the snuff-box was bartered, and the fine estate still keeps the long Gaelic name of Carnmore-na-tubberbrandan.

Dogs that Work.

Last spring instructions were sent to our consuls in several European countries to give reports without delay as to the value of dogs as draught animals. Those of our young people who own a pet Towser or Fido may be astonished to learn that dogs are said to out-distance horses in long hauls, and to go with more speed. The distance from Ghent to Brussels is thirty-four miles. Four hours are usually allowed when horses are used; but a good team of dogs will go over the ground in three hours, and be as fresh, apparently, as when they started.

The loads which they haul are regulated by law, no dog being allowed to pull more than two hundred and twenty pounds. With that the animals can easily accomplish eleven miles an hour, and what ordinary horse could be expected to do better?

The average life of a working dog is nine years, and they cost only about twenty dollars apiece; so they are cheap in the end, especially when you consider that they put up very gladly with table scraps that nobody else would eat. Then they do not exact the luxury of a real stable, and their harness costs not more than two dollars for each dog.

There is another thing which Master Doggie will do that was never done by any horse that ever lived: after he has dragged the wagon the required distance, he will watch it and defend it if his master has business elsewhere.

These draught dogs are not only willing but anxious to work, and it is actual punishment for them to stay at home if their companions are employed. They seem to consider it all a fine frolic, yet are so intelligent that they never take advantage of their privileges. They never run away as horses do.

There is still another pleasant feature connected with the use of dogs for hauling loads. Although there are stringent rules concerning the treatment of the useful creatures, a master is very seldom arraigned for cruelty to them. They seem to inspire affection, and are indulged as much as possible. Each one has his own mat on which to lie when the wagon halts; his own blanket for a covering when the weather is severe; his snug little tent as a protection from the hot sun; and his water-pail is always seen hanging from the cart axle. In fact, he is a great pet, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals could find no possible fault with his treatment.

There is no especial kind of dog sought for by those who buy them as draught animals. The St. Bernard's are favorites; so are the Great Danes, the Newfoundland, the shepherd and the coach-dogs. But they are required by law to be at least twenty inches high at the shoulder.

It is singular that no investigation was made concerning the use of dogs in the far North, where, as in Greenland, they are almost exclusively employed. But governments have strange ways of doing things. Perhaps in the future we may hear from the Esquimaux and other people of the frozen regions about the habits and merits of their four-footed friends.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We could not but think of Miss Replier's, essay "Little Pharisees of Fiction," when we read "Bruno and Lucy," from the German of Wilhelm Herchenbach. The earnestness throughout and the lesson of trust in God's providence, however, save it from censure. The story belongs to the Granville Popular Library. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—"Bessie's Black Puddings, or the Bible Only," is the title of a well-written pamphlet published by the Catholic Truth Society and intended for general distribution among Protestants. Its object is to prove the falsity of the theory that the Bible by itself is a sufficient guide. There is no accounting for tastes, but we should like this *brochure* better if the tract society flavor were not quite so strong.

—The first number of *Enfant Terrible*, the alleged humorous quarterly published in New York, is on our table. We have read it with the utmost seriousness, and we venture to say that the report that James Jeffrey Roche has any intimate connection with it is utterly false. We have seen single issues of the *Pilot* which contained more genuine humor than there is likely to be in the whole first ten volumes of *Enfant Terrible*.

—Mr. Charles Hanson Towne has done much better work than what is presented to the public in a thin blue volume entitled "Ave Maria," and published by the Editor Publishing Co. Hence our disappointment. It would be greater, however, were it not for two exceptional quatrains, "The Mirror" and "The Assumption." The latter, which is, perhaps, the better of the two, runs:

No spot of earth was fair enough to keep
Thy virgin form that lay in death asleep.
Ah! heaven alone was fair enough for thee,
Thou miracle of heavenly purity.

—The lectures delivered by the Rev. John Mullany at the second session of the Catholic Winter School are now published as a tiny booklet entitled "Literature and the Church." Some of the literary lights of the century are examined from the view-point of Catholic

teaching, the avowed object of the author being "to show that literature, no matter how powerful, can never become a substitute for religion." The lectures are the fruit of considerable thought, and literary judgments and good advice abound. In so small a book such reiterated misprints as "Henry *Wordsworth* Longfellow" are unpardonable. The Azarias Reading Circle, Syracuse, N. Y.

—"The Advanced Music Reader" is the seventh book of the "Natural Course in Music Series," but it may be used independently. It includes songs, duets, trios, quartets, etc.; and charts which will be found helpful for rhythmic and chromatic practice in connection with the songs, the variety and quality of which are especially worthy of mention. American Book Co.

—From the Boston School Supply Co. we have received "Social Letters," a collection of letters intended as models to be read to the pupils in the higher grades of Catholic schools. No doubt many teachers will find this book useful in suggesting variety to their young charges who are prone to follow stereotyped forms in letter-writing efforts. As it is suggestive only, and not a series of letters to be copied, it is to be commended.

—"Flywheel Bob" is probably the best of the short stories collected into a volume under the title of "Rachel's Fate." (P. O'Shea.) The author is William Seton, who has done some notably good work in the more serious fields of literature. Fiction, however, demands a lighter hand and a more sprightly imagination than these stories betray; though they are not without interest, and there is endless diversity of plot. "Rachel's Fate" is welcome because so many productions of the kind are greatly inferior to it. Mr. Seton is capable of better work.

—One of the leading characters in "Quo Vadis" is Petronius, the literary dictator of the time of Nero. As a result of the public interest aroused by Sienkiewicz's book in the *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, Professor Harry Thurston Peck has translated Petronius' novel—little known even to readers familiar

with the Latin classics—entitled “Trimalchio’s Dinner.” Prof. Peck himself describes the work as the only surviving specimen of “the realistic novel of antiquity.” It is needless to say that the translation is well done.

—Mr. Charles O’Malley has evidently found his *metier*. He has the true editorial instinct, and the scope of the *Midland Review* offers him a splendid field for work. It is newsy, literary and modern. We wish it the success it deserves.

—“The Canadian Messenger Hymnal,” published at the Sacred Heart Offices, Montreal, Canada, will be valuable to directors of choirs, schools, and sodalities, as it comprises over one hundred hymns, with organ accompaniment, especially adapted for League meetings and devotions.

—“The Traveller’s Daily Companion,” among Benziger Brothers’ latest publications, is the smallest of the small prayer-books now on the market. Besides prayers for a journey, it contains devotions for night and morning, and a short method of hearing Mass.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

- Rachel’s Fate. *William Seton*. \$1.25.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Fallén*. 35 cts.
 Confession and Communion. 45 cts., net.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
- The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolica Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Canm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goebriand*. \$1.50.
 Hoffmann’s Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.
 Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr*. 50 cts.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.
 The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.
 Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.
 The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
 A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole*. \$1.25.
 Fairy Gold. *Christian Reid*. \$1.
 The Madcap Set at St. Anne’s. *Marion J. Brunowe*. 50 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 50 cts.
 Rituale Compendiosum. 75 cts.
 Carmel: Its History and Spirit. 55 cts.
 Tom’s Luck-Pot. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 50 cts.
 Tales of Good Fortune. Vols. I. and II. *Schmid-Jenkins*. 30 cts., each.
 Let Us Follow Him and Other Stories. *Author of “Quo Vadis.”* \$1.
 Blossoms of the Cross. *Emmy Giehrle*. \$1.25.
 Let Us Follow Him. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. 50 cts.



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

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Blinded.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

WHEN they were young he said to her,
"Your face is fair"; and she replied,
"And yours is like the April dawn."
"The spring lives in our hearts," they cried
When they were young.

Another time he softly spoke:
"Your face is fair." He did not know
That on her stately little head
There was a hint of coming snow.
And as she heard the welcome words
And raised her eyes to look at him,
How could she dream that she was fair
Only because his sight was dim?

"And yours is like the dawn," again
She said to him, quite unaware
Of deep'ning lines upon his cheeks
And thick'ning silver in his hair.
He caught the music of her words,
And listened with a glad surprise;
He could not see the pitying mist
That hid him from her tender eyes.

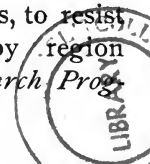
When they were old they haply met.
"God's grace has kept you fair," he cried.
"The dawn is shining in your face,"
She answered him. So young they died
When they were old.

As in music one continued discord
ruins the entire piece, so one continued
sin may ruin a man's whole life.

Progress in the Sunday-School.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

EFFICIENT training of children
in Christian doctrine is a question
of immediate importance, as com-
pared with the more burning subject
of Christian training in the common
school: for the reason that the question
lies wholly in territory undisputed and
our own; while the other matter interests
strong bodies of Protestants and sceptics,
who are determined to keep all Chris-
tianity out of common-school education
lest the Catholic doctrine should creep in.
It will be decades before our principles
get a chance in the State educational
departments. The progress of the Sunday-
school need not be delayed a moment. It
is our own fault if we have not made
proper use of this engine of popular
instruction, which has enjoyed for some
years a traditional influence among us.
In discussing its capacities now, I shall
confine myself to two points which com-
mand the ground of practical work—
namely, what we need in the matter of
Christian instruction for the many, and
what we can attain under the present
conditions. It is wiser, perhaps, at this
stage of Sunday-school progress, to resist
the attraction of that happy region
described recently in *The Church* (Pro-



ress,—the region in which shall one day flourish a complete and well-nigh perfect system of Christian instruction, with its text-books, army of teachers, fruitful methods, societies, conventions, and millions of students. Undoubtedly, it will be discovered before the end of the next century. At present its beautiful mirage alone comforts the eye of the traveller in the desert.

What measure of instruction is needed by the average Catholic of our country and time? The answer is to be found in a study of the conditions which surround the average American with regard to morality and doctrine. These conditions are not encouraging. A comparison of the present with the past of thirty years ago is apt to depress the hopeful. The number of "nothingarians" has increased remarkably—by whom is meant the millions that are without faith and practise no religion. Naturally, the number of the vicious has also increased; and knowledge of vice has spread in a fashion which only Mr. Andrew Comstock and the annals of his Society can adequately describe. It will be sufficient to say that the Catholics suffer from this invasion of morals, though not so badly as their non-Catholic brethren. I have had opportunities to observe the growth of vicious knowledge among the people of the farming districts, the villages, the towns and smaller cities, and of the American metropolis. It is simply appalling in any district, but is most terrifying in the larger cities. The crimes of ancient Greece and Rome, the nameless sins of the cities of Scripture, are discussed without shame in the shops and factories and in the streets. The advertisements of crime are printed in the daily journals. The very children can make acquaintance with these things, and often do; but the young workmen, and young men generally, can not escape this degrading knowledge, even if they would, after the age of eighteen.

Doctrinal error is rampant. That freakiness of human nature, which keeps the just man silent about true things and turns the preacher of error into a talking-machine, is at work doing mischief everywhere. The Ingersollite is never idle. The commonest brawler in the saloons discusses over his cups the foreknowledge of God and the free-will of man, in order to justify his own bad habits. Ingersoll's "mistakes of Moses" are topics of the factory and the street-corner. It is almost incredible how successfully error has insinuated itself, under the form of honest and useful discussion, into the households of the land as well as into the public places. The Catholic, with his precise and pugnacious beliefs, his ever-visible faith, and his open practice of his beliefs, is an inviting object of attack for the spouting infidels. Among the working-people, Protestantism hardly exists. They do not oppose the arguments of unbelievers with spirit, but discuss feebly or surrender promptly.

The average Catholic hotly resents attack upon his traditional beliefs. The varieties of error presented to him are bewildering, and it is not to be wondered at that he often imbibes much of the poison. The existence of God is denied or doubted because injustice is rampant in the world; the freedom of the will is denied because man must act according to God's foreknowledge; the divinity of Christ is doubted because the Bible is of doubtful authenticity; the authority of the Church is ridiculed because some popes and priests have proved recreant to their duties; the laws of purity and chastity are rejected because they contravene the impulses of nature; and so on through a long list of doctrines of faith and of morals.

The point I wish to make in this connection is that the discussion of these primary beliefs is pretty universal, so that the boys and girls of fifteen participate

in them. They are thrust upon the people everywhere—in stores, factories, hotels, schools, colleges, even on the streets. The journals give them prominence whenever a sensational preacher attacks received doctrines. With an experience of twenty years in studying the life of the common people, I am often amazed at the success of the modern journal in holding the interest of children on religious matters; as in the case where I found an average boy of thirteen deeply indignant at the attacks of a New York savage—savage in his ignorance and in its expression—upon Christian principles.

Most people will agree with me, I think, that the moral and doctrinal conditions in this country have deteriorated much in the past three decades. Temptations to error and immorality are more numerous, more seductive, more universal than at any time in our history; while the common conscience is deeply blunted to the enormity of sins against doctrine and decency. If these things be true—and I do not see how they can be disproved,—the answer to the question, What measure of instruction is needed by the average Catholic of our country and time? is not difficult. Before giving it, however, let me describe briefly what is considered the common standard of acquired knowledge in Christian doctrine for natives and residents of this country. It is to be found partly in the catechism sent forth from the last Plenary Council at Baltimore, and partly in the achievement of the average Sunday-school and the average parochial school.

The forty chapters of the catechism contain a doctrinal, moral and historical presentation of the Christian faith, which instructs an adult Catholic in the accepted truths of religion as far as such truths are necessary to salvation. Man's nature and man's destiny in time and eternity; his essential relations to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; his duties

toward God, neighbor, and self, are put forth plainly and intelligibly in the catechism. No youth of fifteen could have any difficulty in grasping the general theory of life and duty as it is presented in the catechism. Some notion is given of the history of man and of the life of Christ. Scripturally, too, a defence is provided against the attacks of the Protestant heresy upon sound doctrine. If we suppose that a devout Christian has mastered the catechism with the aid of teachers and his own meditations, and is daily practising what he has learned, it can safely be asserted that he has in his possession enough of the truth to fructify his earthly career.

The church-school and the Sunday-school are the natural fruit of efforts to provide the average Christian with that rich modicum of truth. The catechism is a skeleton upon which the Sunday-school puts flesh, muscle, color, and grace; the church-school goes farther, by filling the veins with blood, and (when Christ has breathed His life into the new body) by teaching the new-born the arts of eternal life. The experience of men has taught us that it is not sufficient to put a truth into a book: the living man must teach the truth to others and induce them to practise it. Men have always known the usefulness of sound training, but it remained for the United States to illustrate the principle to the extreme by its common-school system. The aim of the church-school has been to make intelligent Christians, who will practise their religion intelligently and induce others to do as much by their example and instruction. To this end the History of the Church has been made a text-book; such books as the Catechism of Perseverance have been introduced, graded catechisms have been employed where possible, and the practice of religion has been encouraged. In the Sunday-school the same standard has been set up to be attained

only by the few, because the Sunday-school has many limitations. As far as the mass of American Catholics is concerned, the aim and the achievement of the Sunday-school have been equal: to prepare the children for the Sacraments of Penance, Eucharist, and Confirmation, and to give them simple instruction in the larger catechism.

To sum up what has been said: the moral conditions of the country are worse than thirty years ago, and error of all kinds is rampant; the social current of the time is in favor of nothingarianism, which naturally breeds gross immorality and innumerable fantastic errors; and to meet these conditions on the intellectual side the average Catholic receives a training in the Sunday-school of the kind described above.

We are all agreed, I think, that in its practical result this training is insufficient from two points of view: whether we regard what a Catholic ought to know in order to lead a holy life, or what he must know in order to battle with the temptations of his position. What a Catholic ought to know is not to be got in a Sunday-school, church-school or college, taken singly. The home and the parent, the practice of his religion, his books, papers, and companions, his own meditations, and special graces from God, are all factors in the general result. What a Catholic must know in order to do battle with the temptations of his position in life can in part be provided by the Sunday-school.

But the average Sunday-school is not able to do the work as yet, as we all know only too well. A little inquiry among the young men and women of one's acquaintance, whether rich or poor, intellectual or commonplace, does not impress one with the excellence of the instruction communicated to them in the average school of Christian doctrine. It is not accurate and does not stick.

It leaves no impulse with the pupils to inquire further, for it has never excited any interest in its own subjects. The cleverest child can recite the catechism well at graduation, and the dullest can do nearly as much. The difference of knowledge between them is imperceptible. In five years their understanding of the catechism has become equal: both have forgotten all.

As a rule, for most children the study of their religion, no matter how favorable their position in life, ends with the fourteenth year. After that age, their knowledge becomes less and less with each year. I have met any number of well-educated Catholics who did not know the number of the Sacraments, or anything concerning their nature. In fact, they knew nothing beyond what was absolutely necessary for salvation, except in a hearsay fashion—knowledge picked up in conversation, listening to sermons, or reading accidental books. Curious to discover how far this deplorable ignorance could go in the case of well-brought-up children, I have often questioned them teasingly. It was surprising to find many ignorant of the Pope's name, unable to name the Founder of the Church, all at sea in the details of His Resurrection, and more than foggy on the details of their own at the last day. These were young gentlemen and ladies of eighteen. And yet the same persons were often able to propose objections to the faith, which had been warmly urged by non-Catholic companions.

It is unnecessary here to blame the Sunday-school for such results. The fault must be borne in part by others. The questions are, Can the Sunday-school be made to do better work for the average pupil, so as to diminish the number of the uninstructed? Can it be made a more efficient engine for the spread of Christian doctrine? Can it be so formed as to provide a willing Catholic with what he

must know in his present circumstances? We are now prepared to answer the question asked in the first paragraph as to what kind of instruction the average Catholic needs in this country.

The immorality of the time justifies itself before men by defending erroneous principles. These principles are presented to the average Christian under such specious expressions as the "necessity of nature"; the history of mankind is appealed to for proof of the universality of this necessity; and the victims are led to believe that sins of the flesh are of little or no malice. The commercial standard of honesty is defended on the ground that "they all do it,"—a phrase which is supposed to cover the iniquities of the great trusts, rapacious landlords, and unjust employers. Sins against the family and unborn children find their defence in the poverty of the sinners. It is evident that the study of the Commandments is the remedy in this matter,—a study which will include the utterances of Christ, the Apostles, and the great Doctors against these sins.

Again, the errors of the present time are directed more especially against the essentials of belief: the existence of God, His providence where His existence is admitted, the divinity of Christ, the authority of the Church, the accuracy of her doctrine, the immortality of the soul, and the eternal destiny of man. These errors are discussed by the least educated everywhere, so that the children catch the echo of argument and repeat it among themselves. Here the remedy is indicated by the facts: a very thorough study of the Creed, which will include an acquaintance with the life of Christ, the history of the Church, the growth of doctrine, and explicit descriptions of the state of man in eternity.

Finally, the hour has arrived when our people should be made able to act as missionaries in the spread of the Gospel,

and in fighting off error from their neighbors as from themselves. Non-Catholics of all classes are willing to learn our doctrines and methods, out of curiosity at least. Many are eagerly inquiring. From the majority of Catholics, I fear, they get little fruitful information. It is, therefore, essential that the classes of Christian doctrine take up the work of preparing their pupils for missionary labor among their own people, friends, relatives, and companions. This would mean only a thorough teaching of the catechism with the errors of the time always in view. It would certainly mean a change of method. Instead of asking the one question, Who founded the Church? and receiving the stereotyped answer, Jesus Christ, the child would be asked certain other questions after the manner of an objector, in order to prepare him for that discussion which he must one day take up among his companions. This is developing the child's wit in a very important matter; and how far he will carry it can be seen from the following incident, which happened to come under my own notice. The wit of our church-school was a lad of no particular promise intellectually. Encountering one day a Protestant chum, he held with him this pungent dialogue:

"What history do you study in your school?" asked the Protestant.

"The History of the Church."

"Much good that's going to do you in business! Suppose you had to pass an examination for the civil service or West Point or law or medicine, what use would you have for the History of the Church?"

"What history do you study in the public school?"

"The History of the United States."

"Well, when you come to pass your examination to get into the civil service of heaven, what use will you have for the History of the United States?"

The jeering tone of the aggressor was well punished by his own confusion at the laughter of the crowd of boys standing about.

I am aware that many persons, after reading this statement of what kind and measure of instruction we need for our people, will feel like saying that we have the exact quality and quantity already on hand. My statement seems to be a mere description of the catechism of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. I admit that it is nothing more; for that catechism, as can be seen by examination, was prepared with an eye on American circumstances. It provides, however, a course of instruction only in outline. It is a good map of the region which the Sunday-school must traverse. It is not even a text-book in the sense in which such books are now taken. It provides sign-posts for teachers, since it gives the essentials clearly. All this has been made plain by the appearance of primary catechisms throughout the country, which are adapted to the varying ages of the children. It will not be long until we have a graded series of catechisms covering the whole ground, and corresponding to the plan laid down in the authorized catechism. We must have it, for the aid and guidance of the teacher as well as for the children. The skeleton of the authorized catechism must be filled, padded, covered, and ornamented with flesh, muscle, blood, and the color of life; otherwise it will remain only a skeleton to the end.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THOU art called, O Maiden Mary!
 Holy flower of sweetest odor,
 Blossom from the root upspringing
 Of the prophets and the fathers.
 Like to Aaron's rod that blossomed,
 With no seed of man thou bearest,
 Maiden still, the Word Eternal.
 Wherefore, do we give thee glory,
 Hail thee as the Theotokos.
 Pray thy Son to give us pardon.

—From the *Coptic*.

The Adopted Son.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

MRS. LESTER sat alone in her brother-in-law's well-furnished, comfortable drawing-room in Hartley Street. She was a fair, well-preserved woman of perhaps five and forty years of age, with gentle manners and quick, nervous movements. Suddenly she rose from her seat by the fire and passed to the window. Outside the March sun was shining brightly, and Mrs. Lester smiled.

"It is really a perfect morning for travelling, and Alice is so susceptible to weather influence," Mrs. Lester said, half aloud. Two months before she had been summoned from her home in the Midlands to what she feared would be her sister's death-bed; but good nursing and the best of medical skill had carried Mrs. Wilton through a dangerous illness, and that morning Dr. Wilton and his wife had started for the south of France. Mrs. Lester had remained on in her sister's house to arrange some domestic matters. It was settled that her husband should arrive in London the next day in order to escort her home.

"How glad I shall be to turn my back on London!" Mrs. Lester said, as she gazed downward at the flickering sunshine, and thought how the woods around Lester Court were already wearing the emerald tints of spring. The daffodils were tossing their yellow heads above the turf in the park, she knew, and the violets scenting the breeze. "I wish Harry would spend his leave at home!" Mrs. Lester sighed, as she drew from her pocket a letter that had been read more than once or twice already. "He never spends more than a day or two at the Court now."

Mrs. Lester adjusted her gold-rimmed spectacles, and read the letter through, as

if she would discover a hidden meaning in the few hastily scrawled lines. It ran thus:

DEAR MOTHER:—My appeal to the "governor" for money has been met with a niggardly advance, as usual. Can you not supplement it? I know my father is generous enough to all but me, and a fellow can't live on the regimental pay. Why, Sangster, with whom I am to spend my leave, receives a good five hundred a year from home, and manages to be hard up. Send a bank draft for all you can possibly spare by return mail. I may be able to get down to the Court for a day or two perhaps. Give my love to Aunt Alice. I hope she is still getting on. Remember, all the cash you can, mother!

Your affectionate son,

HARRY LESTER.

Mrs. Lester sighed again as she folded the letter. Henry Lester had undoubtedly been somewhat spoiled, as an only child is apt to be. During the boy's school and college course he had certainly been extravagant; but it was not until he had cut the latter short and entered a dragoon regiment that Mr. Lester grumbled. He was not, as his son's letter implied, a niggard by any means; but Harry's frequent appeals for money were not so readily acceded to as formerly, and the young man had been in the habit of applying to his mother for some time back.

Mrs. Lester took a purse from her pocket as she replaced the letter. It contained some forty pounds in notes and gold. She had laid both on a table by her side, and was in the act of summoning a servant to procure a bank draft for her, when a knock came to the door. Mrs. Lester moved to her seat by the fire as she said: "Come in!—Oh! is it you, Mary dear?" she continued, pleasantly, as a tall, dark-featured woman of about thirty years of age entered the room. "And how did you leave your poor sister?"

Mary Neale had been released for a few days from her duties as housemaid, that

she might attend to an ailing sister. She stopped to steady her voice before she answered:

"My sister is dead, ma'am. She was buried yesterday."

"Oh, I am so sorry to hear it, Mary! Do sit down."

Mrs. Lester indicated a chair, and Mary took it with a grateful word of thanks. Mrs. Lester had been a favorite with the servants in Hartley Street.

"Her death was sudden," Mary said a few moments later. "But, thank God, the priest was there!"

"Yes?"

Mrs. Lester had a vague dislike for all priests.

"And he was kind—as kind as if he had been an Irish priest," Mary went on. In her few years of residence in London she had mostly met with priests from Ireland.

"Well, I suppose you are ready for your work again?" Mrs. Lester observed. "Your master and mistress left this morning, but it is arranged that the servants are to remain in the house. Dr. Wilton expects to return by the end of May."

Mary looked confused.

"I hope it won't be any inconvenience, ma'am, but I'm afraid I can't stay much longer. The children, you know, are to be looked after."

"The children! Oh, yes! Your sister left children," Mrs. Lester said. "Now I remember you spoke of them."

"There are two."

"Poor little things! And the father is dead too?"

"Katie's husband died six months ago. He was a good, sober man; and Katie and he got on well till his illness came. Then the little they had saved was spent."

"And what do you intend doing with the children, Mary?" Mrs. Lester asked. "Most likely you will put them in an orphan asylum," she continued, replying to her own question.

"No," Mary answered, with something of her country-people's dislike of institutions of the sort showing in her plain, sensible face. "Oh, no! I promised Katie I would look after the two; though one of them—the boy—is neither kith nor kin of mine."

"Oh!"

"No," Mary explained. "You see, Katie took in lodgers in the first years after her marriage, and the boy's mother was one of them. She died at his birth. Katie thought a lot of her; she was so young and pretty and friendless; and when the mother was dying, Katie—she always had a kind heart, God rest her!—said she'd keep the child as her own."

"Indeed, that proved she had a kind heart," Mrs. Lester said. "And did her husband approve of the arrangement?"

"'Deed then he did. And very fond of the child he was, too—just as fond as he was of his own little girl, who was born soon after."

"Do you mean to remain in your sister's house?" Mrs. Lester questioned, when Mary had been assured that the fact of her leaving would not at all inconvenience Mrs. Wilton.

"No—oh, no!" Mary said. "I couldn't make the rent by taking lodgers, and the children are too young to be left alone; so I couldn't go out charing, as I at first thought of."

"And what will you do, pray?"

"I think I'll go back to Ireland," Mary answered, and sighed.

"But have you any prospects there?"

"Well"—Mary hesitated a minute. "You see, ma'am, it is this way: the bit of land on which we—Katie and I—were reared, is vacant. I got a letter from a cousin to say that the landlord would take me for a tenant if I could pay some debt that's against the farm."

"Is it a large sum?" Mrs. Lester asked.

"It is large to me," Mary replied. "Twenty pounds."

There was silence for a few minutes. Mrs. Lester scarcely liked to ask Mary if she had not that sum saved. She knew she had lived with her sister as housemaid for almost two years, and she had heard Mrs. Wilton remark that Mary was very economical in every way. It was the latter who spoke first.

"I had a little saved," Mary said, half unwillingly; "but during Katie's illness there were many things needed, and—" she stopped.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course!" Mrs. Lester said, hastily.

"But I think I'll go to Ireland in any case. I'll try to keep the children with me. It was Katie's last wish that I should do so," Mary said. "To be sure I'd like to get the place I was born in; but if I can't, God will put something in my way."

"Oh, certainly!" Mrs. Lester agreed, with a sudden glance toward the table where the notes and gold lay.

Mary rose to her feet.

"They"—Mary indicated the servants' quarters by a nod of her head—"tell me the mistress looked well when she started. I hope she nor you, ma'am, were not inconvenienced by my absence."

"Not at all."

Mrs. Lester's thoughts were busy. Twenty of the sovereigns that lay in a shining heap on the table would help poor Mary immensely. She had liked and trusted the cheerful, good-natured Irish girl; and the fact that she was ready to work not only for her sister's child but for the child of a stranger also touched her greatly. Then she thought of Harry's letter. He was doubtless "hard up," as he often said, for money, and she knew that Mr. Lester had resolved of late to be less generous toward his son. Rumors of high play between Harry and his companions had come to his ears.

Mary had almost reached the door when the lady spoke her name.

"Yes, ma'am?" the servant answered.

"You are not leaving immediately?"

Mrs. Lester asked.

"No, no. There's a kind neighbor of Katie's who has taken the children in for a few nights."

"Then would you take this"—Mrs. Lester had moved toward the table where the notes and gold lay—"to the nearest bank and get me a draft payable to—but wait: I shall write the name and amount. And, Mary," Mrs. Lester continued quickly, "here are twenty pounds. You can secure the farm you speak of."

Mary did not answer at once.

"What, ma'am! Twenty pounds for me, is it? I don't understand!" she at length exclaimed.

"Well, I have twenty pounds to spare, and I think I could not use them better than in establishing you and the children in a home of your own. Now, Mary, there must be no tears," Mrs. Lester added; for the ready tears were running down Mary's cheeks.

"God bless you, ma'am, and reward you!" the girl said. "And 'tis few would do the like for their sister's housemaid."

Mrs. Lester tried to laugh.

"Nonsense, Mary!"

"Sure you don't know what good you have done, ma'am. The doctor said the little lad would never live to be a man in London—nor any big city, for that matter. Fresh air and plenty of milk, he said, would help him greatly."

"I hope he may grow up to reward you for your devotion, Mary."

"I'm sure he will, ma'am. He's the smartest little lad you ever laid eyes on. 'Deed I'm not denying that I'm fonder of Harry, stranger and all as he is, than of Katie's little girl."

Some further words were exchanged between the pair. On the following day Mrs. Lester departed for her home; and a week later Mary Neale, with the two children in her care, started for Ireland.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

But Caesar.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

"WE have no king but Cæsar!" rang the cry

From those whose King He was, the Prince of Peace;

The cruel words pierced to His Sacred Heart:
It broke and gave His tortured soul release.

Alas! have we no guilt as well as they?

Our 'Cæsar' is the world or self or greed;
The sins of others pierced His Heart, but we
Add each our measure to the awful deed.

An Old-World City.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.

THE traveller from the United States who lands in England at Southampton finds a special train waiting to convey him to London, and as a rule he takes advantage of it to hurry on at once to what he regards as the end of the first stage in his European tour. Soon after leaving Southampton, the express whirls him past Winchester. There is just a glimpse of the little city built in the narrow valley by which the river Itchen flows down to the sea. The heavy square tower and long roof of the cathedral rise above all the other buildings. It is one of the longest cathedral roofs in the world. And this great church is one of the richest in all Europe in historic memories. St. Swithin and St. Ethelwold, Wykeham and Waynefete, were among its bishops. Its royal associations are older even than those of Westminster; for the bones of famous Saxon kings of Wessex and of England, and of the Danish sovereigns of the line of Sweyn rest under the vaulted roof of its choir. Winchester once disputed with London the position of

capital of England. It was the city of Alfred the Great and of Canute, and a favorite residence of the Norman kings. To Catholics its later memories are of special interest; for we may say that the "Second Spring" of Catholicity in England began about a hundred years ago at Winchester. So let me strongly urge any visitor to England from the United States, who comes by the American or the North German Line, to note Winchester, only twelve miles from the landing-place at Southampton, as an Old-World city well worth seeing.

The position of the place gives us the key to its early importance. From the shores of the deep inlet of Southampton Water, the level ground extends inland for rather more than ten miles. Then the land rises rapidly to the mass of low, round-topped hills and extensive upland plateaux known as the South Downs. This line of chalky highlands follows the southeastern coast of England till it meets the sea in the white cliffs of Dover. Small rivers draining the upland have cut deep and narrow valleys through the great barrier; and up one of these valleys—that of the Itchen—lies the natural road from Southampton Water to the interior of the country.

In the early days, when the Downs were covered with a thick forest, the valley would be even more important than it is at present as a means of access to the inner land. The point where it opens on the plain would, therefore, be likely to be the site of a fortified town from a very early date. Accordingly, we find that more than eighteen hundred years ago there was an ancient British settlement at Winchester. It was not exactly on the site of the present city, but just outside it; and its outline may still be traced on a remarkable hill that forms the eastern bastion of the Downs and rises sharply from the river-bank. The green summit of the hill is encircled

with an ancient grass-grown rampart that lies upon the slopes like a giant necklace. Once, no doubt, it was topped with a palisade, and within were the huts of the tribe which held it. Their grave mounds dot the upland. All other trace of them is gone. This green rampart is all that is left of *Caer-Gwent*—"the white fortress," or "fortress of the white chalk down," as we may freely translate its traditional British name.

The name partly survives in that of Winchester. When the Romans had taken *Caer-Gwent*, they built, close by, their four-sided military station, or permanent camp, closing the entrance of the valley; and they called it *Venta* (a softened form of "Gwent") *Belgarum*, "the white city of the Belgæ, or southern Britons." For centuries the four walls of Winchester marked where the Roman rampart stood, and the Saxon name is *Gwent-chester*, modified in time to Winchester. In the days of the Heptarchy it was the capital of Wessex, the West Saxon land; and thither in the seventh century came the monk Birinus, sent by Pope St. Gregory the Great to do the same work that the monk Augustine was doing in the neighboring kingdom of Kent. St. Birinus converted King Cynegils of Wessex and his people, and built—or it may be rebuilt—a Christian church on the spot where the great cathedral now stands. It seems not unlikely that there was an earlier Christian church on the same site, dating from Roman days. In the cathedral crypt the visitor is shown a remarkable well recently discovered, which is believed to have been the baptistry of this early Christian church, and to have served the same purpose in the newer Church of St. Birinus.

It was when Egbert of Wessex made himself King of all England that the great days of Winchester began. As a prince, Egbert had resided at the court of Charlemagne. On a smaller scale he

worked out in Britain Charlemagne's policy of empire-making, and even styled himself "Emperor of the English." His successor, Ethelwulf, held Wessex and Southern England against the pagan Danes, with the Bishop St. Swithin as his right-hand man. It was on the altar of the old Saxon cathedral that King Ethelwulf, with Bishop Swithin standing by, laid the document by which he granted the tenth part of all his lands to the Church—"for God's praise and his own eternal salvation." This royal charter, drawn up and signed ten hundred and forty-two years ago, is now among the manuscript treasures of the British Museum. His son Alfred was Swithin's pupil, and the lad was taken to Rome by his father, King Ethelwulf; and, boy as he was, the Pope, Leo IV., anointed him "King of the English." This was the pilgrimage which led to the establishment of Peter's Pence as an annual levy in England—all which does not prevent certain wiseacres asserting that the English Church of those old Saxon days enjoyed a Protestant independence of Rome.

When Swithin lay on his death-bed he asked, in his humility, that his body might not be entombed in the cathedral, but buried in the churchyard outside it, 'where the rain might fall upon his grave.' Perhaps it is to this expression of his that we owe the popular English belief that makes a forecast of the weather for forty days to come depend upon the sunshine or rain on St. Swithin's Day.

The Saint's pupil, Alfred, was the greatest of the Saxon kings. When the long Danish war was ended by the peace of Wedmore, he set himself to make Winchester a centre of light and learning for his kingdom. Thither came monks and teachers from the Continent and elsewhere. For years builders were at work erecting a new monastery—long known as the "New Minster"—beside the cathedral; also, farther south, near the city

wall, the convent and church known as the "Nuns' Minster." There was no building stone to be found on the chalk downs round the city, so every block for these buildings had to be quarried in the Isle of Wight or in the promontory of Portland, and brought in barges up Southampton Water and along the river.

In the monasteries and the royal palace the writing and copying of books went on day by day; for Alfred was founding the literature of the English tongue. Not the least of the works thus begun was the Saxon Chronicle. For many years it was written by the King's own hand, and at his death the work was bequeathed to the monks of Winchester, and by them it was faithfully continued for centuries. Soldier and statesman, scholar, lawgiver and historian, Alfred may well claim his title of "the Great."

The next figures in the history of the cathedral are the Bishop St. Ethelwold (963-984), and the monk of Winchester, St. Dunstan, who, first as the friend and right-hand man of Ethelwold, and then as Archbishop of Canterbury, was the chief reformer of the abuses that had crept into the Saxon Church during the stormy period of the Danish wars. Ethelwold had founded the monasteries of Peterborough and Ely before he came to Winchester, and he rebuilt the cathedral on a larger scale. Wulfstan, a monk of Winchester, has left a Latin poem describing the glories of the new church. To quote Dean Kitchin's summary of Wulfstan's quaint description:

"So many the chapels, so intricate the passages, so numerous the columns, that a man might easily be lost in it; it was crowned also with a mighty tower, with pinnacles and bells of burnished gold, and a weather-cock which caught the morning sun and filled with amazement the traveller coming down the hill into the city. In the background of one of the illuminations of the *Benedictionary*,

of St. Ethelwold, we have a contemporary drawing of this tower. It stood four-square, in two stories. The picture indicates the columns and capitals on which it is built; inside hang four bells, and a small bell appears in the upper story; it is roofed with red tiles; above all is the great wonder of the edifice, the golden weather-cock, 'lording it over the city.' 'Up there he stands aloft, over the heads of the men of Winchester, and up in mid-air seems nobly to rule the western world.' In the claw is the sceptre of command; and, like the all-vigilant eye of the ruler, it turns every way. Still more wonderful than church or tower was the pair of organs. Such instruments were indeed no novelty in the tenth century; but these were of tremendous size and power. Twelve bellows above, fourteen below, seventy strong men as blowers—working like galley-slaves in full swing, with toil and sweat, and noise of shouting as they cheered one another,—filled the wind-chest, which was connected with no fewer than four hundred pipes. Below, at two key-boards, sat two brethren 'in unity of spirit,' 'ruling each his own alphabet'; for on every key was cut or painted a letter indicating the note; and when the players, doubtless with clenched fists, struck down the keys, forth issued seven jubilant notes, with the 'lyric semitone' as well. 'Like thunder,' says the poet, 'their iron voice assaults the ears and drives out every other sound. Nay, so swells the sound that as you hear you must clap hands to your ears, unable, as you draw near, to abide the brazen bellowing. All through the city the melody can be heard [there was no glass in any window]; and the fame and the echo of it spread through all the land.'**

When the new cathedral was finished,

* "Historic Cities—Winchester." By Dean Kitchin. The Dean observes: "The 'Tropary of Ethelred,' a MS. compiled for use with this very organ, gives us, in the musical notation of the

St. Swithin's body was exhumed from his grave in the grassy churchyard and transferred with great pomp to a costly shrine behind the high altar. The Saint was already famous as a worker of miracles, and for six centuries his new shrine was a place of pilgrimage. The records of Winchester tell of many wonders wrought there, until Henry VIII. put a stop to the pilgrimage by plundering the shrine and scattering the relics of the sainted Saxon Bishop.

Under the Danish kings, Winchester might almost be called the capital not of England only, but of a northern empire that included Denmark and Norway. It was Canute's favorite place of abode, and he was one of the benefactors of the cathedral. After the famous scene at Southampton where he showed his court the folly of the flatterers who told him he could command the sea, he returned to Winchester, and hung his golden crown above the head of the crucifix at the high altar, declaring that he would never wear it again. There it hung till the plunderers of Reformation days added it to the "loot" collected at Winchester.

One more striking scene and we have done with the record of St. Swithin's Cathedral in Saxon days. It was at Winchester that St. Edward the Confessor was elected King of England, on the death of Hardicanute. He was crowned in the cathedral by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in the midst of a splendid assembly that included ambassadors from the German Emperor and the King of Norway. Goodwin, Earl of Wessex, the most powerful of the Saxon nobles, made the King a present of a magnificent ship, hung with tapestries, shining with gold ornaments, and manned by no less than two hundred rowers. The annalist tells

period, the actual cadences and tones used in the services of St. Swithin's in the tenth century." This MS., a work of the highest interest for musicians and ecclesiologists, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.'

how she was moored on the river hard by the cathedral. There is no place on the Itchen near Winchester now where such a boat could be moored. Nor has it been possible for some centuries. This shows how the river must have become silted up. If Winchester had possessed a permanently navigable access to the sea, like that which the Thames supplies to London, it would doubtless have been to this day the capital of England and of the British Empire.

William the Norman was content to make it the place where he held his court. It was easy to cross by Southampton to Havre and Rouen when he wished to visit his duchy; so he built himself a palace on the High Street, near the cathedral. Every stone of the palace is gone, but there is a curious trace of it still to be seen at Winchester. As the tourist goes down the long High Street on his way from the railway station to the cathedral, he sees on the right a graceful Gothic market-cross, a pinnacle of open-work tracery, with here and there a statue in its niche. In the last century—a century of Vandals in all that related to art and antiquity—the city council would have sold it for road-mending material, were it not for the timely protests of some of the citizens. I have noted the cross in the High Street chiefly as a landmark. Just behind it an archway leads under the projecting upper stories of the old houses into the cathedral close. On the left of this archway a Gothic doorway gives admission to a little church known as St. Laurence's. This edifice marks the place where once stood the chapel of the Conqueror's palace. To this day the Protestant bishop of Winchester pays a visit to St. Laurence's before he takes possession of the cathedral. It is a long survival of the Norman custom by which the bishop before entering the cathedral went to the King's palace to be invested with the temporal property of his see,—

a custom that led to more than one stormy struggle between bishops and princes when the latter tried to strain their temporal authority to the point of dealing with spiritual things.

Walkelin, first of the Norman bishops, was a mighty builder. He set to work to reconstruct his cathedral on a still grander scale than Ethelwold had ventured upon. The cathedral as it stands today is one of the longest churches in the world. Walkelin made it forty feet longer than it now is; Bishop Edyngton, when he erected his new west front in the fourteenth century, cut off these forty feet from the nave. Walkelin's building was in the purest Norman style,—thick walls, massive round pillars, semicircular arches, the open arcade of the clerestory, forming a second line of smaller arches above the long arcade of the nave. In the apse behind the high altar there were small windows with rounded tops. Outside this apse, in which stood the shrine of St. Swithin, was the Lady chapel. At both ends of the building rose a pair of square turrets, ornamented with arcades of small columns and arches let into the wall; and there was a low, heavy, square tower at the intersection of nave and transepts. In the main, the cathedral as it stands now is Walkelin's work. We can get some idea of its original appearance if we visit the transepts. Mark well the massive columns, almost devoid of ornament, and the round arches above; the whole looking as if it were built to stand forever. Nor is there any reason why, unless earthquake or deliberate destruction by human agency should intervene, these vast arcades and huge walls should not be standing when the last day dawns upon the world.

But even the aspect of the transept has been changed by substituting windows of a later date for the smaller openings left in the walls by the Norman builders. In the later Gothic styles the large window,

filled with colored glass and delicate stone tracery, was a leading feature. And as the walls were cut away to make room for these huge windows, the buttresses outside were made larger to take up the strain put on the weakened wall by the vaulted roof. The Norman cathedral builder planned his church as he planned his castle—with walls that needed not outer support, and with small windows. The later builders of the decorated and perpendicular periods revelled in the wide expanse of traceried window, and made their walls strong with beautiful buttresses, ending in lofty pinnacles.

Let us leave Walkelin's transept and take a look at the nave. It is one of the strangest bits of Gothic architectural work to be found in the whole world. Look at the fluted columns, each a mass of slender, clustered shafts; the pointed arches above; the same arch repeated in the openings of the clerestory. If you know anything of architecture, you will say at once it is fourteenth-century work,—a good example of the perpendicular style. And so it is; still, for all that, you are looking down Bishop Walkelin's Norman nave, but pillars and arcades have been disguised or transformed by a later hand.

Three centuries after the Norman Conquest there was another "mighty builder" bishop of Winchester, in the person of William of Wykeham, the architect of Windsor Castle and of many other famous buildings. As a rule, when a bishop of those days wanted to bring his cathedral up to date in the latest architectural fashion, he pulled down nave or transept or choir, and rebuilt it in the new style from the foundations. But Wykeham took another course—a course possible only for an architect of consummate skill and the highest artistic taste. He encased the old Norman pillars in clustered shafts, sometimes cutting away part of the original stone to make room for the newer work. He threw from pillar to pillar a line of

pointed arches below the old round-topped arches of Walkelin; and, leaving these to support the upper wall and roof, he hid them by a beautiful clerestory gallery—a line of small pillars and arches running the whole length of the nave above the level of the main arches. It would have been easy to make all this result in a piece of ugly and ungraceful patchwork. But unless one knew the story one would think at first sight that the nave, as we see it now, had been built originally from a late Gothic plan. Yet go up to the clerestory, and the verger will show you how Walkelin's massive Norman work has been hidden away and masked by the light and graceful architecture of Wykeham's day. It is, I believe, a unique example of a cathedral thus transformed.

(Conclusion in our next number.)



North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—JUNEAU,

SITKA, the capital of Alaska, sleeps save when she is awakened for a day or two by the arrival of a steamer-load of tourists. Fort Wrangell, the premature offspring of a gold rumor, died; but rose again from the dead when the lust of gold turned the human tide toward the Klondike. Juneau, the metropolis, was the only settlement that showed any signs of vigor before the Klondike day; and she lived a not over-lively village life on the strength of the mines on Douglas Island, across the narrow straits. There were seabirds skimming the water as we threaded the labyrinthine channels that surround Juneau. We were evidently not very far from the coast-line; for the gulls were only occasional visitors on the Alaskan cruise,

though the eagles we had always with us. They soared aloft among the pines that crowned the mountain heights; they glossed their wings in the spray of the sky-tipped waterfalls, and looked down upon us from serene summits with the unwinking eye of scorn. It is delightful sailing all about Juneau. Superb heights, snow-capped in many cases, forest-clad in all, and with cloud belts and sunshine mingling in the crystalline atmosphere, form a glorious picture, which, oddly enough, one does not view with amazement and delight, but in the very midst of which, and a very part of which, he is; and the proud consciousness of this marks one of the happiest moments of his life.

Steaming into a lagoon where its mountain walls are so high it seemed like a watery way in some prodigious Venice; steaming in, stealing in like a wraith, we were shortly saluted by the miners on Douglas Island, who are, perhaps, the most persistent and least harmful of the dynamiters. It was not long before we began to get used to the batteries that are touched off every few minutes, night and day; but how strange to find in that wild solitude a 120-stamp mill, electric lights, and all the modern nuisances! Never was there a greater contrast than the one presented at Douglas Island. The lagoon, with its deep, dark waters, still as a dead river, yet mirroring the sea-bird's wing; a strip of beach; just above it rows of cabins and tents that at once suggest the mining camps of early California days; then the rather handsome quarters of the directors; and then the huge mill, admirably constructed and set so snugly among the quarries that it seems almost a part of the ore mountain itself; beyond that the great forest, with its eagles and big game; and the everlasting snow peaks overtopping all, as they lose themselves in the fairest of summer skies. Small boats ply to and fro between Douglas Island

and Juneau, a mile or more up the inlet on the opposite shore. These ferries are paddled leisurely, and only the explosive element at Douglas Island gives token of the activity that prevails at Gastineaux Channel.

Soon, weary of the racket on Douglas Island, and expecting to inspect the mine later on, we returned across the water and made fast to the dock in the lower end of Juneau. This settlement has seen a good deal of experience for a young one. It was first known as Pilsbury; then some humorist dubbed it Fliptown. Later it was called Rockwell and Harrisburg; and finally Juneau, the name it still bears with more or less dignity. The customary Indian village hangs upon the borders of the town; in fact, the two wings of the settlement are aboriginal; but the copper-skin seems not particularly interested in the progress of civilization, further than the occasional chance it affords him of turning an honest penny in the disposal of his wares.

No sooner was the gang-plank out than we all made a rush for the trading stores in search of curios. The faculty of acquisitiveness grows with what it feeds on; and before the Alaskan tour is over, it almost amounts to a mania among the excursionists. You should have seen us—men, women and children—hurrying along the beach toward the heart of Juneau, where we saw flags flying from the staves that stood by the trading-stores. It was no easy task to distance a competitor in those great thoroughfares. Juneau has an annual rainfall of nine feet; the streets are guttered: indeed the streets are gutters in some cases. I know of at least one little bridge that carries the pedestrian from one sidewalk to another, over the muddy road below. I was headed off on my way to the N. W. T. Co.'s warehouse, and sat me down on a stump to write till the rush on bric-a-brac was over. Meanwhile I noticed the shake

shanties, and the pioneers who hung about them, with their long legs crooked under rush chairs in the diminutive verandas.

Indian belles were out in full feather. Some had their faces covered with a thick coating of soot and oil; the rims of the eyelids, the tip of the nose and the inner portions of the lips showing in striking contrast to the hideous mask, which they are said to wear in order to preserve their complexion. They look for the most part like black-faced monkeys, and appear in this guise a great portion of the time in order to dazzle the town, after a scrubbing, with skins as fair and sleek as soft-soap. Even some of the sterner sex are constrained to resort to art in the hope of heightening their manly beauty; but these are, of course, Alaskan dudes, and as such are doubtless pardonable.

There is a bath-house in Juneau and a barber-shop. They did a big business on our arrival. There are many billiard halls, where prohibited drinks are more or less surreptitiously obtained. A dance-hall stands uninvitingly open to the street. At the doorway, as we passed it, was posted a hand-lettered placard announcing that the ladies of Juneau would on the evening in question give a grand ball in honor of the passengers of the *Ancon*. Tickets, 50 cents.

It began to drizzle. We dodged under the narrow awnings of the shops, and bargained blindly in the most unmusical lingos. Within were to be had stores of toy canoes—graceful little things hewn after the Haida model, with prows and sides painted in strange hieroglyphics; paddles were there—life-size, so to speak,—gorgeously dyed, and just the things for hall decorations; also dishes of carved wood of quaint pattern, and some of them quite ancient, were to be had at very moderate prices; pipes and pipe-bowls of the weirdest description; halibut fish-hooks, looking like anything at all but fish-hooks; Shaman rattles, grotesque

in design; Thlinket baskets, beautifully plaited and stained with subdued dyes—the most popular of souvenirs; spoons with bone bowls and handles carved from the horns of the mountain goat or musk-ox; even the big horn-spoon itself was no doubt made by these ingenious people; Indian masks of wood, inlaid with abalone shells, bears' teeth, or lucky stones from the head of the catfish; Indian wampum; deer-skin sacks filled with the smooth, pencil-shaped sticks with which the native "sport" passes the hours away in games of chance; bangles without end, and rings of the clumsiest description hammered out of silver coin; bows and arrows; doll papooses, totem poles in miniature. There were garments made of fish-skins and bird-skins, smelling of oil and semi-transparent, as if saturated with it; and half-musical instruments, or implements, made of twigs strung full of the beaks of birds that clattered with a weird, unearthly Alaskan clatter.

There were little graven images, a few of them looking somewhat idolatrous; and heaps upon heaps of nameless and shapeless odds and ends that boasted more or less beadwork in the line of ornamentation; but all chiefly noticeable for the lack of taste displayed, both in design and the combination of color. The Chilkat blanket is an exception to the Alaskan Indian rule. It is a handsome bit of embroidery, of significant though mysterious design; rich in color, and with a deep, knotted fringe on the lower edge—just the thing for a lambrequin, and to be had in Juneau for \$40, which is only \$15 more than is asked for the same article in Portland, Oregon, as some of us discovered to our cost. There were quantities of skins miserably cured, impregnating the air with vilest odors; and these were waved at you and wafted after you at every step. In the forest which suddenly terminates at the edge of the town there is game worth hunting.

The whistler, reindeer, mountain sheep and goat, ermine, musk-rat, marmot, wolf and bear, are tracked and trapped by the red-man; but I doubt if the foot of the white-man is likely to venture far into the almost impenetrable confusion of logs and brush that is the distinguishing feature of the Alaskan wilderness. Beautiful antlers are to be had in Juneau and elsewhere; and perhaps a cinnamon or a black bear cub as playful as a puppy, and full of a kind of half-savage fun.

In the upper part of the town, where the stumps and brush are thickest, there are cosy little log-cabins, and garden patches that seem to be making the most of the summer sunshine. In the window of one of these cabins we saw a face—dusky, beautiful, sensitive. Dreamy eyes slumbered under fringes that might have won a song from a Persian poet; admirably proportioned features, delicious lips, almost persuaded us that a squawman might in some cases be excusable for his infatuation. Later we discovered that the one beauty of Alaska was of Hawaiian parentage; that she was married, and was as shy of intruders as a caged bird. Very dissimilar are the ladies of Juneau.

In the evening the town-crier went to and fro announcing the opening of the ball. It was still drizzling; the cliffs that tower above the metropolis were capped with cloud; slender, rain-born rivulets plunged from these airy heights into space and were blown away like smoke. Sometimes we caught glimpses of white, moving objects, far aloft against the black wall of rock: these were mountain sheep.

The cannonading at Douglas Island continued—muffled thunder that ceases neither night nor day. Nobody seemed to think of sleeping. The dock was swarming with Indians; you would have known it with your eyes shut, from the musky odor that permeated every quarter of the ship. The deck was filled with passengers, chatting, reading, smoking, looking off

upon the queer little town and wondering what its future was likely to be. And so we might have lingered on indefinitely, with the light of a dull day above us—a light that was to grow no less till dawn, for there is no night there,—were it not that some one looked at his watch, and lo! it was the midnight hour.

Then we went to the ball given by the ladies of Juneau in our honor. Half a dozen young Indian maidens sat on a bench against the wall and munched peanuts while they smiled; a few straggling settlers gathered at the bar while they smiled; two fiddles and a guitar made as merry as they could under the circumstances in an alcove at the top of the hall. We all felt as if we had been cheated out of something when we saw sunrise at the unearthly hour of 3.30 a. m., or thereabout; but perhaps it was only the summer siesta that had been cut short,—the summer siesta that here passes for the more wholesome and old-fashioned sleep of the world lower down on the map.

During the night, having discharged freight and exhausted the resources of Juneau, including a post-office, and a post-mistress who sorts the mail twice a month, we steamed back to Douglas Island, and dropped many fathoms of noisy chain into the deep abreast of the camp. The eve of the Fourth in the United States of America is nothing in comparison with the everlasting racket at this wonderful mine. The iron jaws of the 120-stamp mill grind incessantly, spitting pulverized rock and ore into the vats that quake under the mastication of the mighty molars; cars slip down into the bowels of the earth, and emerge laden with precious freight; multitudinous miners relieve one another, watch and watch. Electric light banishes even a thought of dusk; and were it now winter—the long, dark, dreary winter of the North, with but half a dozen hours of legitimate daylight out of the four and twenty—

the work at Douglas Island would go on triumphantly; and it will go forever—or, rather, until the bottom drops out of the mine, just as it drops out of everything in this life.

During the long night the terrible rattle and the ominous rumble and roar of the explosive agent robbed us of our rest. I could think of nothing but the gnomes of the German fairy tale; the dwarfs of the black mountain, with their glowworm lamps, darting in and out of the tunnels in the earth like moles, and heaping together the riches that are the cause of so much pleasure and pain, and envy and despair, and sorrow and sin, and too often death.

(To be continued.)

Reciting Prayers and Praying.

ALMOST every page of the Gospel bears testimony to the necessity of prayer in the Christian life. From the words of St. Paul, "Pray without ceasing," it would seem that prayer should be not only the daily food of our interior life, but the continual respiration of our souls. In fact, among all the duties that are rigorously imposed on us as Christians, there is not one more frequently insisted upon than this; not one that our Blessed Lord has more solidly established by His precepts or more highly consecrated by His example.

Yet, despite all this evidence as to the importance—nay, the absolute necessity of praying, this sacred duty, like many others incumbent upon the professed followers of Christ, is very often most unworthily accomplished, and sometimes, alas! altogether neglected. Of the folly and recklessness of those who, plunged into a deplorable indifference as to their spiritual interests, pray not at all, nothing need here be said.

Others there are, however, who have actually ceased to pray without possibly

being themselves aware of the fact; and to these it may be well to point out the distinction between reciting prayers and praying. While it is true that they have preserved the habit of pronouncing certain formulas—of daily saying the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Apostles' Creed," the *Confiteor*, the several acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition; while such recitation, too, is assuredly commendable and by no means to be discontinued,—it is quite possible, on the other hand, that the formulas are said as a mere memory-lesson; that the words are not informed or vivified by the attention of the mind or the emotions of the heart; that such persons, in a word, pronounce prayers rather than pray.

True prayer is "an elevation of the soul"—"the raising up of the mind and heart to God, to adore Him, to make known to Him our wants, to beg His grace and blessing, to return Him thanks for His benefits." "An elevation of the soul to God." In real prayer we become in truth separated from the world in which we live, to fix ourselves upon our Heavenly Father. For the time being we forget our labors, our occupation, and all the sensible objects by which we are surrounded. We extricate our minds from the hurly-burly of worldly affairs and material interests, that we may "enter into ourselves," may commune with God, may occupy ourselves with Him and with our eternal interests.

As so many spiritual writers have said, prayer is a golden chain joining earth to heaven and heaven to earth. It is another Jacob's ladder, upon which we ascend to God and He comes down to us. In its highest expression, it is a delicious intercourse, a heart-to-heart conversation, with the King of Heaven, with our Creator, our Father, our Redeemer.

Now, do we so comport ourselves while proffering our daily petitions to the Almighty that our exercise really merit

the name of praying? Do we habitually endeavor to give to our orisons the attention which the majesty of Him whom we address certainly calls for,—such attention at least as puts entirely away all wilful distractions? Do we begin by placing ourselves in the presence of God, by silently considering for a moment the attitude congruous to the suitor who is receiving the favor of an audience with the omnipotent Ruler of the universe? Are we faithful to follow the counsel of Ecclesiasticus: “Before prayer, prepare thy soul; and be not as a man that tempteth God”? These are important questions.

Do we endeavor to realize that we are addressing a Father who is far closer to us than if He were visibly sitting before us, His hand upon our drooping heads? Do we plead to Him with the humility and the confidence of wayward children seeking the forgiveness of loving parents? Do we interiorly renounce sin and all attachment to sin while speaking to Him who abominates it as the evil of evils? Or do we throw ourselves carelessly upon our knees, rapidly run through a series of petitions with less attention to their import than a school-boy gives to the parrot-like repetition of a lesson learned by rote; and rise with the relief consequent upon the performance of an irksome duty? If so, we have, technically it may be, said our prayers; but we assuredly have not prayed. Nay, our performance has been a distinct slight to the majesty of God rather than a tribute of homage and devotion.

By all means let us preserve the habit of reciting our daily prayers, no matter how low we sink in the mire of tepidity or of sin; but let us also be careful to do something more than simply cry: “Lord, Lord!” Let our prayers come not from the lips merely, but from the heart; for as faith without works is dead, so words without intent are sterile.

Notes and Remarks.

The gentle art of advertising is not exclusively American. It is announced that in order to secure larger attendance at its courses, the secular University of Freiburg will in future insure its students against accidents while within the University grounds. The insurance, we observe, covers not only accidents in the gymnasium, etc., but also those occurring on the duelling field within the precincts of the University. In case of death, the family of the duellist is to receive fifteen thousand marks. Nothing could better illustrate the hold which the savage custom of duelling has on the German student body than this action of the University. The Barnum method of advertising is only an offence against good taste; the favor shown to duelling is an offence against morals, which, we are glad to say, would not be tolerated anywhere in the United States. The evil will doubtless increase at Freiburg in consequence of the insurance. Students who draw the sword so cheerfully now, will slash each other all the more frequently and recklessly on account of the fifteen thousand marks.

We mentioned some time ago in these columns the selection of a new preacher—the Rev. Father Etourneau—to give this year the celebrated conferences at Notre Dame, Paris. The eloquent orator’s opening sermon treated of the Catholic apostolate; and some portions thereof, it would appear, impressed his distinguished auditory—or some of them—as more or less inopportune. Speaking of the modern apostle as he understands him, the preacher said:

To those who wish to shut him up in a human past, howsoever glorious, he boldly replies: “I should stifle in your sepulchre; I need the stirring breeze, the open air of present life.” And even while admitting—what is not at all demonstrated—the superiority of the past over the present, he thinks, with Solomon, that a live dog is better than a dead lion. He can therefore say to his contemporaries, with a conviction whose sincerity they can not question: “If I blame all that is to be blamed in the present age—and nothing is perfect here below, no more in the nineteenth century than in

the seventeenth or in the Middle Ages, — I admire and love all that in this present age is admirable and lovable.”

You admire science, progress, civilization: I admire them fully as much as you. You desire political liberty, civil equality, social justice and fraternity: I desire them just as ardently. You love your country: my love is as strong as yours. Does the form of government which we have satisfy you? I did not wait for the sage and fatherly instructions of Leo XIII. before accepting it. One of the grandest historical facts of this century is the advent of democracy.... If I do not share on the subject of democracy the excessive theories and chimerical hopes of more than one Frenchman and more than one Catholic, I bring to it two little gifts not without their value — moderate ideas and the most disinterested devotion. Undoubtedly these opinions which I have just expressed are human opinions; but they will convince you that I am of my age. And let me assure you that these opinions have never disturbed my immutable faith, nor has my faith ever disturbed them.

With all due respect to the distinguished auditory of Notre Dame, we venture the opinion that Father Etourneau's declarations are decidedly opportune.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, gracefully appended to his Lenten pastoral an appeal for the prayers of his flock on behalf of the venerable Mr. Gladstone, to whom Ireland is mainly indebted for more than one great measure of justice. Withdrawn forever from the contentions of public life, says his Grace, Mr. Gladstone, in his present state of suffering, attracts the sympathy of old opponents as well as old friends. Prayers many and fervent will go up for him in Ireland; and his admirers in this country, ere the Grand Old Man passes out of their sight forever, will join in the prayer “that God, in whom he always trusted, may now in the hour of suffering be pleased to send him the comfort of relief to lighten his heavy burden, and to give him strength and patience to bear it in so far as in the designs of God's providence it may have to be borne for his greater good.”

A reminiscence of the late Gen. Rosecrans, which has the double merit of being new and edifying, is reported in *The Casket* on the authority of Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, N. S. Shortly after his graduation from West Point, Rosecrans was placed

in charge of some military work, which required him to move frequently from place to place. The first care of the future General after arriving at a new town was to visit the priest and beg as a favor to be permitted to teach catechism to the boys of the parish. The permission, of course, was gladly given; and Rosecrans would assemble the young fellows at an appointed place, put them through the military drill, and then march them off to church for their religious drill. It was thus that this zealous convert showed his gratitude to God for the gift of faith! Earnest as he was, however, the General manifested a singular delicacy and wisdom in depending upon grace and good example rather than argument for the conversion of his wife. At last she was taken seriously ill. Voluntarily she called in a priest; and, though her life was previously despaired of, she was almost immediately restored to health after receiving Extreme Unction. This also is related on the authority of Bishop Cameron, who knew the family well, and who once said: “In all my long experience I believe I have not met with a more holy couple than Gen. Rosecrans and his wife.”

Treating of the Catholic revival in Italy, the *Osservatore Romano* says that Catholic opposition in that country has gone through four phases. The first was characterized by the manifestations of love for ancestral faith and of devotion to the Church and the Pope. The second was the period of resistance, when noble and courageous protestations were raised against iniquitous laws passed against the interests of religion and country. Then came the organization of Catholic forces, the period of Catholic associations, committees, circles, and congresses. This third phase prepared the way for the fourth, which may be styled the period of action, which is majestically unrolling itself today from one end of the peninsula to the other.

“If the liberals would consent to notice how the Catholic movement in Italy began modestly and has been conducted quietly, they would scarcely be astonished at the clerical awakening; and still less would they imagine that it is possible for them to raze

this edifice by issuing a secret circular, or raising a disturbance in streets or squares. They would see Catholic activity energizing from the country stores to university circles; they would recognize Catholic action in the sphere of economics and the domain of science. . . . We do not shut our eyes to the difficulties still to be overcome and the trials still to be borne; but we know that God's works are destined to encounter obstacles and meet with contradictions."

When Aubrey Beardsley died last month he was only twenty-four, yet he had succeeded in fixing popular attention upon his work in a remarkable way. The vein of originality in him was strong, though too often the moral sense was offended by his drawings. About six months before his death, the young artist became a Catholic, — a step which it was hoped would correct his erratic tendencies. In fact, his very latest work, like his very earliest, is mellowed by a deeply spiritual glow; but disease had already fastened upon him, and there was no time to work a notable change in his art. Nothing could be more sincere, however, than his conversion. Toward the end his sufferings were most acute, yet he remained patient and gentle to the last. Just before his death he said it was hard to leave the bright world so young; "but, since it is God's will, I am ready to go." His crucifix during those last days was seldom out of his hand. May he rest in peace!

That genuine cases of demoniacal possession, however rare, are not altogether unknown in our day is manifest from a well-authenticated instance that occurred a few months ago in the Diocese of Bourges, France. The victim, a young woman of twenty-four, sustained herself in the air without visible support, shook the house in which she was lodged, glided like a serpent from one apartment to another, uttering the most revolting blasphemies and execrations. The spectators (it was during a pilgrimage), terrified by the scene, hastened to inform several priests. At the approach of these latter the demon broke out into new excesses

of horrible rage. One of the priests threw a Scapular about the neck of the possessed girl, and ordered her (or the demon rather) to kneel down. The order was at first disobeyed; but finally, as all present joined in the recitation of the Rosary, the unfortunate girl first fell on her knees, and then prostrated herself motionless at the feet of the priest.

The Protestant pew is often more orthodox than the Protestant pulpit. While so many ministers are refining away the substance of Christianity in deference to the demands of modern scepticism, it is good to meet with the robust faith of the distinguished naval author and officer, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who speaks thus:

Let me briefly say—to define my position at once clearly—that my experience of life is that of one who has based his practice upon the full intellectual acceptance of the Christian faith as explicitly set forth in the historic creeds—the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds. In those and in the Word of God I have found, and find, not merely comfort and strength, but intense intellectual satisfaction.

There is a breadth of mind which comes of truth, and which makes the Bride of Christ truly "the Church of the short creed." There is another sort of breadth which comes from stretching religious truth to transparency; its result is thinness of faith. It is to be regretted that the Protestant clergy, as a rule, aspire after the breadth which means thinness.

The Rev. John Lee and his Methodist and Presbyterian brethren have our cordial sympathy and support in their efforts to secure fuller religious toleration for Protestants in certain countries of South America. The Protestant clergy, with a few honorable exceptions, scandalized and grieved American Catholics when they declined to raise their voice against a certain bigoted organization a few years ago; some even openly gave it all the influence they possessed. But two wrongs do not make a right, and persecution for conscience' sake is unquestionably barbarous and revolting. Now, if Brother Lee wishes to do a Christian work, let him drop—just for a moment—the telescope

through which he has been viewing the South American Catholics, and train his spy-glass on the clergy of the Cumberland Presbyterian church of Woodburn, Oregon. According to the *Freeman's Journal*, these gentle brethren, in official caucus assembled, passed this resolution: "The members of the presbytery pledge themselves to use all possible diligence to keep Catholics out of office and positions of trust."

While not much is being said at present concerning the Manitoba schools, it seems tolerably clear that the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on that question has been quietly productive of most gratifying results. If current Canadian reports are true, the Manitoba government is manifesting a disposition to allow Catholic schools in that province to receive their proportionate share of the public grant for education, provided the said schools are up to the standard legally required. This is substantially about all that can be desired; at least, it would be a most notable boon to the parochial schools of our own country. Of course, too, it is nothing more than elementary justice and fair play. If the school question does not appear in Canadian politics this year, it will be because the Pope's decision has opened the eyes of the political powers that be, and they have tranquilly taken backwater.

There is no truth in the report that Brunetière, the high pontiff of French criticism, has become a Catholic. He himself has made no such announcement, nor does he frequent Catholic churches. But that he is growing, with the sureness of fate, into Catholic truth is unquestionable. For some time he has adopted the position of the Church on almost all points of controversy, and his rejection of infidelity is clear and positive. As one of many instances of his changed attitude, we may quote the following passage from a late lecture:

We do not admit any longer, as was the case twenty-five years ago, . . . that infidelity and incredulity are the proof of liberty and broadness of mind. The denial of the supernatural seemed in those times the essential trait of a scientific mind. Intoxicated with the thought that they knew more than

their fathers, men boasted of having annihilated, suppressed, made ridiculous, all mysteries. "Voltaireanism" flourished and developed; its profession was a proof of refinement. . . . If there are honest infidels who are in no way like the libertines of other times (and there are some such), . . . who can give, and do give, daily an example of virtue, we are beginning to see that Christianity dwells in them without their knowing it, and continues to produce its effects. Happily, one can not put away in a few years all the refined morality which eighteen centuries of Christianity have given us. The absolute which we deny with our lips is found in our hearts at the moment of action; and that unyielding or underlying something which we impute to education or heredity is Christianity.

Notable New Books.

MARIOLATRY: NEW PHASES OF AN OLD FALLACY. By the Rev. Henry G. Ganss. THE AVE MARIA.

It is tolerably safe to predict that every reader of this admirable little volume will feel distinctly grateful to the Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D. D., the Methodist divine whose sermon on "Mariolatry" called forth the present work and supplied it with its title. Dr. Frysinger's sermon—which is printed in its entirety as an introduction to Father Ganss' volume—is intrinsically a mere readjustment and combination of exploded falsehoods and gratuitous assertions; however, there is about it a fictitious air of scholarship that is calculated unduly to impress the ordinary non-Catholic hearer or reader. Very fortunately, the preacher himself apparently believed that his sermon was an especially able effort, and in consequence considerable adventitious prominence was given to its delivery and its subsequent publication in pamphlet form. To this parade of a very commonplace anti-Catholic harangue we are indebted for one of the most valuable contributions to the controversial literature of the day. Had not the Methodist sermon been extravagantly advertised and freely distributed as a pamphlet, the rector of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, would not have honored it with his attention, the world would never have seen his veritable anthology of Protestant tributes to the Mother of God, and the admirers of

truth would have missed this masterpiece of argumentation.

Father Ganss has adopted a singularly effective plan of refutation. Sentence by sentence he goes through his opponent's discourse; proffers each to a jury of the most eminent *Protestant* theologians, historians, and publicists; and time after time overwhelmingly convicts him of faulty logic, gratuitous calumnies, patent misrepresentations, and in general of the crassest ignorance or the most utterly blind fanaticism. To say that Dr. Frysinger is left without a leg to stand on is a hardly warrantable euphemism: he does not stand at all.

Father Ganss is never wanting in genuine courtesy. The sledge-hammer blows that pulverize the brittle assertions of the unfortunate Doctor are almost invariably wielded by the most authoritative writers of the various Protestant sects. Some hundred and seventy such writers are quoted in "Mariolatry," with the clearest indications as to book and page; and this feature of the volume renders it of invaluable service to those of Our Lady's apologists who have not access to extensive libraries, or whose acquaintance with Protestant theological literature is restricted.

As a complete demolition of the specific sermon criticised, "Mariolatry" makes intensely interesting reading; while as a storehouse of arguments culled from non-Catholic sources—arguments that effectually neutralize the stock protestations of imperfectly educated Protestant polemics against the Catholic cult of the Blessed Virgin—the book is of permanent and notable value. Those who have already perused Father Ganss' criticism in the pages of Our Lady's magazine will undoubtedly welcome its reproduction in its present neat form, and no Catholic library should neglect to have a number of copies upon its shelves.

PÈRE MONNIER'S WARD. By Walter Lecky.
Benziger Brothers.

The principle of heredity, which Holmes used with good effect in the "Guardian Angel," is the *motif* of this story, and round it "Walter Lecky" has wound an effective plot. Père Monnier retains the charming priestly character he acquired in "Billy

Buttons"; and his ward, Genevieve, is portrayed with admirable consistency. The author still writes *about* his people instead of making them act out their characters; and he also seems to fight shy of strong dramatic situations and psychological analysis. Thus the elopement of Genevieve comes as a surprise in the wrong sense, because the reader is afforded no glimpse of the change that is working in her mind. But these are slight faults where great merits abound; and we are grateful to the author for this interesting book, which adds another to the short list of rational and readable novels written by Catholics for Catholics. We can not conclude these remarks without a word of commendation for Messrs. Benziger for the taste with which the book is issued.

SPANISH JOHN. By William McLennan.
Harper & Brothers.

This story has not all the dramatic force of "Lorna Doone," yet we are forcibly reminded of Blackmore in almost every page of McLennan. There is the same rugged simplicity in both romances; both narratives are told in the first person; and there is the same kind, though not the same degree, of interest in both.

Spanish John was a Highland lad who had been sent to Rome for an ecclesiastical education. He was a hot Jacobite; which circumstance, and an equally hot Scotch temper, induced him to doff the soutane for the uniform. His adventures in the service of Prince Charles—and there is plenty of adventure—ought to be the centre of interest; but the chief character in the story is really a young Irish priest—brave, droll, faithful Father O'Rourke. We can hardly believe that a priest would conceive it to be either his duty or his right to do *all* that Father O'Rourke does; but he is a manly type of priest, and we are glad to meet him in secular fiction. The titular character is a fine bit of portraiture, and there are vivid glimpses of the splendid heroism and the devoted service which the exiled and impoverished Stuarts could still inspire in the Scottish heart.

We are not over-fond of most modern fiction; but, if our young people must read it, let us hope they will prefer such virile

romances as Mr. Hope's "Phroso" and Mr. McLennan's "Spanish John" to the vapid, sentimental, problematic stories which delight the pale, bloodless tribe of men and women. The book is a handsome one, and the illustrations are artistic in an unusual degree.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED PASSION. Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers.

While Cardinal Wiseman was rector of the English College in Rome, he used to rise a few hours before the students and write out a meditation, which he read to the young men in the college chapel. One volume of these meditations was published about thirty years ago, but is now out of print; the other still remains in manuscript. However, a small volume has now been made of the Cardinal's meditations on the Passion.

In all that Wiseman has written the note of piety is blended with the note of scholarship; but in these meditations it is the priest and pastor, not the teacher and lecturer, that we see. The plan of these exercises is to develop two points of meditation and to conclude with a page of pious "affections." The meditations are sixty in number, and they touch on every episode of the Great Tragedy of Redemption—the sufferings of Our Lord, the virtues He exemplified, the conduct of the Apostles, the holy women, the executioners, etc. Exclamation marks are, happily, not so common in them as in most books of devotion translated from the French or Italian; and excitement is nowhere substituted for thought. Truth to tell, these meditations are not overladen with substance or originality; they are even disappointingly commonplace at times, but they are far better than most others to which English-speaking Catholics have access. The book is attractively published.

HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. From the Original of the Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. S. S. R. Benziger Brothers.

This manual will be found especially useful to religious devoted to the care of the sick, as it treats of subjects bearing directly on the duties incumbent upon them, giving counsels to serve as guides under trying

circumstances that sometimes arise in the difficult work of caring for invalids. Among the points dwelt upon are the sublimity of the vocation; the qualifications, spiritual and bodily, which are required for the work; instructions on consoling the sick and preparing them for the last Sacraments; hospital service on the battlefield and the care of lunatics forming an interesting and instructive chapter to conclude the treatise. The power of comforting the sick is largely personal and inbred, but all that suggestion and art can do for its development is attempted by this little volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. F. Ruesse, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis; the Rev. Henry J. Schutjes, formerly of the Diocese of Detroit; and the Rev. Edward Douglas, C. S. S. R., who lately passed to their reward.

Sister Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of the Heart of Mary, Sag Harbor, N. Y., who was called from this world on Palm Sunday.

Mr. Joseph Bitzler, who departed this life a few weeks ago, at Allhealing, N. C.

Miss Mary C. Crowe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died a holy and happy death some time ago.

Mr. John McDonald, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a saintlike death on March 29, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. William G. Grimes, Mrs. H. Dalton, and Mrs. H. Donovan, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Guckert and Mrs. Mary Hart, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. John J. McGrath and Mrs. W. F. Burke, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. M. F. Black and Mrs. Bridget McNamee, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Agnes Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret McMahon, San José, Cal.; Miss Mary Bradley and Miss Mary Hartney, New York city; Mrs. Robert Schetty, Paterson, N. J.; John Dyer, Mrs. — Healy, Cornelius Doherty, Charles O'Neil, Bridget McDermott, Mary Tiernan, James Cannon, and John Burns,—all of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Eliza Morrissey, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Patrick Burke, De Witt, Iowa; Rosalie M. Degenhart, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Sterling McGary, Halifax, N. S.; Mr. James Morrissey, Jr., and Mrs. Anna O'Hara, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Jeremiah Crowley, St. Joseph, N. B.; Mrs. Mary Fox, Hanging Rock, Ohio; and Mr. Robert Brannigan, Jersey City, N. J.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Mother's Praise.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHATE'ER the gladness youth may bring
 To you, my boy,
 Howe'er your glowing manhood's spring
 May teem with joy,—
 Though Pleasure's bowl
 You drain, and troll
 Incessant merry lays,
 No draught you'll quaff so sweet by half
 As your mother's loving praise.

Whate'er the boon life's prime may hold
 For you, fond youth,
 Howe'er the coming' years unfold
 Your worth and truth,—
 Though fair Renown
 Your brow may crown
 With glory's deathless bays,
 You'll never meet with fame so sweet
 As your mother's loving praise.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XVII.—EXIT IDA.

EVERYONE started in surprise at Mary Teresa's tears; that is, everyone except Mary Catherine, who had bounded away as soon as she had given Ida Lee a good piece of her mind. "What is the matter, dearie?" asked Mary Ann, patting the little girl on the shoulder and pressing her wet cheek

against her own. "What is the matter?" Only sob's for answer.

Ida moved uneasily in her chair; she had not calculated on this development of affairs. Probably she had formulated no plan in the matter, but it was certain she had not expected that Mary Teresa should so soon become aware that *she* was the person suspected.

Mary Teresa lifted her head from her friend's shoulder and was about to speak. Then, hesitating a moment, she bit her lips, shook her head and turned away, saying in a low voice, as she sat down: "I think I can't be very well, girls. Don't mind me."

"Come!" said Mary Ann, leading her away, followed by several of the pupils, who would have proffered their sympathy if it had not been for the ringing of the study bell; for all loved the gentle girl, and were pained to see her in tears.

Mary Ann, in particular, was troubled, and as soon as she had the opportunity asked permission to speak to Mary Teresa privately. She soon drew forth the story of the cutting of the bullion, and the discovery of the similarity in the little rosewood boxes, to which Mary Teresa attached no importance, simply relating it as an incident. Her listener was strongly of the impression that Ida had meant to insinuate that the child had helped herself to the articles which she complained of having lost, though she had not said it in so many words; and Mary Ann, always prudent, thought it better to let the matter rest where it was, unless Ida should make a direct accusation.

"You know she is always talking at random," said Mary Ann. "Perhaps she herself hardly knew how her words sounded. And I am sure the other girls could not have thought for a moment she meant you."

"Not until I began to cry, maybe," sobbed Mary Teresa. "But now they *will* think so, Mary Ann; and it would be very hard to bear such an accusation and remain here."

"Yes, it would be hard, dear. But you know not one girl in the school would believe you capable of such an action."

"Oh, but to think Ida should *dare*—" cried Mary Teresa, with a sudden flash of the Rampère spirit.

"Yes, if she did," said her friend. "But let us wait awhile before doing anything. You are innocent as an angel; so be patient and it will all come out right soon. I haven't a doubt about it."

"Why, what's the matter, little one?" asked Mary Catherine, whirling round the corner at this moment. "There's some mystery in the air. Three or four of the girls were talking just now on the porch, and I heard them say: 'Poor Mary Teresa!' *You* haven't been getting into any scrape, surely?"

The child's lip quivered. The thought that the girls had been discussing the loss of the bullion, and perhaps connecting her name with it, was intolerable to her sensitive little soul.

"O Blessed Mother, pray for me and help me out of this trouble!" she said, with a great sob. "O Ida, Ida!" and she burst into violent weeping.

"Hush, hush, dearie!" whispered Mary Ann, drawing Mary Teresa into a vacant music-room, with the vague purpose of calling either Mother Teresa or Sister Mary as the only ones who could relieve the situation.

At the mention of the word "Ida," Mary Catherine had darted away. She found Ida in the midst of a group of girls,

who seemed to be remonstrating with her.

"Ida Lee," she exclaimed, "what have you been doing to Mary Teresa?"

"Better ask what *she's* been doing to me, Miss Hull," was the reply, given with heightened color and a saucy toss of the head.

"That meek little creature do anything to you!" cried Mary Catherine. "Why, she wouldn't hurt a caterpillar or even speak roughly to it."

"Well, she spoke roughly enough to me once," said Ida. "She's not as meek as you think; indeed, she's not what you girls make her out to be at all."

"What is it all about, Ida? Can't you tell me?"

"I don't know that I'm under any obligation to do so," said Ida.

"She's my special friend, and I insist on knowing what the trouble is."

"She brought it on herself," replied Ida. "I never meant to reveal what I thought, but—"

"Ida, that is not so," interposed one of the girls, who had been present during the first stage of the affair. "You looked directly at her. I don't see how any one could have helped understanding what you meant."

"This is maddening—*maddening!*" cried Mary Catherine. Then, as a light dawned upon her, she continued, facing Ida: "You don't surely mean to connect *her* with the loss of that old trumpery, pinchbeck embroidery stuff that you've been piling on that table-cover for the last six months!"

"Well, if you *will* have it, Miss Indian Princess," retorted Ida, scornfully, "I do. Now, what have you to say to that?"

"You do! How dare you?" cried Mary Catherine, her hand raised as if to strike.

But the next instant her arms were pinioned from behind.

"My child, my child!" said Sister Mary's quiet voice. "Will you never learn to control your terrible temper?"

"Never, I fear, Sister, while I have to do with such a person as this," said the girl, as she yielded to the gentle pressure of the hand holding her own. "Please make her tell you all about it, Sister," she continued.

"I don't know that it's *your* affair," said Ida, turning to her adversary with a show of bravado. "And I don't see, either, that there's any use in my trying to conceal any longer what must be known all over the school already."

"Well, what have you to tell, Ida?" inquired Sister Mary, calmly.

"Simply this. The other night I asked Mary Teresa to help me a little with my work,—I mean to cut up the bullion in small pieces, ready for sewing on."

"Well?"

"She admired it very much, and the next day a quantity of it was gone."

"And you mean to infer that she took it?" asked Sister Mary, very quietly.

"Well, yes: if you want the plain truth, Sister, I do," was the reply.

"Very plain truth it is," said Sister Mary. "What proof have you, Ida?"

"None, except that she looked at it with gloating eyes."

"Gloating eyes! Poor Mary Teresa with gloating eyes!" said Mary Catherine. "Do send for Mother Teresa, Sister Mary. *Please* send for Mother. This is dreadful. Still," she went on, in an undertone, "perhaps it would be better if you and Sister Cecilia and Sister Genevieve could clear Mary Teresa. You know Mother is such a saint that if one wants to get her special favor, one has only to pain her in some way; and it would surely pain her to the heart to hear that her little cousin has been treated so barbarously. Indeed, Ida will never get her deserts from Mother Teresa in this case. I am sure of it."

"Yes, Mother is a saint," answered Sister Mary; "but she knows her duty; and her duty now is to unravel this little

mystery, in order to clear the innocent—*not to punish the guilty*. Revenge can find no place in Mother's heart. You must keep quiet and be silent, dear. Come, Ida," she added; "follow me."

"I refuse," retorted the girl.

"You refuse!"

"Yes. I'm not ashamed of what I've said. I want all to hear it. If you search Mary Teresa's things, the bullion will be found. I believe I could lay my finger on it this very moment."

"Young ladies, you will please leave the room," said Sister Mary.

With some reluctance the girls retired.

Mary Ann remained close to her little friend till the latter expressed a desire to go to the chapel for awhile. There, at the foot of Our Lady's altar, she poured out her heart and her tears in fervent repetitions of the "Memorare,"—that beautiful prayer of St. Bernard, which has never failed to bring peace and consolation to the afflicted soul. The child did not note the flight of time till, about an hour later, Mary Ann slipped quietly into the chapel and took her away. The older girl was delighted and surprised at the change wrought in that troubled spirit; for Mary Teresa, quite composed, even happy, took the hand of her companion and passed out to enjoy a walk in the sunshine and the fresh air.

On the following day Ida Lee did not appear in the school-room. Mary Teresa also was absent for a couple of hours, and returned with traces of tears upon her cheeks. The next morning Ida was seen coming out of Mother Teresa's room followed by Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia. All that day the air was rife with rumors, and Mary Teresa became the focus of many curious eyes. She still bore signs of weeping and her cheeks were very pale. But she did not appear to be unhappy; and this pleased the pupils, not one of whom believed her guilty of the odious charge that had been fastened upon her.

For three days Ida was not visible. The place of her seclusion was unknown to the others; though it was whispered that Sister Mary had been seen coming out of a little unused office next to Mother Teresa's bearing a tray of empty dishes.

On the evening of the fourth day, after night prayer, Sister Mary requested the girls to repair to the study-hall for a few moments, and all felt that something momentous was about to occur. Presently Mother Teresa and Sister Genevieve and Sister Cecilia entered, followed by Ida, who took a seat which had been placed near the table. Then Mother Teresa said:

"Young ladies, one of your number has been accused of theft. This is a very serious charge, one calculated to leave a stigma for life if not disproved."

"No one believed it, Mother!" cried Mary Catherine, springing to her feet.

"No, no, no, Mother!" came with a spontaneous burst from all the others.

Ida stared fixedly in front of her. Mother Teresa looked at her, evidently waiting for something. At length she said:

"Ida, will you please explain?"

"It was a joke," replied Ida, glancing confusedly around.

Mother Teresa looked surprised, while a subdued murmur ran through the room: it was not a murmur of approval.

"Is that all you have to say, Ida?" asked Mother Teresa.

"I don't see the need of saying any more," said Ida.

"You will please fulfil the conditions imposed this afternoon," replied Mother Teresa. "It is to your interest to do so."

"Girls," said Ida, rising and speaking with an effort, "Mary Teresa Rampère did not take the bullion. I only wanted to have a little fun. One night I found she had a box just like mine, with a secret drawer; and I thought I'd hide it there, just for fun."

"Queer fun to break a child's heart!" said a voice from Mary Catherine's corner.

Mother Teresa raised a warning hand.

"So I slipped the bullion into the box, and then put it back in her drawer—"

"Where you endeavored to prove to me that she had placed it," said Sister Mary.

"Yes, but I would have told you all about it afterward."

"I hope so," said the Sister.

"Sister Martha and Sister Magdalen were in the halls and they saw me carrying it upstairs. That is how it all got out sooner than I meant it to. And now I hope, Mother, you're satisfied that your cousin isn't a thief."

"Ida, I have reason to know that not one person in the house suspected Mary Teresa," said the superior. "Under the circumstances, so insolent a tone is inexcusable. Your motives were probably best known to yourself. I am not the judge of them, nor is any one here. My sole purpose was to unravel this story and to vindicate an innocent child. You know from our interviews how much I regret to expose you, but your refractoriness has made it a necessity. And I must say, my children," she added, turning to the other girls, "that this painful ordeal has not been without its consolations. Your promptness in rejecting the false charge against a companion, your sympathy for her, reveal a kindness of heart, a nobility of soul, that will bring their own reward. God grant that this beautiful spirit of charity may ever reign among you! And let this little experience teach you never to form a rash judgment; above all, never to act upon one; and always to be tender and sympathetic with the victim of a false charge,—in a word, to do to others as you would wish that others should do to you. It is the Golden Rule. Follow it throughout life, and you shall be blessed of God and of men."

"May I go now?" asked Ida, jumping up. "I'm sure my father would be furious if he knew all about this fuss. I haven't been accustomed to such treatment."

"Yes, Ida, you may go," said Mother Teresa, in her usual quiet tone. Nothing could ever disturb the serenity of that gentle soul.

Mary Teresa, while deeply grateful to our Blessed Mother for having proved her innocence, was full of pity for Ida and did all in her power to get her out of disgrace. Next morning she entreated Sister Cecilia to help her comfort the girl and remove from her mind every memory of the past. The Sister, charmed with the forgiving nature of the child, yielded to her importunities. But their efforts were in vain: Ida repulsed all overtures, and remained sullen and incorrigible.

Two or three days later Ida's desk and cupboard were empty. In response to a telegram from her father, who had been advised to withdraw her, she quietly took her departure one morning; and all the school soon understood that she had been privately dismissed.

(To be continued.)

Old War-Cries.

When we hear a group of students giving the ear-splitting yells of their respective *Alma Maters*, it is hard to realize that the custom is a survival of the days when every army had its war-cry, which sounded high and clear above the roar of battle, as the clamorous yells of our boys are heard in spite of the rattle of street cars and the clatter of hoofs upon the pavements. The war-cry proper had its origin at the time of the institution of chivalry, and was a marked and picturesque feature of the Crusades. The fierce exclamations of the battling Greeks and ancient Germans, and the shouts with which the Roman legions were wont to charge, do not come under this head; for the distinctive war-cry was the inspiring phrase of Christians.

As Pope Urban stood in the market-

place and urged the listening multitude to go to the aid of the Holy Sepulchre, "God wills it!" came with a loud shout from a thousand throats. "He does indeed," said Pope Urban; "and surely the Holy Spirit prompts those words. Let them be the battle cry which shall strengthen the courage and devotion of those who fight for Christ." So it was. All through the first Crusade the brave words, "*Dieu le veut!*" rang through the ranks like a clarion blast.

Before Damietta the French knights gave the shout, "God aid us!" And as one of them scaled the walls he stood erect and cried, "*Kyrie eleison!*" while down below the army answered, "*Gloria in excelsis!*"

The war-cries of the Crusaders were so many and various that we can mention only those which are pre-eminent for the deep religious fervor which at that time blazed through Christendom.

"God aid His Sepulchre!" was the ringing cry with which Richard the Lion-Hearted inspired his followers; while the kings of Jerusalem encouraged themselves with the words, "Christ victorious!"

Each family and class among the French of the days of chivalry had its own war-cry. St. Denis was and is the patron Saint of the eldest daughter of the Church; and the royal cry was "Mont-Joie, St. Denis!" Then "Mont-Joie, St. André!" called the dukes of Burgundy as they charged upon the enemy; while the famous dukes of Montmorency advanced toward the foe calling, "God and the first Christian baron!"

When William came over to conquer England the Saxons were intrenched, axes in hand, behind a palisade. "God help us!" exclaimed the Normans; while the Saxons, rushing out and cleaving skulls right and left, fairly shrieked:

"Holy Cross and Almighty God!"

You know of the battle of Crécy, when the Black Prince led the English, who

shouted, "God and St. George"; to be met with, "St. Denis! St. Denis!" from the stalwart throats of the French cavalry.

The battle of Agincourt was another which lives in song and story, and we give the words of an historian concerning Our Lady's share in the rallying cries used by the armies: "The veteran, Sir Thomas Erpyngham, gave the signal both to the line and to the archers to issue from Trainecourt by throwing up his truncheon. A loud cheer burst forth, echoing in the woods; and with the shouts of 'Mary and St. George!' the English, with the King and the captains on foot, began to move forward."

The favorite English war-cry of the period was "Mary for her dowry!" "God for Harry, England and St. George!" was another and a much-beloved one. "God and the King!" shouted the Royalists at Marston Moor.

Now kings have gone quite out of fashion, and the love for God does not find many to proclaim it loudly in the face of the foe. There are, however, some of us old-fashioned enough to lament that with the old days there has gone much that we would have kept, and to regret the disappearance of the soul-stirring war-cry of the soldiers of the Cross.

Deceitful Appearances.

The great Humboldt, while in Paris on one occasion paid a visit to his friend, Dr. Blanche, an expert in the treatment of insanity, and expressed a wish to meet one of his patients.

"Come and take dinner with me tomorrow," said the Doctor; "and I will take pleasure in presenting to you one of my most interesting maniacs."

Humboldt was glad to accept the invitation; and found himself next evening at the house of his friend, in company with two other guests, to whom, through

some inadvertence, he was not presented. One of these strangers was quietly dressed in black, with a white cravat and gold eye-glasses. He was exceedingly bald, and possessed a grave demeanor and quiet manners. He was very silent, appearing to listen with attention, but saying little. Humboldt admired him and wondered who he might be.

The other guest was of a different type. His coat—a very shabby one—was buttoned all askew; his great shock of hair was sadly ruffled; his collar was much in need of a laundress, and the ends of his untied cravat floated wildly over his shoulders. He ate a great deal, but found time to tell a quantity of stories; jumbling up the past and the present, and mixing politics and literature in a very startling way. In fact, he was a most incoherent creature; and Humboldt was not a little surprised that his host, however much he might be interested in this maniac, dared to place him at the table with rational beings.

During the dessert Humboldt managed to have a quiet word with his friend.

"You have done me a great kindness in inviting me," he said. "Your maniac amuses me immensely."

The Doctor looked rather puzzled, then started and changed the subject. When they were alone he said:

"You have made a great mistake. The brilliant talker was not the lunatic. The quiet one was my patient; a most interesting fellow, from a medical point of view. The talker was Balzac, the famous novelist."

Humboldt concluded that it was not safe to judge from appearances; and the Doctor resolved never again to omit introductions when giving a dinner.

THE first ice-cream is said to have been made by a French *chef*, who set the dish before the Duc de Chartres in 1774.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A correspondent in New York informs us that Nieremberg's "Temporal and Eternal" is still in print and for sale by P. O'Shea, of that city. The writer says he often recommends it, "but our people on this side of the Atlantic do not seem to know the work." The edition published by Duffy of Dublin used to have a fair sale in Ireland.

—"Gems of School Songs," suitable for children of all ages, selected and edited by Carl Betz, has just been published in convenient form by the American Book Company. Teachers will find this collection to be just what is needed in schools: namely, a series of "good, tuneful songs," from various sources, some being quaint old German folk songs.

—As editor of the *Athenæum*, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has given young novelists much good advice. He has also, it seems, given them good example. He has had a novel *in type* for more than twenty years and only now has he concluded to publish it. Its name is "Aylwin," and it is a story of gipsy life, of which the great critic has very particular knowledge.

—"The Carmelites of Compiègne," by the Abbé A. Odon, curé of Tilloloy (Somme), has been translated into English, and may be procured at the Carmelite Monastery, Boston, Mass., for whose benefit the pamphlet was Englished. This brief account of the Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne is an interesting chapter in the history of the Reign of Terror in France, and shows that the Daughters of St. Teresa at that epoch were imbued with the same noble spirit which animated their saintly foundress.

—The Mainz Bible, published by Gutenberg in 1457, has hitherto been considered the first printed book. The *Tablet*, however, states that the archivist of the city of Bruges has discovered a volume printed twelve years earlier, from movable metal type. The printer's name was John Brito, and the title of the book is "Doctrineal." It is a work of instruction in Christian doctrine. The one who think ill of the Church because she did not

put a Bible into the hands of every child at a time when it took years to transcribe and a large sum of money to buy a copy of the Sacred Text, would do well to remember that after the invention of movable type, the first book printed was a catechism, and the second a Bible.

—Mass No. I. of a series of Masses liturgically arranged by the Rev. A. M. Coenen, is to be heartily commended to choir-masters, pastors, and sodalities desiring music fitted for the church, not for the stage. It is transcribed for one, two, three or four voices and organ from Beethoven's Orchestral Series. Julius T. Coenen, publisher, Earlington, Ky.

—"Fidelity" is the title of a pretty story for young girls, by Mary Maher, and published by Benziger Brothers. The characters are introduced as they are about to leave school, and we trace their career until one becomes a religious and is visited by the other on her wedding trip. There is a little too much obvious moralizing, perhaps; but otherwise no fault can be found with "Fidelity."

—"The Priest in the Family," by Miss Bridges, is a story of strange and strong contrasts in the characters of two sisters, both of whom, it must be said, are somewhat overdrawn. Calvinistic surroundings, an intriguing French maid, timely intervention on the part of the maid's brother, a priest, are the elements of the tale, which is told in a pleasing style. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Among the most interesting of our French Canadian exchanges is the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, published as a monthly at Levis, P. Q. It is the organ of an historical society, and deals with questions of Canadian archeology, history, biography, bibliography and numismatics. The *Bulletin* is ably edited, and deserves well of Canadian scholars and the Canadian public generally.

—"The School for Saints," which may some day come to be regarded as "the great

Catholic novel in our language," has already reached its eleventh thousand; and the author, Mrs. Craigie, is now at work on the promised sequel. "The School for Saints" has been denounced as a "Romanizing" story, because its hero, a man of great gifts and high character, enters the Church, giving good reasons for the faith that is in him. Curiously enough, another very popular novel, "Quo Vadis," has also been stigmatized as "Romanizing," because it represents St. Peter in Rome exercising the headship of the infant Church.

—After Newman's death, one Arthur Hutton, who lived with the Cardinal from 1876 to 1883, wrote some rather critical papers entitled "Personal Recollections of John Henry Newman." Mr. Hutton was solicitous lest the public should think too highly of Newman; but public opinion had already been formed, and Mr. Hutton's criticisms were disregarded. He now declares that the papers did not express his whole mind about the Cardinal, and proposes to write a fuller study of his career, which will be more truthful and less censorious.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*
- Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net.*
- The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
- Spanish John. *William McLennan.* \$1.25.
- Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky.* \$1.25.
- How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebbs, C. S. S. R.* \$1, *net.*
- Fidelity. *Mary Maher.* \$1.10, *net.*
- The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges.* \$1.10, *net.*

- Rachel's Fate. *William Seton.* 90 cts., *net.*
- The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen.* 35 cts.
- Confession and Communion. 45 cts., *net.*
- Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, *net.*
- Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.
- Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net.*
- Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net.*
- The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net.*
- The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden.* \$1.25.
- The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
- The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net.*
- Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame.* \$2.
- Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* \$1.25.
- Solid Virtue. *Bellécius.* \$2.
- Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder.* 50 cts.
- Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.
- The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
- Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.
- India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
- Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
- Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Slang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net.*
- A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
- Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net.*
- The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand.* \$1.50.
- Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. 50 cts.
- The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$6.
- Bible Picture Book. *Lady Kerr.* 50 cts.
- Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* \$2.
- The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes.* \$2.
- Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
- Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
- Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
- Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Röhner-Brennan.* \$1.25.
- Amber Glints. *Amber.* \$1.
- The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton.* \$7.50.
- The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.
- A Short History of the Catholic Church. *F. G. Walpole.* \$1.25.



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

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“No One Can Take My God from Me.”

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ST. COLUMBAN once to his pupil said: “Deicolus, why do you always smile?” The gentle youth uplifted his dark head,

In his pure, radiant eyes no shade of guile,
And quick replied, with sweet simplicity:
“Because no one can take my God from me.”

’Tis a fair picture: the bright, simple boy;
In worldly arts unskilled, in love and peace
Wrapped round as with a mantle; holy joy,

While bidding all terrestrial cares surcease,
His brow transfiguring, as answered he:
“Because no one can take my God from me.”

Ah, blessed youth! And blessed still to-day
That man who, placing all his trust in Him
Who careth for the universe, can say,

Tho’ never clouds so thick or stars so dim,
“My heart smiles, from all sorrow am I free,
Because no one can take my God from me.”

An Old-World City.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

(CONCLUSION.)

A MILE south of Winchester, in the stretch of meadows between the river and the hills, stands the beautiful Norman Church of St. Cross, one of the most perfect buildings of its kind throughout England. Grouped around it are a number of old buildings

of later date: a towered gateway, a noble hall, and a courtyard enclosed by houses and part of a cloister. This is the Hospice of St. Cross, founded by Henry of Blois, the brother of King Stephen, and one of the greatest of the bishops of Winchester. To tell the story of the hospice, to give my impressions of a most interesting visit to it, would take me far from my main subject; however, I can not resist quoting the words of a Protestant writer, they set forth so eloquently the spirit of that hallowed spot:

“Not to be compared in splendor or antiquity to the mighty pile of the cathedral, the Hospital of St. Cross has that peculiar attraction which belongs to whatever is first of its own class. The cathedral, the college, the royal and episcopal palace may be found elsewhere (individually at least) in equal beauty; but nowhere, to the best of my knowledge, does there exist any foundation of a similar nature which can for a moment compare with the architectural beauty, the historical association, or the calm and holy air pervading the whole of this truly venerable establishment.

“Whether among the numerous similar societies which fell beneath that spirit of sacrilegious rapacity which could not spare the very resting-places of aged poverty, any existed which at all approached St. Cross in wealth and splendor, I know not; certainly I have not heard of any still

remaining. It stands, I should suppose, among its own class—the ‘roof and crown’ of such foundations. No one can pass its threshold without feeling himself landed, as it were, in another age; the ancient features of the building, the noble gateway, the quadrangle, the common refectory, the cloister; and, rising above all, the lofty and massive pile of the venerable church; the uniform garb and reverent mien of the aged brethren, the common provision for their declining years, the dole at the gate-house,—all lead back to days when men gave their best to God’s honor, and looked on what was done to His poor as done to Himself, and were as lavish of architectural beauty on what modern habits might deem a receptacle for beggars as on the noblest of royal palaces. It seems a place where no worldly thought, no pride or passion or irreverence, could enter; a spot where, as a modern writer has beautifully put it, a good man, might he make his choice, would wish to die.”

The fact is, something of the old Catholic spirit of reverence for poverty lives in the place and beautifies it. Cardinal Beaufort, who at a later date enlarged the foundation, called it “the house of noble poverty.” Before the Reformation its last guardians were the Knights Hospitallers of St. John; and the “brethren” still wear on their brown cloaks the silver cross of the shape that was the badge of the order. It is quite possible these very crosses date from Catholic times; for when a “brother” dies his cross is laid on his coffin during the funeral service, and then handed to his successor. Some of the brethren have been men in humble circumstances all their lives; others are educated men, who have found here a refuge in their declining years, for which they themselves could make no provision.

But the place, in Protestant hands though it be, has more the happy air of

the monastery than the depressing aspect of the alms-house. The “brethren” are proud of the old traditions of the place; and to a Catholic visitor it was touching to hear the aged guide tell, as he pointed to an empty niche on the gate-tower, how there was once a statue of Our Lady in it, and add: “It fell down because the stone had decayed. *We did not take it down.*” At the gate the visitor is offered a horn drinking-vessel full of ale and a piece of bread,—a survival of the days when pilgrims to Canterbury, who had landed at Southampton from the Continent, were given food and drink as they approached Winchester, the first stage of their pious pilgrimage.

Bishop de Blois lived in the stormy days of the civil war of Stephen and Matilda, and one more of his acts is worth remembrance. There was danger that, through the war, the land would go out of tillage and there would be a famine; so the Bishop solemnly proclaimed, in Winchester Cathedral, that the plough was to carry with it during the years of the war the same right of sanctuary that attached to the altar; and he denounced excommunication against all who dared to molest the husbandman while ploughing or tilling his fields.

One of the masters, or presidents, of St. Cross was William of Edyngdon, who was chosen Bishop of Winchester under Edward III., and built the west front of the cathedral. He was succeeded in the bishopric by a still greater builder, William of Wykeham. The son of parents little above the peasant class, he rose to be Lord Chancellor of England. He was educated at the cathedral school of Winchester; and the record of his life tells how he daily served Mass at one of the numerous altars, and frequently visited the Lady-chapel of the cathedral to invoke the help of the Blessed Mother of God in his studies. He was introduced by his Bishop, William of Edyngdon, to Edward

III., who used the young cleric's skill in architecture for the rebuilding of his royal Castle of Windsor.

Raised to the see of Winchester on the death of Edyngdon in 1366, Wykeham, as we have already seen, remodelled the Norman nave of the cathedral, finishing it in the beautiful perpendicular style of his day. Besides this, in grateful memory of his own boyhood at the cathedral school, he founded the famous college known as the Public School of Winchester, which for five hundred years has given to England so many of her great men. In Catholic days devotion to Her who had been the patroness of Wykeham's own studies was one of the lessons taught at Winchester school. Old customs die very slowly, and to this day a Winchester boy, as he crosses one of the college quadrangles, touches his cap, because such is the traditional law of the place. The statue of Our Lady, the patroness of the school, once stood in a niche on one of the quadrangle walls; and the salute is still given to the place, though the statue is gone.

Wykeham also founded and endowed New College, Oxford, that the students of Winchester might have a college of their own at which to complete their studies at the University. He closed his pious and laborious life in 1404, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the beautiful chantry chapel which he had prepared for his tomb in the cathedral where he had prayed as a boy. The tomb, surmounted by his effigy, is surrounded by open arches of Gothic tracery, enclosing just enough space for it, and for the small altar at its foot, where, by his will, Mass was to be offered for his soul to the end of time. It is one of the many chantries of the cathedral. Little more than a century after Wykeham's death their endowments were seized by Henry VIII. and their altars torn down.

Another beautiful chantry chapel is

that which contains the tomb of Wykeham's successor, Cardinal Beaufort. His was a different career from Wykeham's. Reckless in youth, and in middle age more of the politician than the cleric, yet his closing years at Winchester did much to atone for the sins and shortcomings of his earlier life. Shakespeare, in a well-known passage which many take for sober history, makes the cardinal statesman die in utter despair:

"Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—
He dies, and makes no sign!"

But Beaufort's death was no such hopeless departure. *Tribularer si nescirem misericordias tuas*,—"I should be in tribulation if I knew not of Thy mercies," runs the inscription on his chantry chapel. He had added largely to the foundation of St. Cross; and in his will, completed only two days before he died, he gives further and generous alms to the poor, the sick, and the aged. He directs that there shall not be much display at his funeral, and provides that Mass shall be said daily at his grave for his soul and those of his parents and relations. The daily Mass has long ceased. The Catholic who visits Winchester may well pray for him, and for all those whom Henry VIII., by one sweeping act of confiscation, deprived of the daily Mass that was to be offered for all time at the chantry altars.

Beaufort had co-operated with Henry VI. in the foundation of Eton College and King's College, Cambridge. The first master of Eton was William of Waynflete, who was transferred to the new school from Winchester, where he had been head-master of the school. He was Beaufort's successor in the see of Winchester. All his earlier life had been passed in educational work; and, as bishop, he founded Magdalen College, Oxford, erecting what is, perhaps, the most beautiful group of buildings in the whole University. One of his successors, Bishop Fox,

who ruled the see in the reign of Henry VII. and in the first years of Henry VIII., was the founder of yet another Oxford college, that of Corpus Christi. This was how the Catholic bishops of Winchester spent the wealth of their see on schools, colleges, and foundations for the poor.

Stephen Gardiner, Lord Chancellor under Queen Mary, was the last Catholic bishop of Winchester; and the last great Catholic ceremonial that the old cathedral witnessed was the wedding of the Queen with King Philip of Spain. What Winchester was in Catholic days may be judged from Milner's list of its churches, which, including the chapels of religious houses, contains the names of more than eighty in this one little city. Most of them have been utterly swept away.

For the Catholic visitor there are two places of special interest in Winchester in connection with its history since the Reformation. Pass up the High Street, and out by the road that goes through the old embattled gateway of the city, and, bearing to the left, you reach in a few minutes a little walled cemetery on the hill-top, commanding a splendid view of the city and the cathedral in the valley below. It has been the burial-place of the Catholics of Winchester and the country round for more than two centuries. Among the low, upright tombstones there is one, differing in nothing from those about it, with an inscription almost defaced by the weathering of one hundred and sixty years. It marks the grave of a confessor of the faith, the last priest imprisoned in England for saying Mass. Here is the inscription:

H. S. E. R. P.
 PAULUS ATKINSON FRANCISCANUS
 QUI 15 OCT. 1729 ÆTAT. 74
 IN CARCERE DE HURST VITAM FINIVIT
 POSTQUAM IBIDEM 30 PERAGERET ANNOS.
 R. I. P.

The letters of the first line are an ordinary abbreviation for "*Hic sepultus est Reverendus Pater,*" and the whole

inscription may be translated as follows: "Here is buried the Reverend Father Paul Atkinson, a Franciscan, who, on October 15, 1729, at the age of seventy-four, ended his life at Hurst Prison, after having spent thirty years in that place. May he rest in peace!"

Hurst Prison is identical with Hurst Castle, the old fort and battery now used as a signal station at the western entrance to Southampton Water. Father Atkinson was imprisoned at Hurst Castle because he had been arrested while saying Mass. For thirty long years he was a prisoner, looking out from its old battlements and narrow windows on the bright waters of the Solent, the green hills of the Isle of Wight, the long uplands of the New Forest,—all scenes that he had often traversed in his journeys as a disguised missionary, ministering to the scattered remnant of faithful Catholics. Apostasy, conformity to the state religion, would have meant for the prisoner freedom and some post of dignity at Winchester; but he remained faithful through this lifetime of thirty years. One is very glad to know that toward the end a friendly governor relaxed the severity of his imprisonment, and even allowed the aged confessor to say Mass sometimes in his cell. He died in prison, while George I. was on the throne. Latest of the confessors who were actually condemned for the faith by the English penal law, the modest inscription on his tomb solicits prayers for him. We kneel by the grass-grown mound that marks the grave, and we ask his prayers. The "second spring" of Catholicity in England, which, for him and those who suffered like him, must have seemed something that only a miracle of the far-off future could bring about, had its beginnings at Winchester little more than a century ago.

As we go back down the hill to the city after our visit to the cemetery, we pass on the left a large gateway guarded

by a red-coated sentry; beyond we see a barrack, with one side of it formed by a mass of roofless fire-blackened buildings. These are the remains of the "King's House," the place built at Winchester by Charles II., and used as a military depot till it was burned down a few years ago. In 1792 and 1793, when the clergy of France had to flee from persecution to England, there were at one time no less than nine hundred priests living together in the King's House. They were the guests of the British nation, which not only gave them lodging here but supplied money for their wants. Many of the rooms were fitted up as chapels; and, though the laws against Catholicity were still in part unrepealed, thousands of Protestants welcomed those priests; and for the first time the old bigotry and hatred of the faith began to disappear as men began to learn from their guests what Catholicity really is. Many of the Catholic churches in England were founded by the exiled French priests. At one of them in London an Oxford professor, on a vacation visit to town, learned something about the breviary from a courteous and learned *abbé*, accepted a copy, and was struck by its resemblance in some parts to the English prayer-book. From so slight a source flowed a course of lectures at Oxford which Canon Oakeley notes as having been a beginning of the Tractarian Movement.

But to come back to Winchester. In those days, while the French priests were at Winchester, the pastor of the little Catholic congregation was the Rev. John Milner, afterward Bishop of Castabala and Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District. Newman has called Milner "the English Athanasius." He was undoubtedly the greatest English Catholic in the three centuries after the so-called Reformation. A theologian, his "End of Controversy" is still preaching the faith and making its converts year by year. A historian and

antiquary, his book on Winchester is still the standard authority on the subject; and his writings on Gothic architecture prepared the way for the Gothic revival that has influenced the art of half the Christian world. A far-sighted prelate, when the rest of the English Catholics were ready to purchase the repeal of the Catholic disabilities by giving the government control over Catholic affairs, by allowing the ministry of the day a veto on church appointments, he alone in England stood by O'Connell in refusing to purchase civil freedom by the partial sacrifice of the Church's liberty.

In St. Peter's Street, Winchester, stands the small Catholic chapel which Milner erected in 1792. The design was drawn by his own hand in its general features, and the details were then worked out by a professional architect. It is notable as the first Gothic church erected in any English-speaking country since the Reformation, the beginning of the movement which has covered England, Ireland and Scotland, the United States, Canada and the British colonies, with so many beautiful Gothic buildings. The gateway that opens on St. Peter's Street was once the entrance to one of the monasteries of the city. The porch of the church contains an inscription recording the gratitude of the exiled clergy of France to the English people. Near the outer gate lies a huge stone which Milner identified as one of the altars of early British paganism.

The little church is fully described in the second volume of Milner's celebrated history. The author tried to make its simple decorations tell even to the casual visitor something of Catholic doctrine. It is a precious monument of a saintly man, and of the beginning of the Catholic revival in England. It has become too small for the needs of the growing Catholic congregation; but, though a new and much larger church is to be erected, Milner's "Church of St. Peter" is to be

preserved as one of its side chapels. The land for the new church has been secured, but the funds for building it are still deficient. Let us hope that something will be done to provide them in the next three years; so that in 1901, when Winchester will be keeping the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred, the great Saxon ruler, to whom the city owed so much, at least a beginning may be made in the erection of a worthy sanctuary of the religion in which King Alfred lived and died, and with which all the historic glories of this Old-World city are so intimately associated.

The Adopted Son.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

"NOW, dear Mrs. Lester, confess is not that a lovely view?" Mrs. Cresswell said to her companion, a silvery-haired, delicate-looking old lady. The two were passing through an opening in the woods surrounding Derryloran Manor, and at the moment a fair and fertile expanse of country lay before them. The wide meadow-lands were gay with buttercups and daisies, the hedges were white with hawthorn bloom; and the orchards, surrounding many of the farm-houses, loaded with blossoms. Thrush and black-bird lilted merrily in the full-leaved boughs, and high overhead a lark sang a rapturous strain.

Mrs. Lester paused a few moment.

"Yes," she said, finally: "it is indeed a charming prospect."

"So I always think," rejoined Mrs. Cresswell. "Even in winter I admire the view. I wish we could persuade you to remain with us till the first snow comes."

Mrs. Lester smiled sadly.

"My dear, you have been very good to

me—both you and your husband; but I must not impose upon that goodness.

"Oh, now, Mrs. Lester—" the other began impulsively; but her companion broke in:

"Besides, I always make a point of residing at least six months of the year at Lester Court. It is my duty—a painful one I must allow—to see to my tenantry."

Mrs. Cresswell did not speak. While she and her husband had been making a hurried tour through the south of France in the beginning of the year, they had chanced to be of much service to Mrs. Lester, whose companion had died suddenly at a little village where they had been passing the winter. Mr. Cresswell had kindly placed himself at the English lady's disposal during that time, and Mrs. Cresswell had nursed her through a severe illness that followed on the trouble and excitement Mrs. Lester had undergone. When the Cresswells turned homeward they had Mrs. Lester's promise to pay them a visit in their Ulster home, and in fulfilment of it she had arrived at Derryloran Manor a few days before.

"No," Mrs. Lester continued, as her hostess did not speak. "I hate the Court—since Harry died."

"Your son?" Mrs. Cresswell asked.

"My only child," Mrs. Lester replied, piteously. "He died when he was but thirty years of age."

Mrs. Cresswell seemed pained, and murmured a sympathetic word.

"The party with whom he was passing a portion of the hunting season sent us a telegram to say there had been an accident. His father happened to be very ill at the time, and I went to Melton Mowbray alone. He died within an hour of my arrival."

"Poor mother!"

"It was hard; but I think the confession I had to listen to made it harder still. My boy, that I thought so much of, had married secretly years before, and I am

afraid he did not treat his wife well. She was only a farmer's daughter, and he feared his father's anger. I did not understand everything clearly—the time was short; but it seemed she wished him to proclaim their marriage, and he would not. Then they quarrelled, and she fled."

"Did he not find her?"

"No. He learned that she had gone to London; that was all. He wished me to continue his search for her and the child."

"Was there a child?"

"She was expecting one when—they parted."

"And you never found any trace of her or the child?"

"Never. My husband died shortly afterward. Lester Court is unentailed, and he left it to me. Sometimes I am puzzled as to how I should dispose of it. It is a great burden—a very great burden and responsibility."

Mrs. Lester paused.

"I have no doubt but you feel it so," Mrs. Cresswell assented.

"Yes; I have no very close relatives now—my only sister died long since."

"And your husband?" Mrs. Cresswell asked. "Had he no friends?"

Mrs. Lester shook her head.

"No: no near relatives. I at first—after Harry's death, I mean—cherished hopes of finding out the girl he had treated so badly. He was so penitent, so remorseful, my poor boy!"

"We have all many things to be remorseful over," Mrs. Cresswell said.

"Yes, I suppose so. Lately I have often found myself wishing that Harry had been a Catholic. During the periods I have spent abroad I have seen Catholics dying consoled and strengthened by their Sacraments. If Harry could have had such comfort!"

"Oh, yes, yes! I, as a Catholic, understand." Mrs. Cresswell saw her companion was much affected, and after a brief silence she said: "Now, Mrs. Lester, I am

going to take you to see a particular friend of mine. She's a glad and happy woman to-day. Her son was ordained a priest in Maynooth yesterday."

"Oh!" and Mrs. Lester smiled slightly. "Do you know, Mrs. Cresswell, I used to have a vague distrust of a priest?"

"Many Protestants have. Indeed, before my conversion, I myself had."

"Why, I always supposed that you were born a Catholic," Mrs. Lester said.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Cresswell remarked.

The ladies had left Derryloran woods behind. After traversing the high-road for a short distance, Mrs. Cresswell turned into a narrow lane with high-blossomed hedges on each side.

"Mary's home is just at the foot of this *boreen*,—*boreen* is an Irish word, meaning lane," she explained.

It took the pair some ten or twelve minutes to reach their destination. It was a small, low cottage, with a broad stretch of greensward in front, where numerous flocks of chickens disported themselves. On each side of the door a rosebush had been planted, and the first roses were just opening on them. A woman, whose step was quick and firm and whose figure was straight and upright, was crossing toward the house with some dozens of freshly-laid eggs in her checkered apron. She stopped as her visitors approached, and Mrs. Cresswell whispered to her companion:

"That is Mary. She has only a small patch of ground, but she is so industrious and saving that she manages to get on nicely. And Harry's education must have cost her a considerable sum."

"Is he her—son?" Mrs. Lester asked.

Mrs. Cresswell nodded.

"Ah, Mary!" she said. "I suppose you won't speak to me to-day. Well, I am glad for your joy, all the same."

"I know that, ma'am," Mary replied, with a suspicious quiver in her voice. "Sure we all know you share in our joys and woes."

"I have brought an English lady to see you, Mary. I hope you won't weary her overmuch with accounts of Father Henry's perfections."

"She's kindly welcome, ma'am," Mary made answer, with a polite inclination toward Mrs. Lester; "and I'll try not to say too much of Harry."

"I am certain you must feel proud of him," Mrs. Lester said, in the quick, nervous manner that was habitual to her. "Mrs. Cresswell has been speaking of him and you."

Mary moved a hurried step or two nearer, forgetful of her eggs, and three or four of them fell to the ground.

"O Mary!" Mrs. Cresswell ejaculated; but Mary took no heed of her.

"Might I make so free as to ask your name, ma'am?" she inquired eagerly of Mrs. Lester.

"Certainly," the lady answered. "I am Mrs. Lester."

"I knew it—I knew it!" Mary cried, excitedly. "I knew your voice, ma'am, at once." And at the woman's excited movements a few more eggs rolled to the ground.

"Why, Mary dear," Mrs. Cresswell interposed with a laugh, "do you mean to break all your eggs?"

Mrs. Lester was looking at Mary with a puzzled gaze.

"But it is *she*—the lady who helped me in London when Katie died; the lady who gave me the twenty pounds to clear this place of debt!" said Mary. "But it was in your father's time, Mrs. Cresswell," she explained to the latter lady.

"Oh!" Mrs. Cresswell had heard some little of how Mary had acquired her father's farm.

"And you—you are Mary—" Mrs. Lester hesitated for the name.

"Mary Neale, that lived with your sister, Mrs. Wilton. Don't you mind, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Lester replied. "Oh, yes! I remember now."

"And Mrs. Wilton, ma'am? I hope she is well," Mary said.

The lady shook her head sadly.

"She never recovered entirely from that illness. She died before the year was out."

"O ma'am, I'm sorry, heartily sorry, to hear it! Sure her name and yours were ever in my prayers," Mary said, simply.

A few words explained the state of affairs to Mrs. Cresswell; and she asked some question concerning the newly ordained priest, to allow Mrs. Lester time to recover from her agitation.

"I did not expect Harry would be ordained till June," Mary Neale said. "But I understand his Eminence the Cardinal is short of priests just now; so that is the reason, likely."

The woman turned again to Mrs. Lester.

"Sure, ma'am, I'd know you anywhere. 'Deed I would. You are not so much changed at all."

"Perhaps not," Mrs. Lester assented—"considering everything."

"Now, Mary, won't you ask us in?" Mrs. Cresswell said. "You must show us Harry's last photograph." She turned toward Mrs. Lester: "All the Maynooth students dabbled in photography; some of them not badly."

Mary, with many apologies for her remissness, led the way into her dwelling. The kitchen was fairly large and very orderly. Two or three religious pictures hung above the fireplace. The tin-ware on the whitewashed walls was shining brightly, and on the dresser some plates and bowls that would have delighted a dealer in old china were conspicuous. Mary placed two chairs for her visitors, when she had rid herself of the eggs she carried; and then brought from an inner room a large, handsomely bound history of her own country.

"Sure 'tis here I keep the likenesses," she explained, as she took two or three photographs, each wrapped carefully in

tissue-paper, from the book. She unfolded one and placed it with evident pride in Mrs. Cresswell's hands.

"It is an admirable photograph," the lady said, and handed it to her companion. She was not prepared for the start Mrs. Lester gave as she looked at it.

"Who is it?" the elder lady gasped, holding it from her. "Whose photograph is it?"

"Father Henry's, and he is Mary's son—her adopted son, I should say," Mrs. Cresswell explained.

"Yes, ma'am," Mary said. "I suppose that's the right word." She had been busy unfolding another card, and had not noticed Mrs. Lester's agitation. "Many a time I wonder that Katie's girl should die and the child of a stranger thrive with me. But God knows best."

Mrs. Lester, pale-faced and trembling, was still gazing at the photograph. Suddenly an idea as to the cause of her agitation came to Mrs. Cresswell. She bent toward the elder lady and asked, in a low tone:

"Do you see in that a likeness to any one you knew?"

"Yes, yes! It might be, allowing for the difference of dress, my son's likeness," Mrs. Lester replied, in the same low tone. "Ask her everything about *him*,"—she indicated the pictured form.

Mary was quite ready and happy to tell all she knew.

"Sure many a time Katie, my sister, told me how Harry's mother came to her seeking lodgings. She was a young, pretty, helpless creature, and Katie was very fond of her. She said her husband had not treated her well, and that her own people were angry at her for getting married secretly; so she had come to London, like many another foolish body, thinking she could get work. Her little money soon dwindled away, and she had only a few shillings in her purse when she came to Katie—"

"Well?" Mrs. Lester asked, as Mary paused a moment.

"To be sure Katie kept her, and her child was born. She never recovered, and before she died Katie promised she would keep the child as her own. You see, Katie was fairly well off then. Her husband, too, was willing to keep the child; but he died, and poor Katie soon followed him. Then I came to Ireland with the twenty pounds you gave me, ma'am, and got the bit of land—sure Mrs. Cresswell's father did all he could for me—that my father once lived on."

"Yes, Mary," Mrs. Cresswell replied. "And then?"

"Then Katie's little girl died. Sure I always say that 'tis a wonder any child lives in that big London. 'Deed it took the height of care to bring Harry round, though you wouldn't think it now. No: he's strong and hearty enough now, thank God!" Mary went on, after a momentary pause. "It was while he was Mass-server in Carndaisy he first said he'd like to be a priest; I never thought such a high honor was before him. Sometimes I can't believe it even yet."

"Did your sister know his parents' name?" Mrs. Cresswell questioned.

"His mother—but wait!" Mary broke off. She retreated into the room opening from the kitchen, returning in a second with a small box in her hand.

"I kept everything belonging to his poor mother," she said. "Her wedding-ring is here, and another beautiful ring—a big one. There are some old letters from her husband, too."

"What was his name?" Mrs. Lester demanded, more impatiently than she was aware of.

"Ah! that I don't know. The letters are signed 'Harry.' The poor mother wished the child called by his name, after all. She never mentioned his surname to Katie, I know. She kept to her own maiden name—" Mary paused.

"And that was—?" Mrs. Lester rose to her feet.

"Margaret Lewes," Mary responded, promptly. "O ma'am dear, what is it!" Mrs. Lester had sunk back on the chair, faint and pale.

"A glass of water, Mary, please!" Mrs. Cresswell said, hastily. There was no need for her friend to speak. She already understood that Margaret Lewes had been her dead son's wife.

Two hours later Mrs. Cresswell entered her husband's study, full of the wonderful news. Mrs. Lester, quite worn out by the excitement of the morning, had consented to lie down for a little.

"There is no doubt but Father Henry is Mrs. Lester's grandson. She recognized her son's handwriting at once; and one of the rings Mary still has—a curious old ring, too—was his."

"But, my dear, is there any real proof—any legal proof?" Mr. Cresswell asked, judicially.

"There is," Mrs. Cresswell explained triumphantly; "for in one of the letters an allusion is made to the church where the pair, Margaret Lewes and Harry Lester—for I am quite certain the writer of the letters was Mrs. Lester's son—were married. It is in Devizes."

Mr. Cresswell remained silent, and his wife continued, confidentially:

"And I am certain that Mrs. Lester will end by becoming a Catholic. She is going back this evening to see poor Mary, who is in a state of complete bewilderment; and it really is little wonder."

Mrs. Cresswell proved a true prophetess. More satisfied than heretofore, Mrs. Lester resides principally at Lester Court, where Mary Neale is often a welcome and a very happy visitor.

MOST people can bear blame from enemies, but few can withstand flattery from friends.

Twenty Years After.

I MET a love that once was mine,
But twice ten years had passed between;
No murmur woke, no glance nor sign,
Nor aught that crowds might not have seen.

Yet, O romance that died in tears!
Though vain regret is past for me,
A lifetime's web of hopes and fears
Might have been brightened all by thee.

Yet, still we know the dreams of old,
Like withered rose-leaves put aside,
A tenderness and fragrance hold,
That, with possession, might have died.

M. M.

Progress in the Sunday-School.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

(CONCLUSION.)

HAVING described thus far what we need in the matter of instruction, and why we need it, I take up the second point: What can we get from the Sunday-school? How far will it carry us toward the standard? At present, as I have shown, it does not carry us farther than a slim preparation for the reception of the Sacraments, with the result that our people are poorly informed as to the doctrines of their faith. How much more efficient it can be made I shall consider in the following numbered paragraphs.

I. The age-limit. The majority of the children cease to attend Sunday-school about the age of fourteen, or shortly after receiving Confirmation. There seems to be no good reason, except the indifference of parents and pastors, why they should leave until the age of eighteen. Many children attend school until that age, and often later; so that attendance at Sunday-school during school-days would seem to be a natural and easy thing. The

children who go to work are in greater need of a long Sunday-school training, and it ought not to be a difficult matter to keep them under a teacher until the age of eighteen. There is no question that the parents would like it, and it would have an excellent effect in keeping our boys and girls in their boyhood and girlhood much longer than they remain. It would also lessen the number of those precocious infants, in high collars or in long dresses, who ape the airs of men and women in the public places, while at home they are milder than sheep. The good custom of keeping them at Sunday-school can be easily established if the authorities take pains to provide a reason for it. Unfortunately, the average Sunday-school seems to be relieved at the departure of its pupils after Confirmation. Even if they wished to remain, there is nothing for them to do. There are no grades, no incentives to study further. All have vanished with the reception of Confirmation. But it must be mentioned as a *sine qua non* that the children can not be properly instructed to meet the conditions of life in this land, as I described them above, unless a ten years' course is prepared for them in the Sunday-school.

2. A graded Sunday-school. Six to eight years is the period of attendance for the average child. In that time he advances by way of nominal grades from the first chapter of the smaller catechism to the last chapter of the larger. It is a dull advance, without interest to the child or teacher. It is just better than nothing. The child is prepared to receive the Sacraments of Eucharist and Confirmation, but within five years he has forgotten all he learned concerning the latter Sacrament. The necessity of a graded Sunday-school, carefully and intelligently graded, is self-evident, no matter how few the years the pupil remains in it. The grades should be formed not only with the view of securing the child's

progress by sure and steady work, but also of holding his interest. All my experience leads me to believe that the catechism is torture to the average child, and the teaching of it a heart-breaking task to the average teacher. Sahara, with its caravans ploughing through interminable reaches of sand, does not seem more dry to the imagination than the catechism tract, with its long procession of teachers and children marching toward the oasis of escape. When instructing the child, science has demonstrated, what good sense had long before noted, that he must be entertained; and that it is not enough to stick him to a bench with a book in his hand and a teacher in front of him, if solid results are to be obtained. In each year of his course in Christian instruction a little meat and much entertaining milk must be provided for him, so that digestion be not overstrained.

3. The subjects taught. Very little interest attaches to a straight course through the smaller and larger catechisms. In fact, it is ridiculous to think of a child solemnly marching for years to Sunday-school for the sole purpose of mastering those dry outlines. It is not to be wondered at that nine-tenths of the matter crushed into him by the ordinary process drifts out of his mind within a year after his departure from the school. Eight years' work thus comes very speedily to nothing. Since the child attends Sunday-school eight years of his life, a chance is given to interest him in a great variety of subjects. In my opinion, the Sunday-school should aim to give its pupils a fine acquaintance with the life of Christ, with the history of the Church, with the doctrines and rites most in evidence, and with the religious and moral obligations of Catholic life. The catechism includes these subjects in its outline. Yet what an amount of filling out has to be done before the child of fifteen can understand the relation of that outline to his own life!

The story of Our Lord's life, the histories of His companions, the career of the Apostles, the struggles of the early Church, the legends of the martyrs, and similar features, could be used as means to hold the child's interest while conveying important instruction. As he grows older the living significance of these things could be presented to him in more serious text-books, whose usefulness would be all the greater because their romance had been presented to him in his childhood. Aside from the question of securing the child's interest, the Sunday-school *must* teach these subjects, if the children are to be prepared for present conditions. A sound knowledge of the life of Christ, of the history of the Church, of our best-known doctrines and rites, of moral and religious obligations, is the requirement of all Catholics in our times. I do not mean exact or finished knowledge, which is impossible for the multitude; nor even such thorough knowledge as might be acquired at college: simply what a workman might acquire with a good text-book and a fair teacher.

4. Examinations and promotions. The Sunday-school must be run with an eye to results, as every good school is run. Therefore examinations will not be neglected, and promotions will be the reward of the children's labors and an indication of progress. The children are always deeply interested in the question of their own advance. No matter how indifferent their recitations, they dread the disgrace of remaining behind their companions, and will make proper efforts to escape it. Only in those Sunday-schools where the grading is poor, the advance irregular, and promotion unimportant, is the sense of disgrace absent from the children. Enterprising pastors and superintendents of Sunday-schools spare no effort to give their catechism schools the form and efficiency of the best common schools; and they have other features of impor-

tance, besides grades and promotions, to benefit and interest the children.

5. Text-books. A graded Sunday-school, teaching the subjects named in a well-grooved course of ten years, would need a good set of text-books. These are not to be found in the market, for the reason, I presume, that a profitable demand has not yet been made for them. Yet this deficiency does not seriously hinder effective work on the lines described, because there are many makeshifts in the market to take the place of the series of text-books that will one day be produced. With the aid of such books as "Catholic Belief," "The Faith of Our Fathers," Spalding's History of the Church, "The Ten Commandments Explained," the Catechism of Perseverance, De Harbe's series, and various publications of local fame, teachers can do creditable work with advanced classes. It will not be as satisfactory as if the proper text-books were at hand, yet it will go far toward realizing the ideal standard.

The weakest point in the scheme herein recommended is the lack of text-books. We need a Life of the Saviour, a History of the Church, an explanation of doctrine, an explanation of the Commandments, and an exposition of moral duties, written to suit the youthful mind, the grades of the Sunday-school, and the times in which we live. About twenty different volumes would be required to meet the need. It will be long before the demand for such a series will be large enough to warrant a publisher's undertaking so expensive a work. Still, a number of Sunday-schools in the cities and towns have achieved all that has been here described without the aid of fine text-books. Some hundreds of children have been kept at work until their eighteenth year; fair instruction has been provided for them in the subjects I have named; the grades have been successfully maintained, and the interest of parents, teachers, and children has been

held to the end. Therefore, it will not be possible for the critical to object that the scheme which I have presented may do for description but is too visionary for actual life. The thing has been done much better than I have described it in many well-known parishes. I do not see any hindrances to the introduction of the scheme into a majority of the city, town and village parishes of the land, where the people are close to the church, and the children are numerous and willing to attend Sunday-school. Conditions are varied in a country so extensive as ours, and it is difficult to insist upon the application of a particular scheme to all parts of it at once. The point to be borne in mind is, that the average American must receive a training in Christian doctrine and spirit equivalent to what I have endeavored to describe, if his career is to be thoroughly Catholic.

To conclude, one word must be said on a matter of secondary importance, which has much to do with the depth and continuance of the impressions made on a child during his course in the Sunday-school. The most admirable training in any department of knowledge loses its vitality, and the cleverest pupil loses half the benefits of a fine training, if the knowledge acquired and the qualities developed are not kept in use. It has often happened that the best qualified have come to naught through rusting in idleness. Hence the common spectacle of the stars of the school firmament turning into the cinders of the highway. It is easy for the young to lose interest this year in what taxed all their energies the year before. It seems part of the office of the Sunday-school, therefore—as it is of every good school, I think,—to give its pupils such a love for their studies as will keep fresh their interest in spiritual matters all their lives long.

For this purpose no better instrument exists than the library and the Sunday-

school journal. At this moment it looks as if the day of the parish library were ended. Twenty-five years ago it was the fashion to have this effective agency in every first-class parish; whereas to-day I find the best without it, and its very name forgotten in circles where its work is most needed. No education, of college, academy, school, or home, can be called complete or certain if its recipients do not take away with them the taste for sound reading, and a knowledge of the reading which will confirm the training of the school. People are bound to read nowadays. There is no escaping it. So cheap and attractive are the journals and magazines, so numerous are readers, so thoroughly is every subject discussed in the workshop, in the street, in social life, in business offices, by the young and the old, that one must read in self-defence. It is in this way that error of all kinds is so thoroughly disseminated. Therefore the children must be taught to read, and the library must be a part of the work in the Sunday-school. The indifference to it in the majority of Sunday-schools and parishes is horrifying. The best work of the best Sunday-school is nullified in a few years by the current literature and journalism, if the antidote of Catholic reading is not provided. The library must be part of every Sunday-school training.

For the benefit of the hurried reader, this paper may be summed up in half a paragraph, as follows: the spread of immorality and error in this country makes necessary a more thorough training for the young in Christian doctrine; the present Sunday-school system teaches the child sufficient matter for the reception of the Sacraments, and no more; admitted that this is not enough, and the limitations of the Sunday-school being known, the writer maintains that a graded Sunday-school, with a course of ten years, can be founded and carried on successfully in the average parish; also that its pupils can

be taught in that time the life of Christ, the history of the Church, and the proper explanation of doctrines, duties, and sacred rites; and in such a way as to make them firm Catholics, capable of explaining the truth to their uninformed brethren. Very likely, this modest statement may be called a visionary's dream. It is well to remember that the dreams of one generation are often the common comforts of the next.

North by West.

—
WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.
—

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.
—

IX.—BY SOLITARY SHORES.

PROBABLY no one leaves Juneau with regret. Far more enjoyable was the day we spent in Ward's Cove, landlocked, wooded to the water's edge, and with forty-five fathoms of water of the richest sea-green hue. Here lay the *Pinta* and the *Patterson*—two characteristic representatives of the United States Navy as it was before the war,—the former a promoted tug-boat, equipped at an expense of \$100,000, and now looking top-heavy and unseaworthy, but just the thing for a *matinée* performance of Pinafore, if that were not out of date.

This *Pinta*, terrible as a canal-boat, armed to the teeth, drew up under our quarter to take in coal. You see, the *Ancon* combined business with pleasure, and distributed coal in quantities to suit throughout the Alaskan lagoon. Now, there is not much fun in coaling, even when a craft as funny as the *Pinta* is snuggling up under your quarter, looking more like the Pinafore than ever, with her skylarking sailors, midshipmite and all; so Captain Carroll secured a jaunty little steam-launch, and away we went on a picnic in the forest primeval. The

launch was laden to the brim; three of our biggest boats were in tow; an abundant collation, in charge of a corps of cabin-boys, gave assurance of success in one line at least.

We explored. Old Vancouver did the same thing long ago, and no doubt found these shores exactly as we find them to-day. We entered a shallow creek at the top of the cove; landed on a dreary point redolent of stale fish, and the beach literally alive and creeping with small worms about half an inch in length. A solitary squaw was splitting salmon for drying. She remained absorbed in her work while we gathered about and regarded her with impudent curiosity. Overcome by the fetid air of the place, we re-embarked and steamed gaily miles away over the sparkling sea.

In an undiscovered country—so it seemed to us—we came to a smooth and sandy strip of shore and landed there. But a few paces from the lightly-breaking ripples was the forest—and such a forest! There were huge trees, looking centuries old, swathed in blankets of moss, and the moss gray with age. Impenetrable depths of shadow overhead, impenetrable depths of litter under foot. Log had fallen upon log crosswise and at every conceivable angle.

Out of the fruitful dust of these deposed monarchs of the forest sprang a numerous progeny—lusty claimants, every one of them,—their foliage feathery and of the most delicate green, being fed only by the thin sunshine that sifts through the dense canopy, supported far aloft by the majestic columns that clustered about us. Under foot the russet moss was of astonishing depth and softness. One walks with care upon it; for the foot breaks through the thick matting that has in many cases spread from log to log, hiding treacherous traps beneath. The ferns luxuriate in this sylvan paradise; and many a beautiful shrub, new to us, bore

flowers that blushed unseen until we made our unexpected appearance.

Here we camped. The cloth was spread in a temple not made with hands. How hard it is to avoid ringing in these little old-time tags about flowers and forests! The viands were deftly served; the merry jest went round, and sometimes came back the same way, "returned with thanks." And thus we revelled in the midst of a solitude that may never before have been broken by the sound of human voice. When we held our peace—which we did at long intervals, and for a brief moment only—we realized this solemn fact; but it didn't seem to impress us much on the spot.

It was a delightful day we passed together. The memory of it is one of the most precious souvenirs of the Alaskan tour; and it was with reluctance that we returned to the ship, after consulting our watches with astonishment; for the late hours gave no warning, and we might have passed the night there in the loveliest of twilights.

The *Pinta* was about to withdraw to her anchorage as we boarded the *Ancon*; and then, too late, I discovered among the officers of that terror of the sea an old friend with whom I had revelled in the halcyon days at Stag Racket Bungalow, Honolulu. He was then on the United States steamship *Alaska*, of jolly memory; and he, with his companions, constituted the crack mess of the navy. But the *Alaska* is a sheer hulk, and her once jovial crew scattered hither and yon; he alone, in the solitude of these unfreighted waters, remains to tell the tale. I thought it a happy coincidence that, having met him first under "Old Glory," then floating in the trade-wind that blew over Southern Seas, I should find him last in the land that gave name to the ship that brought him over. Can the theosophists unravel this mystery, or see aught in it that verges upon mystic philosophy?

As we steamed out of Wood's Cove that night, with the echoes of a parting salute filling the heavens to overflowing, we saw a cluster of small, dark islets in the foreground; shining waters beyond flowed to the foot of far-away mountains; a silvery sky melted into gold as it neared the horizon. This picture, as delicate in tint as the most exquisite water-color, was framed in a setting of gigantic pines; and it was by this fairy portal that we entered the sea of ice.

From solitude to solitude is the order in Alaska. The solitude of the forest and the sea, of the mountain and ravine,—with these we had become more or less familiar when our good ship headed for the solitude of ice and snow. I began to feel as if we were being dragged out on the roof of the world—as if we were swimming in the flooded eaves of a continent. Sometimes there came over me a sense of loneliness—of the distance that lay between us and everybody else, and of the helplessness of our case should any serious accident befall us. It is this very state, perhaps, that ages the hearts of the hardiest of the explorers who seek vainly to unravel the polar mystery.

From time to time as we sailed, the sea, now a brighter blue than ever, was strewn with fragments of ice. Very lovely they looked as they hugged the distant shore; a ghostly and fantastical procession, borne ever southward by the slow current; and growing more ghostly and fantastical hour by hour, as they dwindled in the clear sunshine of the long summer days. Anon the ice fragments increased in number and dimensions. The whole watery expanse was covered with brash, and we were obliged to pick our way with considerable caution. At times we narrowly escaped grazing small icebergs, that might have disabled us had we come in collision with them. As it was, many an ice-cake that looked harmless enough, being very low in the water, struck us with a thud that

was startling; or passed under our old-fashioned side-wheels, splintering the paddles and causing our hearts to leap within us. A disabled wheel meant a tedious delay in a latitude where the resources are decidedly limited. Often we thought of the miserable millions away down East simmering in the sultry summer heat, while the thermometer with us stood at 45 degrees in the sun, and the bracing salt air was impregnated with balsamic odors.

In this delectable state we sighted a bouncing baby iceberg, and at once made for it with the enthusiasm of veritable discoverers. It was pretty to see with what discretion we approached and circled round it, searching for the most favorable point of attack. So much of an iceberg is beneath the surface of the water, ballasting the whole, that it is rather ticklish business cruising in its vicinity. We lay off and on, coquetting with the little beauty; while one of our boats pulled up to it, and threw a lariat over a glittering peak that flamed in the sun like a torch. Then we drew in the slack and made fast; while a half dozen of our men mounted the slippery mass, armed with ropes and axes, and began to hack off big chunks, which were in due season transferred to our iceboxes.

Our iceberg was about fifty feet in length and twenty or thirty feet out of the water. It was a glittering island, with savage peaks, deep valleys, bluffs, and promontories. The edges were delicately frilled and resembled silver filigree. Some of these, which were transparent and as daintily turned as old Venetian glass, dripped like rain-beaten eaves; while the portions nearest the water's edge were honeycombed by the wavelets that dashed upon them without ceasing, rushing in and out of the small, luminous caverns in swift, sparkling rivulets. Much of the surface was crusted with a fine frosting; it was full of wells deep enough to sink

a man in. These wells were filled with water, and with a blue light, celestial in its loveliness,—a light ethereal and pellucid. It was as if the whole iceberg were saturated with transfused moonbeams, that gave forth a mellow radiance, which flashed at times like brilliants, and burst into flame and played like lightning along the almost invisible rims and ridges. The unspeakable, the incomprehensible light throbbled through and through, and was sometimes bluish green and sometimes greenish blue; but oftenest with the one was the other, both at once, and with a bewildering tint added,—in a word, it was frozen moonlight. O my friend, I assure you there are many famous sports with not half the fun in them that there is in lassoing an iceberg!

Once more I turn to my note-books. I find that the morning had been foggy: that we could see scarcely a ship's length ahead of us; that the water was like oil beneath and the mists like snow above and about, while we groped blindly. Of course we could not press forward under the circumstances; for we were surrounded by islands great and small, and any one of these might silently materialize at a moment's notice; but we were not idle. Now and again our paddles beat the water impetuously, and they hung dripping, while the sea stretched around us as we leisurely drifted on like a larger bubble in danger of bursting upon an unexpected rock. We sounded frequently. There was an abundance of water—there nearly always is throughout the Alaskan archipelago; but the abrupt shore might be only a stone's-throw from us on the one hand or the other.

What was to be done? In the vast stillness we blew a blast on our shrill whistle, and listened for the echo. Sometimes it returned to us almost on the instant, and we cried, "Halt!" When we halted or veered off, creeping as it were on the surface of the oily sea, sometimes

a faint or far-off whisper—"the horns of elf-land"—gave us assurance of plenty of space and the sea-room we were sorely in need of just then. Once we saw looming right under our prow a little islet with a tuft of fir-trees crowning it—the whole worthy to be made the head-piece or tail-piece to some poem on solitude. It was very picturesque; but it seemed to be crouching there, lying in wait for us, ready to arch its back the moment we came within reach. The rapidity with which we backed out of that predicament left us no time for apologies.

Again we got some distance up the wrong channel. When the fog lifted for a moment, we discovered the error, put about without more ado, and went around the block in a hurry. Meanwhile we had schooled our ears to detect the most delicate shades of sound; to measure or weigh each individual echo with an accuracy that gave us the utmost self-satisfaction. Perhaps Captain Carroll or Captain George, who was spying out the land with his ears, would not have trusted the ship in our keeping for five minutes—but no matter.

Presently the opaque atmosphere began to dissolve; and as the sun brushed the thin webs from his face, and darted sharp beams upon the water all at once in a shower, the fog-banks went to pieces and rolled away in sections out of sight, like the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime. And there we were in the very centre of the smiling island world, with splendid snow peaks towering all about us; and such a flood of blue sky and bluer water, golden sunshine and gilded fields of snow, of jetting shores clad in perennial verdure, and eagles and sea-birds wheeling round about us, as can be seen nowhere else in the wide world to the same advantage.

We were entering a region of desolation. The ice was increasing, and the water took that ghastly hue, even a

glimpse of which is enough to chill the marrow in one's bones. Vegetation was now dying out. A canoeful of shivering Indians were stemming the icy flood in search of some chosen fishery; all of them blanketed, and all—squaw as well as papooses—taking a turn at the paddle. These were the children of Nature, whose song-birds are the screaming eagle, the croaking raven, and the crying sea-doves blown inland by the wild westerly gales.

We were now almost within sound of the booming glaciers; and as we drew nearer and nearer I could but brood over the oft-imagined picture of that vast territory—our Alaska,—where, beyond that mountain range, the almost interminable winter is scarcely habitable, and the summers so brief it takes about six of them to make a swallow.

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Paris Cemetery.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

AT the eastern extremity of Paris, in a quarter little frequented by the idlers and tourists who throng the gay boulevards as well as the bright Champs-Élysées, are two spots around which, after the lapse of a hundred years, still hang memories of tragic horror and Christian heroism. One of these spots is the Place de la Nation, formerly called Place du Trône; the other is the cemetery of Picpus, at a short distance from the first.

The Place du Trône was so called because here, in 1660, a temporary throne was erected, where Louis XIV. received the homage of the city of Paris after the treaty of the Pyrenees. It now bears the name of Place de la Nation; and, like the Place de l'Etoile, at the opposite extremity of Paris, it forms a central spot whence more than a dozen streets or avenues branch forth in every direction. But, 11

spite of its large fountain and two high columns, it has nothing of the bright and aristocratic appearance of the Place de l'Étoile; only, after Easter, a huge fair, popularly known as the Gingerbread Fair, gives a temporary animation to the quiet and solitary suburb.

As our readers are aware, the public executions during the Reign of Terror were carried on at first on the Place de la Révolution—now called the Place de la Concorde,—situated between the Champs-Élysées and the Tuileries; and the bodies of the victims were conveyed to the adjoining cemeteries.

In June, 1794, the inhabitants of the houses situated on or near the Place de la Révolution grew weary of the sickening scenes of horror that daily took place before their eyes; and, yielding to their remonstrances, the authorities consented to transfer the guillotine to a more distant part of Paris. It was, in consequence, erected on the Place du Trône, where it remained standing, and, alas! in daily use, from the 14th of June to the 27th of July; and during that comparatively short space of time more than thirteen hundred victims were executed.

Among these victims were men and women of every age and rank: noble ladies and courtiers bearing the greatest names in France; poets, like André Chénier; priests and prelates, like the Abbé Fénelon and the Bishop of Agde; soldiers, peasants, trades-people, laborers and workmen. One hundred among them were under twenty-five years of age, and of these several were mere children of fourteen and sixteen. They were executed in groups, after a mock trial that lasted a few minutes; without being allowed to defend their cause and without a priest to attend them. Many of the souls that winged their flight to heaven from this memorable spot were of rare holiness, and with the horror inspired by their unjust fate mingles the reverence that is

excited by a sacrifice nobly and generously offered. Others, less perfect in life, seemed in presence of death to attain a wonderful degree of submission and resignation.

The Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife were executed on the 27th of June. When they left the prison to be taken to the guillotine, a voice in the crowd cried out: "Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!" The old man stopped and turned round. "My friend," he said, "at the age of seventeen I went to battle for my King; at the age of eighty I go to the scaffold for my God. I am not to be pitied."

Three weeks later, on July 17, sixteen Carmelite nuns ascended the steps of the guillotine, singing the *Laudate*. The chant grew weaker as one by one their heads fell under the knife; and at last the prioress remained alone to finish the glorious hymn ere she joined her martyred daughters. Five days afterward three ladies, closely related to the brave old Maréchal whose words we have recorded, shared the same fate. Their history is singularly interesting, throwing as it does unexpected lights upon the hidden and more intimate life of some of those great ladies of the old *régime*, whom we are perhaps apt to consider as universally frivolous and worldly.

These noble women were the Duchess de Noailles; her daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Ayen; and her granddaughter, the Viscountess de Noailles. The first was a widow, and the husbands of the two latter had left France; the one was in Switzerland, the other in America. The Duchess d'Ayen, with her deep, somewhat austere piety, her strong sense of duty and utter unworldliness, was a remarkable figure in Paris society during the latter years of the reign of Louis XVI. She brought up her five daughters with grave tenderness and untiring attention, and they all fully responded to her care. One of them died before the Revolution, but the four surviving sisters—one of

whom was the wife of General Lafayette—suffered the untold miseries of those days of terror with rare courage and resignation; and, in exile as in prison, proved worthy of their early training. The Viscountess de Noailles was the eldest of the five, and circumstances made her the inseparable companion of her mother in life and death.

For some months previous to their execution, the three ladies had been kept close prisoners in their own house. They were occasionally visited by an old priest, Père Carrichon; and, foreseeing the fate that awaited them, the Viscountess made him promise that he would assist them if they were led to execution. He gave the promise, and added that, in that case, he would wear a red and blue coat in order that he might be more easily recognized.

Some months passed by; the measures directed against the ex-nobles became more and more stringent. The three ladies were first transferred to the prison of the Luxembourg, thence to the Conciergerie, where they were to be tried and condemned. On the 22d of July, 1794, Père Carrichon relates that he suddenly saw Monsieur Grelet, the brave and devoted tutor to whom the Viscountess de Noailles had entrusted her three children, enter his room, pale and haggard. "All hope is at an end!" he exclaimed. "They are at the Conciergerie, and I am come to summon you to keep your promise."

The old priest, in a touching account of the day's tragedy, relates that he put on the red and blue coat which had been agreed upon; and, greatly distressed and troubled, made his way to the Conciergerie, hoping against hope that the news might be false. Alas! toward five in the evening the carts with the victims passed him by. He saw in the first the aged Duchess de Noailles; in the second, the Duchess d'Ayen and her daughter; the latter dressed in white, looking so young, so pure, so calm! In vain he

followed the carts and strove to attract the prisoners' attention. At last a violent storm broke forth; the spectators fled to escape the rain, the guards relaxed their vigilance, and Père Carrichon was able to approach close to the carts. The Viscountess was the first to see him. A radiant smile illumined her countenance. She spoke to her mother, and both reverently bowed their heads; while under the pouring rain, in the midst of thunder and lightning, the old priest, unnoticed by the guards, gave them absolution.

Arriving at the Place du Trône, Père Carrichon, lost in the crowd, kept his eyes fixed on the three victims. The aged Duchess was calm and resigned; the Duchess d'Ayen looked exactly as she did when about to receive Holy Communion; the Viscountess de Noailles cast earnest glances at the priest, as if to charge him with unspoken messages for the husband and children she was leaving; then, turning to her companions, she seemed to encourage and exhort them to repentance and confidence. She was already half way up the bloody ladder when, turning round, she said in an earnest voice to a young man who was blaspheming: "For pity's sake, beg God's pardon!" It is no wonder that Père Carrichon, on leaving the spot when all was over, felt more admiration than horror. He went home, we are told, "praising God."

When she was called upon to leave the Luxembourg prison for the Conciergerie, the Duchess d'Ayen chanced to be reading a chapter of "The Imitation." She rose to obey the summons, hastily wrote upon a scrap of paper, "My children, courage and prayer!" then placed the paper to mark the chapter; closed the book, kissed it, and gave it to her fellow-prisoner, the Duchess of Orleans, the ill-fated widow of Philippe-Egalité. Her voice quivered and her tears fell as she begged the royal Duchess to convey the book to her daughters.

The fall of Robespierre saved the Duchess of Orleans from a fate similar to that of her friend, and she was able to give the precious book to the daughters of the Duchess d'Ayen. It is now in the possession of her great-granddaughter, Madame de la Moricière, widow of the well-known General who commanded the Papal forces at Castelfidardo; and it has been my privilege to see and touch the precious volume. The scrap of paper written by the martyred Duchess marks the chapter of the "Royal Road of the Holy Cross," and the yellow pages bear the stains of her tears.

It was full of these tragic memories, so vivid still after the lapse of a hundred years, that on a spring day, not long ago, I made a pilgrimage to the cemetery of Picpus, where the thirteen hundred victims of the Place du Trône were laid to rest. The account of Père Carrichon, confirmed by that of other eye-witnesses whose best and dearest perished on that fatal spot, tells us that immediately after their execution the bodies and heads of the victims were thrown into carts painted red and dripping with blood. The executions usually took place toward the end of the day, and it was getting dusk when the hideous carts made their way, along a solitary country road, to a lonely spot called Picpus. Here, close to ruined church that had belonged to the Augustinians, an immense pit thirty feet square had been dug, and into this the bodies were roughly thrown. Sometimes the relatives or friends of the martyrs followed at a distance, concealed by the gathering twilight, weeping and praying.

When the fall of Robespierre put an end to the Reign of Terror, the guillotine disappeared from the Place du Trône; but times were still too perilous for the survivors to pay any homage to those who lay in their unblessed and unhonored grave. When the cemetery was put up for sale, with the adjoining fields, toward

the end of the century, the Princess of Hohenzollern, whose brother was among the victims, bought it and enclosed it within four walls. She did not venture to do more, and so years passed by. In 1802 the Duchess d'Ayen's daughters, who had returned from exile, were moved to tears on visiting the lonely spot, where no religious emblem, not even a cross, marked the grave of their beloved ones. Under the inspiration of these noble women, a subscription was organized among the families of the victims; and by degrees the united offerings of rich and poor enabled the originators of the work to build, close to the cemetery, a church and a convent, which, with full heart and reverent steps, I have lately visited.

I first bent my steps toward the Place de la Nation, following the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, along which the carts pursued their *Via Dolorosa* during the fatal summer of 1794. Some of the tall houses on either side may have been the silent witnesses of many a pathetic scene. They probably stood there when the Carmelites passed by singing the *Te Deum*; and when, amidst thunder and lightning, Père Carrichon gave a last absolution to the ladies of the house of Noailles. The Place de la Nation, as I saw it on a bright spring day, presented an aspect familiar to those who have visited the Paris suburbs on sunshiny afternoons. Numbers of pale-faced, bare-headed women, with their babies around them and their work in their hands, are sitting on the benches, enjoying the sky and sun—God's free gifts to all His creatures. Little do the lowly workers know of the tragic memories that hang round the spot where they seek a passing rest and relief from their squalid homes. These memories of the past haunt me, and invest commonplace surroundings with pathetic interest. I seem to see the Carmelites of Compiègne kneeling at the foot of the scaffold as their joyous

Laudate floats upon the air; or, again, the Viscountess de Noailles' angel countenance as she bids a silent farewell to the old priest, her last friend on earth.

The Rue de Picpus is close to the "Place"; but instead of the lonely country roads along which the bloody carts conveyed the remains of the victims, wide, unfinished streets branch out on every side. Just a few steps bring you to No. 33. You enter; and, accompanied by a portress who serves as guide, you cross a quiet court, leave to your right the church and convent of the nuns of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; follow a long strip of garden belonging to them, and finally turn to the right and enter a cemetery. Here, by a special privilege, the relatives and descendants of the victims of 1794 are buried. On the tombs you read all the noblest names in France: Levis Mirepoix, Talleyrand - Périgord, Duras, Noailles, La Rochefoucauld, Montmorency, Rosambo, Polignac, etc. A handsome monument is that of the Catholic orator and writer, Montalembert.

Another no less striking tomb is that of General Lafayette. Close to him lies his devoted wife, Adrienne de Noailles, whose grandmother, mother and sister were among the victims, and who was herself one of the chief foundresses of the convent and church. Over Lafayette's grave floats the American flag. The Stars and Stripes are an unexpected sight in this remote corner of Paris. Upon the tomb itself are bunches of flowers and cards laid by American hands. "They never forget him," says the guide, as she points out these grateful tokens brought by friends from beyond the ocean.

The tomb of Lafayette is one of the last in the long line of monuments to the right; just beyond it is a high wall enclosing the piece of ground where the victims of 1794 rest in a common grave. Against the wall a large white marble tablet bears the names of the sixteen holy

Carmelite martyrs, whose beatification is even now being discussed in Rome. A smaller marble medallion has an inscription in remembrance of the poet André Chénier, another victim of the bloody month of July, 1794. You open a gate and enter the square enclosure, surrounded on all sides by the original wall erected by the Princess of Hohenzollern when, a hundred years ago, she purchased the hallowed ground, to save it from profanation. Her brother, Prince Frederick of Salm Kyrburg, lies among the thirteen hundred victims so ruthlessly cast into a common grave; and various members of the same family have chosen to be buried close to the spot.

A few fir-trees stand out against the blue sky; the grass, in its spring freshness, grows under your feet; it covers with a soft green mantle, studded with purple violets, the surface of the great pit, thirty feet square, that extends under the wall at the extremity of the enclosure. "It is here," says the guide, pointing to the spot, "that they were buried." And, moved by the recollections that sweep across your mind, you kneel down and pray *for* and *to* those who lie beneath the green grass, and whose souls, no doubt, are at rest with God.

How many lives rich in youth, in beauty, in talent, in goodness; how many beings loving and beloved were ruthlessly cut off, and then hidden away under that greensward where the violets grow and the sunbeams cast a golden radiance! The terrible storm that swept over France spared none: rich and poor, noble and plebeian, young and old, saint and sinner, were alike mowed down by the cruel knife of the guillotine and flung into the same nameless grave.

Absolute stillness reigns all around: no sound from the great city reaches the solitary spot, where, in the spring sunshine, you kneel by the silent dead. Slowly and unwillingly you at last retrace your

steps. Before leaving you enter the church. Large marble tablets bear inscribed the names and ages of the thirteen hundred victims who perished at the Place du Trône; and before the Tabernacle two nuns, in white robes and scarlet mantles, pray day and night for all those who sleep under the shadow of the church. An impression of peace and pardon seems to prevail in presence of the altar, where the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered for the poor souls, many of whom were hurried into eternity without the assistance and consolations that, in calmer times, our holy mother the Church bestows upon her departing children.

Next door to the convent of the nuns of the Sacred Hearts, to whose guardianship the cemetery is committed, is the house of the priests of the same congregation, commonly called in France the Fathers of Picpus. Your last pilgrimage is to their venerable chapel, where, under the altar steps, are buried four members of the Order who were murdered during the Commune of 1871.

Then you re-enter the noise and turmoil of the city, bearing, perhaps, in your hand a bunch of violets from the silent, green enclosure, so fitly called the Champ des Martyrs; and in your heart, the vivid and pathetic memories of a tragic past—memories that remain so closely linked with the story of a Paris cemetery.



EASY laws, few laws, and laws which it is our own interest to keep—these are the characteristics of the dominion of God. Why, then, are we restless and uneasy, and not rather happily lost in amazement at the goodness of our great Creator? It seems wonderful that He who is so great should also be so good; and it is the joyous lesson which the sands of life teach us, as they run yearly out, that this very greatness is the only blessed measure of His goodness.—*Father Faber.*

Notes and Remarks.



The fact that four divorce suits are awaiting the attention of the Canadian parliament leads the organ of the Knights Templar in the Dominion, to deplore the growth of the divorce evil. It hopes that its readers, although for the most part staunch Protestants, "may be candid enough to admit that to our Catholic friends is due great credit for their belief in the inviolability of the marriage-contract." The paper recognizes that divorce is only a natural outcome of the doctrine that marriage is nothing more than a mere civil contract, and adds: "It is hopeless to look for a remedy until the church as a whole sets her face definitely in the direction of the absolute sacredness of the marriage-tie." The only institution that can properly be called "the church" has always had her face set in that direction; and divorce will continue to grow until the sects return to the old mother tree from which they have been cut off. The Church of England was born of divorce, and is consequently inconsistent in opposing it. In the meantime Canada is to be congratulated on the small extent to which it is affected by the evil.



The venerable Monsig. de Neve, formerly rector of the American College at Louvain, passed to his reward on Easter Sunday. He had been in feeble health for many years, and had attained an advanced age. Monsig. de Neve was at one time a priest of the Diocese of Detroit, where his memory is still held in veneration. A man of noble character, a priest of exemplary life and great learning, he was respected and beloved by all who came in contact with him. It is not too much to say that few clergymen of our time have exerted a wider or more beneficial influence than Monsig. de Neve. The success of the American College in Louvain was largely due to his self-sacrificing efforts; and had his health been spared, it would undoubtedly have attained the highest development. To the early students he was a father, friend and model, and

communicated to them his admirable sacerdotal spirit. Monsig. de Neve deserves to be remembered as a benefactor of the Church in this country. God rest his soul!

This is the age of conventions, congresses, reunions, gatherings of all sorts of people for all sorts of purposes; and now a correspondent of the *Pilot* suggests that there be held a congress of converts. There can be no question that such a convention would be of singular interest to non-Catholics and our own people as well. Protestant interest would assuredly be accompanied by a feeling of profound surprise at the number, the intellectual ability, the moral and social standing, of those Americans who have seriously sought for religious truth and have logically brought up in the old-time Mother Church. That in such a congress, also, valuable hints to the conductors of the present missions to non-Catholics would be forthcoming need not be said. There could easily be a congress less interesting and less useful than one of American converts to the Church.

Now that Mr. Marion Crawford has concluded his lecture course, we may congratulate him on his great success in a new field of labor. He was greeted by large and appreciative audiences wherever he went, and was listened to with the same interest with which he is read. Particularly gratifying to the Catholic public was the popularity of the lecture on Leo XIII., which was delivered in nearly one hundred cities of the United States. This one lecture has removed mountains of prejudice. The Vicar of Christ as he really is was revealed to thousands of Mr. Crawford's auditors for the first time, and the Church herself presented in a new light. The general interest in this lecture was no less of a gratification than a surprise to Mr. Crawford, who was glad of every opportunity afforded him to champion the cause of the Church.

A member of the Smithsonian Institution some time ago visited Lourdes, and he has recently imparted to a gathering of the

Concord School of Philosophy some of the impressions he received and some of the conclusions he arrived at while visiting that greatest of Our Lady's shrines. Mr. Smiley, the gentleman in question, states that he received at Lourdes "a great spiritual uplift which he did not feel it wise or possible to divulge." It is rather regrettable that he did not also feel the un wisdom of divulging his futile explanation of the marvellous curative properties of the Lourdes water. "The virtue of the water resides in the vibrations present in it," really means nothing more than that the water cures because it *does*. If Mr. Smiley had corresponded to that grace which he styles a "spiritual uplift," he would have abandoned his prejudices and preconceived notions as to the *a priori* impossibility of miracles, and might have left Lourdes a good Catholic.

It is said that, partly owing to a long and painful illness, the late Father Douglas, C. SS. R., bore a striking resemblance during his last days to Saint Alphonsus Liguori. The likeness was more than external; for Father Douglas' piety, zeal, and love for poverty were truly saintlike. He was of the family of the Marquis of Queensbury, and received the grace of faith after his graduation from Oxford. The princely fortune which he inherited was wholly employed in religious works, to which the energies of his life were as generously devoted. A volume first written by him in Italian (he lived much in Rome), and afterward rewritten in English under the title of "The Divine Redeemer," was so full of merit as to cause regret that Father Douglas did not write more. May he rest in peace!

The unfortunate attempt of Princeton University to conduct a saloon under quasi-official direction, with the hope of restraining the students from over-indulgence in liquor, induced a sprightly prohibition journal to address this question to the college presidents of the United States: "Do you believe that an elaborately furnished and attractive drinking-place for students, under the patronage and direction of professors and

trustees of a college, lessens intemperance among students by keeping them away from less reputable saloons or in any other way?" Of the two hundred and thirty-eight educators who answered the question, only two replied in the affirmative. The question has no practical bearing on Catholic colleges, in which the use of intoxicating drink is absolutely forbidden, as it ought to be. If there is any class of society who seems to have an overflow of animal spirits, it is college students. They need no physical stimulant. The age, temperament, and especially the social conditions of the ordinary collegian are so many good reasons for total abstinence in his case.

In a hitherto unpublished letter, written by Cardinal Manning when he had just given up his Anglican living, he observes: "What my human affections have suffered in leaving my home and my flock, where for eighteen years my whole life as a man has been spent, no words can say; but God gave me grace to lay it all at the foot of the Cross, where I am ready, if it be His will, to lay down whatever yet remains to me." It is interesting to know the reasons that chiefly determined Manning, as he wrote them down in this same letter: "When this anti-Roman uproar broke forth, I resolved at once. I could lift no hand in so bad a quarrel, either to defend a Royal Supremacy which had proved itself indefensible, or against a supremacy which the Church for six hundred years obeyed."

The death of George Parsons Lathrop occurred on April 19, in New York city, after four days of illness. He was only forty-seven years of age, having been born in Honolulu, August 15, 1851. Mr. Lathrop's first book was a volume of poems published while he was assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1875; some very good fiction followed, but his most valuable work is his "Study of Hawthorne." Mr. Lathrop had married Rose Hawthorne, a daughter of the great romancer, in 1871. Both were intensely religious by nature, and they were received into the Church together in 1891. Since then

Mr. Lathrop has been less in the public eye; though he has been outspoken, on occasion, in defence of the Church. His widow has for some years conducted a hospital for poor cancer patients in New York city. *R. I. P.*

Death has been busy of late with the members of the royal House of Orleans. The Duchess d'Alençon perished in the Parisian fire last May. Her uncle, the Duke d'Aumale, followed her to the grave only a few weeks afterward; and now the Princess of Joinville has succumbed to the dread destroyer. The deceased lady was daughter of Dom Pedro I. and sister of Dom Pedro II., Emperors of Brazil. She was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1824, and married François de Bourbon, of Orleans, Prince of Joinville, in 1843. For some years past she had been living at Paris; and, despite her seventy-four years, was in excellent health until three days before her death.

Another recent decease that occasions much regret among the scions of the old French nobility is that of the Marquis de Mun, the octogenarian father of the eminent Catholic politician and orator, Count Albert de Mun, member of the French Academy. The Marquis was a splendid example of the great Christians of France's better days; and his old age was cheered by the knowledge that his name still evoked the admiration of Catholics throughout the world, and that Count Albert cherishes and acts upon all the best traditions of his noble ancestry.

The radical distinction between a Protestant "revival" and a Catholic "mission" is clearly set forth in a paper contributed to the *Independent* by the Paulist, Father Doyle. The following paragraph emphasizes the difference between the pre-existing conditions of those who attend these religious services:

A mission differs from a revival both in its purposes and in its methods. While both may seek to stimulate the flagging energies and the low spiritual life of tepid people, still the starting-point of the work and the means employed are very different. The mission presupposes an earnest belief on the part of the hearers. The mission is like the farmer who starts with a field that has

been cleared of stumps and rocks, and has at previous times yielded good harvests. It takes for granted that the people have a strong faith in all the teachings of Christ; and among people living under the Catholic rule of faith this is invariably so. It makes its appeal not so much "to believe on the Lord Jesus" as to do His will by avoiding sin and practising virtue.

Tidings of the death of Cardinal Taschereau have caused widespread regret wherever his noble work was known, though the hopeless state of his health during his last years made death a welcome release for him. His life was as distinguished for unselfish service as it was full of honors. As a young priest, he earned the affection of his people by his heroic devotion to the Irish immigrants who were turned adrift on the Canadian shore, suffering the double sorrow of plague and famine. The special love in which he was held ever after by the descendants of these destitute and suffering exiles was a beautiful memento of his courage and energy during the contagion. As professor and president of Laval, he impressed his personality on that great Catholic University; as prelate, his administration was wise, firm and equitable. He was the first Canadian Cardinal; for though Mgr. Weld was nominally a member of the hierarchy of Canada when he received the red hat in 1830, he never lived in the Dominion. *R. I. P.*

The *Hindu*, a pagan journal edited by a high-caste native of India, bears this welcome testimony:

The increasing number of conversions to Roman Catholicism from the Brahman community is being looked upon by the population of Trichinopoly with considerable alarm. Within the past few months there has sprung up in Trichinopoly quite a colony of educated Brahman converts to Christianity. The chief hindrance to conversions hitherto lay in the social ostracism that the convert was subject to; but since these converts have grown to form a pretty numerous colony, without apparent loss of social position among themselves, it is feared there may be more frequent conversions in Trichinopoly.

We observe with pleasure that the Christian journals of India quote these words approvingly, and thus lend additional weight to the evidence of the *Hindu*. If the tyranny of caste prejudice be once completely broken

in one place, the spirit of liberation will spread, and the doom of Brahmanism is sealed. The superstitious regard for caste feeling has hitherto been the great barrier to the progress of the Christian faith in India.

When Col. Ingersoll went to Philadelphia with his old lecture, "Why I am an Agnostic," under his arm, a Catholic society in the Quaker City conceived the happy thought of distributing Dr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" freely among the audience. It is said that seven hundred copies were thus disposed of. The *Times-Standard* reports that a copy was offered to the lecturer himself, but the orator looked pained and declined the gift. Whoever expected to exhilarate the Colonel and inspire him with a comfortable feeling before his lecture by offering him a copy of the "Notes" was guilty of an error of judgment. It reminds us of the facetious man who once interrupted Ben Butler during a speech to present a bouquet of wooden spoons.

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 Mitchell, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, who passed to his reward on the 17th inst.

Mr. Francis P. Powell, whose death took place at Camden N. J., on the 11th inst.

Mr. Peter Leary, of S. Boston, Mass., who lately departed this life.

Mr. James Clarke and Mr. Thomas Norton, of Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget A. Ward, Gilroy, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget Hodge, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John McCarthy and Mrs. A. Hickey, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary E. Natt, Summit, Pa.; Miss Marie A. Luddy and Mrs. Richard Sullivan, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mr. Anthony Donovan, Mr. Patrick, Mrs. Margaret, and Thomas McGrath; also Mrs. Ellen Geerey, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. James Hagan and Miss Margaret Hagan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John P. Brawley, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Mary E. Brophy, Manchester, N. H.; Miss Margaret Coogan, John and Miss Mary T. Gallagher, Jewett City, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Armstrong, New York city; Miss Rose Mulrone, Rodman, Iowa; Mrs. Margaret Keenan, Miss Margaret Ryan, and Miss Bridget Murnane, Troy, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Promise.

OUR LADY'S month I mean to spend
 In such a worthy way
 For love of her, that she'll commend
 And bless me day by day.

To think of her at prayers I'll try;
 I'll study hard in school;
 And will not tell one tiny lie
 Or break a single rule.

At home I'll do my mamma's will
 At once, without delay;
 And when she bids me keep quite still,
 I'll not run off and play.

Yes, I'll be good as I can be
 All through the month of May,
 And let the Blessed Virgin see
 I mean just what I say.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XVIII.—A TERRIBLE VISITATION.

BUT St. Mary's was not yet done with Ida Lee. Several day-scholars from the neighboring little village of Bolton attended the convent school; the large carriage going for them in the morning, and taking them home after the exercises were over. Among those pupils, the year previous, was a girl who had been dismissed for flagrant and repeated disobedience to the rules. She had been a very intimate friend of Ida's, who, by

permission of her parents, had at intervals spent a couple of days in her company. This was before the dismissal; after that time Ida had not been allowed to visit her.

Her name was Julia Morton. Her father had a lucrative government contract, and was fast becoming a wealthy man. His wife and daughters, chafing at the narrow confines of the neighborhood in which they lived, were very anxious to leave Bolton for residence in a larger place. Mrs. Morton, a kind-hearted but ignorant woman, had been much impressed by the extravagant pretensions of Ida; while Julia was firmly persuaded that if they could once obtain the *entrée* to the society in which she moved, the Morton family would very soon mount to the top of the social ladder.

If Ida had had the opportunity before leaving the convent, she would have informed Julia of her proposed departure; but she had been under close surveillance during the last few days of her sojourn, not being allowed to communicate with any one but her parents. Two of the Sisters accompanied her to the city, where she was met by her father, who accepted her story of discontent at the convent as a reason for leaving it. He had business in a neighboring town for a few days, which would prevent his returning home at once, as Ida had expected.

"Can't you stay at the convent here till I come back from Gorton?" he asked, when they were debating as to what was best to be done.

"Oh, no, paw!" replied Ida, without hesitation. "The convent here is not an

academy. They never have girls to stay."

"I thought it was an academy," said her father. "I'm sure I have seen children coming from there."

"Well, it's not a boarding-school, at any rate; and they don't take strangers, as I said before."

"But *you* would not be a stranger," observed Mr. Lee. "You have been at St. Mary's long enough not to be called a stranger, it seems to me."

"Oh, well, they wouldn't want me, any way!" replied Ida. "The Sisters are so mad because I left St. Mary's—I was such good pay, you know. It means considerable loss to them in these hard times."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Lee. "Well, I won't push you on any one that doesn't want you, Ida. But if you come with me to Gorton, you'll have to hang round the hotel. It's a very dull place."

"Why can't I stay here in this hotel, paw, until you come back? There's lots to be seen in the streets, and I could do some shopping."

Mr. Lee was not a very careful father, but his good instincts were sufficient to convince him that to be left alone in a large city hotel would not be the proper thing for his daughter; so he promptly made answer:

"Not to be thought of, my dear,—not to be thought of. You will have to come with me, I suppose, whether you like it or not."

As he spoke Ida ran to the window, leaned out, and then hurried from the room, saying:

"O paw, there is some one I know, and she's coming right in here!"

In a moment she returned to the parlor, followed by Mrs. Morton and her daughter, to whom she introduced her father. After some little conversation Ida explained to her friends that, being unable to exist at St. Mary's a day longer, she had made up her mind to leave, and was now on her way home.

"And we are to lose you forever!" sighed Julia. "Probably we shall never meet again."

"I see no reason why," said Mr. Lee at once. "Any of Ida's friends will always be welcome in her home."

"Thank you, sir! We appreciate your kindness, I assure you. But why did you not let us know you were leaving St. Mary's, Ida dear?" inquired Mrs. Morton.

"You know how strict they are," said Ida. "And since Julia left—"

"Yes, I know," hastily interrupted Mrs. Morton, fearing that Mr. Lee, by some unguarded word of his daughter's, might get an inkling of the cause of Julia's departure,—of which, to tell the truth, her mother was a little ashamed. "The members of the Catholic Church," she continued, "being used to such strictness, can bear with the petty rules and regulations made in these convent schools; but the independent American Protestant spirit can not bend to them. Otherwise I think them very good schools."

"I don't believe in breaking a girl's spirits," said Mr. Lee; "and that is what Ida tells me is the consequence of the conventual method of instruction. Still, I must confess she looks very well. My anxiety now is what to do with her until my return from Gorton, where I am going on business for a few days."

Julia at once saw her opportunity. A visit to Bolton from Ida might result in a return of the courtesy extended, than which nothing would more delight herself and her mother. Therefore she responded, sure of her mother's approbation:

"Nothing would give us more pleasure than to have her with us while you are gone, Mr. Lee. Isn't it so, mother?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "We are going back this evening. Let Ida come with us, and when you are ready to return home you can telegraph for her."

"Very well, if Ida wishes. I am sure you are very kind," said Mr. Lee.

Everyone being pleased, it was decided that Ida should pay a few days' visit to Bolton. She assured Julia that she had intended writing to her as soon as she reached home; and Mr. Lee went out to meet an appointment, promising to see the ladies again at dinner.

"How fortunate that we came to-day!" said Julia, taking her friend by the arm as they ascended to Ida's room. "We make the Ellis House our stopping-place whenever we come to the city; but we never expected to meet *you* here. And what a blessed thing that you are out of that old convent forever!"

Ida fully agreed with her friend, entering into a glowing account of how she had surprised the Sisters by informing them that she had found it impossible to remain until the close of the school year; expatiating not a little on the growing partiality of Sister Mary for certain of the "poorest girls in the school, even if some of them *were* relatives of Mother Teresa."

"Why, I thought the Rampères were wealthy?" said Julia.

"Wealthy!" exclaimed the other. "Mr. Rampère had nothing but a plantation, and the 'niggers' have all run away. The little one is as proud as a peacock," she went on; "though I don't believe she has half a dozen dresses to her name. And everyone knows Mary Catherine Hull's father has nothing but his pay. As for Mary Ann Barker, she's a beggar. And these are the girls the Sisters pet and pamper. Ladies don't have a show there."

Julia was astute enough to see that Ida probably had some special grievance against the trio named; and, while she was convinced of this, she did not wish to antagonize her friend by seeming to disagree with her in any particular.

Late that afternoon Ida returned in high spirits to Bolton by the road she had travelled so ignominiously a day or two before. The Mortons also were jubilant, as Mr. Lee had proffered an urgent

invitation to Julia to visit his family some time in the near future. As the cupola which surmounted the convent came in sight, both girls expressed their satisfaction that they were not to be "confined within those prison walls again." Ida was especially exuberant, blessing her release from thralldom, and wishing that she might be able to open the doors of freedom to such of her friends as remained in durance vile. She was fast journeying to a far more painful experience than her residence in the convent had been, but no premonitory feeling warned her of the fact.

The morning after her arrival at the Morton residence, where she was warmly welcomed by the rest of the family, she ran into the garden, attracted by the strains of a hand-organ. An Italian with a monkey stood outside the gate. A woman and child accompanied him. The child lay back in the arms of its mother, its face covered with a soiled white cloth.

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked Ida, after she had amused herself for some time with the monkey.

"Not'in' matter wifa heem," said the woman. "He sleepin'."

But the low moans of the infant made it evident that he was suffering; and Ida went toward him to put some candy in his hand, thinking it might please him.

"You ought not to bring a sick child like that out in the street," she said, placing the candy between his fingers, which closed fast on her own. Though they were very hot and dry, she said afterward that she felt a chill when she touched them. It was with difficulty that she released her hand. As she was about to turn away, a puff of wind blew the cloth from the child's face into her own. A sickening feeling seized her. Hastily leaving the spot, she re-entered the garden and went back to the house. When she related the incident to Mrs. Morton, that lady said:

"Dear me! I hope the child had no infectious disease."

For the remainder of that day Ida felt alarmed; she was very much afraid of contagion, as moral cowards usually are. Next morning she had a slight headache; but a drive having been planned for the afternoon, she forbore to mention the fact.

About three o'clock Mrs. Morton, Julia and Ida started, behind a spirited pair of horses, to pay some calls in the neighboring village of Milford. The man-of-all-work was busy in the garden, and Mrs. Morton thought she could manage the horses without difficulty. All went well until they were returning, when, at sight of a boy running across the road, one of the horses shied. In an instant the pair became uncontrollable. After running about a quarter of a mile, during which time Mrs. Morton bravely kept the reins, the three ladies were thrown out, the horses breaking the traces and leaving the carriage behind. Ida fell under the vehicle. A crowd soon surrounded the unfortunates; and, though covered with dust, it was discovered that Mrs. Morton and her daughter were uninjured; but Ida was unconscious.

The ladies were taken home, a doctor summoned, and Ida's injuries attended to. They consisted of a slight scalp wound and a dislocation of the shoulder. When the doctor returned next morning, he found her in violent delirium, for which, at first, he could not account.

"O doctor," said Mrs. Morton, "I am so glad you have come! I was just on the point of sending for you. We had a most terrible time with Miss Lee all night. She was out of her head since ten o'clock; and about two this morning began calling for one of the Sisters and a little girl at the convent, Mary Teresa Rampère."

"Is the young lady a pupil of St. Mary's?" asked the doctor.

"She is not now: she left there a few days ago," said Mrs. Morton. "I sent for Sister Mary and the little girl early this morning."

"Have they been here?" inquired the doctor hastily.

"Yes: Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia, with the little girl, were here; they have just gone. She did not know them at all; but the Sisters promised to return this afternoon."

"You must not admit them to the sick-room," said the doctor. "It might disturb the patient too much," he added, after a pause.

"Don't you think her delirium strange, doctor?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"I do," answered the doctor. "I will be here again about two. Keep everyone out of the room but yourself—and the nurse, whom I see you have engaged."

"Very well," was the reply.

Doctor Merriam was greatly troubled. When he returned his worst fears were confirmed. The announcement which he felt compelled to make to the Morton family threw the household into a state of deep consternation. An unused cabin at the end of the garden was immediately placed in readiness, and thither, wrapped in blankets, Ida was carried, accompanied only by the experienced nurse, to whom no form of sickness presented the least terror. After she had departed, the family, fearful and apprehensive, subjected the house to a rigorous disinfecting process, and then prepared to await with anxiety the dire visitation which it was possible might attack any or all of them.

That evening Doctor Merriam wrote the following note to Mother Teresa:

DEAR MOTHER TERESA:—Watch very carefully the Sisters and the pupil who visited Miss Lee this morning. It would be safest to isolate them, in order to await further developments. Miss Lee has a virulent form of small-pox.

Royal Memorials.

In a tiny room in Edinburgh Castle there is preserved a collection of relics about which many memories cluster, and which is considered the chief treasure of that historic building. This is no less than what is called the Scottish Regalia, and consists of the ancient crown of Scotland, the sceptre, the sword of state, the lord treasurer's rod of office, and the crown-jewels, which were once the property of Cardinal York, the last of the royal line of the ill-fated Stuarts.

The crown is supposed to date from the days of Robert Bruce, and for three hundred years after his time it was used in the coronation of the kings and queens of Scotland. It graced the brow of Mary Queen of Scots, and rested upon the head of the infant who later became James I. of England. It was also worn by Charles I. when, eight years after his accession to the English throne, he returned to Scotland for his Scottish crowning. Charles II., the "Merry Monarch," was the last Stuart to receive it as his right. The sceptre and sword are reminders of the fact that Scotland was once Catholic; the first being surmounted with figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Andrew and St. James; and the other is well known as the gift of Pope Julius II. to James IV.

These royal belongings have had a checkered and eventful career. They have been hidden and stolen time after time; and were long concealed in the pulpit of the kirk in Kinneff, the parson and his wife undergoing torture rather than reveal where the precious articles were stored.

At length there came the union of England and Scotland—a measure which the people of the North would have prevented if they could; but they were powerless, and could only provide that the precious Regalia should never leave Scotland. On March 7, 1707, the articles

were put in a stout chest and locked up in the crown-room; then the heavy doors were sealed.

Time went on, and the people had one comfort: they felt that, although their liberties had been stolen, the treasured memorials of happier days were safe. But gradually a rumor spread that the English had stealthily carried off the Regalia. The uneasy feeling soon became a panic, and a commission was appointed to find out the truth of the matter. Sir Walter Scott was one of those chosen. It is impossible to exaggerate the agitation of those who stood about to watch the opening of the chest. Not a soul was living who had witnessed its closing one hundred and eleven years before. Was it empty? There was no key to be found, and the workmen pried open the heavy cover—and there lay the Regalia, safe and undisturbed.

It was then that the bequest of Cardinal York was added; and now the visitor to Edinburgh can see the historic and priceless treasures which carry us back to the time when kings held court in the Castle of Edinburgh and nobles sought safety there.

Only the most callous can fail to be touched by these reminders of the days of romance and danger, and of devotion to a family which, notwithstanding its faults and weaknesses, has received the fealty of more loyal hearts than any kingly race since time began. The lapse of years has not extinguished the flame which burns within the breasts of the descendants of the Jacobites; and there is, not only in England but in America as well, an organized body whose object is the restoration of what they consider the legitimate royal line of England and Scotland. A singular reminder of this fact was the black-bordered mourning card issued this year upon the anniversary of the death of Charles I. It contained his portrait, the white rose of the Stuarts, the date, and the words, "Lest we forget."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Jewels of Prayer and Meditation," compiled from unfamiliar sources by Percy Fitzgerald, has proved a most acceptable volume, well worthy to be included in the exquisite "Jewel Series."

—A pleasant enough story is "The Romance of a Playwright," translated from the French of Henri de Bornier, by Mary McMahon. The translator has been so successful in effacing the foreign idiom that we regret she did not adapt the story itself, which is rather un-English in method and structure. Benziger Bros.

—An ancient Irish litany in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been added to the list of AVE MARIA leaflets. It is translated from the "Leabhar Breac," which, according to the best authorities, dates from the eighth century. This litany contains many beautiful invocations which must have been dear and familiar in the past. "O Mother of the Golden Light" is one of these. Some titles occur in the Litany of Loreto. This ancient Irish litany is approved for private use, and was indulged by Pius IX.

—The task which Mr. John Smith has undertaken in "Genesis and Science" is to reconcile the Mosaic account of Creation with the knowledge accumulated by scientific workers. Other writers have done this more lucidly and convincingly than Mr. Smith, whose book of 87 scant pages impresses us as a laborious and well-intentioned but not very powerful argument. The author seems to be fairly familiar with his ground; though, it must be said, his work is somewhat feeble in expression and indistinct in outline. Burns & Oates and Benzigers.

—"Père Lefebvre et L'Acadie" is the title of a charming biography that has just been issued by Beauchemin et Fils, Montreal. The work is from the pen of the Hon. Pascal Poirier, Canadian Senator and an author of considerable note in the Dominion. The story of Acadia's regeneration is inextricably woven with the life of Father Lefebvre and with the rise and progress of his cherished institution, St. Joseph's College, New Brun-

wick; and Mr. Poirier tells the tale with delightful force, vivacity, and thoroughness. Apart from the interest inherent in the record of the career of a great and good priest, the biography possesses exceptional value as a contribution to the historical literature of New Brunswick.

—An authorized English translation is announced of a selection of Victor Lecoffre's "Les Saints." This series is already famous in France. Some of the volumes are so well written—for instance Prince de Broglies "St. Vincent de Paul"—that even habitual novel readers have been captivated by them. They are the fashion of the hour in Paris. Only skilled and experienced pens should be entrusted with the work of translation or adaptation.

—It is a pity that any reader of "Quo Vadis" should miss the purpose of the book. Of course it is hard to make people see what they have made up their minds has no existence. The book has more than one striking lesson; for instance, the epicureanism of Petronius. We have precisely the same amiable indifference to truth, and the same clinging to sensuous gratification as the *summum bonum* of life, and the same cold refusal to sacrifice comfort for Christ's sake, around us in well-to-do society.

—The new volume of the popular edition of Mr. T. W. Allies' admirable work, "The Formation of Christendom," deals with Church and State. Educated men and women who are inquiring into the claims of the Catholic Church will find these volumes very helpful. The work is valuable and admirable both on account of the subjects treated and the author's mastery of them. "The Formation of Christendom" is not so well known as it deserves to be, though there is no work in the language on the same plan.

—The heroine of "The World Well Lost" is extremely interesting in her childish and youthful escapades, which are striking enough to enforce a good moral without the aid of the formal moralizing in which the author

indulges. The story is fluently and easily told, and there is some clever work in character-drawing. The narrative ends abruptly, however, leaving the reader to guess what finally happened to several people (Eugene, for instance) in whom he is interested. If Esther Robinson, the author of "The World Well Lost," is a beginner, her work is full of promise.

—The new Life of Father Dominic Barberi is not just what we had hoped to see. Having waited so long, those most interested in such a life of labor and holiness would willingly have waited still longer for an adequate record. There could have been no lack of material, one would think, and yet Father Devine has recourse to padding in more than one chapter. Perhaps the general reader had to be considered; and that individual must have something to laugh at, even in the life of one like Father Dominic. To be plainer, we heartily wish that the biographer had consulted his better judgment and omitted certain passages which we feel sure he must have hesitated about inserting.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Vol. 4. \$1.35, net.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier—McMahon*. \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.

Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs*, C. S. S. R. \$1, net.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.

The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.

Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.

The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Fallen*. 35 cts.

Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, net.

Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.

Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.

Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.

The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.

The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden* \$1.25.

The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.

Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.

Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.

Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.

Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolica Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand*. \$1.50.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.

The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.

Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.

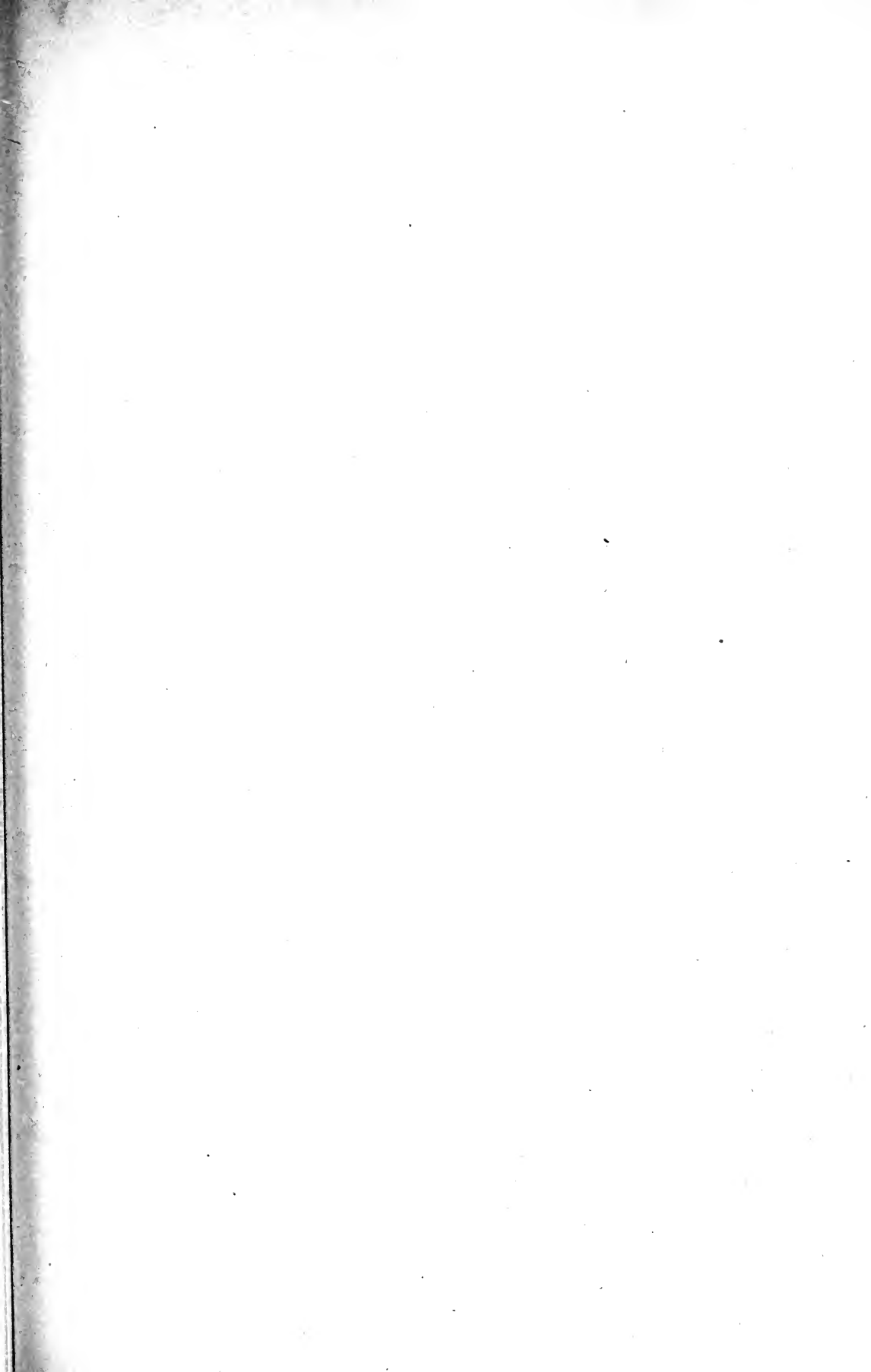
Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.

Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohmer-Brennan*. \$1.25.

Amber Glints. *Amber*. \$1.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.

The Diurnal of the Soul. \$1.40.





La Vierge du Palais Tempi.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Queen of the May.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

MARK to the hymns that are heavenward swelling
 Morning and eve all around the wide world!
 See from each shrine, blossom-decked for her dwelling,
 Incense-clouds floating like banners unfurled!
 Fragrance and song to her
 Bring all who throng to her,
 Children of Mary, their homage to pay;
 While from each heart to her
 Love-arrows dart to her,
 Peerlessly beautiful Queen of the May!

Virginal Queen, with their myriad voices
 Earth, sea, and sky swell the chorus of men,—
 All thy Son's universe blithely rejoices,
 Welcoming fondly thine own month again.
 Month the most dear to us,
 Fullest of cheer to us,
 Blest by thy graces illuming our way:
 Mother, above to thee
 Send we our love to thee,—
 Deign to accept it, sweet Queen of the May!

FAITH is the divine crowning of our intelligence; a diadem of heavenly light, with which the all-loving hand of God girds our brow invisibly; a marvellous supplement to our mental insufficiencies.

—Mgr. Charles Gay.

The Games and Sports of Nazareth.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.



S devotion to Mary means also a special devotion to the Holy Family and to the household of Nazareth, we can not but feel sure that readers of THE AVE MARIA have often pondered, whether in mere pious reverie or stricter meditation, over the wondrous, many-sided picture of the boyhood of Jesus of Nazareth. For if He was a child as other children were, then that ever-old, ever-new story of infancy—the daily washings and dressings, the little sufferings from heat or cold, the tiny garments worn or soiled, to be washed and repaired by a peasant Mother's hand, while the Child played on the doorsteps,—all these incidents were passing day by day, watched by reverent angels, and crystallized into loving, tender memories by the Immaculate Mother in the home of "the earthly Trinity,"—that daring yet truest name.

It was the realization of some of these thoughts which led a good priest, not very long ago, during his stay in the self-same Nazareth, where

in olden time
 A peasant's cottage stood,
 Where Joseph, the poor carpenter,
 Toiled for his daily food,

to watch, with keenly awakened interest, the common occupations and everyday games of the children whose tiny feet and shrill Oriental tongues now break the stillness of that sacred place.

"To those who know the obstinate fidelity with which the Oriental models his life on that of his ancestors," he writes,* "and as under the Syrian sun one day is invariably the same as another, there is no doubt whatever that the little Nazareans of our days play or sing together in the selfsame way as did their forebears of nineteen centuries ago."

And he supports his supposition on two somewhat startling bases. One is the text of Scripture which runs: "Whereunto, then, shall I liken the men of this generation?... They are like to children sitting in the market-place, and speaking one to another, and saying: We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have mourned, and you have not wept." The children piping to their fellows, who are expected to catch up the game and act a marriage procession or funeral mourning, just as our own little Americans or English will "play at a burying" to-day, were probably deep in some game such as we are about to sketch, while Our Lord spoke, from the familiar symbols about Him, to His rustic audience, emphasizing, as we know it was His wont to do, the sayings of the moment by such familiar means.

The second testimony brought by our author in favor of the antiquity of these Nazarean games is to be found in the apocryphal "gospels." Here the young Jesus is represented as working miracles amongst the games of His companions; falsely, as we know, since the "beginning of miracles" was worked in Cana of Galilee; yet picturing none the less the scenes of everyday life.

To-day the observer notes the young

* "Les Chants et les Jeux Traditionnels des Enfants de Nazareth," par M. l'Abbé E. Le Camus.

Nazareans playing round the village fountain; and, out of mud formed by the splashing water, modelling in their slim brown fingers birds and rudely formed animals, which they hold up in triumph with cries of joy. And the apocryphal gospels tell how Jesus, with His companions, made little birds and beasts of clay, to which He gave life and made them rise or fly away, to the amazement and jealousy of His comrades. Or we are told again that He, playing at the universal game of "hide-and-see," answered the boyish cry of "There are no children here, but only kids," by turning the hiders into kids in very truth; a childish and unworthy tale to be told of that gracious Child whom more cultured minds would fain picture rather as the grave and mystic-eyed Boy of the Sistine picture.

Without, however, venturing on any closer comparison between the Nazareth of nineteen centuries ago and that of to-day, we may perchance find some interest in picturing to ourselves the groups of little brown-limbed boys; picturesquely dressed maidens, in their loose, striped robes of various colors, and scarlet *tarboush*, or head-covering. The Nazarean maidens are supposed to be renowned for beauty and gentleness; and the legend goes that she who is

Our tainted nature's solitary boast
has left as legacy to the women of her
earthly home a double portion of her own
spotless purity and innocence. Be that
as it may, its brooding, graceful young
mothers are to-day crooning over their
sleeping babes songs which Mary may
have murmured to hush her Divine
Infant,—songs rich in the spices and
gems of patriarchal times, such as this:

Sleep, my love; sleep. I sing to thee.
Sleep; for I camels bring with me.
Laden with nuts and cakes galore,
One and another, follow more.
This one bears sugar, mint he brings;
That one, sweet almonds, honeyed things;
Figs hath a third, with apricots some:—
Sleep, sleep, till the camels come.

As the mother sings thus, her elder children or sisters are acting variations on the time-worn stories of marriage and death, and all the incidents of "grown-up" life, to them as yet so fair and free from bitterness.

Here is a group of girls fresh from the convent school-room. They sit round in a half-circle, playing adroitly and even gracefully with what are somewhat baldly called in English "the bones." Presently one of their number springs up, and, standing before the rest, begins to speak:

"Children, what game do you play?"

"It is the game of 'little bones' that we are singing," replies the chorus.

"Well, I will sing, and you shall answer," continues the girl; and supple, pleading, with languid, imploring gestures, she chants:

O father, O mother, marry me not to the laborer!
He will say to me: "Carry the plough and come and work."

The audience here make gestures as of ploughing, and show, in pantomime, their aversion to the work; then, bursting forth all together,

No! no! Rather may God break the bones of the laborer!

The first one continues:

O father, O mother, marry me not to the shoemaker!
He will say: "Take your needle and come to the workshop."

CHORUS.

No! no! May God break the bones of the shoemaker!

O father, O mother, marry me not to the reaper!
He will say: "Take up the sickle and reap the corn."

CHORUS.

No! no! May God break the bones of the reaper!

O father, O mother, marry me not to the blacksmith!
He will say never-endingly: "Blow, hammer, strike, put your nose into the coal."

CHORUS.

No! no! May God break the bones of the blacksmith!

O father, O mother, marry me not to the carpenter!
He will cry: "Take hatchet and saw and come and work."

CHORUS.

Yes, yes: they must marry thee to the carpenter.
A carpenter was Joseph,
A carpenter was Jesus;
With them lived Mary,
To whom we wish thee resemblance.

The final quatrain is, as our priestly commentator observes, evidently a later addition,—a Christianizing of a more ancient game; in the same way as happens all the world over with pagan or savage customs, saintly memories or names being grafted on them.

Another game is that of the "Dance of Death," where one girl lies extended on the ground, while the rest circle round her, simulating Oriental mourning—the cries of grief, the tearing of the hair, and the throwing of dust on the head. They enumerate, in the quaint, droning half-tones so difficult to catch, familiar in Jewish psalm-singers, the jewels, the dresses, the possessions of the dead; and with somewhat cynical resignation the mourners agree:

Alas! alas! yes, let us take them all,
Pearls, jewels, and ornaments!
She is dead! Let us go.

Whereupon the supposed corpse springs to its feet with a shout of—

No, no, I am not dead!
Leave alone what belongs to me!
I was *dead* but to amuse you;
And I hope to live and enjoy life
For a hundred and one years, please God!

The boys, on their side, are "playing at funeral" with even more zest and action. If in the East the functions of weeping and chanting the virtues or possessions of the dead belong to women, a still more elaborate ceremonial pertains to the men, who, as one reads in Judaical law, wash, clothe and perfume the body, carry it to the grave amid sounds of flute and pipe, and form processions bearing some of the most cherished possessions of the deceased.

But the most touching, and certainly the most significant, of the games and pastimes of the young Nazareans is that of the "Shepherd." Here, at least, one can

not but believe that along the sunny hill-slopes beyond the white-walled town, the "Carpenter's Son" may many a time and oft have girded round His loins the many-colored robe which then as now somewhat impeded the activity of youthful limbs; and, taking a thick, knotted stick in His hand for "shepherd's staff," climbed hither and thither over the rocky knolls; a group of children scampering behind on all-fours, to simulate sheep. For so play they still to-day. The little shepherd utters his guttural call, *Rrrredi ôôô!* The mimic sheep bound and browse, press round him and scamper away; while he gravely counts and calls; disentangles here a fleece from the thorns, drives there a too venturesome lamb away from the abyss. And then he chants the story:

I am Joubaniah, the shepherd of sheep and lambs,
Who does not give himself much trouble to look
after them.

For what is the use? The sun which burns me,
The dew which wets, the wind which freezes me,
The wolves which watch me to devour,—
These are enemies enough, without my being an
enemy to myself.

If the master is not content, he may say so;
And I shall reply that I am not content either.
Hallo! here he comes with his long train of sons.
Attention!

Joubaniah, my servant, it is long since I saw thee.
Yakoub, my master, it is long since I saluted thee.
Shepherd, these lambs are thin and the sheep are
not lively.

Master, the mountains are arid and the valleys dry.
Joubaniah, you must look out for better pastures.
Yakoub, you must, then, give me better shoes.

The master and his sons then sing:

For thy sake, then,
We will kill a sheep;
We will strangle it.

With its skin, which we will tan,
Fine new shoes to make we can,
To protect thy big feet when they run.

The shepherd answers, laughing:

Then I shall walk so well,
And I shall go so far,
That you will never see me again.

Joubaniah, talk seriously.

How many sheep, how many lambs are there in my
flock?

Yakoub, of sheep a hundred less two;
Of lambs, twenty less three.

Shepherd, what is this count?

Master, it is the wolf's count.

Joubaniah, the wolf eats my sheep,
And thou dost not watch!

Yakoub, to watch when the sun is hot
I need on my head a *tarboush* and a *couffieh*.

CHORUS.

For thy sake, then,
We will hie to the bazaar,
And buy thee a great *couffieh*,
Which with a black cord we will tie
Round a scarlet *tarboush*,
To shelter thy neck and thy head.

Shepherd, laughing ironically:

Then all day long I will watch so well
That in the night I shall sleep and snore,
In the grotto where I shall hide myself.

Joubaniah, the good shepherd watches
Through the night even more than in the day.

Yes, Yakoub, when an *abbaya* of fine wool protects
his shoulders from the dew.

CHORUS.

For thy sake, then,
The sheep's wool we will take,
Will card it with our hands,
Our sisters will weave it,
The dyers will dye it,
And then we shall bring thee a fine *abbaya*.

To which the shepherd answers:

In my *abbaya* when I am drest,
The wolf may come, I and will shout to him,
But without risking my own skin.

Joubaniah, thou knowest that shouting to the wolf
is not enough:

Thou must pursue him.

Yes, Yakoub; but for that I need
A fine strong girdle about my loins,
And *thy* pastoral staff in my hand.

CHORUS.

Wretch! thou shalt have the master's stick,
And more of it than thou shalt like!
Thou shalt feel it on thy back,
And thou shalt leave our flock,—
Bad shepherd, get out of this!

They all fall upon him and hunt him
away with blows of their sticks; while
the master, standing in the midst of his
sheep, chants the following stanza:

O my sheep, O little lambs,
I who speak your master am!
Following me you pasture can,
By the streams, without a ban;
Seeking my lost sheep I go,
Night and day, where rivers flow;
And if wolves appear on high,
I will kill them, I am nigh!

Were not the hardy peasant children of wild and rocky Galilee perchance engaged in just such a game as this, think you, my readers, when the watchful crowd, gathered around the Master on some sunny slope near

Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee, listened—as their children ran hither and thither with mimic staff and belted loins, crying to one another in soft, laughing chorus,

Away, false shepherd; away!—

to the voice of One who spoke to them in solemn, thrilling tones: "I am the Good Shepherd. The hireling flieth, because he is a hireling; but the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep"?

A Strange Engagement.

BY MARY CROSS.

IN Mrs. Stuart's pretty drawing-room a matter of absorbing interest was being discussed; the plump, fair-haired little hostess wearing a slightly injured expression, due to a variety of causes.

"I can't realize it!" protested one lady, most emphatically. "It is impossible to imagine Laura Morelet engaged to Harry Crawford. Why, only yesterday she was engaged to Barry Desmond!"

"She has been engaged to Crawford quite a fortnight," mildly corrected Mr. Stuart.

"Oh! well, she *was* engaged to Barry, and she always snubbed the other man unmercifully. Not only that: she openly expressed her dislike of him. She used to say that if he were the only man on earth she wouldn't marry him."

"Fate delights in making us eat our own words," commented Mrs. Stuart; "still, it must be admitted that Laura is past understanding. She won't explain herself. And if you question Barry, he mutters something about the feminine

privilege of changing one's mind, and nothing more. I'm sure I don't see why she should throw herself away on Mr. Crawford. She has always and ever pronounced him perfectly horrid."

"Then, in accepting him, she proves herself to be less ingenuous than we have thought."

The words, rather dryly uttered, came from the lips of a young lady who hitherto had taken no part in the discussion; she had a clever, sarcastic face, and a finely-shaped head, now held well up, as if in defiance of the color which asserted itself in her cheeks as more than one involuntarily gazed at her. There was a pause, not wholly free from embarrassment, as those present recollected a time when her name and Harry Crawford's had been linked together. The majority declared that he was too covetous of social distinction to marry a girl who depended on her own brains for daily bread. Others said that he would marry her to live on her earnings, if he could not do better with his handsome face and plausible manner. Then Laura Morelet, a radiant young heiress, had been introduced to society by Mrs. Stuart, and Crawford had speedily transferred his allegiance to her. However, she had been wooed and won by Barry Desmond, her equal by birth and position, and a general favorite. The course of true love had seemed to run with charming smoothness. Consequently when a rumor spread that Laura had broken her engagement with Desmond, and entered on another with Crawford, her friends heard it with an incredulity that changed into dismay and perplexity.

In Clare Heriot's heart many bitter memories were stirring. How humiliating to reflect that she had allowed herself to grow fond of Crawford, had believed his tender speeches, had been willing to wait all her life for him, if need be! From the first the bright young heiress had seemed to like her, showing her many graceful

little kindnesses; and had finally availed herself to the full of a friend's privileges by warning her against Crawford, advising her not to trust him, and insisting on his unworthiness. The sequel proved her treachery. She had deliberately sought to steal her friend's lover, and she had succeeded. Possibly in the course of time she would treat him as she had treated Desmond, and fling him aside for some new gratification of her insatiable vanity.

The silence following Clare's words lengthened and strengthened until Mr. Stuart flung himself heroically into the gap, advancing with a sheet of paper across which he had written, "Mangling done here."

"My dear, I will put this in the window," he said, addressing his wife. "Of course it will be understood that the process is applied to character, not to clothing, in *this* establishment."

"Now, Fred, that's too bad. There's a difference between mere spiteful gossip and a natural desire to have a mystery solved."

"And what is the mystery, please?"

A tall handsome girl had just entered, followed by a man with clear-cut features and effective dark eyes. There was a general guilty start, an exchange of confused glances, a heightening of complexions; and Miss Morelet repeated her question.

"The mystery is your engagement to Mr. Crawford," said a gushing damsel, laughing with affected glee.

"Oh! Have you all come to the conclusion that there is something mysterious about it? You hear, Harry?" She flashed a brilliant glance at him; and he smiled, though not very spontaneously. "I am conscious of its calling for some explanation. What do you say to my telling you the story of my engagement one of these days—on Mrs. Stuart's birthday, perhaps: we shall all be together then?"

"That would be perfectly delightful!"

exclaimed the gushing damsel. "Fancy listening to a real live love-story told by the heroine!"

"Perhaps the hero of the story may object to its publication," observed Laura, reflectively.

"I have perfect confidence in your discretion," was Crawford's reply; and Clare Heriot thought there was more in it than met the ear. He followed his *fiancée* down the room with his usual ostentatious devotion. "What do you mean?" he asked, softly. "What are you going to tell these people?"

"You will hear. Has it not occurred to you that they may go on surmising and speculating until they arrive at the reason you would give for our being engaged?"

"You are a clever woman—more clever than tender."

"Tenderness was not in the bond," she answered.

Clare glanced at them from afar, with a composure she could scarcely maintain. She did not blame Harry. Laura had beauty, grace, wealth enough to tempt any man from his allegiance. The fault was not his, therefore he was not beyond pardon. But she told herself bitterly that she herself had no pride, no sense of dignity, to go on caring for him; to feel that if he asked her forgiveness she would grant it and forget his desertion of her, his yielding to the allurements of an accomplished flirt.

Later Mrs. Stuart, having dressed for dinner, went to Laura's room on some errand; and, to her amazement, found the girl in a tempest of tears and sobs.

"Why, Laura, you'll make yourself ill if you cry like that. What is the matter?"

"I can not tell you—do not ask me, please!" Laura replied; and the little woman flung a fond arm round her.

"It is your engagement, I am sure," she said, vigorously. "And why you should make yourself and others so wretched I do not know. You can't deny that you

like Barry Desmond; and if that Mr. Crawford cares for any one except himself, it's for Clare Heriot. What is the meaning of this stupid, miserable tangle?"

"You will know soon, dear. Will you make some excuse for my not appearing to-night? My head aches and I'm not fit to be seen."

Next day Mrs. Stuart was walking briskly to the village, with an escort of dogs of various shapes and sizes, when she encountered Barry Desmond. They shook hands cordially, exchanged a few commonplaces, and then she entered without ceremony on the matter which was causing her much distress.

"Barry, I *must* speak to you. I can't see my two dearest friends losing their happiness for want, perhaps, of a few simple, straightforward words. What has come between you and Laura? Are you too proud to try to set matters right before it is too late? You are not happy, I know; she is miserable. This morning she is too ill to leave her room."

"I don't doubt her ultimate complete recovery," he said, icily; his kindly Irish eyes were bright with scorn. "Mrs. Stuart, she has treated me very badly. We had a quarrel—all my fault, I admit,—but it was not worse than others gone before; and I never for a moment considered that any serious breach had taken place. I had to leave home for a few days; and on my return I found that she had sent back the engagement ring, with a formal intimation that she had promised to marry Crawford. That fellow! What is the sense or the use of discussing the thing?"

The good lady sighed hopelessly and helplessly.

"At any rate, you need not avoid us, Barry. The position is a painful one, but I hope our friendship will remain the same."

"Of course! I don't intend to allow my life to be desolated. If Laura can face gossip and criticism, so, surely, can I. The

world is wide enough for us both; and even if we meet, why, we shall survive it."

Thus it came about that Barry Desmond made one of the merry party gathered together on Mrs. Stuart's birthday. Some commended him for his pluck in facing the situation; others opined that he should have remained at home in a broken-hearted melancholy. Whatsoever he really felt was concealed under airy gayety; and as Laura had been prepared for his presence, she was able to meet him with composure, though carefully avoiding his immediate neighborhood.

In music and song and dance the hours fled. Midnight was drawing near, and the gayety flagging a little, when some one reminded Miss Morelet of her promise to tell them a "real live love-story."

"The story of my engagement, which is not the same quite," Laura replied; her cheeks were burning, her eyes shining with an unhealthy lustre. "There is no ghost in it, but I think you will all find it interesting."

They formed a circle—eager, curious, a few disapproving. Barry, pale and disdainful, leaned against the wall, staring into space; Clare, too, looked her disdain of what she styled a theatrical display. It was noticed that Crawford's color had gone, and that he appeared nervous and excited. There was a thrill expectant of sensation, and Laura began:

"You, my friends, have expressed your surprise at my engagement as freely as I have expressed my personal dislike of Mr. Crawford. On that I don't intend to dwell. I simply wish to state the circumstances which led to my promising to marry him, and also the reason why I wish to state them thus publicly. About six months ago Mr. Crawford asked me to lend him a hundred pounds."

Crawford grew scarlet to the back of his neck, but Laura went steadily on.

"He said that he was in a most serious difficulty for want of that sum, and could

not get assistance anywhere. He seemed so wretched that I was sorry for him, and promised the necessary aid. I sent him a cheque, with a note saying that I hoped the trouble would now be ended. When next we met he overwhelmed me with thanks, declaring that my generosity shamed his niggardly friends, and that he would tell them how promptly I had come to his rescue. On reflection, I did not like the idea of any one knowing about the matter; and as Mr. Crawford was going to London, I wrote and asked him to spare my feelings so far as to keep it to himself. One day, a month later, he called to see me. I was in the house alone, and in a very unhappy state of mind."

A scarcely perceptible glance at Barry told him that she alluded to the day on which their last quarrel had occurred.

"To summarize what passed between Mr. Crawford and myself, he began by saying that he had been ill; and that if he had died his private papers might have fallen into unfriendly hands with unpleasant consequences to not a few. For instance, he possessed letters of a most compromising nature from a young lady. They plainly referred to a disgraceful secret of hers, in connection with which she had paid him a hundred pounds—hush-money. He had to be much more explicit before I understood that he alluded to my own perfectly innocent letters; before I grasped the fact that I had walked blindly into a cruel snare. My letters certainly were open to the construction which he declared the most casual reader would place upon them. I entreated him to burn them; he refused. I offered to buy them from him; he at once named the price—myself. I was too miserable, too frightened, too sorely humiliated at finding myself in his power, to think what I was promising; when, driven to desperation, I agreed to his terms. Had my mind been in its normal state, had I been capable of

clear consecutive thought, I would have appealed to those in whose care I was; but I was allowed no time for reflection. I promised to marry Henry Crawford when practically I had lost the use of reason. When I regained it, and in cooler blood reflected on all that had happened, I realized the depths of my folly. I saw clearly that it would be easier to bear calumny than lifelong companionship with this man; better to lose every earthly friend than be placed at his mercy irrevocably. I am sufficiently self-degraded by having entered into such an engagement at all, but I should lose the last shred of self-respect if I fulfilled it. I tell you this that, for once, the truth may precede the falsehood; that you may all know which of two evils I least dread and most prefer."

In the hush of consternation, pity, indignation, and amaze that fell upon the group, Crawford gazed at the girl like one turned to stone. Then Barry Desmond sprang forward, his veins on fire; but the outstretched arm of his host intercepted his headlong rush.

"Quiet, Desmond! This is my affair." He turned to Crawford: "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The man stood silent, livid, aghast. Mr. Stuart opened one of the long windows, gripped him by the collar and deposited him on the grass outside.

Harry Crawford sat staring listlessly through the window of the quaint house where he lodged. Not yet had he been able to formulate a new plan of campaign; not yet had he recovered from the tremendous shock caused by Laura's exposure of him. In that he knew, if no other did, that she had had a double motive: to set herself free and to cure Clare Heriot of her infatuation. Whether she had gained the latter object was uncertain. He knew that Clare had believed in him and loved him, and he had admired

her talents sincerely enough. He might have done worse than marry her. Perhaps even now it might not be too late to regain his old influence over her. What tale could he invent in order to make her believe him more sinned against than sinning? Or should he simply cast himself upon her mercy, appealing to her womanly pity? Whilst he was thus debating, the door sharply opened, and, without ceremony, Barry Desmond walked in. Crawford rose, breathing defiance.

"You have two letters written by Miss Morelet," Barry said, wasting no time in preface. "You will be good enough to give them up to me here and now."

"On what grounds do you ask that, pray?" demanded the other.

"I don't *ask* it, I say it *must* be done. As Miss Morelet's promised husband, I have taken the matter into my own hands."

"Your position with Miss Morelet gives you no authority over me. Suppose I refuse to give up or to destroy these letters?"

"I shall compel you to give them up. You can summons me for assault after."

Crawford laughed and sneered.

"You have not improved matters for your side," he said, derisively. "I can now add this visit as an epilogue to the pretty tale of how Miss Morelet tried to buy my silence. Your very anxiety to have her letters destroyed will help to prove my story."

"Possibly. But I don't think you will tell it. I think we have heard the last of it."

"Indeed! And why?"

"There are such things as actions for libel, you know. Further, the law is particularly severe in its punishment of blackmailing. Frequently the penalty is penal servitude. You will either have to deny your own tale or admit a charge that will send you to prison. Do you follow me?"

The sting of Barry's words lay in their absolute freedom from bluster or exag-

geration. He was too confident of holding his enemy in the hollow of his hand to find any emotional or rhetorical display necessary. Crawford was wise enough to admit defeat. Sullenly and silently he produced the letters and handed them to Barry, who as silently took them and left the room.

The game was up, and Crawford knew it. His final humiliation was reached when, later in the same day, he met Clare Heriot on her way to visit the sick poor of the village. As her eyes rested on his, he in some vague, indefinable manner knew that the remedy, if sharp, had been effectual, and that she was thanking God for her escape. He went by without a word, and the air seemed clearer and purer when he had passed.

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—IN SEARCH OF THE TOTEM-POLE.

HOUR after hour and day after day we are coasting along shores that become monotonous in their beauty. For leagues the sea-washed roots of the forest present an almost impassable barrier to the foot of man. It is only at infrequent intervals that a human habitation is visible, and still more seldom does the eye discover a solitary canoe making its way among the inextricable confusion of inlets. Sometimes a small cluster of Indian lodges enlivens the scene; and yet this can scarcely be said to enliven it, for most Indian lodges are as forlorn as a last year's bird's-nest. Sometimes a bright little village gives hope of a break in the serenity of the season—a few hours on shore and an extra page or two in our log-books. Yet again, sometimes it is a green jungle above the sea, out of which

rise diminutive box-houses, like exaggerated dove-cotes, with a goodly number of towering cedar columns, curiously carved, perhaps stained black or red in patches, scattered through them. These are Indian cemeteries. They are hedged about with staves, from the top of which flutter ragged streamers. They are rich in rude carvings of men and birds and beasts. Now and again a shield as big as a target, and looking not unlike an archery-target, marks the tomb of some warrior. The unerring shafts of death search out the obscurest handfuls of people scattered through these wide domains; and every village has its solemn suburb, where the houses of the dead are decorated with barbaric bric-a-brac.

Many of the tombs are above ground—airy sarcophagi on high poles rocking in the wind and the rain. Some are nearer the earth, like old-fashioned four-poster bedsteads; and there the dead sleep well. Others are of stone, with windows and peaked roofs,—very comfortable receptacles. But most of the bodies are below ground, and the last vestiges of their graves are lost in the depths of the jungle. Incineration is not uncommon in Alaska, and in such cases the ashes are distributed among the winds and waves.

We awoke one morning at Casa-an, and found ourselves made fast to a dock. On the dock was a salmon-house, or shed, a very laboratory of ancient and fish-like smells. It was not long before the tide slipped away from us and left the steamer resting easily on her beam-ends in shallow water. We were prisoners for a few hours; but we were glad of this, for every hour was of interest to us. This was our first chance to explore thoroughly an Indian village; and, oh! the dogs, cousins-german to the coyotes, that shook off their flees and bayed us dismally! Lodges of the rudest sort were scattered about in the most convenient localities. As for streets or lanes, there were none visible. The

majority of the lodges were constructed of hemlock bark or of rough slabs, gaudily festooned with split salmon drying in the sun. The lodges are square, with roofs slightly inclined; they are windowless and have but one narrow door about shoulder high.

The Casa-an Indians are a tribe of the Haidas, the cleverest of the northern races. They are expert craftsmen. From a half dollar they will hammer out or mold a bangle and cover it with chasing very deftly cut. Their wood-carvings, medicine-man rattles, spoons, broth bowls and the like, are curious; but the demand for bangles keeps the more ingenious busy in this branch of industry. Unfortunately, some simple voyager gave the rude silversmiths a bangle of the conventional type, and this is now so cunningly imitated that it is almost impossible to secure a specimen of Haida work of the true Indian pattern. Very shortly the Indian villages of Alaska will be stocked with curios of genuine California manufacture. The supply of antiquities and originals has been already nearly, if not quite, exhausted. It is said that no sooner is the boom of the paddle-wheel heard in the noiseless Alaskan Sea than the Indian proceeds to empty of its treasures his cedar chest or his red Chinese box studded with brass nails; and long before the steamer heaves in sight the primitive bazar is ready for the expected customer. There is much haggling over the price of a curio, and but little chance of a bargain. If one has his eye upon some coveted object, he had best purchase it at once at the first figure; for the Indian is not likely to drop a farthing, and there are others who will gladly outbid the hesitating shopper.

Time is no object in the eyes of these people. If an Indian thought he could make a quarter more on the sale of a curio by holding it a month longer, until the arrival of the next excursion boat,

or even by getting into his canoe and paddling a day or two over to the next settlement, he would as lief do it as not. By the merest chance I drew from a heap of rubbish in the corner of a lodge a Shaman rattle, unquestionably genuine. This Shaman rattle is a quaintly carved rattle-box, such as is used by sorcerers or medicine-men in propitiation of the evil spirit at the bedside of the dying. The one I have was not offered for sale, nor did the possessor seem to place much value on it; yet he would not budge one jot or tittle in the price he first set upon it, and seemingly set at a guess. Its discovery was a piece of pure luck, but I would not exchange it for any other curio which I chanced to see during the whole voyage.

In one of the lodges at Casa-an a chief lay dying. He was said to be the last of his race; and, judging from appearances, his hours were fast drawing to a close. He was breathing painfully; his face was turned to the wall. Two or three other Indians sat silently about, stirring at intervals a bright wood-fire that burned in the centre of the lodge. The curling smoke floated gracefully through a hole in the roof—most of it, but not quite all. As we entered (we were in search of the dying chief; for, as he seemed to be the one lion in the settlement, his fame was soon noised abroad) we found that the evangelist had forestalled us. He was asking the price of salmon in San Francisco; but upon our appearance he added, solemnly enough: "Well, we all must die—Indians and all." An interpreter had reluctantly been pressed into service; but as the missionary work was not progressing, the evangelist dropped the interpreter, rolled up his spiritual sleeves and pitched in as follows:

"Say, you Injun! you love God? You love Great Spirit?" No answer came from the thin lips, tightly compressed and visible just over the blankets' edge,

in the corner of the lodge. "Say, John! you ready to die? You make your peace with God? You go to heaven—to the happy hunting-ground?" The chief, who had silenced the interpreter with a single look, was apparently beyond the hearing of human speech; so the evangelist, with a sigh, again inquired into the state of the salmon market on the Pacific coast. Then the stricken brave turned a glazed eye upon the man of God, and the latter once more sought to touch that heart of stone: "I say, you Injun! you prepared to meet Great Spirit? You ready to go to happy hunting-ground?" The chief's eyes flamed for a moment, as with infinite scorn he muttered to the evangelist: "You fool! You go!" And he went.

While the steamer was slowly righting we had ample time to inspect the beached hull of a schooner with a history. She was the Pioneer of Cazan, once commanded by a famous old smuggler named Baronovich. Long he sailed these waters; and, like Captain Kidd, he bore a charmed life as he sailed. It is a mystery to me how any seafaring man can trust his craft to the mercy of the winds and tides of this myriad-islanded inland sea. This ancient mariner, Baronovich, not only braved the elements, but defied Russian officials, who kept an eye upon him night and day. On one occasion, having been boarded by the vigilant inspectors, and his piratical schooner thoroughly searched from stem to stern, he kindly invited the gentlemen to dine with him, and entertained them at a board groaning with the contraband luxuries which his suspicious guests had been vainly seeking all the afternoon. It is a wee little cabin and a shallow hold that furnish the setting for a sea-tale as wildly picturesque as any that thrills the heart of your youthful reader; but high and dry lies the moldering hulk of the dismantled smuggler, and there is no one left to tell the tale.

As we lounged about the beach in

groups, some hideous Indians—ill-shapen lads, dumpy, expressionless babies, green-complexioned half-breeds—sat and looked on with utter indifference. Many of the Haida Indians have kinky or wavy hair, Japanese or Chinese eyes, and most of them toe out; but they are, all things considered, the least interesting, the most ungainly and the most unpicturesque of people. If there is work for them to do they do it, heedless of the presence of inquisitive, pale-faced spectators. Indeed they seem to look down upon the white-man, and perhaps they have good reasons for so doing. If there is no work to be done, they are not at all disconcerted.

I very much doubt if a Haida Indian—or any other Indian, for that matter—knows what it is to be bored or to find the time hanging heavily on his hands. I took note of one old Indian who sat for four solid hours without once changing his position. He might have been sitting there still but that his wife routed him out after a lively monologue, to which he was an apparently disinterested listener. At last he arose with a grunt, adjusted his blanket, strode grimly to his canoe and bailed it out; then he entered and paddled leisurely to the opposite shore, where he disappeared in the forest.

Filth was everywhere, and evil odors; but far, far aloft the eagles were soaring, and the branches of a withered tree near the settlement were filled with crows as big as buzzards. Once in awhile some one or another took a shot at them—and missed. Thus the time passed at Casa-an. One magnifies the merest episode on the Alaskan voyage, and is grateful for it.

Killisnoo is situated in a cosy little cove. It is a rambling village that climbs over the rocks and narrowly escapes being pretty, but it manages to escape. Most of the lodges are built of logs, have small, square windows, with glass in them, and curtains; and have also a kind of primitive chimney. We climbed among these

lodges and found them quite deserted. The lodgers were all down at the dock. There were inscriptions on a few of the doors: the name of the tenant, and a request to observe the sacredness of the domestic hearth. This we were careful to do; but inasmuch as each house was set in order and the window-curtains looped back, we were no doubt welcome to a glimpse of an Alaskan interior. It was the least little bit like a peep-show, and didn't seem quite real. One inscription was as follows—it was over the door of the lodge of the laureate:

JOSEPH HOOLQUIN.

My tum-tum is white,

I try to do right:

All are welcome to come

To my hearth and my home.

So call in and see me, white, red or black man:

I'm de-late hyas of the Kootznahoo quan.

Need I add that *tum-tum* in the Chinook jargon signifies the soul? Joseph merely announced that he was clean-souled; also *de-late hyas*—that is, above reproach.

At the store of the Northwest Trading Company we found no curios, and it is the only store in the place. Sarsaparilla, tobacco, blankets, patent medicines, etc., are there neatly displayed on freshly painted shelves, but no curios. On a strip of plank walk in front of the place are Indians luxuriously heaped, like prize porkers, and they are about as interesting a spectacle to the unaccustomed eye.

Our whistle blew at noon. We returned on board, taking the cannery and oil-factory on the way, and finding it impossible to forget them for some time afterward. At 12.45 p. m. we were off, but we left one of the merriest and most popular of our voyagers behind us. He remained at Killisnoo in charge of the place. As we swam off into the sweet sea reaches, the poor fellow ran over the ridge of his little island, looking quite like a castaway, and no doubt feeling like one. He sprang from rock to rock, and at last mounted a hillock, and stood waving his

arms wildly while we were in sight. And the lassies? They swarmed like bees upon the wheel-house, wringing their hands and their handkerchiefs, and weeping rivers of imaginary tears over our first bereavement! But really, now, what a life to lead, and in what a place, especially if one happens to be young!

But is there no romance here? Listen! We came to anchor over night in a quiet nook where the cliffs and the clouds overshadowed us. Everything was of the vaguest description, without form and void. There seemed to be one hut on shore, with the spark of a light in it—a cannery, of course. Canoes were drifting to and fro like motes in the darkness, tipped with a phosphorescent rim. Indian voices hailed us out of the ominous silence; Indian dogs muttered under their breath, yelping in a whisper which was mocked by Indian papooses, who can bark before they have learned to walk or talk.

Softly out of the balmy night—for it was balmy and balsamic (we were to the windward of the cannery),—a shadowy canoe floated up just under our rail; two shadowy forms materialized, and voices like the voices of spirits—almost the softest voices in the world, voices of infantile sweetness—hailed us. "*Alah mika chahko!*" babbled the flowers of the forest. My solitary companion responded glibly, for he was no stranger in these parts. The maids grew garrulous. There was much bantering, and such laughter as the gods delight in; and at last a shout that drew the attention of the captain. He joined us just in season to recognize the occupants of the canoe, as they shot through a stream of light under an open port, crying, "*Anah nawitka mika halo shem!*" And then we learned that the sea-nymphs he had put to flight were none other than the belles of Juneau City, the Alaskan metropolis, who were spending the summer at this watering-place.

(To be continued.)

The Invitation.

BY LADY MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

BELÓVED, fainting and footsore,
Come into My garden :
Open stands the mystic door,
And I am watch and warden.
I alone, the janitor,
Wait long by the open door,—
I, your lover, am watch and warden.
Have you lingered by the way?
Yet come into My garden,
Even at the close of day.
See, I have flowers of pardon
In My hands to make you gay,—
Wear My passion-flower, I pray.
Belovéd, come into My garden!

The First Canadian Cardinal.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ON Tuesday, the 12th ult., about six in the evening, at the archiepiscopal residence in Quebec, occurred the death of one of that city's most eminent citizens and the titular head of the Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec. His illness had been a lingering one; so that for months past the real administrator of the diocese was the coadjutor, Archbishop Bégin.

Elzear-Alexandre Taschereau belonged to one of the most distinguished families of Canada, which has been, by excellence, a part of the public life of the country. Since those early days of the seventeenth century, when Thomas Jacques Taschereau set forth from his native Touraine for the inhospitable shores of New France, there has been at least one Taschereau conspicuous in Church or State. Lately there were three judges of the Supreme Court who bore the honored name; being respectively the brother and nephews of the subject of this sketch, two of whom survive. His own father, the Hon. Thomas

Taschereau, was a member of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, active in all the political questions of the day, and throwing himself into the popular movement inaugurated in 1837 by Mackenzie, Nelson, and Papineau. His mother was Marie Louise Panet, whose family had been scarcely less eminent, socially and politically.

The son, Elzear-Alexandre, was born at the old manor-house, built upon land granted by the French kings, in the parish of Ste. Marie de la Beauce, near Quebec. This ancient house is one of the interesting relics which still remain throughout Lower Canada, recalling a state of society which was at once more primitive and picturesque, marked in a high degree by the graces and amenities of social life, and yet foreign to the luxury and display of the present era. The manor was, moreover, a charming spot, where nature had been lavish; and the dwelling of the Taschereaus stood embowered in the tranquil seclusion of greenery.

The future ecclesiastical ruler of his native diocese gave very early indication of his calling to the priesthood. The mother, who was rejoiced by these signs of predilection, fostered the boy's pious inclinations by every means in her power, and sent him at eight years of age to the seminary of Quebec. During the years that followed he displayed a remarkable love of study, as well as an aptitude for acquiring knowledge. From the seminary he proceeded to Rome, making a brilliant course of study there, and receiving the tonsure at the hands of Mgr. Piatti, Archbishop of Trebizonde, in the time-honored Basilica of St. John Lateran. Father Taschereau was, however, ordained some time later in his native parish of Ste. Marie de la Beauce, by Mgr. Turgeon, then coadjutor and afterward Archbishop of Quebec. After devoting himself for a time to parochial duties, he was offered the chair of philosophy in the seminary

of Quebec, which position he accepted. He was afterward made prefect of studies and superior of the institute; returning to Rome, however, and making a special study of canon law, of which he received the degree of Doctor.

Whilst still a comparatively young priest, Father Taschereau won, and ever after retained, the love of his Irish co-religionists. During the dark year of 1847 and the years which immediately succeeded, ships came over the ocean bearing famine-stricken multitudes, who had fled from starvation in their own green island to find death by pestilence on this alien shore. These hapless exiles, indeed, met with rare charity on the part of the French Canadians, who adopted into their families the orphans remaining as the sad remnant of the great disaster. Their conduct upon this occasion must forever be told to the honor of that race, which has done so much to keep British North America, in part at least, Catholic.

Father McMahan, one of the grand old pioneer priests, then pastor of St. Patrick's, labored in conjunction with Father McGauran, the intrepid chaplain of Grosse Isle, the quarantine station where many of the emigrants had been landed. When they found that the task before them surpassed their strength, they asked for aid; and amongst the little galaxy of brave French Canadian priests who responded was Father Taschereau. His devotion to the stricken ones was indefatigable, his charity unwavering, until he himself was felled by the dread disease popularly known as ship-fever. It was, in reality, a malignant and very infectious form of typhus.

Father Taschereau, though brought to the last extremity, recovered, to resume his work at the seminary, of which he ultimately became the leading spirit as well as the historian, having prepared a very complete chronicle of that venerable institution. This professorial work was

all the more congenial; for, apart from his own high mental gifts and deep erudition, he had an extraordinary zeal for Catholic education, and realized to the full its value as an auxiliary to the Church. It prepared him likewise for the prominent part he was destined to play in the foundation of Laval University, of which he was presently appointed first rector, being also one of the two vicars-general of the Archdiocese of Quebec. His work in connection with this splendid seat of learning, its organization and development, can not be overestimated. He knew the needs of such an institute, and aspired to model it upon those great universities of medieval origin which will remain to all time the glory of the Catholic Church. He made many visits to Rome,—sometimes in the interests of Laval, once as theologian to Archbishop Baillargeon, and again to convey the decrees of a provincial council to the feet of Pius IX.

On March 19, 1871, he was appointed to the see of Quebec, and was consecrated in the basilica of that city by the ever-lamented Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto. In the course of the funeral oration his career as administrator of the archdiocese was touched upon in a masterly manner by Mgr. Labrecque, of Chicoutimi. The wise reforms, the disciplinary regulations, the wisdom, the prudence, the justice, the perfect integrity of character, the devotion to duty, the love of the poor, the ardent charity, the deep humility, the kindness of heart veiled under a somewhat austere demeanor, were all brought into relief by the preacher. Archbishop Taschereau presided over three provincial councils during the term of his administration, and his pastorals upon this and other occasions—amounting to over 200 in number—are exemplars of lucidity, prudence, and strength. He was eminently a man of strong character, of conservative tendencies, who distrusted novelties and

held in abhorrence much that the spirit of the age applauds. But he had a true apostolic zeal, far-reaching and all-embracing; a devoted love for the See of Rome, which was rivalled only by his love of country. "*O Canada, mon pays, mon amour!*" was a line engraven deeply on his heart of hearts. He loved his native land with a rare intensity and devotedness.

During his episcopate he canonically erected as many as forty new parishes, taking a keen interest in the work of colonization, which made these new establishments necessary. He frequently made pastoral visits to his whole diocese, and confirmed, it is said, in round numbers, 200,000. He was instrumental in bringing to Quebec the Redemptorists, Clerks of St. Viateur, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul; whilst he was the benefactor of many a struggling institution. He established the Devotion of the Forty Hours in his diocese, and his pastoral on this occasion breathes the most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

In June, 1886, the crowning honor was bestowed upon the indefatigable Archbishop. Rome, looking back upon the past of Catholic Canada and the mighty struggle which had been fought there for the very existence of the faith, also observing what had been achieved by the actual occupant of the historic see, sent the red hat to Archbishop Taschereau. It was conveyed to him by the late Mgr. O'Bryan, a member of the Papal Household, accompanied by an officer of the Noble Guard.

This new distinction for the illustrious incumbent of the primatial see was hailed with joy by the entire nation. Quebec outdid itself in evidences of pride and gratification. People of all creeds and nationalities desired to have a share in the demonstration. The decorations were managed with consummate skill: the

flags, the streamers of bunting, the evergreens, mingling at night with an almost general illumination. Huge torches were placed at short intervals all around the walls, so that the upper town had the appearance of being inclosed by a circle of fire; while military parades, the blare of trumpets and the playing of bands mingled with voices of rejoicing in the streets. Enthusiasm was at its height when Mgr. O'Bryan and Count Gazzoli arrived with the papal letters. The envoys were cheered to the echo. At the basilica there was also a splendid demonstration, and Archbishop Lynch again officiated in the conferring of the berretta.

The presents which his Eminence received upon this occasion were many and costly. One must have especially appealed to his heart; this was the splendid carriage and the two handsome horses presented by the Irish Catholics of Quebec, in memory of the never-to-be-forgotten heroism of Father Taschereau during the progress of the ship-fever. Montreal and other cities did their share to honor the most recent wearer of the purple on his visit to each in turn, but Quebec was very naturally the proudest and most enthusiastic of them all.

In the month of April that ancient city was the scene of another deeply impressive celebration. Shops, warehouses, and banks were closed; business was entirely suspended. The streets were filled with a mass of people, computed at 50,000; which, in view of the population there, is a very large number. Nearly all the public buildings and numberless private residences were draped, but this time the colors were of sombre hue. The post-office, the railroad offices, the court-house, the city hall, the Ursuline convent, and the Grand Seminary were conspicuous by their elaborate display of mourning emblems and of draperies. Upon some of the buildings appeared such inscriptions as the following: "He was beloved by

God and his people."—"He understood the needs of the poor and has enriched their poverty."—"The law of God was in his heart."—"From the grave he still speaks."

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and almost the entire Canadian hierarchy were present both at the translation of the remains from palace to basilica, and at the obsequies, which took place on Tuesday, the 19th ult. Members of all the religious orders from Quebec and other cities of the Dominion, as well as innumerable secular priests, appeared in the sanctuary. The French Canadian national societies, together with the Irish associations, sent large delegations. An aid-de-camp represented the Governor-General. The Lieutenant-Governor was himself present, with Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada; and the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, on behalf of the Federal Government. The Mayor and other civic functionaries were in attendance, with citizens of all classes and conditions. The chief mourners included members of many of the most prominent families of the Province, who were of his kindred. The basilica, which has witnessed many a solemn event, was filled to overflowing whilst Cardinal Gibbons and the other officiating prelates conducted the awe-inspiring funeral services of the Church, which are, perhaps, peculiarly impressive in Lower Canada.

The sermon on the text, "Be ye faithful and I will give you the crown of life," was preached by the eloquent Bishop of Chicoutimi. He dwelt upon the virtues of the deceased, who had been so strong a force in the Canadian hierarchy; and how deeply his loss was felt when he had ceased to take an active part in the government of the diocese; how near to his heart had been the welfare of Quebec, to which he had devoted the best years of his life. He made a forcible allusion to the Manitoba question; and how the

aged prelate, in his enfeebled state, yet had strength to raise the hand which had so long wielded a vigorous pen, and which they now saw folded in its final rest, to sign the joint pastoral of the bishops on behalf of the oppressed Catholics of the Northwest.

This allusion must have had a peculiar force in presence of that silent figure, so long eloquent for the right, lying robed in the Roman purple, crowned with the glory of white hair. A great Christian, a great citizen and a great prelate had passed from their sight. All this mighty manifestation of a people's love and a people's veneration was no longer to celebrate new honors won: it was simply the laying away to rest, in the vaults of his own basilica, of the first Canadian Cardinal.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

FABER said when heretics sent away Our Lady, Our Lord followed her. Now they are calling her back; and we pray that they, like the Magi, may find Him "with Mary His Mother."

Memory is the humblest of our faculties, and judgment is the vainest. Memory acknowledges that it is weak at times, even pleads weakness as an excuse; but judgment bears up under debility as stubbornly as a sea-sick marine among sailors.

If a man spreads a bitter jest against me, he is a contemptible, calumnious backbiter; if he does the same thing against you, he is a witty gossip.

We sin, and the virus introduced into our souls by this act lies latent for a period of incubation, like the poison of a mad dog's bite. That toxine of sin breaks

forth finally in misfortune; and, since we do not recognize the connection between the effect and the cause, we curse our destiny, or even grow pious and say, "Whom God loveth He chasteneth."

Lovers divide womankind into two classes—flawless angels and very faulty women. There is only one woman in the first class.

The liberal Catholic is a person broad-minded enough to remember always that the gates of hell shall not prevail. He is not a pessimist, nor is he ever scandalized. There are fools, however, that deem a liberal Catholic one who compromises with the vulgarity and insolence of heresy. From the religious Mugwump, *libera nos, Domine!*

Persecution is as necessary in the Church as pruning in an orchard, and for the same reason.

How bitter that saying of Theognis of Megara: "Few men can cheat their haters; only true love is easy to betray"! Ovid also notes: "*Credula res amor est.*"

There are various methods for combating heresy, but to pluck up the church-cross and smash therewith the skulls of our "separated brethren" is not one of the best methods.

Civilization seems to be a state of man in which the superfluous becomes the necessary.

There are certain Catholics in America that never open their mouths in public without dropping therefrom a protestation that *we* are not traitors. When a woman insists upon telling the world she is honest, the world smiles and says with Hamlet's mother: "The lady protests too much, methinks." The parity is not exact except in so far as foolishness is

concerned. Even these speakers are not traitors, but many of us object to the "we" unless the speakers make it royal. Respectable American Catholics deem it intolerable that their names should be coupled with the term disloyalty even in disavowal; and this class are really not interested by the praise of newspaper reporters and the patronage of ignorant "preachers."



Concerning a Strayed Catholic.



THE 'one Arthur Hutton' recently referred to in this magazine is Arthur Wollaston Hutton, formerly a member of the Oratorian community, Edgbaston, for some seven years under Cardinal Newman as his superior. All Catholics who read what he wrote of the Cardinal in the numbers of *The Expositor* for September, October, and November, 1890, must remember that, while these papers contained much that was good and true and highly commendatory of their subject, there was an *animus* of petty unfairness and even of caustic bitterness which so largely characterized them as to arouse both grief and displeasure, particularly as Newman's death was an event then fresh in mind.

In the course of these papers Mr. Hutton incidentally tells us that he himself became a Catholic in 1876, and that he withdrew from the Church in 1883. It need not to-day be forgotten or ignored, but should perhaps rather be remembered, that during the earlier part of this period he wrote a most discriminating book upon a difficult subject—"The Anglican Ministry; Its Nature and Value in Relation to the Catholic Priesthood,"—which appeared in 1879, its merit being attested as well as much increased by Cardinal Newman's preface to the work.

From his standpoint of separation Mr. Hutton wrote, in 1890, a "Memoir of

Cardinal Manning," for whom he had a high admiration. Of this book it may be said that, with its clearness and strength, it astonished many that it could be as judicially fair and correct as it was. Its chief fault, as we remember it, was that it was warped by so many invidious comparisons between Manning and Newman.

Whether Mr. Hutton has ever seen the error of his way in departing from the Catholic Church, we are not informed. Possibly there are some tokens. While "penetrated with modern ideas," to use his expression, he could not "remain in its service without a consciousness of intellectual dishonesty." At the same time that he wrote these words, in his "Memoir of Cardinal Manning," p. 259, he paid high tribute to Catholicity as "the greatest social force for good that the world possesses"; and described the Catholic priesthood as "far and away the greatest organization that exists on earth of good and able men working for the moral welfare of mankind."

It is, perhaps, indicative of a mind not closed and utterly hardened that Mr. Hutton should have published, in the *New Century Review* for February, 1897, an article upon "Anglican Orders," in which the folly of the so-called High-Church position is plainly shown; and now that the news should come of his revising his criticisms upon Cardinal Newman. After all these years of the effect of his partial and somewhat carping representations, it is high time that he did all in his power to right the wrong done, and to bring his words into harmony with the fuller verdict of contemporaries. What his new attitude means for himself, if anything, we wait to learn.



DOES a Protestant exclude Catholic books from his house, he is a good father and master; does a Catholic do the same with Protestant tracts, he is afraid of the light.—*Newman.*

The Patronage of Mary.

IT is not to be doubted that in becoming man for the redemption of the world Christ was free to make choice of a mother; and it was meet that the sublime honor of the divine maternity should be bestowed upon the highest, holiest, purest and best of women. That favored being was the Blessed Virgin Mary, venerated, invoked and loved by every generation of Christians as the Mother of the world's Redeemer. "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

The Gospel relates that the Magi, our forefathers in the faith, were led from the distant East by the light of a miraculous star, which stood over the midnight cave in Bethlehem of Juda. "And they found the Child, with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." Through her their gifts were offered. She was their helper in glorifying God and rendering homage to the infant Messias. And when His work on earth was accomplished and Christ ascended into heaven, He left His Mother behind to be a witness of the Incarnation; to guide and guard the little company of His Church, destined, after her exile was ended, to spread to the uttermost confines of the earth. While the disciples were waiting in Jerusalem for the coming of the Spirit of Fortitude, the Blessed Virgin was present, that faith might not fail again nor charity grow cold. As we read in the Acts of the Apostles, "They were all persevering in prayer with Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

That patronage has never ceased. From her throne in heaven the Queen of All Saints continues to make intercession for us. And how powerful her prayers must be! If Christ's first miracle at Cana of Galilee was wrought *out of time*, as He declared, at the petition of Mary, what can she not effect now that His time has come and He reigns in everlasting glory?

At the prayer of Moses the waters of the Red Sea were divided that the children of Israel might pass over; the captives of Babylon prayed, and escaped death in the fiery furnace; God heard the prayer of Daniel and delivered him from the lions' den. Will not that same God, who for love of us became man and was born of the Virgin Mary,—will He not hear her prayer? Was she not holier, dearer to Him than Joshua or Moses or Daniel?

Every age has invoked the intercession of Mary, and every age has experienced its power. When the infidel hordes of the Ottoman Empire stood before the gates of Vienna, threatening to devastate Europe, the Christian leaders invoked the patronage of her who is "terrible as an army in battle-array," with what confidence and with what results all the world knows. The Crescent went down before the Cross in the waters of Lepanto, and Europe was saved from a deluge of barbarism.

There have been Sobieskis in all ages of the Church—servants of Mary who never feared to dishonor God by honoring one whom He Himself favored so highly. This land of our birth and our love was discovered by one who loved the Virgin-Mother, and we know from history that many of his conquests were made in her name. "This is indeed the Blessed Mother's land."

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayst be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee." The Mother of Christ is our Mother, too—the Mother of all Christians; and if length of days here below is the recompense for honoring an earthly parent, surely heaven may be hoped for by those who truly honor the Mother of the Redeemer. "If you love Me," He has told us, "keep My commandments"; and we can honor His Mother by imitating her purity,—by keeping ourselves, as the Apostle says, "unspotted from the world."

When night approaches, just as the last rays of the setting sun are gilding the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak takes his horn and cries in a loud voice: "Praised be the Lord!" The neighboring shepherds take up the cry, which rings from peak to peak; while the echoes of the rocks repeat the salutation, "Praised be the Lord!"

When life's exile is ended for us, and, "on the wings of impatience and desire," our soul takes flight into the land of the unknown, may it be ours to ascend even to the mountain of God, from whose far heights is heard the ceaseless cry of many voices, "Glory to the Lord our God!"

Notes and Remarks.

War is a dreadful thing under any circumstances. Even victory brings more ill than good, and those are apt to suffer most who have had least concern in the conflict. A new era has evidently begun for the United States, and not a few of our leading citizens are of opinion that complications may arise that will prove to be the beginning of the end of our national prosperity. Let us hope that these are false prophets. The nation's head is turned. There are those who dare to condemn the action of our government as wholly unjustifiable and predict all sorts of calamities; while others seem to be possessed of a spirit of hatred and revenge and ferocity altogether foreign—or supposed to be—to our national temperament.

At such a time as this it would seem that ministers of the Gospel at least ought to be able to restrain themselves within reasonable bounds. But, as always happens, there are men among them ready to go farther and faster than most others. The pulpits of the country resound with war-cries and calumnies against our foes. Many of the pious men who occupy them preferred war to peace, and war at any cost rather than peace as a result of the Holy Father's arbitration. It will be pleasant to remember when the present contest is over—our people

will think of it then—that the Vicar of the Prince of Peace did all in his power to prevent the evils which there was so little disposition on the part of many to consider, and which it will then be said might easily have been avoided. Meantime all who have the spirit of Christ will pray that peace may be restored, and that the nations of the earth may become civilized enough to appreciate its blessings.

A number of physicians, agnostic and Catholic, recently met in Paris, forming a commission to inquire into the latest cases of miraculous cures at the Grotto of Lourdes. Among the persons examined were M. Auber, of Bordeaux, who had been totally blind for twelve years, and has completely recovered his sight; and Mademoiselle Brunet, who had been afflicted with lupus. After a careful examination of the latter's countenance, one of the agnostic doctors declared: "Humanly speaking, the wounds on the face could not become thus cicatrized in forty-eight hours. Such action would be altogether outside all medical laws." Yet that was precisely what had taken place. The president of the commission, while refraining from talking of miracles, as something beyond their ken, nevertheless affirmed that these cases eclipsed anything they had ever observed either in the hospitals or their practice.

Accounts of the existing famine in parts of Ireland are becoming more and more definite. The Bishop of Down and Connor has ordered a collection for the relief of the sufferers, saying that "reports from various and reliable sources leave no doubt of the prevalence of very keen distress in many parts of Ireland, but especially in the West." For some unexplained reason, no adequate organized effort is being made to assist the famished districts. The published letters of individuals who have witnessed scenes of extreme destitution are painful reading. An appalling number of the people are flocking to the priests for seed to sow in the ground, and for Indian meal to ward off starvation. Mr. John Dillon is authority for the state-

ment that in two Quarter Sessions over five hundred civil bills were granted for forcing the payment of rent, and almost six hundred cases of ejection ordered. This means that the distress is very real and widespread, and we deplore the fact that the appeal for contributions has not been made by the right persons or in proper form. The condition of the poor in that "most distressful country" will form a sombre but not inappropriate background for the celebration of '98.

We feel inclined to sympathize with our sensitive friends among the Episcopalians. The doctrinal beliefs, or unbeliefs, of such recent recruits of theirs as Dr. Briggs and Dr. Shields must emphasize in the minds of all thinking men the fact that the Protestant Episcopal is a most elastic communion; that it is a good deal more Protestant than Episcopal; and that, equally with Presbyterianism, it is "proceeding irresistibly toward disintegration and destruction." As we have often said, the great and inevitable religious struggle in America will be between Catholicity and infidelity; and the sooner the issue is narrowed down to that point, the better for religion and the worse for its agnostic opponent. For that matter, there are not a few thousand infidels already who through courtesy are styled Protestants, and who would be less dangerous if known in their true character.

The Academy of Arts and Sciences, of Lyons, has awarded a prize of 10,000 francs to the Rev. Father Pionnier, Marist missionary in the New Hebrides. The premium is given for "services rendered to civilization and to the cause of France"; and it will be expended, without doubt, in increasing the facilities of the worthy missionary in spreading that Gospel without which neither civilization nor the French cause would be worth talking about to the islanders who are Father Pionnier's care.

It is a far cry from Ohio to Wales, but two episodes have recently shown that honesty and manliness have much the same

features in both commonwealths. In a certain town of Ohio a hue and cry was raised against a candidate for the mayoralty on the ground that he was a Catholic. The candidate not only ignored the cry, but faithfully attended a mission that was in progress in his parish, while his opponent was making stump-speeches. The town was not only overwhelmingly Protestant, but was strongly opposed to the Catholic candidate on party principles. To its credit be it set down that bigotry was publicly rebuked at the polls and the Catholic elected. In Aberdare, Wales, where Father James O'Reilly was about the same time a candidate for the office of Guardian, this card, replete with patriotism and bad grammar, was widely circulated: "Protestants arouse! Have we forgotten the sufferings of our Catholic forefathers? Don't let it be said any more that Protestant No. 3 Ward is being represented by a Roman Catholic." The press and the Protestants "aroused" with a vengeance, and this was the result: in a town where there are only eighteen Catholic voters, Father O'Reilly secured over seven hundred votes—just twice as many as his opponent. We gladly record these two cases, so far apart yet so similar. They hold a valuable lesson both for Catholic candidates and un-Christian bigots.

Following close upon Mr. Clement Scott's apology for his excessive strictures upon the conduct of play-folk and the peculiar temptations of life behind the scenes, comes a very sensible speech by Mme. Modjeska, delivered before a select audience in New York on a recent occasion. She said:

I appeal to the women of the stage and to the women off the stage, and in particular to those who form our audiences. Can we not exert a common influence to remedy this state of affairs, both from the inside and from the outside; the former—the actresses—to elevate the standard of our art so as to have it afloat together with the other emblems of higher civilization; and the other—our sisters from the outside—to help us in the struggle by exerting their own refining influence in order to protect what is best and to taboo what is unclean or inartistic in the theatrical world?

The appeal to "women off the stage" is directly to the point. There are some noble-

minded women on the stage playing parts that are distasteful to them; but managers say that "the people" want such parts enacted, and they must yield. This means that those same virtuous people who would not invite an actress to their homes create the very conditions which cast doubt on the character of play-folk. If the "women off the stage" were as zealous for a pure theatre as some of the women on the stage, the status of the theatre would undergo a rapid change for the better.

Burning Spanish generals in effigy is a very harmless way of proving one's patriotism, and will continue to find favor, especially with small boys and others who do not go to war. But unprovoked affronts to Spaniards who happen to be detained within our borders are a disgrace to our country. Should any spies or plotters be discovered amongst them, there is a legal way of dealing with their cases. Those who give no offence are entitled to fair treatment. It oughtn't to be necessary to say anything of this kind; but it became necessary last week in Milwaukee, and the *Journal* of that city was prompt to administer a rebuke which reasonable people will say was well deserved. After denouncing riotous proceedings in a general way, the *Journal* remarks: "We should be extra courteous to those of our enemies who are unfortunate enough to be stranded among us; violence should be left to those whom we accuse of ignorance and passion. Such things here are more disgraceful than lynchings; for the victims are defenceless and have been guilty of no crime. Their very helplessness should appeal to our manliness."

One of the glories of the city of Morelia, in the Republic of Mexico, is the institute of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which, besides affording gratuitous education to a large number of young girls, shelters one hundred orphans. The teachers number seventy. A correspondent of the *Southern Messenger* relates how this grand work of charity was founded:

Shortly after his election as canon of the cathedral, Father Velez had the misfortune of being

totally deprived of his sight. He remained blind nine years. One night, just before retiring, he knelt down and offered the following prayer and vow to Our Lady of Guadalupe: "O my Heavenly Queen and Mother! it is now exactly nine years since this affliction fell upon me. I have always resigned myself to it as coming from the hand of God; but, O Mother mine, how I wish to be able to render some service to the Church of your Son! I am strong and my pecuniary means are abundant. O Mother dear! if you obtain for me restoration of sight, I vow to use all my fortune for the education of the orphans and the poor girls of the city; and I will use my eyes only for the glory of God." Next morning, while washing his face, he recovered sight. He knelt down, gave thanks to Jesus and Mary, and then ran to the Bishop's palace. "Bishop," he said, "I see your Lordship, and I came alone; my sight is as perfect as it was ten years ago." He then related the circumstances of his marvellous cure, and asked permission to carry out the object of his vow. The Bishop answered simply: "Nothing can be refused to one so privileged by Heaven."

The *Messenger's* correspondent, who is a member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, says that he received this account from the lips of the Monsignor himself, whose guest he was during his stay in Morelia. "During the few days it was my pleasure to be with him I never saw him raise his eyes through curiosity. Such a modest and unassuming man I never met in my life."

A striking illustration of the tenacity of a popular tradition when it is once established is afforded by the revival of a curious custom among the Mediterranean sailors trading in the London docks. From time immemorial the Catholic tars had celebrated Good Friday by flogging, hanging, and finally burning an effigy of Judas Iscariot. The government at last forbade the odd ceremony because of the occasional riots provoked by the roughs and loafers who assembled to witness it. This year, as we learn from the *London Register*, a tacit permission was given to revive the custom after twenty years of suppression; and accordingly "a considerable number of Maltese and Portuguese sailors boarded the boat, and taking a log of wood invested it with a sailor's jumper and a red knitted hat as nautical costume. They then proceeded to revile, kick, and spit on the figure; and after a time a rope was placed around it, when it was hoisted to the masthead, and then imme-

diately lowered onto the deck, where it was again subjected to every indignity possible, in which all heartily co-operated. Re-hoisted to the masthead, it was dropped thrice overboard; and, being drawn on deck, was summarily cut up and burned." Less demonstrative peoples may think that this ancient custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance, but these simple-minded fisherfolk have their own standard of taste.

At Colombo, in far-off Ceylon, they believe that the maxim, "virtue is its own reward," should not be too severely construed in practical everyday life. A Mr. Corea, who recently picked up a check for 100 rupees and handed it over to the police magistrate, was rewarded by that official with one-eighth of the sum, without any reference to the possible generosity or stinginess of the owner of the money, to whom the magistrate in due course remitted the remaining seven-eighths of the amount found. The *Ceylon Messenger* mentions that Mr. Corea's honesty has once before been rewarded in a similar manner; so that gentleman is doubtless a firm believer in the dictum that honesty is the best policy. In the meantime we particularly admire the discrimination of the magistrate in settling the matter of the reward according to his own ideas of justice and equity.

The history of the ancient Benedictine Abbey of Subiaco, Italy, was effectually used in a lecture by Mr. W. J. Croke to rebut the charge, so frequently made, that mental stagnation and neglect of art characterized the Italian monks from the tenth to the fifteenth century. Incidentally, Mr. Croke worked out other interesting and rather unfamiliar points of history. It was at Subiaco, for example, that the pointed arch was first used in Italian architecture; and it was the monks of Subiaco who first introduced printing into Italy; though even the Catholic Herr Pastor, a writer justly famous for originality and research, bestows the honor on others. Macaulay conceived a great admiration for these sons of St. Benedict in Italy, of whom, he says: "They deserve to rank with those great men who, born in the

infancy of civilization, supplied by their own powers the want of instruction; and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation."

In vivid contrast to the disinclination of Manitoba Protestants to give their full rights in educational matters to the Catholic minority, stands out the generous action of the Quebec Catholics in their treatment of the same question as it affects the Protestant minority of their Province. The Quebec Government recently passed an order in council granting to non-Catholic educational bodies increased facilities for the betterment of their schools and for a more efficient training of the teachers thereof. It seems passing strange that the freely-accorded justice and fair play received by Quebec Protestants does not make their Manitoba co-religionists thoroughly ashamed; but we rejoice that our Quebec friends display no desire of retaliating.

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. Peter Danenhoffer, of the Diocese of Cleveland; and the Rev. Thomas J. O'Connell, Diocese of Rochester, who departed this life last month.

Brothers Isidore and Barnabas, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Sister Mary Agatha, of the Sisters of Mercy, St. John's, N. F.; Sister Mary Hyacinthe, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Everilda, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Mother Deschamps, Grey Nunnery, Montreal.

Mr. John McIlhargey, of Elginfield, Ontario, whose happy death took place on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Mary Bacon, who breathed her last on the 16th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Claudius Bradley, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Dever, S. Boston, Mass.; Margaret F. O'Brien, Dorchester, Mass.; Mary Ann Kinkade, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Richard Neary, Margaret and Catherine Neary, and Mr. Patrick Quish.—all of Union City, Conn.; Mr. Garrett Reilly and Honora Reilly, Miss Annie E. Sullivan and Mrs. Catherine Healy, Naugatuck, Conn.; also Mrs. E. Sullivan and Mrs. Bridget Keefe, Waterbury, Conn.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady's Heart-Flower.

WONDER what flower Our Lady loved best

Of all the blossoms that grow?
Was it the rose with its red, red heart,
Or the lily as white as the snow?

Perhaps 'twas the violet, modest and sweet,
That hid in the dewy leaves;
Or maybe the dear little cornflower blue
That grows 'mid the ripening sheaves.

And yet, how poor was the greatest joy
Their loveliness could impart,
Beside the joy her own Flower brought—
The One that grew in her heart!

The World's Noblest Heroine.

I.

IT may be taken for granted that there are few, if any, among the young readers of Our Lady's magazine who are not familiar, at least in a general way, with the history of Joan of Arc; but it is very doubtful if the number is large among them of those who regard it with any degree of enthusiasm. This is not as it should be, especially as the Church may soon inscribe her on the list of canonized saints. Her devotion and heroism, though unrewarded of men, have at no time been surpassed in the history of the world. And yet were it not for her enemies Joan of Arc might now be forgotten. Even to herself she was a puzzle: nothing but an

instrument in the hands of Almighty God.

In a small village of Lorraine, near the confines of Champagne (which may easily be located by consulting the map of France), stands the dwelling-place of the Maid of Orleans. Domremy, her native village, is very little changed since 1412, the year of her birth; while the events of the German invasion of twenty-seven years ago have rendered it more dilapidated than ever. But the skies are the same, also the fresh mountain air; and the Vosges raise their blue summit along the horizon, lengthening their shadows as if the better to guard the home of her who was the rescuing angel of her country.

The village consists of scarcely more than a hundred houses, clustered around the venerable church and the old walls of the cottage which sheltered the infancy and youth of the daughter of Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romée. This church, to which her earliest steps were bent, the place of her prayers and aspirations, where she armed her soul with virtue and heroism before arming her heart like a brave warrior clothing for battle,—this church is more than lowly: it is poor, though full of harmonious colors; with one little corner which is pointed out as that where the Maid was wont to pray. A pious visitor thus writes of it:

"At the threshold stands a ridiculous statue of Joan. It seems a sort of sacrilege so to have misrepresented her features. Among the trees, at a few paces from the church, is a little Greek monument supported by four columns, beneath which

is a bust of Joan in white marble. Facing this monument, a stone's-throw distant, stands the dwelling. Trees envelop its walls with their overhanging branches, and a third part of the roof is covered with ivy. Above the door, which is low, are three shields of armorial bearings—the arms of France; or, to speak more correctly, the door is surmounted by three escutcheons: that of Louis XI., who caused the cottage to be embellished; that which was granted to one of the brothers of Joan, with the name of Lys; and a third, bearing a star and three ploughshares, to symbolize Joan's mission and the lowly condition of her parents.

"On the left of the door is a lattice-window, with diamond-shaped panes. Two rooms constitute the entire house. Joan was born in the first and larger of the two. The second and inner one is dimly lighted by a small window opening toward the church. Here it was that Joan listened to the heavenly voices; and here she heard the church-bells summoning to prayer, or sounding the tocsin when the village was attacked by marauding bands who came to sack the place and cut down the partisans of the throne of France. At times fugitives were concealed by her in this chamber. She gave up her bed to them, and went to rest in the hayloft.

"Facing the hearth in the entrance-room is a statue in bronze, reduced from the expressive figure by the Princess Mary of Orleans. Garlands of moss surround the statue, and roses are scattered at its feet. On the wall hangs a crucifix, and beneath it is an image of the Blessed Virgin; and here the nuns with their little flock perform the devotions of the Month of Mary, celebrating the praises of the Royal Virgin of Judah, so dear to the heart of the virgin of Domremy.

"Here and there upon the walls are *ex-votos*—slabs of marble and bronze relating facts worthy of remembrance in honor of Joan, or recalling historic dates.

The beams and rafters of the ceiling are dented by axe and sabre strokes, made by the Prussians in 1814; not by any means from motives of disrespect, but merely from an outbreak of destructive devotion. They entered the place silently and reverently, removing their hats; and every stroke marks a place where a bit of wood was taken away by the soldiers, who, though aliens and enemies, thus paid tribute to the miraculous nature of her call and the sanctity of her life."

She was born on the 6th of January, 1412, eighty years before the discovery of America by Columbus. Her parents were simple, pious peasants, whose lives were made up of much labor and little recreation. From her earliest years Joan was also accustomed to hard work, which did not prevent her passing much of her time in prayer. The family lived close to the church, and she early formed the habit of frequently visiting the Blessed Sacrament. Yet, although a thoughtful child, it is not recorded that she was eccentric or melancholy, as is the case with many of those whom the world calls mystics or dreamers. On the contrary, she had a most sweet and lovable disposition. She worked in the fields, and ran about the hills, over which pilgrims now climb to visit the scene of her birth. Her character was then, as ever afterward, distinguished for great simplicity. For the benefit of those among my readers who are unfamiliar with the history of France at that period, I will relate, as briefly as possible, the events which gave rise to the mission of Joan of Arc.

When Charles VII., King of France, came to his inheritance, he was twenty years old, and as yet had done nothing for himself or for others to win the love and confidence of his people. On his ascension to the throne, he encountered a most powerful enemy in the English, who had already, through several victories, gained a strong foothold in France.

Henry V., King of England, had gone so far as to appoint the Duke of Bedford, a powerful nobleman and wily politician, regent of France in behalf of his nephew Henry VI., then a child in arms. There ensued a series of petty fights between the French and their enemies, the English. The French, though numbering many brave men among their warriors, were nominally without a leader; for the King was but a figure-head, not knowing his people and unknown by them. Bands of volunteers, actuated by the purest patriotism, attempted enterprises which the chiefs of the regular armies considered impossible. An incident which illustrates the rough courage and sincere faith of these men has the ring of true valor and deep religious feeling.

Stephen de Vignolles, celebrated under the name of La Hire, resolved to succor the town of Montargis, besieged by the English. On arriving beneath the walls of the place, a priest was met on the road. La Hire asked him for absolution. The priest told him to make his confession. "Alas, Father, I have no time for that!" replied La Hire: "The battle is now on. I have done in the way of sins all that warlike men are in the habit of doing." Whereupon, observes the chronicler, the chaplain quickly gave him absolution; and La Hire, putting his hands together, exclaimed with simple piety: "O God, I pray Thee to do for La Hire this day all that La Hire would do for Thee if he were God and Thou wert La Hire!" And Montargis was rid of its besiegers.

(To be continued.)

TRADITIONS say that the Blessed Virgin had great skill in all womanly accomplishments, and was especially fond of spinning. This caused the name of Virgin's Thread to be given to the network of dazzling mist which floats over valleys in the early mornings of midsummer and autumn.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XIX.—PRECAUTIONS.

The summons to the Sisters and Mary Teresa had come between Mass and breakfast—just as the girls were leaving the chapel for the refectory. Mrs. Morton had sent the carriage, with a message that she thought Ida was dying; and begged Mother Teresa to allow those she so urgently wished for to come at once. Without waiting to make any inquiries—although surprised to hear that Ida, whom she had thought by this time in her own home, had returned to the vicinity of the academy,—Mother Teresa had requested Sister Mary, Sister Cecilia and the child to take a hurried breakfast and go at once to Mrs. Morton's.

When they had arrived there, they were taken to the room of the sick girl, who was then delirious. She seemed to be talking to some one.

"You poor little thing!" she exclaimed. "I only meant to play a joke on you; I did not think it would go so far. I meant to tell it all after awhile; but everyone made such a fuss—such a fuss—such a fuss—" she rambled, turning her head away and beating the air with her hands.

"What does she mean?" inquired Mrs. Morton, in a whisper. "Is it some trouble at the convent that has made her so ill? It can not be her hurt: she does not seem to be seriously injured."

On the way to the house the coachman had told the Sisters of the accident which had happened the day before.

"Ida was in a little trouble before leaving the convent," answered Sister Mary, in a low voice; "but it was not sufficient, in my opinion, to throw her into such a condition as this."

"Would you mind telling me, Sister,

what occurred? I hope it was nothing which would prevent intimacy with my daughter. Much as I esteem the Lee family, I should not like Julia to continue her acquaintance with Ida if she had not conducted herself properly while at the academy."

Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia were amazed at the audacity of this woman, whose daughter had been dismissed from the school for imprudent and unladylike behavior. Divining at once that curiosity was the only motive which prompted this questioning, Sister Mary replied:

"I prefer not to mention the affairs of the school abroad, Mrs. Morton. But I can say this much: you need not be at all alarmed. Nothing has occurred which should necessarily change the relations between Ida and Julia."

Mrs. Morton was taken aback, and heaved a sigh of disappointment.

Sister Mary turned to Mary Teresa, who sat, pale and terrified, near the bed; while Ida tossed her fevered head from side to side, her lips murmuring in disconnected ravings.

"We, especially the child, can do no good here at present, Mrs. Morton," she said. "I think we had better go. When Ida becomes more rational we will return, if she wishes us to do so."

"Oh, please stay until the doctor comes, at least!" cried Mrs. Morton. "I thought you Sisters were always ready to stand at the bedside of the sick."

"I see you have a very efficient nurse," replied Sister Mary, turning to old Mrs. Green, who was well known in the village. "She can do all that is required. However, we will remain until the doctor comes, if you wish it. But first I must send Mary Teresa out to the fresh air. She looks pale and almost ill."

She went over to the child and spoke a few words. Mrs. Morton opened the door and called Julia, who came after some delay. Casting a timid, frightened glance

at Ida, Mary Teresa responded to Julia's beckoning nod, and descended to the garden to await the Sisters' arrival there. Mrs. Morton left the room shortly after, accompanied by the nurse.

Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia sat down by the bed. Ida had a lucid interval and seemed to recognize them; though Mrs. Morton was not aware of the fact. The sick girl stretched out her hand. Sister Mary took it in her own. It was dry and burning.

"Am I going to die, Sister?" she asked.

"I think not—I hope not, Ida," was the reply. "You have a high fever; but probably that is due to your having been nervously excited by the accident you met with yesterday."

"No, no!" was the response. "I felt sick the moment I caught the breath of that Italian child, and I have the odor of that filthy cloth in my nostrils all the time."

The Sisters thought her raving again, particularly as she began to toss her head about once more and to say:

"I only meant it for a joke. She vexed me with her virtuous ways. But I'm sorry now—I'm *very* sorry! That little box was such a temptation!"

At this moment the nurse returned.

"Sisters," she said, "no one can tell what may be the outcome of this. I would advise you both to go back to the convent at once. Miss Lee does not need you: she is in good hands. I don't wish to alarm you, but it may be an infectious fever, and you are responsible for so many young girls."

"We had not thought of such a thing," answered Sister Cecilia. "For ourselves we have no fear; but if there should be anything infectious, we would indeed incur a great risk. Thank you for the warning, Mrs. Green. We will go now, since you think it best. But should you need any assistance, let us know at once."

When Mrs. Morton returned to the sick-

room, the nurse told her that the Sisters had departed, at her advice. She did not add, however, her fears of the nature of the disease, not wishing to alarm Mrs. Morton until the doctor had made his diagnosis.

Declining the offer of the carriage, the Sisters and Mary Teresa walked back to the convent. School duties claimed them until dinner-time, when they learned that during their absence Mother Teresa had gone to make some purchases of flowers at a nursery several miles distant. It was late in the afternoon when she returned, but she sent at once for news of Ida Lee. Sister Mary was in the act of relating the occurrences of the morning when the doctor's message arrived. The Sister immediately observed the look of pain and consternation on Mother Teresa's face.

"What is it, Mother?" she asked. "Is Ida dead?"

For answer Mother Teresa handed her the note.

The two regarded each other in silence; then Mother Teresa said:

"There is only one thing to be done. You and Sister Cecilia must take the child away from the school and await developments."

"But it may be too late," faltered Sister Mary. "Sister and I are strong, but she is such a frail little creature! And her mother? She is so far from her mother!"

Mother Teresa's lips were pressed closely together. For a moment she turned aside; then she replied, in a firm voice:

"We must only trust in God and Our Lady. I am thinking of the hours that have been passed by the three of you in the school-room since the visit of the morning. Who can tell what mischief may have been done?"

Sister Mary fell on her knees and raised her eyes to heaven.

"O God!" she cried, "spare these innocent ones, and make me a victim.

I am ready: do with me as Thou wilt."

"As God pleases," said Mother Teresa, gravely. "He will do what is best. Now please call Mary Teresa at once."

When the little girl appeared, Mother Teresa said:

"My dear, I am about to tell you something which will alarm you. But it is necessary, not only for your own safety but that of the whole school."

"Is it anything about the war, Mother?" asked the child. "You have not heard from mamma?"

"No, dear: it is nothing about the war, and I have not heard from your mother. But you may have to fight a battle of your own. And now let me see of what stuff you are made. I do not think you are a coward. In spite of your frail little body, I believe you have the spirit of the Rampères—brave and Christian."

Sister Mary had told all to Sister Cecilia, and now they both stood quietly watching the delicate face as Mother Teresa made clear to the little girl what possibly awaited her. But they saw not the slightest expression of fear on her countenance; and she even smiled when Mother Teresa concluded by saying:

"You and Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia will have to go at once into quarantine. I hope it may be only that. You are not to go back to your companions. You will take supper with the Sisters, and I will speedily make preparations for your departure."

"Why, are we going away, Mother, and where?" asked Mary Teresa.

The two Sisters also looked inquiringly at their superior.

"You know the old log-house at the edge of the woods?"

"Yes, Mother," the three answered.

"It is dry and habitable. I will order the necessary furniture to be taken there immediately, and shall put old Anselm on guard to see that no one strolls in that direction."

"The girls never do, Mother," replied Mary Teresa. "They always go the other way for a walk."

"Anselm will carry your meals and do all errands. His cabin is not more than a stone's-throw from the place; and, best of all, his face, deeply pitted with the small-pox, is, I feel assured, a sufficient guarantee that *he* at least will be secure from infection. For the rest we must only pray unceasingly."

"I shall not be in the least afraid at night; will you, Sisters?" inquired Mary Teresa. "Anselm will be very near us, won't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered Sister Cecilia. "Mother has thought it all out very quickly." Then she added: "But, Mother, are you not courting danger also, by allowing us to remain here in your room a moment?"

"Not any more danger to myself than the others in the house, who, if there be any, have been exposed to it all day," was the reply. "We must put our trust in God. Sit there by the window, my child," she continued, turning to the little girl. "I have a few words to say to the Sisters in private."

Mary Teresa walked slowly to the other end of the room, and seated herself composedly at the window, from which she could see the clouds taking all sorts of fantastic shapes in the roseate sunset. It must be confessed that she had no apprehensions for the future; the prospect of isolation had no terrors for her. And she wondered whether she would be obliged to have lessons; if the Sisters would think to take books, work, etc., into their temporary banishment. She speculated also as to what her companions would think of the sudden departure, and how it would be explained to them. She would have liked to take leave of her two friends at least; but, not being able to do so, resigned herself to the inevitable.

After some time Mother Teresa went

away, and the Sisters came and sat down beside her. It was twilight now. The supper bell rang; and Mary Teresa could hear the tramp, tramp of quick, light feet as the girls filed down the stairs and into the refectory. Then came silence, and Sister Mary took her hand.

"You are a brave little girl," she said.

"Somehow, I don't feel at all afraid, Sister," was the reply. "If it were not for the chance that *we may get it*" (here she lowered her voice) "and others in the school, and all the trouble and inconvenience it must cause, I should think it real good fun. But how long will it last, do you think?"

"At least ten days, perhaps longer," said Sister Mary, with an involuntary sigh. She was thinking of the dreadful possibilities of the future.

"Who will take your classes?" asked the child.

"Mother will take mine, and Sister Teresina will take Sister Cecilia's."

Some one knocked at the door. Presently Mother Teresa came in, followed by Sister Mt. Carmel and Sister Cecily. The latter was the assistant cook, a kind and gentle soul, always waylaying the little ones with ginger cookies and doughnuts. Both Sisters bore well-filled trays, which they placed upon the table.

"Well, well, but this is news!" said Sister Cecily, her broad features all one smile. "Please God, none of you will be the worse for it; but if you should, you'll have a nurse, and a well-seasoned one. The destroying angel left his marks on me years ago, as all who wish can see."

She spoke the truth: her face was deeply lined with the scars of the dread disease to which the others had that morning been exposed.

"I hope it will not be necessary, dear Sister," said Mother Teresa. "I have told the community," she added, addressing Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia. "I hope all will now be well, and that the children

may not in any way learn of the danger. It would cause a panic in the school; and if it must come, the truest kindness will lie in keeping them here instead of sending them home, perhaps to scatter the disease broadcast among their families."

It was dark when they had finished supper. Mother Teresa decided not to leave them until the time for parting came, although the Sisters begged her not to expose herself unnecessarily. About half-past eight, the pupils having retired, a little procession, headed by old Anselm, might have been seen wending its way across the lawn, through the vegetable garden and along the high-road, till it reached the log-cabin, which kindly hands had transformed into a comfortable abode. A rag-carpet had been laid on the floor; green shades and white curtains placed on the windows; three cots, a few chairs—one was a rocker for Mary Teresa; two tables, toilet-stands, and a small press for clothing, were neatly ranged about the room. A picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus hung near the Sisters' beds; above Mary Teresa's was one of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Books and needlework lay on a small table.

"How cozy!" said the child. "Why, there is even a screen, so that we can have two rooms or one, just as we like."

After Anselm had gone, and her prayers were said, Mary Teresa lay watching the flicker of the lamp behind the screen where Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia knelt silently praying in the shadow. The child felt suddenly lonely. When the Sisters had made all their preparations for the night, Sister Mary approached the bed where she lay. There was a tear on the pure, pale cheek.

"Poor little thing!" the gentle nun murmured, touching the white brow with her lips. Then she extinguished the light and commended herself and her companions to the protection of God.

(To be continued.)

Tramp Dogs.

Everyone who has been to Constantinople knows that its streets are filled with homeless dogs; but, having no masters to care for them, they have learned how to look after themselves. They can even tell the time of day, and at the hour when scraps are thrown out are regularly in attendance to get their share. The officials of the famous train which runs between Paris and Constantinople tell a wonderful story concerning the sagacity of these waifs.

The train arrives three times a week, and always finds a large number of dogs waiting to receive it. They search it faithfully from end to end for any stray remnants of luncheon which the passengers may have left. The strange thing is that the dogs go to the station on the days the train is looked for, and at no other time; and that they always remember that between Friday and Monday there are two days instead of one. They take no account of the local trains, seeming to know that it is not likely there will be scraps of food in them; but they never miss one which comes from a long distance.

All this cleverness has been developed by absolute hunger. Even with a dog "necessity is the mother of invention."

Grandma's Safety.

A little boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee.

"Have you not forgotten something?" she asked, when the little lad finished.

"No, mother," answered her son.

"You have not thought of your grandmother's safety."

"But I didn't know she had one," replied the little fellow, as his eyes sparkled with prospective pleasure.

With Authors and Publishers.

—William Watson, in his recent criticism of the new English poet, Stephen Phillips, incidentally gives a capital definition of tragedy. "I had ever supposed that the very essence of tragedy was *the overthrow of something great.*"

—The advice given to organists and choir-men by a contemporary English author is too good not to be quoted. He says: "Unless you have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of music, don't compose. Men of high rank in the musical world with difficulty manage to make their compositions pay; and the vast majority of composers lose, and lose heavily."

—The Rev. Athol Forbes, does not write novels, but he thinks he could, and that nothing would be easier. "All that is necessary," he says, "is a French cookery book, a pack of cards and a vivid imagination. Whenever the hero or heroine gets into a difficulty, simply shuffle the cards, and make the queen of hearts or the king of spades take the leading part, and lo! the question is solved."

—The Art & Book Co. has begun the publication of a series of handy volumes to comprise the complete services of the Church for special days and seasons of the ecclesiastical year. The initial volume is the "Order of Divine Service for Palm Sunday," which is compiled from the Roman missal, breviary and martyrology, and accompanied with an English translation throughout. Good paper and printing, with tasteful though durable binding, may be mentioned as special recommendations. Approbation of ecclesiastical authority, however, is a notable omission.

—The Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., has translated from the Italian of the Rev. Augustine Ferran "The Month of Our Lady under the Patronage of Our Blessed Lady of Victory." The original, which we are pleased to observe that Father Mullany has adapted somewhat, is an old work and probably a favorite one. (Benziger Brothers.)

—A devout little book on the Passion of our Blessed Saviour is "Ecce Homo," by the

Rev. D. G. Hubert, of which the publisher (R. Washbourne) has just issued a second edition.—We can not commend the translation of "Meditations on the Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross," by the Rev. Charles Perraud. This book deserved to be carefully adapted, for it is much more solid than most of the works of piety that come to us from the Continent. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Two ornate volumes of verse by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly have just been published by H. L. Kilner & Co. They are "The Rhyme of the Friar Stephen" and "Christian Carols of Life and Love." They have the qualities with which we are familiar in all Miss Donnelly's verse, the story of Friar Stephen being especially pretty and well told. Most of the "Carols" are to be ranked among the writer's best work. Both volumes have creditable illustrations and would make appropriate premium books.

—Our young readers who would like to know what happened to a handsome young soldier who, growing weary of earth and desiring to live on the moon, was taken up by a good fairy and had his wish gratified, may learn all about it in "The Princess of the Moon," by Cora Semmes Ives. We need only say there is a king, the father of the princess, and what with the fairy, the young soldier, the princess, and the king, many wonderful things happen. Published by W. H. Young & Co.

—A regrettable aspect of current discussion is a lack of fixity in the meaning of words. For instance, we have a new edition of a pamphlet entitled "Why No Good Catholic Can Be a Socialist," by Father Kenelm Digby Best, of the London Oratory; yet Cardinal Manning, once Father Best's archbishop, permitted himself to be known as a "Christian socialist." Father Best rightly condemns the socialism which means chaos, but there are other kinds of socialism. Again, to say absolutely that no one can be a good Catholic and hold that "the Church ought to be separated from the State and the State

from the Church," is to lay oneself open to misconception. There are not a few good Catholics who hold that the less the Church has to do with states, as states are constituted nowadays, the better for the Church.

—A recent convert to the Church states that the last obstacles to his acceptance of Catholic doctrine were removed by the answers he received to certain inquiries made during a mission. Another convert, who sent for a priest and was received into the Church during his last illness, declared that his eyes were opened by reading the Catholic literature which happened to come in his way. He expressed astonishment that greater zeal was not exercised in spreading Catholic publications among those outside the Church, saying he felt sure that prejudice was generally the result of ignorance or misrepresentation, and that there were thousands of Protestants who would gladly read Catholic books and papers if they could get them. Every member of the Church ought to be an information bureau to inquiring Protestants, and no Catholic household should be without a little collection of books and a Catholic periodical to lend to Protestant neighbors.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Vol. IV. \$1.35, net.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

- Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs*, C. S. S. R. \$1, net.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 35 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-de Goesbriand*. \$1.50.
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$6.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.
 The School for Saints. *John Oliver Hobbes*. \$2.
 Passion-Flowers. *Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.* \$1.25.
 Moral Principles and Medical Practice. *Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Thoughts of the Curé of Ars. 35 cts.
 Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan*. \$1.25.
 The Black Monks of St. Benedict. *Rev. E. L. Taunton*. \$7.50.



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

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A May-Shrine.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

AS harbor-lights on darksome nights
Gleam lustrous through the ocean's
glooming,

In many a row the tapers glow,
Our Lady's altar soft illuming.
Shy blossoms fair are clustered there,
The perfumes of the May exhaling;
And quaint wreaths twine around the shrine,
Where fragrant incense-clouds are trailing.

O Mother sweet! e'en at thy feet
Still let me find my harbor ever,—
That haven blest my constant quest;
To reach it, all my life's endeavor.
And heart of mine, be thou a shrine
Where all fair blooms disclose their beauty,
Whence vows and sighs to Mary rise,
And grateful love is one with duty.

Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in Germany during the Middle Ages.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

NO very deep research into the
annals of the past is required to
convince us that the devotion to
Blessed Mary, the Mother of God,
was equally general and even more firmly
rooted in the hearts of the children of
the Church in pre-Reformation times than
it is at the present day. Of the early

British Church few, if any, historic records
exist; but there is no doubt that within
the sea-girt isle the devotion was coeval
with the introduction of Christianity.
However, it will scarcely be necessary to
remind the readers of *THE AVE MARIA*
of the intense, enthusiastic affection enter-
tained for the Mother of God by our
Anglo-Saxon forefathers; an affection
manifested by the numerous sanctuaries
dedicated to her name, the long pilgrim-
ages undertaken in her honor, the costly
offerings made at her shrines; the lamps
kindled, the votive tapers burned before
her image; the Mary-Mass, for which a
special chaplain was appointed; the fasts
willingly observed, the festivals gladly
celebrated in commemoration of the
principal events of her life—her five joys,
her seven sorrows. Her praises were the
favorite theme of poet and preacher; her
name was invoked in public and private
prayers. And this veneration was not
confined to a few of her special servants,
but shared by all the inhabitants of the
country, from the proudest monarch to
the lowliest swain.

On the continent of Europe, in Gaul
and Germany, the devotion to the Blessed
Virgin spread simultaneously with the
propagation of the knowledge of Chris-
tianity, as one nation after another was
converted to the true faith. Wherever
the good seed was cast into the ground,
wherever it sprang up and bore fruit,

devotion to the Mother of God, like a lovely flower, was found among the ripening corn, twined inseparably round its stalk, not to impede but assist its growth. And although in the early ages of the Church disputations heretics, after calling in question the divinity of our Holy Redeemer, denied to our Blessed Lady the title of Mother of God, they prevailed little. When the Council of Ephesus, in 431, once and forever put an end to all doubt, confirming the belief in her divine maternity, and thus giving to the Virgin Inviolable the first and foremost place among the saints in virtue of her sublime dignity as Mother of God, the decision was received with the greatest rejoicing both by the Eastern and the Western Church.

A monograph, recently published by a well-known German archeologist on the veneration of our Blessed Lady in Germany during the Middle Ages,* gives an interesting insight into the nature and development of the devotion, which was deeply rooted in the hearts and minds of the Continental nations in medieval times. A few details gathered from his admirable work may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Before entering upon the subject, however, it will be well to mention the two several and very distinct sources whence the veneration of Catholics for the Holy Mother of God derived its origin and development. The first, the pure and unadulterated source, was the teaching of the Gospels and ecclesiastical tradition, confirmed by the dogmatic utterances of the councils of the Church. Of these authoritative declarations by far the most important was that of the Council of Ephesus. The second source consists of the speculations of theologians, besides oral traditions handed down from apostolic

times; and other legendary lore, wherein the cherished belief of the faithful found poetic expression, in which truth is freely mixed with fiction, and is not always to be distinguished from it.

That churches dedicated to Our Lady existed in the earliest ages of Christianity is beyond a doubt. We know that this was so in Palestine, also in Rome; and antiquarian research has proved that north of the Alps—first in Gaul, later on in Germany,—some of the most ancient churches (the foundations, frequently, of the cathedrals of the present day) were called by her name. One of the oldest churches in Germany raised in her honor was that built by St. Felix, about the year 400, outside the walls of Treves. A cathedral dedicated to Mary is known to have existed in Mayence long before the Cathedral of St. Martin was finished in 1000. And where no sanctuary was as yet erected, an image of the Immaculate Mother of God is said to have been venerated with great fervor by the Christian converts.

No less than twenty-nine churches in France claim—with what amount of truth it is impossible to say—to have been founded by the disciples and immediate followers of the Apostles, under the patronage of Mary. Notre Dame de la Mer, a sanctuary in the diocese of Aix, is said to date from the first century: a chapel having been raised beside the grotto where St. Mary Magdalen, the patron of Provence, is reputed to have dwelt. In Chartres, tradition relates that the Druids venerated a carved image of a woman holding a child in her arms, beneath which were engraved the words: *Virgini pariturae*,—"To the virgin who shall give birth [to a son]." When St. Saviourian had evangelized that district, about the middle of the third century, a chapel was raised over the spot where the image was preserved, which gradually assumed the proportions of the present

* Die Verehrung u. I. Frau in Deutschland während des Mittelalters. Von Stephan Beissel, S. J.

cathedral. The shrine of Notre Dame de la Délivrance, near Caen, in Normandy, exists from time immemorial; likewise that of our Blessed Lady at Fourvières, in Lyons. St. Photinus is said to have erected the latter about the middle of the second century, placing in it an image of the Mother of God which he brought from Palestine.

Although many of these ancient legends have not the value of historic truth, and the fact of the existence of so many sanctuaries of Our Lady must be received with caution, it is beyond question that even before the great impetus was given to the devotion by the decision of the Council of Ephesus, her name was held in high honor; it was given (coupled frequently with that of St. Peter to show dependence upon the Holy See, or with that of another saint) to various churches on the continent of Europe. The name of Mary was also frequently given in baptism, as many sepulchral inscriptions testify. This was not done in England: there, in early times, the name was considered too sacred to be given to infants.

The spread of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin was greatly promoted during the fifth and sixth centuries by the Benedictines. Seven of the principal abbeys founded in Gaul and Germany by the Order were dedicated to her. Later some of these foundations were placed under the patronage of another saint, as was the case with certain churches. Such changes were, however, not of frequent occurrence, and were made for the most part only when a church of greater magnitude was erected on the site of the former structure; or on the occasion of the remains of a saint of great eminence (one, perhaps, closely connected with the place) being given to the abbatial foundation or one of the churches dependent on it. The convents of nuns following the Rule of St. Benedict sprang up and

multiplied rapidly in those days. Many of them had saints for their rulers, and the ancient annals prove how dearly they loved the Holy Mother of God. In the life of one abbess—St. Bathildis, 1680,—it is related that on one occasion, when the Sisters were assembled in the Mary-chapel, they saw a ladder reaching from the altar up to heaven, and angels helping their abbess to ascend it. On hearing of this vision, the Saint knew her earthly pilgrimage was near its end; she received the last Sacraments and shortly afterward expired.

Unhappily, only a small number of the representations of Our Lady, the works of painters and sculptors in those early times, have been preserved. One, a beautiful marble bass-relief, depicts her as a young maiden with flowing hair, attired in the simplest manner, her hands raised in prayer. It bears the inscription: *Maria, virgo, minister de tempulo Gerosale,*—"Mary, virgin, server in the temple at Jerusalem." The life of the Blessed Virgin consecrated to the service of God in the temple was considered as the model of life in the cloister. The apocryphal writings furnished many details concerning her childhood and youth which are not mentioned in the Gospels.

The evangelization of the German Empire, the piety of the Carolingian rulers, caused the name of Mary to be widely known and loved in the next two centuries; and everywhere chapels were raised to her, as the inscriptions over the portals or beside the altars—mostly in verse, many chiselled in choice marble—amply testify. Of these, some enumerate her virtues and prerogatives, while others implore a blessing on the devout donor of church or altar. For instance:

Virgo Maria, Dei genitrix, hæc aula resultat
Ecce tibi et tota fulget honore tuo.

O Virgin, Mother of our God, this sacred spot is
thine!
For thee and for thy praise alone resplendent may
it shine!

In Meizenburg the Abbot Grimald placed these lines above the altar:

Hoc quoque Virgo, Dei genitrix veneranda, sacellum
Grimaldus humilis compsit honore tuo.
Ipsi mercedem cunctisque precantibus istic,
Quod pie præsument, dedere posce Deum.

To thee, God's Mother, Virgin pure, most worthy
of respect,

Grimald in all humility this sanctuary doth rear.
This guerdon gain for him, that God may not reject
Petitions asked in faith by those who worship
here.

The palatinate chapel built by Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle is the most celebrated of that period. The marble for its columns was brought from Rome and Ravenna—no easy task in those days, when transport was difficult and costly. Precious metals were employed in the sanctuary, and the sacred vessels and sacerdotal vestments were of the most valuable description. But all this splendor was slightly prized by the worshipers in comparison with the relics deposited there, brought by the Emperor from Palestine, among which were a garment worn by our Blessed Lady and a lock of her hair.

Relics also played a part in the founding of the Cathedral of Hildesheim. One of Charlemagne's sons, Louis the Pious, when out hunting in the primeval forest which covered the spot where Hildesheim now stands, had caused his tent to be erected on an eminence, beside a spring of water. The next morning his chaplain, who was accompanying him, hung upon a rosebush a silver reliquary containing a relic of our Immaculate Mother; and, having set up an altar, offered the Holy Sacrifice. He forgot to remove the reliquary before leaving, and had proceeded some distance ere he discovered the omission. Immediately he hastened back. It was not without great difficulty that he found the place again; and when he did so to his astonishment the bush on which the reliquary was suspended had become a sheet of blossom; and on

endeavoring to detach the treasure he found it impossible to do so. When the Emperor was informed of what had occurred, he determined to build a church in honor of the Queen of Heaven on that spot and make it an episcopal see. To this day the reliquary is carefully preserved in the church dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and the miraculous rose-tree is still pointed out beside the ancient edifice.

St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, and his sister Lioba, hold a prominent place among the propagators of devotion to the Mother of God. Of Lioba, who was placed by the Saint over one of the convents he founded, it is related that one night a terrific hurricane and tempest broke over the land. Trees were uprooted and houses unroofed or overthrown; the distressed inhabitants of the adjacent country flocked to the shelter of the monastery, and earnestly besought the nuns to summon their abbess. She was found sleeping peacefully. "Rise up," they said to her, "and call upon your Queen, the Holy Mother of God; that by her help we may be delivered from the peril that threatens to overwhelm us." Lioba rose, and, passing through the church, stood at the open door; after making the Sign of the Cross, she raised her hands to heaven and three times implored the help of Christ for the sake of His Blessed Mother. Instantly the wind fell, the heavy clouds dispersed, and the day dawned calm and bright.

(To be continued.)

Lo! here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforesaid no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

—Carlyle.

The Missing One.*

BY R. O. K.

I.

HE was an only son. His father and mother lived about three miles from the city of L—k. They had many daughters, but only one son. As you drove by your eye was attracted and pleased by the look of neatness that was on everything. It was not a grand place, you know, or an extensive place: only a simple peasant's home; the son helping the father to plough and till the field and reap the corn and mow the hay; and the daughters and their mother milking the cows and doing the work of the house within. But it was such a neat place! The house was neat, and the hedges were neat, and the unpretentious out-offices were neat, and the garden-plots and the walks were neat, and the lilac was neat, and the ivy and the box and broom.

You could not help thinking, if you were the greatest stranger that ever was, that the family living there must be happy and dear. I knew them; and, oh, but they were! And if you saw them engaged out about the place—in the garden, trimming the walks or planting the vegetables,—they were dressed so trimly and neatly; and if they looked up to see you pass by, or, knowing you, to salute you, there was a look of gravity and peace on their handsome faces that brought gladness to your own.

It was Little Christmas Day. It was a bright, sunshiny day. Ah, me! but there was the misfortune of it! I wish it had been raining as it had not rained since the days of the Deluge; or snowing as it snows about the pole. I saw the happy group go home from Mass. The sisters and brother formed a group, while the father and an old man followed; and clinging to the father's hand was a little

girl, the youngest of the family. I heard the group laugh and laugh. The sisters were very fond of their brother, and he was deeply attached to them.

They went home; and the mother, who had remained "within to mind the house," had the kettle ready. Dinner in the country on weekdays, with all who work, is taken between twelve and one o'clock; but on Sundays and holidays it is deferred till late in the afternoon, and in winter till after nightfall. They sat round the merry cup of tea and the home-made bread and home-made butter, and chatted in a pleasant way about all that they had seen and heard during the morning—dresses and jokes and news; and, in good-humored banter, had even a laugh at something that was said from the altar; but nothing critical or scoffing or irreligious ever crossed their lips or entered into their thoughts.

Their home stood on a rising ground. You looked down to the city, and away beyond it was a splendid background of rude and bleak mountains, that looked all the bleaker and blacker this day from the occasional patch of white, the remnants of sleet showers, that showed on their sides and toward the top. From the foot of those mountains Erin's noble river, after having travelled hundreds of miles, advanced toward the foreground of the picture, splashed against the city foundations, and then rolled off in majesty to the sea. Ah, God forgive those that praise its treacherous waters!

By and by two or three of the neighboring boys called in, and they said:

"Come and we'll have a walk in to see the town."

The son stood up and got his hat; and he said, as if in an apologetic way to his mother and sisters generally:

"I suppose I may as well go?"

And they said: "You won't be long?"

And he said: "Oh, no! I won't."

And he went out the door.

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II.

A fog come on before nightfall. It was a thick fog,—so thick that one could hardly make one's way even in the accustomed places. But when night fell it grew dark. You may say *dark*. Oh, goodness! "dark" was no name for it. I have never seen but I have often heard of London fogs; and after the darkness of that evening, I think I can form an idea of a London fog.

The mother began to see about the cooking of the dinner. I must tell you about our simple country dinners. In the winter time there is a large flock of geese about the country home. One of these, killed for some time, forms the principal dish. It is baked in a circular vessel called a *bastible*, and while in process of cooking diffuses a most appetizing odor about the place,—appetizing, I mean, for hungry stomachs that have had plenty of exercise all day. Were you ever "hunting the wren," or "hurling," or "kicking football," of a good frosty holiday; and did you forget all day that you had any such thing as a stomach until the fun was over and you turned your hungry nose homeward? Wasn't that nose alive to every smell that floated on the frosty air, even though the said smell roamed a good half-mile from its starting-place?

And when you came in and breathed the air of the kitchen, heated and partly lighted by the plentiful fire on the open hearth; and you saw resting on some fire on the ground the *bastible*, with its well-known contents, at one side; and at the other, on some more fire on the ground, a pot containing home-cured Irish bacon and heads of white cabbage; while the "pops" (potatoes) boiling in the family pot enjoyed for the moment the place of honor,—did that hungry nose of yours turn in disdain from the prospects in view? Oh, if you want to take a dinner that a gourmand and an epicurean both may envy, go "hunt the

wren" on a frosty day, or "kick football," or "hurl"; come in and do penance for half an hour at a blazing peat-fire, with odors around that tantalize and please; and then turn into bacon and cabbage and roast goose and potatoes!

The mother was preparing the goose at the kitchen table before setting it to roast. She wondered how dark it was so early, and lit the tallow-candle. The two youngest children were wanting little odds and ends (the "sweetbread") for *grishkins*; and then, taking them to the hearth, cooked them on separate coals for themselves. Under the table were gathered the cats and the house-dog; the cats, because of the smell, keeping up, like beggars at a church door, a good litany of petitions, the urgency of which was altogether assumed; while the dog disputed with them every dole that the hand of charity distributed.

Two of the sisters said they would put on their hats and cloaks and go a piece down the road to see if their brother were coming. They went; and, after being frightened by the fog, and oftentimes deceived by noises that they took for his voice or his footstep, returned without him. They waited another while, and every noise outside drew the sympathetic remark within, "Maybe this is he."

Dinner—or, as it was more generally called with us, supper—was ready, and he had not come. Then the father and one or two of the girls said they would step down to see if his comrade boys had come home, and maybe he would be with them. His comrades had returned, and wondered that he had not come; for he was with them at such a house, where they had "a drink," and he left, and they thought it was home he had come. But they saw cousins of his in town, and they were "matchmaking," and maybe they took him with them. "For, you know," said the speaker, "everyone likes him, and he is lucky at a match."

The father and the girls returned home; and, after "waiting a little while longer," they at length sat to table. But, oh, how different from the pleasant, loquacious group that might have sat there! Their appetites deserted them, and it was only the two youngest children that supported the credit of the house. But the atmosphere of silence and preoccupation soon affected these; at first they began to cry, and then they drooped their heads and were laid in bed, conscious of no anxiety.

After waiting in vain for another hour or two, they said the family prayers; and then, the fog having cleared off, the father got the horse and trap ready, and, with the two eldest girls and the stable-boy, proceeded to the town to make careful inquiries,—stopping at each approaching figure and scrutinizing each dark object; but all to no avail.

The girls at home remained up, sitting round the fire, talking with their mother. "I will tell you, mother," said the eldest of the group, the third in line of descent, and his favorite,— "I will tell you, mother, what he said to me the other day." And the tears ran down her cheeks. The mother signified to her to speak, and the others looked attentively into her face. "He said there was so many girls of us here, that he'd go and seek his fortune. He said he'd go to America; and when he'd earn money, he'd send for me."

Then they would lapse into silence, and into the mother's heart would come—and sometimes, too, into one of the girl's—the thought of the river, with its treacherous waters, stealing in the dark like some guilty thing, holding dead men's secrets in its bosom,—stealing down to the sea. But they would sooner have given their hearts' blood there by the hearth than by sign or word make known that such a thought had come to their minds.

The candle had gone down without

their noticing it, and they sat in the glow of the slumbering peat-fire. A bright light they would not have coveted—indeed they would have avoided; for a brighter light would have revealed what each one desired to hide—the tears that in silence stole down her cheeks. It was only when an involuntary sigh or a deep moan, suppressed as soon as uttered, gave indication of their sorrow, that each understood the grief that all were anxious to conceal. And then, as if the others had no sad thoughts at their hearts, and as if there were not ground or justification for them, they exclaimed with one voice against the offending party: "Well, do you hear her! In the name of goodness what ails you?"

But if it was the poor mother, then the tone was changed: "Don't now, mother! Oh, don't, mother!" And they burst out, for all their warnings and their bravado, in sad union with her.

"Keep the plates hot," said the mother; "and push the *bastible* nearer to the fire. He'll be hungry when he comes."

They moved the things nearer to the fire, and put the smouldering peat coals about them; all the time that the mother had in her heart—and maybe some of the girls, too—a dark doubt that he would ever taste them. Thus they sat, while the clock, the only thing that seemed conscious of duty, ticked in the hall and counted the long hours.

It just struck one when the noise of the trap driving up was heard. "Oh, thank God!" they said, rising and rushing out of the doors to the yard, too impatient to wait till the others came in. "O God grant it is he!" said the mother, laying hold of the corner of the table to steady herself.

"Did you get him, father?" was the first hurried question.—"Did you get any account of him?" was the next.—"Didn't you hear of him at all?" was asked with a wail.

The boy took up the horse, and they walked into the house, one after another, and as silent as if they had been at a funeral. The father sat in the middle of the fireplace; his walking-stick stood for a few moments between his feet, but soon he took it in his hand and began to make figures in the peat ashes with the end of it. Then they all knew that his mind and heart were full, and they withdrew into one of the bedrooms that led off the kitchen at the corner of "the dresser." There those who had stayed at home learned to their dismay that every inquiry had been made, every place searched, but "tale or tidings" could not be had of him. The poor mother was going to suggest the docks, when the eldest girl, guessing what was in the mother's fears, and wishing to spare her, said in a low voice: "We went down to the river and made every inquiry, but no one there saw him—thank God!"

"Thank God!" said the poor mother, and all of them in a breath.

"Our cousin 'from the mountains,' we heard, was in town, and making a match with some people from the Kenry side; and maybe 'tis with him he's gone. You will get good news in the morning, with the help of God."

She had hardly said the word when a wail was heard—the loneliest for a moment that ever broke on human ear. They stood like so many statues, petrified on the spot. The old man got up from his reverie by the fire, opened the door and gave a gentle whistle.

"Ah, it is the dog!" cried the second girl. "Oh, look at that! Poor Shep!"

It was the dog, sitting on the top of one of the gate-piers and lifting its seer-like head to heaven, that had uttered the cry; but, like a pathetic chord in music, it so touched their already overwrought feelings that, the mother leading the sad strain, they all broke into a vehement outburst of sorrow within. Even the two

children in bed woke at the cry, and added their tears to the general lamentation. They cast themselves without care into various attitudes,—some walking about, clapping their hands in distraction; others casting their arms and face on the kitchen table, crying piteously; some falling on the bed and smothering their bursting grief in the folds of the bed-clothes. O God save all our homes from such a scene of woe!

The next morning broke upon a white, white world. It was snowing; the fields and roads, and roofs of houses, and hedges were covered with snow several inches deep. The sky was leaden. There was a wail around the corners of the dwelling-house and out-offices that at best of times would sound mournful, but to-day seemed full of prophecy. The family woke with hearts seared with grief, and looked on a pitiless world outside. What a terrible thing to awake to an undetermined woe! In a sense, it is harder to bear than a grief whose reality and boundaries we can see and know.

It snowed all that day. Those little white fleecy nothings whirled and fell, whirled and fell. You looked at them—you loved to look at them. The longer you looked, the closer you watched their movements and revolutions—so simple, innocent, and attractive,—the more were you tempted to keep looking. They went down so noiselessly, and fell so careless of situation or position, that they might give a lesson, each of those white fleecy nothings, to the most reverent saint that ever obeyed God's will. And in the end the fleecy nothings grew and increased until they stopped the progress of even the most powerful creation of man—the steam-engine on the railroad.

By evening the snow-storm had ceased, but so had every ordinary movement along the common highways. As the shades of night fell I saw the priest sally out on a sick-call. Our boys had, for

fun, made tunnels in the snowdrifts. The priest was on horseback. He rode through some of the tunnels. I saw him stop at one. The drift on either side reached his shoulders as he sat on a tall horse. He came off, and giving the bridle to one of the boys, asked him to lead the horse to his stall, while he went on to make his way as well as he might.

Such the day and night it was. It was imprisonment to the poor bereaved family, and imprisonment with "hard labor." They could not go to *him*, wherever he was; nor could *he* come to them. Yet were they busy: hundreds of things passed through their minds, and were discussed in their sorrowful and desultory conversations. From time to time a wail of grief coming from the recesses of one of the rooms, where some one for the time had hidden, would bring out in sharp and unexpected outline the terrible reality of their woe. This, at last, was the sum of their deliberations: that next day the city should be searched—lodging-house, public-house, *every* house; that messengers should be sent to the houses of relatives and friends; that the police barracks should all be visited again; and that the workhouse—the ill-omened palace of the poor, that (to the poor Irish peasant) last place on God's earth—should be entered on their list. Yesterday, and the workhouse would have been a disgrace that would go down with the very last of them to their graves; to-day, if only *he* be there, it were a Bethlehem, where angels from heaven might come to sing, and kings from afar to adore.

Let me not keep you. Next day came. They went; they searched and searched; the whole miserable day was spent in searching. They did not eat or drink; and they came back at evening to the peaceful home on the height, weary, dejected, heart-broken. They neither saw nor heard of him. On the holiday evening he left his comrades; they remembered

to see him leaving; the landlord of the house remembered well to see him leaving; but where he went no one could tell any more than if "the ground had swallowed him up."

III.

By this time it had become public property. News of that kind travels with us, not by post, telegraph or newspaper, but by a kind of system reminding one of what Prescott describes, in *Mid-America*, about the first coming of the Spaniards. Our country and our domestic news is carried by our beggars. It goes here and it goes there, according to the routes taken by the individuals. Births, deaths, marriages, accidents, thus travel in a day through a district the extent of which would surprise one. It is as if many stones from several points were cast into a pond, and the waves went on enlarging and increasing far beyond the first point touched.

But, oh, how different is news when it is another's and not your own! And if that news be sad news—oh, then, how especially different! Who, of all that heard that news as it went from house to house and mouth to mouth, received it as it was received in the home on the height, with drops of blood? Who could bring a heart to it as each one of them had done? Who could make it his own? We may wish, for the sympathy and truth of our race, that it were so; but were it so, who, after all, could stand the strain of all the calls in this valley of tears? I will not say whether the dulness comes from our own moral degeneracy, or whether it be the ordinance of divine wisdom; for I do not know. This much, however, I do know; that until I saw my own father die some years ago, I think I had no true sympathy when I saw others weep over the death of one near and dear.

I met that poor man in his sorrow. My heart was then uncrushed in the wine-

press, and yet his trial, so patiently and pathetically borne, touched me keenly. With that promptness that comes either of instinct or of tact, I spoke to him of hope. "Ah, hope!" he said. "There are no hopes; I have no hopes." And he turned almost fully round, rudely even you would have said, and directed his gaze toward the river.

I spoke of the rumor of a sailing-vessel having left the docks that evening, and that he might have gone in it. It would have been cruel in him, I knew well, to have done so without giving an inkling of it to the hearts at home. But the life of the boy was the thing that their nature was craving for; they did not stop to ask why he had been forgetful of them.

"Ah, no!" the old man said. "I do not believe in it—I do not believe in it," he repeated. "And yet—" he paused, and in the pause came a gush of tears. He lifted his voice as he proceeded: "And yet there is not a noise I hear as I lie awake at night, but I think it is he. If the dog barks, I think it is he; if a footstep goes along the road below, don't I imagine it is coming toward the house and in the gate? And I sit up and listen, and think it is he. If the wind swings the door open in the daytime, don't I turn round and think it is he? O God help me!" he said, bending forward in his sorrow. "My heart is breaking!"

God forgive me and my hard, uncrushed heart! I could not stay listening, but moved away from him; thinking that I had seen that most pathetic figure of the Gospel, and sketched, too, by the pitiful Heart of our Divine Lord—the father of the prodigal child. Weeks and weeks passed. My heart fails me. You did not pass those weary weeks day by day; you did not cross that humble threshold and look on those stricken faces. I will make no attempt to call them to you.

A message! A tall figure in black uniform—a policeman is coming up. Ah,

God pity us, what is his business? Is he bringing news from the grave? Oh, it were better almost that we never heard news! Our hearts were beginning to beat, in a fashion, after their old way; our tears had dried. A message! Oh, keep your message! If you have a human heart, bury your message with the dead. Our mangled hearts are healing: do not tear them open again. A message! Kindly as might be, the peace officer delivers his message—summons them to come, and, if they can, identify a human form that the cruel waters have washed ashore.

O God help us! Go into that humble home now if you dare,—go, if you have a heart of adamant, and look upon a tide of woe. For my part, if the heavens above were at my hand I dare not do it. It was he! Two things only could be identified—the watch he carried and a new piece in the sole of his boot. It was with interest we saw that the watch had stopped at half-past four.

I will tell you only one thing more. The priest had come there day after day; and one evening I heard the poor old father say that his spring business was back, and that the man who used to "core" with him had joined with another, and that he himself was thus left without a second horse to plough the ground. "You won't have it long to say," said the priest, taking the saddle off his horse and leading him into the stable. "Work away with him till I come for him." And, mind you, in an hour after I heard the priest singing cheerfully to himself as he walked across the fields.

O brother! O sister! in your hours of enjoyment—and may they be many!—remember there are hearts breaking with grief, and breathe a prayer for them.

THINGS are oftenest nothing in themselves: the thoughts we attach to them alone give them value.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Ave Jesu!

(Jesu Rex Martyrum.)

BY NORA RYEMAN.

☉ROWN me with the martyr's crimson roses,

Give me wine of confessors to drink;
When I see the tawny death confront me,
Do not let me from the conflict shrink.
Ave Jesu! as fair Agnes loved Thee,
I now love Thee. Look with love on me;
Save me, Saviour, as Thou didst save Thecla
From the dread, the nameless torments
three.

Wrap me in the saint's white gleaming garment

When the cruel talons tear my flesh;
When one cup of sorrow's drunk, sweet Jesu,

Give me strength one more to drain afresh.
Let me see *Thy* Face instead of Cæsar's
When behind me shuts the little door;
Let me hear the "Come to Me, My blessèd!"
When resounds the lion's dull, deep roar.

Crown me with the martyr's crimson roses,
Place the martyr's palm-branch in my hand,

At that marriage supper where the blessed
Round Thy throne like lighted candles stand.

Matrons who their children left for crosses,
Maids who said farewell to earthly love,
Follow where the gentle Shepherd leadeth
In the pleasant pasture-land above.

"Ave Jesu!" I will cry in spirit
When these lips of mine grow dumb and pale;

"Ave Jesu! Thou art Love Incarnate,
And Thy love shall over death prevail.

Ave Jesu! as a golden ladder
Let each pang, each racking torment be,
Leading upward to the Holy City,
To Thy saints, Thy martyrs, and to Thee."



THERE can be no deep and enduring union of human beings without truthfulness, earnestness, aspiration.—*"The Friendships of Women."*

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XI.—IN THE SEA OF ICE.

WE appreciated the sun's warmth so long as we were cruising among the ice-wrack. Some of the passengers, having been forewarned, were provided with heavy overcoats, oilskin hats, water-proofs, woollen socks, and "stogies" with great nails driven into the soles. They were iron-bound, copper-fastened tourists, thoroughly equipped—Alpine-stock and all,—and equal to any emergency.

Certainly it rains whenever it feels like it in Alaska. It can rain heavily for days together, and does so from time to time. The excursion-boat may run out of one predicament into another, and the whole voyage be a series of dismal disappointments; but this is not to be feared. The chances are in favor of a round of sunshiny days and cloudless nights as bright as the winter days in New England; of the fairest of fair weather; bracing breezes tempered by the fragrant forests that mantle each of the ten thousand islands; cool nights in midsummer, when a blanket is welcome in one's bunk; a touch of a fog now and again, generally lasting but a few hours, and welcome also by way of change. As for myself, a rubber coat protected me in the few showers to which we were exposed, and afforded warmth enough in the coldest weather we encountered. For a climb over a glacier, the very thickest shoes are absolutely necessary; beyond these, all else seems superfluous to me, and the superfluous is the chief burden of travel.

We were gathered about the deck in little groups. The unpremeditated coteries which naturally spring into existence on shipboard hailed one another across

decks, from the captain's cabin—a favorite resort—or the smoking-room, as we sighted objects of interest. With us there was no antagonism, albeit we numbered a full hundred, and for three weeks were confined to pretty close quarters. Passing the hours thus, and felicitating ourselves upon the complete success of the voyage, we were in the happiest humor, and amiably awaited our next experience.

Presently we ran under a wooded height that shut off the base of a great snow-capped mountain. The peak was celestial in its beauty,—a wraith dimly outlined upon the diaphanous sky, of which it seemed a more palpable part. When we had rounded this point we came face to face with a glacier. We saw at a glance the length and the breadth of it as it plowed slowly down between lofty rock-ridges to within a mile and a half of the shore. This was our first sight of one of those omnipotent architects of nature, and we watched it with a thrill of awe.

Picture to yourself a vast river, two or three miles in breadth, pouring down from the eminence of an icy peak thirty miles away,—a river fed by numerous lateral tributaries that flow in from every declivity. Imagine this river lashed to a fury and covered from end to end, fathoms deep, with foam, and then the whole suddenly frozen and fixed for evermore—that is your glacier. Sometimes the surface is stained with the *débris* of the mountain; sometimes the bluish-green tinge of the ancient ice crops out. Generally the surface is as white as down and very fair to look upon; for at a distance—we were about eight miles from the lower edge of it—the eye detects no flaw. It might be a torrent of milk and honey. It might almost be compared in its immaculate beauty to one of the rivers of Paradise that flow hard by the throne of God. It seems to be moving in majesty, and yet is stationary, or nearly so; for we might sit

by its frozen shore and grow gray with watching, and even our dull eyes could detect no change in a ripple of it. A river of Paradise, indeed, escaped from the gardens of the blessed; but, overcome by the squalor of this little globe, it has stopped short and turned to ice in its alabaster bed.

One evening, about 8.30 o'clock, the sun still high above the western mountain range, we found ourselves opposite the Davidson glacier. It passes out of a broad ravine and spreads fanlike upon the shore under the neighboring cliffs. It is three miles in breadth along the front, and is twelve hundred feet in height when it begins to crumble and slope toward the shore. A terminal moraine, a mile and a half in depth, separates it from the sea. A forest, or the remnant of a forest, stands between it and the water it is slowly but surely approaching. The fate of this solemn wood is sealed. Anon the mightiest among these mighty trees will fall like grain before the sickle of the reaper.

We are very near this glacier. We see all the wrinkles and fissures and the deep discolorations. We see how the monstrous mass winds in and out between the mountains, and crowds them on every side, and rubs their skin off in spots, and leaves grooved lines, like high-water marks, along the face of the cliffs; how it gathers as it goes, and grinds to powder and to paste whatever comes within its reach; growing worse and worse and greedier and more rapacious as it creeps down into the lowlands; so that when it reaches the sea, where it must end its course and dissolve away, it will have covered itself with slime and confusion. It will have left ruin and desolation in its track; but it will likewise have cleft out a valley with walls polished like brass, and a floor as smooth as marble,—one that will be utilized in after ages, when it has carpeted

itself with green and tapestried its walls with vines. Surely no other power on earth could have done the job so neatly.

One sees this work in process and in fresh completion in Alaska. The bald islet yonder, with a surface as smooth as glass and with delicate tracery along its polished sides—tracery that looks like etching upon glass,—was modelled by glaciers not so many years ago: within the century, some of them, perhaps. A glacier—probably the very glacier we are seeking—follows this track and grinds them all into shape. Every angle of action—of motion, shall I say?—is indelibly impressed upon each and every rock hereabout; so all these northlands, from sea to sea, the world over, have been laboriously licked into shape by the irresistible tide of ice. Verily, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but what a grist they grind!

Let me record an episode that occasioned no little excitement among the passengers and crew of the *Ancon*. While we were picking our way among the floating ice—and at a pretty good jog, too,—a dark body was seen to fall from an open port, forward, into the sea. There was a splash and a shriek as it passed directly under the wheel and disappeared in the foam astern. "Man overboard!" was the cry that rang through the ship, while we all rushed breathlessly to the after-rail. Among the seething waters in our wake, we saw a head appearing and disappearing, and growing smaller and smaller all the while, though the swimmer was struggling bravely to hold his own. In a moment the engines were stopped; and then—an after-thought—we made as sharp a turn as possible, hoping to lessen the distance between us, while a boat was being manned and lowered for the rescue. We feared that it was the cook, who was running a fair chance of being drowned or chilled to death. His black head bobbed like a burnt cork on

the crest of the waves; and, though we marked a snow-white circle in the sea, we seemed to get no nearer the strong swimmer in his agony; and all at once we saw him turn, as in desperation or despair, and make for one of the little rocky islets that were lying at no great distance. Evidently he believed himself deserted, and was about to seek this desolate rock in the hope of prolonging existence.

By this time we had come to a dead halt, and a prolonged silence followed. Our sailor boys pulled lustily at the oars; yet the little boat seemed to crawl through yawning waves, and, as usual, every moment was an hour of terrible suspense. Then the captain, the most anxious among us all, made a trumpet of his hands and shouted: "Here, Pete, old boy! Here, Pete, you black rascal!" At the sound of his voice the swimmer suddenly turned and struck out for the ship with an enthusiasm that was actually ludicrous. We roared with laughter—we could not help it; for when the boat had pulled up to the almost water-logged swimmer, and he began to climb in with an energy that imperiled the safety of the crew, we saw that the black rascal in question was none other than Pete Bruin, Captain Carroll's pet bear. He shook himself and drenched the oarsmen, who were trying to get him back to the ship; for he was half frantic with delight, and it was pretty close quarters—a small boat in a chop sea dotted with lumpy ice; and a frantic bear puffing and blowing as he shambled bear-fashion from stem to stern, and raised his voice at intervals in a kind of hoarse "hooray," that depressed rather than cheered his companions. It was ticklish business getting the boat and its lively crew back to the davits in safety.

It was still more ticklish receiving the shaggy hero on deck; for he gave one wild bound and alighted in the midst of

a group of terrified ladies and scattered the rest of us in dismay. But it was side-splitting when the little fellow, seeing an open door, made a sudden break for it, and plunged into the berth of a shy damsel, who, put to ignominious flight in the first gust of the panic, had sought safety in her state-room only to be singled out for the recipient of the rascal's special attentions. She was rescued by the bravest of the brave; but Bruin had to be dragged from behind the lace curtains with a lasso, and then he brought some shreds of lace with him as a trophy. He was more popular than ever after this stern adventure, and many an hour we spent in recounting to one another the varied emotions awakened by the episode.

Heading for Glacier Bay, we found a flood of bitter cold water so filled with floating ice that it was quite impossible to avoid frequent collisions with masses of more or less magnitude. There was an almost continual thumping along the ship's side as the paddle struck heavily the ice fragments which we found it impossible to avoid. There was also a dull reverberation as of distant thunder that rolled over the sea to us; and when we learned that this was the crackling of the ice-pack in the gorges, we thought with increasing solemnity of the majesty of the spectacle we were about to witness.

Thus we pushed forward bravely toward an ice-wall that stretched across the top of the bay from one high shore to the other. This wall of ice, a precipitous bluff or palisade, is computed to be from two hundred to five hundred feet in height. It is certainly nowhere less than two hundred; but most of it is far nearer five hundred feet above sea level, rising directly out of it, overhanging it, and chilling the air perceptibly. Picking our way to within a safe distance of the glacier, we cast anchor and were free to go our ways for a whole glorious day. According to Professor John Muir—for

whom the glacier is deservedly named,—the ice-wall measures three miles across the front; ten miles farther back it is ten miles in breadth. Sixteen tributary glaciers unite to form the one.

Professor Muir, accompanied by the Rev. S. Hall Young, of Fort Wrangell, visited it in 1879. They were the first white men to explore this region, and they went thither by canoe. Muir, with blankets strapped to his back and his pockets stuffed with hard-tack, spent days in rapturous speculation. Of all glacial theorists he is doubtless the most self-sacrificing and enthusiastic. I believe, as yet, no one has timed this glacier. It is dissolving away more rapidly than it travels; so that although it is always advancing, it seems in reality to be retreating.

Within the memory of the last three generations the Muir glacier filled the bay for miles below our anchorage; and while it recedes, it is creeping slowly down, scalping the mountains, grinding all the sharp edges into powder, or leaving a polished surface behind it. It gathers rock dust and the wreck of every living thing, and mixes them up with snow and ice. These congeal again, or are compressed into soft, filthy monumental masses, waiting their turn to topple into the waves at last. The wash of the sea undermines the glacier; the sharp sunbeams blast it. It is forever sinking, settling, crushing in upon itself and splitting from end to end, with fearful and prolonged intestinal reverberations, that remind one of battle thunders and murder and sudden death. There was hardly a moment during the day free from a rumble or a crash or a splash.

The front elevation might almost be compared to Niagara Falls in winter; but here there is a spectacular effect not often visible at Niagara. At intervals huge fragments of the ice cliffs fall, carrying with them torrents of snow and

slush. Heaven only knows how many hundred thousand tons of this *débris* plunged into the sea under our very eyes. Nor was it all *débris*: there were masses of solid ice so lustrous they looked like gigantic emeralds or sapphires, and these were fifty or even a hundred times the size of our ship. When they fell they seemed to descend with the utmost deliberation; for they fell a much greater distance than we could realize, as their bulk was beyond conception, so that a fall of two hundred or three hundred feet seemed not a tenth part of that distance.

With this deliberate descent, as if they floated down, they also gave an impression of vast weight; and when they struck the sea, the foam flew two-thirds of the way up the cliff—a fountain three hundred feet in height and of monstrous volume. Then after a long time—a very long time it seemed to us—the ice would rise slowly from the deep and climb the face of the cliff as if it were about to take its old place again; but it sank and rose, sank and rose, until it had found its level, when it joined the long procession drifting southward to warmer waves and dissolution.

In the meantime the ground swell that followed each submersion resembled a tidal wave as it rolled down upon us and threatened to engulf us. But the *Ancon* rode like a duck—I can not consistently say swan in this case,—and heaved to starboard and to larboard in picturesque and thoroughly nautical fashion. Some of us were on shore, wading in the mud and the slush, or climbing the steep bluffs that hem in the glacier upon one side. Here it was convenient to glance over the wide, wide snow-fields that seemed to have been broken with colossal harrows. It was even possible to venture out upon the ice ridges, leaping the gaps that divided them in every direction. But at any moment the crust might have broken and buried us from sight; and we found

the spectacle far more enjoyable when viewed from the deck of the steamer.

What is that glacier like? Well, just a little like the whitewashed crater of an active volcano. At any rate, it is the glorious companion piece to Kilauea in Hawaii. In these wonders of nature you behold the extremes, fire and ice, having it all their own way, and a world of adamant shall not prevail against them.

(To be continued.)

An Umbrian Madonna.*

BY G. V. C.

THE quaint city of Gubbio, nestling among the hills of Umbria, is a spot which has passed through various phases in its history. At one time its record was a glorious one, and the picturesque, brown-roofed town basked in the warm glow of prosperity. By degrees, however, its splendor departed, its commerce vanished, and the grey shadows of want and misery stole ghoulish through the winding streets and sighed in the corridors of the deserted palaces. And these were not the only shadows in the picture. The devil and his emissaries were abroad in Gubbio; the trail of the serpent polluted the spiritual atmosphere, and the angels shuddered at the blasphemies of men.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new”; and, as we write, the praises of Mary are echoing through the ancient city; and the vile language once used by the Gubbini as a matter of course has ceased, it is to be hoped, forever. A new epoch has arisen in the annals of the

* It is needless to state (1) that belief in such marvellous manifestations as are here described is no *necessary* part of Catholic faith, however unreasonable it may be to doubt them when they rest on strong and unimpeachable human testimony; and (2) that a brief of “approval” from the Pope is not to be regarded as proof positive of the miraculous character of such incidents.

place, and the eyes of the Mother of Mercy are being turned in tender compassion upon its inhabitants. This, in brief, is the history of the extraordinary picture which, like a magnet, is drawing crowds to the Church of San Francesco, once a stronghold of the sons of St. Francis, but now served only by one solitary friar.

On June 23, 1896, a pious Italian lady and a gentleman residing in Gubbio were praying before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, over which hung a fine copy of the celebrated Madonna at Rimini, which is said to have moved its eyes in the years 1850 and 1851. It appeared to both of them that, even as they knelt there now, the eyes in the picture at which they were gazing moved distinctly; but, not daring to trust the evidence of their senses, they kept their own counsel, without even mentioning the matter to each other.

Two days later three or four young girls, Children of Mary, came into the church to beg St. Antony's blessing upon an examination which they had in prospect; and, having made their petition at his altar, passed on to the picture of the Mother of Mercy. There, kneeling before her, they saw the eyes of the Madonna move up and down in an unmistakable manner; and, utterly bewildered, they rushed into the sacristy and told Padre Antonio what they had seen. The good friar threw cold water upon their enthusiasm; and, with praiseworthy discretion, told them to go home and compose their minds, and on no account to mention the occurrence to any one. Given an important secret and four impulsive Italian girls, and the result may readily be imagined. By eleven o'clock that night San Francesco was literally besieged, and all Gubbio had assembled to behold the wonderful sight.

The scene of excitement which ensued is one which can better be imagined

than described; for the majority of those present—a crowd which included some of the most notoriously "black sheep" of Gubbio—were privileged to witness the marvel. Those who came to blaspheme fell on their knees invoking the Holy Mother of God; and one man, who the moment before had been uttering the most impious language, was heard to exclaim: "I can not blaspheme any more, because I have *seen!*"

Before very long the police arrived upon the spot, and the chief officer did his utmost to convince the people that *they* were victims of an hallucination. He said that *he* did not see the eyes move, therefore it was out of the question that they should see them; adding a good deal more in the same strain,—religious enthusiasm of any description being a dire offence in the sight of a government official in Italy. Finally the crowd was dispersed, and the church ordered to be closed for three or four days. Meanwhile the officer employed himself in cross-examining those who had beheld the prodigy; with the result that on the 30th San Francesco was reopened, and the Gubbini were again given free access to their beloved Madonna.

From that day the eyes of the picture were seen to move almost continually, and it was upon sinners in particular that the Mother of Mercy gazed most frequently. Some people affirmed that they could perceive the hands move and the color in the face vary; but these were in the minority, the greater number being able to see only the motion of the eyes. There were others again, amongst the hundreds of "all sorts and conditions of men" who flocked unceasingly to this wonderful shrine, who saw nothing extraordinary. It is a significant fact, however, that out of the two thousand persons who have signed their names as reliable witnesses, a great many are lawyers, professors, and medical men, belonging to that unfortu-

nately large class in Italy that denies even the existence of God.

For some time Monsignor Macario, the Bishop of Gubbio, preserved a discreet reticence regarding the marvels witnessed daily by his flock, until on one occasion Padre Antonio persuaded him to remain in the church after the congregation had dispersed, and inspect the picture more closely than he had done hitherto. At first he was unable to see the slightest movement in Our Lady's eyes; but after a little he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it!" and, falling on his knees, he recited aloud the *Ave Maris Stella* and the *Salve Regina*. Since then he has given his formal approval to the devotion of the people to the wondrous picture,—an approval which has now been confirmed by his Holiness Leo XIII. in the form of a papal brief.

The conversions which were wrought in Gubbio during the year 1896 were well-nigh innumerable. Men who had neglected the Sacraments for twenty or thirty years returned to their duties; and a rich harvest of souls was reaped in the course of a mission given by the Passionist Fathers. It is a rare occurrence now to hear a word of blasphemy uttered from one end of the city to the other; and any stranger who so far forgets himself is severely reprimanded by the inhabitants. The *practical* results of this manifestation of God's mercy can not fail to impress even the most incredulous; for it may be said without exaggeration that the entire spiritual atmosphere of the place is transformed ever since that eventful day when the sorrowing eyes of the Mother of Mercy were first turned upon her erring children.

The news that the shrine had received the approval of the Holy See was communicated to Padre Antonio on the 13th of October, and solemn *festas* were held on the three following days. On the 16th the picture was crowned by the Bishop

of Gubbio; Pontifical High Mass was celebrated each morning, and a panegyric on our Blessed Lady was delivered before the evening Benediction.

On the 18th the picture was carried in procession through the streets; every window and balcony was hung with colored draperies, and flowers were strewn in the pathway of the Queen of Heaven. San Francesco was brilliant with the light of innumerable tapers, and a loud burst of applause and ringing shouts of "*Viva Maria!*" greeted the re-entrance of the picture into the church. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and one which no earthly monarch could have evoked.

These are dark days for Italy, while the rightful King of Rome is in captivity; but so long as the love of Mary burns in the breasts of the Italian people, there is hope that their faith and their loyalty may return to them.

The Case of Mr. Lathrop.

ACCOUNTS of conversions—involving as they usually do the sundering of old ties, the loss of friends, the slow growth of conviction, the decay of life-long prejudices, the adoption of so many new points of view, and the humble acknowledgment of long-continued past error—are perennially interesting to those who have "inherited" the faith. By most of us the conversion of any one, however simple, is regarded as a first-class miracle of grace, no less marvellous than the sudden healing of a wound; but there are circumstances which render conversions seemingly more difficult and unexpected, and then our wonder is all the more increased.

The case of the late George Parsons Lathrop was such a one. Behind him were centuries of strong Puritan traditions; the blood of the old New England witch-burners and priest-hunters pulsed

in his veins; his education was begun, continued and completed in an atmosphere most unfavorable to the growth of Catholic sympathies. He had social position, literary reputation, a wide circle of admirers, and he was a teacher himself! Hence it was "to the great surprise of his friends," as the *Critic* puts it, that Mr. Lathrop and his wife, the daughter of Hawthorne, announced their conversion to the Catholic faith. The reasons which most influenced them were not made public at the time, but some of them were briefly set forth by Mr. Lathrop in a letter written to his friend, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, which is now published in the *Pilot*. We reprint the letter entire:

NEW LONDON, Conn., March 24.

MY DEAR MR. ROCHE:—No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic, or tried to persuade me; although a number of my friends were Catholics. The attempt to inform myself about the Church began with the same impartiality, the same candor and receptiveness that I should use toward any other subject upon which I honestly desired to form a just conclusion. Notwithstanding that education had surrounded me with prejudice, my mind was convinced as to the truth, the validity and supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, by the clear and comprehensive reasoning on which it is based. And, while the reasoning of other religious organizations continually shifts and wavers, leaving their adherents—as we now see almost every day—to fall into rationalism and agnostic denial, the reasoning of the Church, I found, led directly into sublime and inspiring faith. This union of solid reasoning and luminous faith I can not discover elsewhere.

In carefully examining the matter, I observed that expositions of doctrine were presented by the Catholic Church in a positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect; and her replies to attacks made by adversaries impressed me as remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice or abuse, and imbued with a profound spirituality; strongly contrasting, as I hardly need remind you, with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims.

The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle toward all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop short with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier, which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It

links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. Those with whom our mundane lives have been joined in bonds of personal affection or by the higher interests of the spirit—those whose visible presence death has taken from us for a time—do not cease, in the Catholic Church, to be still one with us in heart and soul. Neither, in this communion, are the saints forgotten merely because their human careers were ended long before our day. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company which connects earth with heaven at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity and the spiritual are supreme.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

In another statement of the causes that turned his mind toward the Church, Mr. Lathrop enters more minutely into the genesis of his faith. He says:

"Humanly speaking, I entered into Catholicity as a result of long thought and meditation upon religion, continuing through a number of years. But there must have been a deeper force at work, that of the Holy Spirit, by means of what we call grace, for a longer time than I suspected. Certainly I was not attracted by 'the fascinations of Rome,' that are so glibly talked about, but which no one has ever been able to define to me. Perhaps those that use the phrase refer to the outward symbols of ritual, that are simply the expressive adornment of the inner meaning—the flower of it. I, at any rate, never went to Mass but once with any comprehension of it before my conversion, and had seldom even witnessed Catholic services anywhere; although now, with knowledge and experience, I recognize the Mass—which even that arch unorthodox author, Thomas Carlyle, called 'the only genuine thing of our times'—as the greatest action in the world.

"Many Catholics have been known to me of varying merit; some of them were valued friends. But none of these ever urged or advised or even hinted that I should come into the Church. The best of them had (as large numbers of my fellow-Catholics have to-day) that same

modesty and reverence toward the sacred mysteries that caused the early Christians also to be slow in leading catechumens—or those not yet fully prepared for belief—into the great truths of faith. My observations of life, however, increasingly convinced me that a vital, central, unchanging principle in religion was necessary, together with one great association of Christians in place of endless divisions, if the promise made to men was to be fulfilled, or really had been fulfilled.

“When I began to ask questions, I found Catholics quite ready to answer them with entire straightforwardness, gentle good-will, yet firmness. Neither they nor the Church evaded anything. They presented and defended the teaching of Christ in its entirety, unexaggerated and undiminished: the complete faith, without haggling or qualification, or that loose assent to every sort of individual exception and denial that is allowed in other organizations. I may say here, too, that the Church, instead of being narrow or pitiless toward those not of her communion, as she is often mistakenly said to be, is the most comprehensive of all in her interpretation of God’s mercy as well as of His justice. Instead of slighting the Bible, she uses it more incessantly than any of the Protestant bodies; at the same time shedding upon it a clear, deep light—the only one that ever enabled me to see its full meaning and coherence. The fact is, those outside of the Church nowadays are engaged in talking so noisily and at such a rate, on their own hook, that they seldom pause to hear what the Church really says or to understand what she is. Once convinced of the true faith, intellectually and spiritually, I could not let anything stand in the way of affirming my loyalty to it.”

Mr. Lathrop was a spirited controversialist himself; all the more notable, therefore, was the effect produced on him by finding that the replies of Catholic

writers to attacks made upon the Church were calm, thorough, free from malice and abuse, and imbued by a strong spirituality. There is a lesson here for our controversialists. There was, however, another influence which helped him into the Church: it was the strong, manly faith and the noble personal character of John Boyle O’Reilly. “Mr. Lathrop often spoke,” says Mr. Roche, “of the debt he owed Boyle O’Reilly for delivering him from the Puritan narrowness in which he had been born; and for starting him, though without ever suggesting the inevitable end, on the path which finally led him into the Catholic Church.” There is a lesson here for us all.

A Force Withheld.

WHAT a much more enjoyable world this would be if the tendency to bestow praise honestly merited were half as common as the propensity to play the carping cynic or to indulge in perpetual fault-finding! How many a fainting heart is suffered to lapse into hopeless discouragement for want of a drop or two of that stimulating elixir, the kindly commendation of relatives, associates, or friends! How many a smug Christian takes large credit to himself that he is no flatterer, and makes a virtue of what at bottom is possibly nothing else than disguised envy!

While it is no doubt true that, as Josh Billings well says, “flattery is like cologne-water: to be smelled of, not swallowed”; while it may even be granted that the too frequent or too protracted “smelling” is likely to result in more or less disastrous intoxication; it is nevertheless certain that ordinary men and women err most often in giving, not too much, but too little praise. The fictitious apprehension that a child, or, for that matter, a friend of any age, will be spoiled if cordially and

unstintingly commended for some act or work that has won for him our interior approval, has, in all probability, been accountable for worse consequences than have ever followed from even the most injudicious plaudits.

"Give him a cheer!" said one in a crowd gathered around a burning tenement-house, as he saw a brave fireman hesitate and falter for a moment at the final effort that was needed to save a woman's life. "Give him a cheer!" And as the crowd responded with an admiring huzza, new life and courage seemed infused into the hero. The needed stimulus had been applied; with a bound he gained the blazing room, only to reappear a moment later with the half-smothered woman in his arms. Yet there were probably in the crowd some pragmatists, self-conscious individuals who frowned at the demonstration as being quite uncalled for, "seeing that the fireman was merely doing his duty; and was, moreover, well paid, sir, by the city for doing it."

Who has not observed the marked effect upon a public speaker of the applause received from a sympathetic and responsive audience? How it spurs him on to higher flights, to more animated delivery, to nobler action, and more persuasive earnestness! As Mr. Gladstone once put it, the speaker gets from his audience "in vapor what he gives them back in flood." There is a constant action and reaction going on between orators and hearers; and thus, between them, "they zigzag up the mountain pathway until they reach the summit, whereon are conviction, decision, and enthusiasm."

And so is it, in a lesser degree, in countless instances in our everyday life. A word of praise judiciously bestowed is a more potent force than the bestower may be aware of; while the approbation which, though evidently deserved, is intentionally withheld is oftentimes more disheartening than outspoken fault-finding.

A Fair Portrait.

WE are very fortunate in possessing a good biography of St. Guthlac, prepared by a monk named Felix, who was nearly contemporary with him, and of whom one never thinks without recalling the good monk Felix of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." First a warrior, then a saint—this was Guthlac's life, which came to an end when he was still young, in his quiet retreat in Croyland Isle, in the fen countries. An austere existence and devotion—that was all; but was it not enough? He was wise and charitable; or, as his biographer says, "the blessed man Guthlac was a chosen man in divine deeds, and a treasure of all wisdom; and he was steadfast in his duties, as also he was earnestly intent on Christ's service. Never was aught else in his mouth but Christ's praise, nor in his heart but virtue, nor in his mind but peace and love and pity. Nor did any man ever see him angry or slothful in Christ's service; but one might ever perceive in his countenance love and peace; and evermore sweetness was in his temper and wisdom in his breast; and there was so much cheerfulness in him that he always appeared alike to all."

Was ever a sweeter picture drawn of mortal man? The fen wilderness where St. Guthlac lived was filled with great marshes, foul streams, and muddy pools; and amid its damp waters were many small islands, on one of which he made his simple home. Here, after a period, Ethelbald founded him an abbey, which the savage Danes destroyed on the marauding expedition when they sacked Ely and Peterborough.

The fens are now much changed, and Croyland is no longer an island; for of the four streams which encompassed it, three have been obliterated by drainage. Farmers drive the plow and cattle graze

where the old black waters used to pursue their sluggish course. Out of a part of the old ruined abbey a church has been built; and near by, on the curious old triangular bridge, now despoiled of three of the rivers it used to span, sits a robed figure hewn from stone. It is a statue of Guthlac.

There is yet enough of the old abbey to be of greatest interest to the devout traveller. May it long be spared from the vandalism of the modern "restorer!"

Notes and Remarks.

There is the best of reasons for employing the vernacular in composing manuals of religious instruction. Words that do not require definition are a thousand times more apt to impress the lesson intended to be conveyed than an unfamiliar nomenclature. "Deadly sins," for instance, is a much more forcible phrase than "mortal sins"; and the word *deadly* inspires horror of itself. Many words in common use have no distinct meaning to uneducated persons, and it is probable that certain crimes are encouraged by the names applied to them. If "uxoricide" were called "wife-murder," it can not be doubted that the horror of it would be increased. The euphonious synonym of the Saxon compound seems to render the crime less heinous. This softening effect of harmonious sounds when hard and vigorous tones are needed was once pointed out by Cardinal Wiseman. "Many a girl," he said, "who might not shrink from 'infanticide' would probably recoil with horror from '*child-murder*.' . . . Let us express ourselves with good old Saxon bluntness, and let horrid crimes be known by horrid names."

Here is a hint to catechists and the compilers of catechisms. It will be a blessed day for the Church when it becomes generally understood that the Catechism is the most important of books, and the teaching and learning of it the most important of duties. Pastors and other qualified persons who are privileged to teach the Little Catechism may

rest assured that they are doing more good than ten times the number of editors and publicists. If you have the opportunity of teaching the Catechism, and are competent—don't be too sure of this,—embrace it, and consider yourself privileged.

Considering the medley of hypotheses propounded and advocated by eminent men of science, each theory resting on *veræ causæ*, each supported by arguments drawn from analogy and the multitude of facts explained, the wonder is that the number of the camp-followers in the army of science is so large. "Where are we at?" they must often inquire with the politician when, for instance, doubt is thrown even upon the universality of Newton's law of gravitation. Father Cortie tells us that "in the realms of the celestial spaces such runaway worlds as 1830 Groombridge and the brilliant Arcturus have been quoted against it, moving as they do with the speed of a comet when nearest to the sun, though there be no attracting mass in their neighborhood." Scientific men ought to leave questions in philosophy and morals alone until they have settled more of their own questions.

If there were any tendency among Catholics to throw off the burden of the parochial school and to rest content with the colorless instruction of the public school, it would be enough to point to the remarkable conversion which the leading Protestant educators and statesmen have undergone with regard to religious instruction. The admission that such instruction is necessary is the first step toward providing for it; hence we observe with pleasure which need not be disguised that the stream of enlightened opinion is setting in strongly in that direction. As a specimen of many similar utterances, we may quote the words of Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, "professor of philosophy and education" in Columbia University. Deploring the absence of religious instruction in the public schools, he says:

Two solutions of the difficulty are proposed. One is that the state shall tolerate all existing forms of religious teaching in its own schools, time being set apart for the purpose. The other is that the state

shall aid, by money grants, schools maintained by religious or other corporations. Neither suggestion is likely to be received favorably by the American people at present, because of the bitterness of the war between the denominational theologies. Yet the religious element may not be permitted to pass wholly out of education unless we are to cripple it and render it hopelessly incomplete. It must devolve upon the family and the church, then, to give this instruction to the child and to preserve the religious insight from loss. Both family and church must become much more efficient, educationally speaking, than they are now, if they are to bear this burden successfully. This opens a series of questions that may not be entered upon here. It is enough to point out that the religious element of human culture is essential; and that, by some effective agency, it must be presented to every child whose education aims at completeness or proportion.

Nearly five hundred members were enrolled in the (Anglican) Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom during the year 1897. We rejoice at this increase, for the association seems to have a very wise plan for promoting the union of Christendom. It has called upon its members to make a fervent novena from the Feast of the Ascension to Pentecost, the general intention being for the "reunion of all Christians," though there is a particular intention for each day. Among the latter we notice: "May 20, for faith in the power of prayer; 21, for cessation of all prejudice and bitterness; . . . 24, for the Roman Communion." The prayers prescribed for the novena are the "Our Father," the *Veni Creator*, the collect for peace and the collect for Pentecost. The earnestness and prayerfulness of these men are proof of their honesty of heart. When they become Catholics—as we do not doubt they will eventually,—they will be an edification and a comfort to us who were "born" into the Church.

If the conduct of certain of the professors of Harvard University has not been misrepresented, it is so near being treasonable that it would be well for some one to remind them of the proximity of Fort Warren, where disloyal persons were incarcerated during the Civil War. What a hue and cry there would be if a professor in any Catholic seat of learning were to denounce the war

in which our country is now engaged, and try to dissuade any of his students from enlisting! After the 21st of April it was plainly too late for any loyal citizen of the United States to assert that the present conflict does not warrant the support of our people. Patriotism would seem to be at a low ebb at Harvard, at least among the faculty. In view of the utterances of some of the members, what a mockery it is to call one of our warships by the name of the institution at Cambridge!

For manliness, good sense—sane views on all subjects,—commend us to ex-President Cleveland. He never says anything in public that is not worth hearing, and it is always a pleasure to quote his words. When the war fever was at its highest, he gave counsel to the students of Princeton that it would have been well for the whole country to heed. More recently, in answer to a request from the editor of a New York journal to join a committee to erect a national monument by popular subscription to the victims of the *Maine*, Mr. Cleveland wrote: "I decline to allow my sorrow for those who perished in that disaster to be perverted to an advertising scheme for your paper." There are none too many citizens of the stamp of our ex-President. He is a man of noble convictions, and he shows the courage of them on all occasions.

It is not so long since the appearance of a Catholic writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* would have made the readers of that publication stare and gasp; for had not science pronounced religion dead, and had not the staff of the *Monthly* written the epitaph of theology? The cordial welcome given to the Rev. Dr. Zahm's able paper on "Evolution and Teleology," however, shows that a marked change has come over the once intolerant spirit of agnostic writers; and, perhaps, too, theological writers are disposed to deal more frankly with science. Father Zahm's thesis is that, far from destroying the traditional "argument from design" in proof of the existence of God, the doctrine of evolution, understood in a

Christian sense, only brings the essential lines of that argument into bolder relief; and, indeed, the theory itself postulates a supreme final Cause. Paley's argument from the watch to the watchmaker is therefore not outworn. Or, as Father Zahm expresses it, "to the modern teleologist, studying the universe in the light of evolution, it is not simply a watch that presents itself as a witness of purpose running through all things created, from atom to star; but it is a watch that is competent to produce other and better watches."

Those who are engaged in the work of Christian education and who often have to deal with non-Catholic children, would do well to study the life of St. Peter Fourier, the Apostle of Lorraine, who founded the first congregation devoted to the free daily education of poor girls. He never reproached the Calvinists (among whom he labored) in strong language, or even called them heretics, but spoke of them simply as "strangers" or "poor wanderers." In the regulations he composed for the religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame we find this wise clause:

If any girl of the so-called Reformation should be found among your pupils, treat her kindly and charitably; do not permit the other children to molest or taunt her. Be not hasty in asking her to renounce her errors, nor speak harshly of her religion; but, as occasion may offer, praise ours; and, speaking in general terms to all your scholars, show how beautiful and reasonable are its holy precepts and practices. Particularly impress on their minds the fear of God, and that children owe the greatest respect and love to their parents.

St. Peter Fourier held that the first thing to be done for the reclamation of those outside the Church was to set them the example of a consistent Christian life.

A correspondent of the *London Times* urges that, inasmuch as cremation renders the verification of the cause of death impossible in cases of poisoning or violence, its practice can not fail to operate as a direct incentive to crime. Those who favor cremation do so mainly on the humane ground that the earth used for burial is a propagator of infection. In the very nature

of the case this can not be proved; but it can easily be proved that if cremation were generally adopted, murder would unquestionably become more common, because its detection would be more difficult. Hence, on humane grounds, burial is to be preferred to cremation. One eminent physician declares that four times in a single year he was able, by exhumation and analysis, to fasten the crime of murder on criminals who would have escaped had their victims been cremated; and he adds that every year at least two such cases come within his own practice. Moreover, in many instances of sudden death, suspicion has been lifted from innocent persons by exhuming the dead and discovering a natural cause of death. There is good reasoning and experience, in addition to sentiment, against the pagan and revolting practice of cremation.

There are already rumors in Canada as to the next Canadian wearer of the red hat. Mention is made, among others, of Mgr. Bruchési, of Montreal; and Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax. Either prelate would probably be *persona grata* to the great mass of Catholics of the Dominion, and both are very highly esteemed in Rome. The unusual rejoicing with which the nomination of the younger Archbishop to the important diocese of Montreal was greeted, has been more than justified by his excellent work since he assumed the reins of government. Halifax is the second oldest archdiocese in Canada, ranking next to Quebec; and the nomination of Mgr. O'Brien to the cardinalate would be most gratifying to the maritime provinces of England's greatest colony. Rome, however, may be counted upon to do the right thing and at the right time.

Within the same fortnight two American Archbishops—one in the remote East and the other in the far West—have celebrated the silver jubilee of their episcopal consecration. Archbishop Gross, of Portland, Oregon, has shepherded his flock with signal fidelity and wisdom for a quarter of a century. As Archbishop Riordon said in his masterly sermon, "he came to the epis-

copate with the training and experience of a zealous missionary, and a missionary he has remained. Throughout this vast State, in churches and in public halls, before Catholics and non-Catholics, he has preached the word of God, rousing the former to consciousness of their duties, and explaining to the latter the truth and beauty of the law of God."—The scholarly and venerated Archbishop of New York has also rounded out twenty-five years of faithful and devoted labor for religion. New York has always been singularly happy in her prelates, and the story of the progress of the Church in the great metropolis since the coming of the present Archbishop reads like a page out of a fairy tale. The affection of both priests and people for Mgr. Corrigan was shown in a striking way during the jubilee festivities. A purse of \$250,000 was collected to liquidate the debt on the magnificent new seminary at Dunwoodie, which will be the Archbishop's worthy monument. *Ad multos annos!*

"The spacious times of Great Elizabeth" are set down in our school-books as a brilliant era of civilization, and Elizabeth herself is even yet referred to as "the good Queen Bess." Recent historians, however, have been less indulgent to Elizabeth than their predecessors. In Hume's new biography of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Queen and her court are drawn in such realistic colors as to make the *Bookman* sigh: "Alas! the more the historical researchers and restorers scrape these Great Elizabethans, the blacker they look. England was ruled by a gang of thieves, sons of the old church-robbers, and the Queen was captain of the band. She, and all of them, lived by plunder without shame or remorse. It was the note of the age. From splendid piracy and gallant buccaneering, through every grade of murderous robbery, embezzlement and false pretences, down to petty theft, dishonesty was rampant." Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Church in England needed to be purged of "Romish abuses," it rather upsets one to read such shocking things about the first real head of the reformed church,—this popess who made and unmade the bishops of Anglicanism!

Obituary.

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

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

The Rev. P. J. O'Conner, of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, who passed to his reward on the 1st ult.

Mr. Maurice Ferry, whose happy death took place on the 23d ult., at Freeland, Pa.

Mrs. Ethel Buchanan, of Mammoth Springs, Ark., who died a holy death on the 29th ult.

Miss Mary Catherine Trainor, who peacefully yielded her soul to God on the 6th ult., at Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. John Bolger, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. E. C. Anderson and Mrs. Anna Muldoon, New York city; Mr. John Downey and Mr. J. J. Downey, River Forest, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James McKeown and Mrs. Catherine McKeown, Braddock, Pa.; Mr. John Carr, Mr. C. L. Brennan, and Mr. F. D. Brennan, Swiss Vale, Pa.; Mr. Peter O'Donnell, New Orleans, La.; Miss R. Degenhart, Denver, Colo.; Mr. W. O'Connor, Jr., Waterford, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Capley, Los Angeles, Cal.; Margaret Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Halpin, Deposit, N. Y.; Mrs. John F. Kenney and Mrs. Catherine Reilly, New Haven, Conn.; Hon. P. E. McMurray, Jacksonville, Fla.; Kathryn E. Horan, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Clancy and Mr. Dennis Halleran, Des Moines, Iowa; Miss Bridget Riley, Cohoes, N. Y.; and Miss Mary B. Printy, Dover, N. H.

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 good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

F. L. C., 55 cts.; B. M., 25 cts.; Friend, 15 cts.; Friend, \$1.

For the Sisters at Nagpur, India:

R. A. J., \$100; "Brigid," \$20; Mrs. M. Molitor, \$2; Mrs. J. C. and E. M. C., \$1; Mr. B. J. M., \$1.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé d'Ars:

Mrs. A. R., \$1.

The Propagation of the Faith:

N. N., \$1.

The Ursuline Indian Mission:

M. D., \$1; M. F., in honor of St. Anthony, \$1.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

A. H., \$1; In honor of St. Joseph, \$1; B. B. L., \$6.

The Dacca Mission, Bengal:

Jennie Kuhn, \$10.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

An Aspiration to Our Heavenly Mother.

BY L. B.

MOTHER, through the gladsome Maytime, symbol of thy perfect beauty,
 Countless hearts unwonted homage at thy flower-decked altars pay:
 Weaving daily mystic garlands, eloquent of love and duty,
 Crowning thee with love's bright blossoms—thou celestial Queen of May.

Mother, through my youth's fair Maytime, grant thy will shall be my pleasure;
 Help me guard thy friendship ever, let my love for thee increase;
 Raise thou in my heart thine altar—May-shrine that shall be my treasure,
 And my refuge from the world-storms threatening my spirit's peace.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XX.—STRICKEN.

MARY TERESA never forgot the first three blissful days of that time of isolation. After her lessons were over, she strolled with the two Sisters about a limited enclosure, marked by four immense oaks, forming a perfect square, in the centre of which the cabin had been built. There were heaps and heaps of violets to be gathered for the vases in front of the pretty little statue of Our Lady which Mother Teresa had not forgotten to send. In addition, the child filled a great dish with the lovely, fragrant flowers, which she placed in the middle of the table "to make it look like home." Sister Cecilia taught her how to make baskets of all shapes and sizes with last

year's chestnut burrs, still lying thick upon the ground; also cups and saucers and a set of furniture out of the acorn cups, with which the leafy, mossy carpet was strewn.

There was a great, wide chimney in the log-cabin, in which Anselm placed brushwood every morning. When the shades of evening began to fall, Sister Mary would draw the curtains tightly, so that no stray gleam of light might get abroad to tell the curious world that the abandoned cottage was again inhabited. During the day Anselm kept a vigilant watch, relaxed only when night came. Then Sister Mary would touch a match to the combustible material in the fire-place. When it had blazed up sufficiently, she would throw a pile of dry acorn cups and pine cones upon it, renewing it from the huge basket she and Sister Cecilia had filled during the day. Then they would kneel and say their night prayers together, after which Mary Teresa

would undress and soon be snugly tucked up in her little white bed. But the Sisters' devotions continued long after the child was asleep. In spirit they were still with their beloved community.

Once a day a note came from Mother Teresa, generally with the mid-day meal. On the third day she wrote:

"The girls are wildly speculating as to the probable cause of your absence. Some of them think Mrs. Rampère has arrived, and that you and Mary Teresa have gone to the city to see her; but most of them reject that solution as unlikely. Others are of the opinion that you were obliged to go on an important errand, and took our little Mary Teresa with you. Mary Catherine is clamorous to know the reason of your absence and the mystery concerning it. To-day she waylaid me in the hall and put the question direct—which you know not another girl in the school would have had the courage to do. I think she had been hiding in the small music-room; for the instant I opened my door she made her appearance.

"'Mother,' she said, '*where* have Sister Mary and Sister Cecilia and Mary Teresa gone?'

"'Don't you know I can not tell you that, Mary Catherine?'" I replied. 'If there had been no necessity for it, secrecy on that point would not have been preserved.'

"'Oh, yes, I know!'" she rejoined. 'But I thought maybe you would tell *me*, as I am such an old girl. I have an idea; will you tell me, Mother, if it is correct?'

"Confident that she had no suspicion of the truth, I replied: 'Perhaps.'

"'Well,' she continued, 'I think that Mrs. Rampère has been able to run the blockade in some way, and has been the bearer of important despatches to the United States government.'

"'You forget that she is a Confederate. And how do you connect that fact, if it were true, with the absence of the Sisters and Mary Teresa?'" I inquired, scarcely

able to repress a smile, although I tried to assume a look of unusual gravity.

"'I thought maybe she had been convicted, and that you sent them on to the President, so that Mrs. Rampère would not be suspected,' said this wonderful girl, without a shade of hesitation.

"'A strange occupation for a religious that would be, Mary Catherine,' I said. 'Don't you think so?'

"'No indeed, Mother,' she answered. 'These are war times, you know. I think it would be perfectly splendid to circumvent the enemy in that way. I am sure, by the way you look, that I'm right in my conjecture.'

"Lifting my finger, I said: 'Be careful not to mention it to the others, my dear.'

"'I have already told Mary Ann what I thought, Mother,' she responded. 'But that's the same as telling it to the dead.'

"Then she marched proudly off, full of what she supposed to be the solution of the riddle which has been perplexing the school for the last couple of days. God grant that the time may not be prolonged!

"We all miss you very much, my dear children, and are praying earnestly that nothing serious may result from that visit to Ida Lee. The Sisters have just begun a fervent novena to our Blessed Mother for you, and are trusting that all will be well. Still, should Almighty God be pleased to afflict us, we must bow to His holy will in this instance as in every other. Now that the entire nation is suffering from the horrors of war, we ought to be glad to endure some trials, some measure of affliction, in order to propitiate Heaven and hasten the dawn of peace...."

On the fourth night, after Sister Cecilia and Mary Teresa had long been asleep, Sister Mary lay awake, feverish and anxious, a fear at her heart which had taken possession of her that evening for the first time, as she sat with her com-

panions in the light of the glowing fire. Before morning she had no longer any doubt. About five o'clock she waked Sister Cecilia and Mary Teresa, bidding them go to Anselm and ask him to summon Sister Cecily.

Sister Cecilia was alarmed, but said nothing, fearing to frighten Mary Teresa.

"What is the matter, Sister? Are you ill? Oh, you are!" exclaimed the girl, as she caught sight of the flushed face and brilliant eyes that looked up at her from the pillow.

"Yes, I am ill," was the reply. "What a mistake we all made in doing as we did! We should have been separated."

It had flashed across her mind in the night that this would have been the better way, and the thought had been worrying her ever since. Feeling convinced that she was stricken with the disease which she had taken every precaution to escape, she thought not of herself, but of the child who had been entrusted to the care of the Sisters; and one of the first acts of her soul on the discovery had been to offer her own life, if God willed, for that of Mary Teresa. And she knew well that Sister Cecilia, brave and unselfish almost to a fault, was ready to make a like offering.

The child was trembling violently, but endeavored to conceal her anxiety. In this she was successful; partly because, in the dim morning light, Sister Mary could not see her; and also on account of the preoccupation of the Sister's mind.

As Sister Cecilia and Mary Teresa opened the door of the cabin, the birds were beginning their morning songs; the air was filled with the perfume of the wood-violets sparkling in their bath of dew. The Sister knocked gently at Anselm's door; he was already up. He shook his head ominously when he heard her errand. Then Sister Cecilia and the child went quickly back to the cabin, finished their toilet, and knelt down to

say their prayers. Sister Mary seemed to be asleep: her breathing was soft and regular. But she was not asleep; from under partially closed eyelids she watched Mary Teresa, again renewing her prayer and her offering.

In a very few moments Sister Cecily made her appearance. Her cheerful face was like a beam of sunlight in the darkened room. A close examination of Sister Mary's symptoms seemed to justify sending for the doctor at once. After awhile Anselm came with breakfast. Mary Teresa and Sisters Cecilia and Cecily ate theirs together; while the sick Sister took nothing but a drink of water. When they had finished, Sister Cecily bade the child go into the fresh air. She obeyed like one in a dream; she was beginning to realize the nature and the danger of Sister Mary's illness.

Seating herself on a rustic bench, she buried her face in her hands. She asked herself what if Sister Mary should not recover, and how could she ever live without that darling Sister. She thought of her mother, so far away,—that mother whose all she was. What if she should never see her again? The appearance of Anselm at this moment prevented her losing her self-control.

"Don't be afraid, little miss," said the old man. "De childrens don't have it bad when dey get it. De young peoples most always get it light. I heard de doctor say just now de girl down at Mortons' is getting along good."

"I was just feeling a little low-spirited for a moment," answered Mary Teresa. "I suppose there is no doubt about Sister Mary's having it, is there?"

"No doubt," said the old man. "And I tink she gets it pretty bad, too. It ain't no use to have you in dat room mit her when you don't got it. De Sister she don't know wot to do about dat, but I tell de doctor you can come in my room and stay awhile till dey find out."

"And where will *you* go, Anselm?" inquired Mary Teresa.

"I put up a tent right over yonder. I like dat dis fine vedder."

Sister Cecily now made her appearance, accompanying the doctor, who at once ordered Mary Teresa to put out her tongue. He then felt her pulse, but said nothing.

"She looks well; don't you think so, doctor?" said Sister Cecily.

"There's nothing the matter with her looks just now," he replied briefly, and walked away.

Mary Teresa remained sitting on the log till they passed out of sight. Presently she saw Sister Cecily returning, and ran to meet her.

"Is Sister Mary very ill?" she asked.

"I am afraid she is going to have a hard siege of it, my dear," said the kind nun, taking the little face in both hands and looking lovingly into the innocent eyes. "The doctor says we must have two nurses. I will send word to Mother to let Sister Charles come down. She has already offered herself."

"Has she had—it?" hesitatingly asked the child, afraid to utter the dread word.

"Yes, and she is a splendid nurse, besides. And now we must dispose of you in some way. That sick-room will be no place for you, not to speak of the added danger in being so near."

"If I am to have it, I'll *have* it, Sister dear," said Mary Teresa. "I don't think sending me out of the room will help."

"Perhaps not," was the reply; "but we must do our duty. When Sister Charles comes we shall move Sister Cecilia's things and yours."

"Shall I stay out here now?" asked Mary Teresa.

"Yes, darling. And I must go in."

Left alone, Mary Teresa wandered over to Anselm's cabin, through the open door of which she caught a glimpse of a well-scrubbed floor and whitewashed walls.

"I suppose Sister Cecilia and I must sleep here," she thought. "But I don't believe we will be afraid, with Anselm so near. Oh, if mamma could only see me now! It is a blessing she can not. *Dear* mamma! *When* shall I see her!"

Dashing the tears from her eyes with a brave effort, she pursued her lonely walk. The fragrance of the violets growing all about reminded her of a pleasant duty daily performed. Gathering a large bunch, she went softly over in the direction of the other cabin. Through the open window she could see that the screen had been drawn closer to Sister Mary's bed, but she heard no sound. The door was ajar.

"Sister Cecily!" she whispered. "I am leaving on the sill a bunch of violets for our Blessed Lady."

"Thank you, dear!" was the reply. "I will put them in water immediately."

Not many yards distant a cold, clear spring of water bubbled up from the ground. From this Mary Teresa had taken pleasure in filling the water pitcher several times a day. Now she bethought her that Sister Mary would perhaps like a refreshing drink, and once more she whispered:

"Sister Cecily!"

"Well, my dear?" answered the nun, coming to the door.

"May I fill the pitcher at the spring? It is such delicious water."

The pitcher was brought to the door and placed outside. Mary Teresa filled it; and as she passed the window on her way back, a languid voice was saying:

"A drink, Sister, please,—a drink! I am burning with thirst."

"How glad I am that Sister can have it now when it is so fresh and cold!" thought Mary Teresa. "But she must be very ill indeed when she asks for a drink between meals," she reflected. "The girls say she is always practising mortifications. Yes, she must be very ill."

And now the sound of approaching

footsteps caused her to look toward the well-beaten path leading from the high-road through the wood. Two Sisters were approaching, bearing a well-laden clothes-basket; and behind them came Anselm, carrying a canvas cot. When they came within twenty feet of the spot where she stood, they deposited the basket on the ground; then, kissing each other on both cheeks, they separated,—one returning to the convent; the other, who was Sister Charles, continuing to approach.

"Oh, it is sad to see them do that!" thought the child. "It seems like parting for good."

But the next instant she was in the arms of Sister Charles, who kissed her repeatedly and clasped her close to her breast; filled with pity and sympathy as she was for the trial which had come upon her, and which she had so far borne with a brave and cheerful spirit.

(To be continued.)

The World's Noblest Heroïne.

II.

In 1428 began the siege of Orleans; Joan of Arc was then sixteen years of age. In 1421, when Joan was barely nine, a band of English sympathizing Burgundians, recreant Frenchmen, had penetrated into her county, and given the simple people resident there a taste of the horrors of war. When she was thirteen years of age she first heard the prophetic voices urging her to go forth on her divinely-appointed errand. She believed that St. Michael appeared to her; and, later, St. Catherine and St. Margaret. From the time of the first apparition to the end of her short, sad life, she believed that these saints took her under their direction, to guide and help her in the service of God.

On the 1st of May, 1426, the young people of the village of Domremy were

celebrating their annual festival with great gladness. There stood in the neighborhood a withered oak, called by the simple country people the tree of the fairies. "Often, by the light of the moon," said Beatrix, the old godmother of Joan, "have our forefathers seen the fairies, holding each others' hands, appear among the glades of Bois-Chenu, dancing round and round the old oak-tree. But they come no longer. It is because of our sins."

On this eventful 1st of May, while her companions amused themselves dancing and singing as befitted the light-heartedness of youth, Joan sat silent under the old oak, meditating on the misfortunes of her country, and wondering at the mysterious voices which were becoming from day to day more urgent and more frequent. Through a woman—Isabelle, the mother of Charles VII.,—France had been lost; through a woman—a maiden of Bois-Chenu—old Merlin had predicted, she would be saved anew.

Thus heavenly visions, celestial apparitions, floated before the pure eyes of the young girl, and the voices of angels murmured in her ear. "The promised virgin—it is thou, Joan!" And so she dreamed and prayed, till her companions, gay and boisterous as they were, felt the spell of her thoughtfulness; and later they said, in the light of wonderful events, "Joan received her inspiration under the tree of the fairies."

Two years passed. The siege of Orleans was a sad reality. On the 11th of May Joan was at Burey-le-Petit, where for a week she had been visiting in the family of her uncle, Durand Laxart. During all this time she had felt impelled to reveal to him her great secret. Finally she decided, and thus opened her heart:

"Uncle, I would like to tell you something of which I have spoken to no one—neither my father nor mother nor even the *curé*."

"Speak, little one," was the reply.

"Has it not been said that our fair France should be lost by a woman, and then saved by a woman?"

"That is true."

"Has it not been said that this woman should be a maiden from the plains of Lorraine?"

"That is what they say in our country."

"That maiden is myself."

"Why do you think so?"

"My voices."

"What is that you are saying?"

"Since I was thirteen I have heard a voice from God aiding and guiding me. The first time it spoke I was very much afraid. It was about the hour of noon. It was in summer time, in my father's garden. That was three years ago. The voice came from the right hand, on the side of the church; and there appeared to be a great light about the place from which it came. It seemed a worthy voice; and when I heard it for the third time, I realized it was that of the holy St. Michael. At the same moment he showed himself to me, not alone, but in company with a troop of angels from heaven."

"Truly, Joan, hast thou seen the great St. Michael and the angels?"

"Yes, I have seen them with the eyes of my body; and when they appeared to me I wept, and would have been quite willing to be carried away with them. St. Michael told me that St. Catherine and St. Margaret would come to me and give me counsel as to what I should do in the future, and he spoke to me of the sorrows of France. . . . I have heard from him the most beautiful instructions. He told me above all that I must be a good child, and that God would assist me; and that it was necessary I should go to the succor of the King. Two or three times a week the voice repeats: 'Leave thy village, go to France.' And I can no longer rest quietly. It has told me to go and find at Vaucouleurs Captain Robert de Baudricourt, and ask of him a convoy

with whom to make my way to the King. But I have answered: 'I am a poor girl, knowing neither how to ride nor to fight.'—'Go,' says the voice. I must go. Take me to Messire de Baudricourt."

Her uncle Laxart, being a man of good judgment, and not quick to give credence to things out of the ordinary, questioned Joan very closely to discover whether she were not inspired by the spirit of evil. But, knowing how sensible she was in all things, how good and pious, how modest and retiring she had always been, he thought it possible that the call came from God.

"Well, Joan," he said at last, "we will go to Vaucouleurs."

May his memory be forever blessed, that humble peasant who was the first to put faith in La Pucelle, now, perhaps, to be glorified by the title of Venerable, the first step to her canonization!

(To be continued.)

The Flying Dutchman.

The air in the region of the Cape of Good Hope has a singular power of unequal refraction, which produces strange mirages, and makes the beholder see what are apparently ships in a state of suspension in the air. These weird spectacles have given rise to the legend of the Flying Dutchman.

The story is at least four hundred years old, and tells us that a Dutch captain on his way home from the East Indies found it impossible to "turn the Cape" on account of a fierce and contrary wind. He was advised to turn back and seek shelter; he refused to do so, declaring that he would go around the Cape, or beat there until the day of judgment. For this foolish speech, according to the tradition, he was obliged to beat against contrary winds forever, and it is his ship that is seen suspended in mid-air.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Burlington has published a new edition, with many additions, of his interesting history of St. Peter's Chains, a fac-simile link of which is among the treasures of the Vermont Cathedral.

—The *Casket* Printing and Publishing Co. has issued, in neat pamphlet form, the Holy Father's encyclical on the Manitoba School Question, together with the pastoral letter of Archbishop Begin promulgating the document. This *brochure* deserves to be widely circulated.

—A new edition of a rare and curious book is about to appear in England under the title of "The Spirit of the Holy Court." The work is a translation, made in 1634, of "Cour Sainte," the original being from the pen of Nicolaus Caussin, S. J., the confessor of Louis XIII.

—A new edition of Mother Raphael Drane's "The New Utopia," published by the English Catholic Truth Society, is evidence of the merit of the story. It describes in a most interesting manner the career of one whose nobility of soul was immeasurably above his rank as an English lord. His efforts to use his position and power for the betterment of mankind hold one's sympathy to the end.

—Burns & Oates have lately published a new edition of the historical romance "For a King," by T. S. Sharwood. The scene is laid in the time of Charles I., and all the forces that combined to make that period one of trouble and excitement are brought into requisition in this tale. It is more than ordinarily interesting. Its most pronounced fault is its length, which makes it rather an awkward book to handle.

—We have complied with the publishers' request to examine the new edition of the Baltimore Catechism No. 2, the special feature of which is that definitions of difficult words are prefixed to each lesson. In our opinion it would be better to employ as few words as possible that require to be defined. For instance, why not call mortal sins *deadly*? The questions in this new edition of the

Catechism are numbered to correspond with Father Kinkead's excellent "Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism"; and the common devotions, with a selection of hymns, have been added. Benziger Brothers.

—One of the most pleasing of recent Catholic publications is the new edition of Dr. Egan's "Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems," issued by the Benzigers. It contains several poems not included in the former edition; but, strange to say, they are not entered in the table of contents. There is a lifelike portrait of the poet for frontispiece. The publishers are to be congratulated on this dainty book, which will, no doubt, be welcomed by a new circle of readers.

—The most comprehensive and up-to-date work on typewriting that we have ever examined is "The Typewriter's Manual," published by Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York. This book shows the beginner how to start right. An observance of the hints given will insure correct fingering, and will save the learner an immense amount of time. The professional typewriter will find the suggestions on manifolding, mimeographing literary, legal and dramatic work of great value. "Brief Reporting Notes," recently published by the same firm, is a useful pamphlet for teachers and advanced students.

—Some important and timely publications of the English Catholic Truth Society are on our table. "The Age of the Sun," by the Rev. A. J. Cortie, S. J., F. R. A. S., is an able astronomical argument against Darwinism. The author discusses the different hypotheses concerning the heat of the sun, and shows the bearing of that which is generally accepted among astronomers, upon the biological theory of Natural Selection. It is astonishing in what darkness the lights of the scientific world can envelop some things when they try hard.—A pamphlet by the Bishop of Clifton, dealing with "Catholic Worship," explains the Sacrifice of the Mass, and proves from a right understanding of it how impossible it is for Catholics to confuse for a moment the adoration due to God with

the reverence and devotion that we pay to Our Lady and the saints.—“Plain Fact a Clear Interpreter of Scripture” is a solid argument against private judgment, and a strong plea to let the plain facts of history, past and present, decide for those who are not guided by the Church what must be the most probable interpretation. That interpretation will always be found to be identical with the teachings of Rome.—Our readers can not have forgotten Mr. Britten’s admirable volume entitled “Protestant Fiction,” which is now reissued in a cheaper form, each chapter, revised and enlarged, making a separate pamphlet. The series will consist of: I. Nuns and Convents. II. Jesuits. III. Priests. IV. The Laity. V. Protestant Poets, and one other. The writer shows how dense is the cloud of ignorance in which many of our separated brethren are enveloped, and how earnest our efforts must be to dispel it.—To its Library of Tales the C. T. S. has added another volume containing three short stories by as many different writers. We may be allowed to say that the department of fiction is susceptible of improvement. “Jim Daly’s Repentance,” by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, might serve as a model of what the short stories should be.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Vol. IV. \$1.35, net.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.

For a King. *T. S. Sharowood*. 95 cts., net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.

Cardinal Wiseman’s Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.

Père Monnier’s Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebsbs, C. S. S. R.* \$1, net.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Estimates.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

LOOKED into the night. A jagged line
Of tossing treetops limned against the
gray
And starless heavens: a grovelling fog
that lay,
Ghostly and dank, as from the beating brine
A corse, with white robes clinging, lies
supine
Along the sullen sands. I turned away
With sharp thoughts: "Shall this gloom
forever prey
Upon our weary souls?" Folly of mine!
Next morn, amid a gaping crowd, I gazed
Upon a master's canvas. Grim and cold,
The cloud-cowled sky dragged fold on
sunless fold
Past pines black-clutching, mist-footed.
Amazed,
"Divine," I cried, "wrought on a perfect
plan!"
What I rebuked in God, I praised in man!

THERE is no part of the history of Jesus but Mary has her part in it. There are those who profess to be His servants who think that her work was ended when she bore Him, and after that she had nothing to do but disappear and be forgotten. But we, O Lord, Thy children of the Catholic Church, do not so think of Thy Mother!—*Cardinal Newman.*

In the Battle for Bread.

IN DUTY BOUND.

BY T. SPARROW.

I.

ONE of the greatest troubles a delicate, well-educated girl has to face in the "battle for bread" is the difficulty of finding lodgings that suit her purse and her comfort. Only those who have gone through it know how depressing is the effect of a look-out on a blank wall, of a look-in at dingy wall-paper, faded furniture, and uncomfortable chairs; to have to stint in coals because one must needs dress decently on beggar's wages; to have to work week after week at drudgery unsuitable and badly paid, with no margin for the simplest of life's pleasures; and daily to see others enjoy as a right what you realize will never be yours as a gift, if you rigidly persevere in the rugged road of duty.

Environment has a powerful effect upon all of us. The more highly strung, the more we hanker after harmonious surroundings. This makes it inevitable that the mind-dyspepsia which results from such a state of suffering reacts on the quivering soul, till it wearily turns from intellectual refreshment because the

physical frame is craving for physical relaxation and for a stimulus to the jaded senses. If you read what follows, you will join with me in pity for those erring ones whom the privations of poverty and the dulness of isolation drive into a path the termination of which they do not see.

In an unfashionable and crowded thoroughfare in the West Central district of London stands a high, dingy house. It is built cornerwise; so fronts two streets, and offers, according to its advertisement, "The privacy of a home with the advantages of a boarding-house. Terms strictly moderate."

Yes, "strictly moderate"—I grant that. But, oh, the awful crushing of lifelessness that went on within those four walls! I shudder even now at its recollection. We lived and were respectable on fifteen shillings a week; but it was a dearly-bought respectability, for all that.

The establishment was presided over by two Evangelical old maids, who, I am sure, thought they were doing the Lord's work in the Lord's way by preserving His shorn lambs from all contact with wickedness. But, alas! their virtuousness was not tempered with mercy, and the difficulty of making two ends meet had eaten away all kindness from their meagre hearts.

The rules were rigid: only "ladies of birth" were admitted, and then we had to earn our livelihood in a way that met their approval. This, of course, disposed of professional singers, actresses and female acrobats, circus riders and lady-orators,—all of whom were classed as "light."

We had no latch-keys, could receive no visitors, had to be in at 9.30 p. m., and all lights out at 10 p. m. There was a public sitting-room; it contained a large table, which filled up all the space not occupied by a long row of cane-seated chairs. By the fireplace was a stiff horse-

hair arm-chair, from which one Miss Evangelical "guided" the conversation into elevated and instructive channels. And this every night of the three hundred and sixty-five!

Of course, strict temperance was a *sine qua non*. And quite right if the beverages provided had been palatable. But the tea was nauseous, the coffee worse; other food was decent. The bedroom accommodation was principally in floors of cubicles, each separated from its fellow by a wooden partition half-way up to the ceiling. Talking was forbidden; and if indulged in, fined at the rate of four-pence a night.

Pardon me if such details weary. I want you to grasp in its full significance the tread-mill as pressed by the faltering feet of Rose Ardilaun.

While I took up my abode there on my tour of investigation, the inmates consisted of some governesses out of employment, a lady-companion or two, a few shop-assistants, and—Rose Ardilaun. Rose was but a short time with us, and apparently made no impression; though it seems likely she is the only one who will make a name in the world. As far as appearance went, you would have said she had less chance than most others. She was indistinctive in every way, being of middle height and of colorless complexion. She was timid, and so nervous that to face strangers was a positive torture to her. Above all, she lacked spirit; and without a fair modicum of that enviable quality how can one hope to combat the world?

And this diffident, retiring creature had chosen journalism as her career,—a profession which, above all others, requires self-confidence and self-assertion. I will remember the first night she came among us, poorly dressed, shrinking at every glance, yet curiously composed withal.

"There is nothing in her," was the verdict then; and "There is nothing in

her," was the confirmed opinion when she went away. Yet the Miss Evangelicals are prouder of her than of any other lodger; and a picture of the sensitive, mobile face occupies a prominent place in their parlor,—a fact which would horrify gentle Rose if she knew it, even more than the oft-repeated explanation: "That is the celebrated writer, Leila Clare, who once made this her home. It became our painful duty to turn her out, but we always appreciated her talents."

Rose was full of strange contradictions. She was a fluent phonographer, a rapid transcriber, and an adept typist; anything mechanical she could do, and do well. The thin, nimble fingers were endued with speed and precision; but when she came in contact with living forces her presence of mind seemed to vanish. Was this because she had a secret which dragged her down in spite of herself?

She was emotional at times, and then must pour out her confidence to the one most in consonance with her mood; but afterward she would shrink into her shell, and treat that person more, not less, coldly than before, as if ashamed of her personal revelation. It was this peculiarity which gave me the first glimpse of the depths beneath the surface.

This highbred slip of a girl wielded an extraordinary fascination over the least admirable of the other sex. It was force of contrast, I suppose; for it would be quite impossible to find any one more free from coquetry or love of admiration. A miserable, frightened look would come into her eyes if she was singled out for distinction in any way.

One night I chanced to be alone in the sitting-room when Rose entered, flushed and very agitated. She paced the room nervously, her lips quivering, her limpid eyes large and full.

"Will you let me help you?" I asked at last.

"Will you?" she said, stopping in front

of me with a childlike gesture of entreaty. "Do tell me, what is there about me which makes men like me, and such vulgar men, too?"—curling the short upper lip in self-disdain. "They *will* do it, though I hate it—and it makes me frightened."

Poor little girl! She was shivering still, as I drew her down beside me and persuaded her to tell me all.

With blushes and hesitation, she told how a man of the commercial-traveller type had been following her home for the last few nights; how he had had the audacity that day to call at the office where she worked, saying he was a friend of hers; how she had been sent out to speak to him in the passage, and in her fright had done nothing more than beg him to go away. But he had joined her later in the evening and pursued his unwelcome attentions.

"He said he would marry me," she gasped, covering her face to hide the hot blushes; "and in my terror I never said 'No.' Oh! what shall I do?—pray, what shall I do?"

"There's no harm done," I answered, cheerfully. "Try to walk home in the evenings with one of your companions; and if he repeats his impertinence, speak to your manager."

"Oh, I couldn't!" she said, shrinking. "He would only think I encouraged the man; most of the girls here like that sort of thing."

This last remark showed me that if my Rose was shy, she was also shrewd.

"Perhaps you will not see him again?" I suggested, after a pause.

"I think he said something about meeting me to-morrow," she whispered, turning ghastly at the very idea.

"Have you no relation or friend in London?"

The girl winced, as if in sudden pain.

"No," she replied shortly, and her confidences were at an end.

I saw that, unwittingly, I had put my hand on the cupboard which held her skeleton, and was therefore the more eager to make amends for causing her such pain. I volunteered to call for her at the office when her work was over,—which offer she accepted rather passively, torpor having taken the place of emotion. Accordingly I did so, and dusk saw us traversing the busy Strand side by side, in silence. Suddenly she grasped my arm.

"There he is!" she exclaimed, and darted up a side street before I had time to stop her.

The man, who was approaching with an easy swagger, betrayed himself by his surprise. He had evidently meant to pass us silently, and then follow to a quieter neighborhood. His dismay would have been laughable if the matter had been less serious. Our interview was brief, and he never troubled Rose again.

But this little passage of friendship brought us no nearer. The girl thanked me almost shamefacedly, and afterward markedly avoided me. But it naturally deepened my interest in her, and I listened with the keenest attention when she was discussed by her fellow-workers, some of whom I knew.

"She will never do any good," they said; "she is too sensitive. She lets every one impose on her. The proofreader gives her his proofs to correct, the reviewer loads her desk with rubbishy pamphlets, the secretary hands her over half the letters to put in the copying-book. And she does it all as if she were a criminal. You can not fight for people if they will not fight for themselves."

"What is her special forte?"

A shrug of the shoulders answered me.

"Can't tell. She is an accurate reporter, but is too shy to go to the reporter's table, so she gets squeezed into a corner where she can hear and see nothing. She was put on to interview, for she is splendidly educated; but in her flurry she forgets

half the questions and loses all her notes. No, Miss Ardilaun has no talents and will never get on."

Perhaps the girl was not talented, but she gave glimpses of a rare sort of genius at times.

The next light shed on her character came from an unexpected source. I was at a garden party at Richmond, watching a game at tennis, when a gentleman, to whom I had been introduced earlier in the afternoon, dropped into the seat beside me.

"So you know the sweetest girl in the world—Rose Ardilaun?" he began.

"Yes," I said, rather taken aback.

His boyish blue eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure.

"Talk to me about her," continued the audacious youth. "You do not know how I pine to hear her name."

"You look like pining!" I retorted, as I glanced at the very personification of an Englishman's strength and manliness, at twenty-five years of age and six foot two in height.

"Don't laugh at me," said Charles Lake, frankly. "Rose is my idea of a saint, you know."

There was a genuine depth of feeling in his tone, so in all gravity I asked him what he knew about her.

"I have known Rose all my life," he answered: "our estates joined. Her father, you see, ran through all the money, and they were sold up. Rose's mother died when Rose was a baby, and she was heiress to all. Fancy a girl so luxuriously brought up leaving school at eighteen to see her father a victim to delirium tremens! Where he is I don't know; but Rose persuaded him when the smash came to enter a home for inebriates, and she is starving night and day to pay for him there. If that isn't a brick, I don't know what is." And the young fellow's face glowed with ardor.

I heartily agreed with him.

"What made her choose so thorny a path as journalism?" I asked. "Surely some easier career was open to her."

"Rose never thinks of herself," he said, loftily; "there are the biggest plums in journalism, if you go at it properly. Then the girl is downright clever, you know,—sarcastic and all that sort of thing; hits a fellow off to a T, though all the time she looks as if she were saying her prayers. She is sure to make her mark some time or other. It is the caustic style that takes nowadays."

I admired his enthusiasm, but my heart sank as I pictured dainty, downtrodden Rose sweating for a few shillings a week, jostled and bewildered at every turn.

"When did you last see her?" I asked.

"Not since she left, two years ago," he said, his bright face clouding over. "She forbade me. You see, I was in love with her; but all she would say was: 'My first duty is to my poor father; and until that is accomplished I can think of nothing else.' But I shall wait for her, if it means fifty years," announced this sanguine lover, in a voice of strong determination.

"Has she given you any hope?" I could not refrain from asking.

"Love like mine always wins in the end," was his stalwart reply; "and Rose will never forget. Still, I want a sight of her. Now that I know you, I shall run up to town and call on you."

"Will that be keeping your promise?" I asked, laughingly.

"I shall come," he repeated masterfully, tossing back his head.

And sure enough he did.

(To be continued.)

Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in Germany during the Middle Ages.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONTINUED.)

THE eighth and ninth centuries are often spoken of as dark ages, when ignorance and superstition held captive the minds of men. Even the veneration paid to Mary is taken rather as the fruit of unquestioning credulity than of active, enlightened faith. Yet at this period, when the German Empire was subject to Charlemagne's sway, we find that the position held by the Mother of God in the system of Christianity, the reverence due to her by the Church on earth, was hotly discussed, with a thoroughness and erudition unsurpassed at any time. All the arguments now urged by Protestants against the devotion, all the objections raised by the Reformers to what they called an exaggerated cultus, were carefully examined and ably refuted by the theologians of the day. The Emperor himself was often present in the synod when these topics were debated, and manifested the greatest interest in the proceedings. He also caused copies of the treatises and epistles condemnatory of the heretical opinions of the bishop of Urgel and Elipandus of Toledo to be sent to the bishops of Spain; the two aforementioned prelates having asserted that our Blessed Lord was, as man, only the adopted Son of God, thus derogating from the dignity and prerogatives of His Immaculate Mother.

About the same time a new controversy arose concerning the use and abuse of pictures of holy persons and scenes. It was alleged that they fostered superstition among the people. But images and pictures answer to a need of our nature, that requires something material upon which to rest the senses; and the result

THANK God, He sometimes lets a soul
 Become so free from sin's control,
 So purged of earthly stain and dross,
 Recovered so from Eden's loss,
 That, like cathedral windows dight,
 Down through it shines a heavenly light.
 —M. D. Bisbee.

of the discussion was to render sacred pictures more popular than ever. Metz formerly possessed an altar-piece painted on plates of metal richly gilded. In the centre was a beautiful lifelike picture of the Mother of God, which was held in great reverence, and to which a singular legend was attached. It was the work of the monk Tutilo, who in the second half of the ninth century enjoyed an enviable reputation as an artist.

Ekkehard, the historian, relates that while Tutilo was engaged on this picture two pilgrims entered the room to ask an alms. They stood awhile watching him in silence; then, having received what they sought, they departed on their way. Soon after they met a priest, to whom they said: "May God's favor rest on the skilful painter who gave us a liberal alms! But tell us, Father, is that majestic lady who guides his pencil and shows him where to lay on the colors, really his sister?" The priest stared at the men in astonishment. He had just come from the artist's workshop and had seen no one with him. He returned thither at once, and there he too beheld a queen-like figure bending over the monk and assisting him at his work. The pilgrims, who had followed the priest, could not help exclaiming: "O fortunate painter! Thou art truly favored in having so noble a lady to instruct thee in thy art!" The monk started; he did not understand what they meant, and begged them not to say such things in the hearing of any one. But they heeded not his injunction; and the following morning, finding that everyone was talking about the matter, Tutilo left the town, although his picture was not quite finished. However, the remaining touches that were yet wanted were filled in by an unseen hand; and on a disc of gold which he had left plain an inscription was found to the effect that Mary, out of love to the devoted artist, had completed his offering.

Such legends, whether thought worthy of credence or not, still bear witness to the feeling of the time that sacred pictures are pleasing to God, and the use of them is encouraged by the saints; as also to the popular belief in the loving-kindness of the Blessed Virgin, and the willing aid she affords her servants. We know that what is seen with the eye produces a more vivid, more permanent impression upon the mind than what is heard with the ear; and thus in the time of which we are speaking the art of the limner often proved more potent and more convincing than the eloquence of the preacher. The sermons were, however, well attended, especially on festivals; and the preachers proclaimed in no uncertain, no measured terms the glories and virtues of Mary. As a specimen of the instruction imparted to the faithful about the middle of the ninth century, Father Beissel gives some portions of a discourse delivered by the Archbishop of Mayence on the Feast of the Assumption. The following is a short extract:

"Consider how we ought to honor the solemn day whereon the Virgin of virgins passed from this world into the realms of everlasting peace. And we believe that not only are our poor voices to be raised in a hymn of praise, but she is to be lauded and magnified by the celestial spirits. The angels rejoiced with exceeding joy when they beheld the Mother of their Creator and Sovereign Lord entering with them on the enjoyment of eternal felicity; that Mother who conceived a Son and yet remained pure, who bore a Child and is yet a virgin. She is the Mother immaculate, the Mother undefiled, the Mother inviolate; the Mother of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords, the Creator of all men, the Author of all things; the Mother of Him who owns no mother in heaven, no father upon earth; the Mother of Him who in virtue of His Godhead abides in the bosom of

the Father, and who on earth took flesh and dwelt in His Mother's womb. Let us acknowledge her greatness with the silent reverence of our hearts, and extol her glory with our lips, saying: 'O happy Mother! exalted above the choirs of angels, thou wilt reign Queen forever at the right hand of the King, enthroned beside the seat of thy royal Son.'... Let every man, young and old, strive to keep this feast by the practice of good works, steadfast in the faith, persevering in charity. For when the Mother of God sees that we celebrate her festivals in these worthy dispositions, she will the more readily obtain for us solace and succor in this present time, and in the time to come life eternal."

While the voice of the preacher called upon his hearers to revere the Queen of Heaven, to love and invoke the Mother of Divine Grace, the pen of the theologian, the poet and the scribe was busy in her service. The scholar composed Latin hymns for the solemn offices of the Church; and humbler versifiers sang the praises of Mary in the vernacular, or told in quaint rhymes the story of her life for the benefit of the unlearned folk. Even in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when men's passions were unrestrained and deeds of darkness were rife, faith in Mary's power with God, in her maternal solicitude for sinners, retained its hold firmly over the mind of both high and low. To her intercession was attributed the conversion of many a reckless transgressor, many a hardened criminal. For the sake of some trifling act of devotion to her, we read of evil-doers arrested in their bold career, expiating their misdeeds by works of penance, or giving their wealth to found churches to the glory of God and of the august Mediatrix of our salvation.

Mabillon relates in his *Annals* (iii, 432) that one day a man threw himself at the feet of Abbot Odo, of Cluny, and

begged to be admitted into his Order. On inquiry, Odo learned that the applicant was a famous robber, the scourge of the neighborhood, and consequently refused to receive him. The man persisted in his entreaties, saying that were he rejected God would require his soul of the abbot. Thereupon the latter yielded. After due probation, the habit was given to the quondam robber, who gave continual edification by his industry and virtue.

After a time he fell ill, and calling for the abbot, told him that a beautiful lady had appeared to him; she called herself the Mother of Mercy, and foretold that in three days his life would end. Forever after, the historian concludes, Abbot Odo spoke of Our Lady under the title of Mother of Mercy.

The custom of counting prayers by means of small stones, or beads strung upon a cord, practised about the time of which we speak by monks and ecclesiastics, gave rise, as is well known, to the Rosary, or Psalter of Our Lady. Historians of the eleventh and twelfth centuries speak of clerics and also of laymen whose habit it was to invoke the protection of the Mother of God by the daily recital of a fixed number of *Paters* and *Aves*; and mention is made of a certain Countess Ada who averted the punishment due to her husband's evil deeds by repeating daily upon her knees sixty *Aves* for his conversion. Peter the Hermit, when preaching the first Crusade, made use of a string of beads whereby to note the number of times he repeated the Angelic Salutation.

As early as the ninth century Saturday had been dedicated to Mary; this day—the one following Our Lord's death—being chosen because she alone, unlike His disciples, believed with unwavering faith in His divinity as well as in His coming resurrection. In the succeeding centuries, as the devotion to Our Lady deepened, more zealous Christians used

to fast on Saturday, or at least to abstain from meat, or to recite the Little Office. Priests said the Mass of Our Lady on that day, and the *Salve Regina* was sung by monks and canons at the hour of sunset.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the effect of the Crusades on the popular devotion was to rouse fresh fervor in the cultus of Our Lady. The ardor kindled in the hearts of princes and prelates, nobles and knights, by the sight of the holy places where our Divine Lord lived and suffered naturally fanned the flame of love for His Blessed Mother. All the renowned preachers of the Crusades were enthusiastic servants of Mary; first and foremost among these was the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

The religious orders also had no slight influence in the same direction at this period: they each and all regarded Mary as their patroness and their queen, their mother and their advocate; and they taught the laity to revere and trust in her as they did. Numerous legends of the Cistercian monks show how they lived in her presence and trusted in her maternal care. A monk who found field-labor toilsome and grievous beheld her going from one to another of his fellow-workers, encouraging the diligent and refreshing the weary. Another, who was somewhat over-anxious about his health, saw her in a dream going round to the monks assembled in choir, administering to each a spoonful of some delicious food. She passed him by, saying he took too much care of himself to need her cordial. It was said that whenever a Cistercian monk returned from a journey, he repaired to the Blessed Virgin's altar to receive her blessing.

The final clause of the *Salve Regina*, which is of a later date than the antiphon itself, is attributed by some writers to St. Bernard. When he entered the cathedral at Speyer, where he was to preach the

Crusade in presence of the Emperor Conrad, the people were singing the *Salve Regina*. As the last sounds died away, the Saint, who was standing near Our Lady's statue, turned toward it, and, stretching out his hands, exclaimed with an irrepressible burst of heartfelt affection: "*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*" One can imagine the effect produced upon the entire congregation. The clause was added in all Cistercian convents about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The monks became eloquent when they spoke in praise of the Blessed Virgin, and they loved to enumerate the well-known types in the Old Testament by which her future glory was foreshadowed.

As the monks of Citeaux venerated the Queen of Heaven as their special patroness, so St. Norbert placed under her gracious protection the Order of Premonstratensians, which he founded in the twelfth century. The annals of the Order assert that she indicated to him the spot where the first house was to be built, and gave him the white habit which his subjects were to wear in honor of her immaculate purity. St. Hermann Joseph—who, when a boy, offered in all simplicity an apple to the Divine Child, the gift being accepted by His gracious Mother,—became a son of St. Norbert, and received the name of Our Lady's Chaplain on account of his great devotion toward her and the signal favors she conferred on him.

The Dominicans, or Friars Preachers, were the next to be enrolled in the ranks of Mary's zealous servants and soldiers. The reader does not need to be reminded that it was St. Dominic who, by her command, gave the Rosary its present form, and employed it as a means of instructing the people in the great truths of the faith, and of defeating the errors of the Albigenses.

Nor was St. Francis a less fervent

client of the Queen of Heaven than the other great founders. It is well known that the Chapel of the Portiuncula, which he loved better than any spot on earth, where he initiated the Order of Friars Minor and where he expired, was dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels. There, we are told, Our Lord, with His Blessed Mother, appeared to him and bade him ask whatever he wished for the spiritual good of the nations. The Saint asked from his celestial visitant the celebrated plenary indulgence for all who should come thither in a spirit of contrition, appealing to Mary Immaculate as the advocate of mankind. Turning to her Divine Son, whom she addressed as Almighty God, she begged Him to grant the favor, great as it was. Our Lord consented, bidding St. Francis obtain it from the Supreme Pontiff; and the holy man forthwith went to Rome for the purpose. Although the Passion of Our Lord was the principal theme of the Franciscans' instructions to the people, we know how great prominence must have been given to the Compassion of Our Lady, since the *Stabat Mater* was composed by a member of the Order.

Of the influence exercised by the Carmelites, on their coming to Europe from Palestine, it is superfluous to speak. It was on Mount Carmel that the first chapel dedicated to the Mother of God was raised by the sons of St. Elias, and they were exceptionally privileged and specially loved by her. The gift of the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, the unparalleled indulgences attached to it, and the name of *Fratres Domine Nostræ* ("Our Lady's Brethren") given to the religious on account of her manifest predilection and preference for them and their filial devotion to her, are facts which speak for themselves.

On the subject of the lesser orders in honor of our Heavenly Mother and under her special patronage—such as that of Our

Lady of Ransom,—besides the numerous and important confraternities and guilds whose special object was the propagation of the devotion to her, the more solemn observance of her feasts, the practice of various good works and mortifications in her honor, space forbids us to enter at present.

Mention has already been made of the work of the artist as a factor of no small importance in fostering and increasing love and reverence for the Mother of God, especially among the common people. Pictures are the book of the unlearned; the untrained eye sees in them more meaning than might be imagined; and representations of holy persons and sacred things, even if crude in coloring and faulty as to drawing, will satisfy the imagination of the lowly worshiper,—nay more, will refine and elevate him; and, by fixing the thoughts, will prevent distractions in prayer and keep the mind directed heavenward.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

In May.

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

IN arbors airy, to Mother Mary
 The sweet birds vary their songs of praise;
 Though skies be dreary, they never weary,
 But bright and cheery their carols raise.
 Her feasts of sorrow they know, and borrow
 Sad notes the morrow will change to gay;
 And earth rejoices to hear their voices
 With rapture greeting the Queen of May.

O Mother tender! our blest defender,
 We, too, would render thee homage meet;
 The birds excelling beyond all telling,
 Our praise goes welling e'en to thy feet.
 No words can measure the peace and pleasure
 Our souls now treasure from day to day;
 Nor sweetest story express the glory
 We give thee, Mary, thou Queen of May!

Jeffreys' Mistake.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"DON'T be a fool, Jeffreys!" shouted young Joe Callander, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Perhaps he can't help being one," put in Liddell of the *Telephone*. "I know if I had inherited a snug place in Devon, with a rent-roll of five thousand a year, I wouldn't be baked in the Nile valley."

"But I *must* get a priest for Dan," the person addressed as Jeffreys said slowly.

"And lose your chance of photographing the battle that's bound to come on in a day or two!" Callander remarked. "Why, I thought you were keen on the matter."

"Well, so I was; but I can't let Dan die without a priest."

"What good will one do him?" Callander questioned cynically, pointing to where Dan Gourley lay in the shadow of the clump of palms. "He's past medical aid, and—" Callander finished his sentence with another shrug of his shoulders.

"He has been a faithful servant to me, and I won't leave his last wish ungratified if I can help it," Jeffreys said, obstinately.

"You can't get a priest nearer than Souadi, if there," Liddell replied. "Don't be sentimental, Jeffreys. Leave one or two of the Arabs with the poor chap there, and come on with us."

Jeffreys shook his head.

"Well, if you won't, you won't!" said Liddell quickly. "Come, Callander! 'Tis time to be moving."

Six hours previously the three Englishmen had set out from Souadi. It was said that a big battle was imminent; and Liddell, of the *Telephone*, and Callander, the artist of the *Pictorial*, both young men, were eager to witness it at close quarters. On the way from England they had made the acquaintance of Jeffreys,

whose servant had fallen down with a sudden attack of angina pectoris an hour before. As it was almost high-noon, the party had halted where the feathery palms made a little oasis in the wilderness of yellow sand; and the quick-footed, silent Arabs had speedily prepared a meal. Dan Gourley, when he recovered somewhat from his attack, had asked for a priest; and his master had volunteered to seek one, much to the surprise of his companions. Though far removed from the necessity of earning a livelihood, Jeffreys had acted as war correspondent and artist in Bulgaria and Servia. On the present occasion he was merely following his own inclinations, with the intention, perhaps, of utilizing his information and snap-shots at a future day. He stood in the blazing sun watching Callander and Liddell prepare for their departure.

"You'll regret this freak, Jeffreys," Callander called from the back of his sleek brown polo-pony. Then the ponies, with their yellow-clad riders, dwindled in the distance; and Jeffreys turned to where the Arabs were preparing to follow with the baggage camels. He gave a few hurried directions to his own two followers, and then went over to where his servant lay.

"Now, Dan, I'm going to get a priest for you," he said, in a gentle tone. "These fellows"—he indicated the Arabs—"will take care of you till I return."

The poor fellow looked his gratitude. He had served Guy Jeffreys for ten years, and certainly no master ever had more faithful servant than the young Irishman proved. And it had been by his own express wish that he accompanied Jeffreys to Egypt.

With another word to Dan, Jeffreys mounted his pony and was off in the direction whence they came an hour before. In front lay the wide plain, parched and barren; above, the pitiless blue sky; Jeffreys found his pith helmet a poor

protection against the rays of the sun, but he rode on quickly.

"No," he muttered to himself,—“no, I could not let poor Dan die without the consolations of his religion.”

The sun was setting in a fiery sea when he entered the mean little abode to which he had been directed, in the squalid Egyptian village. Its owner, clad in the brown habit of St. Francis, came forward to meet him.

"You are a priest?" Jeffreys asked.

"Yes, I am a priest. My name is Father Augustine."

Jeffreys told of his servant's illness in a few hurried words.

"Can you come with me?" he questioned, glancing at the priest's habit and sandals.

"Certainly," Father Augustine said; and Jeffreys noticed that his accent was English.

In a little time the priest had procured a horse for Jeffreys. He himself possessed one—a rare luxury, be it remarked, for a missionary priest.

Very few words were exchanged as the pair rode into the desert. Jeffreys learned, however, that his companion was an Englishman and had been ordained only a few years.

"I am a convert," the priest said in explanation; "so that, although I am quite as old as I seem, I have not been very long a priest."

By the time the little clump of palm-trees was reached, Dan Gourley's earthly career was all but over. He was still conscious, and his look of joy as the priest knelt by him amply repaid his master for his toil. Jeffreys moved away from the grove as the priest threw his stole over his neck, and seated himself on a mound of earth. The Arabs, released from their watch, were sleeping soundly some yards off.

Jeffreys lit his pipe and smoked steadily for a few whiffs. Something in the still-

ness of the night or in his surroundings sent his thoughts back to other days. Once again he wandered through an old English garden with a fair young maiden by his side. He felt the scent of the roses and mignonette that grew underneath the rectory windows; and saw for a moment the ivy-clad church and the graveyard where his kindred lay.

"Oh, why can not I banish these thoughts of Mildred!" he moaned. "Had she been worthy of such strong love as mine, I should not have become the wanderer I am: I should not have acquired the love of adventure I now possess."

He was roused from his dreaming by a touch on his shoulder; and, turning round, he saw the priest by his side.

"All is over," the latter said, solemnly. "I pray God that you and I may die as happily as the poor fellow yonder."

"Is Dan dead?" Jeffreys asked.

"Yes," the priest replied. He seated himself on the mound by his questioner's side, and pointed to the east, where the first pale pink and blue green tints of the coming dawn were visible. "The night is almost gone," he added.

"Yes," Jeffreys said. "And I have been dreaming of home—of England."

Father Augustine looked sharply at the bronzed face beside him. Guy Jeffreys certainly looked his seven and thirty years. His brown hair was thickly streaked with grey, and there were many lines on cheek and brow.

Jeffreys briefly explained his business in England, and the priest remarked:

"I suppose you will be anxious to follow your companions?"

He nodded in answer to the question.

"Well, I will wait to read the burial service over your servant," said the priest. "What part of England do you come from?"

"Devonshire."

"Ah! I was in that county once; but it is years since."

"The scenery is beautiful," Jeffreys observed, somewhat stiffly.

"I suppose so; I did not notice it. When one leaves the church of his baptism there are many troubles to meet."

"Then you regret having left it?"

"No, no! I meant one suffers many troubles—parting from friends, chiefly. Yet the peace and happiness to be found in the Catholic Church compensate, and more than compensate, for all."

There was silence for a moment, and Jeffreys said:

"Well, I have not thought overmuch of religion, but I certainly have changed my opinions regarding Catholics. I was brought up with a firm belief that the Protestant faith was the true one; but poor Dan"—he nodded to where his servant lay—"and one or two others have taught me that your religion is a very good one to live and die in."

The priest seemed in a reverie.

"Yes," he replied, musingly,—“yes, I remember having just such thoughts. It was in Ireland. I was on a walking tour round the west coast when I met with an accident which left me confined to a sofa for a month or more. My host was a Catholic gentleman; and during my stay under his roof I had the opportunity of seeing what the daily life of a Catholic family is, and leisure to read the Catholic books that came in my way.”

"And you became a Catholic then?"

"Not just then. You may be certain I did not take that step rashly or without due inquiry. At any rate, I became a Catholic, and later a priest. My greatest grief was that, owing to my change of religion, I was not allowed to be present with my mother during her last moments."

Father Augustine paused; and Jeffreys, though he did not speak, showed no lack of interest.

"It was in this way," the priest continued. "My mother was young—only twenty-three—when my father died, and

when my education was finished she married again. Her second husband was a vicar in Devonshire. They had met at the house of a common friend, and were married without any fuss or delay. I was not present at the marriage. I was lying helpless at the time in Ireland, from an accident, as I have told you. Well, when my stepfather heard I meant to become a Catholic, he was furious, insisted that my name should not be spoken in his hearing, and forbade my mother to hold any communication with me. She yielded to his wishes, but I think her health suffered. At any rate, when she caught a severe cold later she did not recover from its effects."

"And you never saw her?"

"Oh, yes, I did! When she found out that she was to die she wished to send for me, but her husband refused to allow me under his roof. But his daughter was more kindly disposed. (I should have told you he had a grown-up daughter.) Well, when her father chanced to be absent for a couple of days attending some synod, she telegraphed for me, and she herself met me and brought me into my mother's room. With the aid of her old nurse, I remained that night and next day with my mother, without the other servants knowing aught of my presence. The following evening I had to bid my mother a last farewell. Mildred Dene left me at the railway station, and I never saw her again."

"Mildred Dene did you say?" burst from Jeffreys' lips.

"Yes, Mildred Dene. Her father was vicar of Lytham," replied the priest. "Did you know them?"

"Mildred Dene was my promised wife," Jeffreys said, in a voice that sounded strange in his own ears; "and I parted from her because she would not explain who you were."

"Who *I* was," the priest repeated, slowly. "What do you mean?"

Jeffreys waited to steady his voice.

"I was engaged to Mildred Dene with her father's sanction, and our wedding had been postponed through the illness of her stepmother. One day in passing through the village some gossip told me that the vicar's daughter had met a handsome stranger at the railway station on the previous evening. I did not think of mentioning this to Mildred when I saw her for a moment or two that same day, but I afterward recalled that she seemed nervous and unsettled. It chanced that I was riding through a lane that skirted the railway station—it was little better than a shed—that evening, and I saw Mildred standing in the gathering dusk with her hands closely clasped in those of a stranger. Both were talking earnestly, and I passed unseen. Next day I asked her for an explanation, which she refused to give; and our engagement was broken off. I suppose it was you I saw."

"Most certainly it was. And now I know how it is that your features seem familiar: I saw your photograph at the rectory. You never knew that Mrs. Dene had a Catholic son?" Father Augustine inquired.

"No. Mildred was deeply wounded by my want of trust, and was willing that our engagement should cease."

"I can quite conceive that she should refuse to speak of another's secret—and that other her stepmother. My mother, I could see, was much attached to her."

"Yes, they were unusually attached. Everyone remarked it."

No word was spoken for a space. Then Jeffreys suddenly asked:

"Do you know is Mildred married?"

"No, she is not."

"Where is she?"

Father Augustine hesitated.

"She is in London," he said finally,—
"at least she was when I last heard of her. Her father is dead."

Jeffreys nodded.

"I happened to see a notice of his death in a paper."

"And Mildred Dene—" the priest again paused. "She had some hundreds a year left her. With her money she does a great deal of good in the poorer districts of London, as I am told. I will give you her address if you wish. Do you still intend to follow your comrades?"

Father Augustine's eyes twinkled as he put the query.

"No: I am going back to England to beg Mildred's pardon," was Jeffreys' prompt rejoinder.

"I hope you may obtain it," the priest said, heartily. "And now to give your servant Christian burial."

A grave had been made, and Jeffreys stood reverently by while the priest blessed the earth in which Dan Gourley was to rest. When the grave was closed the party set out toward Souadi.

It was a few days before Jeffreys left the little town; and during these days he bought some religious books, and also learned much from the missionary priest of Catholic doctrine and practices. Some three weeks later he sought the address the Franciscan had given him.

Mildred Dene had changed but little in the years that had elapsed since they parted. She had grown graver and more womanly, and her soft brown eyes had a look of peace and content. It did not take Jeffreys long to tell his story.

"And now, Mildred," he said in conclusion, "can you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes!" Mildred replied, readily.

"And marry me?"

She smiled, but shook her head.

"I am a Catholic. It was during my stepmother's illness that I first resolved to find out something of that faith; but it was not until after my father's death that I became a Catholic."

"Well?"

"And—I can not marry a Protestant."

"But, Mildred, I have already begun

to study my Catechism. Happily, Father Augustine gave me one before I started. I am going to be received into the Church as soon as possible."

"Did Father Augustine tell you of my conversion?"

Jeffreys suddenly recalled the priest's amused look.

"No, he did not," was the reply. "Now, Mildred, is it 'Yes'?"

For answer she laid her hand in his.

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—ALASKA'S CAPITAL.

SITKA has always seemed to me the jumping-off place. I have vaguely imagined that somehow—I know not just how—it had a mysterious affinity with Moscow, and was in some way a dependence of that Muscovite municipality. I was half willing to believe that an underground passage connected the Kremlin with the Castle of Sitka; that the little capital of Great Alaska responded, though feebly, to every throb of the Russian heart. Perhaps it did in the good old days now gone; but there is little or nothing of the Russian element left, and the place is as dead as dead can be without giving offence to the olfactory organ.

We were picking our way through a perfect wilderness of islands, on the lookout for the capital, of which we had read and heard so much. Surely the Alaskan pilot must have the eye and the instinct of a seabird or he could never find a port in that labyrinth. Moreover, the air was misty: we felt that we were approaching the sea. Lofty mountains towered above us; sometimes the islands swam apart—they seemed all in motion, as if they were swinging to and fro on the tide,—and

then down a magnificent vista we saw the richly wooded slopes of some glorious height that loomed out of the vapor and bathed its forehead in the sunshine. Sometimes the mist grew denser, and we could see hardly a ship's-length ahead of us; and the air was so chilly that our overcoats were drawn snugly about us.

In the grayest of gray days we came to Sitka, and very likely for this reason found it a disappointment at first sight. Certainly it looked dreary enough as we approached it—a little cluster of tumble-down houses scattered along a bleak and rocky shore. We steamed slowly past it, made a big turn in deep water, got a tolerable view of the city from one end of it to the other, and then crept up to the one little dock, made fast, and were all granted the freedom of the capital for a couple of days. It is a gray place—gray with a greenish tinge in it—the kind of green that looks perennial—a dark, dull evergreen.

There was some show of color among the costumes of the people on shore—bright blankets and brighter calicoes,—but there was no suspicion of gayety or of a possible show of enthusiasm among the few sedate individuals who came down to see us disembark. I began to wonder if these solemn spectators that were grouped along the dock were ghosts materialized for the occasion; if the place were literally dead—dead as the ancient Russian cemetery on the hill, where the white crosses with their double arms, the upper and shorter one aslant, shone through the sad light of the waning day.

We had three little Russian maids on our passenger list, daughters of the Greek priest at Sitka. They were returning from a convent school at Victoria, and were bubbling over with delight at the prospective joys of a summer vacation at home. But no sooner had they received the paternal embraces upon the deck than the virtue of happiness went out of them; and they

became sedate little Sitkans, whose dignity belied the riotous spirit that had made them the life of the ship on the way up.

We also brought home a little Russian chap who had been working down at Fort Wrangell; having made a fortune—it was a fortune in his eyes,—he was returning to live in the land of his nativity. He was quiet enough on shipboard—indeed, he had almost escaped observation until we sighted Sitka; but then his heart could contain itself no longer, and he made confidants of several of us, to whom he had spoken never a word until this moment. How glad he was to greet its solemn shores, to him the dearest spot on all the earth! A few hours later we met him. He was swinging on the gate at the homestead in the edge of the town: a sweet, primitive place, that caught our eye before the youngster caught our ears with his cheerful greeting. "Oh, I so glad!" said he, with a mist in his eye that harmonized with everything else. "I make eighty dollar in four month at Wrangell. My sister not know me when I get home. I so glad to come back to Sitka. I not go away any more."

Of course we poured out of the ship in short order, and spread through the town like ants. At the top of the dock is the Northwest Trading Company's store—how we learned to know these establishments! Some scoured it for a first choice, and got the pick of the wares; but here, as elsewhere, we found the same motley collection of semi-barbarous bric-a-brac—brilliantly painted Indian paddles spread like a sunburst against the farther wall; heaps of wooden masks and all the fantastical carvings such as the aborigines delight in, and in which they almost excel. Up the main street of the town is another store, where a series of large rooms crowded with curios bewilders the purchaser of those grotesque wares.

At the head of Katalan's Rock, on the edge of the sea, stands the Colonial Castle.

It is a wooden structure, looking more like a barrack than a castle. At the foot of the rock are the barracks and Custom House. A thin sprinkling of marines, a few foreign-looking citizens—the full-fledged Rusk of the unmistakable type is hard to find nowadays,—and troupes of Indians, give a semblance of life to this quarter. At the head of the street stands the Russian Orthodox church; and this edifice, with its quaint tower and spire, is really the lion of the place. St. Michael's was dedicated in 1844 by the venerable Ivan Venianimoff, the metropolitan of Moscow, for years priest and Bishop at Ounalaska and Sitka.

In his time the little chapel was richly decorated; but as the settlement began falling to decay, the splendid vestments and sacred vessels and altar ornaments, and even the Bishop himself, were transferred to San Francisco. It then became the duty of the Bishop to visit annually the churches at Sitka, Ounalaska and Kodiak, as the Russian Government still allowed these dependencies an annuity of \$50,000. But the last incumbent of the office, Bishop Nestor, was lost tragically at sea in May, 1883; and, as the Russian priesthood seems to be less pious than particular, the office is still a-begging—unless I have been misinformed. Probably the mission will be abandoned. Certainly the dilapidated chapel, with its remnants of tarnished finery, its three surviving families of Russian blood, its handful of Indian converts, seems not likely to hold long together.

We witnessed a service in St. Michael's. The tinkling bells in the green belfry—a bulbous, antique-looking belfry it is—rang us in from the four quarters of the town. As there were neither pews, chairs nor prayer carpets, we stood while the double mysteries of the hidden Holy of Holies were celebrated. Not more than a dozen worshippers at most were present. These gathered modestly in the rear of

the nave and edified us with their reverent gravity. Strange chants were chanted; it was a weird music, like a litany of bees. Dense clouds of incense issued from gilded recesses that were screened from view.

It was all very strange, very foreign, very unintelligible to us. It was also very monotonous; and when some of the unbelievers grew restless and stole quietly about on voyages of exploration and discovery, they were duly rewarded at the hands of the custodian of the chapel, who rather encouraged the seeming sacrilege. He left his prayers unsaid to pilot us from nook to nook; he exhibited the old paintings of Byzantine origin, and in broken English endeavored to interpret their meaning. He opened antique chests that we might examine their contents; and when a volume of prayers printed in rustic Russian type and bound with clumsy metal clasps, was bartered for, he seemed quite willing to dispose of it, though it was the only one of the kind visible on the premises. This excited our cupidity, and, with a purse in our hand, we groped into the sacristy seeking what we might secure.

A set of small chromos came to light: bright visions of the Madonna, done in three or four colors, on thin paper and fastened to blocks of wood. They were worth about two cents—perhaps three for five. We paid fifty cents apiece, and were glad to get them at that price—oh, the madness of the seeker after souvenirs! Then all unexpectedly we came upon a collection of half-obliterated panel paintings. They were thrown carelessly in a deep window-seat, and had been overlooked by many. They were Russian to the very grain of the wood; they were quaint to the verge of the ludicrous; they were positively black with age; thick layers of dust and dirt and smoke of incense coated them, so that the faint colors that were laid upon them were sunk almost out of sight. The very wood

itself was weather-stained, and a chip out of it left no trace of life or freshness beneath. Centuries old they seemed, these small panels, sacred *ikons*. In far-away Russia they may have been venerated before this continent had verified the dream of Columbus. As we were breaking nearly all the laws of propriety, I thought it safe to inquire the price of these. I did so. Would I had been the sole one within hearing that I might have glutted my gorge on the spot! They were fifteen cents apiece, and they were divided among us ruthlessly.

Meanwhile the ceremonies at the high altar had come to an end. The amiable assistant of Father Mitropolski was displaying the treasures of the sanctuary with pardonable pride,—jewelled crosiers, golden chalices; robes resplendent with rubies, amethysts and pearls; paintings upon ivory, and images clothed in silver and precious stones. The little chapel, cruciform, is decorated in white and gold; the altar screens are of bronze set with images of silver. Soft carpets of the Orient were spread upon the steps of the altar.

How pretty it all seemed as we turned to leave the place and saw everything dimly in the blue vapor that still sweetened and hallowed it! And when the six bells in the belfry all fell to ringing riotously, and the sun let slip a few stray beams that painted the spire a richer green, and the grassy street that stretches from the church porch to the shore was dotted with groups of strollers, St. Michael's at Sitka, in spite of its dingy and unsymmetrical exterior, seemed to us one of the prettiest spots it had ever been our lot to see.

It is a grassy and a mossy town that gathers about the Russian chapel. All the old houses were built to last (as they are likely to do) for many generations to come. They are log-houses—the public buildings, the once fashionable officers' club, and many of the residences,—formed

of solid square brown logs laid one upon another until you come to the roof. At times the logs are clapboarded without, and are all lathed and plastered within. The floors are solid and the stairs also. The wonder is how the town can ever go to ruin—save by fire.

I saw in a wood back of the town an immense log. It was in the primeval forest, and below it were layers of other logs lying crosswise and in confusion. I know not how far below me was the solid earth, for mats of thick moss and deep beds of dead leaves filled the hollows between the logs; but this log, nearly three feet in diameter, was above them all; and out of it—from a seed no doubt imbedded in the bark—had sprung a tree that is to-day as great in girth as the log that lies prostrate beneath its roots. These mighty roots have clasped that log in an everlasting embrace and struck down into the soil below.

Alaska is buried under forests like these—I mean that part of it which is not still cased in ice and snow. A late official gave me out of his cabinet a relic of the past. It is a stone pestle, rudely but symmetrically hewn,—evidently the work of the aborigines. This pestle, with several stone implements of domestic utility, was discovered by a party of prospectors who had dug under the roots of a giant tree. Eleven feet beneath the surface, directly under the tree and surrounded by gigantic roots, this pestle, and some others of a similar character, together with mortars and various utensils, were scattered through the soil. Most of the collection went to the Smithsonian Institution, and perhaps their origin and history may be some day conjectured. How many ages more, I wonder, will be required to develop the resources of this vast out-of-door country?

When the tardy darkness fell upon Sitka—toward midnight—the town was hardly more silent than it had been

throughout the day. A few lights were twinkling in distant windows; a few Indians were prowling about; the water rippled along the winding shore; and from time to time, as the fresh gusts blew in from the sea, some sleepless bird sailed over us on shadowy wings, and uttered a half-smothered cry that startled the listener. Then, indeed, old Sitka, which was once called New Archangel, seemed but a relic of the past, whose vague, romantic history will probably never be fully known.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

The movement for preaching missions to non-Catholics grows apace. Permanent bands of missionaries have been organized for some time in a few dioceses, and occasional missions are given by zealous priests in many others. But the laity should not forget that they, too, have a share in this work, and that their duty toward non-Catholic missions does not end with a money contribution. It ought to be realized that the explanation of Catholic truth will be coldly received if the faithful themselves are indifferent and wanting in zeal; and the proclamation of a lofty standard of conduct will be without effect if Catholic lives contradict Catholic preaching. In explanation of the success of one of his missions, Father Elliott wrote in the *Catholic World*:

Let us do justice to those who mainly caused it—the practical Catholics of the parish. When appealed to to be missionaries with us, to pray and to work as sent by God to save sinners, they took us at our word. They beset sinners with every form of spiritual attack and gave them no rest till they surrendered and came to the services. Even Protestants helped. These saw the big sign, or read the press notices which we managed to have inserted in the city dailies, and chaffed their Catholic friends—not all in joke either—about attending to their religion. Two Protestants working downtown with a "hickory," Catholic of the parish saw the sign, and one of them said: "If I were a Catholic I would show my appreciation of my religion by going to that mission." The other Protestant backed him up, and their careless friend

was finally shamed into making the mission, and related the incident to one of the missionaries,—an illustration, by the way, of the decadence of Protestant prejudice.

This experience—by no means a rare one—is full of significance. All men respect earnestness and energy; and “the decay of Protestant prejudice” will be accelerated just in proportion as Catholics, clergy and laity, are energetic in preaching Catholic truth and earnest in practising the virtues which their religion inculcates.

A retired army officer complains that his sword-arm is lame because so many flags now float in the cities, and “one of the societies to which I belong requires that the hat be lifted every time the flag passes by.” To salute the flag is an act of patriotism; yet when Catholics uncover in passing a church, or lift their hats before a statue of the Mother of God, our Protestant friends set the salutation down, not as an act of religion, but as a bit of outworn superstition. It is hard to understand the Protestant grudge against statues. Just now it is a diversion of small boys and “pay-tree-ots” to burn Weyler in effigy, thereby showing their contempt for the lively Señor himself. The burning of the effigy does not hurt Weyler, but it does offend him because it is intended as a mark of detestation. The non-Catholic mind grasps this readily enough; but it refuses to understand that, for a precisely similar reason, the honor paid to sacred images is pleasing to those whom those images represent. The army officer quoted above declares that the ceremony of lifting his hat was performed “every few minutes all day yesterday.” We commend his action to those busy souls who “have not the time” even to salute the Blessed Sacrament in passing a church, or to recite the Angelus at the ringing of the bell.

Tolstoi has joined Brunetière in proclaiming “the bankruptcy of science.” The Russian writer, whose psychological treatises, thinly disguised as novels, have made him an international oracle to the creedless multitude, now declares bluntly

that modern science is absurdly overrated, and that the great need of the day is more enthusiastic devotion to religion and morality. Religion alone, he says, can teach man “how to live, how to act toward friends and relatives, how to control instincts and desires that arise within him, how and what to believe.” In his grey old age Tolstoi is beginning to lay hold of truths which the Christian child, instructed in his catechism, already grasps firmly. He is angry at those who have estranged unthinking or credulous people from Christianity by preaching “the religion of science.” He says:

Science is constantly pointing to its victories over the forces of nature—to electricity, machinery, and the like. But sensible men see not these things: they see only the misery, suffering, degradation and hardships to which so many are subjected, and the little prospect of relief that is in sight. Were our men of science to teach men more about religious, moral and social truths, we would not see the hundredth part of the suffering and hardship which is now seen on every side.

The Russian novelist goes farther than the theologians whom Mr. Huxley despised so cordially. Lovers of truth do not demand of the scientist that he teach religion: they require only that he teach science and refrain from teaching irreligion.

While it must ever be a source of regret that the Holy Father’s endeavors to prevent the present war proved futile, it is gratifying to know that the nations of the world saw not the slightest incongruity in his being recognized as the one potentate to whom arbitration of the difficulty might be left with a certainty that a strictly impartial verdict would be rendered. In the meantime, unless all signs fail, Leo XIII. will soon rejoice that the cannon’s roar has ceased. Peace can not now be many weeks distant.

The prompt answer made by Americans of all creeds and extractions to the President’s call for troops is a harmonious concert; but the bigots, and, alas! we must add, too many of the Protestant clergy, may be counted upon for the jarring note wherever that note is possible. The *Springfield Republican* thus comments on the assertion, so ignorantly

and maliciously put forth, that Spain is degenerate because she is Catholic, and that the present war is a contest between Protestantism and Catholicism:

There are great and perhaps mysterious forces working constantly for the upbuilding or the ruin of nations. At present, as Lord Salisbury said in his London speech, the weak States are becoming weaker and the strong States are becoming stronger. And that is true without reference to religion. Of the great groups of strong nations now existent, Britain is Protestant, but Russia is not Protestant. Decay, too, comes to nations whatever their religious faith. Catholic Spain seems degenerate, but essentially Catholic Mexico seems flushed with youthful vigor. And Catholic Cuba, we are sure, when it has been freed from Spain's unstimulating hand, will display a virility and progress it has never known before.

Material prosperity or adversity depends on other causes than religion, and in no case can it be interpreted as the visible sign of God's pleasure or displeasure. The only promise of temporal prosperity recorded in the Bible was made, not by Christ, but by Satan on the pinnacle of the temple. Pointing to the kingdoms of the earth, he said: "All these will I give thee if, falling down, thou wilt adore me." If the bigots can get any consolation out of this, they are welcome to it.

Like Bismarck, Mr. Gladstone is bearing his last illness with edifying fortitude. When told that he must finally abandon work on his autobiography, on the completion of which he had set his heart, he submitted to the doctor's command with cheerfulness, only remarking to a friend: "No doubt I have suffered a good deal during the last six months; but, then, I have had ten hundred and seventy-six months almost without pain." Gladstone has always been a profoundly religious man, and those who surround his death-bed say that in religion he finds his supreme consolation now.

The children of the world lost a good friend in the late Dr. Charles West, of London. At the age of twenty-three, two years after receiving his medical diploma, he devoted his life to the care of sick children; and ten years later, in 1849, he succeeded in founding the famous Hospital for Sick

Children, the first institution of its kind in England. Big folk honored Dr. West as much as the little folk loved him; and during his life he held many different offices, from examiner in Cambridge University to ordinary practitioner. He was the author of several medical works, but of these the most valuable was "Lectures on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood," which ran through seven editions in England, five in America, four in Germany, two in France and Italy; and which has also been translated into Spanish, Dutch, Russian, and Danish. Dr. West was a convert to the Church. May he rest in peace!

The question as to whether or not the rood-screen in St. Peter's Church, Sunderland, England, should be removed gave rise to a long and heated discussion at the annual Vestry meeting last month. Some of the members contended that the screen was "wrong and idolatrous," and deplored the rapid strides the Church of England is making toward "Romanism"; while others held that symbols of the early Church were not to be despised. This discussion illustrates the deplorable feature of Ritualism. In the outward imitation of Catholic practices, which is all well enough, many lose sight of the doctrinal teaching of the Church. There is the danger for Ritualists, of whom the gentle Faber once said:

They are a sect playing at Mass, putting ornaments before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiment instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity. This is a painful, indeed a sickening, development of the peculiar iniquity of the times—a masterpiece of Satan's craft.

In a recent issue of the *Revue Catholique des Revues* G. Bernard summarizes the arguments that have been brought forward during the past two or three years for and against the Catholicity of Shakespeare. He puts to one side, as clearly proven, the facts that the poet's grandfather was a Catholic; that his father and mother were married by a Catholic priest, and hence that, in all probability, Shakespeare himself was baptized in the religion of his parents. Upon

the questions whether the poet, *as* poet, had any religion, and what that religion was, M. Bernard remarks that altogether too much importance has been attributed to Shakespeare's "religious vocabulary." The use of certain locutions that have become incorporated in the English language and form a portion of its vocabulary, is hardly a sufficient indication of the religious convictions of the author who uses them. The French writer concludes that an attentive study of Shakespeare's works, with the view of determining the dominant thought that guided his soul, leaves no doubt that, whatever religion the poet professed during his life, his poetry is ours—is Catholic; and that to attempt the proof that he was without religion at all is simply to essay an absurdity,—as it undoubtedly is in the opinion of all serious Shakesperian scholars.

The French Chamber of Deputies recently threw out the proposition, voted years ago by the Senate, to set apart a public holiday in honor of Joan of Arc. Our French exchanges reprint some of the appeals made by the organs of Freemasonry and the agnostic republicanism of France, calling on "our dear brothers among the deputies" to vote down this "gross attempt to institute a monarchical festival," and exploiting many other equally potent reasons for killing the movement. The "dear brothers" responded nobly, and the French Chamber has accordingly once more stultified itself by refusing to honor a heroine around whose memory all parties in France would rally as one man.

European periodicals are discussing a question that has been crystallized in the expression, "the yellow danger." In a late issue of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, M. Louis Vignon declares that three inquiries are being made concerning the danger in question: first, will Europe be overrun by the yellow masses of Asiatic peoples armed for conquest and destruction? or, secondly, will the invasion be a peaceful one of Asiatic laborers, whose acceptance of low wages will reduce their white rival workmen to misery? or, finally, will the merchandise of the far

East eventually replace European merchandise in the markets of the world; and the yellow laborer, by this roundabout method, still threaten his white competitor with misery? As to an armed invasion, M. Vignon is optimistic; he regards it as impracticable. The invasion of artisans he considers less hypothetical; and he believes that the industrial invasion, while more to be feared than the two others, is neither so dangerous nor so imminent as some writers profess to consider it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier years ago, when in opposition, promised the prohibitionists of Canada that if the Liberals secured the reins of government, the question of prohibition would be submitted to the people. Considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon him during the past two years, and now he purposes discovering by a plebiscite whether Canadians do or do not favor "prohibition of the manufacture, importation or sale of spirits, beer and cider." Sir Wilfrid is non-committal as to what action, if any, will be taken by his government in case the popular majority should favor such prohibition; probably telling himself that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." In the meantime the electors of his own province, Quebec, will vote "No" with practical unanimity, and he will scarcely coerce them into legal teetotalism.

As a sign of the times, we quote this paragraph from an article in which *The Canadian Churchman* (Protestant) treats the Irish education question:

Our own difficulties in the matter of religious education may show us how unwilling English churchmen must be to throw away the great opportunities which they have hitherto possessed. But these privileges can be retained only on the principle that the same privileges shall be extended to all; in other words, that wherever any religious denomination shall set up a school in which its children are taught in a satisfactory manner the ordinary parts of a secular education, the government grants in support of the school shall be allowed.

The State may justly claim that its future citizens be instructed and may provide for that instruction; but it is emphatically

not the State's province to exclude religion from the school-room. The world may take a long time to learn this truth, but it will some day admit and act upon it.

We are not aware that any Methodist conference, Anglican synod, Baptist convention, A. P. A. grand council, or other such patriotic body, has as yet delivered itself of a passionate protest against allowing Catholic Sisters to exercise their "notorious proselytizing functions" under the flimsy disguise of nursing our wounded soldiers and sailors. What are the brethren thinking about? Is Rome to be suffered with impunity to undermine the robust faith of this Protestant land? And, any way, is it quite safe to permit Sisters to attend Protestant patients during this war? Spain is a Catholic country, and of course the Catholic nuns' sympathies must naturally be pro-Spanish and anti-American. Where is the immortal Joseph Cook, late of Boston, that he has not been heard from on this momentous question?

It is to be feared that the Holy Father will have to retract his condemnation of Anglican Orders. The *Catholic Champion* (Anglican) records "as marking the continuity of the Church of England," that a silver gilt paten, found in the stone coffin of Walter de Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester in 1236, was recently used by an Anglican minister in "the celebration of Holy Communion." Such proofs of "continuity," however, are by no means rare. Westminster Abbey and all the old cathedrals of England are impressive witnesses to the fact that our Anglican brethren have kept in unbroken continuity not only an odd silver paten or two, but all the church property, including the valuable altar vessels, which the founders of the Church of England purloined from our Catholic forefathers.

In view of the fact that the very first phrase of Scripture, "In the beginning," is incomprehensible and inexplicable, humility would seem to be a becoming virtue for all Biblical interpreters. However, if the inves-

tigations of specialists or discoveries among the buried cities of Babylonia and Assyria demand new versions of the Bible, there can be no sense in clinging to traditional views. On the other hand, there is no reason why one should repudiate all the interpretations of ancient Christian teachers who probably had fuller light on certain passages of Holy Writ than it is possible for us to have. To those who are not guided by the Church, it must be very disturbing to follow the heated discussions between theologians of the advanced and conservative schools; hence it is probable that the new Polychrome version of the Bible will not contribute to the peace of Protestants. If the new school of Biblical criticism were only proving the folly of taking one's religion out of a book, it would not, of course, be regrettable; but, unfortunately, it is shaking the faith of multitudes.

Notable New Books.

THE FORMATION OF CHRISTENDOM. Four Vols. By T. W. Allies, K. S. G. Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers.

It would be hard to overestimate the excellence or utility of this work, a new and cheaper edition of which is a distinct boon. Now that its price has placed it within the reach of all, it should find a place in every Catholic library; and all who are zealous for the spread of the Church should see that it is brought to the attention of educated non-Catholics, so many of whom are now searching for the evidence these volumes abundantly afford. There is no work like it in the language, and it meets a need felt everywhere,—a need that will be more and more urgent as education becomes more general and the spirit of inquiry is diffused. As an illustration of the utility of this "magisterial work," we may mention that when a venerable and valued friend among the Shakers asked for information concerning the creation of the virginal life and the practice of it in the early Church, we could find no book in English treating fully of this subject save the one now under consideration. Mr. Allies shows that the special office assigned to virginity is the

propagation of Christianity, and that the honor and excellence of this state are a new element communicated to society. The virginal life, be it remarked, was not a mere theory in the first three centuries, but was carried into practice, as St. Cyprian, St. Athanasius and St. Augustine abundantly prove.

To sketch the development of the work of Christ was a vast undertaking, but our author has carried it out so well that his work need never be done over. Future laborers have only to continue and amplify Mr. Allies' history. An introductory chapter answers the radical question, What is the philosophy of history? and lays down the chief rules which should attend the scientific treatment of such a subject. Then follows an application of the principles enunciated to the formation of Christendom. After a masterful sketch of the Roman civilization, we have an able exposition of the Christian faith and a detailed illustration of its effect on the individual. The second volume deals with the Christian faith and society; the third, with Christian faith and philosophy; while the fourth explains the relations which God intended should exist between the spiritual and the civil powers. Each volume, though complete in itself, is an indispensable part of the work.

Mr. Allies' reasoning is so forceful and clear, his grasp of subject so firm, and his style so glowing, as to render the perusal of these volumes a positive delight. No reader can fail to profit by them. They are calculated, as Cardinal Vaughan has observed, "to inspire noble thoughts, to kindle generous resolves, and lift up churchmen to the level of their Church."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. B. Herder.

In this volume of three hundred imperial octavo pages, Father Maas has given us a scholarly and elaborate commentary on St. Matthew. The method he adopts is the usual one in works of this character. The matter of his commentary is collated from numerous sources, ancient and modern; his judgments upon the speculations and interpretations of other commentators are eminently judi-

cious; and we are glad to see that, while he records most of the opinions and explanations contained in the old commentaries, he condemns many of them as grotesque, unbecoming, strained or impossible. The only other portion of this book which admitted of original work was the introduction, in which Father Maas discusses the character of St. Matthew, and the authorship and authenticity of this particular Gospel, which he holds to be identical with the early "Gospel of the Hebrews," to which some of the earliest ecclesiastical writers allude, but which is now unknown to us except in very brief fragments. This introductory chapter is especially well done and reveals broad and sound scholarship. Abbreviations and exceeding conciseness are unfortunately necessary in a work like this, which is designed for study rather than for simple reading. The commentaries, by the way, would supply abundant and fresh matter for sermons. The publishers have made a light and handsome volume.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ DOGMATICÆ ET MORALIS. Auctore P. J. Berthier, M. S. Benziger Brothers.

It is remarkable that a writer should have undertaken to make a digest of moral and dogmatic theology in less than seven hundred pages, and more remarkable that he should have succeeded so well. The intention of the author was to enable the clergy to make a rapid review of their theological course, by presenting the naked principles in brief compass; and we do not hesitate to say that the busy priest may get over a great deal of theology in a half hour with the help of Father Berthier's compendium. Aside from its special character as a digest, the volume has all the usual features of theological text-books. A volume on a similar plan, honestly stating and fully refuting the chief *modern* objections to Catholic teaching, would be welcomed by many priests.

JEWELS OF PRAYER AND MEDITATION. By Percy Fitzgerald. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

To his exquisite "Jewel" series Mr. Fitzgerald has now added a little volume of prayers and pious thoughts gathered chiefly along the bypaths of literature. The Fathers

of the Church are quoted side by side with Dr. Johnson and Savonarola; authors as familiar as Faber beside authors as little known as Master John Heigham, an English priest of the seventeenth century. The qualities which make the author's other books so valuable—a sense of the realness and practicalness of religion, sturdiness of faith, spontaneous, manly piety—are here reinforced by the fruits of exceptionally wide reading. It is a rare pleasure to find a book of prayers and meditations to which neither unction nor good taste is a stranger; hence we anticipate a large circulation for this little volume. It is not intended for a prayer-book nor for the morning meditations of religious; but it is beautifully adapted to the private devotions of the clergy and laity, night and morning.

PICKLE AND PEPPER. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. Benziger Brothers.

This is the most charming book for young folk that has come to our table for a long time. It is natural, brimful of healthy boy and girl life; it teaches good lessons without a semblance of preaching, and is altogether delightful. Little ones will at once make friends with Pickle and Pepper; children of an older growth will be pleased to meet the parents of this boy and girl; while the "witch" and the faithful servants will be of interest to all. Not a boy or girl of our acquaintance could fail to be charmed with the frontispiece; and in future editions we hope to see a picture of "Allerleiraugh's" operation, the "Tiny Winy Bear," and "The Zoo." The last might represent Pepper and Pickle asking questions, and putting their father through what he calls an ordeal worse than a civil service examination.

HISTORY OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY. By Pierre Batiffol. Translated by Atwell Baylay, A. M. Longmans, Green & Co.

The occasional use of such expressions as "the Virgin" would lead one to suppose that Mr. Baylay, who holds the vicarage of Thurgarton, had Anglicized as well as Englished this work, were it not that the author himself, in a French preface to this translation, uses the expression "Anglican Catholics and Roman Catholics." This

proves that M. Batiffol himself is rather careless in the use of words, or that he has some important definitions to learn.

A detailed history of the growth of the Roman Breviary in its minute parts, and of its gradual evolution from the simple form in which it originally existed, this book is not. It takes up the broad outlines of the subject, discussing in the most general terms the genesis of the canonical hours, the sources of the Breviary, the Breviary of the Council of Trent, and the projects of Benedict XIV. for the reform of the Office. The treatment of these topics is so full and critical as to make us hope that M. Baylay will carry his researches into other fields of liturgical literature which have been thus far so painfully neglected. The circulation of such books as this, designed to popularize the Breviary, will hasten, we may hope, a general return to the ancient, substantial prayers of the Church, which have been banished from so many modern prayer-books. The print is good and the binding tasteful.

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:

Dr. Charles S. Boarman, of Booneville, Mo., who departed this life some weeks ago.

Mr. William Engel, whose happy death took place on the 30th ult., in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. James Howard, of Refugio Co., Texas, who died recently.

Mrs. Henrietta Byerley, who passed to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 12th inst., at South Bend, Ind

Mr. Matthew White, Mr. John McEvoy, and Mr. Thomas Kearney, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Lilly, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Edward Nolan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas J. Walsh, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Mary Gill and Miss Catherine Curley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Michael McDermott, Carnegie, Pa.; Mrs. Patrick Dowling and Mrs. Margaret E. Dunn, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth J. Lyons, Rockland, Mass.; Mrs. Anne O'Connor, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Eugene McElroy, Belvidere, Ill.; Miss Katherine M. Kehoe, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Michael Leavy, Albany, N. Y.; and Mr. James McLane, Dunmore, Pa.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

In Heaven 'tis Always May.

BY E. BECK.

OH! the orchard blossoms are white and red,
 And the orchard aisles are green,
 And there's music sweet in the boughs o'er-head,
 Where the blackbird's notes are keen.
 The violets' breath is in every breeze,
 And the tall white lilies sway,
 And the daisies dance on the new-grassed leas—
 But it can not be always May.

Oh! the orchard branches shall lose their bloom,
 And the lilies fade and die,
 And the purple buds no more perfume
 The winds that wander by.
 But the winds shall moan where the song birds sing
 Their chansons light and gay,
 And the snowflakes chill to the bare boughs cling—
 For it can not be always May.

And, ah! too soon does youth go past,
 Too soon does its high hopes fade;
 Too soon is the sky of noon o'er-cast
 By clouds of the darkest shade.
 But, thank God! when the fight is o'er and done,
 At the close of life's brief day,
 We may find a land where no change is known—
 For in heaven 'tis always May.

No good reason for doing a thing is one good reason for letting it alone.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XXI.—A RUSH OF EVENTS.



EARLY one morning Mother Teresa came into the library accompanied by the Sister infirmarian, whom she had met in the corridor.

"What are we to do now, Sister?" she asked. "Sister Mary is very ill, and Mary Teresa has been attacked. Sister Mary is so violent at times that both nurses will be needed constantly near her. Doctor Merriam says there is no longer any danger for Sister Cecilia, thank God! She may now resume her duties. It will not do to bring the child back into the cabin, and she can not be left alone where she is. I am glad to say, however, that the doctor thinks her illness will be slight."

"Thank God for that, Mother!" was the reply. "But our dear Sister Mary—what if she should be taken?"

Mother Teresa did not answer, fearing by speech to betray her emotion; after a short pause she said:

"She is in the hands of God, Sister, as well as the little one. Who among us is better fitted to go to her reward?"

"None," replied the other, fervently.

"Mary Teresa needs the greatest care," said the superior; "and yet I know not what to do. None of the other Sisters have had the small-pox; and, although any one of them would be willing to

go, I dare not expose them to danger."

There was a broad screen between the long table and the window. Suddenly the Sister became aware of a movement behind it; a chair was pushed aside and Mary Ann stood before them.

"Let *me* go, Mother!" she said, quietly. "I will take care of her; I have had the small-pox. See, there are marks on my temple and some under my chin."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mother Teresa. "How did you know—how did you suspect?"

"I knew nothing, I suspected nothing, until I heard you speaking to Sister Bernard," was the reply. "I came in here to copy my essay quietly, the girls were making such a noise in the class-room. When I heard you mention small-pox, I knew what it was my duty to do."

"Your duty, child?" said the superior. "Not at all. I could not think of it. It was a brave thing to offer; but, while fully appreciating your charity, I could not accept. We need an older person, an experienced nurse."

"I am not very old, Mother," was the reply, given with exceeding gravity and earnestness; "but I have had experience. Aunt Lizzie's cousin's baby took the small-pox once while they were visiting at our house. She had consumption and could not take care of it,—indeed she died while the little thing was ill. So I attended to it until it got well, and then I took the disease myself."

"And who took care of you?" inquired Mother Teresa, with a smile.

"An old woman from the poorhouse. Uncle Jake fixed up a place in the barn that we didn't use. Luckily it was summer time, or we might have been cold. I had it pretty bad. Mother, do let me go and take care of Mary Teresa. Please let me go."

Sister Bernard looked at her superior.

"Do not refuse, Mother," she said. "It looks like the hand of Providence. You did not know what to do when you

came in here. We never thought that our conversation would be heard; it seemed a very unlikely thing. I would not be afraid to trust her, Mother."

"Nor I," said Mother Teresa. "But it is so out of the ordinary course of things to permit a pupil to undertake such a mission that I can not feel as though it were best."

"I am not like the others," said Mary Ann, with entreaty in her eyes and voice. "I am answerable to no one but you, Mother, for what I do; and, now that Uncle Jake is gone, there is no one who would miss me, if I *should* take the disease again. And just fancy how glad the little dear would be to see me!"

"I fancy it," said Mother Teresa; and Sister Bernard, stretching out her hand, drew Mary Ann toward her.

"I wish Mother would let you go," she said, wistfully.

"But your studies, my dear?" observed Mother Teresa. "You have been so very anxious to be promoted next year."

"I can make them all up in vacation, Mother," replied the girl.

Mother Teresa turned away and knelt before a picture of Our Lady which hung above the desk, hiding her face in her hands. After a few moments she arose, and, turning to Mary Ann, took both of her hands in her own.

"My good, good girl," she said, "you may go. I believe our Blessed Lord has directed it all."

"Oh, thank you, Mother!" answered Mary Ann. "And now what must I do, and when may I start?"

"Remember, dear, it means isolation for six weeks—perhaps two months—no companionship—"

"I shall have Mary Teresa—"

"And perhaps very severe illness to contend with," Mother Teresa went on; "though the doctor does not anticipate it in her case. But our poor Sister Mary—I fear for her."

"God will not let her die," said Mary Ann. "We need her too much. But if she should, Mother, it will be a sign that her work on earth is done."

Mother Teresa could not forbear a smile at the wise, old-fashioned manner in which Mary Ann expressed herself. But the next moment she sighed and her face looked very grave.

"I have misgivings concerning Sister Mary," she said. "She is not strong, and Doctor Merriam seems alarmed. But let us not waste any more time."

Sister Bernard retired to make some preparations, Mary Ann remaining awhile longer with Mother Teresa. The superior learned that the girls had not been aware of the visit to Ida Lee, although one of the day-scholars had brought news of her illness. When Mother had given all her instructions, Mary Ann hurried to the clothes-room, putting everything she needed in a capacious satchel placed by Sister Bernard on top of her bureau. Anselm was then despatched with a well-laden wheelbarrow, as was usual. Secure from observation, as the retreat of the unfortunates was reached from the rear of the convent, he thus came and went several times a day.

When all was in readiness, Mary Ann put on her hat and again sought the library, where the superior was awaiting her. Presently she came forth, wiping the tears from her eyes, and ran hastily down the stairs, pausing for a moment at the open door of the chapel to make an act of adoration. Then, opening the side door which led to the most secluded part of the grounds, she departed on her errand.

It was about eleven o'clock; the hot sun beamed on the white road, and she bethought herself of a path through the woods which was also a short cut to her destination. She was about to let down the bars of the fence which extended along the roadside, enclosing a piece of meadow-land, when some one called out:

"Where are you going, Mary Ann?"

Turning, she saw Mary Catherine in the distance, and for the moment was undecided what to do. However, concluding it would be better to wait, she responded:

"And where have you been, Mary Catherine?" But as the other approached and she saw traces of tears on her face, she continued, solicitously: "You have been crying. What is the matter?"

Mary Catherine burst forth into a violent fit of sobbing.

"I have had a letter. My darling papa has been wounded. He is in the hospital at St. Louis."

"Is it a dangerous wound?" inquired Mary Ann.

"He says not, but I know it is."

"Did he write the letter himself?"

"Yes,—it was very short."

"He could not have done that, I think, if the wound had been dangerous," said Mary Ann.

"You are right," replied Mary Catherine, brightening. "I never thought of that, I was so full of anguish at the news. Sister told me to go out and walk about in the fresh air. I think it has done me good. I've been over by Milton's Woods. The violets are there in thousands. They must be lovely by this time on the other side. Are you going for violets, Mary Ann? If you are, I don't think Sister would mind letting me go along. But you have no basket. How do you mean to carry them?"

"I am not going for violets," said Mary Ann, in a reticent way, which her friend at once noticed.

"But *where* are you going, then?" she inquired, eagerly.

"I can't tell," said Mary Ann.

"Can't tell," echoed the other—"not even *me*? You know I'm not a tattle-tale. I won't breathe it to a soul."

Mary Ann shook her head and again prepared to let down the bars.

"That's real mean, Mary Ann Barker!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "I tell you every single thing I know, and now you go off and have a secret from me!"

"But, Mary Catherine dear, I am only on a little errand of mercy."

"Oh, it's something for the Sisters, then; is it?" answered her friend. "Well, of course I don't want to know it, in that case. Will you be back soon?"

"No, not very soon," said Mary Ann, slipping to the other side of the fence.

Before Mary Catherine had a chance to reply, she caught sight of a boy riding swiftly toward the convent.

"The telegraph-boy!" she exclaimed. "It may be a telegram for me. O papa!"

And without another word she began to run at the top of her speed, soon disappearing in the great cloud of dust in the wake of the galloping horseman.

No longer detained, Mary Ann pursued her way, her heart filled with solicitude for her impetuous friend, who she feared might have been correct in her conjecture as to the telegram. She soon came in sight of the cabins, and fifteen minutes later stood in the clearing in the midst of the thick woods in which they were situated. Mother Teresa had told her that the child was in the smaller cabin, and to this she now directed her steps. The door was slightly ajar, as Sister Charles had just slipped out to speak to Anselm.

Very primitive indeed appeared the little room which Mary Ann now entered. There was a small strip of pretty carpet beside each of the two beds; otherwise the rough boards were bare. The shades of both windows were down, but a space of about two inches between the lower part of the shade and the sill admitted sufficient air.

As Mary Ann stepped into the room a head was uplifted from the pillow.

"Sister, is that you?" inquired a low, sweet voice. "I have had such a nice sleep. I don't feel very ill now."

Mary Ann advanced to the bed, saying: "Guess who it is—can you?"

"O Mary Ann,—my own dear Mary Ann!" exclaimed the child, in a tone in which joy and fear were mingled. "How did *you* come here? But you must go away at once, for I have the varioloid. Don't you see the spots on my face?"

"That is why I came," said Mary Ann, kneeling beside the bed, as she clasped the hot little hands in her own. A few words explained the situation.

Great was the joy in Mary Teresa's heart when she learned that Mary Ann was to be her nurse. She had been kept in ignorance of Sister Mary's danger,—a fact of which her companion at once became aware, and therefore prudently refrained from making allusion to it.

Sister Charles came in presently, and was not a little surprised to see Mary Ann. The latter drew her aside and explained everything in a few words.

"Now, Sister, you will have a chance to take some rest," said Mary Teresa, as the Sister bent over her and kissed her forehead. "What a blessing that Sister Cecilia has escaped this awful affliction! I shall miss her very much. She used to tell me stories and make the prettiest things. I am so thankful she has been spared!"

"Yes, she was very fortunate. But she would have preferred, had it been God's will, to take your place."

"That is just like the dear, noble soul. Be sure to tell Sister Mary how good my darling Mary Ann was to come. How soon do you think she will be able to sit up?"

"I can not tell, dear," was the reply. "It may be some time yet."

It was evident that the child had no idea of the seriousness of her teacher's illness. But Mary Ann saw that there was the gravest cause for anxiety. The thought depressed her very much; but she sat down near her patient, who lamented

that she had not thought to bring a mirror in order that she might see how "ridiculous" her face looked.

"Oh, *your* face is nothing!" said Mary Ann, with a merry laugh. "You should have seen Aunt Lizzie's cousin's baby."

The history of that sick campaign followed; after which Mary Teresa related her experience since the departure from the convent, and Mary Ann told the story of school happenings for the week just passed. Presently Anselm came to the door with dinner.

After awhile Mary Teresa began to grow feverish and toss about. The doctor came, gave some orders, complimented Mary Ann on her devotion to her friend, and went away.

About four o'clock, when Mary Teresa had fallen asleep, Mary Ann went out into the air. All was silence in the other cabin. Sister Cecily saw her from the window and came over.

"The doctor gives very little hope for Sister Mary," she said, in a trembling voice.

"Is it so bad as that?" said Mary Ann.

"Yes," was the reply. "Although she is not conscious, he has sent for the priest. I expect him now every moment. Pray, my child, that she may be able to make her confession."

Even as she spoke they heard the sound of a horse's feet in the distance; and in a few moments Father Wilson, the parish priest, appeared. Sister Cecily went forward to meet him, and Mary Ann returned to her charge.

By this time the sky was beginning to darken, threatening a storm. Mary Teresa awoke, feeling very uncomfortable. In a little while Anselm came with supper, and Mary Ann followed him to the door to ask about Sister Mary. He shook his head sadly but uttered no word. Night fell, the rain began to pour heavily; the sick child grew drowsy and was soon in a sound sleep.

And now Mary Ann began to make her preparations for the night. A feeling of sadness stole over her, intensified by the storm outside. The wind moaned through the trees, but Mary Teresa slept on. No one had come from the other cabin since she left Sister Cecily in the afternoon; she longed for news of Sister Mary. There was no light in Anselm's tent; she could just distinguish it—a white speck in the darkness—as, lifting the corner of the window-curtain, she looked out into the night. Suddenly she heard a sound as of some one moaning. She opened the door; a shape came rushing toward her through the gloom. Alarmed, she shrank back and was about to shut the door, when the figure rushed forward, clutched her arm and cried out: "*Please* let me in, only for to-night, whoever you are! I am lost: I can not find my way back to the convent." It was Mary Catherine!

(To be continued.)

The World's Noblest Heroine.

III.

On the 13th of May, 1428, the Feast of the Ascension, the Sire de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, was astonished to see appear before him, accompanied by a middle-aged peasant, a maiden of sixteen, who, though she had never before beheld him, recognized him amongst all his suite. She said:

"Messire, I come to you in the name of Our Lord, in order that the Dauphin may be restored to his own. In spite of his enemies, the Dauphin shall be king; and it is I who shall lead him to be crowned. The Lord wills that I myself should go to the Dauphin. Order that I be conducted to him."

"What pretence is this?" exclaimed Baudricourt. "Who is he whom thou callest thy lord?"

"The King of Heaven," replied Joan.

Baudricourt broke into a sarcastic laugh, as did all those about him except the Squire de Boulengy, who remained thoughtful, and said to himself: "Who knows?"

"This foolish girl!" exclaimed the Sire to Laxart, Joan's uncle, as he dismissed them. "Make her keep silence, and take her back to her father."

The good peasant was discouraged.

Joan said simply: "It will be, then, for another time."

And so they returned to Domremy.

Meanwhile she said that the voices spoke to her always. "If Orleans falls, all is over," said they. And the poor girl was sore distressed. "Joan, why dost thou delay?" cried the voices. She could not eat or sleep. No one sympathized with her, no one encouraged her. One day her father, vexed at what he fancied to be her delusion, cried out:

"Do you see this shepherd girl who dreams of going to war! Sooner than allow her to mingle with the men of arms, I would tear her to pieces with my own hands."

This decided Joan. It was no longer permitted to her to be vacillating or afraid. Silently and alone she set forth, without the knowledge of her father or mother. While they thought her at Burlyle-Petit, Joan, conducted by the faithful Laxart, returned to Vaucouleurs and said to Baudricourt:

"My voices tell me to go to the Dauphin, and that I shall raise the siege of Orleans."

He repulsed her, the soldiers laughed at her, and her uncle begged her to return to Domremy. But she was firm. The esquire, Bertrand de Boulengy, was already conquered. So, too, another, Jean de Metz, who sought her later, in the house where she was lodged. He thus relates his interview with her:

"She wore a poor and faded gown of a red color. I said to her: 'My friend,

what do you hear? Shall the King be deprived of his throne and are we all to become English?' The maiden replied: 'I am come to this place to speak with the Sire de Baudricourt, in order that he may conduct me, or have me conducted, to the King. But he pays no attention either to me or my demands. Nevertheless, it is necessary that I should appear before mid-Lent in presence of the King; for no one else in all the world—neither kings nor dukes, nor the daughter of the Scottish King [then affianced to Charles VII.], nor any other—can recover the throne of France save only me; although I should like better to be spinning at my poor mother's side, for that is my proper place. But it is ordained that I accomplish it.' I asked who was her Lord. She answered: 'It is God.' Then I gave Joan my hand and my faith, and promised her that, God aiding me, I would take her to the King. I next asked her when she wished to start. She replied: 'Now rather than to-morrow; to-morrow rather than the day after.'"

Seeing that Joan was determined, and that the people were coming to believe in the truth of her mission, Baudricourt wrote to the King, then at Chinon. The Dauphin made answer:

"Since our soldiers have no further resources, let us try this girl. Miracle or imposture, her faith in success may perhaps change the face of things."

The permission was announced to the girl, who was overjoyed at it. At the same time she felt keenly the displeasure she had given her parents, and caused a letter to be written in which she asked their pardon. Certain persons having expressed themselves surprised that at so tender an age she could bear to be separated from her relatives, she said:

"I would sooner be torn by four horses than to go on this journey if God had not ordained it. But the voices say to me: 'Go!'"

Interrogated as to whether she would travel in woman's garments, Joan replied: "When I travel with soldiers I will be attired as they are." And so she went forth, attired, partially at least, in the habiliments of a warrior.

Having arrived at Chinon, with great difficulty she succeeded in reaching the King. He put many questions to her, which she answered without fear or hesitation. A simple peasant girl who had never before stood in the presence of royalty, she was not at all embarrassed, but conducted herself in so composed and becoming a manner as to win the admiration of all who saw her. Among other things she said:

"I say to thee, on the part of my Lord, that thou art the true heir and son of the King. He has ordered me to conduct thee to Rheims, where it depends upon thyself whether thou wilt be crowned."

A short time after this Joan repaired, with the men-at-arms, to Orleans, then in a state of siege. But previous to her departure she was examined as to her mission by several holy and learned men. Frère Seguin, of the Order of Friars Preachers, a venerable man of seventy-two, thus gives his testimony regarding her, first quoting her own words:

"I know neither A nor B. My Lord has a book in which clerk has never read, no matter how learned a clerk he be. My masters, there is more in the books of Our Lord than in yours."

"I saw Joan for the first time at Poitiers, whither I had been sent with Master Jean Lambert, professor of sacred theology at the University of Paris, and several other theologians, to interrogate her and report to the King our opinion of her. Among other questions, Lambert asked Joan:

"Whereto art thou come? The King wishes to know what prompted thee to seek him?"

"She responded in a most dignified

manner: 'While I was taking care of the sheep a voice said to me: "God has great pity for the people of France. Joan, thou must go to France." Having heard these words, I began to weep. Then the voice said: "Go to Vaucouleurs. There thou wilt find a captain who will surely conduct thee to the presence of the King. Have no fear." I have done that which I was told to do. And I have reached the King, all hindrance notwithstanding.'

"Then Maître Guillaume Aimery, professor of sacred theology, questioned her on his part. He began:

"According to your words, the voice said that God wished to deliver the people of France from their present calamities. But if God wishes to deliver the people of France, it is not necessary to have recourse to arms."

"In the name of God,' Joan replied, 'the armies will do battle, and God will grant them victory.'

"This reply seemed to please, and Maître Guillaume was content....

"I said at last: 'But, then, if God wishes us to believe you, why have we not some sign that what you say is true? We shall not know how to counsel the King, on a simple assertion, to confide in you and peril his soldiers. Have you nothing to say in this regard?'

"She replied: 'In the name of God, I am not come to Poitiers to give signs. Take me to Orleans, and I will there give you evidence of why I am sent. Oh, if they would provide me with soldiers!'

"At the same time she predicted four things which came to pass. First, that the siege of Orleans should be raised and the city delivered from its enemies; second, that the King should be anointed at Rheims; third, that Paris would be tardy in loyalty to the King; fourth, that the Duke of Orleans would return to England. All of which I who speak saw fulfilled with my own eyes."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Is not the mammoth headline habit of some of our alleged great dailies becoming an eyesore? A New York journal the other day filled four pages with an amount of copy that could easily have been printed on one page of an ordinary pocket memorandum. Even our success in the war scarcely warrants the practice of making a lifesize eagle and the one word "Hurrah!" do duty for seven or eight columns of reading matter.

—The *Pilot* finds a new and good story in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's autobiography. One night at dinner his hostess produced an album containing a copy of some verses written by Duffy years before, and asked his opinion of them. Sir Charles laughed lightly and pronounced them "dreadful drivel." His hostess flushed. "I don't mind your laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses that came from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other, and which I will treasure to my dying day." Sir Charles had faced perils in many forms, but it is said that the worst quarter of an hour ever spent by him was that forced upon him by the plagiarism of his hostess' husband.

—"Light and Peace," a series of instructions for devout souls calculated to dispel their doubts and to allay their fears, by Father Quadrupani, is a standard religious work almost too well known to call for recommendation. We rejoice to see a new edition, which, though translated from the French, has been collated with the original Italian. There is a brief but important introduction by Archbishop Ryan, who expresses the hope that this little book may continue its holy mission of light and consolation and joy in this country. "Light and Peace" reflects the wisdom, prudence and sweetness of St. Francis de Sales, who was the model of its illustrious and saintly author. We welcome it as an antidote to innumerable spiritual works which, by frequently confounding precepts with counsels, legend with history, trifles with essentials, do more harm than good to most readers; besides furnish-

ing unbelievers with arms to attack our holy religion and to turn piety into ridicule. We hope there will be many editions of this little book, and that the next will have a less sombre exterior. B. Herder, publisher.

—"The Dutiful Child" and "A Guide for Young Girls in the Journey of Life," from the German of the Rev. F. X. Wetzel, and published by B. Herder, might call for commendation if there were not many books of the same kind better adapted to the American character. German Catholic literature is very rich; it contains much that we should be glad to see translated, and there is a great amount that ought to be left in the original.

—It is always a gratification to see new books or new editions of old favorites for children. "The Pastime Series," in four volumes, 16mo, illustrated, includes some capital stories by Canon Schmid and William Herchenbach. "Our Boys' and Girls' Library," another attractive series for younger readers, numbers fourteen volumes. Some of the stories are much brighter and better than others, but as a whole this library is as meritorious as it is welcome. The volumes are well printed and bound in tasteful style. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The announcement that Lord Bute is preparing a new edition of his admirable translation of the Breviary has been received with much satisfaction. The Breviary is the official prayer-book of the Church, a fountain of unction and a garden of beauty. Long before Newman became a Catholic he wrote: "There is so much of excellence and beauty in the services of the Breviary that were it skilfully set before Protestants by Roman controversialists as a book of devotions received in their communion, it would undoubtedly raise a prejudice in their favor."

—The late Eugene Field was not a Catholic, as some of our contemporaries assert; but he was deeply religious, as all manly and lovable men are. On the death of Lamon, the friend and biographer of Lincoln, Field wrote to the bereaved family. "He was a great, good and gracious man, God rest him!

You are lonely without him; but you should not wish him called back again from that sweet companionship in eternity which he is enjoying now." It was to Lamon, by the way, that Field wrote a metrical apostrophe of sixteen lines *in ten minutes*; and, with the exception of one very audacious license, they are not bad lines either. Entering Lamon's room one day, the poet found him stretched upon the floor sleeping soundly. Field did not disturb him; but, picking up a scrap of brown paper, he wrote these lines and walked away, after pinning them on the lapel of his friend's coat:

As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept
And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,
Into your hiding-place I crept
And heard the music of your snore.

A man who sleeps as now you sleep—
Who pipes as music'ly as thou—
Who loses self in slumbers deep
As you, O happy man! do now,

Must have a conscience clear and free
From troublous pangs and vain ado;
So ever may thy slumbers be—
So ever be thy conscience, too!

And when the last sweet sleep of all
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., *net*.
The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net*.
History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.
Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net*.
For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., *net*.

- Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.
The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net*.
The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., *net*.
Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net*.
Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net*.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.
How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs*, C. S. S. R. \$1, *net*.
Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, *net*.
The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, *net*.
Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., *net*.
The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 35 cts.
Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxley, D. D.* 75 cts., *net*.
Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net*.
Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net*.
The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net*.
The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net*.
Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.
Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.
The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.
India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.
Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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“How Shall This be Done?”

BY F. C. KOLBE.

HEAVEN'S balance was all trembling when it eyed Mary, unwonted trouble on her brow, Confronting God with an imperial “How?” For once, this once, Heaven hoped to be denied, Nor hoped in vain. To be no earthly bride Was always Mary's gift to Heaven; and now, Strong in the splendor of her virgin vow, She waves the Motherhood of God aside.

O queenly spirit! O Heart Immaculate! This world contained no measure of thy worth. All other souls with inward strife are torn; Thou wert so heavenly, thy royal state So towered supreme above the dross of earth, That even thy temptations were heaven-born.

OBEDIENCE of domestic life is a great discipline of humility, piety, and self-content. A good son will make a good priest, and a good daughter will make a good nun. A disobedient son will hardly make an obedient priest, and an unloving daughter will hardly make a Sister of Charity. A good home is a great novitiate.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in Germany during the Middle Ages.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

FROM the earliest times images or paintings of our Blessed Lady were an adjunct to the altars dedicated to her. The so-called Carlovingian type represents her almost invariably seated, with the Divine Child resting on her knees and facing the spectator. At a later period she more frequently holds Him in her arms. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the royal character of both Mother and Infant is brought into prominence: Mary wears a crown and holds a sceptre, while the Child Jesus clasps a globe in His little hands.

As faith grew more profound, and technical knowledge increased, the conventional forms were forsaken: the pious artist loved to represent Mary, human and yet supernatural, as the ideal of feminine beauty and attractiveness. The Madonnas of the thirteenth and the two following centuries are perhaps the most fair, the most winning, produced by Christian art in any age. The Child turns to or clings to its Mother. No severity or sternness marks her features; only clemency and kindness—inspiring confidence, not fear. The prevalence of images

in churches in the Middle Ages is seen from the legends recorded in the annals of abbeys or lives of saints.

These Middle-Age images were fashioned of gold or silver and adorned with jewels; some were arrayed in robes of cloth of gold, of silk or velvet, elaborately embroidered; others were carved in wood and often black in color, like the well-known miraculous images of Einsiedeln and Alt-Oetting, which for centuries have attracted, and still attract, thousands of pilgrims to their shrines. These may have been painted black in reference to the words in the Cantic of Canticles (1, iv), "I am black but beautiful." But it is more probable that the darkness, unless a property of the original wood, is caused by age and the smoke of votive tapers. The pigment, too, used for the flesh-tints may perhaps have turned black. On the pedestal of an ancient Pietà in Mayence the following verse is inscribed:

O wondrous image of a wondrous Maid,
On whose pure bosom God's own Son was laid!
Make me, I pray, from sin's dark fetters free,
Thro' Him who came into the world thro' thee.
And, Mother, by thy tears obtain that I
Assisted by God's grace may hope to die.

Pictures of the Mother of Dolours, weeping over the dead body of her Son resting on her knees, were much in favor in Germany from the thirteenth century, when the devotion was brought into prominence by the Servite Fathers. The Italian name Pietà is now given to these images, as expressive of the sorrow they awaken in our minds; although in Germany they received the appellation of *Vesperbild*, because it was at the time of Vespers—in the afternoon, that is—that Mary's sorrows culminated in the cruel death of the Redeemer. In the illustrated prayer-books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries representations of Our Lady of Dolours, her heart pierced with seven swords, are frequently met with at the commencement of the Vespers of the Office of Our Lady. This devotion

commended itself much to the German mind. In those ages of faith the simple people had deep sympathy for the compassion of the sorrowing Mother; they were profoundly touched by her dolours. Their feelings were not yet blunted by the selfishness and greed of gain, nor their power of realizing the unseen deadened by absorption in material interests—the all-engrossing things of time and sense.

The veneration of relics, the desire of possessing some object that belonged to or was connected with the departed whom we have revered or loved, is natural to the human heart, as everyone must admit. Can it, therefore, be matter for wonder that relics of our Blessed Lady, than whom no created being is more to be venerated and loved, are highly prized and eagerly sought after? And this all the more because they are few and rare; for, in consequence of her assumption into heaven, these relics can not consist, as is the case with other saints, of portions of her sacred body. Several churches, however, are alleged to possess some of her hair or pieces of her clothing—part of a robe, a girdle, shoes, or even a veil which she wore.

The largest and most precious relic of Our Lady is the linen garment preserved in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. It was brought from Constantinople and given to Charlemagne, and is still in wonderfully good condition. The case in which it is kept is a masterpiece of the goldsmith's handicraft,—unrivalled by anything of the kind fabricated even in those days of skilled workmanship. It has the shape of a cruciform church, on the sides of which are pretty statuettes of gold representing Our Lord, His Holy Mother, the twelve Apostles, the Emperor Charlemagne, and Leo, the then reigning Pontiff. On the roof are various scenes from the life of Christ, in choicest enamel and filigree work, adorned with precious stones. This shrine was completed in

1215, the faithful contributing offerings of money, plate and jewels to defray the cost of its manufacture. It contains other precious relics besides the garment of Our Lady. In another splendid shrine, richly chased and surrounded by the figures of angels, also to be seen in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, is deposited a girdle said to belong to the Blessed Virgin. All the relics of Mary displayed in different churches may not be genuine, but the costly reliquaries wherein they are preserved attest the faith of her clients in bygone times, and the veneration wherewith they regarded these memorials of their beloved Queen.

Shrines containing relics, as well as statues, used frequently to be carried in procession on solemn occasions. In pre-Reformation times Christian people dearly loved processions. As early as the close of the fifth century Pope Sergius decreed that on the four great festivals of Our Lady (her Nativity, the Annunciation, the Purification, and Assumption) a solemn procession should proceed to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome, where the Supreme Pontiff officiated at the High Mass. This custom became general on the Purification. St. Bernard refers to the procession on that day when he says: "Let us go two and two, carrying tapers; and let us not kindle these at any ordinary fire, but light them at the flame which the priest has consecrated."

In 590 we hear of Pope Gregory I. causing an image of the Immaculate Virgin to be borne in procession to St. Peter's; the same ceremony was ordered by other popes. In Constantinople, in the twelfth century, the statues of the saints were carried in procession; but the image of the Mother of God was borne in one of the imperial carriages, drawn by four snow-white horses. In many Continental towns yearly processions in honor of Our Lady were instituted to commemorate

miraculous deliverances from siege or pestilence attributed to her intercession.

Pilgrimages were in the Middle Ages a still more favorite and popular devotion. At fixed times crowds assembled to visit places where relics were preserved—the graves of saints, and still more frequently sanctuaries dedicated to Mary. In Aix-la-Chapelle the seven-yearly exposition of the relics attracted thousands of pilgrims. All lands, besides, had their places of pilgrimage, some of great antiquity, and celebrated on account of the numerous and striking miracles wrought there. At the feet of how many a time-honored image did the needy find relief, the afflicted find solace, the suffering find a cure! Above all, how many sinners owed their salvation to having visited some shrine, or to the prayers of others offered for them there! Truly it might be said that no one who in trustful confidence implored the help and sought the intercession of the most gracious Virgin was left unaided.

It yet remains for us to say a few words respecting the festivals of Our Lady in the Middle Ages. Up to the end of the sixth century only one such feast was solemnly celebrated in Gaul and Germany; that one was the Feast of the Assumption. The prayers appointed to be said by bishops and clergy at the Mass on that day afford abundant evidence of the veneration in which Mary was held at that time by the inhabitants of those countries, and of the universal belief that prevailed in the assumption of her body into heaven. Between the *Kyrie* and the Collects, the priest or bishop addressed a brief exhortation to the people:

"On this day, the greatest of all days for the Mother of God, the unspeakable mystery we celebrate must be loudly proclaimed, because of its unparalleled nature. Incomparable in the purity of her life, she was unexampled in her death. Her assumption is no less marvellous to

the world than her child-bearing was joyous. She is admirable on account of the treasure her faith merited to receive; she is glorious in her departure out of this world. With special rejoicing, with deep affection, with pious desire, beloved brethren, let us devoutly pray that we may experience the help of her intercession whom we laud and honor as the Blessed Virgin, happy in her maternity, brilliant through her merit, privileged in her decease. Let us beseech our Redeemer that, in His mercy, He will graciously vouchsafe thither to conduct all here present whither He conducted His Holy Mother, in the presence of the Apostles, to the realms of eternal glory."

The legend of Our Lady's death, as related by Gregory of Tours in his "Liber in Gloria Martyrum," written for the reading public of the sixth and seventh centuries, is as follows: When the time appointed for Mary's death was near, an angel brought her a branch of palm, as a token that she was to pass out of this world. All the Apostles, who were dispersed in various lands evangelizing the heathen, by one accord returned to Jerusalem at that time; and, hearing that the hour of her departure was at hand, they assembled around the bed whereon the Mother of God lay. They beheld Our Lord come, attended by angels, and give her pure soul in charge to the Archangel Michael. The next day the Apostles took up her body and carried it to the tomb prepared for it. On the way thither they were met by the high-priest, who endeavored to throw the bier to the ground, but was struck with paralysis, and blindness fell on the Jews accompanying him. He was afterward converted, and thereupon the use of his limbs was restored to him. St. Thomas alone of the Apostles was not present at Our Lady's death. He arrived on the third day; and on going with the other Apostles to the sepulchre where her remains were deposited, he

found it empty. It was revealed to the disciples of Our Lord that St. Michael and his angels had removed her body, and, after its reunion with her soul, carried it up to paradise.

Before the close of the eighth century the Holy Mother of God was honored by three other festivals: the Purification, the Annunciation, and her Nativity. These were instituted primarily in Rome, and thence introduced into the lands north of the Alps. It is known that St. Boniface was most careful in his strict adherence to the Roman use in every minor detail of ecclesiastical ceremonial; thus it may be confidently concluded that he was equally scrupulous in regard to the festivals. To the Assumption the precedence was given; it alone had a vigil and an octave. In the earliest times it was kept on the 18th of January. The Purification was the next in order; the blessing of the candles and procession being appointed to take the place of the heathen ceremonies (*lustratio*) practised in pagan Rome at the beginning of the month of February. These four festivals have a place in the Carolingian martyrologies, and appear to have been obligatory throughout the Frankish Empire. The 25th of March, fixed for the Annunciation, was generally held to be the day whereon Our Lord died, and also the day of man's creation. Witness the following lines from one of the martyrologies of that epoch:

Angelus octava venturum nuntiat Agnum.
Agnus et ipse cruci mundi pro morte levatur.
Hac Deus omnipotens Adam de pulvere plasmatus.*

The mystery of the Visitation was always held in honor, but it was not instituted as an ecclesiastical festival until the thirteenth century. The Feast of the Presentation was introduced into the Western Church from the East in the

* On the eighth day [before the 1st of April] the Angel announces the Lamb [of God] who is about to come. The same Lamb is also lifted up upon the cross, to avert death from the world. On this day Almighty God forms Adam out of the dust.

fourteenth century. The celebration of this festival was enjoined upon the bishops and clergy in Germany by a bull issued by Pope Paul II., at the instance of Duke William of Saxony. The commemoration of the espousals of the Blessed Virgin was very popular in Italy in the fifteenth century, as the number of paintings dating from that period representing the event abundantly prove. This was in a great measure due to a ring, alleged to be the betrothal ring of Our Lady, exhibited in Perugia. The festival was not kept in the northern countries until later.

The Conception of the Blessed Virgin was kept in many churches and abbeys on the Continent and in England during the Middle Ages. How the immaculate character of that conception was made the subject of scholastic disputation, and how the belief was developed and took shape implicitly if not explicitly in the Church, is well known. This festival, together with those of Our Lady's Nativity and Presentation, naturally brought her parents into prominence: the cultus of St. Anne, it may be observed, is a marked feature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Germany.

The Passion-plays and religious dramas representing scenes from Holy Scripture were a means whereby the common people learned much concerning the life of the Mother of God. They were also instructed in the significance of the festivals by sermons; the preachers, both regular and secular, drawing the matter of their discourses chiefly from the works of the Fathers, as well as the writings of later theologians, besides mingling in them an element of tradition and legendary lore to gratify the popular taste and impress the truths they proclaimed more forcibly upon the minds of their hearers.

Gregory of Tours relates the following miracle which happened in the early part of the sixth century, and bears the stamp of truth. A Jewish boy, the son of a man

who owned a glass foundry, attended a Christian school. One Sunday he followed some of his school-fellows to the church; and seeing them go up to receive Holy Communion, in all innocence he did the same. On his return home his father questioned him as to where he had been, and he answered that he had received the God of the Christians. Transported with fury, the father thrust the boy into an oven heated by the furnace of the foundry. The child's mother was absent at the time. At the close of the day, missing the boy, she asked where he was and heard what had occurred. She called for help; on the furnace door being opened, the boy was withdrawn perfectly uninjured. "The beautiful lady," he said, "who sits on a throne in the church where I went, holding a child on her lap, came to me in the furnace and put her mantle over me, so that I felt no heat." The mother and the boy became Christians; the father, who showed no sign of contrition, was put to death by the authorities for cruelty to his child.

Such are some of the stories—some of them facts, others largely blended with fiction—which are found in the collections of sermons still extant, composed by saints and servants of the Blessed Virgin for her feasts, interspersed amid much sound doctrine, practical admonitions, and original thoughts of great beauty and deep feeling. In these, as well as in the hymns and poems sung in Mary's praise, no exaggeration is found, no trace of the idolatrous cultus of which the Catholics of medieval times are accused. Never can the severest criticism detect any attempt to place the creature on a level with the Creator, or to exalt the Mother to the prejudice of her Divine Son.

The readers of Father Beissel's monograph will, if they are true lovers of Mary, rejoice to see that in the so-called Dark Ages the Christians of Germany, if illiterate and uncultured in compari-

son with Catholics of the present day, venerated the Holy Mother of God with enlightened faith and loved her with filial devotion. She was to them a real, living personality, for whom they felt a personal attachment, to whom they clung with the tender, trustful affection we feel for a beloved parent or friend. And they rejoiced to manifest their love and devotion, delighting to pay her the loyal homage due to their Queen and their benefactress, their all-powerful advocate, the Help of Christians.

The Other House.

A STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

THEY were two small girls, each with an eye glued to a crack in the high, tight, board fence that had for a dozen years or more separated the two houses on Briscoe's Lane, once a country cross-road, but now in the edge of the busy village which reared its factory chimneys along the river below. It seemed to Janet that she had spent half her life wistfully peeping through the cracks in this fence.

There was so much to see on the other side! There was a garden, larger and lovelier in every way than their own little, crowded, narrow backyard. There was a square of green lawn, bordered in spring with tulips and crocuses, snow-drops and hyacinths, and early blooming, velvety pansies; among which a delicate-looking old lady sometimes worked with weeding claw and trowel. The previous autumn, a long-haired white dog had made its appearance; and that spring there was a litter of snow-white puppies, which—O joy!—sometimes sported and tumbled over one another on the emerald green turf, while a big, good-natured man looked on and laughed.

There were many other wonders, only dimly seen; but chief of these was this daintily clothed girl, about Janet's own age, who had recently crossed her narrow perspective like some fairy vision. To-day for the first time the two had drawn near and were gazing at each other—or so much of each as was visible through the slender crack. Soon they were exchanging confidences, little-girl fashion.

"I'm Janet Morton, and I live with my two aunts—my Aunt Elizabeth and my Great-aunt Percival. I've always lived with them. My mother died when I was born."

"And I'm Grace Austin, and I've come to live with my Grandmother Howe. My mamma died three months ago."

The pink lip quivered and the sweet voice trembled. The child who could not remember her mother was silent in the presence of this unknown grief. Grace soon rallied.

"We've got six white puppies, and my Uncle David's the very best person in the whole world."

"Not better than my Aunt Elizabeth!" insisted Janet.

The stranger was too well-bred to contradict her.

"Why don't you come over and see me?" she asked, plaintively. "It's so very lonely here."

"They'd never let me go to see you. You live *in the other house!*" whispered Janet, mysteriously.

"That's just what my grandmother said when I asked her to let me go over and see *you*," answered Grace, wide-eyed. "She said it would never do to let me go to the 'other house.'"

"Janet!"

A stern old voice called her name. She started like a guilty thing, and, without a word to the child on the other side of the fence, ran back to the low, weather-beaten cottage which stood in the shadow of the trim white walls and vine-draped verandas of the "other house."

Elizabeth Percival, bending over some sewing by a rear window, chanced to hear the call, and shrank back out of sight with a sigh.

A mother and daughter, living in a pleasant home that overlooked the two gardens, had witnessed the scene.

"Will those two old women never give up? Must they carry their old feud to the gates of paradise?" exclaimed the elder woman in despair. "O Emily, never, never have a falling out with a woman friend! Men end their quarrels sometimes, if they have to do it with knives or pistols. But women do worse than kill each other: they hate forever when they have once begun."

"And they were the best of friends once. How queer it seems! Didn't father say they were married at the same time—had a double wedding?"

"Yes, it was a double wedding," replied the mother. "And their husbands were bosom-friends, and bought an acre of ground out here. They divided it and built their homes on it, side by side. They each had little children, and were happy and at peace. But the war broke out. Edgar Howe enlisted in the Northern army; and poor James Percival went with the South, where he was born. And when news of the Southern victory at the first battle of Bull Run came, Ellen Percival rejoiced over it, and Betty Howe was deeply hurt; and when news of Northern victories came it was her turn to rejoice, and they ceased to speak together. Then came the bloody contest at Shiloh; and the very day Edgar's body came home word was brought that James had been shot through the heart, but his body was never found. After that the two young widows couldn't bear to see each other, and each had a notion that the other's husband might have killed her own. They wouldn't listen to their friends or the minister or anybody. And they've kept it up to this day."

"And David and Elizabeth!" suggested the young girl, softly.

"Yes, growing up together and going to school side by side, it was so natural. But those two women deliberately set to work to ruin their happiness. That was the time the high fence was built. The Howes' fortunes have gone up and the Percivals' have gone down ever since, until they've sold all their land and have nothing left but that little house. Mrs. Percival is crippled with rheumatism, and Elizabeth is obliged to sew day and night to keep bread in their mouths. Poor Elizabeth!"

"But David Howe has never married anybody else," said the girl.

"He might as well," returned the mother, severely.

Spring sped by; and the two little girls in the tall white house and the small gray cottage made swift advances into each other's confidence and friendship, in spite of the rude barrier between them, and the chill rebuke that greeted the one at home, the stern chiding that the other received. It was no more possible to restrain them than it would have been to silence the twitterings of the swallows that were building their nests under the eaves. By and by their elders ceased all efforts to curb them, contenting themselves with the limitations set by the fence. Unexpected messages were sometimes carried from house to house. These tidings were usually delivered at the table.

"Grace says her grandmother can't sleep nights, Aunt Percival," announced Janet one night, as she was buttering a slice of bread. "And people who can't sleep wear away to flesh and bone. And her poor Grandmother Howe seems to be getting smaller and smaller all the time, and some day she's going to dry up and blow away."

"Please give me another cup of tea, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Percival, holdin

out her teacup in a poor knotted hand, that was shaking like an aspen leaf. She could not help thinking of how plump and matronly Betty Howe used to be in the happy days gone by, when they toiled side by side, and sat and chatted on their back doorsteps.

"She's fidgety, too—awful fidgety! Their cook says so," Janet went on, emboldened. "And folks don't come to see her much, for they don't care for fidgety people."

Again the little girl was unrebuked; for although her great-aunt's forehead was knitted in a frown, it was not because of impatience with the child, but in stern self-rebuke: because she was unable to dismiss from her memory the recollection of Betty Howe's sweetness and patience with her when she was "all out of sorts," and slow in getting back to health, and even James had called her cross and nervous, after Elizabeth was born. And it was only a month later that this little Grace's mother had opened her sweet blue eyes on the world. How could Betty Howe ever have survived her loss! No wonder folks called her "fidgety"!

One evening Grace, who, being a less impulsive child, held stronger mastery over her tongue than Janet, broke silence in an embarrassing fashion. A strawberry shortcake, made with berries sent up from the sunny South, came on the table, its gold-brown crust heaped with crimson fruit and smothered in delicious cream; and Grace, overcome with sudden remembrance, cried out:

"Janet's never had any strawberry shortcake in her life."

"All the better for a child," said the little grandmother, primly. "I am afraid, David, that we sacrifice the best qualities of fruit by making it up with pastry in artificial ways."

"But Janet never tasted a strawberry only once, when the vegetable man gave her one," persisted the child, not under-

standing the old lady's observation, but very sure that the point of her news had been lost. "And last week there were four days that they hadn't any potatoes in the house, till Janet's Aunt Elizabeth got her sewing done and the man paid her."

Mrs. Howe pushed back her chair and rose, a white-faced, tottering little old woman.

"I don't think I want any more supper to-night," she said, moving toward the door. Then, as her son hastened to open the door for her, she lifted her face and kissed him, murmuring in a troubled way: "You've been a good son, David,—always a good son."

David Howe gently closed the door behind his mother, then paced up and down the room, back and forth, until the child's eyes grew big with wonder.

"Don't you like strawberry shortcake, Uncle David? What makes you walk so funny? Janet's Aunt Elizabeth can't take walks with her any more, 'cause her Aunt Elizabeth's only got one pair of shoes, and they're old, and she's afraid they'll wear out."

The tidings the children carried back and forth were like soft spring dew dripping on two frozen old hearts.

As Decoration Day approached—that day of stately processions and imposing ceremonies to the young, who exult in it, all unconscious of the sorrows hushed by the martial music, the wounds covered by the sweet blossoms,—the holiday furnished a theme for many an interested discussion.

"What do you think, grandma!" said Grace, darting into the house one day, her eyes shining with excitement. "She has a gravestone—a gravestone, think of it! And nobody buried under it,—only a make-believe grave!"

"Who are you talking of, little girl?" asked the old lady, absently, resting a hand softly on the sunny curls, that were so like those that had floated from the head of another little girl long ago.

"Janet Morton's aunt—no, her great-aunt. And they always carry flowers there just the same. Only this year, you see, her hands are all swollen, and there's nobody has time to see to the flowers; so they've none in bloom. Janet guesses they won't have any, for her Great-aunt Percival hasn't money to buy any, and she's too proud to get them from anybody else's garden for a rebel's grave. What's a rebel, grandma?"

"O child, child! A rebel was a man who believed in his cause, and fought for his people and his country, just as our Northern soldiers did, and laid down his life just as gallantly."

Alas and alas for her who had only an empty grave, and no flowers to place upon it!

Early in the morning of the great day Janet was confiding her own exciting discovery to the grim, elderly woman who sat upright in her high-backed chair, her aching hands folded in each other.

"They're making bouquets and anchors and garlands, Aunt Percival. She's made the loveliest wreaths—two of them,—all snowdrops and purple pansies; only they can't find one of them anywhere, and they can't imagine where it's gone."

"Who made the wreaths?" wearily questioned the sad old lady.

"Why, she did—in the other house. You don't mind Grace's telling me that, Aunt Percival?"

But there was no reply. Aunt Percival's eyes had a far-away look, and her thoughts had travelled far.

The church-bells sounded loud and clear. Janet, in a neat print frock, her bright face aglow, started out, with her nervous little hand tight clasped in her Aunt Elizabeth's, just in time to see David Howe tossing a small sprite in spotless white muslin into the surrey that stood before the door of the other house,—a surrey already filled with a bewilderment of bloom. David gathered

the reins in his hand, lifting his hat in pleasant farewell to some one at the window.

"I don't feel quite equal to sitting through the sermon to-day, David," Mrs. Howe had said to her son at breakfast that morning. "Maybe I'll have Johnny Saunders drive me over to the cemetery after awhile, when the sun is warmer."

"No, Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Percival to her daughter at about the same hour, looking fiercer and sterner than ever. "My rusty old bombazine would look all out of place in church. They'll never miss me."

Elizabeth had meekly donned her own shabby gown, which somehow always clothed her slight figure with grace and dignity; and had gone down the street, listening to a child's gay prattle, around her the flush and beauty of springtime, and the chill of winter in her heart.

Within the two houses two guilty old faces silently watched the departure of the church-goers,—the one from behind a faded Holland shade, the other through folds of misty lace.

Then Mrs. Howe stole to a closet and drew out a great pasteboard box, lifted the cover to see if her hidden treasures were safe, and called softly to the chore-boy, Johnny Saunders, to put the old mare into her own little phaeton. Mrs. Percival, next door, got out an old-fashioned bonnet, tied the strings with her cramped fingers, and, stealing out of a side-door, made her way along Briscoe's Lane, to where a path branched off from it straight into the country, and in the direction of a low ridge crowned with trees. She walked with feeble and uncertain steps at first; but as she inhaled the free country air she drew deep breaths of delight, and her step grew firmer.

At last she gained the summit of a little hill; and, stumbling a few paces, fell upon her knees and buried her face in a bunch of delicate pink and white blossoms peep-

ing from between solemn green leaves.

"O James, James, my poor boy!" she moaned. "It was here we came that day—that day the best remembered of all. And now you have gone, and I've been lonely and miserable all these years, without so much as the poor comfort of knowing where they laid you."

A benign Presence seemed to descend and comfort her. She recalled the day they had spent there in company—James and herself, and Betty Lindsay and her manly young lover, Edgar Howe.

"It's made me a different woman,—a woman I myself would have hated if I'd known her in the old days. But it's all been because I missed you so, James." She seemed to be addressing her kind young husband again. The woods and the hills and the sunshine in the place they had both loved brought him very near to her. "It turned all the world upside down, losing you, James; and I've been getting crosser and wickeder every year."

After awhile she rose like a soul that had received absolution, and began to gather the fragrant, coral-tinted blossoms. Then, with her arms filled with their sweetness and beauty, she took her way along the crest of the hill and came out into another road, leading down the slope to a quiet village nestling among tall pines and cypresses.

Far below, in the crowded streets of the neighboring village, there sounded a burst of martial music; but here all was silence and peace. Tiny flags marked the last resting-places of those whom the nation honored on this day; but no such patriotic token would be placed where she had raised the simple monument to commemorate her dead, who had joined the ranks of those who had fired upon the old flag.

Something of the accustomed tide of bitterness swelled in her heart as she hastened along to strew the fragrant

blossoms in that neglected place. Not neglected to-day! Instead of the bare stone, she found a palpitating glory of color. About its base were strewn daffodils and crocuses and hyacinths of every hue and shade. She lifted her eyes, and on the stone was a wreath of snow-white flowers with clusters of purple pansies. Only one garden in the village ever produced those velvety blossoms at this season of the year. The excited report her little grand-niece had brought concerning the lost wreath came into her mind like an illuminating flash. Betty Howe had secreted the wreath that she might pay this tender tribute to the memory of the man whom all others forgot.

The old recollections rushed back upon Ellen Percival, now a cleansing flood, leaving no vestige of the bitterness as they passed. But the music was growing nearer and clearer. The procession was entering the cemetery. She bowed for an instant over the stone, with a whispered prayer; then stooped and divided her treasure of fair May-flowers, and hastened along the passage that led to the adjoining plot. A close evergreen hedge, almost as high as the grim board fence, divided the lots. On the other side a little, frail old lady was kneeling beside a grassy mound. She looked up, startled, saw first the pink arbutus blossoms, then the face of the one who bore them; and in another instant they were in each other's arms, mingling their tears over the loved and gone.

David Howe, leading his little niece by the hand, came upon Elizabeth within the cemetery gates, hastening in the direction of their family lots, her face affrighted; while behind her Janet was struggling to keep pace with her.

"My mother! I can not find her. She is not at home where I left her," said Elizabeth. "I thought she might have taken a fancy to come up here. She is old and feeble. She is not able—"

They hurried up the slope and turned into the path that led to the Percival lot. As they reached the tiny enclosure where two generations of Howes were lying, David, who was in advance, suddenly stopped and caught Elizabeth's hand to check her. With arms embracing each other, in the shadow of the tall monument, the two old ladies were sitting. They looked up and beheld the intruders, and their smiles were like a benison.

"Yes, Elizabeth, I was just starting to go home," said Mrs. Percival, with a submission that was new to her; and she tried to rise to her feet, but a spasm of pain seized her stiffened limbs.

David Howe sprang to her side and placed an arm around her.

"Let me help you, *mother*," he said.

Again his own mother smiled, but this time with a tear in her eye. Do you blame her? The man, no longer young, gave one quick glance at Elizabeth, and the flush of youth returned to her haggard face. Through the trees advanced the music, solemn and uplifting; and, hand in hand, two little girls ran lightly down the path to meet it.

The First May Hymn.

'T WAS ever Maytime in thy heart;
How could it other be,
When once thy Boy, in love's young voice,
Said "Mother!" unto thee?

'Twas as a May hymn all thine own,
From Jesus' Heart to thine;
Thy arms His tabernacle fair,
Thy breast His holy shrine.

It must have thrilled thy human heart
Beyond love's sweetest pain,
Awaking heavenly music there
To echo the refrain.

Ah, would that my poor praises might
A faint reminder be
Of that first May hymn when thy Boy
Said "Mother!" unto thee!

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIII.—KATALAN'S ROCK.

KATALAN'S ROCK towers above the sea at the top corner of Sitka. Below it, on the one hand, the ancient colonial houses are scattered down the shore among green lawns like pasture lands, and beside grass-grown streets with a trail of dust in the middle of them. On the other hand, the Siwash Indian lodges are clustered all along the beach. This rancheria was originally separated from the town by a high stockade, and the huge gates were closed at night for the greater security of the inhabitants; but since the American occupation the gates have been destroyed, and only a portion of the stockade remains.

Katalan's Rock is steep enough to command the town, and ample enough to afford all the space necessary for fortifications and the accommodation of troops and stores. A northern Gibraltar, it was the site of the first settlement, and has ever remained the most conspicuous and distinguished quarter of the colony. The first building erected on this rock was a block-house, which was afterward burned. A second building, reared on the ruins of the first, was destroyed by an earthquake; but a third, the colonial castle and residence of the governors, stands to this day. It crowns the summit of the rock, is one hundred and forty feet in length, seventy feet in depth, two stories with basement and attic, and has a lookout that commands one of the most romantic and picturesque combinations of land and sea imaginable.

It is not a handsome edifice, nor is it in the least like a castle, nor like what one supposes a castle should be. Were it anywhere else, it might pass for the

country residence of a gentleman of the old school, or for an unfashionable suburban hotel, or for a provincial seminary. It is built of solid cedar logs that seem destined to weather the storms of ages. These logs are secured by innumerable copper bolts, and the whole structure is riveted to the rocks, so that neither wind nor wave nor earthquake shock is likely to prevail against it.

Handsomely finished within, it was in the colonial days richly furnished; and as Sitka was at that time a large settlement composed of wealthy and highbred Russians, governed by a prince or a baron whose petty court was made up of the representatives of the rank and fashions of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the colonial castle was most of the time the scene of social splendor.

The fame of the brilliant and beautiful Baroness Wrangell, first chatelaine of the castle, lives after her. She was succeeded by the wife of Governor Kupreanoff, a brave lady, who in 1835 crossed Siberia on horseback to Behring Sea on her way to Sitka. Later the Princess Maksontoff became the social queen, and reigned in the little castle on Katalan's Rock as never queen reigned before. A flagship was anchored under the windows, and the proud Admiral spent much of his time on shore. The officers' clubhouse yonder, down the grassy street, was the favorite lounging place of the navy. The tea-gardens have run to seed, and the race-course is obliterated, where, doubtless, fair ladies and brave men disported themselves in the interminable twilights of the Alaskan summer. In the reign of the Princess Maksontoff the ladies were first shown to the sideboard. When they had regaled themselves with potent punch and caviare, the gentlemen followed suit. But the big brazen samovar was forever steaming in the grand salon, and delicious draughts of caravan tea were in order at all hours.

What days they were, when the castle was thronged with guests, and those of all ages and descriptions and from every rank in and out of society! The presidential levee is not more democratic than were the *fêtes* of the Princess Maksontoff. To the music of the Admiral's band combined with the castle orchestra, it was "all hands round." The Prince danced with each and every lady in turn. The Princess was no less gracious; for all danced with her who chose, from the Lord High Admiral to midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig.

You will read of these things in the pages of Lutka, Sir George Simpson, Sir Edward Belcher, and other early voyagers. They vouch for the unique charm of the colonial life at that day. Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," has something to say of New Archangel (Michael), or "Sheetka," as he spells it; but it is of the time when the ships of John Jacob Astor were touching in that vicinity, and the reports are not so pleasing.

While social life in the little colony was still most enjoyable, a change came that in a single hour reversed the order of affairs. For years Russia had been willing, if not eager, to dispose of the great lands that lay along the northwestern coast of America. She seemed never to have cared much for them, nor to have believed much in their present value or possible future development. No enterprise was evidenced among the people: they were comparative exiles, who sought to relieve the monotony of their existence by one constant round of gayety. *Soirées* at the castle, tea-garden parties, picnics upon the thousand lovely isles that beautify the Sitkan Sea; strolls among the sylvan retreats in which the primeval forest, at the very edge of the town, abounds; fishing and hunting expeditions, music, dancing, lively conversation, strong punch, caviare and the steaming samovar,—those were the chief diversions with which

noble and serf alike sought to lighten the burden of the day.

While Russia was willing to part with the lone land on the Pacific, she was determined that it should not pass into the hands of certain of the powers for whom she had little or no love. Hence there was time for the United States to consider the question of a purchase and to haggle a little over the price. For years the bargain hung in the balance. When it was finally settled, it was settled so suddenly that the witnesses had to be wakened and called out of their beds. They assembled secretly in the middle of the night, as if they were conspirators; and before sunrise the whole matter was fixed forever.

On the 18th of October, 1867, three United States ships of war anchored off Katalan's Rock. These were the Ossipee, the Jamestown and the Resaca. In the afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, the terrace before the castle was surrounded by United States troops, Russian soldiers, officials, citizens and Indians. The town was alive with Russian bunting, and the ships aflutter with Stars and Stripes and streamers. There was something ominous in the air and in the sunshine. Bang! went the guns from the Ossipee, and the Russian flag slowly descended from the lofty staff on the castle; but the wind caught it and twisted it round and round the staff, and it was long before a boatswain's chair could be rigged to the halyards, and some one hauled up to disentangle the rebellious banner.

Meanwhile the rain began to fall, and the Princess Maksontoff was in tears. It was a dismal hour for the proud court of the doughty governor. The Russian water battery was firing a salute from the dock as the Stars and Stripes were climbing to the skies,—the great continent of icy peaks and pine was passing from the hands of one nation to the other. In the silence that ensued, Captain Pestehouff

stepped forward and said: "By authority of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, I transfer to the United States the Territory of Alaska." The prince governor then surrendered his insignia of office, and the thing was done. In a few months' time fifty ships and four hundred people had deserted Sitka; and to-day but three families of pure Russian blood remain. Perhaps the fault-finding which followed this remarkable acquisition of territory on the part of the United States government—both the acquisition and the fault-finding were on the part of our government—had best be left unmentioned. Now that the glorious waters of that magnificent archipelago have become the resort of summer tourists, every man, woman and child can see for his, her and its self; and this is the only way in which to convince an American of anything.

Thirty years ago Sitka was what I have attempted to describe above. To-day how different! Passing its barracks at the foot of Katalan's Rock, one sees a handful of marines looking decidedly bored if off duty. The steps that lead up the steep incline of the rock to the castle terrace are fast falling to decay. Weeds and rank grass trail over them and cover the whole top of the rock. The castle has been dismantled. The walls will stand until they are blown up or torn down, but all traces of the original ornamentation of the interior have disappeared. There was positively nothing left for me to take.

One may still see the chamber occupied by Secretary Seward, who closed the bargain with the Russian Government at \$7,200,000, cash down. Lady Franklin occupied that chamber when she was scouring these waters in the fearless and indefatigable, but fruitless, search for the relics of the lost Sir John. One handsome apartment has been partially restored and suitably furnished for the use of the United States District Attorney. Two rooms on the groundfloor are occupied

by the signal officers; but the rest of the building is in a shameful condition, and only its traditions remain to make it an object of interest to every stranger guest.

It is said that twice in the year, at the dead hour of the night, the ghost of a bride wanders sorrowfully from room to room. She was the daughter of one of the old governors—a stern parent, who forced her into a marriage without love. On the bridal eve, while all the guests were assembled, and the bride, in wedding garments, was the centre of attraction, she suddenly disappeared. After a long search her body was found in one of the apartments of the castle, but life was extinct. At Eastertide the shade of this sad body makes the round of the deserted halls, and in passing leaves after it a faint odor of wild roses.

The basement is half filled with old rubbish. I found rooms where an amateur minstrel entertainment had been given. Rude lettering upon the walls recorded the fact in lampblack, and a monster hand pointed with index finger to its temporary bar. Burnt-cork *débris* was scattered about, and there were “old soldiers” enough on the premises to have quite staggered a moralist. The Muscovite reign is over. The Princess is in her grave on the hill yonder,—a grave that was forgotten for a time and lost in the jungle that has overgrown the old Russian cemetery. The Indians mutilated that tomb; but Lieutenant Gilman, in charge of the marines attached to the Adams, restored it; and he, with his men, did much toward preserving Sitka from going to the dogs.

Gone are the good old days, but the Americanized Sitka does not propose to be behind the times. I discovered a theatre. It was in one of the original Russian houses, doomed to last forever—a long, narrow hall, with a stage at the upper end of it. A few scenes, evidently painted on the spot and in dire distress; a drop-

curtain depicting an utterly impracticable roseate ice-gorge in the ideal Alaska, and four footlights, constituted the sum total of the properties. The stage was six feet deep, about ten feet broad, and the “flies” hung like “bangs” above the foreheads of the players. In the next room, convenient in case of a panic, was the Sitka fire department, consisting of a machine of one-man power, which a small boy might work without endangering anybody or anything.

Suburban Sitka is sweet and sad. One passes on the way to the wildwood (where everybody goes as often as may be) a so-called “blarney stone.” Many a fellow has chipped away at that stone while he chatted with his girl—I suppose that is where the blarney comes in,—and left his name or initials for a sacred memory. There are dull old Russian hieroglyphs there likewise. Love is alike in all languages, you know. The truth about the stone is merely this: it is a big soft stone by the sea, and of just the right height to rest a weary pilgrim. There old Baranoff, the first governor, used to sit of a summer afternoon and sip his Russian brandy until he was as senseless as the stone beneath him; and then he was carried in state up to the colonial castle and suffered to sober off.

Beyond the stone, and the curving beach with the grass-grown highway skirting it, is the forest; and through this forest is the lovers' lane, made long ago by the early colonists and kept in perfect trim by the latest,—a lane that is green-arched overhead and fern-walled on either side, and soft with the dust of dead pine boughs underfoot. There also are streams and waterfalls and rustic bridges such as one might look for in some stately park in England, but hardly in Alaska. Surely there is no bit of wilderness finer than this. All is sweet and grave and silent, save for the ripple of waters and the sighing of winds.

As for the Siwash village on the other side of Sitka, it is a Siwash village over again. How soon one wearies of them! But one ought never to weary of the glorious sea isles and the overshadowing mountains that lie on every side of the quaint, half-barbarous capital. Though it is dead to the core and beginning to show the signs of death, it is one of the dreamiest spots on earth, and just the one for long summer solitude,—at least so we all thought, for on the morrow we were homeward bound.

(To be continued.)

In the Battle for Bread.

—
IN DUTY BOUND.

—
BY T. SPARROW.

—
II.

CHARLES LAKE called, but not for some weeks; and those weeks brought a change. I had told Rose of my meeting with him; but, though a crimson flush suffused the general pallor of her cheeks, she made no remark.

Hard work and anxiety were telling on the girl. There were dark circles under her eyes, and the plaintive expression deepened. She was young to bear such a burden. Hers, apparently, was a life that had no ray of pleasure in it to mitigate the gloom. The week began with work and ended with work: there seemed to be nothing between.

Stop!—there I am wrong: there was Sunday, and the day of prayer brought its peace to the troubled soul. She had no settled form of religion, but she found it a solace to go to church twice every Sunday, though it was immaterial to her what particular form of worship was going on. She was by nature spiritual-minded, and from the moment I saw her something told me she would end

in the bosom of the one true Church.

She would often accompany me to Benediction, but she seldom made a remark about religion. Once, however, she volunteered, on our way back:

"You Catholics should never yield to despair, for you have always the priests as a guide."

"Yes," I answered, not following her particular line of thought; "they never fail in sympathy and consolation in time of trouble."

Her lips curled a little scornfully.

"It isn't that I mean," she said, with slight irritation. "To talk about my trials is no help. Gossiping over sorrows does not take them away. But a priest, as I understand it, has knowledge, has experience, has intuition; and therefore his advice is worth listening to, because he *knows* a soul. Sentimental sympathy sickens me and only drives me away. But I should like to know that I am doing right—that the *raison d'être* of my actions is pure and profound. We all deceive ourselves, and, without meaning it, deceive others. I can talk to a clergyman of any denomination, and, almost against my will, can make him say what I like. It is personal magnetism and nothing more. Then I go away from him disgusted, for he has not raised me or helped me in any sense. But a priest ought to be proof against that; surely he should see you as you are, not as you make yourself out to be."

"So he does," I replied, "by what we call the grace of God. Would you like, Rose, to meet one?"

But she shrank at once into her shy, distrusting self.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I have seen several, and the moment I am in their presence I become tongue-tied. I feel as if they saw what only I see—the possibilities of evil in my nature. I am a pessimist, I fear; and, having studied my nature well, know that under certain

circumstances the good part of me will succumb to the evil. Those circumstances I can not control, nor shall I even try."

"Which means," I said, smiling, "that it is time for you to have change of work or change of air. To give way to pessimism is to betray want of faith."

She smiled back wearily, but did not pursue the subject; and I was left to wonder how much was physical morbidity and how much mental disquiet.

One unfortunate trait Rose had, which interfered with the small happinesses of life. She had a supreme contempt for her own sex, and took no pleasure in their general pursuits. To her it was no relaxation to indulge in merry chatter, to have a little gossip about dress, to loll contentedly in her best gown eating confectionery, and go to work all the better for the leisure.

Hers was a subtle and an intellectual nature, which would have enjoyed the friction of clever men's society, and was craving, without knowing it, for mental food beyond her reach. She was too tired at night to attend lectures or read deep books. Company was distasteful, and she was thrust back on the narrow sphere in which she moved, full of petty bickerings, small spites, and frivolous conversation.

She had not sufficient health or animal spirits to balance the philosophic bent of her disposition. She was slowly being crushed by having taken on a burden which each day she felt was becoming more than she could bear; for not once did she believe in her own future success. Her terrible diffidence corroded both mind and body. She worked without hope: bravely, stubbornly, almost with defiance, but never with spirit. Yet her troubles had but begun.

She was bending over her desk one sultry afternoon when an altercation at the door arrested her attention. A voice she knew only too well was persisting, in tones far from sober:

"I tell you that Miss Ardilaun is my daughter. You have no right to deny me to my own flesh and blood. Rose my child, come and teach this young man his place; otherwise I shall consider it my duty to kick him downstairs."

Rose looked up, sick and trembling, to see her father forcibly push past her employer and make his way with a jaunty swagger toward her.

Mr. Ardilaun was the wreck of a fine man. Not much past fifty and powerfully built, his palsied limbs were in striking contrast to the form that should have stood so upright and so square. His iron-grey hair was brushed off a forehead broad and white; but his tremulous mouth and shifty blue eyes betrayed but too plainly how energy and will were destroyed by his fatal passion. His countenance at the present moment, however, beamed with satisfaction.

"I gave them the slip, Rose dear," he confidentially whispered. "Very dull place: nothing to do. Thought I would run up to London for a change. Can't make me go back against my will. Don't see why you should be making money and keep your poor father imprisoned. Come, ask for a week's holiday, draw your salary, and we will go and enjoy ourselves."

"Indeed, dear father, I can not do that," said Rose, on the verge of tears at the *exposé*. "If Mr. Lyster will kindly excuse me for the rest of the day, we will try to find a place where you can stay."

But, alas! opposition did not show Mr. Ardilaun in his best light.

"If they won't give you leave, we will take it," he said, pompously. "Do they know, Rose, that you are an Ardilaun of Ardilaun, and that we are accustomed to give orders, not take them?"

"Oh, that's all right!" remarked Mr. Lyster, good-naturedly, pitying the girl's deep distress. "This is the way out, Mr. Ardilaun."

"Thank you, young man!" replied her father captiously, recognizing the gentleman who had opposed his entrance. "I will trouble you to speak when you are spoken to. I shall go when I like and not a moment before." And he sat down again.

The younger people tittered; and Mr. Lyster, who had a short temper, lost it.

"Look here, Mr. Ardilaun," he began, peremptorily; "you are sufficiently in your right mind to know that business is business, and can not await your pleasure. Your daughter is perfectly welcome to accompany you, and we will give her this afternoon and to-morrow. But understand that she must return here Wednesday morning, and without you. We can not have encumbrances during office hours."

Mr. Ardilaun majestically rose.

"I should not consider I was doing my duty as a father," he began, with drunken dignity, "if I allowed my daughter to remain in a place where her sole surviving parent is stigmatized as an 'encumbrance.' Pray understand you can dispense with her services from this moment."

He drew the arm of the blushing, tearful Rose within his own; and, waving his hand sarcastically as an adieu, he allowed her to lead him from the room.

She was too wise to attempt reproach, but her heart was sick within her as they slowly traversed the hot, dusty street. What to do with him she did not know. She had no man friend to consult, and her influence over him in his present state was *nil*. But he himself was not at all downcast. He had mapped out a little plan in his head, and so far things were falling out according as he wished.

"How much money have you, Rosie?" he asked, cheerfully. "We must go and have something to eat and drink."

But though Rose was sensitive and shy, she could be very firm.

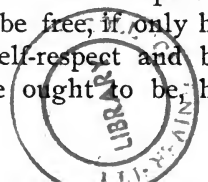
"I have only a few shillings, father," she replied; "and we must see first where

we can get you a room. Let us walk through the park, where it will be cool. We can rest there and talk over affairs."

And as he rather sulkily acquiesced, and they sauntered down the close and sweltering Strand, she tried to pull herself together and see what was best to be done. She could not force him to return; it was impossible that he should come to the Evangelicals; but if only she could persuade him to remain steady, she might maintain him quietly and respectably in some suburb, where temptation would not be at his elbow, and he would not be likely to disturb her at her work. She knew that her employer would keep her as long as she was content with her small salary; and she was adding to her income by contributing to some penny journals under the *nom de plume* of "Leila Clare." But such suitable rooms could not be found in a moment, and she had to place him somewhere meanwhile. If only he would consent to go to a temperance hotel for a night or two, while she made the necessary arrangements.

She glanced at his loosely hung lip, at his pale and shifty eye. She was not fit for any altercation, and had got so overstrung that she found it hard to speak gently and with calm. Yet was he not her father—the one she loved best on earth? And surely the God above would see that her cup was full: that the shame of sitting there in the glaring sunlight, in the face of all the world, side by side with the man whose whole bearing told the sad tale of his disgrace, was the drop that trembled on the brim to overflow.

But the overpowering heat had its effect upon Mr. Ardilaun also: it made him languid and inert. So when Rose persuasively addressed him, and drew in alluring terms a picture of the placid future when he should be free, if only he would win back his self-respect and be the guide and help he ought to be, he



wept a few tears at his own debasement, and, taking her hand, said huskily:

"Poor little girl! It is hard for you that your father should bring you to shame. But give me a chance, child, and I will show what I can do. It is not fair to separate a man from his own flesh and blood. Let us live together, and I will work and shield you from all harm."

So, taking advantage of his melting mood, she took him then and there in a hansom to a temperance hotel in Holborn; and, after quite a sumptuous tea, her spirits brightened and she stayed till the evening was far advanced, planning the happy home they should have together. She did not leave him till he had retired to rest, and she had exacted a solemn promise that he would not stir from the premises till she called next morning; then, with an affectionate farewell and a lightened heart, she hastened back to the Evangelicals just as the door was locked for the night.

They made some demur about admitting her. It was a precedent and a bad example; and when young girls would not confide in those who took such deep interest in their souls, it showed there was something unworthy to conceal.

Thus the jaded, worn-out girl had to stand and listen to a lecture, while they probed and harried to worm out her secret. One more unworthy would have told a lie and have finished with them; but Rose, if stiffnecked, was truthful; and she listened in dogged silence till out of very weariness they left off. Then she flung herself on her little bed, and tried to still the throbbing of her temples. Far into the night I heard the poor child sobbing, but dare not bring down the Evangelicals' wrath upon her by going to solace her.

The heat was stifling; though the windows were open, we panted at every breath. Presently down the street floated

a tipsy man's song. Nearer and nearer it approached.

Unable to sleep, I rose and looked out. Rose's sobs had stopped, but I heard a great gasp at intervals, as if she were fighting them down by sheer force of will.

The man paused at our house and rang the bell with a tremendous clang. As that did not bring an immediate response, he began kicking at the panels.

The Miss Evangelicals descended to the hall, and began a conversation with him through the keyhole.

"Who are you?"

"I want Rose Ardilaun. She is my daughter. Give her to me or I will break the door in."

"If you don't go away we will call a policeman."

"Not before I have smashed every window in the place. Give me my girl."

He hammered at the door, and they began to cry.

"Oh! what shall we do? What an abandoned girl to bring such disgrace upon us!"

Meantime both Rose and I had dressed, and she descended the stairs just in front of me. The kicking increased in vigor, and the wailing rose high in proportion. Other lodgers were now peeping from the landing.

"It is all right," said Rose, with forced calm. "It is my father. I will go to him."

"Yes, and never come back!" cried the old maids in chorus. "Ruining our reputation in this scandalous manner, after all our kindness!"

Her lips never quivered: she was too ill to care.

I went up to her.

"Do you know where to go?"

She shook her head.

"Then I will go with you," I said, determinately; and as one of the spinsters opened the door, the other pushed us out, hand in hand, and bolted it after us.

Devotion to the Holy Ghost.

THE Holy Ghost was given not to the Apostles only, but to all who have been redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, that they may be led by Him in all their ways, and, as adopted sons of God, walk worthy of the light He bestows upon them. They who retain within their breasts but a spark of that love which Christ came to cast on the earthy hearts of men, and who wish sincerely to have it enkindled yet more and more, should desire above all things to have the Spirit of the Lord abiding within them. Nevertheless, if after His coming He should be neglected—no thought of His divine presence within the soul, no heeding His small, low voice in the depths of the heart,—what wonder that fervor cools, that there is tepidity and a distaste for prayer?

As a means to an end, therefore, the attention of devout readers is directed to an association of prayer called the Pious Union in honor of the Holy Ghost, its object and end, and the fruit to be derived by those who form it. Let our readers peruse the motives set forth therein, and at once there will arise a sense of duty urging them on to have daily more frequent recourse to the Spirit of Love. The end of this Union is to increase, both in one's self and in others, the knowledge and love of God; so that, hearing the word of God and keeping His commands, all may be filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

The chief means to obtain this end are: 1. A deeper respect and veneration for the inspired word of God; a greater earnestness to hear sermons and instructions, and profit by the same; a special love for reading good and edifying books; zeal in the spread of Catholic literature. 2. Special prayers and devout practices in honor of the Holy Ghost; daily invoca-

tion of the Divine Spirit; devout recital of the Chaplet of the Holy Ghost, at least once every seven days; Holy Mass offered or heard, or Holy Communion received, once a week for seven consecutive weeks, or once a month for seven consecutive months (annually), that the divine Gifts of the Holy Ghost may be more known, esteemed and employed, and that His Fruits may appear and flourish in greater abundance in the garden of souls.

He who is truly devout to the Holy Ghost will assuredly glorify Jesus Christ on earth, and thus be glorified by Him in heaven. He will be confirmed yet more in the faith; he will abide in love and in the grace of God; and in due season he will also show forth the Fruits of that same Divine Spirit—namely, charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, long-suffering, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity.

The chief motives to practise devotion to the Holy Ghost are: 1. Necessity.—Our utter dependence upon the Holy Ghost as the Author of our sanctification, and our need of His guiding light and saving grace. 2. Utility.—Special devotion to the Holy Ghost will ensure greater light, strength and consolation; by it, moreover, His Gifts will be preserved and employed more faithfully, while His Fruits will flourish more abundantly. 3. Gratitude,—inasmuch as by the Holy Ghost we are born again unto God, endowed with His sevenfold Spirit, supported in all our trials and temptations, guided in all our ways, and sanctified by His adorable presence within us. 4. Reparation.—Both for our own sins and those of others, whereby His truth has been resisted, the fire of His love extinguished, and He Himself been grieved through neglect of His holy inspirations. 5. The greater glory of God.—Devotion to the Holy Ghost inflames the soul with greater zeal for the spread of the Gospel; that is, the reign of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men.

Notes and Remarks.

Judging by the reports of sermons in the newspapers, there are many ministers of the Gospel who are not possessed of the spirit of Him to whom they profess allegiance. Some of these pious men seem to be as savage as they are ignorant and bigoted. They will be ashamed of themselves later on, when the truth comes to be known on some subjects; and possibly they may have cause before the war is ended to regret their present belligerent attitude. It is altogether within the bounds of probability that a greater number of those who are so eager to spill Spanish blood may be afforded the opportunity before it is all gone. These fighting preachers should not be lost sight of. One of them complains that "the great trouble with war is that the right people don't get killed." Perhaps it is because more of the right people do not enlist. Personally, we should have no objection to Protestant clergymen going to war in a body, were it not for the sane, sincere, gentle-souled, enlightened men among them,—men like the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Hartford, who in a public address used these words: "Would to God that the leaders of the churches other than the Roman Church had spoken and acted as the Pope did!"

In case a regiment of ministers is recruited, we here and now offer our services as chaplain, on condition that the commander be a West Pointer with an ambition to earn promotion by hard service.

The Maryland legislature has formally provided for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the passing of the famous "Act of Religious Toleration." The legislature has probably not heard that McMaster's School History of the United States, which is in very general use in the public schools, has discovered that neither Lord Baltimore nor the Catholic colonists nor anybody else deserves the slightest credit for granting that ancient charter of religious liberty. Professor McMaster teaches that, though Lord Baltimore's power in Maryland was practically bound-

less, he could not have withheld religious freedom without entailing ruin upon his colony, so inflamed was the English mind against the Catholic faith. This is a rare bit of twisted logic. The merit of Lord Baltimore's toleration does not depend on the state of the English mind. The one question is, Was he a personal believer in liberty of conscience? and the Act states implicitly that he was. Hence Professor McMaster's contention is not only mere personal inference, it is not even ingenious. It is to be hoped that the program for the proposed celebration in Maryland will include the banishment of McMaster's History from the public schools until it is revised. If this new and utterly ungrounded theory about Lord Baltimore continues to have a place in public school instruction, there will be no celebration of the third centenary of the Act which is Maryland's chief glory and which marked an epoch in human history.

It is announced that the words *Dieu protégé la France*—"May God protect France"—are no longer to appear on French coins. We can hardly believe that so petty a bit of spitefulness could be perpetrated even by the little men who legislate against outdoor processions and issue lofty manifestos against God. The rulers of the Republic over the water seem to think that since the alliance with Russia there is no need to maintain relations even with Almighty God. One can not help contrasting this spirit with that of our President, who, after Dewey's victory in Manila, announced to the country that "by the grace of God" the sea-battle was won by our soldiers.

The Philippine Islands, which have suddenly been invested with international interest, are some hundreds in number; the population, about six millions of people, nine-tenths of whom are Catholics. Manila, which has now four suffragan sees, was the seat of an archbishop a few years after the first English colonists landed in America. The natives were originally of a peculiarly fierce and savage character, and the victory of religion was not won until many mission-

aries had sown in martyrdom the seed of Christians. The transformation, however, was one of the most complete in the history of the world. Nowhere else is the Church so influential and her rule so beneficent—this on the testimony of her avowed enemies. An English Protestant, Mr. W. B. Palgrave, after making it quite clear that his sympathies are not with either the people of the Philippines or with their faith, writes in the *Scientific American Supplement*: "As a social bond, a humanizing influence, an effective sanction, a promoter of friendly intercourse, of right, of love even; a balm—ideal but not inefficacious—for the wounds and bruises of fact, Christianity has, it would seem, rarely been more advantageous to its followers than here."

It is hard to see how the dispersion of the Jews could be more thorough than it is. Of the nine millions of Jews over the whole earth, five millions live in Russia, a million and a half in the Eastern countries of Europe, a million in Western Europe, a million in America, two hundred thousand in Northern Africa, and only seventy thousand in Palestine. In the light of these figures, how visionary seems the project, seriously advocated last year, of gathering together the scattered tribes and upbuilding a new Zion!

The sweet name of Mary is still the favorite the world over. Even in our own country it has taken the place of other Scripture names; while quaint old Puritan names, pet names, and diminutives, of which there was an epidemic some twenty years ago, no longer find favor. The best-beloved name of Mary belongs to one girl in every eight; or, if the forms May and Marion be included, to more than one in every six.

The long career of William Ewart Gladstone, statesman, scholar, and lover of his kind, closed peacefully last week. During his last hours he, too, found solace in "that hymn of austere and splendid devotion," a selection from Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," with which General Gordon, dying before Khartoum, prepared his soul. Whatever errors of judgment or of temper

Mr. Gladstone committed during his long public service were all forgotten long before his death; and we Catholics, in particular, may well overlook certain little episodes in view of his life of great and unselfish service. His unwavering attachment to Christianity has set the world an example of high faith and noble living, which has been as widespread in its influence as the English language. It is not so many years since a young man in one of our Western States, whose faith had been staggered by an irreligious book, wrote to Mr. Gladstone asking whether he really believed in the Christian religion. The answer was characteristic of the man. He received the young fellow's letter as he was starting for the House to lead in an important debate, but he took time to write this message on a postal card: "In all that I have ever said or written, in all that I have ever done, I have been supported and inspired by a firm faith in the divinity of Christ." Other magazines will pay tribute to Gladstone the statesman or the scholar; be it ours, despite the occasional injustice which he did to our holy religion, to lay a wreath on the grave of Gladstone the Christian.

If the unspeakable Spaniards had treated the insurgents in Cuba and the Manilas as we treated the Indians, there wouldn't have been any cause for war; and it may be said furthermore that if American carpet-baggers are to be let loose in the Spanish colonies as soon as they come under the dominion of the United States, the natives will probably regret that they hadn't preferred the frying-pan to the fire. When the Protestant Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, complained to Secretary Stanton of the cruel injustice to which the Indians were subjected, that worthy cut him short with the remark: "If your object is to show that the Indian system is a sink of iniquity, I have only to say that we all know it." In the official report of the commission appointed by President Grant in 1869 to examine "all matters appertaining to Indian affairs," the history of the government connections with the Indians is characterized as "a shameful record of broken treaties

and unfulfilled promises." The ruins of the Spanish mission establishments in California afford proof positive that Spain's treatment of the Indians when they were her subjects was just and humane. That cruelty and oppression were unknown is the general verdict of historians. Let us continue to use our big guns on the Spaniards if we must. We are not exactly in a position to throw stones at them.

The annual report of the American "Humane Education Society" states that four thousand five hundred and thirty-six Bands of Mercy have been formed during the past year. It is impossible to doubt that these organizations are working immeasurable good in the public schools, and among such people as are not immediately influenced by the Christian religion. Despite centuries of civilization, the cruel and destructive instincts of humanity are still strong. Every child born into the world is more or less a savage, and the need of humane education is as universal as childhood. But the need does not stop with childhood. The popularity of prize-fights and contests of extreme endurance, and, above all, the ease with which the yellow journals and the yellow jingoes can lash the general mind into a war fury, all constitute evidence that, in spite of the extremes to which the friends of the animal creation sometimes go, there is still a wide field for the energies of the venerable Mr. Angell and his Bands of Mercy.

The annual report of the Mount Hope Retreat for the insane is of interest not wholly painful. In submitting it the physician-in-chief expresses gratitude "to the Great Physician who has mercifully given us these means for relieving His afflicted children." Some important improvements have been made during the past year, and it is evident that the physicians and Sisters have left nothing undone for the welfare of their charges. There could be no better retreat for those not well in their wits than Mount Hope. The spirit of the institution, which we greatly admire, is evidenced in this extract from "Suggestions on Admitting

Patients," given in an appendix to the Report :

No deception should be ever used in taking a patient to the hospital. Let arrangements be properly made, and with sufficient assistance to control excitement, should any arise. Let the person be plainly, but kindly, told that he is to go to the hospital. No continued resistance will ordinarily be made; but if it becomes necessary, better use force than fraud. Do not call upon an officer for assistance if it can be avoided.

The tables showing the supposed cause of insanity, the occupation, etc., of patients admitted during the past year would afford *data* to lecturers and moralists. For instance, of 45 male patients 3 were insane from overwork and 42 from alcoholic abuse; there were 2 dressmakers among the female patients and 57 of no occupation. These figures go to show that industry promotes mental health; 16 clergymen to 1 florist would seem to prove that many who care for souls would do better to cultivate flowers. But we shall not continue, for fear of laying ourselves open to suggestions.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. A. J. Lambert, of the Diocese of Detroit; and the Rev. P. Smith, Archdiocese of San Francisco, lately deceased.

The Hon. Henry H. Dodge, of Perrysburg, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th inst.

Mr. Leon P. Beaulien, who passed away recently in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary Daly, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 13th ult.

Mr. Michael Crowley, who died a happy death on the 9th inst., at Harbor Creek, Pa.

Mr. Robert A. McKelvey, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John A. Toomy, Miss K. McNamara, and Teresa J. Malone, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Stephen Barrett, Meelick, Ireland; Mr. Thomas Hallahan, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Ohngemach, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John O'Connell, Mrs. James Furlong, and Mr. Richard Powers, Braddock, Pa.; Mrs. James Phelan, Sr., Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mr. Peter Greiten, Mr. Edward S. and Mrs. Mary A. O'Hallaron, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Maria Carroll, New York city; Mrs. Madge Murrin, Mrs. Mary McElory, and Mr. E. E. McElory, Belvidere, Ill.

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



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XXII.—EXPLANATIONS.

Poor Mary Ann did not know what to do. Her first thought was that she must not allow Mary Catherine to enter for fear of infection; her next, that a severe storm was raging and the girl must have shelter. All this passed through her disturbed mind as quickly as the vivid flash of lightning which followed Mary Catherine's declaration, revealing to her astonished sight that it was Mary Ann to whom she had addressed herself. She uttered a loud exclamation, and was about to interrogate her unexpected hostess when Mary Ann whispered:

"Hush! Mary Teresa is here. She is ill and asleep; we must not wake her,"—at the same time pulling her inside the door, from the blinding rain, which now redoubled its fury. She had no alternative, let the consequences be what they might.

Even in the subdued light of the lamp burning on the table, Mary Catherine presented a pitiable sight. Little streams of water dripped from her shapeless and discolored "shaker," but that morning fresh and bright, with its curtain of green Florence silk and band of ribbon. Her pretty "French chintz" dress hung in wet, limp folds about her. And as she stepped into the middle of the floor, the

swish-swash of her shoes disclosed the fact that they were full of water.

"Let me stand on something,—give me a mat, so that the water won't run all over the floor," she whispered.

But Mary Ann silently pointed to a large tub which stood in the farthest corner. Without further parley, Mary Catherine glided as softly as she could to the spot indicated and stepped into the tub. Then Mary Ann untied her bonnet and dropped it at her feet, after which she began to unfasten her outer clothing. Dress, shoes, stockings and bonnet soon lay in a heap at the bottom of the tub; then, motioning her to step out, the hostess pointed to the vacant cot. Mary Catherine crept into it obediently. The other covered her with the blankets which had been intended for her own use; and, when she would have spoken or demurred, laid a warning finger on her lip.

"Turn your face to the wall, and do not open your eyes or speak till morning," she said.

Finally Mary Catherine did as she bade her; then, suddenly recollecting herself, Mary Ann asked in a low voice:

"Are you hungry, Mary Catherine?"

The girl shook her head.

"Did you have supper with the girls?"

She was answered by a nod.

"Well, then, go to sleep," said Mary Ann, in a tone of decision which greatly surprised Mary Catherine.

In a few moments there were two sleepers in the room, oblivious to pain, distress or sorrow. Mary Ann seated herself in the rocking-chair, not far from

Mary Teresa's bed, and gave herself up to conjecture as to the cause of Mary Catherine's appearance on the scene, as well as various speculations with regard to the outcome of this new and decidedly strange and exciting turn of affairs. A great responsibility had suddenly come upon her; she feared to commit an error, but common-sense and Christian charity told her that under the circumstances she could have pursued no other course. She sat thus for more than an hour, when Mary Teresa softly called her.

"Yes, dear!" she answered. "Would you like a drink?"

"Oh, yes! I am so thirsty. But why don't you go to bed?"

"I am not sleepy yet," said Mary Ann, pouring out a generous draught of flaxseed tea flavored with lemon, of which the invalid eagerly partook.

After smoothing the downy pillows and rearranging the bedclothing, she went back to her rocking-chair; while Mary Teresa closed her eyes once more and slept peacefully till morning.

Meanwhile, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Mary Ann fell into a slumber, awaking with a shiver in the first dawn of morning. She looked around for a blanket, but saw none which she could appropriate without depriving the other two sleepers of their covering. Then her eye fell on the woollen table-cover, which she quietly removed; and, wrapping it about her shoulders, she once more resumed her seat in the rocking-chair, and in a few moments was again asleep.

The birds were blithely singing in the trees, and the sun shining cheerfully through the green curtains, when she suddenly started and sat upright in her chair at the sound of smothered laughter. Hurriedly glancing from one side of the room to the other, she saw that Mary Catherine was sitting up in bed, while Mary Teresa's blue eyes were wide open with amazement.

"What is it?" Mary Ann exclaimed, springing to her feet.

"Oh, nothing! But you looked so funny, sleeping there in the chair, with the red and green striped table-cover wrapped around you. Why didn't you go to bed?" asked Mary Catherine.

"There wasn't any bed to go to," said Mary Teresa, in a weak little voice. "You had her bed. But how did you come here, Mary Catherine? Have *you got it* too?"

"Got what?" asked Mary Catherine.

"Don't you know? The—varioid. Sister Mary and I have it."

"*That's* what's been the matter, is it? That's what all the secrets have been about! And all the girls thought you had gone away to Washington or somewhere. At least *I* thought so, and the others agreed with me, as they couldn't offer any better explanation of the conundrum."

Mary Ann and Mary Teresa both seemed very much amused.

"Well!" said Mary Catherine, after a short pause. "Well!" she repeated, with still greater emphasis, after another moment's reflection. "Well!" she continued, flinging herself back on the cot and drawing the blankets tightly around her. "I've just got to wrap myself up tightly this way, because I want to jump and scream."

"Why?" asked Mary Ann, walking about the room, and setting things to rights.

"Because—because I see through it all. You got it from that terrible Ida Lee."

"How did you know?"

"We heard yesterday afternoon that she had it at Mrs. Morton's; and Mrs. Morton has it, too. But *you* haven't got it, Mary Ann?"

"No. She came over to take care of me," replied Mary Teresa. "Wasn't it splendid of her?"

"It was," said Mary Catherine. "But," she went on, a frown gathering on her brow, "I'd like to know why they didn't

send *me*? Mother knows I've had it—the worst kind.”

“They didn't *send* me: I offered to come,” said Mary Ann.

“So would I have offered,” was the reply. “Mother ought to have known it.”

“But my coming was an accident,” said Mary Ann. “I happened to be in the library, behind the screen, when I overheard Mother talking to Sister Bernard. There were two Sisters needed for poor Sister Mary—”

“Two Sisters!” interrupted Mary Catherine. “Is she so bad as that?”

“She is very ill,” said Mary Ann. “In severe cases it is often necessary to have two nurses. Persons become delirious, and one nurse is not enough. I have had the disease, and I offered to come and take care of Mary Teresa. At first Mother would not give her consent, but at last she did. I was on my way here yesterday when I met you.”

Mary Catherine covered her head with the bedclothes. There was a prolonged silence, then the sound of suppressed sobbing. Mary Teresa looked at her nurse in a distressed manner. After a moment Mary Ann approached Mary Catherine, almost forcibly removing the blankets from about her head.

“Why are you crying, dear?” she asked, patting her gently as she spoke.

“For two reasons,” answered the other, in a voice broken by sobs. “For three,” she added, after another deluge of tears.

Although Mary Ann's heart was full of sympathy for the unknown sorrow of her friend, she could not suppress a smile at the matter-of-fact way in which she enumerated its causes.

“Won't you tell us why?” she asked.

“Of course I'll tell you,” was the reply, as Mary Catherine, brushing the heavy black hair from her tear-stained face, once more sat up in bed. “At first I didn't realize it, but now I do. Sister Mary will be marked—I know she will. And

just think how different she will look!”

“O Mary Catherine!” exclaimed Mary Teresa. “As if any one who knew her would care!”

“If it weren't you, and you ill, little one, I would be *furios*,” replied Mary Catherine. “Mary Ann knows I didn't mean *that*. Don't you, Mary Ann?”

“Yes, I think I understand. But I don't believe she will be marked,” said Mary Ann, with great gravity, her heart filled with a sorrowful fear.

“It would be so sad if she were,” said Mary Catherine. “Why, her skin is just as sweet and pure as Mary Teresa's. *She* won't be marked, of course,—she hasn't enough spots on her face to count. She's getting off easy.”

“Well, that is not all you were crying for, is it?” inquired Mary Ann.

“No,” replied Mary Catherine, with a most alarming sigh. “I was so dreadfully horrid yesterday; and poor Mother so worried, and I never knew it. And—I ran away; and I'm *sure* they'll expel me. You know girls are *always* expelled when they run away. And that would kill me—just *kill me!*”

“Why did you run away?” asked Mary Ann, at the same time sitting down on the side of the cot to hear the story.

“You saw me run after that telegraph boy yesterday when I left you? I got to the convent almost as soon as he did. I worried around about half an hour, and then went to Mother's room and knocked at the door. She came out, and I could see she had been crying. ‘Mother,’ I said, ‘is it about papa?’—‘What?’ she asked, so coolly that I was awfully irritated.—‘The telegram, of course. I saw the boy coming, and hurried to get here.’—‘No, dear,’ she said. ‘It is nothing about your father. The news you received from him this morning is encouraging. Go away now, child; I am very busy.’ And then I did a terrible thing, I know, girls. Listen. I said: ‘Mother, it *is* about papa. Tell me

what it is.'—'Mary Hull,' she said (she never calls me that unless she wants to be stern),—'Mary Hull, your affairs are not the pivot on which the school turns, you must remember. Go to your studies, and let me hear no complaints of you.'

"And what did you do then?" asked Mary Ann.

"You may know what I did," was the reply. "I rushed away to the study-hall, and sat there by myself, and wouldn't go down to dinner. In the afternoon we had sewing class, and I broke ever so many needles for pure spite. Finally Sister Teresina sent me out of the room; so I went to practise, and banged on that oldest piano in the last music-room till that little new postulant came up from Mother to see what was the matter. By that time the supper bell rang, and I went to the refectory with the others. I was glad we didn't have recreation, for I should have quarrelled with everybody. Afterward, when we marched in procession to the shrine singing the Litany, I got so desperate that I just deliberately went up to Sister Genevieve and said: 'Tell Mother I'm going to run away.' And then I ran. You were both gone, and Sister Mary, and—and—I didn't care."

"And how did you happen to come here?" inquired Mary Ann.

"Well, I tramped about for a long time. I didn't know where I was going. I thought of papa, and tried to invent some way of getting to him; and I wondered if it wasn't nearly time for you to be coming back, and hoped I would meet you, so that you could go to the convent and tell them that you'd seen me ever so far away. I wanted to make Mother feel sorry for what she had done. But I think I am the one that ought to feel sorry, and I do. I'll beg pardon on my knees, even if she expels me the next minute. Oh, to think what extra trouble I've put upon her, when she was

so distressed already! Why, of course, I shall be expelled: I deserve to be. But it will break my heart—and papa's."

Another burst of tears and sobs now claimed the commiseration of her two companions.

"Did you meet any one on the way, Mary Catherine?" asked Mary Ann.

"No," was the response. "But after awhile I sat down under a tree and fell asleep. Then it began to blow and rain, and I awoke. I must have wandered about fully an hour before I saw a twinkle of light and came here."

"I hear a noise outside," said Mary Ann. "Anselm is up. I will go and tell him you are here, Mary Catherine, so that the Sisters will know. He will tell them when he goes over."

"And will that be soon?"

"Very soon," said Mary Ann. "And you must have some clothing. Perhaps I had better write a note; or will you?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dare. Please write it yourself, Mary Ann. They'll have to let me stay here now any way till this scare is over."

Mary Ann sat down and wrote a few lines to Mother Teresa, explaining the situation; then she went out and found Anselm, whose grave face gave her a pang of apprehension.

"Is Sister Mary worse?" she asked, after having given him her message.

"I don't tink she could be any worse," he replied. "But she is not out of her head any more. And de priest is coming again. I have been for him already dis morning. Ah! dat will be a great loss when Sister Mary goes."

Then he shuffled away; and Mary Ann, wishing to compose her thoughts, walked around the cabin several times before returning to her companions. A murmur of voices came at intervals from the other cabin, and soon became identified to the girl's ears as accents of prayer.

The World's Noblest Heroine.

IV.

It was at the Castle of Chinon that Joan of Arc first came into the presence of the Dauphin. Admitted to an audience, although she had never laid eyes on him before, she knew him at once in the midst of his courtiers, and thus addressed him:

"May God give you good life, gentle Dauphin!"

"It is not I that am the King," he answered. "There he is!"—pointing to another.

"In the name of God, gentle Prince, it is you and not another," she rejoined.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Gentle Dauphin," she replied, "I am named Jeanne the Maid; and the King of Heaven sends you word through me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and that you shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the King of France."

Then she told him a secret known only to God and himself, and he believed in her. But he did not wish to place the conduct of the war in her hands until he had learned through others, whom he deemed wiser than himself, what they thought of her mission. She was therefore sent to Poitiers, where she was examined by an assembly of ecclesiastics, who at the end of three weeks recommended her to be suitably conducted, with an army, to Orleans, fully believing as they did in the genuineness of her call from God.

A few days after her arrival at Orleans with about twelve thousand soldiers, the city was delivered from the hands of the English; and Joan, at the head of the victorious troops, was the heroine of the hour. She received a painful wound, which, however, did not prevent her from going to Chinon, where the King awaited her. He came forth to meet her; but at

sight of him she dismounted and threw herself at his feet, where she reverently saluted him. Raising her up, he leaned forward and, with much emotion, gravely kissed her forehead.

But she had not come to seek for compliments. With her own lips she told the King that she wanted money and soldiers; and that he should permit that she accompany him to the city of Rheims, whither she urged him to turn his steps without delay.

"Sire," she said to him, "it is time you were on the way to Rheims, there to be crowned."

Charles resisted. He was surrounded by politicians, timid scholars and churchmen, as well as calculating egotists. No one could believe that the excitement of victory and the discouragement of the English rendered possible a triumphant march to the place of coronation. All repeated, though from different motives: "It would be the wildest folly."

Poor Joan! already the shadows were beginning to gather around her.

The Dauphin finally decided to pass on to Rheims as soon as the intervening towns, still occupied by the English, should be vacated.

"Come, let us march against those places," was the advice of the Maid.

Thus the campaign of the Loire was decided upon, and from thence it was a proud and triumphant passage to Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency, and the decisive victory of Patay. All this took place in seven days.

Now began to be heard the grumblings of the King's counsellors against Joan. They advised him to proceed to Normandy instead of Rheims. He finally acted upon her advice. The city of Troyes having made its submission, the coast was clear. To be fully recognized as King of France, it was necessary that he should be crowned and anointed at Rheims. Thither she led him, triumphant.

phantly opening the way through the midst of the enemy, till, on the 17th of July, she stood with her banner in the cathedral at the solemn coronation of King Charles VII.

Here her mission is often represented as having ended, and it has been said that if she had at once retired to private life all would have been well. Thus far "the voices" seem to have led her; thereafter what she accomplished and endeavored to accomplish does not appear to have been by their command. And on this slight foundation her enemies have tried to base the accusation that her mission was not from God, but was the delusion of a visionary, romantic girl. Others have maintained that, admitting her mission was of God, she proved false to her divinely appointed vocation when, of her own volition, without guidance of "the voices," she continued her career after the coronation of the King at Rheims.

Their reasoning is not good. God does not always manifest His will by signs. Joan had been obedient to the first call. Her prudence, modesty and simplicity suffered no loss during the period comprised between the first meeting with the King and his coronation. To the King, on the day of his anointing, she said, it is true: "Gentle King, now is accomplished the good pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims to receive your sacred anointing; showing thereby that you are a true king and he to whom the kingdom should belong."

Her first mission had been accomplished, but she wished still to labor for France, as her subsequent conduct proved; and she felt it to be her duty, as is attested by these words, uttered about a month later: "And I would that it pleased God, my Creator, that I could return now, leaving my arms; and that I could go back to serve my father and mother, in taking care of their flocks with my sister and my brothers."

The coronation of the King was but the means to an end: viz., the restoration of peace to France, and the abolition of the numerous evils which always follow in the train of war. And even as she stood before her sovereign, now rightfully crowned, amid the joy of her triumph, it is recorded that the girl wept. Who can say that those tears were of unmixed happiness? Who can tell but that, having touched the height of her felicity, the brave soul, fearing and dreading the future it felt itself obliged to face, did not tremble with a prophetic sorrow? If so, it was for a brief moment. Soon she was again ready for action. But a few days elapsed before she went forth to the relief of Compiègne, then besieged by the Burgundians.

(To be continued.)

A Word's History.

To no word is there a more suggestive meaning attached than to *sincerity*. When Rome was at the height of its power, men vied with one another in enriching their habitations. The most skilful sculptors were employed and the choicest marbles freely used. But even in those days workmen were apt to practise tricks for the purpose of deceiving their employers. If they accidentally chipped the edge of the marble, they would supply the missing bit by prepared wax, which was not likely to be discovered until the heat of the weather melted it.

This custom became so universal that the owners took the matter into their own hands, and inserted a clause in every contract which provided that all the material used was to be *sine cera*; that is, without wax. Gradually this honesty of construction came to be applied to moral qualities, and gave us finally our English word *sincere*, which means to be devoid of deceit or misrepresentation.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Priests and others who teach catechism and have the important duty to perform every year of preparing children for First Communion will derive aid from a little work by the Rev. Dr. Schmitt, entitled "Instructions for First Communicants," a new edition of which has just been issued by the Benzigers.

—A devotional poem by Winefride Beaufort has lately been published in unique form by D. H. McBride. The illustrations of this "Via Crucis" are from famous paintings by Overbeck; and, with variegated border designs and purple and silver setting, the booklet is truly artistic. It is appropriately dedicated to that apostle of Christian Art, Eliza Allen Starr.

—Two penetrating essays in the domain of minute historical criticism have been issued by the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., of the diocese of Pittsburg. One deals chiefly with the earth-works said to have been found in the Manor of Kittanning, Pa.; and the other maintains that no "lead plate" was ever buried at the forks of the Ohio River by Celeron in 1749.

—The Rev. L. W. Mulhane, of the diocese of Columbus, has published in neat pamphlet form a most interesting sketch of the late Gen. Rosecrans. Though modestly referred to in the preface as "a few pages to assist in keeping green the remembrance of the Christian warrior's noble life," this tribute will be of value to some future historian of the civil war for the light it throws on the character and services of one of the greatest generals that conflict produced.

—No wise teacher adopts a text-book without examining it carefully for himself. Three school-books which will well repay such examination are "Todd's New Astronomy," designed to acquaint the student with the popular side of astronomy; Overton's "Applied Physiology," for advanced grades, which also lays special stress on the useful side of the subject; and "Latin Prose Composition," by Messrs. Dodd and Tuttle, which summarizes most of the hints which

a good teacher can give students of Latin composition. Then follow exercises based on Nepos, Cæsar and Cicero,—an excellent plan. All three are good text-books, but the last named is specially deserving. They are handsomely published by the American Book Co.

—In "An Inland Voyage," Stevenson tells how the river Oise bereaved him of his boat and left him clinging to a tree in the water. "Death had me by the heels," he says, "and still I held to my paddle. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: 'He clung to his paddle.'" A splendid epitaph for any man, and most appropriate for Stevenson! It is surprising that those who would honor his memory have not thought of these words. But, then, the projectors of a monument to him in one of our large cities didn't even know how to spell his name.

—The first volume of a life of Dr. Brownson, by his son, Henry F. Brownson, will appear early next month. It covers the years 1802-44, and will be a book of from 570 to 580 pages. This announcement will be a welcome one to thousands of readers everywhere. The record of Dr. Brownson's life previous to his conversion to the Church will have special interest for all classes of educated persons, and will make every reader eager to know the sequel. It is matter for rejoicing that the life of our great American publicist has at last been completed by the only one qualified for so delicate, difficult and important a task.

—Occasional references in our college journals to such literary work as Mr. Stoddard's "North by West," Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections," and Eliza Allen Starr's papers on the Dolours of the Blessed Virgin in art,—to prose articles and poems of merit appearing in different Catholic magazines,—is a hopeful sign for the future of our literature. A new generation of readers is being formed by our schools and colleges, and the snobbishness that used to characterize us is beginning to disappear. A

Catholic writer feels it no dishonor now to contribute to a reputable Catholic periodical; and our people are disposed to appreciate anything of merit, though it may lack the Protestant *imprimatur* which used to be a *sine qua non* for many people.

—It is a genuine satisfaction to note the increase of interest in Catholic publications. There is not a book or pamphlet mentioned in these pages that is not immediately demanded by readers of all sorts and conditions. Not unfrequently our separated brethren apply for information concerning Catholic works they have seen noticed, or ask for an explanation of doctrines of the Church which they do not understand. Some time ago we referred to a pamphlet by Archbishop Ryan—"What Catholics do not Believe"—as something admirably suitable for inquiring non-Catholics. It is gratifying to learn that this excellent *brochure* is still in print. (B. Herder, publisher.) A new and cheaper edition is a *desideratum*. Our publishers should do their utmost to keep the best works constantly before the public. "What Catholics do not Believe" is standard. The English edition of it is in book form.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., *net*.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net*.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net*.

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., *net*.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net*.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., *net*.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net*.

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net*.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.

Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. S. S. R.* \$1, *net*.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, *net*.

The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, *net*.

Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., *net*.

The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.

Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, *net*.

Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.

Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net*.

Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net*.

The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Ayné, M. D.* \$1, *net*.

The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.

The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net*.

Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.

Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.

Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.

Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.

Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.

Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.

NEARER TO THEE.

Words and Music by
DUGALD MAC FADYEN

1.—Nearer to Thee, Jesus! nearer to Thee, My world-weary soul in its longing would be.

1.—Nearer to Thee, Jesus! nearer to Thee, My world-weary soul in its longing would be.

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1.—Nearer to Thee, Jesus! nearer to Thee, My world-weary soul in its longing would be.

The first system consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with the lyrics: "1.—Nearer to Thee, Jesus! nearer to Thee, My world-weary soul in its longing would be." The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef.

Near-er to Thee, Lord, for strength grace and light From doubt's dark corroding and sin's dis-mal night.

Near-er to Thee, Lord, for strength grace and light From doubt's dark corroding and sin's dis-mal night.

Near-er to Thee, Lord, for strength grace and light From doubt's dark corroding and sin's dis-mal night.

Near-er to Thee, Lord, for strength grace and light From doubt's dark corroding and sin's dis-mal night.

The second system also consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with the lyrics: "Near-er to Thee, Lord, for strength grace and light From doubt's dark corroding and sin's dis-mal night." The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef.

Near - er, near - er, near - er to Thee, My world-weary soul, in its long-ing would be.

Nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee, near - er to Thee, My world-weary soul in its long-ing would be.

Near - er, near - er, near - er to Thee, My world-weary soul in its long-ing would be.

Nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee, near - er to Thee, My world-weary soul in its long-ing would be.

II.

Slaves to this false world, and dupes to its snares,
 From pleasure-sown seeds reap we nothing but cares ;
 Now from sin's dread bondage I pray to be free,
 And seek for my solace and freedom in Thee.

Nearer, nearer, nearer to Thee!
 My soul cries with yearning, have pity on me!

III.

Son of the Virgin, and Brother of all—
 Fo: Mary, Thy Mother, our Mother we call—
 Who camest unto us, and died on a tree,
 That we, through Thy sorrows, might come unto Thee.

Nearer, nearer, nearer to Thee!
 My Jesus, mercy, Thou didst suffer for me!

IV.

Be Thou our guide, Lord, through life's wilderness,
 Our Pillar and Cloud and our Shield in distress,
 That we, pure and patient, life's journeying o'er,
 May pass through Death's portals to life evermore.

Nearer, nearer, nearer to Thee!
 Till reaching, the homeland, our Saviour we see.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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The Meaning of June.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.


HE giveth His beloved sleep,
 And life and joy and peace in Him;
 He asks His waiting souls to keep
 The hopes that shall not cease for Him
 Until these hopes are lost in sight;—
 And things of earth for our delight.

He giveth all the blissful June,
 Fraught with the clover and the rose,
 The thousand scents beneath the moon
 From blossoms that His smiles unclose;
 But only His beloved read
 The meaning of the flowered seed.

He sendeth all the warmth and glow,
 The azure sky, the rippling fields,
 The clover white—the summer's snow,—
 The woodbine which sweet honey yields.
 But they who love have perfect part,
 In union with His Sacred Heart.

An Apostle of the Eucharist.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

 NE spring morning in 1871 there appeared in a Parisian newspaper the following paragraph from the pen of Louis Veuillot:

"Last month died at Spandau one of Our Lady's gentlest knights, Brother Augustin Marie of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Discalced Carmelite, in the world

known as Father Hermann. A chosen soul, called at the eleventh hour, he went about barefoot, preaching, hearing confessions, founding monasteries. Humble in his success, untiring in his zeal, the only repose that he could be induced to take was, under God's will, the repose of death. But his life remains to us—its holy example, precious teachings. Special graces await the one who shall give to posterity a true record of that life, and the many who shall read such record with profit."

I.—THE BOY.

Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. (Ps., xxxi.)

Hermann, second son of David Abraham Cohen, a wealthy Jewish merchant of Hamburg, was born November 10, 1821. The name Cohen signifies in Hebrew *priest*; and they who bear it are lineal descendants of the high-priest Aaron, of the tribe of Levi. The "Cohennim" when present in the synagogue were permitted to take an active part in the ceremonies, and "with outreached hands give blessing to the faithful."

But the spirit of reform, so prevalent in Europe at that time, creeping ivy-like over old religious and political institutions, and threatening to loosen the foundation-stones of both, had caused those who deemed themselves the more enlightened of Abraham's children to inaugurate a species of neo-Judaism, replacing the

Hebrew by the German tongue in their preaching; forswearing the Talmud, and gradually dispensing with all the imposing rites of their ancient worship.

The Cohen family became the pillars of the New Temple; but the boy Hermann, beginning even then to "observe with the mind's eyes," cherished a secret repugnance for these innovations. "The old ceremonial seemed more in harmony with the place—nothing of it all satisfied me." And, continuing, he tells us in his "Confessions": "When the rabbi mounted the sanctuary steps, drew aside a curtain, opened a door, I trembled with awe and expectation. When he drew forth simply a roll of parchment inscribed with Hebrew letters and read aloud therefrom, it was as if my heart fell back like a stone in my bosom. *Now* I see all plain. Only the Tables of the Law, the Bread of Proposition, repose in the tabernacles of the Jews; but in those of the Christians—ah, blessed mystery of love!—behold the Author of the Law Himself, the Bread of Everlasting Life!"

That these youthful religious longings and questionings left deep impressions on Hermann's mind is proved by his frequent reference to them years after, though his early training was little qualified to foster even a serious turn of thought. He and his elder brother were sent to the most famous college in Hamburg, directed by a Protestant, there to receive, according to their shekel-loving father's command, an education that would fit them for "commercial life."

Hermann's intellectual precocity was marvellous; without apparent effort, he eclipsed all comrades of the same age; and "even, like another Jacob, snatched the birthright from his senior brother." To him fell all the praise and prizes, and his vanity at every step found new springs from which to drink deep and fatal draughts. His progress in Latin and Greek was so rapid that at the age

of nine he was sufficiently advanced to enter the third class in the public gymnasium. No pupil in that class, however, being less than fourteen years of age, the supervisors wisely demurred at granting admittance to so young a lad. The natural jealousy of older companions, they argued, might generate a feeling of discontent, ending in ill-treatment of the newcomer. So, his health, always delicate, seeming to require now a mother's constant watchfulness, his overworked brain complete repose, it was decided that he should take a year's holiday "at home."

Forbidden application to other studies, he forthwith threw himself with characteristic ardor into that of music, an art for which from infancy he had evinced extraordinary talent. The professor that instructed him was, unfortunately, a man of dissolute habits, whose genius served as a cloak for his manifold sins; and before long the impressionable Hermann was striving to emulate him in all things. "As I saw this man admired by everyone, I wished by the same means to attract people's admiration. He was addicted to gambling; at my eager demand, he taught me all the intricacies of gaming. He played so delightfully on several instruments that no entertainment was perfect without his presence. At the expense of his admirers he indulged in pleasures of every description, and the idea soon took possession of my mind that no existence could be more happy than an artist's. Yes, I would follow that career only; I would be nothing but an artist. To the wishes of my parents on the subject I gave little heed."

It was the loving mother who yielded first in the combat; the unwilling consent of the father was only the outgrowth of circumstances, granted after a succession of business disappointments had prepared his heart for domestic ones, and the Revolution of 1830 had swept away his entire fortune.

Hermann's appearance as a musical prodigy took place at Altona, in a *soirée* given by his teacher, and some other pupils twice his age. Rapturous applause rewarded his rendition of certain difficult *morceaux*, and still greater honors awaited him in his native Hamburg. For days thereafter the "beautiful" little Hermann, the "Paganini of the piano," was fêted, caressed, talked of, written of. And his mother, perhaps still more dazzled than he, saw unwinding before him a rose-bordered path, which, without a turn, would lead her darling to the highest peak of fame. She lost no time in presenting him at the courts of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and his neighbor, the Grand Duke of Schwerin, both of whom gave her letters of recommendation to their plenipotentiaries at Paris, and lavished favors and honors on her gifted son. At the close of the winter, leaving the husband and father in Hamburg busily striving to retrieve his shattered fortunes, Madame Cohen and Hermann set forth for the French capital,—“city beautiful” of the boy's dreams, *urbs spei* of the mother's.

After establishing herself in a pretty apartment, her first step was to seek among the many famous piano-teachers then gathered in Paris one fitted to complete Hermann's musical education. Some urged upon her the “velvet-fingered” Chopin, some the classic Zimmermann; while the greater majority favored the choice of Liszt—“now lion, now lamb; now fire, now water; now sunlight, now shadow.”

That “sublime master,” however, firmly refused to receive another pupil, pleading superfluity of prior engagements; but after hearing Hermann play, he expressed not alone willingness but eagerness to teach him. Liszt was then twenty-two (just twice Hermann's age), his noble heart and mind as yet uncorrupted by the follies and weaknesses of after years,

and possessing at its zenith that power of attraction and charm of manner which fascinated all. The closest intimacy at once sprang up between himself and his precocious pupil, for whom he coined the pet name of “Puzzi,” from the German *putzig* (little darling); and with whom he delighted to share the praise and the welcome which ever awaited him in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The boy's meeting with that evil genius of French literature, George Sand, took place in those days; and he describes how, without as yet having read her romances, he was drawn to her as a moth to a candle from the mere fact of her celebrity. At her house (where he became a constant visitor) he met all the idols of the day, pagan and Christian. La Mennais undertook to instruct him in political economy; by the crimson torch glare of a distorted imagination teaching him the meaning of such words as “religion, patriotism, liberty, and equality.”

“Do you remember,” writes George Sand to Liszt,—“do you remember Puzzi seated at the feet of the saint of Bretagne, who said to him such beautiful things with the kindness of an apostle?” And frequent flattering mention of Hermann in her “Lettres d'un Voyageur” so far extended his fame that he relates how, in the course of subsequent travels, Russian princesses and persons of highest distinction would address him as the “Puzzi of George Sand,”—a passport which gave him entrance into all the salons of Europe.

Liszt's sudden announcement of his intention to leave Paris for an indefinite stay in other lands awoke Hermann to a realization of the intense affection which he bore toward him. Tearfully and with passionate insistence, he entreated permission to accompany him “even to the world's end, afoot,” begging his bread, bravely facing any hardship save that of separation.

Touched by his devotion, the master eventually agreed that he should in three months join him at Geneva. His consequent sojourn of a year and a half in that stronghold of Calvinism marks a grieving period in Hermann's moral history. The atmosphere of the place was noisome with the emanations of J. J. Rousseau and Voltaire; their baleful books lay on every table, their doctrines endorsed or practised by the poets, artists, musicians whose society he affected; he heard faith, purity, virtue—all good derided, all evil lauded. One can imagine the effect of such surroundings and intercourse on a youth of fifteen, "old beyond his years." Truly did he "grope darkly among the snares set for his feet." But even then, above the din and discord of his purposeless life, there were moments when he heard the voice of his unransomed soul "crying aloud unto him."

One day Liszt, an advocate of universal reading for the development of the mind, presented him with a Bible in which he had written, "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." On reading these words Hermann experienced great emotion, and gave utterance for the first recorded time to a desire for Christian baptism. "But," he added naïvely, "I know not yet which religion to choose—the Catholic or the Protestant." Liszt seems not to have seized the opportunity to offer his pupil any counsel, and there for the time the matter ended.

Of the period immediately succeeding Hermann's return to Paris, the least possible should be said. Emancipating himself from his mother's restraining guidance, he let his "soul's rudderless bark drift whither it would among the seething shallows and foaming breakers of Passion's wreck-strewn coast; went down at noonday into the night-black haunts of sin, and dwelt therein, a sinner among sinners." Each day was filled with some new dissipation, for whose indul-

gence a certain income from lesson-giving afforded means, until at last his higher nature revolted at the coarseness of his companions and the shamefulness of his existence.

Prey to the keenest remorse, he sought his forsaken mother and received from her the forgiving welcome which awaits the majority of prodigal sons. Without completely amending his evil ways, he resumed his musical studies, and became again the petted *habitué* of fashionable society under the special patronage of the noted Princess Belgiojoso; but ever "feverishly restless and athirst."

Becoming acquainted with Mario, the young Italian tenor, he determined to take a trip with him to London. His first concert in that city was a pronounced success. The aristocracy vied with one another in their requests for lessons; and, after a brilliant season, he found himself supplied with means to execute a cherished plan—that of paying a visit to dear Italy, and dearer Liszt, who was then residing in the Land of Song. From that time until we meet him at Paris, five years later, domiciled in the house of his friend, Adalbert de Beaumont, Hermann was constantly on the wing, a veritable Wandering Jew,—to-day in London or Hamburg, concert-giving and teaching; to-morrow in Venice or Milan, composing operas so full of melancholy undertone and religious feeling that critics declared they needed for their rendition not the lights and orchestra of a theatre, but the shadows and grand organ of a cathedral. Thus with notes of music, though unconscious of their true meaning, Hermann poured forth his first prayers. Years after, in the hallowed hush and solitude of Carmel, he made use of some of those *motifs* in his exquisite *cantiques* to our Blessed Lady.

The purifying fires of a particular devotion to Mary Immaculate seem to have been kindled in his heart simultaneously

with the breaking thereon of "eternal morning's golden light." His remarkable conversion that afternoon in May, 1847, might indeed be described as one of the most perfect blossoms of divine grace that was ever permitted to fall earthward from the laden branches of Our Lady's beautiful and blessed month.

The circumstances of Hermann's conversion, full of pious interest for every Catholic, are minutely detailed in his letters to Father Marie Ratisbonne. To oblige an acquaintance—the choir-master of Ste. Valère, who had requested him to take his place at the organ one Friday,—he entered the little church of the Rue de Bourgogne, "one man, to leave it another." For at the Benediction so sweet an emotion overpowered him that, trembling, he would fain have fallen on his knees and with tears implored a share in that blessing. The ensuing Friday he came again, and yet again the week after, each time experiencing the same sensations. When with the end of May the musical solemnities in Our Lady's honor terminated, he found himself each Sunday attending Holy Mass at Ste. Valère, called and carried thither by a clearly heard voice, an unseen hand. With David, exulting, he could exclaim: "He brought me also out of the horrible pit, and out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and *ordered my goings.*"

Early in July he asked the Duchesse de Rauzan to introduce him to a priest; the perusal of an old, well-used prayer-book in the library of De Beaumont (property of that young unbeliever's dead mother) having aroused eager questionings and aspirations.

From the Abbé Legrand he received warm welcome and wise counsel. "Be calm," said that leader of souls, "and patient. There are mists and shadows in the valley when all is clear upon the mountain top. It is yet early daybreak all about you; at noon we shall see the

way plainer." And he gave him a copy of Lhomond's "Exposition of the Christian Doctrine," and a line of introduction to the curé of the Catholic church at Ems, in which town Hermann was about to give a concert. Immediately on his arrival there he hastened to present that friendly line; and the day following, being the Sabbath, he went to Mass.

"Ah, holy morning in the little church at Ems!" he exclaims. "Was it not then and there I became a Christian? Yes, as much a Christian as it is possible to be without yet having received baptism. O ever-memorable moment when, at the Elevation, I suddenly felt welling up from the deeps of my being and streaming down my burning cheeks a deluge of tears! Often had I wept in childhood, in manhood, but never tears like these. Doubtless I then experienced what must have been felt by St. Augustine in his garden at Cassiacum when he heard the '*Tolle lege!*' And spontaneously, as if by intuition, I began to make interiorly to God a general confession of all my sins, even from infancy. How hideous, revolting, they appeared to me in their enormity, their countlessness! And yet, like healing balm poured upon a bleeding wound, I felt that the Lord of Mercy would turn His eyes from them, would take pity on my sincere contrition, and accept my resolution to expiate them by a life thenceforward devoted to His love and service.

"On quitting the church, I met at its portal the wife of the French Ambassador, a most devout lady, with whom I was acquainted. Perceiving my excitement, she tenderly questioned me; and, rejoiced to find outlet for my feelings, I spoke freely. Her face shone like an angel's as she listened. 'It is to the intercession of the Blessed Mother that you owe these favors,' he said. 'Give thanks to her; continues to pray to her.' And she took from her prayer-book and gave to me a little

picture of the Assumption. And I desire to acknowledge that all the progress I have had the happiness of making in the way of Christ I plainly owe to the compassionate and Holy Virgin, Refuge of Sinners, whose powerful intercession I have never from that day failed fervently and constantly to implore."

Returned to Paris, he lost no time in imparting the state of his mind to Abbé Legrand, who began at once a course of religious instruction which should uproot the last tares and make all ready for the "coming of the Bridegroom."

One of the most precious impressions of that period of preparation was drawn from Hermann's assistance at the ceremony of baptism, administered by the Abbé Ratisbonne (himself a son of Israel) to four young Jewish converts, in the Chapel of Notre Dame de Sion, on the Feast of the Assumption.

"I went at the suggestion of Abbé Legrand, and to my dying day shall I thank him for the abiding memories of that scene: the altar white with lilies; the white-robed maidens, directed by a nun, on whose sweet voices was upborne the most touching, most sublime litany, composed by Father Ratisbonne, and, as I was afterward informed, daily sung there by these young orphan girls, who, themselves the objects of Our Lord's compassion (all converts from the stem of Jesse), bespeak His infinite mercy for those of their people who still walk in darkness.

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, have pity on the children of Israel! Jesus, the Desired of all nations! Jesus, of the tribe of Judah! Jesus, who didst heal the deaf, the dumb, the blind, have pity on the children of Israel! Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

"I had first thought of the old church of the Carmelites as the one wherein I

would receive the Sacrament of Baptism; but now I chose that little chapel, built in memory of the miraculous conversion of a brother in Judaism (Father Marie Ratisbonne), as the most fitting chamber for my new birth."

And for the day of that "new birth" Hermann's spiritual adviser chose the feast of the great St. Augustine, now fast approaching, and for which the young neophyte prepared himself by complete isolation, fasting, penance, and a novena to the Blessed Virgin.

Saturday, August 28, one heard the jubilant peals of the bell of Notre Dame de Sion. Within, myriad candles starred its incense-fragrant twilight; a crowd of people filled the nave. Strains of sweetest music trembled on the air, as the convert, pale but steadfast, knelt to have poured upon his transfigured brow the chrism of the true faith; to be delivered from Egyptian bondage and received into the number of God's children; to exchange the name of Hermann for that of Marie Augustin Henri.

"So deeply was I moved," he writes, "that even now I but imperfectly recall the ceremonies. I only know that I was clothed in the white robe of innocence; in my hand was placed a lighted taper—symbol of the truth which had shone upon me, to preserve and defend which I vowed in my heart to live and to die."*

(To be continued.)

* This letter was first published in the "Life of Rev. Father Hermann," by Abbé Charles Sylvain (Paris, 1880),—to which volume the writer is indebted for the facts embodied in this sketch.

IN proportion as we possess sufficient evidence to know the truth, God will require of us to give an account of that truth at the last day. We must give an account both of what we have known and what we have not known, the reason why we have not known that which we might have known.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Young Lady of the Manor.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

"A H, then, but I am happy!"

The young girl ran up and down the broad steps of the manor two or three times, in the very exuberance of her enjoyment. It was an ideal day of spring. The snow had faded from the landscape, leaving it fresh and very beautiful, with patches of grass here and there. Even from the little river at the foot of the lawn the last traces of snow and ice had vanished; so that it ran merrily over its stones, as a child released from the restraint of the schoolroom exults in its new freedom.

"Yes, it is surely spring!" the young girl continued. "The rooks are in the elm-tree; and I saw a squirrel this morning coming out of the attic window, with one of the last of the winter store of nuts which I helped him to eat—the dear little creature!"

She laughed as she began to pace the lawn, looking critically at the trees, upon some of which she detected a green leaf; and she bent down here and there to touch a blade of grass with her delicate, pink-tipped fingers.

"For, after all, it is so very long, this Canadian winter of ours," she reflected; "and it is a good thing when the beautiful spring comes."

She nodded and smiled at a bird which had perched twittering on the bough of a linden near the garden-gate.

"Good-morning, my dear!" she said. "But you are welcome with your little song, greeting the spring."

Marie's ears just then caught the first sound of wheels at the back of the house, coming through the great gate from the stable-yard. She looked down at her costume, so fresh and dainty, so elegant

in its very simplicity, and to which her own innate charm and her air of good-breeding lent a distinction. She drew on her silk gloves, calling out:

"Come, Aunt! The carriage is just arriving."

An elderly woman, who had been sitting within one of the French windows which opened to the veranda, stepped out in answer to the call. Her appearance, too, less striking than that of her niece, was set off by an almost studied carelessness of attire, as one who said: "The fashion of my garments, their quality or their make, can detract nothing from my consequence." In point of fact, there was no thought of the kind in her mind. She simply dressed as occasion warranted or as she felt inclined.

The aunt said "Good-morning!" to Jean Baptiste, who drove the carriage up to the door, and the niece nodded and smiled at him. Both were presently seated in the old-fashioned vehicle, and before long they were down at the edge of the stream.

"How will Gros Jean like the water this morning?" said the aunt, addressing Jean Baptiste, a worthy Breton, who, transplanted to Canadian soil, was deeply devoted these many years to the manor and its inmates. He held Madame to be the finest woman in the whole world, and Mademoiselle altogether the most charming of young ladies.

"Not too much, Madame," he said in answer to the question. "See! he is trying it with his foot."

"Poor Gros Jean!" cried the young girl. "Yet when there is something to be done, it is better to do it at once. So courage, Gros Jean! The air is mild and delightful."

"But the water is still of the coldest, Mademoiselle," answered the coachman, deprecating the implied reproach to his favorite; "and Gros Jean has plenty of courage."

The animal displayed it by plunging more than ankle-deep into the stream, and drawing the carriage, rumbling over the stones, after him, till he landed it safe on the steep bank above. The drive after that was over roads level for the most part, though with occasional eminences, from which it wound down into hollows. Sometimes its way led over streams spanned by primitive bridges. In the distance were mountains—Rougemont, which was always reddened by the evening light; Ste. Hilaire, dominating the landscape; Mt. Johnson, rising pyramidal from the plain; and farther off, the shadowy outlines of ranges which stood over the borders on American soil. Farm-houses dotted the road, with here and there a cottage or a cabin sheltering the poorer inhabitants of the district. All were absent or about setting out to the parish church at Ste. Marie.

The scene had few striking features in it, apart from those distant mountains; but it was peaceful and sylvan, with an air of moderate prosperity about its dwellers and an absence of squalor and misery. It stretched winding mile after mile till the village was reached,—a village with broad-eaved stone cottages, speaking of older times; and wooden ones, painted white or in more gaudy colors, less picturesque and more modern. In the centre stood the church, central point of all the village life. Of massive stone, it reared to the clouds its great steeple, whence bells clanged out the approaching hour for Mass, and its broad steps were alive with people waiting for the signal to enter.

"The drive was exquisite," said Marie, as the carriage reached the foot of the steps and the two ladies alighted upon the plateau; while Jean Baptiste went away to put up the horse and carriage, with all the other horses and the vehicles of every size and shape which had come from far and near, bringing their occupants to High Mass.

II.

As Marie walked up the aisle to the manorial pew she perceived that it was already partly occupied. And presently she made the further discovery that it was her cousin Louis who sat there, side by side with a stranger. Both arose and stepped out to allow the ladies to enter. Marie was conscious of a feeling of pleasurable surprise. Cousin Louis so rarely came out from town. After she had knelt a few moments and sat back to await the appearance of priest and acolytes, Louis whispered to her:

"Am I not good, my cousin? I have brought you a *galani*."

"Hush—in the church!" said Marie, but there was a little smile about the corners of her mouth as she opened her book. After all, on such a day, and when one has just left the convent school, it is not an unpleasant thing that a young man, a friend of cousin Louis, should come to spend a day at the manor.

The white and gold of the altar, the rich vestments of the priest, and the music of the choir—not artistic, perhaps, but rendered with the natural taste of the French Canadians,—all seemed to Marie to be in harmony with that beautiful day of spring and with her own mood. She went out of the church humming one of the pretty French *cantiques*. Standing on the square outside, she looked around upon the animated scene, seeking familiar faces. There was the beadle. How fine he looked in his new red and black gown, which he had worn for the first time at Easter, and which had at last replaced the ancestral one in use almost since the time when Marie's great-grandfather had built the church! With what dignity he carried his staff of office!

"Good-morning, Monsieur!" said Marie.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle!" And that functionary relaxed into a smile as he looked at her and doffed his hat.

There was the beadle's mother, too,

shining in the reflected glory of her son's new gown, and herself almost as notable a personage. Marie had grateful remembrances, since her ante-conventual days, of new maple syrup with bread, or the spring sugar itself, often wrought into curious shapes, which she had been wont to associate with the beadle's mother and the quaint little house just opposite the church. So she extended an impulsive hand of friendliness to the portly woman in the lilac print gown and black bonnet, who returned the greeting effusively. Almost at the same instant she had to return the imposing salutations of the four church-wardens. How grand she used to think those solemn functionaries, and with what awe had she long regarded the box-like compartments wherein they sat on Sundays, and which were to her mind the very symbol of authority!

The men of the congregation were gradually drifting toward the end of the plateau, where announcements were to be made from a kind of rostrum. In such manner the parish was made acquainted with electoral meetings to come, sales of property, fairs which were to take place in their own or neighboring villages, and other matters of general interest. But each man as he passed was careful to raise his hat in salute to the people from the manor. For from time immemorial, until the abolition of the feudal tenure, had they not been seigneurs of the place, protecting the interests of the people, donating the land upon which the church was built, aiding in its erection and maintenance by their benefactions, and living in all good-will with their dependents? So that even if conditions were changed, and the neighbors of the former seigneurs were now their tenants or it may be their fellow-parishioners, the old ties had never been very much loosened nor traditional respect materially lessened.

Marie concerned herself little with all this, while she watched cousin Louis

mingling with the crowd and exchanging hearty hand-shakes.

"Eh, Monsieur Louis! but we are glad to see you. It is long since you went away. You do not come often from the city!" were the almost general exclamations of the people amongst whom the young man had grown from boyhood to manhood.

Marie likewise observed, with her quick, bird-like glance, the stranger who had come with cousin Louis to be their guest. She rightly conjectured that he was the son of a neighboring seigneur, of whom she had heard but whom she had never seen.

Marie's aunt, who had been exchanging friendly but dignified greetings with most of the women, presently approached the young stranger. Her manner was full of that gracious cordiality which belongs by excellence to that old race of French Canadian aristocracy, so much of which has already passed away. She made him welcome, remarking, with a smile and a sigh, that he was so very like his uncle. Of course the young man did not know, at the moment, that his uncle had been engaged to this gracious, pleasant-featured woman when they were both young. Youth takes but little cognizance, as a rule, of the romances of its elders. It forgets that the years have obscured their brightness but have not destroyed them; as an old painting remains obscured by time and neglect, but sends forth its own rich colors under the brush of the restorer.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY talks very loud when the danger is at a distance; but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade, Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.—*Colton.*

Trust and Love.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHEN Noah entered in the blessed ark,
 And with him of all creatures two and
 two,
 Twin graces, Trust and Love, their radiance
 threw
 Around that home,—a solitary mark
 Of mercy, mid the deluge deep and dark,
 Wrath universal, that creation slew.
 Thus through the stormy winds, the lunar
 bark
 Shines peaceful, floating in her sea of blue.
 As he in God, so did in him confide,
 Within that safety ark, each living thing.
 So the sweet dove, sent forth, return'd and
 hied
 Again, the olive-branch of peace to bring;
 Then sped away, trusting that love would
 guide
 To her her mate with an unerring wing.

In the Battle for Bread.

IN DUTY BOUND.

BY T. SPARROW.

III.

I THINK Mr. Ardilaun was somewhat surprised at that sudden accomplishment of his demand for entrance to the home of the Evangelicals. Any way, he quieted down and let us lead him away from the vicinity. Where I came in, was a puzzle; but it was one to which I did not choose to give him the key. My plans were quickly made.

"If we meet a cab, we will hail it," I said to Rose. "Otherwise are you strong enough to walk to Islington, where I know some people who will take us in and ask no questions?"

She just nodded in acquiescence; but one look at her chalk-white face and trembling frame showed me that I was not to be surprised or alarmed if I had

two invalids on my hands instead of one.

However, fate was kind; and a belated vehicle hove in sight, into which we hustled Mr. Ardilaun without ceremony, he still being in a state of bewilderment as to why, when he asked for one daughter, he was provided with two.

The people to whom we were going were people in a humble state of life, to whom I had been able once to do a substantial benefit; and I knew that Rose would be well cared for there, as far as their circumstances would permit.

We were cheerfully received, though we had to wake them from a sound sleep; and the husband took charge of Rose's father, who was now in a heavy slumber. A pawn-ticket for his overcoat showed how he had found the means to pander to his failing.

My chief care was the girl. She went from one faint into another, and Mrs. Gray and I watched by her for many hours; then, with that curious strength which belongs to highly-wrought natures, she suddenly recovered consciousness, and with it entire command of her position.

Rose insisted on my returning to my duties; remarking that if the Grays would kindly keep her father (who was prostrate after his unaccustomed excess) for the day, she would go and find a suitable lodging for the two at Clapham. She paid every expense before I could stop her, and coolly kept us all at a distance. She was evidently suffering so much that it was the truest kindness to give her her own way for the present; but while I yielded, I feared that that desperate pride which refused all help would be her overthrow ere long.

She would write to me, she said; and till then would I wait quietly and not seek to see her? And the frail little thing, with the dark circle round her eyes, looked so pitifully at me while she spoke that I could but do as she asked me, not wanting to add to her griefs.

Before long the promised letter came. They had established themselves in rooms near Clapham Common. She wrote that she had given up her office work, so as to be always near her father; and she meant to support the two entirely by literature. He was well and happy, and she invited me to spend the following Sunday afternoon with them.

Needless to say I went. She was pale but bright, and he most courteous and bland. He discoursed a little too obtrusively of his duty to his only child, and how he meant to fulfil it; and she, I noticed, watched his every movement as if love were overpowered by fear.

Rose told me she was going to write a book in the leisure hours between her other journalistic duties. This would allow her to be much at home; and, if it succeeded, the money from its sale would enable her to devote more time to her father—perhaps go abroad with him and divert his mind.

"Have you any friends?" I asked.

"No," she said, firmly. "I don't want any. I refuse to see everyone. I wish no witnesses of my disgrace. I have come here to hide. One has no right to drag people down into one's own pit. I am perfectly aware that my poor father will break out again at times; I must pull through it my own way. I am in duty bound to him first and foremost."

"But, Rose," I exclaimed, half-vexed, half-admiring, "don't you see you are going about it the wrong way? A mental life exhausts one; and when added to it is the ever-haunting fear which I see in your eyes, how long do you suppose you can bear such a pressure? One of two things will inevitably happen: either your mind or your body will give way. It may be your duty to support your father; but do it in a sane manner, I beg of you! God sent human creatures to help one another; to keep aloof when in trouble was not His design. Don't get

morbid about the disgrace. Nearly every one of us has had as much and more to face at some period of our lives. And, remember, complete isolation can not be good for him. With all your devotion, he will feel monotony at times; he will sigh for fresh faces, he will crave for man-companionship. Now, let me introduce you to a doctor and a clergyman at least, and do not trouble about your poverty. The world is so much kinder than we think it is. God never fails us if we act with prudence and common-sense, trusting to Him; but if you act against them, what can you expect?"

Perhaps I spoke too plainly, but I saw so strongly that environment was half the battle of success to this gifted but neurotic girl. It was the dull, depressing environment at the Evangelicals which had partly clogged her mind now, and made her unable to see things in a broad, matter-of-fact way.

She smiled at my vehemence, but would promise nothing more than that she would apply to me if illness came. She must try her own way first; when it failed, it would be time to see about another.

With that I had to be content. I took my leave with the impression that it was not her wish, except in dire necessity, to see me again. Perhaps I never should if Master Charles had not appeared on the scene once more. He called on me bright and debonair; and, knowing he had other means of finding out the truth, I saw no reason for withholding from him the latest development in Rose's sad history. The recital made him very grave.

"With all the will in the world, she has not the strength to do it," he said; "and she will die before she will yield. I know Rosie. The old rascal will never reform; and—who knows?—if she keeps the money from him, he may take to ill-treating her." He rose and paced up and down the room. "Look here!" he

went on abruptly, stopping in front of me. "You must give me her address, and I shall try my luck once more. For the sake of her father she may say 'Yes' now; for she knows she shall have her own way about him in everything."

"And why not for your own sake?" I inquired, looking kindly at the honest young giant, whose heart was as true as steel.

"Oh, I don't know!" he replied, with hesitation. "I am a Catholic; and Rose rather looks down upon us, you know."

"It is the first time I heard you were one of us," I said. "And, if you will believe me, Rose admires and appreciates those who act according to their conscience. If she likes you, it probably rests with you whether she lives and dies a Catholic."

He beamed at me in his peculiarly boyish way.

"Don't make a fellow praise himself," he answered. "It's bad form. But I am a *good* Catholic, you know. I really follow my religion. I can't talk about it, though; and if Rose began to argue, I should be nowhere."

I laughed.

"Never mind that," I returned. "Let her see that your faith is the better part of yourself; and when she wants to reason, turn her over to controversial books and priests. You pray and leave the rest to God."

My sympathy seemed to win his confidence completely.

"Do you know," he said, ingenuously, "I believe I was quite a model boy. I remember offering my First Communion for Rose. Till then we had shared lessons, play and everything together; it was our first real separation, and I felt it hard not to have my playmate by my side."

"Well, prayers are always answered," I said. "Whether you win her or not, it will be a pleasure to feel you have done her nothing but good."

"I am going to her this minute," he said, looking round for his hat. "What message of hope may I take from you to speed me on my way?"

"This: a woman's 'No' may often mean 'Yes' in the future, if the man is only constant and true. Come back and tell me how you have fared."

He did come back, low and dejected. Rose had refused him point-blank. She liked him, she owned, and she liked no other man; but as long as her father lived she meant to remain single and bear her burden unaided. This answer was what I expected. I could only try to comfort Charles, and promise, at the risk of being rebuffed, to keep up what acquaintance-ship she would permit, so that I might be at hand in any emergency.

But even this contingency Rose had foreseen and provided against. When I did venture to call some time after, it was only to learn that father and daughter had removed to an unknown address. So there was nothing to be done but wait patiently, secure in the knowledge that she was in better hands than ours.

Such patience was easier for me than for poor Charles. He chafed sadly at the uncertainty it involved.

"If I only knew she was well and happy it would not be so bad," he kept saying. "But to fear that she may be ill or in absolute want takes the life out of everything."

And indeed the boyishness was fading from his eyes and his voice had lost its youthful ring. Still we knew she was alive by seeing "Leila Clare" at the end of various articles and stories; and, to judge by the increasing frequency of the pseudonym, she and poverty were dissolving partnership.

One day Charles rushed into the house (I had moved from the Evangelicals by this time), flourishing a paper in his hand.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "She has done it. I knew she would—my brave, plucky

little Rose! Listen: "The Outcast Soul," by Leila Clare. A new novel has just appeared, for which we have nothing but the highest praise. Presumably from a woman's pen, it has the bold strokes of a man who has lived with heart and mind sensitively alive to impressions both good and bad. Without reticence but without exaggeration, the scourges of society are exposed and attacked. A vein of sarcastic irony, at once subtle and daring, suggests that the writer has learned through bitter experience to stand aside from the throng and view the folly and misery of this world as an impassive spectator. Leila Clare has a great future before her.'

"Didn't I tell you?" Charles went on, flushed with triumph. "I knew she was cleverer than any one else. See, I have bought the book, but I am too excited to read it." And he flung a pretty grey and silver volume on the table. "And I have done something else, too. I drove to her publishers and I bullied her address out of them, said all sorts of dreadful things would happen if they withheld it; and now we will go together and offer our congratulations."

"But would that be wise?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Oh, bother wisdom!" retorted Charles, impatiently. "For months I have been waiting for some sign; and now when I have got a clue, I should be a fool to let it drop."

"Suppose you write first?"

"And run the risk of no reply? Can't you understand I am longing to see the girl—to hear her dear voice, to know for myself if she is well—" Here his voice broke, and he continued hurriedly: "There! I don't want to make an ass of myself; but I must see her, and that's the end of it. If you come with me the world can't say a word."

Of course I consented in the end, and told him to come back for me at 4 p. m. Left to myself, I took up the dainty

volume and eagerly scanned its pages. Yes, it was clever but hard; brilliant but bitter; written like one who had lost faith and hope and charity in mankind, and in their place had a stinging intuition of the length and breadth of every vice to which erring mortal can succumb. There was not a line that reminded one of gentle, unselfish Rose; and I felt she must have changed indeed to have wasted her gifts in swelling the ranks of unworthy literature already full to overcrowding.

It was with a saddened heart I started with Charles for our visit. But nothing could depress his buoyant spirits. The address was in a shady locality, some way from a main thoroughfare. He rattled on with a merry flow of words, not heeding my silence, till our hansom stopped before a dingy, dirty house. The untidy landlady answered our summons.

"Yes, Miss Ardilaun is in; but I do not know if she is in a state to receive visitors."

"Is she ill?" asked Charles, anxiously.

"Well, no"—with evident hesitation,— "not to say ill; but if you could call another time she would like it better, I feel sure."

"You stay here a second, and I will run upstairs," I said to Charles; and I beckoned the landlady to precede me.

On the first landing she stopped.

"You are an old friend?" she inquired in a low voice.

"Yes."

"You are acquainted with the father's failing?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I did not like to say it before the young gentleman, but Miss Ardilaun takes after her father."

I opened the door and entered. The room was in sad confusion. Papers, empty bottles, crockery, strewed the chairs, the tables, the floor. Dust lay thick on everything; and on the sofa was stretched

Rose, with hair dishevelled and dress both torn and soiled. The blinds had never been pulled up that day or the windows opened, and the stifling fume of spirits almost choked me.

"She is sleeping off the effects, poor young thing!" said the woman, as she pulled up the blind.

"Shut the door—don't let him see!" I begged.

But I spoke too late; for, looking over my shoulder, I saw poor Charles standing on the threshold.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIV.—FROM THE FAR NORTH.

SITKA is the turning-point in the Alaskan summer cruise. It is the beginning of the end; and I am more than half inclined to think that in most cases—charming as the voyage is and unique in its way beyond any other voyage within reach of the summer tourist—the voyager is glad of it. One never gets over the longing for some intelligence from the outer world; never quite becomes accustomed to the lonely, far-away feeling that at times is a little painful and often is a bore.

During the last hours at Sitka, Mount Edgecombe loomed up gloriously, and reminded one of Fugjamma. It is a very handsome and a highly ornamental mountain. So are the islands that lie between it and the Sitkan shore handsome and ornamental, but there are far too many of them. The picture is overcrowded, and in this respect is as unlike the Bay of Naples as possible; though some writers have compared them, and of course, as is usual in cases of com-

parison, to the disadvantage of the latter.

Leaving Sitka, we ran out to sea. It was easier to do this than to go a long way round among the islands; and, as the weather was fair, the short cut was delightful. We rocked like a cradle—the Ancon rocks like a cradle on the slightest provocation. The sea sparkled, the wavelets leaped and clapped their hands. Once in awhile a plume of spray was blown over the bow, and the delicate stomach recoiled upon itself suggestively; but the deliciousness of the air in the open sea and the brevity of the cruise—we were but five or six hours outside—kept us in a state of intense delight. Presently we ran back into the maze of fiords and land-locked lakes, and resumed the same old round of daily and nightly experiences.

Juneau, Douglas Island, Fort Wrangell, and several fishing stations were revisited. They seemed a little stale to us, and we were inclined to snub them slightly. Of course we thought we knew it all—most of us knew as much as we cared to know; and so we strolled leisurely about the solemn little settlements, and, no doubt, but poorly succeeded in disguising the superior air which distinguishes the new arrival in a strange land. It is but a step from a state of absolute greenness on one's arrival at a new port to a *blasé* languor, wherein nothing can touch one further; and the step is easily and usually taken inside of a week. May the old settlers forgive us our idiocy!

There was a rainy afternoon at Fort Wrangell—a very proper background, for the place is dismal to a degree. An old stern-wheel steamboat, beached in the edge of the village, was used as a hotel during the decline of the first gold fever; but while the fever was at its height the boat is said to have cleared \$135,000 per season. The coolie has bored into its hollow shell and washes there, clad in a semi-Boyton suit of waterproof.

I made my way through the dense drizzle to the Indian village at the far end of the town. The untrodden streets are grass-grown; and a number of the little houses, gray with weather stains, are deserted and falling to decay. Reaching a point of land that ran out and lost itself in mist, I found a few Indians smoking and steaming, as they sat in the damp sand by their canoes.

A long footbridge spans a strip of tide land. I ventured to cross it, though it looked as if it would blow away in the first gust of wind. It was a long, long bridge, about broad enough for a single passenger; yet I was met in the middle of it by a well-blanketed squaw, bound inland. It was a question in my mind whether it were better to run and leap lightly over her, since we must pass on a single rail, or to lie down and allow her to climb over me. O happy inspiration! In the mist and the rain, in the midst of that airy path, high above the mud flats, and with the sullen tide slowly sweeping in from the gray wastes beyond the capes, I seized my partner convulsively, and with our toes together we swung as on a pivot and went our ways rejoicing.

The bridge led to the door of a chief's house, and the door stood open. It was a large, square house, of one room only, and with the floor sunk to the depth of three feet in the centre. It was like looking into a dry swimming bath. A step, or terrace, on the four sides of the room made the descent easy, and I descended. The chief, in a cast-off military jacket, gave me welcome with a mouthful of low gutturals. I found a good stove in the lodge and several comfortable-looking beds, with chintz curtains and an Oriental superabundance of pillows. A few photographs in cheap frames adorned the walls; a few flaming chromos—Crucifixions and the like—hung there, along with fathoms of fishnet, clusters of fishhooks, paddles, kitchen furniture, wearing apparel, and a

blunderbuss or two. Four huge totem poles, or ponderous carvings, supported the heavy beams of the roof in the manner of caryatides. These figures, half veiled in shadow, were most impressive, and gave a kind of Egyptian solemnity to the dimly lighted apartment.

The chief was not alone. His man Friday was with him, and together we sat and smoked in a silence that was almost suffocating. It fairly snapped once or twice, it was so dense; and then we three exchanged grave smiles and puffed away in great contentment. The interview was brought to a sudden close by the chief's making me a very earnest offer of \$6 for my much-admired gum ulster, and I refusing it with scorn—for it was still raining. So we parted coldly, and I once more walked the giddy bridge with fear and trembling; for I am not a funambulist, who alone might perform there with impunity.

It was a bad day for curios. The town had been sacked on the voyage up; yet I prowled in these quarters, where one would least expect to find treasure, inasmuch as it is mostly found just there. Presently the most hideous of faces was turned up at me from the threshold of a humble lodge. It was of a dead green color, with blood trimmings; the nose beaked like a parrot's, the mouth a gaping crescent; the eyeless sockets seemed to sparkle and blink with inner eyes set in the back of the skull; murderous scalp locks streamed over the ill-shaped brow; and from the depths of this monstrosity some one, or something, said, "Boo!" I sprang backward, only to hear the gurgle of baby laughter, and see the wee face of a half-Indian cherub peering from behind the mask. Well, that mask is mine now; and whenever I look at it I think of the falling dusk in Fort Wrangell, and of the child on all-fours who startled me on my return from the chief's house beyond the bridge, and who cried as if her little

heart would break when I paid for her plaything and cruelly bore it away.

Some of the happiest hours of the voyage were the "wee sma'" ones, when I lounged about the deserted deck with Captain George, the pilot. A gentleman of vast experience and great reserve, for years he has haunted that archipelago; he knows it in the dark, and it was his nightly duty to pace the deck while the ship was almost as still as death. He has heard the great singers of the past, the queens of song whose voices were long since hushed.

On such a night, while we were chatting in low voices as we leaned over the quarter-rail, and the few figures that still haunted the deck were like veritable ghosts, Captain George seized me by the arm and exclaimed: "Look there!" I looked up into the northern sky. There was not a cloud visible in all that wide expanse, but something more filmy than a cloud floated like a banner among the stars. It might almost have been a cobweb stretched from star to star—each strand woven from a star beam,—but it was ever changing in form and color. Now it was scarf-like, fluttering and waving in a gentle breeze; and now it hung motionless—a deep fringe of lace gathered in ample folds. Anon it opened suddenly from the horizon, and spread in panels like a fan that filled the heavens. As it opened and shut and swayed to and fro as if it were a fan in motion, it assumed in turn all the colors of the rainbow, but with a delicacy of tint and texture even beyond that of the rainbow. Sometimes it was like a series of transparencies—shadow pictures thrown upon the screen of heaven, lit by a light beyond it—the mysterious light we know not of. That is what the pilot and I saw while most of the passengers were sleeping. It was the veritable aurora borealis, and that alone were worth a trip to Alaska.

One day we came to Fort Tongass—

a port of entry, and our last port in the great, lone land—for all the way down through the British possessions we touch no land until we reach Victoria or Nanaimo. Tongass was once a military post, and now has the unmistakable air of a desert island. Some of us were not at all eager to go on shore. You see, we were beginning to get our fill of this monotonous out-of-the-world and out-of-the-way life. Yet Tongass is unique, and certainly has the most interesting collection of totem poles that one is likely to see on the voyage. At Tongass there is a little curving beach, where the ripples sparkle among the pebbles. Beyond the beach is a strip of green lawn, and at the top of the lawn the officers' old quarters, now falling to decay. For background there are rocks and trees and the sea. The sea is everywhere about Tongass, and the sea-breezes blow briskly, and the sea-gulls waddle about the lawn and sit in rows upon the sagging roofs as if they were thoroughly domesticated. Oh, what a droll place it is!

After a little deliberation we all went ashore in several huge boat-loads; and, to our surprise, were welcomed by a charming young bride in white muslin and ribbons of baby-blue. Somehow she had found her way to the desert island—or did she spring up there like a wild flower? And the grace with which she did the honors was the subject of unbounded praise during the remainder of the voyage.

This pretty Bret Harte heroine, with all of the charms and virtues and none of the vices of his camp-followers, led us through the jagged rocks of the dilapidated quarters, down among the spray-wet rocks on the other side of the island, and all along the dreary waste that fronts the Indian village. Oh, how dreary that waste is!—the rocks, black and barren, and scattered far into the frothing sea; the sandy path along the

front of the Indian lodges, with rank grass shaking and shivering in the wind; the solemn and grim array of totem poles standing in front or at the sides of the weather-stained lodges—and the whole place deserted. I know not where the Indians had gone, but they were not there—save a sick squaw or two. Probably, being fishermen, the tribe had gone out with their canoes, and were now busy with the spoils somewhere among the thousand passages of the archipelago.

The totem poles at Tongass are richly carved, brilliantly colored, and grotesque in the extreme. Some of the lodges were roomy but sad-looking, and with a perpetual shade hovering through them. We found inscriptions in English—very rudely lettered—on many of the lodges and totem poles: "In memory of" some one or another chief or notable redman. Over one door was this inscription: "In memory of —, who died by his own hand." The lodge door was festooned with a rusty padlock, and the place looked ghoulish.

I think we were all glad to get out of Tongass, though we received our best welcome there. At any rate, we sat on the beach and got our feet wet and our pockets full of sand waiting for the deliberate but dead-sure boatmen to row us to the ship. When we steamed away we left the little bride in her desert island to the serene and sacred joy of her honeymoon, hoping that long before it had begun to wane she might return to the world; for in three brief weeks we were beginning to sigh for it. That evening we anchored in a well-wooded cove and took on several lighter-loads of salmon casks. Captain Carroll and the best shots in the ship passed the time in shooting at a barrel floating three hundred yards distant. So ran our little world away, as we were homeward bound and rapidly nearing the end of the voyage.

(To be continued.)

A Neglected Book.

ALL was noise and bustle in the shop of Labadaine, the bookseller and stationer. The clerks were very busy, and even Madame herself had come down from her perch behind the desk to wait on customers. Presently an old priest entered. Seeing that everyone was occupied, he concluded to browse about among the new books until the proprietor should have more time at his disposal; he preferred dealing with him always, as he had considerable purchases to make. Waving his hand, "I can wait," he said, as Monsieur Labadaine smilingly came forward.

A little later a lady, beautiful and elegantly dressed, swept into the shop. The proprietor advanced to meet her.

"Madame, what can I do for you to-day?" he said, with a respectful bow.

Madame Labadaine rushed to the front with a chair.

"Do not trouble yourself, dear Madame Labadaine!" she exclaimed. "I am in a hurry. I wish to get a book for my niece: something uncommon—something which everyone does not read, in short."

"Well, here is 'The Experiences of a Fashionable Young Lady,' or 'The Strange Adventures of a—'"

"Nothing like those. Besides, I am sure she has read them if they are *new*. Her father buys everything. What I want is something unique. Besides, she is pious."

"Perhaps a copy of 'The Imitation of Christ,' then?"

"I assure you that, by actual count, she has nineteen."

"Well, well! What of the 'Bath of Divine Love,' a sweetly pretty thing and quite new? Or 'The Breath of Prayer,' by the great preacher Moulimer? Or 'Scattered Rose-Leaves from the Garden of Heaven'? Or the 'Garland of the Altar'? Besides these, there are many

others, all new, from which you might choose, Madame."

"If these are all spiritual books and *new*, I am sure she has them already. My sister-in-law sends to Paris for them by the quantity. She is as devout as her daughter. Is there not some pious *old* book that no one reads,—something that would be in the nature of a surprise?"

"We might send to Paris, Madame."

"But it would not be here in time. I want it for a birthday gift—for the day after to-morrow. Ah! there is *Père Lebrichet*," she added, suddenly darting in the direction of the old priest, who was standing with his near-sighted eyes plunged into an immense folio, oblivious to all about him. "*Père Lebrichet! Père Lebrichet!*" pursued the chatterer. "I beg your pardon! but will you kindly give me your attention for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the priest quietly, laying down his book with a gentle smile. "I am at your service."

Monsieur and Madame Labadaine stood a little in the background, awaiting with anxiety the momentous decision.

"You see, it is this way," observed the would-be purchaser. "My niece *Léonie* is very pious, as you know, Father."

"Yes, I have heard that she is a very pious young girl."

"Well, I wish to give her something for a birthday gift,—some rare but pious book; finely bound, of course,—something that others will not be likely to have,—that no one reads; do you understand? Can you help me?"

"Oh, yes! Nothing could be easier," answered the priest.

"How delightful! You smile? Are you sure you are not teasing me?"

"Not at all, Madame."

"Really, you know of such a book—one that will be worth while—useful and serious?"

"Undoubtedly I know of such a book."

"That my niece has not read?"

"I am morally certain she has not."

"What is it?"

"The title, the title?" echoed Monsieur and Madame Labadaine. "Do you think we have it in stock?"

The priest quickly glanced at a shelf above him.

"You have it in quantities."

"What is it, *mon Père?*"

The priest looked at the anxious trio with a smile, in which amusement seemed to blend with a shade of compassion, as he answered simply:

"*The Bible!*"

The Unprincipled Press.

IT is to be hoped that one good result of the present war will be to lessen the influence of newspapers and to teach people to do more thinking for themselves. If the public only knew how unscrupulously most papers are managed, and how little the majority of editors care for truth, they would not attach so much importance to what they read in the daily press. The managing editor who telegraphed to a subordinate that had been sent to "write up" an event of interest, "Never mind the facts of the case; send us something to sell the paper," was a fair specimen of his tribe. It is a delusion to think that newspaper men are in the business for any other purpose than to make money. Information and imposition, news and rumors, fact and fiction, are all the same to most of them. They offer what the public will pay for; and it is nothing to them if the contrary of what was printed yesterday is published to-day. They assert and retract with equal facility and effrontery, because it does not matter one way or another. But in cases where a fixed policy is adhered to, and a cause or a course advocated against all opponents, profit of some sort is sure to be the motive. There are

respectable journals, of course, edited by men of integrity and character who will not be bought and can not be imposed upon; but these, it must be confessed, are few and far between. The average newspaper editor is above all things a pleaser of men. He is always on the popular side, and will even denounce his own methods when dust has to be thrown into the eyes of his readers. Abuse of what is called the "yellow journal" by papers that are far from being white themselves is a common occurrence nowadays.

The least intelligent persons everywhere are those who pay most heed to newspapers. With them reading is believing, and it never occurs to them to question the accuracy of anything in print. When they discover that a glaring imposition has been practised upon them, they take it as a little joke on the part of the editor, and make no remonstrance, no matter how serious the subject may have been. The next day finds them as credulous as ever.

Of all people, Americans are the most willing to be "humbled." It only amuses us, for instance, to learn that the great naval engagement of which we read a long account in yesterday's paper never took place. The trick was at least clever and worth the money it cost on this score. The sense of humor is a mark of sanity. Only sensible men ever laugh at an imposition practised upon themselves. But it is not easy to account for the unbounded confidence generally reposed in newspapers, or for the fact that the assertion, "Why, I saw it in print!" should be offered and accepted every day as proof positive by so many sensible people. It will be a blessed day for the world when it is delivered from the bondage of print, — when it is generally realized that what is written is no more reliable than what is spoken, and that a man may lie by means of his pen as well as by means of his tongue.

Nothing could illustrate better the power of the press for evil than this dominion over the minds of the masses. Not until the people realize that most newspapers are the mouthpieces of politicians, and that most editors can be, and are, bribed by men of wealth, will their influence be diminished. Just at present the papers are reaping a rich harvest. War with Spain or any other country meant grist to their mills, and they knew it. Only when it ceases to be profitable will they advocate peace, and declare the honor of our flag vindicated, the punishment of our enemies commensurate with their offence, all wrongs now sufficiently repressed, etc. The people will believe all this when the papers tell them so; but on sober second thought they will ask themselves why the press of the country did not advocate arbitration in the first place, and try to avert the evils of war instead of precipitating them. Then will come a reaction against the sway of newspapers, and their domination over an intelligent people will be forever lost. Let us hope so. It is one good effect that ought to be produced by the deplorable war in which the country is now engaged. It can not be that it is possible, as Lincoln used to say, to fool all the people all the time; and the newspapers have fooled the public long enough.

Truth must prevail sooner or later. When peace is restored we shall learn more about the causes of the war, and the motives of those who advocated it and prolonged it to the extent of their power. Meantime it will be safe not to give credence to more than one fifth of what we find in the newspapers, and to accept even that small proportion with a grain of salt.

As she trod her path aright
Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

—*J. H. Perkins.*

Notes and Remarks.

Probably undue importance is attributed to the sympathy with Spain that is being manifested by some portion of the French press. The press in France, as elsewhere, occasionally endeavors to make public opinion rather than to reflect it; and it is not certain that the masses of the French republic are wasting sympathetic tears over the inevitable defeat of their monarchical neighbor. It is quite conceivable that there does exist in most European countries a sentiment of regret that Spain should be humiliated by a cisatlantic power; but, as Bismarck has lately declared, sentiment doesn't count in politics, especially in international politics. Meanwhile if American social leaders, after the example of Philadelphia's haughty dames, decide to boycott Parisian fashions, France's apparent unfriendliness will be sufficiently and appropriately punished.

That a Catholic priest should be invited to deliver an address on Christian Marriage before the Divinity School of Colgate University is remarkable even in these liberal days. The lecturer was the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.; and his discussion of this important theme was so masterly that we hope for its speedy publication and circulation over the whole country. His portrayal of the condition of womanhood in pre-Christian times was so vivid and awful as to have almost the force of a fresh discovery. Then, taking up some phases of social life in our own day—the low moral tone which pervades literature, art, the stage, manners and customs,—he said:

No wonder that we see everywhere empty churches, indifference to creeds, widespread apostasy from every form of religion; avowed and blatant and remunerative atheism welcomed with loud acclamation of approval by throngs of eager listeners; corruption all through the body politic, and a feverish unrest among the working classes that shows itself repeatedly in wild outbreaks against real or fancied oppression. Is not all this ominous of disaster? There is only one remedy for all this, and that is not in white or gray cruisers; not in disappearing guns or mined harbors; not in vast numbers of men ready at a word to die for their country. Those are for foes outside. With a

people of 70,000,000 united as we are, there ought to be no fear of a foreign aggressor. The danger is within, in ourselves, and to be taken into account as a very great factor of national peril. Against that foe, taught by the light of experience, there is only one defence, only one safeguard—the Church of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God; the Church which teaches restraint of the passions, which fearlessly denounces all infractions of morality, and prevents them, as far as is possible, by the purity with which it invests man, and principally woman; and which is ready at any cost to defend the honor and inviolability of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the Christian home. It is the corruption of life which strikes at a nation's heart, and that can be averted by Christianity alone. If she purifies, she saves; and such has been her aim, and such has been her glorious achievement.

The tone of Father Campbell's address was courteous throughout, but it was also splendidly frank and uncompromising. The story of the uxorious Henry, for instance, was told with fine dramatic power; and then the awkward truth was stated that "the English-speaking world is Protestant to-day because of that fight for the inviolability of the marriage vow." It is very pleasant indeed to read in a local paper that "at the conclusion of the address the venerable doctors of divinity present were the first to press forward and express to Father Campbell their gratified assent to his able and scholarly utterances."

The seventy-sixth anniversary of the foundation of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith was recently celebrated with considerable solemnity in Lyons and Paris. It would be difficult to overestimate the excellence of the results achieved by this admirable association. Its flourishing condition is a striking exemplification of the truth that the great body of Catholics consider as addressed partly to themselves the words of Our Lord to His apostolic twelve: "Go, teach all nations."

It is a pleasure to notice that the clergy are called on more and more frequently to address medical societies and other gatherings of physicians. Bishop Spalding's address before a medical society in Louisville, first published in this magazine, was read with deepest interest, and extra copies were

ordered by physicians in all parts of our country. It doubtless helped many of the healing fraternity to form a higher conception of their duties. Another eloquent and thoughtful address was that delivered by Father John O'Connell, of Toledo, before the medical college of that city. The generous tribute which the lecturer paid to the conscientiousness of the medical profession as a whole must have rendered his hearers more disposed to accept such pointed bits of advice as this:

No matter what theories men may have advanced in the way of refined Malthusianism, or what minds fitted to iniquity may conceive, it is to the medical profession people will turn to learn what nature teaches, so as not to have repeated in any other place the shame of an historic nation which to-day brazenly tells the world that her new-made graves outnumber the cradles of infancy; nor to tolerate in its membership men who yield murderous compliance with the whims of corrupt society, or whose profits accumulate by acquiescence in crime. It were better to be a Herod in the judgment, with the blood of innocence and the shrieks of motherhood crying for vengeance, than one of those who sought nature's secrets to encompass its ruin. We stand in the gloom of a great sorrow, witnessing the convulsion of a nation inconsolable for the death of many sons. Every arm is raised and every form bends forward to shield from even the insults of diplomacy the land that is Liberty's forever. But he would be a viper coiled in the country's breast who would confine patriotism to the exigencies of war, and in time of peace poison the manhood of an unsuspecting land; and should ever the profession, this great profession of medicine, prove faithless to its trust, that day shall mark the ruin of the people that shall witness its decadence.

Our difficulty with Spain has developed only one phase more offensive than the "mugwumpery" of those college professors who made no protest against the war before it was declared, but expressed disloyalty afterward. That other phase is the madness of those who seek to identify Spain with all that is evil in history, and to prove that misgovernment has marked the Spaniard at all times and in all his colonies. We have no need to fight the Spanish people with calumny. It is not just, nor is it good history or good patriotism. Our country is only made ridiculous in the eyes of the world when ignorance thus utters itself. The editor of the *Land of Sunshine*, the

highest living authority on the subject of Spanish colonization, has just published a work in which this foolish assertion is attacked with almost angry earnestness; and one of the best-known professors of the University of Chicago, reviewing the book, says: "This is unwelcome now, when it is the fad to hate and despise Spain and the Spaniard. But, after all, hatred and contempt alter no facts; and it is a fact that the Spaniard has been a wonderful explorer, a not unkind conqueror, and a marvellously good governor more than once."

What promises to be "a celebrated case" has just been opened in the London courts. It is a charge of assault made against an Anglican curate, the Rev. A. M. Fowler, and the offence consisted of sprinkling the plaintiff with holy water during a church service! The plaintiff is Mr. John Kensit, who, it will be remembered, created a scene by entering an Anglican church on Good Friday during "the adoration of the Cross" and attempting to remove the crucifix, uttering the while fierce denunciations against "Popish trumpery." However little the High Anglican body may relish the humoristic capers of Mr. Kensit, he has at least contributed to the gayety of nations, besides opening up a new phase of the dispute about Anglican orders. There is a hint here for the Rev. Mr. Fowler's lawyer. The surest defence of his client is to take the ground that, since the Anglican clergy do not possess valid orders, they can not "bless holy water"; hence the liquid in question was perfectly harmless, and the charge of assault falls of its own weight.

A spirited controversy has been going on in the pages of the *British Realm* on the subject of foreign missions, and at last the truth is proclaimed in a Protestant journal that sectarian missionary effort is worse than useless. After congratulating the editor on his frankness in dealing with the question, a well-informed correspondent continues as follows:

My experience of India dates from John Company days until less than half a dozen years ago.... I number a good many missionaries among my per

sonal friends, and yield to none in my admiration of their motives. But of the later generation of missionaries, both in India and China, my experience convinces me that a very large proportion are wholly unfitted for the work, even were we all agreed that the work is one which it is necessary to do, which I need hardly say is by no means the case. Missionary work in these days is being more and more taken up as a mere means of earning a living; and if the missionaries in Dr. Wilson's time, and of his stamp, were unsuccessful, what can we reasonably anticipate but something very like disaster as a result of work taken up on merely mercenary grounds? There may be—every earnest man must hope there is—some great unseen purpose working through these efforts at the proselytization of the "voiceless teeming millions" of India and China; but all that merely human intelligence can discern emerging from the chaos of missionary effort in those countries is confusion and disaffection, big with evil possibilities.

There has recently been established in Japan a convent of Trappistine nuns, religious whose lives are devoted to the practice of prayer and penance rather than to active missionary work. That the contemplative orders should be in demand in a missionary country may appear odd to some minds, but most apostolic vicars are anxious to secure them. Mgr. Lefebvre, of Cochin China, once declared: "Ten nuns praying will aid my work more than twenty Fathers preaching." When the praying and the preaching are combined, it is not surprising that such wondrous results are achieved by our foreign missionaries.

The attempt to cast doubt upon the sincerity and thoroughness of the conversion of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the gifted young artist who was received into the Church shortly before his death, seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate as well as ungenerous. To the testimony of his Catholic friends, which we have already quoted, that during his last days the crucifix was hardly ever out of his hands, may now be added that of a well-known non-Catholic writer, Mr. Max Beerbohm, who says that Beardsley "had long been inclined" to the Church. "His conversion," he adds, "was no mere passing whim, as some people supposed it to be: it was made from true emotional and intellectual impulse. From that time until his death he was a pious and devout Cath-

olic, whose religion consoled him for all the bodily sufferings he underwent. When at last he knew that his life could not outlast a few more days, he awaited death with perfect resignation." It is also said that he contemplated entering a monastery in the event of his recovery.

One of the observations made by Thomas Bailey Aldrich during a continental tour was that a man of moderate agility might walk all over Europe on outstretched palms. In Italy mendicancy is especially epidemic. An incautious glance at a beggar is nearly always expiated by a fine on the tourist's purse; and even an unassuming sneeze once established financial relations between Mr. Aldrich and a mendicant whom he was unfortunate enough to awaken. This particular industry is now threatened. There is a Society for the Prevention of Begging in Rome, which has just issued a warning to the public against indiscriminate giving. The society supports five hundred poor people daily, supplying them with food and, when necessary, with clothes and medicine. Those who are able to work are required to perform some labor in return. The best classes of the Italian people welcome the work of the society, which it is hoped will not only improve the condition of the deserving poor, who are usually shy and retiring, but effectually end the evil and degrading habit of professional begging.

At a recent session of the Geographical Society of Paris mention was made of a new independent republic in the Northern Pacific. A group of Japanese engineers having visited the Bonin Islands found that a whole colony of strangers had become established there. The majority of the colonists, it seems, are outlaws—the enemies or the victims of a civilization from which they have fled. French, English, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian and American, these dwellers in "no man's land" live independently, in a fertile country with an agreeable climate, pay no taxes to anybody, and are exempt from the meddling officiousness of regularly constituted authority. The Japanese

engineers report that they found among this heterogeneous collection men whose language and manners gave evidence of education and culture, and who appeared to be recognized as chiefs by their companions. A line of Japanese boats is to run at monthly intervals to the Bonin Islands, however; and the absence of civilization's restrictions will presumably soon disappear.

The words addressed by Newman to the late Mr. Gladstone ought to stand as an eternal warning to those reckless spirits who seem to believe that the uglier truth is made to appear, the more attractive it will be; that the more offensively it is stated, the greater will be its drawing power; and that to caricature it by paradoxes and exaggerations is the mark of loyalty and conservatism. After the violence of the dispute about the Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility had passed over, and when the excessive utterances of extremists were well-nigh forgotten, Newman made this pointed reference, which is recalled by Monsig. Capel in a well-considered tribute to the Grand Old Man:

I own to a deep feeling that Catholics may in good measure thank themselves and no one else for having alienated from them so religious a mind. There are those among us, as it must be confessed, who for years past have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have stated truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they were close on snapping; and who at length, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flames.

A Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame has the honor of being the first woman to receive the badge of the Order of the Crown created by the King of Belgium to reward the devotedness of his subjects in promoting the interests of the Congo-Belgian State. Many women, including a large number of Sisters, have received the red ribbon of the French Legion of Honor. Mlle. Bottard, who won this distinction this year, is a shining example of devotion to the unfortunate. For forty-seven years she has been employed in an insane hospital, entering it as a servant when only twenty

years old. She has been like a mother to her poor patients, treating them as if they had been her own unfortunate children. She is known as "Maman Bottard," and her success was such that it commanded the highest praise from both physicians and associates. Four other women also won their honor in hospital work. Then there was Mlle. Nicholas, who taught imbecile children for more than fifty years. It was said that if there was a germ of understanding in the feeble mind of a child, Mlle. Nicholas could find it out and foster it.

Whatever may have been the condition of Italy under the Papal *régime*, it is clear that she has paid a good price for "emancipation." With all her resources drained to support an army and navy, while her people starve or are shot down in bread-riots (the number of rioters killed in Milan alone is said to have been a thousand), she presents a picture not unlike that of a broken-down "gentleman" who wastes his substance by supporting six carriages, while his children cry for bread within the great house.

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. Dr. Sanders, O. S. B., of Chipping-Sodbury, England, who died suddenly on the 9th ult.

Sister Margaret Mary, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn; Sister M. Teresa, Sisters of Mercy, San Diego, Cal.; Sister M. Regis, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Campion, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. H. G. Meynell, who yielded his soul to God on the 9th ult., at Farley, England.

Mr. Walter Brown, of Bedford, Pa., who breathed his last on the 20th ult.

Mr. Peter Kearney, who departed this life on the 13th ult., at Lafayette, Ind.

Miss F. M. Langdale, of London, England; Mr. Richard Morrissey, Paterson, N. J.; Delia Texido, Passaic, N. J.; Mr. Patrick Burke and Mr. Patrick Mullen, Philadelphia, Pa.; also Mrs. Mary McHale, Co. Mayo, 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.

A Summer Lad.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

☉ SUMMER'S a bright and fair time,
 A blithesomely jocund and rare time;
 A season whose smile is devoid of guile,
 And who deems it her duty to lavish her
 beauty,—

A thoroughly nice, debonair time!

Our Jack is a merry and bright lad,
 A chubby and plump, not a slight, lad;
 With his head full of tricks as a cactus of
 pricks,

And a fondness for pleasure that passes all
 measure,—

Not a wicked, but rather a light lad.

So when Summer and Jack come together,
 There is need of a pretty strong tether
 To keep him from play just the whole
 livelong day;

For he says it is blameful and utterly shameful
 To work in such jolly fine weather.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A
 LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XXIII.—IN THE VALLEY OF THE
 SHADOW.

O sooner had Mary Ann left
 the room than Mary Catherine
 remarked:

"Wouldn't this be glorious
 if I were not in disgrace, and
 if dear Sister Mary were only with us?"

"Yes, it would," replied Mary Teresa.

"It was so lovely the first few days the

Sisters and I were here together. I had
 my lessons, and we read and walked
 about the woods—not far away, you know
 (for we did not wish to be seen), but just
 around here. There are heaps and heaps
 of lovely violets in bloom now. We used
 to gather them every day."

"I'll go out to-day and get some, and
 leave them on the doorstep for Sister
 Mary," said Mary Catherine. "She loves
 them so." Then, suddenly recollecting
 herself, she continued: "But I haven't
 any clothes. My dress is lying there in
 the tub, not fit to put on. I can't even
 get up to wring it out, for I haven't
 anything else to wear."

"Perhaps you could wear Mary Ann's
 dressing-gown?" suggested Mary Teresa.

Mary Catherine answered her with a
 burst of laughter.

"Imagine me in Mary Ann's dressing-
 gown!" she said, after her amusement
 had subsided. "A mile too wide in the
 waist and shoulders, and a mile and a half
 too short in the skirt. What a figure I
 should make!"

"They will send you some clothes soon.
 Anselm will fetch them when he comes
 with breakfast. That will not be longer
 than half an hour."

"What if they shouldn't send me any?"
 said Mary Catherine, her face becoming
 very gloomy.

"And why not?" inquired Mary Teresa.

"To punish me. It would be a good
 way. Mother knows I *hate* above all
 things to stay in bed; and she might
 think it the best way of paying me up
 for what I did yesterday. Dreadful as it



would be, I believe I'd feel almost glad; because then I would think she meant to keep me. But if they send a lot of things, I'll believe I am going to be expelled."

"I don't think that Mother will expel you," said Mary Teresa. "She would not hurt your father's heart so much—just now particularly, when he is ill and wounded, and so far away. Besides, she has so much that is sad to think about that she won't mind your affair as she would have done at another time."

"What is there to make her so sad just now, wise little woman?" inquired Mary Catherine, with a slight shiver, as, wrapping the blankets around her, she gave the pillow a vigorous shake and sank down upon it.

"Why, don't you know? Can't you remember? I wish I could forget it for a single moment. It is that Sister Mary is so very, very ill."

"I don't believe it—I don't believe it," was the reply. "Of course she is suffering and all that; but they're only frightened. People *never* die of it nowadays."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know! When did you ever read of such a death in the papers?"

"I never see the papers; neither do you, Mary Catherine."

"Well, maybe I don't; but I'm sure we should hear of it if they did. Besides, it would not be just."

"Why?"

"Do you think it would be just if our dear, sweet Sister Mary should be condemned to die a cruel death because she went, out of kindness, to see that horrid creature, Ida Lee? Our Blessed Lord would not permit such a thing,—no He wouldn't!"

"We can't judge in that flippant way of what God does, Mary Catherine."

"Flippant! *Who* is flippant? I'm only talking common-sense."

"Sister Mary may be taken instead of some one who is not so well prepared to

go," said Mary Teresa. "Or, it may be, so that she may have her purgatory here."

"Her purgatory here!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "As though *she* would have purgatory anywhere! What makes you talk that way, Mary Teresa? Don't you know she is perfect?"

"Yes, I think she is," said Mary Teresa, slowly. "But I know that the good suffer more in this world than the wicked."

Mary Catherine was about to make a vehement reply when the door opened softly and Mary Ann entered, carrying a bundle in her arms.

"Here are your clothes, dear," she said. "Get up now and dress quickly. We can carry the tub out and hang up your wet things before breakfast. Are you feeling pretty well, little one?" she added, going over to Mary Teresa.

"Yes. I believe I could get up if you would let me," said the child. "I'm only pretending to be sick."

But Mary Ann shook her head, gently smoothing the pillows and rearranging the bedclothes around her.

Mary Catherine was busily engaged in dressing behind the screen. Mary Teresa saw that Mary Ann had been crying.

"How is Sister Mary?" she whispered.

"Very low," was the reply, given with quivering lips. "The priest is there."

"Oh, let us pray that she may not die, Mary Ann!" sobbed the child.

At that moment the screen was thrust aside and Mary Catherine appeared, a comb in her hand, her long heavy black hair falling about her shoulders.

"What's the matter, girls? Why are you crying?" she inquired. "Are you keeping a secret from me?"

"It is about Sister Mary," said Mary Ann. "I didn't want you to know—"

"And why didn't you want *me* to know?" cried the girl, angrily. "I don't believe it. It isn't true—it *can't* be true! But if it was, or if you thought it was, why shouldn't *I* know? Didn't I know

her years before either of you? Hasn't she got me out of every scrape I've ever been in since I came? Wouldn't I die for her this very minute?"

"Oh, hush, dearie!" said Mary Ann, gently. "Don't agitate Mary Teresa; you know that she is ill. I thought you would make a fuss,—that is all."

For answer Mary Catherine flung down the comb and fled from the room, twisting her hair up in a great coil as she went.

Mary Ann knelt beside Mary Teresa's bed, and they prayed together. Some time passed thus, when the door was suddenly flung open and Mary Catherine again stood before them, her face very pale.

"Girls, it *is* true!" she said. "She has told me so herself. *Now* I believe it."

The others regarded her with surprise.

"When I went out," she continued, "I was determined to see her. I went to the door, but it was locked. I waited a moment, and heard the sound of praying; then I stole round to one of the windows and peeped in. Just opposite, close to the other window, was a bed. I went softly round to that side and peeped in again. The foot of the bed came to the edge of the window. I waited till they stopped praying. But after the others had finished I could hear *her* voice; and I thought if she could pray aloud like that, she could speak to me, too. So I called:

"Sister—Sister Mary!"

"Who is it?" she answered.

"It is I—Mary Catherine."

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"I can not tell you,—it would take too long. Are you going to die, Sister darling,—are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, my child," she replied.

"Then I heard one of the Sisters say something, and Sister Mary spoke again:

"Poor child! Just a moment, Sister."

"There is no danger," I said. "You know I have had it, dear Sister Mary."

"Yes, I know," she responded. "But go away, dear child! God bless you!"

"O Sister, tell us something, leave us something—something worthy of you! Our hearts are breaking."

"I have left my dearest love for all the children," she said.

"But something for *us*!" I pleaded.

"For whom?"

"For the three Marys. We are all in the little cabin together."

"Will you promise me to curb your temper, my wild bird?" she asked.

"Yes,—oh, yes!" I said. "If you will help me in heaven, I can do it."

"Then I heard Sister Cecily remark: 'Ah, the poor dear!'"

"Tell the little one she will soon see her mother," said Sister Mary. "Dear little angel! Not once did I have to reprove her."

Here Mary Teresa began to weep bitterly, and Mary Ann buried her head in the bedclothes. But Mary Catherine stoically went on:

"Then she did not say any more for a long time, and I said: 'Dear Sister Mary, a message for Mary Ann—just one little word!'"

"If I might say it," she replied slowly, and in such a low voice that I could hardly make out the words, "tell her I leave her my mantle."

"She must have been wandering a little in her mind then, girls; though she added the next moment:

"Go, dear Mary Catherine! God bless you all! Go! Pray for me!"

There was low, deep sobbing for a few moments, and Mary Catherine was the first to speak.

"Well, aren't we going to pray for her? There will be plenty of time for crying later."

And this strange girl began searching about the room until she found a prayer-book. Kneeling down, she began the Litany for the Dying, which she said in a firm, clear voice; the others answering with difficulty because of the tears which

choked their utterance. Scarcely had they finished when Anselm came to the door with their breakfast.

Mary Catherine opened it.

"Go away, Anselm!" she said, rather impatiently. "We are not thinking of breakfast now."

"Perhaps not, Miss," he replied, dryly; "but it is needful to eat, all de same. Will you please call here de odder one, who is not so foolish as you?"

Mary Ann at once rose from her knees, went forward, took the tray from the old man and began to lay the table, which she drew close to Mary Teresa's bed. Mary Catherine stood looking drearily out of the window.

"Come!" said Mary Ann.

But she remained motionless.

"Come, dear! Sister Mary would like you to take your breakfast now."

Mary Catherine turned round, went meekly forward and partook of the meal with her companions, in silence. When they had finished Mary Ann went out and crossed over to the other cabin, where she sat down on the low, broad doorstep. Within all seemed silent as the grave. There was not the slightest sound.

"Perhaps she is sleeping," she said to herself. "This may be the crisis, and the Sisters are keeping very still so as not to disturb her. Oh, how blessed it would be if she would not die!"

Hope began to swell in her breast. All nature was rejoicing: the trees full of the tender young leaves of spring; the birds singing merrily in the swaying branches; the bright sunlight filtering through the green arches; the cloudless blue sky overhead. It could not be, she thought, that Death was near,—hovering, a cruel, unwelcome guest, in the midst of such peace and loveliness. Her hands, which had been icy cold, began to grow warm; she breathed more freely, and the chill seemed to leave her heart. She arose and went back to her companions. She was

went to say afterward that as she passed the window near which she knew Sister Mary's bed to be, a great wave of peace seemed to flood her very soul.

When she entered the cabin the two girls were reciting the Rosary. She knelt beside them, praying with an intense fervor which was yet full of joy. When they had finished she said:

"Girls, all my forebodings have gone. As I sat out there on the doorstep, it seemed to me that everything would turn out well."

Then she went about putting things in their places, her hopeful spirit communicating itself to Mary Teresa. But Mary Catherine sat gloomily in the rocking-chair, her head bent on her hand.

"Run out into the fresh air for a few moments, Mary Catherine," said Mary Teresa. "It will make you feel better."

At that instant the door was pushed slowly back, and Sister Cecily appeared, her face red from weeping.

"Is Sister Mary better?" asked Mary Ann, eagerly.

"Yes, she is better. She is in the arms of our Blessed Lady, where she will never know death or sickness any more. Her last words were, 'Sweet Mother of Jesus, pray for me—help me!'"

They all began to sob and cry aloud.

"When—when was it?" asked Mary Ann at length, when the violence of their grief had subsided.

"About half an hour ago," was the reply. "I saw you passing the window just as her pure soul was ascending to God."

"And I felt so happy at that moment, Sister," said Mary Ann. "I felt that she was better—that she would get well."

"And so she is, poor dear!" said Sister Cecily. "Doesn't it seem that God allowed you to feel a portion of her happiness as she went to Him? Her joyous spirit must have touched you as it passed."

Sister Cecily, Sister Charles and Mary Catherine remained all day with the

beloved dead, mingling their tears and praying for her eternal repose. Under no conditions would the doctor permit Mother Teresa or any of the other Sisters to enter the log-cabin; neither would he listen to their solicitations to have the precious remains, which were enclosed in a metallic coffin, brought to the chapel for the Solemn Requiem Mass and the obsequies. Their grief, though very deep, was tempered by resignation, and found expression only in prayer. And who can say but this painful privation, this final drop in their cup of bitterness, may have been the "last farthing" that opened the gates of heaven to the ransomed soul?

In the afternoon a grave was dug in the convent cemetery, not far away; and when night came the coffin of the dead Sister was laid upon an impromptu bier and carried by Anselm, the two Sisters, and Mary Catherine to her last earthly resting-place, beneath clustering branches of orange blossoms. Mary Catherine had heaped violets upon the coffin—"so that it may not touch the cold, hard earth."

As the sorrowing procession walked back in the moonlight to the lonely woodland enclosure, which must still be their dwelling-place for a time, Mary Catherine, who had borne up bravely through it all, suddenly burst into tears and said:

"At first it seemed cruel, but it does not seem so now. It was sad, but so peaceful, so beautiful,—just such a death and burial as she would have wished. Humble and self-forgotten in life, she was the same in death, even to the very darkness of the grave. Only God knows the treasure we have lost; but the memory of this evening shall ever be as a healing balm to our aching hearts."

And they who listened felt it was as she had said; for the "wild bird" had another side to her character, which was charming in its seriousness and its deep, tender piety.

(To be continued.)

The World's Noblest Heroine.

V.

Hitherto the short but eventful career of Joan had been one of triumph, but the time of her downfall was at hand. With the troops under her control, she made an unsuccessful attempt to prevent Choisy-sur-Aisne from falling into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy; and her defeat was due to the treason of a captain who sold himself to the enemy. Joan must have had a premonition of this disaster.

On the 16th of May, at the hour of the evening Angelus, she quietly repaired to the church, and, falling upon her knees, lifted up her soul in prayer. Surrounding her was a crowd of curious people—working men, idlers, admiring women and children, who then, as now, followed the sensation of the hour.

Suddenly Joan burst into tears. When those around her would have compassionated her, she arose, dried her eyes, gazing upon them sweetly and kindly while she said:

"Good friends, dear little ones, know that they have sold and betrayed me. Soon I shall be delivered up to death. Pray God for me, I beseech you; for I can no longer serve either the King or the kingdom of France."

A week later she was taken prisoner at Compiègne. Great were the rejoicings in the camp of the enemy; and, alas! from those whom she had delivered came but faint and feeble protestations. The news of her capture was welcomed with joy by her enemies, unworthy churchmen, courtiers of Charles VII., who had feared for the ascendancy she might gain over his lethargic mind. It was not to their interest that he should assert himself; they resolved to make an end of her.

Taking their cue from those in high places, many who had been foremost in her praise now welcomed and circulated

the report that she was an impostor. So it is with the world and the friends of this world: they lead the victorious mortal through flowery ways, crowning him with garlands, all the air resounding with their acclamations of praise; but let the shadow of adversity fall upon him, at once they drag him from the triumphal chariot, and fling him, disrowned and dismantled, into the mire of the streets and to the mercy of the rabble.

Fearful that the prisoner might be released, the enemies of Joan trumped up a charge of heresy against her—an accusation which seems incredible in view of her life and conduct. It was thus that they hoped to have her delivered back to their hands, so that, in the event of the English releasing her, she must fall into the ecclesiastical custody. She was also accused of sorcery and idolatry; and Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, was appointed to confer with her captors. They finally determined on her ransom, which was fixed at ten thousand francs, a tax being levied on Normandy for the amount. Finally she was sold, not ransomed, to her bitterest enemies, the foes of her own household of the faith, to be tried by the very judge who had bargained about her price.

Ostensibly she was still the captive of the English King, a prisoner of war; and as such she was confined in the Castle of Rouen, where she was kept in chains night and day. But if at any time her captors had thought it well to release her as a hostage of war, the bargain which had been made by Cauchon, wherein she was described as a heretic, sorcerer, and evil woman, would still keep her in durance. To the eternal shame of these and other venal churchmen, she was appointed, still a prisoner of the English, to be tried by a French court for offences against religion and morals. For her, therefore, there was no escape, hemmed in as she was on every side.

She lay in prison for several months, till, on the 21st of February, 1430, they brought her forth for trial. She sat alone before the Bishop and his assistants, who numbered fifty. No one was allowed to advise her. Alone and unaided, she was expected to reply at once to whatever she was asked. Often before she had ended her reply to one question another would be put to her. Artful questions they were, subtle, captious and difficult; so much so, deposes the Dominican, Isambard de la Pierre, "that the high ecclesiastical and literary men who were present would with great difficulty have been able to answer them." Yet, according to another of her defenders, Joan answered them all with a simplicity, wisdom and sagacity that were quite amazing. At times there was a gentle playfulness in her replies, as when she parried some foolish but captious question.

"What do you think about our lord the Pope, and which is the true Pope?"

"Are there two?" inquired Joan.

"Was St. Michael without clothes?" (referring to the apparition.)

"Do you think that God has not wherewith to clothe him?" replied Joan.

"Does St. Margaret speak English?"

"How should she speak English since she is not on the side of the English?"

Snares were laid to entrap her answers. They asked:

"Do you know if St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?"

"They love what God loves and hate what He hates."

They charged her with pride and presumption, and with being under the power of the devil. "Are you in a state of grace?" they asked. To an answer in the affirmative they would have cried out at her presumption. Should she reply in the negative, it would be a sign of diabolical influence. But she said, in a sweet and gentle voice: "If I am, may God keep me in it; if I am not, may

He put me in it. I had rather die than be without the love of God."

Once she remarked to Mgr. de Beauvais: "You tell me that you are my judge. I know not if you are; but take good heed not to judge me wrongly, because you would place yourself in great danger. And I warn you of it, in order that if Our Lord should punish you for it I may have done my duty in giving you warning." History records the sudden death of several to whom these words were addressed.

This farce lasted nine days. They had no evidence on which to condemn her. There were no witnesses against her; they feared to summon any, not knowing but that they might chance to fall upon her friends, who, though timid, were by no means few. A commission had been despatched to Domremy, but it had come back downcast and not triumphant; for Domremy had blessed instead of cursed.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Taking Pains.

It is said that "genius is simply the art of taking pains." Whether this be true or not, it is a fact beyond question that many of our most clever artists, whether with brush or pen, have owed their success to persistent carefulness and patience. A famous American painter considers that he is indebted to Sir Frederick Leighton, the late president of the Royal Academy, for one of the most valuable lessons of his life.

Leighton, then a young man, had painted a landscape, the scene of which was laid in Italy. Into its background he wished to introduce an olive-tree; and in his memory there was stored away just the particular olive-tree that was needed. But he was not quite certain that he remembered it in detail, and so he promptly set out from England to the

southern extreme of Italy to make sure. He found the tree, studied it faithfully for several days, and bore his sketch home in triumph.

You may remember Millais' picture of the Huguenot Lovers. In it an ivy-clad wall is conspicuous; and in the study of the wall that was the model for the painted one, the artist spent not days but weeks. And the picture made him famous.

Natural aptitude is much, but there is something greater which lies behind real success.

A Plucky Boy.

Henry Fawcett, England's greatest postmaster-general, was totally blind, having lost his eyesight in a most distressing accident. One pleasant day, when he was a mere youth, he went hunting with his father. A flock of partridges flew over a fence to a field where the father had no right to shoot, but as he was moving forward they flew back toward the son. The father, being eager to bring down a bird, fired into the flock, without a thought of his son's danger. Several shots entered the boy's breast, and one pierced each lens of a pair of spectacles he wore, carrying jagged glass into his eyes, which were instantly made blind for life.

Then the iron will of the boy was shown. In ten minutes after the cruel shot he had resolved that even if he were to be blind he should carry out his plan of study; and the first words that he said to his sister after being carried home were: "Please read something to me." He had to give up regular studies; but, by doing what he was able, he became the greatest political economist of his generation,—his friends reading to him in his moments of leisure the works from which he gathered boundless information. He was determined that his blindness should not interfere with his success in life, and it did not.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Nestor of French journalists is M. Eugene Veuillot, editor of *L'Univers*, and a brother of the famous Louis Veuillot, its founder.

—Referring to the impulsiveness of the late Mr. Gladstone, his great rival, Disraeli, said: "Gladstone is an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman." There is both wit and eulogy in another saying of Disraeli's: "Gladstone is destitute of a single redeeming vice."

—An anthology of "Sonnets on the Sonnet," compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. The collection contains about a hundred and sixty sonnets, the subject of each of which is the sonnet itself regarded from some point of view. They are mostly in English, gathered from books and journals published in England, Ireland and the United States. A full score are from the French, and a few from the German, Italian and Spanish respectively.

—Sir John T. Gilbert, the Irish historical writer, has passed away at the age of sixty-nine. At the request of Queen Victoria, he edited the publication of the "Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Ireland." He also edited the "Historic Literature of Ireland" and "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland." Sir John held many positions of honor in connection with great libraries and learned societies. We bespeak the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul, and we offer heartfelt sympathy to his widow, Lady Rosa Mulholland Gilbert.

—The compilers and publishers of prayer-books have been taught a lesson, and we notice a disposition to be more careful about what they offer to the public. One popular manual published in Dublin ought to be adapted for Irishmen. In a litany of intercession for England, St. Gregory is invoked as having sent missionaries "for the conversion of our ancestors." On calling attention to this oversight, Father Bridgett remarks: "I have heard women complain that they have to use forms in which they speak of

themselves as if they were men; but what is this compared with making Irishmen speak as if they were English!"

—The London *Athenæum* says: "The death is announced of Mr. Joseph Barnett, whose opera, 'The Mountain Sylph,' was once extremely popular. Mr. Joseph Barnett was also a composer; but his music, being chiefly written for Roman Catholic churches, is not known in concert rooms." This is a good reason why it should be known to those for whom it was written.

—We have received from the American Book Co. a 12mo volume, "Douze Contes Nouveaux," edited for school use by C. Fontaine, B. L. The editing has been well done; and while the names of the authors of some few of the twelve tales are not the most reassuring among contemporary French writers, there appears to be nothing objectionable in these selected narratives.

—The death of Edouard Remenyi, the violin virtuoso, deserves to be noted. While responding to an enthusiastic encore in San Francisco, he suddenly fell forward; and when the attendants reached him, they found him dead, with his precious violin clasped tightly in his hand. Remenyi's intimate friends often remarked upon his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and his violin had one of her medals attached to it.

—A package of pamphlets received from the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco shows that the work of that organization has begun in earnest. The pamphlets comprise an Order of Exercises for use at lectures; one for meetings of the agents and promoters of the Society; Archbishop Riordan's address at the formal organization of the association; a leaflet telling "How to Keep Lent"; "Reapers for the Harvest," a strong plea, by Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., for the cultivation of priestly vocations; "How to Help the Sick and Dying," full of wise and practical hints; "Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?" a brief but complete refutation of an old fallacy; and six lectures on ghosts, by

Father Yorke. The lecture on "Ghosts in General" makes an excellent opening for the special treatment of the Gunpowder Ghost, the Tall Bully Ghost, the Gordon Ghost, the Ghost of a Name and Our Own Ghost, which follow. Here is cheap reading matter of the first quality to distribute among well-disposed Protestants. If our people do not buy it and circulate it, they will be wanting in zeal. Watch the publications of this Society; for, unless all signs fail, the C. T. S. of San Francisco is destined to accomplish great things for the Church in America.

—Prof. Starr, of Chicago University, writing in the *Dial*, thus falls into line with the most enlightened modern scholarship: "It was the Spaniard in America who developed in Mexico a golden age of letters in the sixteenth century, long before Plymouth Rock felt pilgrim footsteps." And, referring to the claim that the Bay Psalm Book was the first volume printed on this continent, he observes pointedly: "How naïve and amusing such claims would be, were they not humiliating evidence of narrow ignorance!"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., net.
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
 Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.
 For a King. *T. S. Sharowood*. 95 cts., net.
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Gaus*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebbs, C. Ss. R.* \$1, net.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-De Goesbriand*. \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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To the Sacred Heart.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

STAND alone and earth is wide,
 All leave me in Gethsemane;
 Hide me within Thy wounded side,—
 O Lord of mercy, comfort me!

I see upon Thy brow the thorn,
 I see the crimson blood flow free;
 I hear Thee say, "No longer mourn:
 Rest in My wounded Heart with Me."

'Tis heard. Thou grantest now my prayer:
 No more desisèd and forlorn,
 The martyr's branch of palm I bear,
 The victor's robe of white is worn.

I rest within Thy love divine,
 The last great enemy doth flee;
 For drink of tears, I take Thy wine,—
 Now, Jesu, Thou dost comfort me.

North by West.

WITH A CRUISE IN ALASKAN WATERS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XV.—OUT OF THE ARCTIC.

WHEN Captain Cook—who, with Captain Kidd, nearly monopolizes the young ladies' ideal romance of the seas—was in these waters, he asked the natives what land it was that lay about them, and they replied: "Alaska"—great land. It *is* a great land,

lying loosely along the northwest coast,—great in area, great in the magnitude and beauty of its forests and in the fruitfulness of its many waters; great in the splendor of its ice fields, the majesty of its rivers, the magnificence of its snow-clad peaks; great also in its possibilities, and greatest of all in its measureless wealth of gold.

In the good old days of the Muscovite reign—1811,—Governor Baranoff sent Alexander Kuskoff to establish a settlement in California, where grain and vegetables might be raised for the Sitka market. The ruins of Fort Ross are all that remains to tell the tale of that enterprise. The Sitkan of to-day manages to till a kitchen-garden that suffices; but his wants are few, and he can always fall back on canned provision if his fresh food fails.

The stagnation of life in Alaska is all but inconceivable. The summer tourist can hardly realize it, because he brings to the settlement the only variety it knows; and this comes so seldom—once or twice a month—that the population arises as a man and rejoices so long as the steamer is in port. Please to picture this people after the excitement is over, quietly subsiding into a comatose state, and remaining in it until the next boat heaves in sight. One feeds one's self mechanically; takes one's constitutional along the shore or over one of the goat-paths that strike inland; nodding now

and again to the familiar faces that seem never to change in expression, except during tourists' hours; and then repairs to that bed which is the salvation of the solitary, for sleep and oblivion are the good angels that brood over it. In summer the brief night—barely forty winks in length—is so silvery and so soft that it is a delight to sit up in it even if one is alone. Lights and shadows play with each other, and are reflected in sea and sky until the eye is almost dazzled with the loveliness of the scene.

But the winter, and the endless night of winter!—when the sun sinks to rest in discouragement at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and rises with a faint heart and a pale face at ten or eleven in the forenoon; when even high noon is unworthy of the name—for the dull luminary, having barely got above the fence at twelve o'clock, backs out of it and sinks again into the blackness of darkness which one must endure for at least two thirds of the four and twenty! Since the moon is no more obliging to the Alaskans than the sun is, what is a poor fellow to do? He can watch the aurora until his eyes ache; he can trim his lamp and chat with his chums and fill his pipe over and over again. But the night thickens and the time begins to lag; he looks at his watch, to find it is only 9 p. m., and there are twelve hours between him and daylight. It is a great land in which to store one's mind with knowledge, provided one has the books at hand and good eyes and a lamp that won't flicker or smoke.

In my mind's eye I see the Alaska of the future—and the not far-distant future. Among the most beautiful of the islands there will be fine openings; lawns and flowers will carpet the slopes from the dark walls of the forest to the water's edge. In the midst of these favored spots summer hotels will throw wide their glorious windows upon vistas that are

like glimpses of fairy land. Along the beach numerous skiffs await those who are weary of towns; steam launches are there, and small barges for the transportation of picnic parties to undiscovered islands in the dim distance. Sloop yachts with the more adventurous will go forth on voyages of exploration and discovery, two or three days in length, under the guidance of stolid, thoroughbred Indian pilots. There may be an occasional wreck, with narrow escapes from the watery grave—let us hope so, for the sake of variety. There will be fishing parties galore, and camping on foreign shores, and eagle hunts, and the delights of the chase; with Indian retinues and Chinese cooks, and the "swell toggery" that is the chief, if not the only, charm of that sort of thing. There will be circulating libraries in each hotel, and grand pianos, and private theatricals, and nightly hops that may last indefinitely, or at least until sunrise, without shocking the most prudent; for day breaks at 2 a. m.

There will be visits from one hotel to the other, and sea-voyages to dear old Sitka, where the Grand Hotel will be located; and there will be the regular weekly or semi-weekly boat to the Muir glacier, with professional guides to the top of it, and all the necessary traps furnished on board if desired. And this wild life can begin as early as April and go on until the end of September without serious injury. There will be no hay fever or prickly-heat; neither will there be sunstrokes nor any of the horrors of the Eastern and Southern summer. It will remain true to its promise of sweet, warm days, and deliciously cool evenings, in which the young lover may woo his fair to the greatest advantage; for there is no night there. Then everyone will come home with a new experience, which is the best thing one can come home with, and the rarest nowadays; and with a pocketful of Alaskan garnets, which are

about the worst he can come home with, being as they are utterly valueless, and unhandsome even when they are beautifully symmetrical.

Oh, the memory of the voyage, which is perhaps the most precious of all!—this we bring home with us forever. The memory of all that is half civilized and wholly unique and uncommon: of sleepy and smoky wigwams, where the ten tribes hold powwow in a confusion of gutturals, with a plentiful mixture of saliva; for it is a moist language, a gurgle that approaches a gargle, and in three weeks the unaccustomed ear scarcely recovers from the first shock of it;—a memory of totem poles in stark array, and of the high feast in the Indian villages, where the beauty and chivalry of the forest gathered and squatted in wide circles listening to some old-man-eloquent in the very ecstasy of expectoration;—the memory of a non-committing, uncommunicative race, whose religion is a feeble polytheism—a kind of demonolatry; for, as good spirits do not injure one, one's whole time is given to the propitiation of the evil: this is called Shamanism, and is said to have been the religion of the Tartar race before the introduction of Buddhism, and is still the creed of the Siberians;—a memory of solitary canoes on moonlit seas and of spicy pine odors mingled with the tonic of moist kelp and salt-sea air;—a memory of friends who were altogether charming, and of a festival without a flaw.

O my kind friend and reader! when the Alaska Summer Hotel Company has stocked the nooks and corners of the archipelago with caravansaries, and good boats are filling them with guests who go to spend the season in the far Northwest, fail not to see that you are numbered among the elect; for Alaska out-rivers all rivers and out-lakes all lakes—being itself a lake of ten thousand islands; it out-mountains the Alps of America, and

certainly outdoes everything else everywhere else, in the shape of a watering-place. And when you have returned from there, after two or three months' absence from the world and its weariness, you will begin to find that your "tum-tum is white" for the first time since your baptismal day, and that you have gained enough in strength and energy to topple the totem pole of your enemy without shedding a feather. There is hope for Alaska as a summer resort.

As ghosts scent the morning air and are dispersed, so we scented the air, which actually seemed more familiar as we approached Washington in the great Northwest; and the spirit of peace, of ease and of lazy contentment that had possessed our souls for three weeks took flight. It was now but a day's sail to Victoria, and yet we began to think we might never get there.

We were hungry for news of the world which we had well-nigh forgotten. Three weeks! It seemed to us that in this little while cities might have been destroyed, governments overthrown, new islands upheaved and old ones swallowed out of sight. Then we were all expecting to find heaps of letters from everybody awaiting us at Victoria or Port Townsend, and our mouths fairly watered for news.

We took a little run into the sea and got lost in a fog; but the pilot whistled for the landmarks, and Echo answered; so that by the time the fog was ready to roll away, like a snowy drop-curtain, we knew just where we were, and ran quietly into a nook that looked as if it would fit us like a bootjack. The atmosphere grew smoky; forest fires painted the sky with burnt umber, and through this veil the sun shone like a copper shield. Then a gorgeous moonlight followed. There was blood upon that moon, and all the shores were like veins in moss-agate, and the sea like oil. We wound in and out, in and out, among dreamy islands; touched for a

little while at Nanaimo, where we should have taken in a cargo of coal for Portland, whither the Ancon was bound; but Captain Carroll kindly put us all ashore first and then returned for his freight.

We hated to sleep that night, and did not sleep very much. But when we awakened it was uncommonly quiet; and upon going on deck—lo! we were at Victoria. What a quiet, pretty spot! What a restful and temperate climate! What jutting shores, soft hills, fine drives, old-countrified houses and porters' lodges, and cottages with homely flowers in the door-yards and homely people in the doors!—homely I mean in the handsomest sense, for I can not imagine the artificial long survives in that community.

How dear to us seemed civilization after our wanderings in the wilderness! We bought newspapers and devoured them; ran in and out of shops just for the fun of it and because our liberty was so dear to us then. News? We were fairly staggered with the abundance of it, and exchanged it with one another in the most fraternal fashion, sharing our joys and sorrows with the whole ship's company. And deaths? What a lot of these, and how startling when they came so unexpectedly and in such numbers! Why is it, I wonder, that so many people die when we are away somewhere beyond reach of communication?

But enough of this. A few jolly hours on shore, a few drives in the suburbs and strolls in the town, and we headed for Port Townsend and the United States, where we parted company with the good old ship that carried us safely to and fro. And there we ended the Alaskan voyage gladly enough, but not without regret; for, though uneventful, I can truly say it was one of the pleasantest voyages of my life; and one that—thanks to every one who shared it with me—I shall ever remember with unalloyed delight.

(The End.)

The Young Lady of the Manor.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

AS the ladies drove away from the church door, cousin Louis observed to his aunt:

"I suppose I shall tell Jean Baptiste, as usual, to stop at the post-office?"

He smiled as he recalled how vivid used to be his interest in that weekly or semi-weekly visit to the post-office, where wonderful things *might* be awaiting him; and even if they didn't come, and sometimes there were no letters at all, he at least met a certain number of the people, and learned a good deal of the simple happenings of the life about them.

Whilst cousin Louis was gone a little incident took place which might have had, to say the least, unpleasant results. Gros Jean, who was at times a freakish and uncertain animal, seized upon an unguarded moment, when Jean Baptiste was questioning a local dealer about some seeds which he required for the garden. The horse began to run along at a furious pace, making a dash to reach the high wooden pavement, and dragging the carriage after him for some distance, with one wheel upon the slope and the other upon the roadside. The passers-by, mostly women, fled in dismay. Jean Baptiste, panic-stricken, made no effort to regain control of the animal.

In an instant the stranger had taken in the situation. He sprang over the seat in front, and seized the reins, which Jean Baptiste had let fall. The horse felt at once the cool, firm grasp of a master-hand, and soon suffered himself to be put back upon the beaten track, with his face turned homeward. The stranger replaced the reins in the coachman's hand, and tranquilly reseated himself opposite the ladies. Both were pale. Marie had been

holding in her breath hard, and her aunt had been praying aloud. Cousin Louis, coming forth with a bundle of letters and papers, was greeted by the story of the adventure, told by the bystanders in half a dozen voices. He muttered under his breath remarks which were not precisely complimentary to Jean Baptiste.

The aunt would have thanked the stranger perhaps a little too effusively; but he turned her gratitude aside with an admirable grace, and smiled in answer to the look of thankfulness which Marie cast upon him as she said, apologetically:

"Poor Gros Jean! he is so excitable; but he is a good, kind, faithful horse."

"Certainly, Mademoiselle," agreed the stranger. "The poor horse was frightened at the crowd, and your man pulled a little too hard."

When they were in motion again, driving homeward through the sunshine, which had grown warmer and more dazzling, the aunt said to herself:

"If it be in the designs of Providence, it would be admirable. This young man has not, perhaps, much money; but he has the manor-house of — and what remains of the seigniory. He is a good Catholic, as I hear; he seems brave and modest, and he is of the old blood, which counts for something."

Far different were the thoughts of Marie, revelling in the sunshine and the soft air, and fairly enchanting the somewhat shy young stranger by her gayety and her unconscious charm. It was a charm to be felt and not expressed—like the beauty which was over the landscape, gilding the commonplace, redeeming the insignificant. Ah, how brief is that charm of early youth, evanescent as the bloom upon a butterfly's wings, especially when it is felt in one who, like Marie, had walked all her days in paths of peace!

She was at ease with this young man; and the fact of his having rescued them, by his presence of mind and

dexterity, from a perilous situation lent him a new interest in her eyes. She chatted away familiarly upon whatever topic was uppermost in her mind.

"How well our good *curé* spoke!" she said. "When I was a child I used to count the buttons on his cassock and peep into his breviary for pictures. He always had one for me. Dear Monsieur le Curé!"

Louis conversed for the most part with his aunt; but he kept an observant eye upon the other two, and smiled once or twice mysteriously to himself. He occasionally pointed out, however, some familiar landmark to his friend; and called upon Marie, if his own memory failed, for the name of this or that farmer or the owner of this or that cottage. It was past noon when they came in sight of the manor, with its broad front and many rows of windows, its veranda and the steps leading thither from the great, sloping lawn, girt round with giant trees which had outlived generations.

"It *is* a nice old place enough," said Louis, complacently, in answer to an admiring remark from the stranger. "We think so; don't we, Marie?"

"We love it, whatever it is," said the young girl, warmly.

"But to be sure it is very different," put in the aunt, a little sadly. "It is not what it used to be when your father and uncle came here, Monsieur. There is a line in a song which belonged rather to my generation—

How short are the beautiful days!"

IV.

When they reached home, and aunt and nephew were seated on the front of the veranda, whilst Marie and the stranger had gone to the other end to look at the conservatory, Louis observed:

"He is a fine fellow, Aunt Adrienne."

"Else you would not have introduced him here," said the aunt, gravely. "But, indeed, it is what I have already heard."

"A clever fellow, and worthy of our

Marie in every way," continued the young man, significantly.

"But she is so young!" said the crafty lady. "And he—has he any means?"

"A little more than most of us. And, then, if a man chooses to live in the country and be content with that, life is a simple affair. But would Marie be content?" he added, with sudden doubt, as he observed the young, graceful figure; the quick, eager eyes; the face which seemed to shed happiness around it, and yet which was so quickly obscured with clouds. "She is born to shine elsewhere perhaps," he said, seriously.

"Shining is not always being happy," replied the aunt, sententiously; "nor is it best for the soul."

Louis sighed—he hardly could have explained why.

"If one could know what is best!" he said, thoughtfully. "But the problem in this case is particularly hard to solve."

"Why?" asked the aunt, in surprise. "Marie is a good girl."

"None better, dear aunt."

"And pious."

"I know; religion will be her anchor."

"What, then, can you mean?"

Louis found it difficult to explain. He was not accustomed to occupy himself with metaphysical subtleties; but he felt, without being able to express his conviction, that Marie was one of those complex natures for whom it is unsafe to forecast anything.

Marie made an unconscious diversion by darting down from the top of the steps, speeding over the lawn like a bird, and in at the garden gate.

"It is the pigs!" she called back, apologetically. "They are in the garden and will root up the vegetables. Come quick and help to put them out, Louis; and you, Monsieur."

Neither Louis nor the guest needed any second bidding; and it was good to hear the laughter of all three mingling

with the notes of the robin and the song of the wild canary. The chase was an exciting one. The animals, with characteristic obstinacy, resisted all efforts to expel them; scampering over one bed after another, grunting and complaining, pursued by shouts, threats and laughter, not to mention sticks and stones; till at last they took advantage of an opening in the fence to make their escape into the farm-yard adjoining.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Marie, "we have conquered. But please, Louis, nail up that board in the fence, or we shall have no lettuce or radishes."

Louis paused, looking down at his good clothes, with which he had to make a respectable appearance in town next day. But the stranger hesitated not a moment. Picking up a stone, he knelt on the ground, driving in the nails sharply and firmly, whilst the young girl looked on approvingly.

"I see," she said; "you are like me—of the country. Why, oh, why does not everyone live in the country? Who would be shut up in the town?"

"Not I," said the stranger, forgetting his shyness. "For my part, Mademoiselle, I would almost rather die than have to live in close streets, with brick and mortar all around me."

"You see, Louis, it is what I have told you often," said Marie, turning to her cousin, who answered, carelessly:

"Each to his taste, my pretty cousin." But inwardly he thought: "Perhaps in this way the problem solves itself. If she loves the country with its simplicity better than the town with its glitter—if they both love the same things, they may begin the sooner and continue the longer to love each other. And if there be a future of this kind in store for these young people, why, it would probably be a very happy thing."

It was true Marie was young, but so suitable a match could not be had every

day; for, with her fine poetic nature, she must have the best of men or none.

Just as Louis had reached this stage in his reflections he saw that Marie also began to look serious. It was as though a cloud had fallen upon a summer sky.

"Ah, the cruel bird!" she said, looking upward,—“the ugly, horrid creature!”

The young men naturally followed the direction of her eyes, over the low wall of the garden which separated it from the farm-yard, and above the pigeon tower. They, too, caught sight of a hawk, which was circling overhead, fascinating a dove, which from sheer terror was unable to reach the sheltering cot.

"Oh, if it would only fly away! If it could only get there!" cried the girl, clasping her hands. "O my poor dove!—one of my own, own doves!"

The hawk was circling nearer and nearer its prey, graceful, beautiful even in its cruelty, against the clear sky; whilst the smooth plumage of the poor pigeon glimmered in the sunshine as it fluttered helplessly to and fro.

"Oh, if you could do something!" said Marie, and it was significant that she turned to the stranger. He had been watching anxiously, and measuring distances as one accustomed to such sights. Moved by her pleading face, he felt that he would gladly have done anything to bring the smile back to her lips. He did the only thing possible. Picking up a stone, he threw it with so much force and directness that it seemed to divert the hawk's attention a moment from its prey. The glittering eye turned aside an instant from the intended victim; the latter made a desperate effort and passed within the tower. A sound of fluttering was heard, as though its coming had been hailed with joy and had relieved the anxiety of the feathered tribe.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" Marie said to the stranger, so warmly that he colored slightly.

"No need to thank me, Mademoiselle. I have done nothing."

"You have saved its life," said Marie, with conviction; and one would suppose that it had been the life of one very dear to her.

"And made my dear cousin happy," said Louis, lagging a little, as they began to walk up and down the broad, gravelled garden path. The scents of blossoms came down to them like messages from the trees above; even the smell of the mould in the new-made garden beds seemed delightful as they paused to admire the tender green of the young shoots, whilst the bushes gave forth a leafy tribute to reviving nature. But Marie was still thoughtful.

"Life is sad," she observed, suddenly. Louis was out of hearing.

"How, Mademoiselle—to-day? No, no, surely you can not mean it."

There was earnestness in his manner, which caused Marie to glance at him as she said:

"But that is just it. The day is very beautiful, we are all enjoying ourselves, and in the midst of it there is cruelty and death."

"You take the matter too seriously," said the young man, gently. "The hawk was but following his nature; and, after all, the dove has escaped."

"Thanks to you," said Marie, giving him a grateful look, which made him answer quickly:

"One would always wish to help the weak and right a wrong, besides pleasing those—whom one wishes to please."

"It is going fast, indeed," said Louis to himself, as he passed behind some lilac bushes. "Shy fellows are always the boldest in the long run; and here he has contrived to make Marie grateful, and, I think, to please her fancy."

Marie had made no reply to the stranger's speech, which was, perhaps, more eloquent than the speaker had

realized; but had bent over a syringa bush, touching the buds upon it with caressing fingers.

The young men were to leave the manor about nine o'clock, driving over to the station, some nine miles away, to catch a night train from Quebec. After supper they sat out upon the veranda with Marie. Aunt Adrienne, who was afraid of the night air, sat within the drawing-room, in the gathering twilight, and reflected:

"He is not so handsome, this young man, as his uncle; and he has not the manner of those other days. But, still, it might do."

There was a rising moon, faint and delicate as befitted the day of spring which was just dead. Its light came through the elms, towering heaven-high and standing in shadowy groups on the lawn; and it touched the linden by the garden gate, where the birds had sung at morning. Falling in irregular patches over the lawn, green here and there with last year's growth, it glided over the little stream, glimmering ghost-like upon the ruined grist-mill of the seignior, where tenants in other days had brought their grain to be ground.

Marie sat in a low chair, with a fleecy shawl thrown about her shoulders; and almost at her feet, upon the veranda steps, sat cousin Louis and his friend. The former presently began to sing, in a full, rich voice, a little love-song, one which he had heard sung in the villages by the people. Louis used to say that comic songs were his forte; but Marie never believed it, especially after she had heard him that night.

"One couldn't sing a comic song here and now," Louis said, disgustedly. "It would be sacrilege almost."

To this Marie assented most heartily. The stranger was silent. He had very little to say during that first visit to the manor. Marie always remembered after-

ward how reserved she had thought him.

As the carriage which was to take the young men to the station drove round the end of the house, in a path whitened by the moonbeams, the young stranger went to make his farewells to the aunt.

"You must come again, Monsieur," she said, most cordially. "You know we are all old friends."

He thanked her, saying simply that he would be only too glad to do so; while Marie observed:

"The old place will soon be looking well. The lawn will be green and the trees; and there will be roses in the garden. Oh, you must come then!"

"I will come very soon," answered the young man; adding for her ear alone: "but it will not be to see either trees or lawn or the roses in the garden." And he remarked to Louis during the drive to the station, with a fervor that made the latter smile: "My friend, this has been a very happy day."

Some such thought was in Marie's mind, as she watched the carriage drive away with a little wrench at her heart. For, after all, the manor was lonely,—cousin Louis came so seldom, and she was the only young thing about the place.

The sun had seemed unusually bright all that day, and the leaves a more tender green. Marie had realized in some way that mystery of the triumph of life over death, of which the yearly reawakening of spring is the symbol. One or two incidents of the day came to her mind—a word that had been spoken, a thought that had been half expressed. The color stole softly into her cheeks; but there was none to see, for even the rooks had ceased their caw-caw, and the young girl was quite alone in the darkness. She did not realize that there had been any change in her feelings, or that she had overstepped one milestone on the journey of life since the morning, when she had run and laughed for very glee.

"Life is so beautiful!" she said. "And the spring is of all seasons most joyful." But there were tears very near her eyes and a cadence in her voice as she sang softly to herself the song which her aunt had quoted that morning—

How short are the beautiful days!—
which would have made Louis shake his head anew over the problem. But is there not always in the promise of spring a note of sadness?

(To be continued.)

Flowers in the Desert.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

"I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys."

A WILDERNESS of barren sand,
With scorching sun-glare hot and red,
Where whitened bones of men long dead,—
A level, broad, deserted land.

Storms swept across it, and the sky
Deepened its red to blackest gloom;
It seemed a buried nation's tomb,
So desolate below, on high.

Years passed, years slowly passed again:
A long, pale line of eastern light
Broke at the murkiest hour of night,
To herald sounds of summer rain.

Then on that lone and sandy flat
A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom;
The wilderness no more a tomb,—
The desert beautiful for that.

And soon another Flower expands,
The Rose of Sharon, for the dew
And silver morning light so new:
Transplanted then to other lands.

But leaving many a blessing there,
Odors of beauty and of grace,
Leaves for the healing of a race,
Rich gifts forgotten new and rare.

A barren wilderness no more;
Athwart, a way to yonder Fold,
Beyond those seas of green and gold,
A peaceful, bright and sunny shore!

An Apostle of the Eucharist.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

II.—THE MAN.

My soul longs to be nourished with Thy Body;
my heart desires to be united with Thee.

—*À Kempis.*

SEPTEMBER 8, Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, was "the gold-white day" of Hermann's First Communion—"coronation of his hopes, enthronement in his soul of its adored and ever-reigning King." "A convert of the Eucharist," as he was wont to name himself, he had with such impatient ardor longed to partake of the Divine Banquet that on two different occasions after baptism he was miraculously permitted, at the moment of the Communion of the faithful, to feel within his heart the real presence of Our Lord,—a favor often alluded to in later years.

"O Jesus the Beloved!" he exclaims in the preface to his "Cantiques," "my chants must mingle with the hymns of Paris. For was it not in this vast city that, hidden beneath the Eucharistic veil, Thou didst deign to make me conscious of Thy presence in the Blessed Sacrament even before I was privileged to approach Thy Holy Table a bidden guest?"

Free to follow his own impulse, on the very day after embracing Catholicism he would have sought the retirement of a convent and made offering of his life to God; but he found himself tied to the world as to a stake by leaden chains, whose links and rivets he had carelessly forged and fastened with his own hand. To indulge an inordinate passion for gambling, he had at times borrowed immense sums, aggregating some thirty thousand francs; and the first duty which conscience now pointed out to him was the liquidation of those debts of honor. To accomplish this it was needful to resume the labors of his profession—lesson and concert giving; and thus in daily

consorting with former gay friends and companions, he became the object of their unfeeling ridicule. His host and patron, De Beaumont (a sheep long since strayed from the fold), pronounced his conversion "an act of headstrong folly, evidence of approaching insanity"; and the witty old Baroness de St. Vigor, De Beaumont's cousin and majoresse-domo, appeared to delight in sustaining the "negative" in the lively religious disputations which replaced at dinner all other conversation, as Hermann relates in his "Journal"—trusted confidant of his every thought.

Turning over to later-written pages, it is delightful to read how the young proselyter's efforts to procure for loved friends a share in his own happiness were finally rewarded; how the Baroness, beleaguered, driven to the wall, disarmed of her last broken blade of defence, promised to wear a medal of Our Lady and say a *Memorare* every morning; in the end returning with her whole heart to the faith of her youth, and "walking the rest of the road" a fervent Catholic.

By a pretty coincidence, it was this same lady who assumed the duty of imparting to Madame Cohen the news of her son's conversion, Hermann having been dissuaded from doing so himself by his sister and elder brother, to whom it had seemed easier for him to speak first. They both declared themselves "inexpressibly surprised"; but the mother evinced at the time little concern, simply remarking to the Baroness: "Another caprice of my poor boy. I can only hope that years will bring him wisdom enough to undo and repair all these youthful follies and extravagances."

Who shall say, though, what secret thoughts fluttered and brooded in her mother-breast as she noted her "boy's" marvellous transformation,—no more the vain young artist, butterfly of fashion, making of life a mere pleasure-garden; but a man brought as at a single bound

to the most exalted heights; purposeful, purified of all ignoble passions, "sprinkled with hyssop and made clean"?

Although he had resumed toward her all the affectionate intercourse of early boyhood, making a rule to visit or dine with her once a week, Hermann never broached the subject of his change of religion, doubtless from a knowledge of her peculiar temperament; but one of his first acts as a Catholic was to commend his family to the prayers of the Confraternity of the Holy Heart of Mary. How graciously, in the time ordained, Our Lady answered those prayers we shall learn later.

Here it would seem proper to relate the circumstances contributing to his share in founding the Nocturnal Adoration, one of the most important works in the diocese of Paris, ultimately extending into more than fifty others, and bringing down from Heaven showers of blessings on all concerned therein.

Falling asleep each night with the holy names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, Hermann rose at early dawn to hear four Masses; always, besides, snatching from every day's labor a white-winged hour to spend before the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of the Carmelite nuns.

One afternoon in November (his birth month), unheeding the falling darkness, he remained lost in contemplation until for the third time the Sister portress gave sign that she wished to bar the doors for the night. Then he whispered to her: "I will go, Sister, at the same time that those leave whom I see yonder at the foot of the altar."—"But those remain all night," she replied. Without further demur, he arose and departed, going straightway to M. de la Bouillerie, his confessor and vicar of Notre Dame.

"Father," he complained, "I have just been asked to leave a chapel where pious women are allowed to remain all night in adoration."—"Find the men," said the

Father,—“find the men, and you shall be authorized to imitate those devoted women whose lot is so to be envied.”

Then the priest outlined the purposes of the little association he himself had already established in his private chapel, and that of the third order of women, nucleus of the Dames Reparatrices, to whose foundation he also had contributed. His ardent words fell in arable soil. Hermann, taking “his heart in both hands,” to use a favorite expression of St. Francis de Sales, threw it into the task he forthwith set himself.

On the evening of December 2, 1848, in the plainly furnished room for which he had some time since exchanged the luxuries of De Beaumont's guest-chamber, he had the pleasure of gathering together nineteen volunteers, all with the exception of two (Chevalier Asnarez, Spanish diplomat, and Count Raymond de Cuers) of humble origin but noble lineage of soul. To quote the report of their first reunion: “Met with the intention of founding an association whose object is the nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—to make reparation for the insults to which It has been subjected in this era of infidelity; to obtain for France the benediction of God and avert the calamities with which she is threatened.”

The venerated Church of Notre Dame des Victoires was the place chosen; and December 6, 1848, was the date of their first night's vigil,—thus connected with that critical epoch in the history of the Church, the departure of Pius IX. from Rome, then noisy with the revolutionists.

After the close of the Franco-German war, the members of the association (then numbering hundreds) and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul perpetuated the memory of the inception of the work by a marble tablet in the side chapel of St. Augustin, with this inscription:

“To Our Lady of Victories, our Patroness, the homage of gratitude and love,

from the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul and the Association of Nocturnal Adoration of Paris. May 31, 1871. The Work of the Exposition and Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament at Paris, began in this church, December 6, 1848, through the efforts of the Rev. Father Hermann, and Mgr. François de la Bouillerie, Bishop of Carcassonne, then vicar-general of the diocese of Paris.”

The period between 1847 and 1849 might be called the springtide of Hermann's spiritual life, when every branch of his soul was ablossom; his heart, like a flourishing vine trimmed by the Master-Gardener, whose burden of bourgeoning fruit summer would bring to mellow ripeness and crimson-purple perfection. His wish to consecrate himself to the service of the altar had ever found encouragement from his devoted friend and adviser, M. de la Bouillerie, on the initial meeting with whom Hermann had written in his diary these words:

“To-day went to see the Abbé de la Bouillerie, vicar of Notre Dame. Holy man! when the time is come he will help me to enter Carmel.”

His predilection for that Order seems to have been marked from the outset. On the day of baptism he asked for the Brown Scapular, and later he became an assiduous reader of the writings of St. Teresa, inspired teacher, from whom one learns so easily those keystone lessons of a religious life—distrust of the world and perfect love of God. As runs the old French quatrain that one often finds inscribed below her early pictures,

Faut'il que le monde vous plaise
Lorsqu'il doit vous allarmer;
Chrétiens, apprenez de Thérèse
Que c'est Dieu seul qu'il faut aimer.

He was, moreover, a “natural student” of theology, taking his stand firmly on the rock of dogmatic verity. “When I determined to believe in Jesus Christ,” he declares, “all that I read, felt, saw,

heard, thereafter appeared to me in a new light; and I passed from one joy to another in proportion as, aided by this belief, I beheld unfolding before me the glorious plan of the Scriptures. As for the Messiah promised in the Old Testament, I touched Him with my finger on every page of our books."

That "mountain of debt" before mentioned as looming dark across his chosen pathway, was now—"thanks to dear St. Joseph," earnestly implored patron of the undertaking, and the most rigid personal economy—reduced to a mole-hill. The proceeds from one more grand concert would cancel his last "note"; and we have a picture of the young musician preparing for that concert,—a charming picture, verbally sketched by one of the Marist Fathers, in whose large convent, Rue Montparnasse, he had asked and been given a lodging.

"From morning till night he sat at the piano playing scales, scales, scales, and nothing but scales. When I told him laughingly how weary I was of their interminable monotony, and asked how he could endure them, he answered: 'They are trying, I admit, and I regret annoying you; yet without them the pianist can not express himself grammatically in the language of sound. But, you see, I do not waste my time listening to my fingers. My master here is such an obliging one, when he has seen me play a scale he lets me continue practising it while I read.' And he pointed to the book which lay open on the rack—not a manual of music, but Rodriguez on 'Christian Perfection.'"

It was at the close of this concert that, flying from the pursuing thunders of applause, and shouts of "*Encore, encore!*" Hermann rushed into the outreached arms of the priest-friend, who, at his request, awaited him in the dressing-room, crying brokenly: "Father, Father, it is all over!

With what happiness, after striking my last chord, I bowed my farewell to the world! I have done with it forever."

Scarce a year from that day, on the eve of the Feast of the Holy Rosary (October 6, 1849), after untold discouragements, family opposition bravely combated, heart-wringing parting with a fainting mother, days and nights of watching, fasting, meditation, prayers, and tears, we find our Hermann entering his novitiate in the picturesque convent of Le Broussey, near Bordeaux,—first house of the restored Order in France, founded by that great soul of fire, Father Dominique, of whom, on his election as Superior-General of the Discalced Carmelites, it was so wittily said by Pius IX.: "Here is my perfect polyglot General. He will have the energy of Spain, the ardor of France, and the wisdom of Italy."

How vast, indescribable, a change the new life for Hermann, henceforth Brother Augustin Marie of the Most Blessed Sacrament! And yet he is happy. Pale as a spirit gliding through the silence, smilingly performing his appointed tasks—dusting, sweeping the corridors and the "dear cells, six feet square, with their pillowless beds of plank"; asking for sole favor that *his* cell may be one nearest to the chapel; in his zeal striving to make the hard rules still more hard; mixing aloes with his dish of peas, "lest it taste too well"; carrying every penance and corporeal mortification to the limit of human endurance—and yet he is happy! It would "need the pen of an angel" to describe the sweetness of the inward life: the abiding ever in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament; reading again and again those solemn words inscribed upon the wall of every Carmelite monastery, "At Carmel, God alone and I"; and by the thought contained therein caught up from earth as in a pair of strong arms,—strong but tender as a father's.

In the Battle for Bread.

IN DUTY BOUND.

BY T. SPARROW.

IV.

“GOOD God!” Charles exclaimed, below his breath.

I hope and pray I may never live to see such anguish on man's face again. It penetrated even the drunken stupor of Rose. She moved uneasily; and opening her eyes, they rested on his grief-stricken countenance. Consciousness came back in a rush, and her brow and cheeks grew crimson. She did not make a scene: that was never Rose's way. She just covered her face with her hands, moaning:

“Oh, ask him to go, please! I can not bear the shame.”

Motioning to the woman to take my place by her side, I quietly accompanied the young man downstairs. I took him into a secluded little parlor, where he gave way completely.

“Anything but that!” he kept saying. “Oh, anything but that!” And, putting his head on the table, he sobbed aloud.

It was better to let the storm have its way for awhile, and I did not disturb its first outburst.

Before he had regained his self-control some one knocked at the door; and, going to it, I found the landlady looking greatly troubled.

“It's about the old gentleman I am anxious,” she began,—“begging your pardon for interrupting you. He has not been home all night, and Miss Ardilaun has not been in a state to notice. But I am afraid something has happened, and she will be in a sad way if that's so; for she has pinched and starved to deny him naught, and it's only trouble that has drawn her to be like the rest of them.”

I consulted Charles as to this new

difficulty; and, learning Mr. Ardilaun's general haunts, he went off to see if he could hear anything concerning him. I was almost glad there was something for him to do, to distract him from his immediate personal grief.

Meanwhile I rejoined Rose, whose fear at her father's absence had quickened all her faculties to the pitch of poignant feeling. As hour after hour we sat in that dismal room, watching the dusk deepen into twilight, and then brighten with the meretricious flare of town night-life; as we waited, starting at every sound and quivering at every footstep on the stair, Rose unfolded her inner self as I doubt she will ever do again.

And while the girl was speaking how vividly I could picture the downfall, step by step!—the being turned out from lodging after lodging because of her father's infirmity; the scarcity of money, of food, of fuel; the coarseness of comrades; the degradation his sin entailed; and with it all the tyrannical thought that she must work, work, work, or they would be thrust into the street as beggars. The innocent must ever go to the wall with the guilty here. In the grinding of this world's machine there is no time to discriminate the good from the bad.

“Believe me,” she said, piteously, “I began it first just to keep up my strength. And then I found that I wrote so much better when—I had had more than was good for me. Sometimes I was frightened and tried to stop; then my papers came back, and editors said my writings had become stupid and commonplace. So I began again, and won nothing but praises and compliments. What was I to do? We must live, and my father was easier to manage when I had money to amuse him. Then my whole heart was set upon making a success of my book. I had been so crushed, so despised, so trampled on by my betters in position and by so-called Christians, that I felt I must

give vent to my nature somehow or I should go mad. I knew I could write brilliantly if my brain was on fire; so I set the match to it deliberately till the book was finished. Page after page burned itself into me, and I was not surprised at its success. But it was not I that wrote it: it was the devil. And now if anything has happened to dear father I am bitterly punished; for it is all my fault for not looking after him."

She never cried; but every moment her anxiety increased, and I knew her remorse was too keen for tears.

"I got so I could not do without it," she said after a long pause. "Oh, what a fiend it makes one! I could not sleep unless I had some spirit; I even took it to give me strength to laugh and talk with father. But I never let him know; I pretended to myself I did it to feed my intellect for his sake; and last night was the first night I took enough to overpower me before he was safe in bed. How shall I live if my father never comes back?"

It was not a time for anything but sympathy; common-sense told one to fear the worst. With the landlady's help I tidied the room, put up the shutters, lighted the gas, and then persuaded the agitated girl to swallow some beef-tea. She was very meek and docile, but could not keep still for a second.

"He will be found dead—I know it!" she said, clasping and unclasping her thin fingers. "And there is a cheque for £100 on the mantelpiece. What else have I deserved from God?"

Our vigil lasted till nearly midnight; then a cab drove up to the door. We peeped through the blinds. It was Charles.

"Go!" she said, clutching my wrist. "But don't keep me longer in suspense than you can help."

I needed no second bidding, but flew downstairs to meet Charles. His face was white as a ghost's.

"We have found his body in the river," he whispered hoarsely. "I have been to the morgue and identified it. You must tell her—I can not see her. But this is my address, and if I can be of any use let me know."

He placed a card in my hand, and almost before I could speak a word had jumped into the cab and was gone.

Poor Rose! only God knew what she suffered that night. She neither cried nor fainted, only sat and shivered as if struck with acutest ague. Not a word came from her quivering lips for twelve mortal hours, during which I never left her side; and then when she spoke, the words were of one whose mind was gone.

It was an awful time. We had no man-friend but Charles, and he arranged about the funeral, the post-mortem, and all the business affairs that were involved. He came and went, seeing me only; and his face was so haggard that my heart bled for him. He and I were the only mourners, he and I stood alone by the grave of Mr. Ardilaun. Rose had not yet come to herself.

"I think I shall go abroad for awhile," the poor boy said to me, when all had been done that could be done. "Promise me one thing: if money is wanted for doctors or anything, draw on me."

What could I do but promise?

Though he was so constantly at the house, he never asked a question about Rose, and in that fact alone I gathered how deep had been his love for her. But I heard from others how he attended daily Mass; how he was seen at weekday Benediction; and I knew that great as his trouble undoubtedly was, he would surmount it without any help from me.

It was Rose who demanded all my care. With recovered intelligence came an overwhelming despair. She was the cause of her father's death; she had loved him so, yet had driven him to destruction. She faced the naked truth in her own

keen, direct way. Talking did not take the edge off it; on the contrary, she took a morbid pleasure in thrusting the knife still deeper into her bleeding heart.

"It is hereditary," she said, in dull lethargic tone; "drinking is in the blood, it seems; and I must dree my weird to the bitter end."

In my extremity I called in Father Bruce, who, being a convert, could enter more deeply into the feelings of one outside the pale than a priest who had never breathed other than Catholic influence. He comprehended the case at a glance.

"This despair is a passing phase," he said to me after his first conversation. "Such mental vitality will recover from the moral shock in time. Then will come the battle: reason will have a tilt with that morbid vein in her nature which makes her incline to the lower while yearning for the higher side of life. To recover her balance, she should not touch pen to paper for a couple of years at least; it will only be a source of temptation to her. It is here that your work comes in. Can you persuade her to abstain from writing? It will require an heroic act of sacrifice on her part."

"I will try, Father," I said, humbly. "But I think the request would come better from you than me."

However, it turned out that we were all three together when the discussion of her future arose. Meanwhile Father Bruce had gained many degrees in her confidence; and his intellectual, high-souled converse had made a lasting impression on her.

She was lying on the sofa, clothed in her garb of mourning, when he called one afternoon to inquire how she was. While we were talking the post came with some letters for her. After glancing over them, she handed them to me with a languid smile, and quietly resumed her conversation with the priest.

There were some highly laudatory

notices of "The Outcast Soul"; and a letter from her publisher, offering a large sum if she would write a second book on the lines of her former one.

"What will you say?" I asked, eagerly.

"What *can* I do but accept?" she said, with no animation in her voice. "I have to live somehow, I suppose."

"But not by slaying souls," remarked Father Bruce, to whom she had shown the letter.

She colored deeply, though she was too sensible to resent such plain-speaking.

"Are you not calling it by a hard name, Father? I must write on the lines that pay, and surely am not responsible for the way folks read my stories."

"Allow me to contradict you," he replied, firmly. "With your intellect, you can use it for either good or ill. If you choose to pander to the depraved, look you to it. You can debase or raise human nature. Which do you choose?"

"But if the choice is not left to me? It is my daily bread, and one line pays and the other does not."

"My dear young lady," he said, uncompromisingly, "it was your God and my God who said: 'If thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.' Without doubt the loss of that useful member would materially interfere with one's efforts to gain a livelihood. But we read of no allowance in consequence."

"Then am I to starve?" she inquired, with a little gesture of despair.

"Yes, rather than sin," he answered, with such a kind smile that it took all the sting from his words. "But I know you very little, child, if I don't discern that there are several steps between writing bad books and starvation, as far as you are concerned."

She smiled up at him a wan little smile. He rose to take his leave.

"Don't go yet," she begged; "I am going to ask you to post a letter."

She signed to me to give her the

writing materials, and hastily indited the following, which she read aloud:

DEAR SIR:—I am much obliged for your handsome offer, but regret to say I do not see any way to avail myself of it, as circumstances compel me to give up writing for an indefinite period.

Yours truly,

LEILA CLARE.

She folded it, sealed it, and handed it to Father Bruce.

"God bless you!" was all he said; but the words were uttered in so fervent a tone that involuntarily the young girl bent her head.

"And now what am I to do?" she asked, when we two were once more alone.

"Would you like to go abroad as companion?" I ventured. "Fresh scenes and fresh sights would be the making of you, Rose, if you would only lend yourself to the idea."

"In other words, eat humble pie," she supplemented, almost gaily. "Well, I would do more than that, if only in gratitude for all you have done for me." And she bestowed on me one of her very rare caresses.

It took Father Bruce and me some time to find just the suitable person for our beloved charge. But God guided us to the very one—a peeress, noble in heart as well as rank, to whom we dared confide the whole sad story; knowing she would treat the bruised soul tenderly, and never give her the slightest reason to feel she was in bondage or restraint.

It was Rose's wish that we should tell her all; for the girl's simple directness never failed.

"She has to protect me against myself," she said; "and how can she do that unless we begin straight? I must do my part, you know."

If only there were more broad-minded souls like dear Countess X., what untold good might be done among the wavering and the weak! But, as a rule, the sinner

is hated as a reprobate, and loses all self-respect because others manifest no regard or confidence.

From a cultured point of view, Rose's life was now a perfect one. Travelling from place to place with perceptions keenly alert, she drank in to the full all the artistic beauties of the picture-galleries and grand architecture of the continental cities. Her whole being expanded and her mind broadened and deepened as she came in contact with the most elevated in life and literature and art.

It was from Rome we heard of her reception into the Church, and Father Bruce's only comment was: "I knew it would end so."

A whole year passed before England saw her again; and then Countess X., who loved her as a daughter, would not consent to part with her. Under such safe shelter she resumed her pen, but it was now used only for the highest ends. What she lost in pungency, she had gained in breadth; and no *soirées* are more crowded than those of Countess X. by the learned and cultured of the day, who throng to meet the brilliant, witty, but always gentle Leila Clare.

And Charles Lake? He is always to be seen, when possible, at her side. I may say so much, but I may say nothing more.

(The End.)

ALL possible creatures were before the Word out of which to choose the creature that was to come nearest Him,—the creature that was to love Him, and to have a natural right to love Him, best of all; and the creature whom duty as well as preference was to bind Him to love with the intensest love. Then, out of all, He chose Mary. What more can be said? The whole theology of the Blessed Virgin lies in this eternal and efficacious choice of her in the bosom of the Father.—*Faber*.

A Deplorable Neglect.

PERHAPS the truest consolation that is ordinarily afforded to the heart of a zealous pastor is the frequentation of the Sacraments by his spiritual children. The knowledge that the great majority of his parishioners, if not their whole number, habitually approach the sacred tribunal of penance and the Holy Table—not merely once or twice a year, but every two or three months; or, better still, every month,—can not but fill him with joy and compensate for the manifold trials incidental to the ministry.

While, however, his people's frequent reception of the Sacraments, as palpable evidence of their practical Catholicity, can not fail to be most gratifying to the priest, that reception may in individual cases be attended by circumstances that materially lessen his joy—nay, sometimes change it to genuine sadness. One such circumstance is the flagrant disrespect not infrequently shown to the Blessed Sacrament in the matter of thanksgiving after Communion. That there should be prevalent in many a Catholic parish the practice of devoting to this most important exercise no longer a period than some four or five minutes; that those who communicate at a Low Mass should not scruple at its termination to leave the church with the rest of the congregation,—this assuredly denotes a culpable indifference to the most excellent fruits of frequent Communion.

We have styled such curtailed thanksgivings a flagrant disrespect to the Eucharistic God: the briefest reflection will suffice to show that the term is not over-strong. Take a parallel case in ordinary life, or a case as nearly parallel as the infinite distance between Creator and creature will permit. Suppose that you are honored with the friendship of the highest dignitary in this country, and

that from time to time he visits you at your home. Now, is it conceivable that, instead of manifesting, by courteous and multiplied attentions shown to the President, your pleasure in receiving him, you should carelessly request him to be seated, and should respond to his evident desire of conversing with you by merely exchanging a few trite commonplaces, and then hastily leaving him with a trivial excuse or none? Yet is not your behavior more unpardonable when, with Jesus Christ really present in your bosom, you scarcely deign to bid Him welcome before you turn aside and leave Him solitary and neglected?

The merest elementary sense of religion, then, demands that when our Divine Lord lovingly condescends to take up His dwelling in our very hearts, all the powers of our soul should be assembled to do Him honor and reverence. Memory, intellect, and will, should cluster around Him, lavishing upon Him their most courteous attentions. Does not the sentiment of gratitude exact such behavior? Is it not clearly our bounden-duty to return thanks to God the Father who gives us, not merely the manna of the Israelites, but the true Bread of life—Christ Himself? As for God the Son, surely we can not soon weary of thanking Him who proffers us the most incontestable proof of surpassing love by giving us His Body and Blood as the food of our souls. In no other circumstance of life have we stronger reason to reiterate the ejaculation of St. Paul: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!"

Another consideration that demonstrates the folly of reprehensibly abridging our thanksgiving after Communion is the injury we work to our own interests. If there is ever a time when the soul may hope to savor Jesus Christ, to be informed with His spirit and permeated with His love, it is certainly during the moments immediately following our reception of

Himself, whole and entire, in the Blessed Sacrament. It is, not less certainly, during those same moments that Our Lord is most disposed to illumine, to inflame and touch our souls. It is then that the Sacrament produces its principal effect, provided that no obstacle intervenes. Obstacles, however, and insurmountable ones, do intervene when, at the expiration of a few minutes, we turn from Christ present within us and give our minds up to our ordinary affairs. What astounding short-sightedness are we not guilty of in so acting! Indigent beggars at the throne of the King of kings, we hurry away before that Sovereign has a chance to bestow upon us the munificent alms which it is His intention to proffer.

Our reception of the Blessed Eucharist should, in fine, entail a real, genuine "communion" with our Divine Lord,—should be followed by intimate and confidential intercourse, by an interchange with Him of thoughts and purposes and sympathies. For such intercourse, such an interchange, five or six minutes are clearly all too brief. Less than a quarter of an hour is assuredly insufficient. If, in the expression of our adoration and love and gratitude, in the petitioning for special strength and graces and favors, in the offering of our whole being to our divine Guest, and in the formation of good resolutions for our future guidance, we can not occupy at least fifteen minutes, it may be well to ask ourselves seriously whether we have been in the proper dispositions for a worthy reception of the Blessed Eucharist.

OH, for the sake of Jesus we must learn to increase in our love of Mary! It must be a devotion growing in us like a grace, strengthening like a habit of virtue, and waxing more fervent and tender until the hour when she shall come to help us to die well, and to pass safely through the risk of doom.—"*All for Jesus.*"

Notes and Remarks.

It is a serious question whether the "protection" afforded to missionaries in foreign lands is quite an unmixed good. The Russian protectorate in Northern China has favored the schismatic missionaries at the expense of all others, and considerable industry has been manifested in prejudicing the guileless heathen against the "emissaries of Rome." Nor is this the only evil threatened. A writer in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* observes that "there is great danger of the identification in the heathen mind of Western religion with Western politics. Once get this idea ingrained in the mind of the pagans, and Christianity becomes a foreign cult, an alien system, an anti-national force. It is a fatal misconception, therefore, rather than a blasphemy, when the Chinamen call Christ a 'Melican Man.' Yet it is just the probability of confirming such ideas that constitutes one of the grave dangers of European interventions and protectorates." Modern governments desiring far-away coal-mining stations, for instance, have sometimes "protected" the missionaries with great violence; and valuable as a reasonable protectorate is to the priests and nuns who labor in loneliness at the mercy of a foreign and hostile population, there is yet a possibility that the intervention of the European governments may create a wrong impression, and work more harm than good.

In his annual presidential address to the Total Abstinence Union of Pittsburg, the Rev. M. A. Lambing thus refers to a new phase of temperance work:

The custom of giving the pledge to children on the occasion of Confirmation or First Holy Communion is to be commended; but it is to little purpose to sow good seed and leave it uncultivated. There is no charm about the pledge that makes it self-keeping. If the pledge given to children is to be kept, they must be organized into total abstinence societies; the traffic and use of drink must never be spoken of lightly to them, much less must it be used by their parents and other superiors. . . . If children are to keep their pledge until they grow up and marry, or are at least of age, there must also be a men's total abstinence society in the parish. A boy whose father does not pray morning and evening, and who otherwise neglects his

religious duties, will not live up to his religion longer than he is compelled to do it. Neither will he remain in a temperance society or keep his pledge without the example of his elders. If the father can be temperate without the pledge, or keep the pledge without belonging to a society, the boy will think he can do the same.

It is not impossible that the practice, now happily common, of pledging children to total abstinence may thus react upon their parents. Comparatively few fathers and mothers would in any way hinder their children from adopting total abstinence principles; and, this accomplished, the ranks of the society might be greatly swelled by persuading parents that their example is necessary to the perseverance of the young people.

From the exaggerated pretensions of the French evangelization societies in the Province of Quebec, the ordinary reader might naturally infer that Protestantism is making serious inroads among the agricultural population of that thoroughly Catholic portion of Canada. The inference, however, would be diametrically opposed to the actual facts of the case. The number of perverts among French Canadians scarcely amounts to a handful; they are made up invariably of those who had ceased to be practical or even nominal Catholics long before they were approached by the blandishment of the French Protestant evangelizer. French Canadians made a bad mistake when they opposed the political party that advocated the Manitoba Remedial Bill; but their Catholicity is genuine notwithstanding, and the sects can count scarcely a corporal's guard among them.

Mexico, once his happy hunting-ground, will have to be given up by the roving anti-Catholic lecturer. "I used to sing," said a New England farmer to James Russell Lowell; "but tunes got invented and they spoiled my trade." Since the intelligent study of Mexico "got invented," the shamefully unjust attacks on the character of our Southern neighbors have become less frequent. In his new book, "The Awakening of a Nation," Mr. Charles F. Lummis says: "To-day Mexico is—and I say it deliber-

ately—the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights, are more secure than even with us." It is curious that Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, quotes an almost identical utterance made by "a distinguished lecturer" whom he heard in London in 1892: "Many consider Mexico dangerous, believe that life and property are not secure. I know well all parts of the United States, and do not hesitate to say that life and property are more secure in every part of Mexico than in any part of the United States." And Prof. Starr's only comment on this certificate of character is: "I felt that this was the rabid utterance of a prejudiced Englishman,—but I did not then *know* Mexico."

At the express desire of Leo XIII., Mgr. Von Euch, Vicar-Apostolic of Denmark and Iceland, has been perfecting arrangements for the treatment of the numerous Icelandic lepers. His appeal to Catholic charity for funds with which to build a leper hospital has thus far resulted in his receiving some six thousand dollars, which amount is still insufficient for his purpose. In a letter to *Les Missions Catholiques*, Mgr. Von Euch expresses a hope that the pious readers of that journal will interest themselves in this charitable project. The Vicar-Apostolic incidentally states that he has the good fortune of having in Copenhagen a community of French Sisters, who conduct prosperous schools, and serve a hospital of one hundred and twenty beds, to which the increasing needs of the sick will this year necessitate an addition of as many more.

That "death loves a shining mark" is an ancient proverb, and at times one is constrained to believe that death loves dramatic effect also. The case of the late Dr. Butler, whose *Requiem* was chanted in Rome on the day fixed for his consecration as Bishop of Concordia, has found a striking parallel in the case of Bishop Komp, of Fulda. For a year and a half the archiepiscopal see of Freiburg has been vacant, and Dr. Komp was chosen to fill it; but before he could reach his new diocese he fell ill and died on

the way. Another Bishop in the province of Freiburg, though seemingly in the best of health, was suddenly stricken, and passed away a few minutes after hearing of the death of the new metropolitan. In fact, of the five sees of that province, four are now without ordinaries. It is an interesting circumstance, too, that eleven centuries ago the body of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, was carried to Fulda along the very same route traversed by the funeral procession of his latest successor, Dr. Komp. The way is clearly marked out by the chapels which the people erected wherever the remains of the great apostle rested on the route.

Whatever else may be said of the Anglican sect, life within it is not dull: sensations are now as common as war extras. Very recently a teetotal parson had a scruple of conscience about drinking the wine used for "the sacrament," and asked the bishops, as a *casus conscientie*, whether it was permissible to dilute the sacramental wine with water. The archbishop of Canterbury replied, "after careful consideration," that it is permissible to dilute the wine to whatever extent may be necessary before it is taken into the church. This is more than the Pope can do for his priests; for neither Pope nor council ever dreamed of changing the "matter" of a sacrament. Of course Canterbury was right in its decision; since the Anglicans have no real sacrament of the altar, there can be no harm in diluting wine down to teetotal principles. But what must we think of the gentlemen who, until a few months ago, were bent on convincing Rome that the Catholic tradition has never been lost in the Anglican sect, and that there is no essential divergence between the Catholic and Anglican creeds?

A writer in our excellent contemporary, the *Midland Review*, laments the absence of helpful books in society rooms where our young men most do congregate. "Dumb-bells and punching-bags, parallel bars and trapeze, can be found in the club-rooms; but reading matter in how few!" Where libraries do exist the choice of books is

often such as to stifle effectually the desire for the right sort of reading, and the last state of our young men becomes worse than the first. What might be done for them is well outlined in the *Review*:

And yet Catholic young men are intelligent. No one can doubt that. . . . If in their places of meeting there were good libraries, there can be no doubt of their being used. They could, without inconvenience to themselves or trouble to others, lay their hands on histories to satisfy their own minds, to prove the truth and dispute the lie; books of science, to understand things by which they are daily surrounded but which are mysteries to them; of fiction, to while away hours of fatigue; of poetry, to refresh their minds and clear away the dust of plodding, everyday life; and of religion, to enable them to offer a rational explanation of what they believe and their fathers believed before them.

There is an apostolate in this work which has the double advantage of appealing to both the utilitarian and the religious element in our young men. Under intelligent direction and with a little stimulus, the love of books might become a passion which would improve the worldly prospects of our boys and minimize the attractions of evil company, the billiard room and the saloon.

Non-Catholic speakers and writers are fond of telling us that Protestantism has indirectly purified the Church and delivered her from many superstitions; among others, from image-worship of an idolatrous kind. After the Bible and "The Imitation," the most widely circulated book during the century immediately preceding the Reformation was "Dives et Pauper" (The Rich Man and the Poor Man), of which innumerable manuscript copies were made, and which was printed at least three times, as Dom Gasquet says in a letter to the *London Times*, before the outbreak of Luther. This precious old volume, after explaining that the crucifix is a book to the unlearned, goes on to say:

In this manner I pray thee read thy book, and fall down to the ground and thank thy God, who would do so much for thee. Worship Him above all things—not the stock nor the stone nor the wood, but Him who died on the tree of the Cross for thy sins and thy sake. Thou shalt kneel, if thou wilt, before the image, not to the image. Thou shalt do thy worship before the image—before the thing, not to the thing; offer thy prayer before the thing, not to the thing; for it seeth thee not,

heareth thee not, understandeth thee not. Make thy offering, if thou wilt, before the thing, but not to the thing; make thy pilgrimage not to the thing nor for the thing, for it may not help thee; but to Him and for Him that the thing represents. For if thou do it for the thing or to the thing, thou doest idolatry.

Now, it is only common fairness to let the Middle Ages speak for themselves; and the sermons as well as the literature of those ages show that the use of images was as clearly understood by the Catholics of the fifteenth century as they are by the "purified and redeemed" Catholics of to-day. Heresy has not even the poor consolation of having been a useful *advocatus diaboli* to the Church.

The differences between "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years Later" are as nothing compared with the changes wrought in Chicago during the last six decades. In 1838 the windy village was part of the Diocese of Vincennes, Ind.; and the saintly Bishop Bruté, in a letter written that year, records that the population of Chicago was then seven or eight thousand; it is now over a million. There was only one priest sixty years ago, now there are three hundred. Then there were nearly a thousand Catholics, now there are nearly half a million. The good Bishop laments that there was only a "small wooden church," and he wonders how he can ever "charm our busy Chicago into building a good, large brick church"; now there are a hundred and thirteen churches, nearly all of them brick and many of them stone or marble. "I dream of Sisters here, but how is it to be?" he says; and to-day there are thirty *different* religious communities teaching the young or performing works of mercy in Chicago. A marvellous change, surely; yet the present scholarly Bishop of Vincennes is only the fourth successor of the sainted Bruté.

We notice in a Canadian exchange a reference to what is termed "a gratifying change of policy" recently inaugurated by our government in its treatment of Catholics. It instances the allotment of the 10 per cent additional grants to the Indian schools

under Catholic control, and the passing of a special bill by Congress authorizing the erection of a Catholic chapel at West Point. The West Point chapel is by no means "authorized" as yet, and the allotment for Indian schools is merely the temporary mitigation of a policy which is anything but gratifying.

His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has recently distributed among the African missions the sum of 200,000 lire, which amount has been collected by the Anti-Slavery Association. While the Catholics who individually give during life or bequeath at their death large amounts to religious objects are rarer than we could desire, it must be admitted that the aggregate of Catholic charity reaches an enormous figure. The single dollars of the multitude are a surer resource than the thousands of the occasional millionaire.

A Notable New Book.

LIFE OF THE VERY REV. FATHER DOMINIC OF THE MOTHER OF GOD (BARBERI), Passionist, Founder of the Congregation of the Passion in Belgium and England. By the Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. London: R. Washbourne. New York: Benziger Brothers.

After long waiting—some reasons for the delay being well put in the author's preface—we behold a Life of Father Dominic Barberi, written in English and in a very readable form. The chapters are short, and their subject-matter well chosen. There is nothing heavy, nothing dry; nothing, in short, that one feels a wish to skip. We congratulate Father Pius Devine on this new proof of his talent for biography. Some readers, perhaps, may fail to appreciate the author's sarcastic vein in places; or, again, may regret to find themselves moved to laughter where they have not expected it. But, for our part, we have no fault to find with this spiciness, any more than with Shakspeare's use of comedy to heighten the effect of tragedy. How true, too, is Byron's apostrophe,

Man,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!

Father Dominic's whole life is a wonderful lesson in self-immolation, to the will of God. At the same time it shows us how mysteriously God deals with chosen souls, as seeming to value their personal sanctification above anything He sets them to do for Him. Young Barberi received a threefold call from God: first, to the religious life; secondly, to the priesthood; and, thirdly, to devote himself to the conversion of England. He was unable to enter religion until his twenty-second year; and then he was received only as a lay-brother, by reason of deficient education. His natural abilities, however, were found to be more than ordinary; so that when he was clothed with the habit on November 14, 1814, he began his novitiate among the clerics. After making his profession, the year following, he commenced his student life of six years; and so surprising was his progress, both in knowledge and in sanctity, that he was ordained priest March 1, 1818—three years ahead of time,—though he continued a student for the remaining three years.

Here we see that, if he was late in entering upon his religious vocation, he more than made up for loss of time. We are therefore prepared to behold him setting out, so soon as his student life is over, to accomplish his third vocation. Like St. Paul of the Cross, he had been inspired from early youth to pray for the conversion of England; and the conviction that he himself was destined to labor for this great object had become a part of his being. But no! He was appointed "lector"—that is, teacher of students—for some years. He professed philosophy first, then theology; wrote a good deal; and, after his lectorship, gave missions and retreats, with great results. Then came high offices in the Congregation of the Passion. He was chosen Second Consultor in 1832, and Provincial the following year. All this while, however, he never lost sight of the work to which he felt so singularly attracted. He prayed unremittingly for England's return to the faith; and his desire to take part in helping to bring her back was increased by his friendship for Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, the Rev. G. Spencer (later Father Ignatius, C. P.),

and other distinguished English people, whether converts or subjects for conversion.

By 1836 arrangements were being made for a Passionist foundation in England; but among the missionaries appointed for it by the general chapter that year Father Dominic was *not* one. He was re-elected Provincial, and sent back to his province. However, for some reason, the religious chosen for the English mission were not sent, and the question of the foundation lapsed for awhile. It was not until 1840 that Father Dominic left Italy for the North; and then it was to Belgium, not to England, that his course was directed. Divine Providence intended him to found a Belgian province first. But this proved a stepping-stone to the other foundation. Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, who had known him some years and conceived the highest esteem of him, invited him to England toward the end of 1840, and the General's permission was at once obtained. For awhile, however, only failure confronted Father Dominic. He had to return to Belgium and continue his austerities and prayers, after an experience which would have made any other man abandon the project.

A long "Letter," addressed by Father Dominic to the leaders of the Tractarian Movement at Oxford, was written about this time—in Latin. It was sent in reply to a letter in the same language by Mr. Dalgairns, who subsequently became a convert and one of Father Faber's Oratorians. Father Dominic's epistle is well worth reading. It is given in an appendix to the book before us.

At last, in 1842, a foundation was actually made in England. The account of it, with all the difficulties that beset both it and Father Dominic's early labors, is most interesting, of course. We see how a work of God is bound to succeed—overcoming obstacles which appear insurmountable. The ungainly foreigner—a "guy" in his secular clothes, and with very poor English for some time—made his way against all opposition; and won the respect, nay, the affection, of those who had ridiculed and denounced him.

Father Pius shows strikingly the vast debt of gratitude which the Catholics of England owe to this Passionist missionary.

But the one thing for which he is best known now, and will be in the future, is the fact of his having received John Henry Newman into the Church. This came from his having first received Dalgairns.

Father Dominic seems to have been a sufferer most of his life. Added to mental trials and constant disappointments, he had a weakly constitution; yet he bore up under bodily pains which would have extinguished all active work in others. His death, which occurred so soon as 1849—"in the fifty-eighth year of his age and the seventh of his residence in England"—was in keeping with his cross-marked career. He was on a journey to the opening of a new church, which had been required by the growth of Catholicity around his first foundation. He had a brother Passionist with him, one lately returned from Australia. Taken violently ill on the train, he was carried out onto the platform of a little station just beyond Reading. It happened that cholera was raging at the time in various parts of England; and, consequently, no one was willing to admit the dying priest into a house. Some straw was procured, and on that lay the exhausted missionary, with his only companion, Father Louis, by his side. "In a few minutes," continues his biographer, "he arranged his spiritual concerns—temporal he had not any,—made provisional arrangement for the government of the province, and received such rites as his brother priest could then administer." The up-train just then stopped at the station. He was put into a compartment and brought on to Reading. The landlord of the railway hotel admitted him into his house; and there, lying on the ground, with the crucifix to his lips and his companion kneeling by his side, he breathed forth his soul to his Creator shortly after midnight on August 28, 1849. His last words were *Fiat voluntas tua!*—"Thy will be done!" Most appropriate last words, for they had been the motto of his life.

Father Pius has an interesting chapter entitled "After Death." It gives us abundant reason for believing that Father Dominic passed at once to the life of glory. Beside several apparitions of him in Italy (some of which were made to the eminent Passionist

Father Vincent Grotti, when, as Provincial, he was in great trouble and in sore need of counsel), four miraculous cures are given, as recorded in an Italian life recently published, which evidence the power of the servant of God as intercessor in heaven. We are confidently expecting that Father Dominic will soon be declared "Venerable," and that this will be followed by the processes for his Beatification. The present Pope, who met him at Brussels, is reported to have said to Monsignor Caprara, the *Promotor Fidei*: "Father Dominic had a great reputation in Belgium and England. He was a man much given to prayer, and most exemplary in his conduct as a Christian, a religious, a priest, and a missionary. He was really a holy man."

May his intercession for the conversion of poor England, united with that of St. Paul of the Cross, avail more and more with the divine mercy!

E. H.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. Thomas Carroll, of the Diocese of Erie; the Rev. T. J. O'Connell, Diocese of Rochester; and the Rev. Father Timothy, O. S. B., St. Vincent's Abbey, Pa., deceased last month.

Sister Mary de Sales, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary of St. Louise, Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed to their reward last month.

Mr. Joseph F. Colford, who departed this life in Chicago, Ill., on the 29th ult.

Mr. Joseph C. Reed, of Lawrence, Mass., who breathed his last on the 14th ult.

Mr. Edward G. Maloney, who yielded his soul to God on the 14th ult., at Forestville, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Igoe, of New Castle, Pa., whose death took place on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Madeleine V. Dahlgren, whose life closed on the 28th ult. in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Robert R. Halsey and Mrs. Jane Martin, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Edward J. Culleton and Miss Jane Donohue, Scottdale, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Malloy, Tamaqua, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Maune, Co. Limerick, Ireland; Mr. Thomas Mahony, Manoth, Pa.; Mrs. Nora Carroll, Lemon, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Farren, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William McMenomy, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Daniel Foley, Schenectady, N. Y.; and Mr. John Hyland, Newark, 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.

A Strange Gathering.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

‘T WAS in the merry month of June,
As Tommy Bell avows,
High in the heavens rode the moon,
And birds sang in the boughs;
The college clock full solemnly
Had tolled the hour of one,
And in the dormitory he
Was wide awake, alone:

When to the corridor there came
A strange and motley crowd—
Soldier and peer and king and dame,
All talking fast and loud.
King Robert Bruce and Hannibal
Discours’d with Washington;
And Brian Boru, erect and tall,
Told how Clontarf was won.

There Henry Tudor and his wives
Sipped sherry from a flask,
Beside the Man in chain and gyves
Who wore the Iron Mask.
And Homer sang a Gallic song
To Henry of Navarre;
And Boadicea, through the throng,
Rode on a motor car.

And there were kings and queens of
France,
And Isabel of Spain
Joined gaily in fantastic dance
With one named Tamerlane.
To one and all old Solon showed
His learning and his wit;
A bicycle Mahomet rode
Along with Billy Pitt.

Pompey and Cromwell, side by side,
Spoke much of “stocks and shares,”

And Bonaparte all vainly tried
To hum Provençal airs.
There Romulus had bat and ball,
Remus the bagpipes played,
And Grecian Helen told them all
How mince-pies should be made.

But when the college clock chimed two,
And Tommy rose from bed
To have of all a closer view,
That motley crowd had fled;
And of that gathering strange not one
Save little Tommy Bell,
Student or learned dean or don,
A single thing can tell.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE FORTUNES OF A
LITTLE EMIGRANT.”

XXIV.—A HOME-COMING.

THE days that followed were long and weary for the children in the log-cabin. Sister Charles and Sister Cecily remained with them, and did everything in their power to make them happy. But, as the danger was always imminent that one or another of their number might contract the dread disease which had proved so fatal where its heaviest blow had fallen, they lived in fear and trembling from day to day.

Mary Teresa recovered quickly, and at the expiration of the tenth day after Sister Mary’s death was able to go, with her two companions, to visit the new-made grave. It had been carefully sodded with violets and lilies of the valley, in

the hope that the flowers which she had loved so well would take root and flourish over the dear remains.

After they had prayed in silence for a few moments, the elder girls made a seat of cushions and shawls for Mary Teresa, who had begged them to remain a little longer near the hallowed spot.

"Girls," she said, as the two others took their places beside her on the soft, green turf, "I can not realize that our darling Sister is gone, that we shall never hear her sweet voice again."

"None of us can," replied Mary Ann. "It is only after we have gone back to the convent and do not see her there, that we *shall* realize it. It seems to me now like a dream that she ever lived, that I ever heard her speak. But, oh, such a beautiful dream! I remember reading once that there is only a thin film between the world of sense and the world of spirit; and I feel that she may be, after this, my guardian angel."

"Not yours any more than ours, dearie!" said Mary Catherine, promptly. "She did not love you one bit better than the others, Mary Ann; though from the first day you came I *do* think she had a particular fancy for you. Besides, if one has a guardian angel appointed at the moment one is born, how could he be changed for another?"

"Why can't we have two, or as many as God wishes?" queried Mary Teresa, amused at Mary Catherine's earnestness.

"I didn't expect that she would be *my* guardian angel specially," replied Mary Ann, looking wistfully at her companions.

"But I thought, as I am not a Catholic, you know, maybe she might look after me a little. Can't you understand what I am trying to say, Mary Catherine?" added this shy creature, ever reluctant to speak of that which concerned herself. "And surely everyone knows that she must have loved you best, for you were with her since you were a tiny girl."

Mary Catherine's brow cleared; a smile illumined her features, which, however, was immediately followed by a sigh; then two great tears began to roll down her cheeks as she said, with a mournful shake of the head:

"She *did* love me; but I can never forget now, when it is too late, that she might have loved me more if I had not been such a horrible creature at times. Oh, the punishments she has saved me from, the scrapes she has got me out of! And I took it all as a matter of course."

"She could not have loved you any more than she did," said Mary Ann. "You were her favorite, if she *had* a favorite. I shall always remember how affectionately she used to look at you. How old were you when you came to the convent?"

"Seven," answered Mary Catherine. "Shall I tell you how it happened?"

"Yes, do. You were never with the *wild* Indians, as the girls said, were you?"

"Yes, I was. My mother's father was a chief of the Black Feet. He was one of the first to be converted by the Jesuit missionaries. My mother, I have always heard, was sweet and bright and very pretty, and just as good and pious as she was charming and lovable. The colonel's wife at the Fort was deeply attached to her, and prevailed upon my grandfather to let her stay there. When my father went out to the Rocky Mountains he was a young lieutenant; and he saw my mother, and fell in love with her and married her. That was how all the trouble began."

"What trouble?" asked Mary Teresa, innocently.

"Oh, then the other ladies would not associate with my mother!" continued the girl, bitterly. "And after awhile she ran away to her own people. My eldest brother, Percy, was a baby at the time. My father went after her, and then the people at the Fort treated her a little better. But he could not induce her to

go out with him—she remained at home all the time. She was so unhappy because she feared she might be an occasion of unhappiness to him,—feared that the slights and coldnesses shown to her might in any way cause pain to him. She thought she shouldn't have married him; and all his efforts to comfort her on this point were in vain."

"What cruel people!" Mary Teresa said, compassionately; but Mary Ann said nothing, knowing that even at the school a prejudice existed among many of the girls against Mary Catherine, for the simple reason that she had Indian blood in her veins. Older than Mary Teresa, she understood how strong race prejudice is.

"Yes, they were cruel," replied Mary Catherine. "Once, when my brothers were ill, and I a little baby, and my father was obliged to be absent on a scout, they left her all alone. No one offered to do a thing for her, and so she just took us three children and walked ever so many miles to her father. They had the small-pox in camp, and that is where I got it. It was dreadfully cold weather, and she took pneumonia. When my father came back he was inconsolable. But he soon found her, and coaxed her to return. However, she never recovered from that cold, and died not long after."

"Where was the colonel's wife all this time?" asked Mary Teresa.

"Oh, *she* was dead! If she had lived it would have been different. As soon as he could, my father brought us East. I lived with my aunt in Philadelphia three or four years, and then I came here."

"What a sad story!" said Mary Ann. "But I can not help thinking it was better for your poor mother to have died. She could never have been happy, nor your father, as things were."

"Strange to say, my father *was* happy through it all—happy at least in a sense; though it was very painful for him to see

my mother so distressed at the coldness of those who should have been kind to her. He loved her tenderly; she was the light of his life, and when she died that light went out forever. He has never been the same since. Whenever we meet he talks long and most affectionately of my darling mother and of the past. Perhaps that is the reason why her memory is always so fresh in my mind, and why I am so proud of the blood that flows in my veins."

When Mary Catherine ceased speaking the other girls did not reply, but she saw that there were tears in the eyes of both. Presently she added:

"I never talked about it to any one before except to *her*," she said, pointing to the grave. "And she knew that often, when I was as horrid and pouty as I could be, it was only because the thought of it all was making me so sad. Sometimes, when I see other girls with their mothers, it revives everything and just breaks my heart—but come, girls, let us go back. Mary Teresa will take cold if we don't," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and throwing back her long braids of hair as if to shake off the emotion which had been about to conquer her.

After a silent prayer above the violet-covered mound, the trio turned their steps homeward.

They were met at the cemetery gate by Sister Cecilia, who had sighted them from the studio, where she was sketching a landscape. She had a letter in her hand.

"It is for you, darling!" she said, taking Mary Teresa in her arms and kissing her tenderly. "How glad I am to see you! I was so grieved to be obliged to leave you and dear Sister Mary! But our Blessed Lord had His designs in this affliction, and we know He does all things wisely. Are you quite well now, dear?"

"Oh, yes, Sister!" replied the child. "And I have enjoyed the little walk in the fresh air so much. Poor Sister Mary!

I can not imagine she is gone; but, then, her grave is so near, one can almost feel she is still with us. I am so thankful that you escaped, Sister!"

Sister Cecilia smiled as she remarked: "Our Lord wanted a better holocaust; and since He did not take our little Mary Teresa, we are quite resigned. Now read your letter, dear. I must hurry back to the convent."

Mary Teresa eagerly tore the letter open and began to read.

"Oh, it is from mamma!" she cried. "The blockade is raised. Mobile is taken. She is coming as soon as she possibly can. And poor grandpapa — poor dear grandpapa is dead!"

Weeping and laughing by turns, she went on reading her letter, slowly walking along, Mary Ann and Mary Catherine each with an arm around her.

When they reached the cabin Sister Charles had tea ready, with bread and butter and honey.

"I thought you would all be tired," she said. "Sit down, children, and eat. And have you heard the news?" she continued, busily helping them to bread and butter.

"Oh, yes!" said Mary Teresa. "Mamma is coming."

"That's good news indeed. But that is not what I meant. Tell them, Sister."

"The doctor has said we may go back to the convent the day after to-morrow," responded Sister Cecily. "And the new Sister has come."

"In Sister Mary's place?" asked Mary Catherine. The others could not speak.

"Yes. She is a Belgian Sister — very, very clever and good. She has been in Liverpool for two years, and therefore knows English well."

"I don't think I shall be able to like *any one* in dear Sister Mary's place," said Mary Catherine, rejecting the bread and butter which Sister Charles was offering.

"That is not a right spirit, dear," said

Sister Charles. "And Sister Mary would not like it at all."

"No, it isn't right, Sister," replied Mary Catherine, frankly. "And I'm sorry I spoke that way, especially as I don't know but what I may be turned out myself as soon as I go back."

"I do not think there will be any danger of that," observed Sister Cecily. "Your offence has been entirely forgiven. I am sure. The doctor says that Ida Lee went home yesterday. Mrs. Morton had a slight attack of varioloid, but the rest of the family escaped."

"Of course Ida came up to the convent to see Mother and thank her!" said Mary Catherine, sarcastically.

"I do not know," answered the Sister; "but I am of opinion that she did not."

"I am *sure* she did not," added Mary Catherine. "It would have been a miracle if she did."

"Well, reserve your judgment awhile, dear," said Sister Cecily.

"Probably she would have felt embarrassed, even if she had wanted to see Mother Teresa," said Mary Ann. "It would have been a hard thing to do, I think, as she has been, in one way, the cause of so much trouble."

With this kindly remark the subject of Ida Lee was dismissed. It was learned later that, on arriving at her own home, Ida had written a letter of sympathy and regret to Mother Teresa, with the request that she send her father a summary of the expenses incurred by the illness and death of Sister Mary, as it would afford him great gratification to defray them. The offer was gratefully declined.

All the school was *en fête* the morning of the day when the quarantined "broke camp" (to use Mary Catherine's words) and returned to the convent. The pupils, with Mother Teresa at their head, were at the gate, at the end of the long avenue, to meet them. The carriage had been sent for them; and when they alighted and

were surrounded by their companions, such a storm of kisses and embraces, of laughter and tears, was never before seen at "the Mountain." I say "tears," for in every heart was the thought of the dear one that had gone with them but who would never return.

After the first excitement was over, the newcomers hastened to the chapel and poured out their grateful hearts in prayer to our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother, with a fervent *Requiem* for the precious soul that had laid down life's burden since they last knelt within those sacred walls. Then they passed into the corridor, went down the old familiar halls and through the various class-rooms, looking at one another with tears in their eyes. It was then they began to realize, with keenest heart-pangs, the bitter loss they had suffered in the death of their beloved teacher. Some weeks of absence had familiarized the other pupils with the sad change; but to the three who now returned from exile, not to see her in the old accustomed places, not to receive her loving greeting nor feel the tender clasp of her hand, was to reopen the wounds of sorrow.

When they came at last to the study-hall, the door was open, and opposite, at the desk where Sister Mary had formerly presided, sat a stranger, writing. They knew at once that this was the Sister who had taken the place of her whom they mourned; and she, too, recognized them immediately. Leaving the desk, she came to them, holding out both hands, and looking at them in a kindly way which appealed to their aching hearts.

There could scarcely have been a greater contrast than that presented by the new and the old teacher. Sister Mary had been tall and slender, with a brilliant pink and white complexion, her every movement gentle and noiseless, her head slightly inclined forward as she walked.

Her successor was short in stature and rather stout, her step firm and quick, her head well thrown back; and her regular, somewhat stern features marvelously softened by the smile which now illumined her whole face.

"I am Sister Rodriguez," she said, with a quick, impetuous motion gathering the three pairs of hands in her own and clasping them to her breast. "And you are the three Marys?" she added, releasing them as suddenly as she had seized them. "Welcome, my dear children!" she continued, in her musical voice, with its sweet foreign accent. "After your sad experience it must be good to be back again. And I know how you feel to see another in the place of that dear Sister who is gone. But we shall all be friends and everything will go well. Come! I have had your places arranged together. I thought it would please you."

They followed her, softly weeping and trying to hide their tears. But the Sister saw them and said:

"Cry a little, dear children; you can not help it, and it is very sweet to see that you have kind, grateful hearts."

Then she sat down beside them on the bench near the wall, and talked to them as though she had always known them. When they left her to join their companions at dinner, Mary Catherine said:

"She is nice. I shall like her, and I mean to try to be as good as I can."

"Yes," said Mary Ann. "She could not be nicer. She is what *you* would call 'fascinating,' Mary Catherine," she added, with a mischievous smile.

"If it were not for that lovely smile," said Mary Teresa, "I should be a little afraid of her. She *can* be cross, I know. When she is not smiling, her face is very stern. But, then, that may be because she has what poor Grandpapa Rampère used to call 'a general's nose.' Didn't you notice it, girls?"

The World's Noblest Heroine.

VI.

After a very careful reading of the testimony—her own—by which Joan was convicted and sentenced, it is difficult to understand how even the enmity and animosity of her foes could have gone to the length of condemning her to death, through aught therein acknowledged or maintained. She everywhere adheres firmly to the doctrines of Catholicity, professes her willingness to abjure any and all errors of which she may be found guilty, and reiterates her full and entire submission to the Church.

"Let my answers," she replies to their objections, "be seen and examined by the clerics; and let them tell me if there is anything found in them contrary to the faith. I shall know well what to say of it, and afterward I will tell you what I shall have learned through my counsel. [By her counsel she means the Voices.] Nevertheless, if there is anything wrong against the faith that God enjoins, I will not maintain it."

Clearly and simply she answered all questions put to her, when she was not obliged to parry them lest they should make her answers ground for new accusations. She was fearless; she concealed nothing. They were continually urging her to confess—what? That she had been deluded, that she was an impostor, which she could not do. Finally, in order to terrify her, they asked her whether she would speak the truth more fully before the Pope.

She replied in the same undaunted manner which characterized her during all the proceedings:

"I request to be taken before our Holy Father the Pope himself, and then I will answer before him everything that I should answer."

The subject was dropped at once:

they had trodden on dangerous ground. Never was mockery of trial more complete. At the conclusion seventy articles of accusation were read to her. Portions of these were so divorced from the context that, while she admitted having given the alleged answers, she appealed from the garbled manner in which they were put forward. Parts of some she acknowledged, while disclaiming the rest. To many she replied: "I deny it absolutely."

These accusations and admissions were then submitted to various men of learning; and, to the infamy of these cowards and their employers, be it spoken that their opinions were given under menaces and threats. This is historical. Opinions favorable to the Maid were suppressed altogether.

On the 23d of May Joan was again summoned before the court. Then began another parody of justice, as infamous as it was keenly laid. It had been decreed by her enemies that Joan must die. Nothing else would have satisfied the English, a thorn in whose side she had been, and would be until plucked for the fire. Under the pretext of heresy and sorcery, both of which her own words had disproved, the churchmen were to assume the responsibility of her death. They, too, feared the English, and had virtually promised to destroy her; for they dreaded the probable effect of her release upon the common people. Of what use to expose the country to further dissensions which must follow her release?

So, in the face of positive testimony to the contrary, taking advantage of her unlettered state and that of the community at large, they called upon her to abjure her errors and to say whether she would submit her words and deeds to the Church. She maintained that she had done naught against the Church or its doctrines. She was then made to sign a document, which she supposed to be a declaration of her faith and submission

to the Church, but which was in reality a denial of the truth of her mission and a declaration that she had been in error.

It has been satisfactorily proven to some persons that the paper read to Joan for her signature was not the one she afterward signed. Be that as it may, she certainly signed under a misapprehension; for as soon as she became aware of what it implied, she declared her adhesion to all her former statements. Then it was that, having brought about by fraud and chicanery what they had so ardently desired, they once more declared her an impostor and a heretic, and gave her up to be burned at the stake; to all outward intents and purposes as a prisoner of the English, but really betrayed by her own people—the people whom she had delivered.

Even if we admit, not because we believe it, but for the sake of argument and the conviction that ever comes from the consciousness of right, that Joan was partially aware of the contents of the so-called abjuration, there remains the incontrovertible fact that it was extorted from her by force and fear,—the threat of torture, of the executioner's knife, of death at the stake.

Joan was not yet nineteen when, day after day, she faced that vindictive multitude of so-called guardians of the faith, athirst for her innocent blood. When night came she was thrust again into her dark and filthy dungeon; confined in chains, with poor and insufficient food; exposed to vile insults from the guards who surrounded her. Such privations would not fail to tell deeply on body and soul of the strongest man. She was young, with the fire of youth, the joy of life, in her bounding veins. She had all the terror of death so natural to the young. Was it not the first of the Apostles, Peter, who denied the Saviour,—Peter, the rock on which He built His Church, against which the gates of hell have never pre-

vailed and never shall prevail? Was not his repentance all the more glorious, the record of his subsequent life and heroic death all the more grand? How many of the twelve followed Our Lord to Calvary? Only one—the loving and beloved St. John. Yet did they, after the Holy Ghost came upon them, go forth bravely to preach His Gospel, whom they had for a time feared to follow except in the darkness and at a distance; and in His name were all, except St. John, martyred at last.

(To be continued.)

The Bellman.

The important person whom to-day we call a night watchman was known in London in the seventeenth century as the bellman, the name being given him on account of a bell which he always carried in his hand, as a policeman carries a club. This was for the purpose of giving an alarm in case of fire. In his left hand he bore a painted pole, and suspended at his waist was a lantern. Once every year it was the custom for the bellman to go about to his customers, who were expected to buy from him a set of very poor verses, much as we are called upon to reward the newsboy when he brings us a carrier's address on New Year's morning. These verses were, for some unknown reason, called a "broad-side," and were usually so devoid of merit as to warrant the expression, "as abominable as a bellman's verse." Robert Herrick has, however, given us some sweet lines under the head of "The Bellman"; they run as follows:

From noise of scarefires rest ye free,
 From murders benedictie;
 From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night.
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye while ye sleep.
 Past one o'clock, and almost two,—
 My masters all, "good-day to you!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—The announcement that new editions of Coventry Patmore's "Principle in Art" and "Religio Poetæ" have just been issued, will give joy to many. It is not easy to understand how publications of such great importance could have remained so long out of print.

—The American Book Company has added to its series of Eclectic English Classics six new volumes: selections from Burns, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, Dryden and Pope. The introductory essays afford school-children (for whom these selections are prepared) a fair idea of the poets and their work, and the annotation is well considered. With such books as these, published at a low price, there is no excuse for children who grow up without a knowledge of the classics. We hope especially that our Catholic schools will take up the scheme of supplementary readings in English Literature. This plan represents a great improvement not only in teaching methods but in the moral outlook as well.

—Even the decidedly anti-Spanish sentiment naturally prevalent in our country at the present time need not blind us to the laudable achievements in literature, art and science that redound to the glory of the Spaniards of other days. A recent issue of a European review contains an interesting study of Father Sarmiento, a Spanish Benedictine monk of the XVIIth century, who, besides figuring as a poet, historian and geographer, wrote a number of medical works of considerable value. Father Sarmiento anticipated Father Kneipp in recommending water as a curative agent; in fact, in his day he was styled the water-doctor—*el medico del agua*. Another point about which the Spanish monk displayed better judgment than was shown by the great majority of the medical men of his time was as to the matter of bleeding patients on any and every occasion. He inveighed most energetically against this practice, which in later years has become so rare. Father Sarmiento scored the regular practitioners and the apothecaries of the time rather unmercifully, and somewhat unjustly; but his satiric criticisms had the

effect of forcing both bodies to study their art more seriously than a good many had been wont to do; and on the whole his works were a genuine addition to the medical science of his age and country. The author of this study incidentally remarks that to Spain the medical world owes the introduction of quinine and chocolate, the institution of military hospitals and quarantines, the discovery of the circulation of the blood, of the decomposition of water, and other important steps in the progress of the healing art.

—Geographical science has always been indebted to Catholic missionaries for much valuable material which no explorers have been in a position to gather more abundantly or accurately than they. Of late years the organ of Catholic foreign missions, published at Lyons, France, has been issuing a series of maps which has attracted favorable attention from scientific bodies. This year's addition to the series is a splendid map of the Japanese missions. It is the most thorough representation of the Japanese archipelago that has ever been published and reflects great credit on the Society of Foreign Missions.

—The *Bookman* rejoices because the "Star-Spangled Banner," which, by the way, was written by a Papist, is accepted as the national anthem by patriotic Americans, who rise when it is being sung. "We are still more glad," says our contemporary, "that the hybrid fake known as 'America' is distinctly *not* accepted as national, many of the listeners remaining seated, as they ought to do. . . . There is no reason on earth for stealing the English anthem 'God Save the Queen' and calling it our own just because a certain Mr. Smith once wrote some mushy balderdash to its sonorous music, and called the compound 'America.'" There was at least one man who admired "America," and he was its author, the Rev. Mr. Smith. He once sent a manuscript copy of it to the Vatican Library, with a note in which he expressed the hope that "America" would teach the Pope and his priestridden people "the meaning and value of liberty."

We deprecate attempts to improve Mr. Smith's hymn: it ought to be improved out of existence.

—In one of our French exchanges we find an interesting appreciation of Taine by the late Mgr. d'Hulst. The concluding lines are of special importance: "I knew Taine intimately towards the end of his life, and he impressed me as being one of the finest souls I had ever met. I read his philosophical works, and they affected me as a withering desert wind. Like Littré, he called God with his whole heart and repelled Him with his whole mind. Less happy than Littré, he does not seem to have found on his death-bed the secret of a conciliation which alone could have given to his life all its purity, to his work all its value, and, let me add, all its permanence; for I have the strongest confidence in the speed and definite triumph of a spiritualism at once religious, moral and scientific, that takes man by the three sides of his nature to lead him to the Beautiful, the Good and the True."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., *net*.
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net*.
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
 Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net*.
 For a King. *T. S. Sharowood*. 95 cts., *net*.
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

- The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net*.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., *net*.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net*.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net*.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebbs, C. S. S. R.* \$1, *net*.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, *net*.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, *net*.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., *net*.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., *net*.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net*.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net*.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net*.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net*.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.
 Retreat Conferences for Convents. *Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.
 Hania. *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. \$2.
 The Holy Sacrifice Worthily Celebrated. *Chaignon-De Goesbriand*. \$1.50.



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

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The Blessed Christ.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

O blessed Christ, to die for dreams,
Nor know that dreams would die. —Zangwill.

Ⓞ BLESSED CHRIST, who conquered
Death,

Whose three and thirty years
Have taught us Life's supremest breath
Is drawn through toils and tears!

Brighter the rays above Thee shine
As centuries go by;
Slain not for dreams, but Truth Divine—
The Truth that can not die!

Astrology, Alchemy, and Sorcery in the Middle Age.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

DÉSIRÉ NISARD, the late venerable Dean of the French Academy, once rebuked a presumptuous, self-acclaimed wise man with these words: "It is not your knowledge, sir, but your ignorance that we fear." The Catholic apologist of the Ages of Faith indulges in the same reflection on nearly every occasion when it is his lot to be obliged to note the arrogant ignorance of some decrier of a period which the poor man has not studied. As we have often demonstrated to the readers of Our

Lady's magazine, we have no reason to wish to hide any of the salient features of the Middle Age; although we are ready to admit that Christendom was then as now composed of human beings, and then as well as now individual men and general society had their failings. Among the failings—or, as the worshipers of everything modern would term them, the crying evils—of the most misunderstood of periods, it is said that there was a blind faith in astrology, alchemy, and sorcery. But was such a belief a creation of the Middle Age? He must be indeed a tyro in historical study who does not know that astrology was a legacy from paganism; that it originated among the ancient Chaldeans; that from Chaldea it passed into Egypt, thence into Greece; and from the decadent Lower Empire the Arabs transplanted it into Spain, whence it was diffused throughout Europe.

But little patience in investigation is required for the knowledge that all that was *magical* in astrology—that is, the so-called *judiciary* astrology—was always condemned by the Church. Even a casual student of the Middle Age knows that *natural* astrology was only what we now term astronomy, and that this science was always cultivated pre-eminently by the medieval ecclesiastics. Judiciary astrology, which Kepler rightly styled a "crazy daughter of a sane mother," pretended to predict the future of men and states by

means of examination of the stars; and we read that Charlemagne issued many edicts against its practice, while many pontiffs condemned it in apposite bulls. And long after the Middle Age had vanished, judiciary astrology continued to be in vogue. To say nothing of the then still comparatively crude England and Germany, the more enlightened Italians and French were not guiltless in this matter, even in the sixteenth century. In our own day, too, astrology is practised to a great extent among people who are far from medieval in their tendencies; and if it is not more in favor than it is, especially among those who are outside of the Catholic Church, the reason is to be found not in any superiority of intellect, but in a spirit of materialism, which prevents men from looking above the roofs of their houses for an explanation of the things of earth.

The word "alchemy"—merely the Arab term for our "chemistry" (*al chemia*)—does not occur in any writings of an earlier date than the ninth century; but the science itself is not of medieval origin. We know that the Greeks and Arabs derived it from the Egyptians; and the latter, with every appearance of reason, assigned its beginnings to the early generations of humanity. As an illustration of the antiquity of alchemical experiments and inventions, we may adduce the fact that the art of enamelling, rediscovered by the Frenchman, Bernard Palissy, in the sixteenth century, was known not only by the ancient Etruscans whose pottery we so admire, but also by the Egyptians of thirty centuries ago. In the Khedival Museum of the Boulak, in Cairo, there are specimens of *oua-chaptis*, in a state of perfect preservation, taken from the Pharaonic tombs, and evidently at least three thousand years old. However, it is not this legitimate alchemy or chemistry that the contemners of the Middle Age indicate when they ridicule

that period as addicted to charlatantry: they point to exceptional abuses, or rather travesties, of the science; and they never use the term "alchemy" in other than contemptuous fashion, reserving the synonym "chemistry" for the nobler operations and investigations of the same science.

But is it true that alchemy, understood in the ignoble sense of the term, flourished peculiarly in the Middle Age? Is it not rather an indisputable fact that every age has furnished its charlatans and innumerable victims. of whom it could always be said: "What fools these mortals be!" Long after the Middle Age had disappeared, even in that Golden Age of the semi-pagan and semi-Christian Renaissance, if we take a peep at Sedan, we shall see Henry I. de Bouillon negotiating with an itinerant alchemist who has promised to communicate to the needy prince the "great secret" of the method of manufacturing gold. And the man of the world, the circumspect politician, having witnessed "with his own eyes," as he afterward assured his friends, the fact of the transmutation of metals, gave to his deceiver what would be a quarter of a million of our money, that he might advance the cause of science in the imminent congress of the adepts at Venice. During this same illuminated period of the Renaissance, Charles IX. of France, intent on the same method of acquiring wealth, was swindled by Jacob Gautier to the amount of twenty thousand louis d'or. We may note, however, that Pope Leo X. was more prudent than either Bouillon or Charles IX. When Giovanni Augurello read to his Holiness his poem, *Chrysopea*, or "The Art of Making Gold," the greedy promoter received from the grand Mæcenas in tiara, not a plethoric purse, but an empty one, which, observed Leo, would serve to hold the fortune which would soon be manufactured. If we approach nearer to

our own days, we behold the entire school of Voltaire, to a man, dupes of charlatans like Cagliostro, the Count de Saint-Germain, and J. J. Casanova.*

Again, we must not forget that the chemical, or alchemical (if we must use the term), investigations of the Middle Age were the immediate causes of all the advances made by modern chemistry. In fact, the study of the occult, the prostitution of science in the interest of knavery, occupied much less of the attention of our medieval ancestors than is commonly supposed. Speaking of the aberrations of certain medieval alchemists, Cantù says: "These wanderings of human reason were an inheritance of antiquity, and they ceased during the most glorious centuries of Christianity" (the early Middle Age). Undoubtedly, it is to be regretted that human intelligence ever abandoned itself to such a delirium; but the occult sciences had to have their moment of reign in the age of imagination, and to impel, by means of the imagination, the minds of men to an activity of which reason alone was not capable. How many vigils were consecrated to study by those men who thought that thereby they would surely discover the universal remedy and the philosopher's stone! It was out of their labors that chemistry was born. It was only after the time of Raimondo Lullo that rascals turned alchemy into an instrument for swindling, and that it was abandoned by men of merit. From the time of Lullo to that of Palissy it made no progress. While engaged in alchemy Arnaldo di Villanova (b. 1238), the preceptor of Lullo, discovered the sulphuric, muriatic and nitric acids. He it was who made the first attempts at the distillation which afterward produced alcohol. Paracelsus introduced antimonial, saline, and ferruginous preparations. Glauber

discovered the sulphate of soda. Basil Valentino (or whatever Benedictine monk wrote under that name in the fifteenth century) gave to us vitriolized tartar.

But we should never finish were we to "enumerate the discoveries which are due to alchemy, and by which modern chemistry has profited."* Very many of the alchemists and astrologists of the Middle Age were men of scrupulous orthodoxy and of acknowledged sanctity. For instance, Albertus Magnus was called "the Great" by many of his contemporaries, because he had received the emperor in a garden which, although it was then midwinter, had all its flowers in full bloom; and because he had fabricated a talking-machine which, according to common rumor, so bothered St. Thomas of Aquin with its chattering that the great Doctor smashed it to pieces.

Judiciary astrology and the abuses of alchemy certainly produced many baneful effects during the Middle Age; but they were harmless when compared with the evils which attended the practice of sorcery—that lengthy hallucination, says Littré, "which afflicted humanity during many long centuries. The prodigious multitude of sorcerers who were victims of a senseless justice show how persistently and effectively intellectual maladies are communicated. The executioner did not deter the sorcerers; and they all died, avowing their relations with the demon." But, like the corruptions of astrology and alchemy, sorcery was not peculiar to the Middle Age. It existed among the ancient Egyptians, and even among the Jews long before the time of Moses, as we learn from "Deuteronomy"; and in "Kings" we read how the pythoness of Endor caused the ghost of Samuel to appear to Saul. The works of ancient Greece are more redolent of the paraphernalia of sorcery

* See our article on Cagliostro in THE AVE MARIA, vol. xxxvii.

* "Universal History," bk. xi, ch. 27. Ninth Turin Edit., 1863.

than of the glories of Hellas; you can open scarcely one of the Greek narratives, plays, poems, or philosophical treatises, without meeting divinations, philtres, charms, invocations of the dead, metamorphoses of men into animals, etc. Every student remembers the scene described by Homer, where Tiresias prepares the ditch filled with blood for a summoning of the shades; and that scene where Circe changes the companions of Ulysses into pigs.

We know that in pagan Rome sorcery was an acknowledged profession; and in the time of Tacitus its adepts, under the name of "mathematicians," were addicted to abominations which caused the great historian to number them among the worst scourges of the empire. These were the "mathematicians" against whom Pope St. Gregory the Great so forcibly inveighed, with the result that many Protestant writers exhibit him as an illustration of papal hostility to learning.* From Roman paganism, by means of neo-Platonism (a philosophico-poetical mixture of Indian, Egyptian and Greek doctrines, which the School of Alexandria tried to substitute for pure Christianity) sorcery and other theosophistic inventions found their way into early medieval society; but during the halcyon days of this Age of Faith—that is, from the eighth to the fourteenth century—the number of adepts of occultism was always incomparably less than that which flourished during the Renaissance. Nor could it have happened otherwise. In pagan times, when, to use the words of Bossuet, "everything was God excepting God Himself," association with demons, either real or imaginary, was not repugnant to the tastes of men, especially since it was endowed with the charms of terror.

But the worship of demons could not subsist in hearts which were occupied by

faith in the one, all-powerful and loving God. In vain did the powers of darkness join the remnants of the Latin with the Germanic superstitions in order to oppose a last resistance to the conquests of the God-Man: the mind of the Church, like that of her grandest poet, Dante, assigned to the sorcerer the lowest place in hell. But when the Renaissance tried to effect an alliance between the ideas of paganism and those of Christianity, there was a great revival of the ancient tendency to superstition; and then arrived the Golden Age of sorcery,—a fact which seems not to be recognized by the admirers of the Renaissance and the decriers of the Middle Age. And this Golden Age of sorcery reached its culmination in the sixteenth century, the period of Protestantism and of scepticism, when the characteristics of the Middle Age had become mere traditions. When writers on sorcery adduce instances of capital punishment for this crime, they seldom go further back than the sixteenth century. They do indeed point to the signal case of Joan of Arc in the fifteenth century; but what modern historian, possessed of critical acumen and not enrolled in the service of the father of lies, ventures to assert that the English murderers of the sweet Maid of Orleans really believed that she was a sorceress?

The innumerable treatises on sorcery and demonology which were published and scattered broadcast throughout Europe, especially in Germany and England, at the time when the so-called Reformers were claiming that human reason had broken its fetters, were the cause of a spread of superstition such as the Middle Age never knew. Martin Luther and his companion preachers contributed their share in furthering the contagion. If we except Luther himself, Melancthon, and a few others of the first innovators, who had been trained by that Church whose seamless garment

* "See our "Studies in Church History," vol. i, p. 389.

they were rending, the early preachers of Lutheranism were men of no education; and, naturally, instead of combating the belief and practice of sorcery, they helped to propagate the evils. Luther himself said that he held theological conferences with the devil,* and that he often saw the *Killkropft*—a child born of satanic parents—sitting among his own offspring; and for many years after the heresiarch's death, credulous visitors to his room in Wartburg were shown the inkspot on the wall which recalled his interview with the prince of darkness.

M. Alfred Rambaud—a distinguished professor of the French Institute of our day, and of course a freethinker,—is astonished when he reflects on the fact that, in so many places in the days of the Reformation, superstition should have taken the place of religion. "It is very strange, and very humiliating for human reason, that when the Middle Age had vanished; when Charron and Montaigne had just written those books so impregnated with the spirit of scepticism; precisely then, in the full light of the sixteenth century, persecutions of sorcerers entered on their most violent phase."† One of the most sincere writers on sorcery, albeit probably the most tiresome and pedantic, was the royal head of the English Church Establishment, that "wisest fool in Europe," as Sully termed him, James I. "It is not a century," writes Voltaire, "since King James himself, that great enemy of the Roman communion and of the Pope, caused his 'Demonology' to be printed. Master James, as Henry IV. styled him, admitted the fact of enchantments, etc.; he granted

the power of the devil, and that of the Pope, who, according to him, has the power of expelling Satan from the bodies of the possessed, just as all priests have it. And even we—we unfortunate Frenchmen, who think to-day that we have re-acquired a little common-sense,—even we were then immersed in—oh, what a sewer of stupid barbarism it was! At that time there was not one parliament, not one *présidial*, which was not engaged in trying sorcerers."

Yes, M. Arouet, it was a shame for France that her parliaments and other courts of judicature, like the tribunals in Protestant lands, and notably like the disciples of Cotton Mather in the English colonies of America, were so foolishly cruel toward men and women who may have been guilty of devil-worshiping, but who may have been the victims of hallucination, and may have been more innocent than their judges. But, Sage of Ferney, you who were so sympathetic toward the real or alleged sorcerers and witches who cursed the Pope, at the very time when you wrote of Pombal's burning of the Jesuits at Lisbon,* that 'it is a good beginning,' could not have been ignorant of the fact that those cruelties would not have been possible in the early Middle Age, when the merciful spirit of the Church permeated the civil jurisprudence. You must have known that at least in that France which you so persistently besmirched, the jurisprudence which you rightly decry was a revival of the old *Jus Penale Romanum*, which had been replaced by the Canon Law of the Church until Philip the Fair broke with all the

* "Works of Luther," vol. iii.—Claude's "Defence of the Reformation," pt. 2.—Nicole's "Legitimate Prejudices," ch. 2.—Basnage's "History of the Reformed Churches," vol. iii, ch. 5.—Bayle's "Dictionary," Art. "Luther."

† "History of Civilization," vol. i, p. 511. Paris, 1885.

* It had been rumored in France that Pombal had sent twenty Jesuits to the stake; and it was of this reported hecatomb to Freemasonry and Protestantism that Voltaire said it would do for a beginning. We can imagine the chagrin of the Sage when he learned that only one Jesuit had been burnt—Father Malagrida. (See our "Studies in Church History," vol. iv, p. 452.)

traditions of the Middle Age, and put secular tribunals in the place of the "Courts of Christianity" which had never prescribed the pain of death for sorcery.

Witchcraft (that form of sorcery which is the most familiar to the American student of history, although the disgraceful tragedies of New England are but a comparatively petty episode in its annals) may receive, on some future occasion, special treatment at our hands. Here we would merely remark that, like all other forms of sorcery, witchcraft was a legacy of paganism, and was scarcely known until toward the close of the Middle Age, when the hitherto all-pervading spirit of the Church was beginning to lose its hold on European institutions. The student of the classics will remember Lamia, beloved by Jupiter, and the victim of Juno's jealousy; the murderess of children and the foe of imminent motherhood.* From this idea of Lamia the pagan Romans drew that of beautiful but lubricious women whom the gods had transformed into witches—*striges*,—and who sucked the blood of infants, or weakened them by feeding them from their own breasts. Garlic was supposed to be a remedy for these enchantments.† Lucian and Apeleius give many notions concerning the witches of Thessaly, and their powers of transformation.

The Jewish "Talmud," that strange mixture of traditional ancient wisdom and puerile errors, speaks of a certain Lilith, who may have been a version of the pagan Lamia. This Lilith, says the "Talmud," was the first wife of Adam, a mother of demons, and most baneful to the newly-born children of men; and in order to obviate all danger to the infant, it was deemed necessary to place in the

room of the mother a triangle bearing the names of God, Eve, and Adam, together with the warning, "Away, O Lilith!" Another instance of the belief in witchcraft in the early days of Christianity is furnished by the legend that when Herodias received the head of the Baptist she attempted to kiss it; and that the mouth of the victim opened, emitting a breath which sent the murderess floating in the air, where she is still seen in the quiet of night, waiting for opportunity to injure Christians.

However, during the greater part of the Middle Age there was but little belief in witchcraft. Friar Bernard Rategno, a most zealous Inquisitor of the sixteenth century, whose guide for Inquisitors is praised by that light of the Holy Office, Francis Pegna, says that there were no witches in Christendom "before the time when the Decree of Gratian was compiled"—that is, about the year 1151; and he adds that "the *Strigiarum secta* first appeared only about a hundred and fifty years ago, as is evident from the archives of the Inquisition."* We are justified, therefore, in believing that it was only after the crime of Anagni had entailed the vital end of the Middle Age that witchcraft and its attendant horrors became a scourge to humanity.

* "Lucerna Inquisitorum Hereticæ Pravitatis Rev. P. F. Bernardi Comensis, Ordinis Prædicatorum, ac Inquisitoris Egregii, in Qua Summatim Continetur Quidquid Desideratur ad Hujusce Inquisitionis Sanctum Munus Exequendum." Milan, 1566.

THERE are thousands upon thousands who, as far as the inevitable trials of life will permit, possess all the elements of happiness except the belief that they possess them. The sum of felicity would be multiplied to an extent beyond calculation if men would make the most of what they have instead of craving what they have not.

* Neu præse Lamie vivum puerum extrahat alvo. (Horace, in "Ars Poetica," 340.)

† Præterea si forte premit strix atra puellas,
Virosa immulgens exertis ubera labris,
Alia præcepit Tiliini sententia uecti.

—"Serenus Samonicus," ch. 59.

The Young Lady of the Manor.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.

THE young stranger was not destined to revisit the manor quite so soon as he had so confidently expected. During the lovely spring weather that followed, Marie roamed about whenever leisure offered,—sometimes with her aunt, more often alone, as that excellent lady was not fond of prolonged exercise. Marie used to go every day to that portion of the property which in times of greater prosperity had been known as the Park. There she gathered the violets which carpeted the ground, or plucked bunches of white lilacs from the bushes, which fairly groaned under their weight. In all this Marie felt a delight so keen that it would have been incomprehensible to one who loved nature less.

Ordinarily gay and light-hearted, the young girl's days passed happily enough, the more so that they were always full of occupation. As often as possible, aunt and niece drove over to Mass on week-days. They recited their morning and evening prayers in common, the domestics joining with simple fervor. Marie usually terminated the latter ceremony by going to the piano and singing a hymn, in the chorus of which all had their part.

There were many household tasks and outdoor matters to claim the attention of both ladies. The aunt, like most of her age and class, was a notable housekeeper. She had trained many an excellent servant, and she had initiated her niece into all the mysteries of kitchen and larder. The providing for an establishment, large or small, was in Aunt Adrienne's eyes an essential part of the education of an accomplished young woman.

Then there was sewing to be done, and Marie had her embroidery and fancy

work as well. A time was set apart for reading; besides the half hour for spiritual reading, which was one of the duties of the day, aunt and niece took turns in reading aloud to each other the newest and freshest things in current literature, varied by a return to the French or English classics. In the intervals they conversed upon what they read, this daily intellectual treat being a delight to both.

Marie went forth to see about the feeding of the hens, with her mind full of some wondrous bit of word-painting,—an account of a new picture or a description of some glorious old one. Aunt Adrienne meanwhile went off to inquire into the condition of the cattle or to parley with local grain-dealers.

So the days at the manor were very full. The evenings were, however, a bit lonely; though Marie strove to enliven them by music, or the aunt by pretty tales of the other days when the manor and Canada itself were so different. It was commonly at evening, therefore, that Marie's mind reverted to that day when cousin Louis had come, and she wondered that his friend had not kept his promise and called again.

It was midsummer when cousin Louis himself came out to spend a Sunday. At the early dinner he remarked carelessly, speaking of his friend:

"Gaston has gone off to the Northwest."

He avoided looking at Marie as he spoke; whilst their aunt said, musingly:

"Well, these Repentignys were ever a wandering race. It is in the blood."

She thought how the uncle, to whom she had been engaged, had gone away on a distant expedition; and how her father had insisted that the engagement be broken off, because he did not wish her to waste her youth in waiting. She had afterward married an elderly man, who had lived but a short time. "It is a pity," she said, inwardly. "I had hoped that *he* was different."

Marie made no comment at all upon the news; and Louis, who could not help watching her a little, especially when they went out into the garden, fancied that she was unusually gay. She laughed and chatted; she plucked the red and white and yellow roses with which the garden was teeming, throwing them at him in very sport. Still, he had thought that spring day when Gaston and she had walked together that there had been something; and he looked a little grave, despite Marie's gayety, as he walked beside her. She told him that Aunt Adrienne had promised her a winter in town; and that, perhaps, she would even get as far as New York.

"And, you know, Monsieur Louis," she said, making him a low, sweeping curtsy, "I, too, might marry a rich man and reflect a glory on our race, as my cousin has done."

"How charming she is!" thought Louis. "That idiot of a Gaston! What can he be thinking of, any way?" But aloud he said: "A-ha! my cousin Marie! So that is what you are after—to forsake this Canada of ours and go to be a great, rich woman in New York?"

Marie reflected a moment, as if the brilliant life expressed in those words were suddenly stretched out before her. Then she said, with an earnestness which almost startled her listener:

"No, Louis—no! I could never do that. I must live here at the old place."

"You can not do so, Marie, when you marry," said Louis, lightly; though he, too, had a momentary vision of that young figure, that sensitive face, in the midst of a gay throng, in a crowded city.

"Well, at least I must be near the old place," she corrected, "where I can come and spend long days as I do now. Oh, it would break my heart to leave it and never see it!" She laughed at her own vehemence, adding with sudden gayety: "Well, who knows but that I may never

marry? Then, I should live here all my life like a solitary queen."

"Too beautiful a queen for that," said the young man,—“if it be permitted for a cousin to pay compliments.”

"They are more likely to be sincere than those of others," replied Marie, with the first faint inflection of bitterness he had ever heard in her voice. The problem he had once propounded to their aunt occurred to him as he stood staring at the sky and whistling softly; for Marie had gone off to pick a bowl of *white* raspberries, the greatest treat which the manor garden afforded. Louis was the more annoyed at Gaston, since he had heard Marie's vehement declaration of her desire to be near the old place. As her ambition took no wider range, he felt that it would have been a doubly fortunate arrangement if she and Gaston could have been brought together. The latter's seignioriness was at no very great distance; and the life there would be substantially the same as at home, with the happy advantage of frequent visiting between the two places.

He heard Marie's voice, merry as ever, in conversation with Jean Baptiste, who had come in from the farm-yard, and was holding the bowl for the raspberries, while he descanted on the glories of the Canadian climate.

"How fast everything grows!" he said. "What abundance! Even in France the earth does not produce so much with so little labor."

"You say that every year, dear Jean," laughed Marie. "And in September you are all downcast about the early frosts and the short summers. Why, you seem to be an optimist one day and a pessimist the next."

"I don't know what those things mean," answered the servant, gravely; "but if Mademoiselle says them of me they must be true. Only I will maintain that this is a fine climate."

"Any way, we love it, this Canada of ours," said Marie. "But my bowl is full; and there is your good Victorine, who calls you to supper."

Victorine was Jean Baptiste's wife, who still wore her native Breton costume—cap, muslin kerchief, scant skirts—to the scandal of the neighboring country-people. She appeared now at the far end of the garden, a smile overspreading her honest face at sight of her young mistress. Marie usually had a chat with the good woman when she came up from the little cottage devoted to the use of Jean Baptiste and his family, a short distance from the manor. But just now she felt in no mood for her well-known loquacity. She nodded and smiled pleasantly to the still distant figure; then, with a "Good-evening!" to Jean, made her escape to cousin Louis.

"Excellent people," she remarked; "but this evening I feel that Victorine would weary me."

"I fly when I perceive the goodwife," answered Louis; "though she is always so delighted to see me that I must confess I feel half ashamed."

"Aunt does not mind," said Marie; "and it is not often that I feel afraid of poor Victorine's tongue. I shall have to get accustomed to it when I am the solitary queen."

"You would have to make talking for more than ten minutes a capital offence," said Louis; "but your kingdom will be elsewhere."

"What matters it," returned Marie, throwing back her head, "so long as it be a kingdom?"

Louis looked at her thoughtfully a moment, and she continued, with a note of defiance:

"So long as there be light and gayety and happiness around one, and the power of doing as one pleases?"

Louis felt that this did not sound natural in his cousin; and, though he

was not in the habit of moralizing, he said, half-involuntarily:

"Is doing what one pleases always happiness?"

Marie gave him a quick, half-ironical glance as she exclaimed:

"What a question, my cousin! And to a woman, above all!"

"It is just the women who have to answer such questions," returned the young man, gravely; "sometimes by long years of unhappiness."

"You are disagreeable this evening, my cousin Louis," said Marie, petulantly; "and so I will leave you to finish your reflections—alone."

Louis called after her, half-laughing, half-imploring, as she ran off and disappeared through the conservatory door, making him a mocking curtsy from the top of the steps.

"What strange creatures they are—these women!" mused Louis, walking slowly toward the house, where supper was presently ready in the octagonal dining-room, so dear and familiar. Its windows reached to the floor and looked out upon the sentinel-like rows of pines; whilst the portraits on the wall stared down at him, as they had done since childhood.

Marie was in high spirits, and laughed through the meal. There was a spot of color on either cheek that denoted excitement and added animation to her face.

"You are looking severe, my grandmother," she said, addressing one of the portraits. "But you know you were once proud of your beauty; and even there you are showing your white hand, which was so much admired long ago."

It was only when she bade Louis good-night that she said, in a tone so prettily repentant that Louis was convinced it would have been quite sufficient to keep Gaston from going to the Northwest had he heard it:

"You see, I have been trying to shock

you, my poor Louis; and yet, after all, you know I mean to be very good and to do my duty faithfully all my life."

She spoke earnestly, with tears in her eyes; and Louis answered:

"No one knows that better than I, my cousin."

And his handshake was warm and approving.

VI.

It was All Souls' Day, and Marie and her aunt drove over to early Mass, taking breakfast with the *curé*, and remaining for the Solemn Requiem at half-past nine. The air was so chill that they were obliged to wrap themselves in fur-lined cloaks; and Jean Baptiste shivered as he drove, with a sigh for his distant Brittany. After High Mass, Aunt Adrienne made her offering for Masses for the dead, and then passed out with her niece into the square, to watch for a few moments the auction for the departed souls. This curious old custom was quite familiar to both aunt and niece. But the sale was always an interesting, often a touching scene. Animals, poultry and other objects were sold by the crier, the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the dead. There was no family in the parish or in the adjacent district so poor as not to contribute on this occasion. Homespun cloth, maple sugar, cheese, honey, wood and live-stock were the staples.

"Ah," said Marie, "Mère Poulin wants to give her offering. But she can not make her way alone through the crowd!"

Quick as thought, the girl had darted down to offer her arm to an old woman, withered, wrinkled, and bent almost in two by extreme age and toil. She was making her way, unnoticed, as well as she could to the foot of the auctioneer's stand. In one hand was her stick; in the other a pair of socks, knitted by herself, which was her offering.

The crowd made way for her good-naturedly—Marie's action having called

attention to her presence, which had heretofore been unnoticed; and there was a kindly reverence for her age, pleasant to see, mingled with respect for the young lady of the manor.

"My good young lady," murmured Mère Poulin—and Marie had to bend very low to catch the words, so feeble was the voice,—"I have brought these socks. I knit them myself. They may help some poor soul; is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed, they will, Mère Poulin."

"It is not much, Mademoiselle. But I am old: I can not do more."

"The good God will accept them with the best," said Marie, warmly. "And now I will hand them to the auctioneer, and you will go back and sit down. You must be tired."

The old woman, not understanding, held fast to her treasured socks; so that Marie, seeing it was useless to attempt taking them from her, patiently led the way to a position where she herself could put the socks into the auctioneer's hand. At a significant sign from Marie, he took the socks and held them up to auction, though there were still many more important articles on his list.

"See!" he said. "A fine pair of socks! Hand knit and of the finest wool. Every stitch done by Mère Poulin, whom every one knows is the best knitter in the parish."

The old woman's face beamed; she nodded her head, and her toothless gums were displayed in a smile. There was a great pretence of bidding for what was really a not very much desired article, seeing that most of the women were expert knitters, or had some one at home who supplied the household. But it was Marie who finally bought the socks, when the price had run up to a sufficiently high figure.

"See, *ma mère*, I have bought them myself. There were so many who wanted them. They are so good."

The old woman, much pleased at the work of her hands being purchased by the young lady of the manor, and at the price it had brought, consented to return to the dilapidated buggy in which she had been driven thither.

Marie also rejoined her aunt, who was already in the carriage; Jean Baptiste being careful to hold in Gros Jean, lest the noise and excitement should startle him. As they drove away, a sudden and vivid memory came into Marie's mind of that spring day when the air was so soft and bright, and cousin Louis had come with his friend. And with the memory came a swift and painful feeling of regret, why she could scarcely have defined. She shivered slightly and drew her cloak about her. Her aunt inquired anxiously if she was taking cold.

"It is a real day of All Souls," Marie replied, smiling: "gray and chill, with hardly a gleam of sun."

"We shall sit in the conservatory when we get home," said Aunt Adrienne. "It is always warm there."

And so they did, Marie causing Jean Baptiste to bring down from the attic her grandmother's spinning-wheel.

"You know you promised to teach me to spin, Aunt Adrienne," she said; "and this is a good day to begin."

"Old Adaline would be a better teacher, my niece," said the aunt; "but if you prefer it, I will teach you myself."

"I shall begin with you," said Marie; "and then, if you find me a dull pupil, and too great a tax on your patience, I shall get Adaline over from across the river to give me some lessons."

"Adaline would like nothing better," said Aunt Adrienne. "It is a happiness to her to come back to the manor, where she spent her youth." And then, falling into a train of reflections thus awakened, she continued: "We always go back to the places we have loved in youth; as you shall know by and by, Marie."

"I am sure of it," said Marie. "Shall I ever love a place as well as this?"

Marie was very much interested in her new employment; though, as she said herself, she did a hundred awkward things—breaking threads, entangling the skein, and turning the wheel in the wrong direction. In the intervals of her work she repeated little scraps of poetry or sang snatches of song, pausing to discourse in the curious, half-philosophical vein, in which this country-bred girl, with a child's experience, so often indulged. She had been singing that exquisite little song which was so great a favorite with her aunt—

How short are the beautiful days!

As she came to the end, she observed:

"I have realized that, my aunt, of late. How short-lived is beauty in a flower, a day, perhaps in a life!"

"You have discovered that already, my child?" said the aunt, placidly; "but it is not a new experience. Each one learns it for herself."

"Yet one feels that the day of spring or the moonlit night or the beauty of the rose should last forever: that it ought to be immortal."

She spoke with a kind of resentment, and her aunt answered quietly:

"That is because we seek immortality, which is not of earth."

"We seek so much that we do not find," said Marie; and at the moment she caught sight of Victorine, furiously gesticulating. She had been on duty at the manor, to replace two young girls who had been summoned home by illness in their household. To Marie had fallen the task of endeavoring to teach her the proprieties of household service.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," she exclaimed; "you must come! I can do nothing. He will not wait—" She interrupted her discourse to address some one in the background: "But stay there: you must not come till I have announced you."

Marie had paused in her work, with one hand on the wheel, making a graceful and unconscious picture to the eyes of Gaston de Repentigny, who could see without being seen. The voice of Marie, so youthful and sympathetic, vibrating through every chord of his nature as she sang the pathetic old song, had drawn him thither, somewhat inconsiderately, as he now felt.

Victorine, waving him back, thrust her head through the door of the conservatory, saying in what she meant for an undertone, but which was distinctly audible:

"You must not blame me for it, Mademoiselle. He's there, and he won't stir an inch. I wanted him to go back to the drawing-room till I had announced him; but he would not. I told him twice, and he did not listen. So he's there and I can't help it."

"Who is *he*? What do you mean, Victorine?" asked the girl, scarcely able to restrain her laughter.

"A Monsieur who will not permit me to announce him."

"Do let him announce himself, my poor Victorine!" said Aunt Adrienne, pausing in her needlework. The good lady thought that it was some neighboring farmer who had business with her.

"I shall delay that pleasant duty no longer," said the young man, stepping past Victorine, who surveyed him wrathfully from the rear. "But I fear I must apologize for my want of ceremony in not waiting to be announced."

"Victorine is in training," said the aunt, laughing, "and wants to show her new knowledge."

The young man had spoken to the elder lady, but his eyes were upon Marie, who sat still in astonishment, from which she presently rallied to extend a hand to the stranger, and to join in the easy and pleasant conversation which her aunt had begun.

"You have made Victorine disobey one

of my most stringent orders," said Marie, her whole face lit up with merriment; "though I don't think she would have given in, if my aunt had not come to the rescue."

"She is very faithful to your orders, Mademoiselle."

"So faithful that you would have had to effect a forcible entrance. O my poor Victorine, but you are droll!"

It seemed to Gaston de Repentigny that it was sufficient happiness to listen to that voice, at once so gay and vibrating, which he had seemed to hear so often when he was very far away; and to note the swift changes of that face, which he had so frequently conjured up during these long months of absence.

When the aunt had gone to superintend the luncheon table, being troubled with misgivings as to Victorine's capabilities in that direction, Marie said to the visitor:

"I wish you had not waited so long to come, Monsieur. The lawn has been green and is brown; the trees have lost their leaves and the garden its roses."

"But, as I have not come to see lawn or trees or roses, Mademoiselle, it matters very little," said the stranger, earnestly.

"But *I* wanted you to see the old place in its glory," persisted the girl, half-petulantly. He was so dull, this stranger.

"If I were disposed for banal compliments, I might say that the glory of the old manor is just here. Let me tell you instead that, if your words imply a reproach for my prolonged absence, it is wholly undeserved."

"Believe me, Monsieur," said Marie, speaking with a graceful dignity, which often took people by surprise in one so young and almost childish, "I had neither the right nor the desire to reproach you. At the manor we are always glad to see our friends. But they come at their own pleasure."

Gaston bit his lip. He felt that he had been maladroit; and that now, as on

other occasions, his country training and his imperfect knowledge of womankind had been against him.

"The summer has seemed so long to me," he remarked, almost humbly.

"You must have been unfortunate in your choice of a place to spend it," said Marie, simply. "To me it has been so short. I can scarcely realize even now that it is over."

For an instant Gaston de Repentigny was overcome by the words. Had the girl meant to convey more by them than their evident meaning? No. Her face was turned toward the garden, and there was a shade of sadness upon it at the departure of summer; that was all.

Aunt Adrienne's voice was now heard in the adjoining room, in conversation with Victorine; and Gaston made haste to say:

"Be sure that I did not go away—did not stay away willingly."

Marie turned to him, with her bright, radiant smile.

"Now, why do you dwell on that so persistently? Surely you were free to come or go."

She would not understand, he thought, half impatiently.

"Will you take a walk with me in the garden this afternoon, before I go?" he asked, desperately.

"Why, yes, of course, if you wish," she said. "Aunt Adrienne cares little for walking, and you shall tell me where you have been and what you have done. Cousin Louis said you were in the Northwest. But here is Victorine to call us to luncheon."

Victorine, in fact, made the announcement with such solemnity that Marie could hardly keep her face straight.

"One would think we were being asked to a royal banquet, Monsieur," she whispered.

Gaston was, indeed, wishing that there was no such thing as luncheon, and that

Marie would have come out for the walk at once. He would like to have asked her to delay as little as possible at table, so that he might be able to spend some time in her company before the inexorable afternoon train called him away. But he had already learned that, despite the easy informality of the manor, no want of ceremony would be tolerated there; and that, despite Marie's gayety and childishness, that young lady would expect him to await her pleasure in such matters.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

BY OLIVE KATHARINE PARR.

And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by.
—*St. Luke, xviii, 37.*

ABOVE the melody of joyous singing,
In voiceless, ceaseless cry,
Within her soul the old-world words were
ringing—

"Jesus is passing by.

"The tender Feet which walked the troubled
water

And soothed the surging sea,
The Feet which bore Him like a lamb to
slaughter,
Are drawing near to me.

"The spotless Hands so often raised in heal-
ing,

Then fastened to the Tree,
To-day are lifted up with tend' rest feeling
In blessing upon me.

"The Eyes once darkened by a mortal sad-
ness,

The sins of men to see,
Are shining now with an immortal gladness,
And looking upon me.

"The Form transfigured in a cloud of glory
Before the chosen three,
Then, in the scourging, bruised and torn and
gory,

Is passing close to me.

“The Soul which left its sacred habitation
Lifeless on Calvary,
To cheer those souls awaiting liberation,
Is shining now on me.

“And I am kneeling in the awful presence
Of His Divinity,—
True God; though Three in Persons, one in
essence,—
O mystic Trinity!

“Lo! as He veiled the glory of His God-
head,
The perfect Man to be,
So now He veils His Godhead and His Man-
hood,
All for the love of me.”

And thus above the melody of singing,
The voiceless, ceaseless cry,
Within the yearning, thirsty soul kept ring-
ing,
“Jesus is passing by.”

The solemn, slow procession drew yet nearer,
The incense rose on high,
Lilies were scattered and the lights burnt
clearer,—
“Jesus is passing by.”

“My Lord, with love of Thee my soul is
breaking—
O burning, ceaseless pain!
With unfulfilled desire my soul is aching,
Only to ache again.

“But, O my King, I have a gift to proffer
Which Thou wilt not despise,
Because it is the best that man can offer,
Even in worldly eyes.

“Thou knowest that this wild young heart
is yearning
To be Thy very own;
Thou knowest that Thy little one is burning
To live for Thee alone.

“Therefore I lay my life among the lilies
Beneath Thy sacred Feet;
Accept it, gracious Lord, or pass it over—
Whiche'er Thou deemest meet.”

The solemn, slow procession passed her,
sweeping
On to the altar throne;

The people near thought she was only sleep-
ing,
And left her there alone.

But when, at last, her soul they strove to
waken
From out its slumber sweet,
They found her gracious Lord indeed had
taken
The life laid at His Feet.

An Apostle of the Eucharist.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

III.—THE PRIEST.

It is no small matter to live in a monastery or a congregation... without reproof, and to persevere faithful till death.—*A Kempis.*

ON the 7th of October, 1850, Brother Augustin Marie made his religious profession,—with flower-wreathed brow, amidst the chanting of joyful psalmody, assumed “until death” the solemn vows of Carmel. Immediately thereafter he was sent to Agen for his theological studies, to which so assiduously did he apply himself that in two years he completed a course for which seven are ordinarily required. In a letter to De Cuers, dated the 7th of November, 1850, he wrote as follows:

“You ask if I can devote as many hours as before to the Adoration. What can hinder me from offering all my studies to Jesus in loving homage? Can I not learn for love, argue, philosophize for love? *True adoration, the truest of all, is to do the will of God.* This I humbly offer, assured that it is more pleasing to Him than if I passed my days and nights in ecstasy before the altar while my superiors required of me other occupation.”

During his scholasticate, “as a recreation,” he composed the beautiful collection of Hymns to the Blessed Sacrament, in the eloquent preface to which, as into a

chalice, he thus poured his unbounded gratitude and bliss:

“O Jesus, adorable—adorable for me whom Thou hast led into the solitude that Thou mightst speak to my heart,—my days and nights glide softly away between the sweet remembrance of the Communion of to-day and hope of the Communion of to-morrow! I embrace the bare walls of my cell, where naught distracts me from holy thoughts; where, stripped of all that binds to earth, I can, like the dove, fly upward to Thee. Poor riches, pitiful pleasures, humiliating honors were those which once I so eagerly sought after. How I pity ye, O my brethren of the world, who in blindness pursue those joys so powerless to satisfy the soul! Come, draw near; leave behind your toys and fancies; cast away the tattered raiment which covers you; ask of Jesus the ermine cloak of pardon, and with a new heart drink from the limpid fountain of His love.”

One can imagine how unceasing all the while were Hermann's prayers for the conversion of his relatives, all of whom still clung tenaciously to Judaism. A strong bond of sympathy had always existed between himself and sister, then married and mother of a lovely boy. In quitting Paris he bespoke for her the friendship of Sister Marie Pauline of the Visitation, for whose “Cantiques a Marie” he had, soon after his conversion, written the music. This saintly nun, with the object of gaining frequent intercourse with Madame R——, entrusted to her the musical instruction of a number of the convent's pupils; and the result was that there sprang up a most ardent attachment between this spouse of Christ and the daughter of Israel. “They opened to each other every door of their hearts”; and her religious convictions were so shaken that at last Hermann's sister resolved to visit him at Agen, accompanied by her husband and “little George.”

Their meeting, anticipated with such tremulous hope on his side, was most affecting. Long interviews ensued. With inspired eloquence he propounded to her the Scriptures; pointed out how completely the promised Messiah had been realized in the person of Our Lord; urged upon her those proofs before whose irrefutability a sincere and upright mind could not but confess itself convinced. After listening to a sermon on the Blessed Trinity, preached by him in the cathedral of Agen, and composed expressly to remove her loitering doubts on that dogma, she fell into mortal distress. For some time she had “heard the music of His approaching feet—Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ.” Now He had passed by and touched her with His hand. All was light: she *saw*; but, unlike the poor blind one sitting by the roadside of Jerusalem, she dared not, in thanksgiving, cry out: “Lord, I see! Whereas I was blind, now I see.”

“I know—I know that I shall be lost if I do not become a Catholic,” she admitted to her brother; “but” (the maternal instinct, as always, rising superior to that of self-preservation) “I would rather be lost in the next world than separated in this from my child, my little George. They would tear him from me were I to abjure the faith of his father and of ours.”

“Having exhausted every argument, no longer knowing what saint to invoke,” in the words of Hermann, “I suddenly bethought me of her affection for Sister Marie Pauline—her ‘*Mother Marie*,’ as she called her. ‘And would you dare to meet Mother Marie again,’ I exclaimed, passionately, ‘admitting that you believe, yet have not the courage of your convictions? O my sister, my sister! is this your return for her changeless love, her unceasing prayers?’”

Loath to betray the poignant emotion this appeal occasioned her, she turned away from him, walking swiftly on and

on, among the interlacing side paths. They were walking that June morning in the convent garden, whither they had gone for a final understanding—heart to heart. And there, in the cool, green stillness of the peaceful place, the sore-tried soul fought its last battle. Retracing her steps, she sought the straight path where her brother stood waiting her, his heart full of anxious expectation. "If I can be baptized unknown to my husband," she said, simply, "I will be a Christian before we return to Paris."

Hermann's sister was baptized by him on the 19th of June, 1852, in a private chapel, during the temporary absence of her husband. This "grace" was the consolation vouchsafed him for the grief the coming year was to bring—the loss of his dearly loved mother, who died unbaptized,—went without staff or scrip upon her last, long pilgrimage to lands unknown.

"The death of my poor mother leaves my heart one great wound," he wrote. "I remain in uncertainty; but she has been so prayed for we must hope that in those final hours there passed between God and her soul something of which we know not."

"Yes, you must hope," said shortly after the venerable Curé d'Ars, in speaking to him of his affliction,—“you must hope.” And, gifted with the spirit of prophecy which so often abode within his words, he added solemnly: “You will one day receive, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a letter which will give you great comfort.”

Eight years later, December 8, 1861, there was remitted to Hermann a letter from an invalid nun, now deceased in the odor of sanctity, and author of many books noted for their exalted piety. In this letter she related how one morning, after communicating, it was miraculously revealed to her that, through the renewed supplications of His own Mother, Our

Lord had illumined the departing soul of Hermann's mother with a ray of rehabilitating grace; and, animated with the desire for baptism, contrition for past sins, and *will* to become a Catholic were life prolonged to her, she had murmured with her dying breath: “O Jesus, God of the Christians, Lord whom my son adores, I believe, I hope in Thee!”

The year 1853 was one of intense activity for Brother Augustin. He visited nearly every town in Southern France, establishing at Bordeaux and Lyons the Nocturnal Adoration, and preaching in its behalf at Avignon, Marseilles, Toulouse, Toulon, and Montpellier. At Carcassonne, whither he went to meet the Father Provincial, he fell ill, and was sent for a sojourn of complete repose to the quaint little town of Castelbello, near Hyères,—“that rose-garden by the sea” among the “Golden Isles.” There, sweetly patient, he hung upon the cross of pain, his restoration retarded by continual imprudent responses to every demand made upon his wasted strength.

After conducting Lenten services at Palmiers, and again preaching at Lyons in behalf of the orphans fathered by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, he eventually reached the French capital; and on his first appearance there, in the pulpit of St. Sulpice, with truth was it said that “he had all Paris for his audience, all Paris in tears at his feet.”

“Dear brethren,” he began, in a voice vibrant with emotion, “by what right, you might with justice demand of me,—by what right do you come to exhort us to piety and virtue, to expound to us truths which we already believe; speak to us of things which we love and venerate,—you whom we have seen the sinful consort of sinners, tossed about by every wind of doctrinal controversy, shamelessly professing every kind of error,—you, in sooth, *in peccatis natus es totus, et doces nos?* Ay, my brothers, I confess it, against

Heaven and against you have I most grievously sinned. I merit your condemnation; and so am I come, clad in the robes of penitence, barefoot and with shaven head, ready to make public reparation for all the evil deeds committed in this dwelling-place of my youth; ready, with a rope about my neck, a taper in my hand, to kneel yonder without the door, asking the pity and the prayers of all who pass.

"When first I entered the hallowed precincts of a church it was the Month of Mary, Mother of Jesus. They were singing sweet hymns. My heart was touched. Beneath the Eucharistic veil I recognized my God. I asked for baptism, and the consecrated water flowing over me effaced the sins of twenty-five years: I was forgiven. Yes, God has pardoned me; and you, O my brethren beloved"—stretching forth his arms,—“will you not also grant me your forgiveness?”

Proceeding, “while women wept and strong men sobbed aloud,” he drew a richly colored picture of his present happiness—that treasure elusive in whose pursuit he had vainly traversed kingdoms and furrowed seas. Ah! could he not now, from the deepest deeps of his heart, cry out with the Apostle, “*Superabundo gaudio! superabundo gaudio!*”

The service over, as he was leaving the church, a young man of elegant appearance approached to tell him that while listening to his inspired sermon he had found his vocation,—that he also, a late convert from Judaism, would be a rejoicing monk of Carmel.

In June, 1855, we find our Hermann once more in “the beloved chapel of Le Broussey,” assisting at the religious profession of this young postulant. But his health was steadily declining under the strain of arduous labor and constant travel. “Where do you reside, Father?” he was once asked. “On the railway,” he responded, with a stifled sigh and a

cheery smile; for no laborer in the vineyard ever went more joyfully about the work assigned him than did Brother Augustin. Every personal inclination, however, was toward a life of retirement and meditation—“to consume before the Tabernacle, like a sanctuary lamp, in silence and obscurity.”

In 1850, before his entrance to Carmel, he had, by will, devoted all monies thereafter inherited to the founding of a “holy desert.” The Constitution of the Order prescribes that in every province, if possible, such convent or hermitage shall be built; and the rapid extension of the Order in France accentuating the need, Hermann now busied himself with enthusiasm in the proposed construction of one. “Blessed retreat,” clasped in the circling arms of Nature; vestibule of heaven; shady arbor, where souls sick of the noonday might fold their motion-weary wings awhile, or plume them for the last flight; where, almost intact, is preserved the plan of Carmel as primarily conceived by St. Elias—of brethren in silence and seclusion, dwelling “aliens to the world, but near and familiar friends of God”!

There was just then a vast, wooded property for sale at Terastieux, but a few miles from Tarbes and those favored mountains where the “beautiful Lady” first appeared to little Bernadette. Aided by several generous bequests, Hermann purchased it for his community; and all time not otherwise claimed he spent in personally superintending the erection of the buildings, contributing toward their completion the sum of fourteen thousand francs on the death of his father. This sad event occurred in 1861; but for two years previous thereto their intercourse, so cruelly severed with a curse and disinheritance on his becoming a priest, had been resumed.

His spirit finally bending under many burdens, softened by illness and advancing

age, M. Cohen had summoned his son, stipulating only that he should not come before him wearing his religious habit. With this wish Hermann sorrowfully complied, leaving all hope behind—all hope of conversion—as he entered his father's presence. An *uncalled* soul, one saw it at a glance; looking sullenly out into the empty darkness; still watching, waiting for his Messiah. What to him was the creed of Christ Crucified, the "religion of the Cross, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, unto the Greeks foolishness"!

"I pardon you the three great sins of your life," said the old man, clasping his son's anointed hand: "becoming a Christian yourself, making your sister a Christian, and your little nephew George." Had he lived a few years longer he might have added to the list of Hermann's "sins" the conversion of nearly every member of his family.

The edifying story of that "little nephew George," touched with divine grace while witnessing a Corpus Christi procession at Agen, his baptism and First Communion, was used as material for a sermon of Hermann's, preached to the children of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus, at Lyons. With loving detail he recounted the trials to which this eight-year-old boy was subjected by his bigoted father, who was a Jew of Jews; and final compensation for them all in the triumph of his devotion.

The example offered by this little lay-missionary could not fail to influence those about him. It was after speaking to Hermann of the lad's wonderful fortitude and patience during paternally imposed separation from his idolized mother, imprisonment, martyring punishments of all kinds, that his Uncle Albert added solemnly: "That religion must be divine which can give such lion strength to a little lamb-like child. This is why, brother, I also wish to become a Catholic."

IV.—MISSIONARY AND HERMIT.

Non recuso laborem.—*St. Martin of Tours.*

There are many who remember that *Festa Cattolica* in the Eternal City, on the occasion of the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, Pentecost, 1862, when, bidden thither by his Holiness Pius IX., prelates and distinguished laymen from all lands thronged to Rome. Among these *invités* was Brother Augustin, delighted again to meet, for the first time since their "second birth," his old friend and master, Liszt; spending "short mornings together, discoursing of the happy present and future"; and alternately, for each other's delectation, conjuring forth the pale ghost of sweet music from her tomb in the convent parlor's broken-spirited piano; "pierced through the heart" by an interview with George Sand, arranged for them by their common friend, Horace Vernet, "in the hope of producing a good effect on one sorely in need of good influences." But the hope was vain. "*Tiens!*" exclaimed the "too famous authoress," turning disdainfully away from the shaven, barefoot monk, so changed from the curled "Puzzi" of olden days; "*tiens*, so you have become a Capuchin!" And she quitted the room.

Another meeting with a new acquaintance was to bring the saintly Carmelite great consolation. "That wise prince of the Church," Cardinal Wiseman, had not conversed with him many moments ere he discovered in him the man for the work whose projection he was then cherishing—namely, that of propagating in England devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament and the Blessed Mother. He straightway sought Hermann's Superior-General and asked if he might have Brother Augustin to aid in founding a house of the Order in London. The superior regretfully declined lending so valuable "an instrument of God," deeming his presence still needful in France

to watch over the several convents his efforts had already established there. His Eminence applied to the Pope, so ably pleading his cause that Pius IX. overruled the decision of Father Eliseus.

The August following Hermann took his departure from Paris, "without a second change of garment," and but seven pounds at his disposal. Reaching London, metropolis of pleasure, scene of his most brilliant youthful triumphs, he was driven rapidly through its cluttered streets to the Convent of the Assumption, thence writing to his brother Albert:

"How great a sacrifice (most joyfully performed) it is for me to leave France! Here it is not allowed me to venture out of the house before exchanging my cassock for a black coat, a cravat, and a stiff white collar, of whose wretchedness I can give you no idea; it imprisons my neck, my head, my thoughts, my heart. I only half exist while I am inside of it."

His arrival becoming known, he soon received many visits and invitations to preach; his English sermons costing great effort, as they were all written and then committed to memory; *cette langue Anglaise* remaining always for him a "difficulty of difficulties."

On the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, 1862, the Carmelite convent may be said to have been founded, in a small way; a generous gift from Hermann's brother Albert—who visited England about that time, to be confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman—forming "the corner-stone of the edifice." As it was near London that Our Lady appeared to St. Simon Stock, the temporary chapel was placed under that Saint's patronage. A number of religious soon joined Brother Augustin; but since he was the only one who spoke or even understood English, now his labors were stupendous: every duty devolved upon him, even the marketing.

He was also placed by the Cardinal in charge of all the Eucharistic asso-

ciations, named examiner of his clergy, and leader of ecclesiastical retreats; the active performance of all these tasks being interrupted by a short illness and recuperative trip to Paris. On the 6th of August, 1863, anniversary of his arrival in London, he established there the Nocturnal Adoration,—“the first night's vigil slipping by like a moment.”

In a paper read before the Congress at Mechlin, Hermann wrote: "As you know, even in Catholic countries Our Lord of the Eucharist is too often an unknown God; dwelling abandoned and alone in the sanctuary. But few come to make amends to His love for the ungrateful forgetfulness of the majority. Here in England the Real Presence of Jesus has for over three centuries been insulted and blasphemed; and it is here especially that the prophecy has found fulfilment—*Saturabitur opprobriis*. When, therefore, in this teeming Babylon, one succeeds in elevating to the God of love a little temple, gathering about Him a body-guard of devoted knights and defenders, it is time for exceeding great rejoicing. Already there are in England seven associations of Perpetual Adoration recently established; London possesses two. The Forty Hours' Prayer is continued all through Lent; the Nocturnal Adoration for men takes place several times each month, following the same rules as Paris. But," adds Brother Augustin, "we can not expect that this work will progress as rapidly here as in France. The English are essentially a comfort-loving nation, and rigidly observant of social equalities and inequalities. The nobly-born *Anglais* would deem it a severe tax upon his piety to pass a portion of his night upon a very hard mattress, shoulder to shoulder with his valet. But God, in His own good time, can accomplish all things."

And again, three years later, speaking of the wonderful spread of devotion to Our Lady in England, while striving to

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efface his own share therein by ascribing all praise to Cardinal Wiseman and the Jesuit Fathers, he writes from London:

"Crushed by odious laws, breathing an atmosphere full of antagonism, the children of the Church, though remaining true to her, dared not outwardly indulge in any act of devotion. Frequent Communion was unknown here. A quarter of a century ago there was not a statue of the Madonna in all England; and a venerable canon of Westminster tells me if any one desired a rosary he must needs send for it to France or Italy. Once, when Mgr. Wiseman was a young priest, he was congratulated on leaving the pulpit by a foreign bishop, who said to him: 'At last I have heard in this country a sermon on our Blessed Mother! You are the only one who has broken silence in her honor.'

"What joy is it for a monk of Mary's order to be able to say, 'Now all this is changed'! We may *speak* our love; the Month of Mary is observed in all Catholic churches; the Confraternity of the Rosary and of the Scapular is revived; the sweet thralldom of devotion is slowly encompassing the land once called 'Our Lady's Dowry,' bringing with it the promised salvation of unnumbered souls. For has not Father Faber told us in his last testament, 'If heretics are not converted, it is because the Blessed Virgin is not preached sufficiently; Jesus is not loved, because Mary is left in the shadow'?

"And this happy progress dates from the time that Cardinal Wiseman undertook the guidance of Catholic affairs here, aided by the Jesuit Fathers. Yes, honor to those valiant soldiers of Christ, who clung to their conquered fortress, keeping aglow some sparks under the ashes to which our faith was reduced by cruel persecution! During two centuries, when Catholics could not count a hundred priests in all the island, over fifty of those were Jesuits."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A PAPER thoughtful in itself and calculated to excite thought in its readers is Father Sheehan's "Catholic Literary Criticism" in the current *American Ecclesiastical Review*. It is full of suggestive ideas and of truths that possibly will prove unwelcome to a number of editors and reviewers, who exercise the rather delicate task of sifting the bran from the meal in the output of Catholic literary millers. Criticism, as in our day it has come to be considered, the author characterizes as not so much a science as "an accomplishment, the only credentials of which are the assumption of its possession"; and he does not need to add that very frequently the assumption is totally groundless.

Of criticism as "the pursuit and study of high thought and adequate execution," we are told that it "takes its rank among the very greatest of the sciences that cast their light athwart the footsteps of humanity." Intelligence and wisdom, delicacy of perception and wide liberalism of thought, are rightly mentioned as forming the necessary dowry of good Catholic critics; and the need for the multiplication of these is imperative.

Speaking of the absence of attractiveness in much of our philosophy, fiction, poetry and ecclesiastical history, Father Sheehan declares that it is neither writers nor material that we lack, but rather "the sympathetic appreciation of what is good in our literature, and the kindly rejection of what is weak." Of material, Catholicism certainly supplies a superabundance in every field of thought. "And the writers, where are they? There are many in the field; many more who would come forward if they expected, or had any reason to expect, a fair, if not a kindly, recognition of their work."

An especially excellent paragraph deals

with the ethical aspect of criticism and the moral responsibility of Catholic critics. "The writer who sits at his desk and hastily cuts the leaves of a new volume [which cutting, by the way, is not always done], wields judicial power of life and death over that volume, according to the journal he represents.... If, then, the *critique* which has killed the book has been an unscrupulous and an unjust one, the writer is unquestionably bound to restitution.... [A book] is the property of the author or the publisher; and he has a right that his property shall not be injured by statements that are untrue and unsound." This is a plain declaration of Catholic morality.

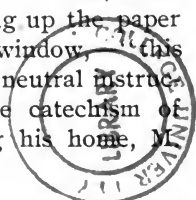
A suggestion that merits equal attention is the following: "Granted, then, sufficient knowledge and liberality of mind in our critic, I should say that his first principle in selecting for commendation a Catholic book should be the reversal, or rather the direct contradictory, of the old scholastic maxim, *Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quocunque defectu*,—which is a perfectly healthy maxim in moral science, a vicious and pernicious maxim in criticism." A positive beauty should outweigh a dozen blemishes; force and vivacity should more than compensate for occasional crudities of style.

Youthful Catholic writers are neophytes who need encouragement, "and as such they become the wards of the Catholic press. If inefficient or weak, it is not beyond the courtesies of the language or the delicacy of Christian refinement to ask them, without giving pain, to retire from an arena where their presence would embarrass better qualified champions. But if there be a hope or promise of success, it is surely the duty of the press to raise those hopes and confirm such promise; and this on independent grounds, heedless of what a godless journalism, to which the name Catholic is *maranatha*, may put forth."

We should like to quote at further length from this well-considered study, but lack of space forbids. Father Sheehan throughout pleads simply for the criticism that creates instead of destroying. "Let us, therefore," he concludes, "have a Catholic literature and let us acknowledge it.... Our solicitude should be to strengthen the ranks of our literary workers, to be eager for their success; so that when the world bows down before Catholic genius, it may be tempted to consider Catholic truth, and to forget the traditional scorn which, unfortunately, we ourselves too frequently adopt, and whose watchword is: 'Can anything good come out of Nazareth?'"

Notes and Remarks.

For the last fifteen years Alfred Fouillée, an eminent continental publicist, has persistently advocated compulsory and Godless schools and the elimination of the catechism from among the text-books. Some few weeks ago he had an opportunity of examining the practical results of the new morality he so zealously upheld. Seeing a girl eleven or twelve years of age buying a five-cent illustrated paper at a railway station newsstand, he thought the occasion an excellent one for ascertaining the character of the literature destined for the people. He accordingly bought a copy of the same paper; and, entering a compartment of the train to take his seat, found himself alongside of the little miss, who was already absorbed in her purchase. The philosophical publicist cast his eye over the eight pages of the periodical, and—alas for the fruits of the "neutral" or Godless schools! The stories which the child beside him perused with vivid interest introduced M. Fouillée into a very sink of corruption and obscenity. "And this," said the disgusted publicist, tearing up the paper and throwing it out of the window, "this is the new catechism which neutral instruction has substituted for the catechism of Christianity!" On reaching his home, M.



Fouillée forthwith wrote an article in which he manfully avowed his error, and pronounced himself strongly in favor of religious instruction in the schools. Could not the incident be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic? Let those who know something of our cheap libraries answer.

The expressions of disapproval now heard on all sides of that savage, revengeful cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" and the general order regarding it issued by the Secretary of War, are proof that our people are returning to their senses. Six weeks ago any one who dared to denounce this war-cry would have been considered unpatriotic and accused of sympathizing with Spain. Human nature is ever the same. Old Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Marrow of History," observes: "As whales are drawn to the land with a twine thread when they have tumbled awhile, so are the inconsiderate multitude easily conducted, when their first passions are evaporate." As soon as the war frenzy is wholly abated, and more is known about those whose cause we espoused,—when the whole truth comes to be told about the Cuban bonds, etc., and the mystery of the *Maine* is cleared up, it is quite possible that those who "tumbled awhile" will be heartily disgusted with themselves. But the deplorable facts will still remain that the destruction of our battleship—the responsibility of which no one could determine, and which our enemies disclaimed before the world—was the real cause of a burdensome and inglorious war; and that the savage cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" was what roused the passions of the nation.

Of the thousands of warm tributes to Gladstone which his death evoked, two are especially noteworthy. Mr. James Bryce, of "American Commonwealth" fame, says:

It was his constant practice to attend daily morning service in the parish church, and on Sunday to read in it the lessons for the day; nor did he ever through his long career transgress his rule against Sunday labor. Religious feeling, coupled with a system of firm dogmatic beliefs, was the mainspring of his whole career, a guiding light in perplexities, a source of strength in adverse fortunes, a consolation in sorrow, a beacon of hope

beyond the disappointments and shortcomings of life. He did not make what is commonly called a profession of religion, and talked little about it in general society, though always ready to plunge into a magazine controversy when Christianity was assailed. But those who knew him well knew that he was always referring current questions to, and trying his own conduct by, a religious standard.

The other tribute is by Mr. Stead, the oracle of the *Review of Reviews*:

I would like to mention one phase of his character which is known only to a few of his intimates. I refer to the vow which he made when a young man—never to lose an opportunity of rendering a service to reclaim any member of the forlorn sisterhood of the streets who might cross his path. The stories of the difficulties, the perils, the misconceptions, which Mr. Gladstone faced in carrying out this vow—a task from which he was deterred neither by advancing years nor the cares of Premiership—will never be told. But among those who are to-day mourning for the news of his death there are many frail and penitent women, whose sorrow is quite as sincere as that of the sovereign whom he served or the statesmen who were his colleagues.

Happily, it is not always the evil men do which lives after them: the good is not always "interred with their bones." These noble examples of faith and good works will never be lost or forgotten. They are as immortal as the memory of the Great Commoner.

When careless Catholics are reminded of the obligation they are under to give good example to their non-Catholic neighbors, and to lead such consistent lives that our separated brethren may judge the religion we profess to be divine, and be influenced to examine its claims, the complaint is often heard: "Oh, Protestants are so easily scandalized!" It is true that those outside the Church are apt to be disedified at things we have a way of glossing over to ourselves. It is an unconscious tribute they are constantly paying to our holy religion. They suspect that we ought to be better than we are; and we *know* it, and we know why. Some years ago two young Irishwomen were servants in the family of a gentleman whose father was a Protestant minister, from whom he had no doubt inherited many prejudices against the Church. It was not so much the reading of Catholic books or social intercourse with practical Catholics that dispelled

these prejudices, as the religious lives of his servants, of whom we have often heard him speak. There is no one whose life is so obscure as not to influence his fellows.

* * *

If non-Catholics are disposed to take scandal at what they notice amiss in the conduct of the faithful with whom they come in contact, it is well to remember that they are quite as easily edified. In the current instalment of his admirable series of articles, "The Workers," published in *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. Wyckoff tells of his experiences as a factory hand in Chicago. They would have been more harrowing than they were if it were not for the influence exercised by the boarding-house of Mrs. Schulz, to whose gentle ladyhood the writer pays a beautiful tribute. Another person who commanded his respect was Dennis, a fellow-boarder and employee of the factory, in which, by the hardest kind of experience, Mr. Wyckoff gained further knowledge of the class whose conditions he was studying. His references to these two chance acquaintances deserve quotation :

It was not long before I knew that the man who was held in highest regard by the others was Dennis. The reasons for this did not appear at first. Dennis was of about the average age among us—a man of between twenty-five and thirty,—an Irish-American of good appearance and a gentlemanlike reserve. The men looked up to him and paid a certain deference to his views in a way which puzzled me; for he never played the rôle of leader, being far less outspoken than some of the others, and moving among them always in a quiet, unassuming manner which laid no claim to distinction. . . . It mattered not how late he had been out on Saturday night, I always found Dennis at his place for a seven o'clock breakfast on Sunday morning, and saw him start promptly for Mass. He was very evidently a favorite with Mrs. Schulz, and with small wonder; for he was always most considerately kind to her and to her children. But I thought that her liking for him grew quite as much out of her admiration for his strict regard to his church duties. She went to early Mass herself, but she never failed to have breakfast ready for Dennis at exactly seven o'clock.

Her devotion seemed to me to be put to a crucial test. With but a raw Swedish girl to help her, she had the care of her five children, besides all the cooking and other housework for a dozen boarders whose meals must be served on the minute. I am sure that I never saw her lose her temper; and I think that I never heard her complain, which is

the greater wonder when one takes into account the fact that she was the sole breadwinner of the family. . . . The homelike management of her house and her knowledge and skill in domestic matters bore no small relation, I thought, to the spirit of contentment among the men, which held them to their quiet evenings in her sitting-room against the allurements of the town. Her physical endurance was a marvel. It was the unflinching courage of a brave soul, for she had little strength besides. . . . Mrs. Schulz never impressed one as trying to exercise a certain influence in obedience to a volition formed upon a preconceived plan, but rather as being what she was as the expression of a life within and exercising an influence which was dominant by reason of its native virtue. . . . One wondered at first how such serenity would weather the storms. And when they came, the wonder grew at the further naturalness which they revealed.

There is many a Mrs. Schulz in the world and many a Dennis, and Mr. Wyckoff's tribute affords proof of how much good they do—how far-reaching the influence of the humblest Christian life may be.

Munkacsy, the painter of the famous "Christ before Pilate," has for some years been an inmate of the asylum for the insane near Bonn, in Prussia. According to the *London Register*, there is little hope that he will ever regain his reason. Madam Munkacsy has stated that, though alive, "his soul is dead." He is not a violent patient, however; and there are intervals when he hovers for a brief space on the borderland of sanity. At one of these times his wife suggested that he send for his brushes and color-tubes, thinking that his art might help to clarify his mind. The painter answered, "I can not"; and, raising his eyes to heaven, he added pathetically: "It is only from there that any recovery can come."

There are countries where infidelity is more widespread and malicious than in ours, but it may be doubted whether there is any country where so much unbelief is vested under an outward profession of Christianity. "All Protestantism," said Edmund Burke in 1775, "even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion now most prevalent in our Northern Colonies [the United States] is a refinement of the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of

dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion." However else the mental complexion of our people may have been modified by time, this saying of Burke is more true now than it was when he made it. Two prominent illustrations will suffice to show this. Dr. McGiffert, who publicly denies that Christ intended to institute even a memorial feast at the Last Supper, has been allowed by the General Assembly to retain his membership in the Presbyterian body and his professorship in its principal seminary; and Dr. Lyman Abbott, the bright, particular star in the Congregational constellation, affirms his disbelief in the general resurrection; and, as we understand him, no longer believes in a future life. Yet both these men are confessedly Christian teachers!

The death last month of Mother Mary Joseph, of the Convent of Mercy, Portland, Oregon, marked the close of a singularly devoted life. She was seventy-two years of age, and had been a professed religious for more than half a century. Mother Joseph entered the convent at Kinsale, Ireland, and two countries besides her own were blessed by her labors. When the war broke out between England and Russia, she was sent to the Crimea to nurse the wounded soldiers, braving hardships and horrors that are known only to God. Some years later she came to the United States. Her first work here was the establishment of an industrial school in Brooklyn, to which she devoted fourteen years of unremitting labor. Subsequently she was sent to Grand Rapids, Mich., and to Morris, Minn., where many charitable works were carried on under her zealous direction. At the latter place she devoted herself to Indian children, over a hundred of whom were under her protection and instruction. Her last work was the founding of the convent of her Order in Portland, Oregon, where she passed to her reward, leaving a memory of charity and zeal for souls that will long survive among those who knew her and were edified and encouraged by her example.

"Where does he get time to do all his work?" was asked the other day, concerning

a professional man whose regular duties are neither few nor unimportant, and who yet manages to accomplish notable results in two or three different avocations. The questioner deplored his own inability to find leisure for even the amount of reading that he felt it incumbent upon him to secure for the effective fulfilment of his own professional work. It was difficult to restrain a smile at the lament; for the questioner often wastes—in frivolous pretexts for work, in systematic idling, in visits which his friends could wish more closely imitated those of the traditional angels, and in plain, matter-of-fact indolence—more half-hours a day than would suffice to duplicate his actual work and give him abundant leisure for a regular course of reading besides. The man of method does far more work, and does it far more easily, than his unmethodical, mentally slipshod neighbor, whose lack of system is responsible for his always having a pile of unaccomplished work ahead of him, with present duties more or less neglected, with time frittered away instead of being employed, and opportunities let slip that might readily yield notable pleasure as well as improvement. Method economizes time, and the busiest man often has the most leisure.

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. Henry Rodgers, of New Westminster, B. C., who died recently.

Mr. John Newhouse, whose happy death took place on the 29th ult., at Arcata, Cal.

Mr. Eugene Keogh, of Chicago, Ill., who departed this life on the 23d ult.

Mr. George Fulton, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Conklin, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Hugh O'Connor, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Ryan, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Kearney, Mrs. Sarah Golden, Miss Mary Golden, and Mr. James Rooney,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Agnes Helena O'Keefe, St. John, N. B.; Miss Nellie Foran, E. Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Dempsey, Rome, N. Y.; Mrs. B. Markel, Mr. Michael Kuhn, Mr. P. France, and Mr. A. Stader, Westmoreland Co., Pa.; Miss Mary Hunkey, Latrobe, Pa.; and Mrs. Sarah Rogers, 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.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XXV.—A HAPPY DAY.

IT was a perfect day in June. Groups of girls, gaily attired in summer costume, flitted to and fro among the trees; there were sounds of joyous laughter and happy singing all around. It was the beautiful Solemnity of Corpus Christi, which is no longer, as it was then, a feast of obligation. On the previous Sunday Mary Ann had been baptized, and this morning she had received her first Holy Communion, in company with several others. All had been confirmed at a later Mass, said by the Archbishop; and then there had been a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, with Benediction at each of the beautifully decorated shrines.

There had been visiting priests, and such parents and friends as lived near enough to attend the ceremonies of First Communion; a splendid dinner in the private dining-room to numerous invited guests; and an equally fine one, the girls thought, in their own large refectory, where the tables fairly groaned under the weight of all the luxuries of the season. And now it was four o'clock in the afternoon; the visitors, with the exception of the Archbishop and his attendant priests, had departed to catch the evening train; and the pupils were scattered about the grounds, entertaining them-

selves in whatever fashion they preferred.

Three girls sat on the great, broad stone threshold of Our Lady's shrine, quietly conversing. They were all attired in white. Mary Catherine wore a soft, creamy colored merino, the skirt falling in long, straight folds almost to the ground. Mary Ann's dress was of plain white lawn, trimmed with lace; and Mary Teresa's a thin, fluffy thing of barège-like texture, ornamented with blue ribbon, which she had begged Mother Teresa to allow her to wear, because "mamma loves it so." It was only when she began to rip out tucks and hems that she realized how much she had grown since her mother, whose arrival she was daily expecting, had seen her in the pretty gown.

"Wouldn't it be lovely, girls," she said, after a lull in the conversation, softly smoothing out the folds of her dress, "if mamma could just come to-day, when I have this pretty dress on? She would be so pleased."

"I think you've grown out of it," said Mary Catherine, eying it critically as she spoke. "It's too babyish for you, Mary Teresa. How old were you when you first had it made?"

"About twelve," was the prompt reply.

"And now you are fifteen? It stands to reason that what might have been very suitable for a child of twelve is a little out of place on a girl of fifteen."

Mary Teresa looked down thoughtfully at the pretty garment.

"I'm very small still. I think I shall always be small. I don't feel in the least grown up, Mary Catherine."

"And you don't *seem* in the least grown up," replied Mary Ann, with an affectionate smile. "But your mother will notice a difference, of course, not having seen you for so long a time. I thought *you* looked quite like a young lady to-day," she continued, addressing Mary Catherine. "That dress is longer than any you have ever worn."

"Yes, I know it is," answered Mary Catherine. "I hate draggy old skirts: they cling around one's feet so. But Mother said I must have my dresses all made longer now. She was sure papa was expecting to see me a full-fledged young lady,—yes, that's just what she said."

The others smiled.

"You *are* the youngest girl for your age I have ever seen," said Mary Ann. "Seventeen and a half, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to acknowledge that is right," rejoined Mary Catherine. "I shan't put my hair up though, no matter what they say."

Mary Teresa leaned over, and, taking the two long, heavy black braids that hung in jetty relief against the white dress, she twined them around Mary Catherine's head like a crown, tying the scarlet ribbon fastening the end of each in an artistic bow at the top.

"That is the way my darling mother wore her hair," observed Mary Catherine. "I'm going to run down to the washroom and peep into the little glass. I want to see if I look like her."

When she had gone Mary Teresa said:

"Do you think her father will take her away when he comes?"

"No: I don't believe he intends to. Where would he take her?"

"Perhaps to her aunt."

"You know her aunt and uncle went to Europe, to be absent several years."

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten. How I wish I could have you both at home with me!"

"I don't think you can go back to Mobile for some time yet," said Mary

Ann. "Everything is so unsettled in the South that when folks get away from there they are not in a hurry to go back. But it would be lovely if Mary Catherine could be near you after awhile. Unless she happens to meet with real true friends, her Indian blood will be apt to cost her many a sad hour, as it did her mother."

"Do you think she realizes it?" asked Mary Teresa.

"Yes, I think she does," replied Mary Ann. "But she is too spirited ever to let any one know that she does. As for me—I don't think you will ever see me in Mobile."

"Why?"

Mary Ann made no answer.

At that moment Mary Catherine whirled into view.

"Girls!" she exclaimed. "I believe I'll wear my hair this way all the time. I can't see any look of my mother in *my* ugly face, but I like the hair. Mary Ann," she continued, "I always know of whom you are thinking when you sit with your chin in your hand that way."

"I have been thinking of *her* all day," said Mary Ann, looking up with tear-dimmed eyes. "She would have been so pleased. But she must know in heaven."

"Of course she knows," said Mary Catherine, in a subdued tone. "O Mary Ann," she went on, "I was about to speak of it ever so many times lately! Wasn't it queer, the message she left you?"

Mary Ann's face suddenly grew crimson; she looked confused. Mary Catherine did not observe it, but Mary Teresa did, and at the same moment a look of comprehension came into her eyes.

"I know," she whispered, nestling up very close to her friend, and giving her hand an affectionate squeeze.

This was all lost on Mary Catherine, who had caught sight of an approaching group, just turning one of the many paths which intersected the grounds. It

consisted of the Archbishop, two priests, with Mother Teresa and Sister Rodriguez.

"Ah, children!" exclaimed the Archbishop, as he approached. "This is most opportune. Mother has been telling me the whole sorrowful story of poor Sister Mary, and also of the bravery and heroism of these two girls. I am deeply thankful that we did not lose our little Mary Teresa."

As he spoke he smiled appreciatively on the two Marys, who had risen to greet him, and were standing hand in hand.

"And did she say nothing about *me*, Archbishop?" inquired Mary Catherine, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at Mother Teresa.

"Oh, yes, indeed she did! She omitted nothing, I assure you," continued the Archbishop. "If the attendant circumstances had not been so sad, I should consider it a fine joke, my child,—a fine joke and a clever one, on your part. I am afraid you narrowly escaped dismissal on that occasion, you naughty girl!"

"O dear Archbishop!" replied Mary Catherine, making a show of glancing apprehensively at Mother Teresa. "Now you have reminded her of it. I was hoping it had been forgotten; but perhaps now I shall be dismissed, or else asked not to return next year."

"I did not know you were expecting to go away," said Mother Teresa.

"Not with my father? For awhile, at least!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "O Mother, surely I may go!" she implored, clasping her hands together in a tragic manner, which made all the others smile.

"She will never be grown up, that child," said Sister Rodriguez, laughing merrily, as she always did at each new development of Mary Catherine's.

"You are right, Sister," said Father Wilson. "She will always be a child."

"But this one," said the Archbishop, laying his hand on Mary Ann's head,— "this one has always been what you call

'grown up.' It pleased me very much to see your earnest and reverential demeanor to-day, my dear. You will never be able to thank Almighty God enough for what He has done for you. I believe there are still greater graces in store for you in the future, provided you conform to those already received. And I am sure you will,—I am sure you will."

Mary Ann was overwhelmed with confusion. Her head drooped, her eyes sought the ground; she looked appealingly from one Sister to another. Mother Teresa came to the rescue.

"Mary Ann has always seemed like a Catholic—from the first," she said.

"And I think I have always felt like one—from the first," returned Mary Ann. "But now that I really *am* one, I can better appreciate the difference."

"Your dear departed Sister has been praying for you to-day and every day," said the Archbishop.

"I felt that she was," replied Mary Ann, in a low voice.

"And for us too," said Mary Catherine.

Everyone smiled. The alacrity with which the girl resented any suspicion of favoritism, even from Sister Mary in heaven, was enough to provoke a smile.

"They tell me, Archbishop, that she used to call this one 'a flash,'" said Sister Rodriguez, laying her hand on Mary Catherine's arm. "It was indeed an appropriate name for her. She amuses me very much."

"Perhaps when I have made you angry once, Sister, you will not find me so amusing," responded Mary Catherine, in her quick, terse manner, with a smile and a blush that counteracted the somewhat brusque words she used. "Dear Sister Mary must have cried about me many a time, I think. And yet I never wilfully wounded *her*—never in my whole life. I have that consolation, at least."

"The carriage is returning," observed Mother Teresa, as the sound of approach-

ing wheels was heard in the distance. "This is the most important hour of the day for the children, Archbishop," she continued. "They receive their letters by the evening mail, and there is always a great flutter till they are distributed."

"Why has the carriage stopped?" asked Mary Catherine. "Instead of going round to the stable, John has driven up to the front door."

"Perhaps there are visitors," remarked Sister Rodriguez.

"Oh, no!" answered Mary Catherine, confidently. "Visitors *never* come at this hour, Sister: they always arrive by the morning train."

But before she had finished speaking, Mary Teresa, who from where she stood had a good view of the broad carriage-way, suddenly left her companions, and sped across the lawn with a swiftness which even Mary Catherine could not have surpassed. In another moment a lady in mourning was seen coming up the walk.

"O Mother, how delightful!" exclaimed Mary Catherine. "See, there comes Mrs. Rampère! Isn't it *too* lovely, *too* sweet for Mary Teresa!"

Then, as a gentleman who had delayed to speak to the driver suddenly came into view—a handsome man of military appearance, with bronzed complexion, and hair just sprinkled with gray,—Mary Catherine's black eyes gave one swift, questioning glance at the group around her, as though to ask, "Is it true—can it be possible, or am I dreaming?" But she waited not for their assurance: her heart told her that her eyes had not deceived her. Flinging her arms straight from her shoulders into the air, with an exclamation of joy so intense that it almost bordered on pain, she rushed from the spot with the speed of the wind, crying as she went:

"Father—father! Oh, it *is my own darling father!*"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The World's Noblest Heroine.

VII.

When, on May 9, the judges were proposing to put Joan to the torture, she had warned them that a contradiction of herself gained by force would be falsehood and not truth. She had said:

"In very truth, if you were to cause my limbs to be torn from my body and my soul to be driven out, I would say nothing different. And if I were to say anything different, I should always be obliged to tell you afterward that you had made me say it by force."

Joan had earnestly petitioned to be delivered from the hands of the English and placed in the custody of the Church. Three English soldiers were constantly within her cell, whether she waked or slept, by night and by day. This outrage on humanity and propriety must have been the source of great suffering to the pure and modest girl.

Having signed the paper, Joan asked if she was not now going to be placed in the hands of the Church, as had been promised. Some of the participants in the trial thereupon reminded Cauchon of this; but, without paying any attention, he said to the officer: "Take her back again whence you brought her."

Her doom was "perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of suffering and the water of anguish." Thus were the promises kept.

One of the crimes charged against Joan was that she had worn man's dress, notwithstanding the teaching of the Church that it is not permissible for a woman to don the garments of a man. Her excuse for this, and a most justifiable one, was that for patent reasons it was the only one possible for an active, warlike career, such as hers had been, between her setting out with De Baudricourt until the defeat at Compiègne. Great stress was laid by

her accusers on this apparent violation of modesty, and she promised thereafter to confine herself to female attire.

Now they were at a loss what course to pursue. She had made her so-called abjuration: there was no cause against her on which to base their false imprisonment, much less the penalty of death. Like the chief priests of Jerusalem, they consulted together, and their duplicity connived at a plot. Now were to be realized the words of one of her accusers on the day she was remanded to prison: "Never mind; we shall have her again."

On Sunday morning she said to her guards: "Unchain me, that I may rise."

One of them then took away her woman's dress, which had been lying on the bed, and put in its place her man's dress, saying to her: "Get up."

A discussion followed which lasted till midday, Joan repeating:

"Sirs, you know that it is forbidden me; without disobeying, I can not put it on again."

Finally, being obliged to rise, she put on the man's dress; and afterward, in spite of her earnest entreaties, they refused to give her any other.

We can fancy Cauchon rubbing his hands with glee, as he hastened the next day to the prison to see with his own eyes the news that had been reported. In vain did Joan defend her conduct, saying that it would have been impossible to do otherwise. Furthermore, as she had by this time learned of certain retractions said to be in the abjuration of which she had not previously known, she hastened to maintain that if such were the case she had either not comprehended their import or had herself been misunderstood. One can not but admire her heroism at this critical moment. She was willing to take a woman's dress if they would place her in a suitable prison; but having been deprived of it where she was, she had resolved to keep the

other garb, as the only fitting one among a crowd of rough and brutal soldiery.

She was once more and repeatedly asked to declare herself an impostor. But, chained to the wall as she stood, wasted by starvation and attenuated by ill-treatment, the soul of "La Pucelle" rang forth strong through her gloomy prison as she answered:

"If I were to say that God has not sent me, I should damn myself; for verily God *has* sent me."

The next day the court assembled; Cauchon stated that, "at the instigation of the devil," Joan had once more resumed the dress of a man and had again declared that God had sent her. Then the assessors, or assistant judges, to the number of forty-two, gave their opinions. The most important is that of the Abbot of Fécamp, nephew of the Bishop of Beauvais, otherwise Cauchon; for almost everyone appended to his answer: "I agree with the Abbot of Fécamp." The Abbot's words were as follows:

"Joan is relapsed. Nevertheless, it is well that the schedule which has just been read to us should again be read before her; that it should be explained to her, and that she should have recalled to her the word of God. And this done, the judge will have to declare her a heretic, and to abandon her to the secular justice, begging of it to act toward her with tenderness,"—which tenderness of justice meant the torture of death at the stake.

Alas! poor Joan of Arc! Where now were the admiring multitudes that followed thy steps from Orleans to Rheims? Hidden behind their shuttered blinds; timidly and quickly, with downcast eyes, passing thy prison doors, lest perhaps, looking up and catching sight of thee at thy barred window, they might have been suspected of making thee a signal of hope or giving thee a smile of friendly compassion. Where now thy comrades, the men-at-arms whom thou hadst led to

rapid and decisive victory after the long period of inaction which had demoralized their courage,—the soldiers who under thy banner had once more raised from the dust the honored name of France? Rioting in the wine-shops, brutalized on the roadsides, scattered like a flock of sheep without a leader, or lying wounded in the hated English prisons. Where now the King whose royalty thou didst proclaim, to whom thou didst give thy fealty and homage, who owed to thee his kingdom and his throne? Forgetful of thee and thy deeds—or, worse still, too ungrateful and cowardly to speak the word which would have saved thee,—he lifted no finger to protect thee; nay, made not a sign that he remembered thy existence.

The *Fiat* has gone forth: the Maid of Domremy must die!

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Bidding against Herself.

A very amusing story is told of a scene at an auction in London the other day. The auctioneer held up a rare Japanese vase and asked: "How much am I offered?"

"Ten shillings," said an elderly lady who sat on a front seat, and who had had her mind on that vase for some time.

"Ten shillings!" said the man with the hammer. "Why, it is worth four times as much as that. Surely no intelligent person will allow such a sacrifice."

"Twelve and six!" cried the same lady.

"Well, I declare! Can you, as lovers of art, allow this treasure to go for such a paltry sum?"

"Fifteen shillings!" Again it was the same speaker.

"Fifteen shillings! Why, good people, what is the meaning of this? This is one of the Mikado's especial designs. I wonder at your taste."

"Seventeen and six!" said the lone bidder.

"Oh, no! If I can't get more than that, back it goes into the box."

"A pound!" the lady said.

"A pound—once, twice, three times! Sold to the lady on the first seat at that shameful price."

The lady stepped up, paid for and received her parcel, and went away, evidently well satisfied with her bargain, and not observing the smiles of those who had been so amused by hearing her bid against herself.

Oka's Answer.

The tortoise is to the Japanese an emblem of eternity; and, if you will take the trouble to look at one of these creatures as represented in the art of Japan, you will find that the under part and the claws, whether they show or not, are carved just as carefully as the portions which are most conspicuous.

There is a wonderful worker in ivory, Oka by name, who has made for himself a great reputation. It chanced that on one occasion an English dealer went to him with the question:

"Why do you take so much trouble carving the under side of these ivories? It is never seen, and you waste your time upon it. Just leave that part plain, and you can work more rapidly and make more money."

Oka shook his head and answered: "God gave me my skill, and He can see the under part, though men can not; and I dare not leave it uncarved."

This was the answer that one we call a heathen gave to a Christian. European ways are fast gaining a foothold in the Empire of the Mikado, and men like Oka will soon be rare; but meanwhile let us honor one who carves the hidden part because God sees it.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The latest imprecation is "Split my infinitive!" It is supposed to have originated in the editorial rooms of a leading literary journal in New York, and expresses the uttermost degree of rage and resentment.

—Mr. Gladstone once named Bishop Butler, Aristotle, Dante and St. Augustine as the teachers who had most influenced his life and work,—"my four Doctors." Bishop Butler was an Anglican; Aristotle, a pagan; and the other two were good Catholics.

—A convict in Connecticut named John Henry Davis is said to know all Shakespeare's plays by heart. His favorite tragedy is "Hamlet." Admirers of the dramatist will say that if the man had made the acquaintance of Shakespeare early in life he would never have known the dusty road that led to durance vile.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," deals partly with "Catholic social life in the north of England." Mrs. Ward is the daughter of a convert, Mr. Thomas Arnold, and she is a niece of Matthew Arnold. The plot of the story turns on a mixed marriage which never comes off. We shall review it in another issue.

—If there were not more good books than any one man or woman could possibly read in the longest life, there might be some excuse for reading books that are "off color." "When it is possible to row out in a boat in a fresh river and pick all the water-lilies we can carry," remarks a writer in the *Critic*, "why should we wade neck-deep through a miry bog to pick one, different in no respect save for its more slimy stem?" There is deep significance in the fact that the nations which have produced the rankest literature are the most morally corrupt nations of the earth. "The freedom of the press," adds the same writer, "is one of our most vaunted blessings. But our boast may end in shame if, one by one, every veil that should screen the sanctities of life, and protect us from a useless revelation of its atrocities, is torn aside. What the brown, worm-

inhabited earth would be without its mantle of grass or snow, or the sky without clouds, twilight or darkness, that would existence become without reserves, illusions or ideals."

—To a frank correspondent who complains that *The Bookman* contains too many of the senior editor's articles, Prof. Peck replies with equal frankness: "The reason why we publish so many of our own articles is because it is so easy to get them accepted. . . . That is why it is such fun to be an editor."

—The late Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren was the author or translator of many books of merit. She was also a prominent figure in the social circles of Washington, and a high authority on official etiquette. But neither her social nor her literary obligations were allowed to absorb all her energy: she knew no weariness in promoting the interests of religion and works of charity. She was the widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren, and a convert to the Catholic Faith.

—A valuable footnote to the play of Othello has been contributed by the Italian historian Levi, who discovered in the archives of Venice some old documents relating to the tragedy. Othello's real name it appears, was Palma; and on his authority we learn that Desdemona was a girl of great beauty, who married very young—only sixteen years after the marriage of her mother. She also died young, going down to her grave with an untarnished name; though there is no evidence to show whether she died of grief or violence. The names of Othello and Iago are both found in the government papers of the period.

—The *Athenæum's* review of Lionel Johnson's new volume of poems, "Ireland," brings out the interesting fact that English hatred of Ireland is stronger even than English hatred of the Church. Of Mr. Johnson's religious poems, the great journal says:

His Christmas carols possess a quaint grace and charm; and "A Descant upon the Litany of Loreto," as well as "Our Lady of the May," is a poem instinct with passion and devotion, clothed in beauty, and breathing throughout an intense sincerity, a

deep ecstasy, which thrill us as we read. These devotional poems have a note individual, distinctive; they almost captivate the imagination and possess the memory, almost to the exclusion of many other fine numbers.

This is well enough; but "Ireland," the long poem from which the book takes its title, opens with these sweet lines:

Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,
Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:
The heart of Melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first woe
When holy angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly: for thy soul is as the snow.

And to this the *Athenæum* can only say: "This is beautiful verse, but it could be wished that Mr. Lionel Johnson had used it to enshrine any other conception"! Apart from this display of puerile prejudice, however, the English journal pays a most enthusiastic tribute to Mr. Johnson's poems, which ought to be found in all Catholic libraries. But it is rather a melancholy thought that the mere fact that Mr. Johnson is a Catholic will effectually bar his way to favor among some of our people.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net.*
 Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., *net.*
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net.*
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

- Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net.*
 For a King. *T. S. Sharwood.* 95 cts., *net.*
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.
 The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net.*
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan.* \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Locky.* \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebsb, C. Ss. R.* \$1, *net.*
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher.* \$1.10, *net.*
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges.* \$1.10, *net.*
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton.* 90 cts., *net.*
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen.* 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, *net.*
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, *net.*
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, *net.*
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, *net.*
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden.* \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, *net.*
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame.* \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius.* \$2.
 Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder.* 50 cts.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon.* 30 cts.
 The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.
 Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ.* *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster.* 35 cts.
 India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Our Lady of America. *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* \$1.
 Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, *net.*
 A Benedictine Martyr in England. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.





THE ECSTASY OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Wading.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

LORD, little it matters how narrow the span
 Of the river I cross to Thee:
 The palm is not meted to any man
 For the years since his weary wade began
 Through this river he wades like me.

'Tis the ceaseless fight 'gainst the current's
 flow

That is writ in that Heart of Thine;
 And the bleeding feet from the rocks below,
 And the hands benumbed from the blasts
 that blow,

That are healed by Thy touch benign.

Lord, light me along: the mid-river is deep,
 The shallows lie near the shore;
 My failing footsteps from gliding keep
 With the adverse currents that round me
 sweep,

Till I've waded life's river o'er.

One of the Church's Heroines.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

FIVE and a half centuries ago the
 world heard very little about the
 desirability of womankind's enfran-
 chisement from the servitude of
 home life and family cares. The New
 Woman had not as yet proclaimed her
 inalienable right to compete with her
 husband or brother in every walk of life,

nor vociferously demanded in academic
 halls and on public platforms her imme-
 diate investiture with the fullest privileges
 of active and aggressive citizenship. In
 fact, while it is doubtless true that human
 nature in either sex is pretty much the
 same in all ages, it is quite certain that,
 as regards the surface characteristics of
 feminine human nature, the aims and
 methods and external activities of woman-
 kind, the middle of the fourteenth century
 differed not a little from the end of the
 nineteenth.

Yet it may be questioned whether
 the changed conditions of our later time
 are likely to dower the world with
 more exalted feminine characters, greater
 women, nobler heroines, than challenged
 the admiration of other ages; whether,
 for instance, our present end-of-the-century
 era of woman's emancipation from the
 alleged trammels that so long impeded
 her progress and shackled her genius will
 produce a single rival to contest the
 palm of superiority with that fourteenth
 century heroine of the Church whose
 portrait accompanies this sketch, St.
 Catherine of Siena. A humble, modest,
 self-effacing nun, whose brief life of thirty-
 three years was wholly given up to prayer
 and penance and the practice of the
 most sublime Christian charity, yet whose
 counsels guided Florentine statesmen and
 Roman pontiffs, whose genius and virtue
 left their impress upon her own age,

have preserved her name familiar as a household word for five hundred years after her death, and will perpetuate her glory throughout Christendom as long as saints are venerated on Catholic altars,—her career is certainly worthy of study.

Siena, a little Italian city of some twenty-three thousand inhabitants, is the capital of a province of the same name, and is known to the world at large especially as the birthplace of our Saint. It is not the only commonplace, unimportant town that has owed all its fame to the eminent sanctity of some humble citizen on whom "the best people" probably looked down with supercilious arrogance. Not that Catherine's parents were of the poorest class; her father, Jacomo Benincasa, was a prosperous dyer, with a very comfortable home, an excellent business, and the reputation of being one of the most estimable members of Siena's middle-class society. Of far more import to Jacomo and his children was the fact that he was an exemplary Christian; and that his wife, Lapa, was not only a thrifty housekeeper, but a genuinely religious woman.

Of these worthy people Catherine was born in the year 1347. From her tenderest years she gave unmistakable indications of the extraordinary virtues the practice of which was to signalize her adolescence and maturity. Even as a charming little toddler of five, she was accustomed to ascend the staircases at her home on her knees, reciting a "Hail Mary" on each stair,—a practice the idea of which probably occurred to her when listening to an account of the devotion to the Santa Scala in Rome. She had also turned a vacant chamber of her home into a kind of oratory, whither she and several little girls of the neighborhood often repaired to offer up their prayers.

Her vow of virginity, however, ran counter to the wishes and plans of her parents. Quite unsuspecting of the pious

resolve of their favorite daughter, they were looking about for an advantageous alliance for her; and no sooner had Catherine attained her twelfth year than they broached the subject to the girl herself. She acquainted them with her long-cherished purpose of giving an undivided heart to God; but her objections to marriage were ridiculed as being the immature reflections of childhood, and she was pressed to allow her mind to dwell on the prospect of becoming within a few years the beloved bride of some excellent young man.

Face to face with this trial, which her irresistible longing for the religious life of solitude and contemplation made a grievous one, Catherine merely redoubled her prayers, her vigils, and the austerities to which she had already accustomed herself. Jacomo and Lapa, nevertheless, persisted in their designs of preparing her for a wedded life. Devout Catholics as they undoubtedly were, and rejoicing in the virtues of their daughter, they made a mistake not at all uncommon among good Catholics of every age, that of opposing themselves to the divinely ordained vocation of their child. Catherine's ideas were set down as extravagant folly, and her mother endeavored by every means to turn her thoughts to a career of which the girl could not think without repugnance.

A skilfully prepared snare was about this time laid for our devout maiden by her elder sister, Bonaventura, and some of her companions. "True piety," they said to her, "should not be unsociable: you must become companionable. Surely 'twill not hurt your virtue a particle if you pay some little attention to your personal appearance, and dress yourself respectably, instead of going around the house looking like a fright. Pray what harm can there be in appearing, and being, for that matter, gay and cheerful?" This protest from her sister impressed

Catherine as being well-grounded; and for some time thereafter she paid some attention to her toilet, and fled less assiduously than had been her habit from scenes of pleasure-making, festivity, and mirth. Bonaventura and her mother (who had advised her to talk to Catherine) were charmed with their success, and doubted not that the girl would speedily imbibe a taste for the world's vanities that would effectually rid her mind of its ultra-religious bias.

Their delight, however, was premature. Catherine soon realized the danger she was running, and at once abandoned these new habits which she had assumed to please her sister. To settle once for all her dislike for elegant toilets in the matter of head-dress, she herself cut off her abundant tresses and presented herself to her mother, "looking," in the vigorous phrase of Bonaventura, "more like a fright than ever." Her mother was seriously displeased; and, attributing to Catherine's love of solitude her distaste for thoughts of marriage, she deprived her of the oratory that has been mentioned; and when that measure proved insufficient, charged her with the housework that had previously been done by servants. So great a humiliation proved the source of abundant merits. Catherine cheerfully accepted the contempt and ridicule of her brothers and sisters, ever manifesting unalterable gentleness and patience, and embracing every occasion that presented itself to satiate her ardent love of crosses.

The severest trial incidental to the duties of her new position as maid-of-all-work was the loss of her accustomed solitude. This was offset, however, by her Divine Spouse, who taught her to make a solitude in her own heart. Thus in the midst of all her occupations she never lost sight of God, but walked continually in His presence, incapable of being distracted by anything whatever. "Our

Lord," she writes in the treatise on "Providence" that is commonly ascribed to her, "instructed me how to build a retreat in my soul, where I could habitually shut myself up; and He promised me at the same time that I should find therein a sense of peace and repose that no tribulation could disturb."

At length when Catherine had, with exemplary patience, undergone her trial for several years, there began to dawn for her a happier period. According to some authors, Jacomo was profoundly impressed by seeing one day a dove of dazzling whiteness resting on her head as she knelt in prayer. Be that as it may, when Catherine shortly afterward informed her parents that St. Dominic had appeared to her and promised that she should one day join the Sisters of Penitence, and when she declared that she wished to keep until death the vow of virginity taken years before, Jacomo took her part against the protestations of Lapa, and insisted that she should be at liberty to renew her former practices of piety and serve God as she pleased. He seconded her in all her religious desires, and in many a case facilitated their execution by furnishing her with the necessary means to accomplish works of charity.

Relieved of the household duties, and restored to the liberty of which she had been deprived, Catherine joyfully resumed her old-time devotions, and obediently followed the interior attraction that led her to give herself up to charity toward others and mortification for herself. She gave abundant alms to the poor, waited on the sick, consoled prisoners in the Siena jail, and succored unfortunates of every condition with whom she came in contact. She had hitherto very seldom eaten meat: now she entirely abstained from it, contenting herself with bread and boiled herbs; and even of this meagre fare she denied herself more and more every day. She habitually wore the cilice and

a steel belt furnished with needle-like points. Her mother, having discovered that she took what little rest nature absolutely required stretched out on the floor, insisted upon her sleeping in her bed. Catherine obeyed, but placed several boards under the sheets. Such rigorous austerities in a maiden of sixteen or seventeen might have been put down as the reprehensible extravagances of a deluded imagination, were it not that in Catherine's case they were accompanied by the most profound humility, entire obedience, and a perfect renunciation of her own will.

In addition to her self-inflicted penances, God sent her several severe illnesses, which the remedies of the physicians seemed only to aggravate. Finally, in one of these sicknesses she informed her mother that she would never get better unless she became a religious. It is not surprising that Lapa's opposition to her daughter's plan of life at length gave way. However reluctantly she abandoned the idea of seeing her married and "settled," abandon it she did, and even went herself to arrange for Catherine's reception into the congregation of St. Dominic's Sisters of Penitence.

In 1365,* when, in her eighteenth year, Catherine took the habit, one can readily conceive how perfectly happy she was in thus attaining the long-cherished desire of her heart. In the convent her greatest delight was to remain alone in her cell and spend the time in prayer. As for her mortifications, at this period they knew no limits. During three years she never spoke a word except while praying or at confession. During the long hours, by night as well as day, that she gave to contemplation she received a copious supply of supernatural light, a tender love of God, and unbounded zeal for the conversion of sinners.

That so remarkable a servant of God should occasion considerable anxiety and vexation to God's declared enemy was but natural; so it is not at all surprising that Satan left no means untried to shake her constancy and entrap her into some of his multifarious snares. He filled her imagination with hideous phantoms, attacked her youthful heart with the most humiliating temptations, shrouded her mind with dense clouds of incipient doubt, until she was reduced to a condition truly deplorable. Wielding unwearily, however, the arms of prayer, humility, resignation, and confidence in God, she valiantly fought the tempter day after day, until Satan was finally vanquished and left her at peace.

Our Lord had, previous to this series of conflicts, sometimes visited Catherine, wearing the same appearance as when seen by His Apostles after His resurrection. Shortly after her victory over the arch-enemy, the Saviour again entered her cell. "Where wert Thou, my Divine Spouse," asked the Saint, "when I was so frightfully assaulted?"—"I was with you," was the reply.—"What, Thou wert in the midst of those abominations that covered my soul!"—"Those abominations did not sully you, for you regarded them with horror. They have merely increased your store of merits. It is to My presence that you owe your victory."

Catherine's charity to the poor deserves particular mention. She exercised this beautiful virtue in so eminent a degree that she was rewarded by acquiring the gift of miracle-working. More than once provisions destined for the unfortunate became multiplied in her hands. Nor could natural strength alone ever have sufficed to enable her to bear the weight of these provisions with which she burdened herself. The poor are not always grateful even to their kindest benefactors, but our Saint was never disturbed by the complaints and grumblings of any of her

* Some of her biographers place the date of her entry into religion two years later, in 1367.

pensioners; for she served, in them, Jesus Christ Himself. An old woman named Tocea, so infected with leprosy that the authorities had her removed outside the town, was tenderly nursed by Catherine; but, nevertheless, she continually overwhelmed the gentle Sister with insults and reproaches. The nurse took no other notice than to redouble her zeal and her care.

The charity of our Saint for the souls of her neighbors was still greater than that with which she solaced their bodies; hence her indefatigable zeal for the conversion of sinners. To accomplish the reformation of the impious and the dissolute, she was prodigal of prayers, tears, vigils, fasts, and a thousand other austerities. Her example, her conversation, even her silence, possessed a secret power of winning hearts to the love of God; and Pius II. bore testimony to the fact that no one could approach her without becoming better. St. Raymond of Capua, her confessor and biographer, recounts multiplied instances in which Catherine's exertions brought about the genuine and permanent conversion of the most inveterate wanderers from the path of virtue. Not a few of these conversions are justly characterized as miraculous.

In 1374 Siena was exposed to the ravages of the plague, and our Saint at once devoted herself to the care of the stricken. She obtained from God the cure of many who were attacked by that dread malady, and contributed, no doubt, to the cessation of the pest by insisting that the anger of Providence should be appeased by worthy fruits of penance. Her discourses were so persuasive that crowds flocked to hear her, and the most stubborn sinners could not resist her eloquence. Some time afterward Sister Catherine received from her superiors an order to pay a visit to Pisa. While in that city she not only cured a number of sick people whom her reputation for

sanctity brought to her feet, but effected the return to God of many an unfaithful son of the Church.

The secret of her marvellous success in touching the most obdurate hearts is doubtless to be found in her transcendent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Of her it could, without the slightest exaggeration, be said that it was not she who lived, but Jesus Christ who lived in her. She dwelt in constant communion with Him: something of the benignant suavity and gentle persuasiveness of the Master was reflected in the visage, the words and works of the devoted servant.

A few years before her death, Sister Catherine had to fill a *rôle* which very certainly no Sieneſe prophet would ever have predicted for the daughter of Jacomo Benincasa. In the last quarter of the fourteenth century the Guelfs and Ghibellines, whose incessant conflicts had so long disturbed Florence, united in a league against the Holy See. Several other Italian provinces joined them, and in 1375 war was declared. The rebels, after repeated defeats and losses, began to sigh for peace and concluded to implore the Sovereign Pontiff's clemency. Looking about for an intermediary to plead their cause, they unanimously selected Sister Catherine. Moved by the entreaties of the delegates who represented Florence, and constrained by obedience, Catherine accepted the charge, and proceeded forthwith to Avignon, where Gregory XI. held his residence. She was commissioned with full power to treat with the Pope as to the rebellion, but she had another and more important purpose at heart.

The continued residence of the Popes at Avignon, whither John XXII. had retired in 1314, occasioned much dissatisfaction in Italy; and grave fears were entertained that a schism would result if the successors of St. Peter continued to absent themselves from St. Peter's See in Rome. Gregory XI. had secretly made a

vow to return to Rome, but he was afraid that its accomplishment would displease his court. In his interview with Sister Catherine, whose prudence and sanctity he could not but admire, he consulted her as to his line of action. "Do," she said in reply, "that which you have promised God to do." As Gregory had spoken of his vow to no one, he knew that she could have become aware of it only by a revelation, and he was profoundly impressed by her advice. That advice she renewed in several letters written to him after her return to Siena, and finally had the consolation of seeing him follow it. The Pope left Avignon and took up his residence in Rome.

As for the reconciliation between the Pontiff and the rebels, Catherine was not at first successful in bringing it about. The Florentines were the chief obstacle to the declaration of peace; and in reply to her letters to the Pope urging him to pacify Italy, he at last sent her to Florence to see what could be done. She found the city in a lamentable condition, and on more than one occasion was in imminent danger of falling a victim to the fury of those whom she endeavored to reconcile to the Pontiff. In the end she triumphed: the revolting subjects submitted and peace was established.

Another notable public question in which Sister Catherine's counsel and influence shone conspicuously was the attempt to do away with the schism provoked by the election of the antipope, Clement VII. The saintly Sister wrote numerous letters and personally appealed to popes and cardinals to put an end to the scandal; and although her death occurred before the breach was healed, her exertions assuredly had much to do with the healing. This reference to her letters suggests the recalling here of the fact stated in the brief summary of her life found in the Roman breviary, that St. Catherine's science was "infused,"

and not acquired by the ordinary process of study. Her knowledge of men and things, her wonderful intuition of the secrets of the soul, her knowledge of political matters, and her statesman-like grasp of public questions of moment,—all were imbibed in those hours of loving intercourse with the Spouse whom she had chosen in her childhood.

While at Rome, in 1380, when only thirty-three years old, she fell grievously ill, and knew that her career was over. Satan made a last effort to trouble her unalterable serenity. He reproached her with having yielded to the suggestions of vain-glory. "Vain-glory!" she exclaimed. "Never! I have always striven for the true glory and praise of Almighty God."

The words may serve as an epitome of the life of many another saint besides St. Catherine of Siena. Forgetfulness of self, mortification that subdues the lower nature, union with God by fervent prayer, communion with Him in the Sacrament of Love, zeal for His interests in all the affairs of life,—these are the marks of the heroes and heroines whom the Church enshrines on her altars. And some degree of these, let it be added, must characterize all who, admiring their virtues, hope one day to meet them in the place of their rest.

SHE who sang the *Magnificat*, and has entranced the nations and the ages with its thrilling strains, now finds the breathless silence of her Immaculate Heart and her more than angelic mind scarce a fitting worship of so great a majesty, of so incomparable a God. And so, like the burning bush, her whole being of unimaginable sanctity, science and affections, is evermore consumed unconsumingly, like the choice frankincense of the angelic and human creations combined, in fragrant worship and the perfumes of ravishing sweetness before the Throne of the Holy and Undivided Three.—*Faber*.

The Young Lady of the Manor.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

VII.

THE luncheon being over, Marie, in answer to Gaston's imploring look, solved the difficulty very calmly.

"Monsieur de Repentigny and I are going to take a walk in the garden," she said to her aunt. "I will get my hat and coat, for it is chilly."

Aunt Adrienne looked a little surprised at this announcement from her niece.

"We laid our plans whilst you were seeing that Victorine put an extra knife and fork on the table for Monsieur at luncheon," explained the young girl, with a ripple of laughter. "I promised him that he should see what he had missed by not coming at midsummer."

Aunt Adrienne's face cleared. She disliked forwardness in girls, and would have been annoyed had the suggestion to take a walk come from her niece.

"I am going to show you the ruins, Monsieur," observed Marie, as they went down the steps together.

"I have nothing to show, but much to tell," returned Gaston, as they passed within the garden gate; "and I implore you, Mademoiselle, to listen to me kindly."

"You are so solemn to-day," Marie answered, glancing at him. "But no wonder: it is so gray and chilly. Look at those clouds over there! They are like mountains."

But Gaston looked only at her.

"I went away this spring," he said, plunging at once into the subject most at heart, "because I discovered that a claim which my father had left me in the Northwest promised to be profitable. There was a mortgage on my place which I wanted to pay, so I went to make sure of this claim without loss of time."

Marie listened politely, and would have wondered, but that a secret, undefined

feeling told her that he made this abrupt reference to business affairs for some special reason. At least, it was an excuse for his long absence.

"Mademoiselle, I have realized all and more than I expected. The manor is free from encumbrance. I have not wealth, but a competency, which gives me the right to come here and to ask you a question."

At the sight of the startled, astonished face before him he stopped a moment, and then went on resolutely:

"It is true we have seen each other but twice. Yet what matters it? I knew from the moment I first laid my eyes upon you that I should one day say what I am now saying,—that I should ask you to be my wife."

Something like a low cry escaped from the young girl. This point-blank, matter-of-fact declaration amazed while it jarred upon her.

"Monsieur," she stammered,—“why, it was but yesterday you came here!”

"I know that," said Gaston; "and, oh, forgive me that I have shocked and pained you! I dared not hope indeed that you could look at things as I have done; but I forgot, in my blind infatuation, in my selfishness, that yours was not a nature to be so rudely startled."

Marie stood still, with her hand pressed against her heart, as though she experienced an actual, physical pain there. Her face was pale and there was no shadow of a smile about eyes or lips.

Gaston was very humble in his repentance, and walked in silence by the young girl's side, not breaking in upon her thoughts by a word. At last he spoke, and it was with a strength and tenderness which even in her disquietude Marie did fail to note:

"Do not distress yourself," he said. "Do not let what I have said make you unhappy. I can wait long years, if it must be so, to win you,—always loving and hoping until you tell me it is useless."

The first shock of the abrupt proposal being over, Marie's natural good sense came gradually to her rescue. She felt that here was an honorable and manly fellow, who was ready to make every sacrifice for her happiness, and who had paid her the highest compliment in his power by the offer of his hand.

"Listen!" she said, standing still, her hand unconsciously resting upon one of the dismantled rosebushes she had been so eager to show him a moment before. "It would never do to decide anything in this way. It shocked me to hear you speak of love, where I thought only of friendship." Her lips quivered and there were tears in her eyes. "This love you speak of," she went on, "I know only by name, and I am happier without it."

The girl struck her hand passionately against the rose-tree, as though she were repelling something from her. In doing so her hand was wounded by the thorns, and the blood began to trickle over its white surface. This would have passed unheeded but for a quick gesture and exclamation from Gaston.

"Ah, the little hand,—that poor little white hand!"

"It is nothing," said Marie, wrapping it in her handkerchief. "But I repeat, you must not decide like this."

"For my part, I have decided," said the young man; and even the girl's inexperience was struck with the determination expressed in every line of his face. "Nothing can change me. But you, Mademoiselle,—I see that I have grieved you—perhaps made you angry."

"I am not angry," rejoined Marie. "No, it is not that. I can hardly explain, and I will be frank with you: I thought of you often after you were here that day, and I was disappointed when cousin Louis came alone."

The young man's face shone with pleasure as he said eagerly:

"O Mademoiselle!"

Marie was still pale and grave.

"But that is not love," she pursued, quietly; "very far from it still."

"It is a great deal: it is enough to make me happy."

"No, my friend," she said, "it is not enough. And if it were ever possible that I should feel for you as you seem to wish, you must come here often, we must know each other well. Then we shall see."

"But if you should not care for me after all that," said Gaston, with a note of resentment in his voice, "I would be all the more unhappy."

"Oh, how selfish, how thoughtless, I have been!" said Marie, turning to him with one of those impetuous little gestures which had first delighted him. "What you say is true, and perhaps it may be better that you should not come again."

Had it not been for the earnestness of her manner he would have thought she was laughing at him. But he saw that she spoke with that rare simplicity which characterized her. His answer was so prompt and energetic that it impressed her in her own despite.

"I will come and often. I will take every risk; and if it turn out badly for me, you are not to blame: I have been warned."

Marie smiled at him very frankly and sweetly as she said:

"After all, I think I am glad you have decided to come again. I should be sorry not to see you any more."

This seemed to raise Gaston's spirits considerably; while Marie, as if turning with relief from a subject distasteful to her, said:

"Now do not let us talk of ourselves any more. We shall go into the farm-yard and look at all the improvements which have been made here."

It was now that the young man had an opportunity of making his society really acceptable to Marie. With the refined instinct of a truly gentlemanly nature, he

refrained from the slightest allusion to what had gone before, deferring entirely to his companion's feelings. This self-restraint, discretion and delicacy pleased Marie no less than the deep and discriminating interest that he took in all she had to show. The most consummate tactician could not have devised a better way of putting himself into sympathy with this country-bred young girl than the simple and natural manner in which he made her interests his. It is true that his own almost professional knowledge of the points at issue, and their interest for himself, made his task the easier. It was pleasant to have his advice asked upon subjects wherein he was competent to give it, with two soft, appealing eyes fixed upon his face, and an eager young listener drinking in his words.

He praised this or judiciously criticised that; he offered a suggestion here or gave some bit of practical experience there. The great barns loaded with hay or grain; the stalls with the cattle chewing the cud of content; the stables with the horses; and even the pens where their old enemies, the pigs, were ensconced, were all invested with a new attraction.

"Didn't we have a long chase that day!" exclaimed Marie, looking at Gaston more timidly than of old, and wishing that the scene in the garden could be forgotten, and that she could go back to the old footing of friendliness for cousin Louis' friend.

"Yes," replied the young man, smiling at her. "But we won the victory."

"And you nailed up the breach in the wall. Well, poor piggies! it was their last chance."

Marie was beginning to get back her color a little, together with her natural manner. She felt cordial and friendly once more toward this young man, who had been guilty of what sometimes seems almost a crime to the very young—the converting of their dreams into realities,

the bringing into their very lives of that great mystery which has hitherto only appeared to give meaning to a favorite song or to the scrap of verse learned by heart at school.

Gaston asked but one concession as he took leave of aunt and niece before departing from the manor. He did this with some misgivings; for, like cousin Louis, he had come to the conclusion that women were strange creatures and capable of many contradictions.

"Good-night, Marie!" he said, with some hesitation. "May I call you so?"

"Yes, Gaston," she answered, smiling and blushing a little.

VIII.

The guests were all assembled at the manor. Aunts, grandaunts, uncles, cousins-german, and *petit* cousins to the fifth and sixth degrees, had come from far and near to be present at the marriage of their young kinswoman. There were but few other invited guests, it being necessary that all should arrive on the evening previous to the actual celebration. For, in addition to the fact that the contract had to be signed and other formalities complied with, they had to be at Ste. Marguerite's Church, six miles away, for the half-past eight o'clock Mass. The bridegroom and his best man, cousin Louis, were to meet them there on the morning of the great day which was to rob the manor of its young lady.

Aunt Adrienne, who had been extremely busy for many days, with preparations for the suitable reception of so unusual a number of guests, and with the wedding breakfast itself, went about among her kinsfolk with the tranquil and easy air of one who had made no exertion whatever. It is true, she was visibly agitated; and in receiving the congratulations of the guests she put her handkerchief to her eyes, saying with unconscious hypocrisy:

"I did not know that I should so soon have to lose my dearest Marie."

But the tears which she shed were, indeed, happy ones; and of that species of grief, akin to joy, felt by the human heart when some cherished wish is gratified. The boundary between great joy and sadness is very small, the capacity for joy being so limited that it seems to seek an outlet in the larger capabilities of sorrow. Aunt Adrienne, who had been industriously making inquiries ever since Gaston had paid his second visit to the manor, had heard nothing but good of the young man. From the priest who had known him since childhood, down to the most thoughtless youth of his acquaintance, all spoke with one voice in his praise. Even when the wedding-day had dawned, gloriously bright, as was to be expected; when petitions for a fine day had been put before Our Lady's statue and the nuns at the convent had been praying for it, Aunt Adrienne heard only flattering comments upon Gaston de Repentigny.

"He is the perfection of a man," said a fat old dowager, who had been on terms of intimacy with both families for at least two generations. "I do not know a fault he has."

"His mother was a saint," said another. "And I think nothing influences a man more than the character of his mother."

"That is generally true," said Aunt Adrienne. "I did not know Gaston's mother, she lived so short a time; but I knew his father well, and also his uncle."

"To be sure," said the fat dowager, with a meaning and sympathetic glance at Aunt Adrienne; adding later on, when Adrienne had left the group: "She loved him, the uncle."

"And he?"

"Why, he loved her, too! They were engaged."

"This Gaston is so good a Catholic, so fine a fellow," said another matron to the complacent aunt. "Ah, it is Marie who is lucky to get such a man in these times!"

"And Gaston is lucky to get her," said Aunt Adrienne, quickly.

"To be sure," returned the woman; "but the best of girls do not always get the men they deserve." And she sighed as she glanced at her own three daughters, who were in various stages of single blessedness.

"Well, there is a strange Providence overruling these affairs," observed Aunt Adrienne, thoughtfully.

Presently her attention was called by Victorine, who came to announce that Mademoiselle Marie wished to see her aunt before setting out for church. Victorine would no doubt have astonished and amused the guests by many a blunder, but she had been almost entirely superseded on that day by old Adaline from across the river and other former servants, who volunteered their services for the occasion. As it was, she stood eyeing one and another of the rich costumes of the guests in simple wonder; her own Breton cap and fichu exciting some curiosity in return.

Ste. Marguerite's Church was decorated with rare and exquisite blossoms, which, mingling with the white and gold of the altar and sacred edifice itself, presented a truly bridal appearance. The manorial pew had a large, white bridal favor on its topmost extremity; but chairs were placed in front of the altar for bridegroom and bride, upon a rich carpet borrowed for the festivity. The Curé, who had known and loved the bride from the day of her baptism, celebrated the Mass and gave Holy Communion to the two young people, who were presently followed to the altar by cousin Louis, Aunt Adrienne, and almost all the company. A goodly number of the parishioners likewise celebrated in this way the wedding-day of the young lady of the manor. It was a touching and edifying sight.

After the ceremony Marie had to sign her name in the great book, which the

Curé brought forth from a locked cupboard: "Marie Josephine Elmire Adele de Repentigny."

"How odd it looks!" she whispered, with something like awe in her tone.

Gaston only pressed her hand as he, too, proceeded to inscribe in bold, characteristic handwriting: "Gaston François Hertel de Repentigny."

The witnesses added their signatures; and Marie coming out of the church, in her simple dress of white silk, with veil of priceless lace that had been worn in France by a great-great-grandmother, received the congratulations of the whole parish, headed by Monsieur le Curé. The good man nearly wept as he blessed her and offered his wishes for her future happiness. He was followed by the beadle, in robes of office, and the four churchwardens, all of whom were expected at the manor that afternoon, where a *fête* was to be given on the lawn for the entire parish. This had been the immemorial custom when the young lady of the manor married.

"She is so lovely, is she not?" was whispered from mouth to mouth; whilst a group of young girls exclaimed:

"He is a handsome gentleman, this Monsieur de Repentigny!"

Gros Jean, who had been long in waiting, pawed the ground impatiently, and pricked his ears because of the favors which the radiant Jean Baptiste had put there. But he now had the satisfaction of carrying back to the manor its young lady with her newly-made husband. The manor itself, with its festoons of green and its garlands of white blossoms, seemed as an ancient beauty rejuvenated for the time being; or as one who awakened from an enchanted sleep to find that all the world was gay, but that it was about to be deprived of its most precious possession.

The joyous festivities were soon at their height, and were marked throughout

by the gay good-humor, the sprightly ease, the charming unconventionality of well-bred French Canadians. There was little formality where all were intimate friends or kinsfolk, who could count upon their fingers the marriages and inter-marriages, the deaths and births, in their charmed circle for generations. They could tell who had been the grandmother or even great-grandmother of such and such a young girl; who her uncle had married, and with whom an aunt had eloped. The older people were very busy tracing in the features of youths and maidens the lineaments of those who had long disappeared from the scene; and mentioned affectionately those who, once of note among them, had slept for years in vault or churchyard.

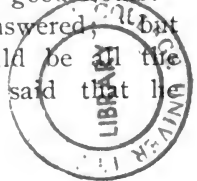
Monsieur le Curé had the place of honor during the whole day, and moved a patriarch among his people. Even the youngest men showed him the simple deference which came of innate good-breeding. The Curé was happy in the happiness of those about him; pleased at their pleasure, and bewildered a little, perhaps, at this influx of the gay world into his quiet parish.

In the afternoon the villagers began to arrive, filling the lawn and the garden; courteous, respectful, without servility, and delighted beyond measure at the good cheer and gayety which abounded.

Marie was, of course, the centre of interest, and moved about among them as a young queen might have done, so that it was almost evening when Gaston drew her away for a quiet little talk. It was so great a relief to have those few moments of quiet after the exertions of the day. Aunt Adrienne stood watching them as they went. Presently she said to cousin Louis:

"And your problem my good Louis?"

"I am satisfied," he answered, "but were it otherwise, it would be all the same. Once Gaston had said that I



meant to win our Marie, I knew that it was done."

"I was doubtful at first," said the aunt, musingly. "She seemed to keep him so much at a distance, with a chilling friendliness which would have discouraged a great many."

"Not Gaston," returned Louis.

"He has a strong will, it appears," said the aunt, with a note of alarm in her voice.

"So well governed as is his, it is a fine thing," replied the young man. "He has the strength without which Marie would grow to despise him."

"I believe it was that that won her."

"Without doubt—that and his great love for her. I never saw anything like it—from the first moment he saw her." Louis laughed at some sudden recollection, as he added: "And I, blind fool that I was, thought he had forgotten because he went to the Northwest."

"I am glad he is so staunch a Catholic," said the aunt. "O Louis, how can parents give their children to those who are not of the faith?"

"It is a mystery," said Louis. "But these two ought to be happy. Marie has the qualities to make the best as well as the most charming of wives, and he is a splendid fellow."

"No life is perfectly happy," replied Aunt Adrienne, with the sad philosophy of her years. "I think, indeed, there is more sorrow than joy in most lives."

"I don't agree with you, dear Aunt! Surely, we laugh oftener than we weep."

"May it be so with these dear ones!" she answered, with a sigh. "But, Louis, his Gaston is like his uncle, only not half so handsome."

Louis smiled mischievously.

"Who is ever half so handsome as our first love, Aunt Adrienne?"

"You are a wicked boy," said the aunt; but, in fact, it is true."

Marie stood with Gaston upon the lawn

and gazed about her. There were the elms, looking shadowy and mysterious, as though they had strange secrets to impart, heedless of the squirrels who had nests in their great trunks, and of the birds who twittered in their branches. There was the linden by the garden gate bursting into bloom, and the blades of grass shooting upward through the earth, as though they rejoiced in their lowliness to look upon the sun again. There were the sweet smells from the garden, and the noise of the little river at the foot of the lawn. Spring was abroad over everything, with its festival of sweets to which it invites the winter-chilled heart, murmuring exquisite but delusive promises.

"Nothing has changed since last year," said Marie, "when I came out here one spring morning, and was so very happy, Gaston, with that sweet happiness of childhood, which comes no more. And think of it," she added, "I had not seen you then; you came that very day."

"But you are as happy now!" cried Gaston, quickly and jealously.

"Can you ask, my dear?" said Marie, her eyes filling with tears from the earnestness with which she spoke. "Oh, yes! a thousand times more. And yet it is not the same."

"I am so truly happy," said Gaston, "that I can only ask of God to keep me so forever."

"I asked that for us both this morning," said Marie. "But, after all, it was perhaps a childish prayer. We must have sorrow and care and trials; but, oh, we shall be strong to endure them!"

"We can endure anything together," said Gaston, confidently.

Marie smiled at him as she nodded her head.

"And now let us speak only of our happiness and of this exquisite spring beauty and joy. Is it not wonderful, Gaston?"

"Love is more wonderful: it beautifies

everything," said Gaston, looking at her. "I can see only you."

"To think," observed Marie, with sudden sadness, "that I shall have to go away from here! O Gaston, you can not know how much I have loved this place!"

"You shall come often: it is not far," said Gaston, pleadingly; for he desired that even this cloud should be dispelled from the horizon of that beautiful day.

"Oh, yes, I shall come often! And dear Aunt Adrienne will be here; she has been so good to me. And we shall have her often with us; and Louis, too. Dear Louis! how I love him! He has been as a brother to me, and you know it was he who first brought you here."

"Yes. He is my best friend," answered Gaston, warmly.

"I used to call you cousin Louis' friend," Marie said. "I remember so well that day he brought you to the church."

"And I remember how you looked and how you spoke, and that whole day; I thought it the happiest of my life."

"Do you remember how you saved the life of my dove?"

"I tried to," said Gaston; "as I shall always try to do what pleases you best, and keep unhappiness as far from you as may be."

He spoke so solemnly that one might have thought he was registering a vow. His dark eyes were full of tenderness, his voice grave and low. The reverence that he felt for his young wife, and his admiration for the fine poetic nature which soared at times above him, made his love for her all the deeper.

"We must go back now," said Marie; and she, too, spoke in the same hushed voice, as though a prayer were being said, or as if they stood upon some sacred ground. "You shall have me always, my own Gaston! And soon these people and the old manor shall have lost their 'young lady.'"

(The End.)

Outside the Chapel Door.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

HE was alone in the chapel,
Prisoner of love divine,
Close bound in the Tabernacle,
Where the red twin stars outshine.
Softly I went in the gloaming
To kneel at His gracious feet,
And, oh, the welcome He gave me
Was more than passing sweet!

I felt that He was so near me
'Twas easy to tell him all;
It seemed that He bent to hear me,
And smiled at my timid call—
Smiled with a tender pity,
As one on a child forlorn:
"Thou wilt do better for love's sake?"
The Hands that I saw were 'torn.

Ah, me! on its very threshold
The sword of my bitter wit
Flashed from its worthless scabbard,
And sharp as a serpent bit.
I, whom He had forgiven,
From whom He had lifted pain,—
I all so soon forgot it,
And dared to sin again!

An Apostle of the Eucharist.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

IV.—(Continued.)

THE house occupied as a convent by the Carmelites during the first year was a very small one; and as their need for more space grew greater, Brother Augustin turned longing eyes on a neighboring property—a commodious mansion, garden-girdled, owned by an unfriendly Protestant named Bird. The mere sight of a Catholic was declared to be as a "scarlet flag," inciting to instant fury; but, after placing the plan under the never-failing protection of St. Joseph, Hermann one bright morning called on Mr. Bird and requested the privilege

of renting his house for a convent. He was *miraculously* well received by the old gentleman, over whom he succeeded in casting so irresistible an influence that he confessed himself delighted to find a disagreeable monk could be so agreeable a man, and assented at once to all proposals. It did not require long for the willing-handed brethren to make ready their new dwelling; and a few days later, taking possession thereof, they organized the Fraternity of the Holy Scapular, during the ceremonies carrying Our Lady's statue in procession through the garden, divided though it was from the street by only an iron railing,—first public act of homage to the Blessed Virgin in England for three centuries.

Esteem for the community grew apace, although sectarian animosity would at times assert itself. Small crowds would gather about the building and shout the old British cry "No Popery!" and send showers of stones crashing through the windows. However, an appeal to municipal authority always secured prompt protection.

An incident now occurred so instrumental in shaping future events that it demands place here. During more than a month Hermann and the novice-master, a Spaniard, had been daily visiting Newgate, whither they had been summoned to minister to some Spanish sailors confined there, under sentence of death for piracy and murder. They had succeeded in "making over" the unfortunate men, in a spiritual sense,—changing wolves to lambs; and ere sunrise on the day of their execution the Sacred Viaticum was carried to them. Hermann's own words best describe ensuing scenes:

"Though it was yet dark, the streets leading to the prison were filled by a dense crowd, waiting to regale their morbid curiosity. Imagine the feelings of a priest as through that multitude, carefully concealed from their unrecog-

nizing eyes, he bore the God of the Eucharist to those physically prisoned but spiritually liberated souls! Never, in the performance of my sacred duties, have I seen more fully exemplified the efficacy of our religion than in the case of these poor criminals. For two hours, their last on earth, they conversed only of holy things. When I was summoned by the high sheriff and asked the state of their mind, I could truthfully reply that never were men more resigned, more at peace with God and one another; that they desired but three graces: first, that they be permitted to keep about them the insignia of their faith—the crucifix, rosary, and scapular; second, that they might bid one another adieu; last, but not least, that their priests might accompany them to the scaffold. To this final request (the others being granted) the sheriff demurred—we had already been notified that our ministrations must cease at the prison door,—but at length he replied: 'Let them be told that you shall go with them.'

"As the bell began tolling they knelt to receive final absolution. Francesco, the youngest, barely twenty, was the first to ascend the ladder, calling back to me: 'Padre, Padre, do not leave me!' I hastened forward and stood on the platform of the gibbet, looking down on a concourse of several thousand, the large majority women. The confused roar of their blended voices reached me, and for an instant I feared that the spectacle of three stoled priests standing among their penitents on the scaffold of Old Bailey might provoke some demonstration of hostility. To my surprise, there ran through the crowd a cry, 'Hats off!' and nearly every man's head was uncovered. At the last moment, with a mighty effort, Lopez broke the strong cords which pinioned his arms, and with freed hand making on forehead, lips and breast the Sign of the Cross, he addressed to the

now hushed spectators the only English word he knew—"Pardoned! pardoned! pardoned!" Suddenly a shout of sympathetic approval rose from a thousand throats—a flash, then all was over.

"The London *Times*, in reporting this quintuple execution, affirmed that when the bodies were deposed for burial it was noted that the faces of four were calm and smiling, as if in a gentle sleep; that of the fifth sufferer was frightfully contorted. By the name given we recognized this sufferer as the one non-Catholic—a schismatic Greek, who had stubbornly rejected all consolation."

The discourse from which the above is taken was made, together with its author, the subject of a calumnious and abusive article in that "atheist's newspaper," *L'Indépendance Belge*. The article was immediately translated and copied in the *Times*, and perused, over his muffins and tea, by Mr. Bird. The effect, however, was different from that one might expect. In obedience to his Protestant scruples, he had hitherto refused Hermann's offers to purchase the property he had rented him; now he dispatched a messenger requesting his immediate presence. When he arrived a moment later—only the width of a street separated their abodes—the old gentleman held out both hands: one to clasp his, the other to give him the *Times*.

"When the newspapers treat a man this way he must assuredly be a worthy man," said he, smiling. "I am ready to sell you my house now—in a hurry to do so. Not that I want the money, but this article has made me think so well of you that I wish to settle the business before I have time to change my mind." The deed was signed next morning.

We need not, can not, follow Hermann on the innumerable journeys which he took, after resigning the priorate of the English convent, in Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany; for a host

of souls leading the way "across the desert like a column of fire"; at the end of one retreat administering Communion to over seven thousand persons. His "gift of many tongues" rendered him constantly sought for in the confessional. Persons of every nation and condition came to him for direction. To prince and peasant he gave the same wise counsel; but if he had any preferences, they were for the poor and lowly. Hermann's success was likewise marked in the recall and reformation of the crustacean order of sinners. His reception was most gentle; his requirements absolute, austere; his exhortations sublime. "Only God and His angels know how many owe their salvation to him, how many found through him their vocation."

In preaching to young men there was an irresistible sympathy and tenderness in his voice and manner. "Since I have reached the ark of safety," he would say to them, "sorrowfully do I watch you who are tossed upon the ocean. There is but one thing I can do—hail you, offer myself as your pilot; for is not mine the mournful right to do so, having had long experience in those waters wherein you are sailing, passed there through many a tempest, sport of many a storm? If you will but catch the rope I throw you, aided by the pole-star of Love, I will guide you, draw you into port. Think not, O my brethren, that we are converted for our sakes only. No: it was for you as much as for ourselves, that we may show you how to steer clear of those reefs where we made shipwreck. Never forget this: God has nailed us as signals, as warnings, on the mile-posts along life's highroad, to say to you 'Beware!'"

It has been asked if Hermann was a great orator. In the general sense of that noun, he was not. Some speakers give more attention to clothing their thoughts in fine raiment than to the thoughts themselves—as it were, marshalling their

mind's soldiers on a dress-parade, bright with the gold-lace decoration and useless accoutrement of elocutionary devices and verbiage, the waving plumes and banners of continual gesture. Hermann was free from such failings. Penetrated with the feeling that he was doing God's work, he prepared himself earnestly to perform it, confiding in divine assistance. Often he only wrote down a Scripture text, a line from the Fathers or a single reflection. On one of his manuscript sermons, after the title and brief exordium, were found these words: "God will help me to the rest." His words were wholly devoid of affectation; his eloquence, flowing from an ardent heart, kindled those of his hearers, even as sparks falling among dry leaves.

In accordance with a vow made during his novitiate, he never preached without adorning his discourse with some reference to the Blessed Sacrament; and many a one who had remained insensible to the most convincing argument cast down his rebellious arms and returned to fight under the standard of the King, on hearing His inspired minister exclaim, with tears: "O my God, my God, can it be possible! Love Itself is not loved!"

As previously remarked, amidst this life of continual combat on the plain Hermann panted for repose upon the mountain—"to bury himself in solitude, consume himself in prayer." It seemed that the more intense grew this desire for repose, the more urgent grew the need for activity. "You do well to labor at founding a Holy Desert," the Curé d'Ars said to him once; "but you yourself will be little able to enjoy its solitude, I fear." Great was his joy, therefore, when in April, 1868, the Superior-General gave him permission to retire to Terastieux. The Abbé Moreau picturesquely describes his arrival there—all the monastery bells ringing silvern welcome, and the monks waiting at the gate to take his hand and

lead him in. Proceeding to the chapel the new hermit, by the recitation of the *Sub tuum præsidium*, was placed under the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the following verses and responses were chanted:

"Pray for us, Holy Mother of God.

"That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

"I will lead him into the wilderness.

"And there I will speak to his heart.

"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall lack naught

"In the pastures where He has placed me.

"O send out Thy light and truth!

"They shall direct me and lead me unto Thy holy mountain.

"Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house.

"They shall praise Thee for ever and ever.

"The mercies of the Lord

"Will I sing for evermore.

"Lord, hear my prayer.

"And let my cry come unto Thee.

"Dominus vobiscum.

"Et cum spiritu tuo."

After intoning several prayers for perseverance, all repaired to the common hall, where the Father Prior asked the newcomer what object he sought in the solitude of the Desert. And he replied: "Reverend Prior and brethren, I seek Jesus—seek and wish for none but Him. Will you not help me, by your prayers and holy example, to find Him whom my heart seeketh, to know Him better, love Him more?" The ceremonies then terminated with an exhortation by the prior, a fraternal word of spiritual advice from each monk; the new hermit was conducted to his cell, and the others, in silence, returned to theirs. And now at last Hermann had found his "soul's resting-place": "he basked in the summer noon of happiness." But soon the sun was darkened by a cloud—a passing cloud.

V.—THE MARTYR.

"Whosoever journeys to the world's end and loses his life there to save a soul, that life is well lost."

Brother Augustin had scarce entered into the spirit of the Desert when a severe affection of the eyes threatened him with total blindness. The convent physician advised immediate consultation with a specialist at Bordeaux; and thither he was sent, "fearful that the result of such consultation would be full exemption from the rigorous rule of Terastieux." As he feared, it happened. He was ordered "perfect mental repose, substantial diet; to wear furred boots instead of Carmelite sandals"; forbidden to read even the breviary; and informed, moreover, that in submitting to a most delicate surgical operation—excision of the iris—lay the only hope of preserving his sight.

He bethought him of another Physician, to whom he asked leave to apply before surrendering himself to the specialist at Bordeaux. In those early days, when visits of the faithful were not allowed by the authorities, Hermann had been one of the first pilgrims to Lourdes; and while praying in the Grotto had received, besides another signal favor, full release from a severe heart neuralgia from which he had long suffered. In bending to drink of the stream issuing from the rock, his breviary dropped into the stone reservoir below. A peasant maiden reached down, recovered and restored it to him; and he opened it, anxious to see the extent of damage done, if any. Among its leaves were several pictures,—one a beautiful Madonna, highly prized. Strange fact to relate (all present, about two hundred persons, were its witnesses), the sacred image was untouched by water. Yet, with all its brilliant coloring and intricacy of design, there had been miraculously reproduced on the opposite page its perfect fac-simile. So now, full of faith and hope, he began a novena to Our Lady

of Lourdes; on its sixth day walking from the convent at Bagnères and bathing his eyes in the piscina. The novena was commenced October 24, the Feast of St. Raphael, restorer of sight to Tobias; on All Saints' Day, while kneeling in the Grotto, "help from the sanctuary" was sent him. "From this blessed moment I read and write without glasses; I can look steadily at the sun without effort or pain; I am restored—able to return to eremitical life with all its dear exactions."

He sped back to the Desert, his heart overflowing with music, garlanded echoes of *Magnificats, Te Deums, Pange Linguas* chanted at Lourdes,—buds and blossoms of praise and thankfulness. Doubtful whether he should abandon himself to the delight of transcribing them, he consulted the prior. "When wicked men write songs for the destruction of souls," replied Father Raymond, "why should you not compose such as will aid in their salvation?" The result was a volume of melodies, sweet as an offering of myrrh and frankincense—published under the title "Thabor." Though not widely known outside of France, many of these productions are masterpieces of their kind,—faultless in construction, rather resembling in style the compositions of Schubert and Mendelssohn, exquisite in harmony, and aglow with religious ardor.

But Brother Augustin's days were not all devoted to musical composition: he was continually making trips to neighboring cities—planting, tilling, reaping in many fields. In May, 1870, he quitted the desert-solitude to become master of novices at Le Broussey; and later was charged with the government of the province during the provincial's absence in Rome, whither he had gone to meet and bring home the remains of the beloved Superior-General, Father Dominique.

On the outbreak of the Franco-German War, he determined to resign these offices, fearing that his nationality might entail

grievous consequences on his community at the hands of a hate-blinded rabble, who already had pillaged and besieged the convents at Agen and Lyons, ill-treating the inmates and casting them into prison. Although armed with authorization from the prefect of Bordeaux to remain, he asked and obtained permission to leave France, first making a short retreat at Terastieux, whence he wrote to his family: "I am going to offer myself to God as a sacrifice to obtain the cessation of so many catastrophes. Whatever happens, I bless His loving hand, as dear when it chastises as when it caresses." After spending a day at his convents of Bagnères and Carcassonne, and barely escaping assassination at Grenoble by a frantic mob, who took him for a Prussian spy, he finally reached Geneva, to be warmly welcomed there by Mgr. Mermillod.

One of the loveliest little towns on the borders of Lake Lemman is Montreux; following Geneva's and Lausanne's bad example, its native inhabitants were in the majority Protestants; but after September 4 Catholics in great numbers sought refuge there from the dangers of larger cities,—pale women and trembling children, sorely in need of the consolations of their religion, but finding themselves without church or pastor. Mgr. Mermillod saw in the Brother's arrival a direct interposition of Providence, and at once placed him in charge of this immigrant parish, and the temporary chapel which his energy had ere long erected. Near the middle of November, however, he recalled him to Geneva, thence to send him on as noble and a broader mission.

"My son," the good Bishop said to him, with emotion, "there are hundreds of French soldiers now languishing in Germany, destitute, sick, dying. I have endeavored by every means to send them material succor and spiritual comforters; but the Prussian government will not

allow them the attendance of a French priest—indeed they are deprived of *any*. In your case, the objection to nativity can not be raised: you have influence with the reigning power. Will you go to visit these scattered sheep in their prison, to carry them the aid and comfort, the arms and armor of our faith?"—"I will, your Lordship," replied Brother Augustin, solemnly. "I have only to wait the permission of my superior."

That permission granted, after a touching farewell sermon to his grieving flock at Montreux, he started for Berlin on the Feast of St. John of the Cross. At Spandau, about nine miles from the capital, he found over five thousand soldiers plunged in the depths of misery and despair; and, taking lodgment in the house of the village *curé*, he began his active ministry as chaplain.

"I never had so wide a field for gaining souls," he wrote a few weeks later. "The prisoners are beginning to confess, an average of thirty to fifty each day. They besiege me from eight in the morning till night. I have given myself up to them, and they wear me threadbare, but make over-measure return for all my affection."

That winter was most rigorous. Passing half of each day in the confessional of the unheated, ill-ventilated church, saying Mass, preaching; charging himself with the personal distribution of clothing and other articles sent him to relieve the prisoners; visiting the many lazarets, and in zealously performing every good deed possible to a priest, Brother Augustin spent all his reserve vitality.

On January 8 he went to Berlin for the last time, to purchase warm stockings and woollen shirts for his "beloved children"; dining with his brother Louis, striving to allay his sympathetic anxiety over a severe sore throat with which he had for three days been afflicted; and "making light of a strange, scarlet ring forming a nimbus of inflammation about an unhealed

cut upon his left hand, at the junction of the index finger." He would only admit that he needed rest in order not to be disabled from continuing his labors; but as his brother watched his pale face—pale but serene,—the feverish brightness of the beautiful, cheerful eyes, his brow irradiated with glory, the conviction forced itself upon him that "Hermann had not long to remain"—the sun was setting gloriously, after a glorious day.

The dreaded disease soon asserted its presence. "While administering Extreme Unction the week previous to two soldiers dying of smallpox he had absorbed the virus through that unhealed cut upon his finger"; hence its scarlet ring of inflammation.

In a letter to Hermann's sister, one of the Capuchin Fathers who attended him writes as follows:

"On Friday, the 13th of January, I was summoned to his bedside; he lay calmly, clasping the crucifix. 'My dear brother,' he said, smiling, 'can you not take my place? I shall be three or four weeks at least confined here, and am grieved to think whatever good is begun will not be carried forward.' To my promise of humble endeavor to replace him temporarily, I added the fervent hope that God, in mercy to many, would soon restore and long spare him. 'No,' said he softly, after silent contemplation of the crucifix,— 'no: I hope this time the good God will take me.'

"Later he grew delirious; and, as it was 'distribution day,' we closed all the doors, that he might not hear the soldiers' thronging footsteps as they hastened to receive the warm stockings and underclothes that it had been his life's last act to purchase for them. On recovering consciousness, after an alarming crisis, he received Extreme Unction at the hands of the Curé of Spandau,—the patient, despite his pain, taking full part in the

ceremony, renewing his religious vows, and repeating, with upraised eyes, the *Te Deum*, *Magnificat*, *Salve Regina*, and *De Profundis*. Growing steadily worse, he expressed, toward nightfall, the wish to be buried in St. Hedwige's Church, Berlin; bequeathed certain monies to his 'dear Desert,' and asked for his brothers. After taking leave of them, his confessor was called to him, and he then received Holy Communion with ecstasy. Some time afterward he was asked to give his blessing to those about him. 'Willingly, my children,' he replied; and, insisting on raising himself in the bed, he stretched forth his arms, slowly and with fathomless tenderness repeating the solemn words of benediction. Having performed this final act of love, he sank back exhausted, murmuring faintly, 'And now, O my God, into Thy hands do I commend my spirit!'

"He never spoke more, all through the night lying motionless, a feeble breath flickering on his lips,—pale lips serenely parted in his sweet, patient smile, which still illumed his saintly countenance after all other signs of life had passed away."

Fair, indeed, must have been the scene that the parting of the curtains revealed to Brother Augustin. Humbly trustful, he could enter the Father's presence; for since the hour of his conversion his life had been what St. Bernard says our lives *should* be—"only a Lent in which to prepare for the Sabbath of our death, the Easter of our resurrection."

His remains were laid to rest, as he had asked, in the Church of St. Hedwige, Berlin. But some day, perhaps, they will be brought back to France, his adopted land, and fitly sepulchred in the little Church of Ste. Valère at Paris, where first, on that blessed May morning, the "visible" Lord of the Eucharist held out to His future apostle, then groping in soul-hunger and darkness, the Bread of Life, the Beacon of Eternal Truth.

Notes and Remarks.

It is not generally known that among the other services rendered to his country by Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the founding of a Catholic college. In 1831 the "last signer of the Declaration of Independence" made a grant of two hundred and fifty acres of land, and bonds representing over five thousand dollars, to the Sulpician Fathers for the establishment of a college in which young Catholics could be educated without prejudice to their faith; but it was not until 1848, seventeen years later, that the project was realized, and St. Charles' College founded at Ellicott City, Md. The Golden Jubilee of this venerable institution was celebrated last week. The exercises were presided over, as was fitting, by St. Charles' most eminent alumnus, Cardinal Gibbons.

Another notable event last week was the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Villanova College, in which the Augustinians have long done noble work in the cause of Catholic education. Without the men who give their lives and talent to the rather prosaic work of teaching young people, Catholic education in our country would be impossible; and, viewed in this light, the celebration of these two Golden Jubilees is an event of special interest to both clergy and laity throughout the United States.

Most biographers of the poet Dryden hold that he cheerfully changed his religion according as his worldly prospects demanded, and that his conversion to the Catholic faith was not sincere. Hitherto this view was rendered plausible by Dryden's religious oscillations under various reigns; but no honest man can henceforth entertain this view. In a batch of letters which, the *Athenæum* says, "are for the most part believed to be unpublished," is one written by the poet to a friend in 1699, when the English throne was held by William of Orange, in which Dryden says: "If they [the court] will consider me as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present

government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it; but I can neither take the oaths nor forsake my religion, because I know not what church to go to if I leave the Catholique; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleas'd to open your eye as He has open'd mine!" The letter in which this passage occurs has long been preserved in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, and it is not easy to understand how it could have escaped the knowledge of Dryden's biographers.

The Catholics of England have not fixed their attention so exclusively on the distant prospect of Christian reunion as to render them forgetful of the work which lies at their feet. The Social Union—formed to gather children just out of school into clubs where they are taught useful accomplishments and brought into social intercourse with the most prominent and pious men and women of London—has progressed slowly but steadily, until now, as Cardinal Vaughan assures us, "the present workers are in touch with something under two thousand members,—young people who have left school and are in their age of first peril." His Eminence declares, however, that there are still from ten to fifteen thousand young people who require the steady and helpful influences of the Social Union; and he makes a personal appeal, which we can not believe will fail, "to the multitudes of the upper and lower classes who are able to give us two nights in the week," to enroll themselves as workers.

Will you allow me to ask you two or three questions, and may I expect candid answers? Is it because the Spaniards are Catholics that you say things in their defence? Why did not THE AVE MARIA deny the false report that Admiral Dewey was a Catholic? What do you think of Spanish ladies attending bull-fights? Does this indicate high civilization? Did you ever know Americans to be guilty of such atrocities as the Spaniards have committed in Cuba?—*An Anonymous Correspondent.*

You shall have a candid answer to each of your questions, though you deserve none

at all for writing an anonymous letter. It is not because Spain is a Catholic country that we have said anything in her favor, but because it was true. Never having stated that Admiral Dewey was a Catholic, we did not feel obliged to deny it. Had the mistake been ours, we should have corrected it as soon as it was discovered, and should have wished to be the first to do so. Bull-fights are not to our liking, neither are prize-fights nor football matches. We are sorry that the Spanish ladies attend bull-fights, and we are sorry also that our countrywomen wear in their head-gear feathers and wings which they have often been informed are torn from living birds. Our correspondent asks if we ever knew Americans to be guilty of such atrocities as are said to have been perpetrated in Cuba by the Spanish army. As a good American, we blush to say that a man was burned at the stake by a mob in the city of Dallas, Texas, on the very day our anonymous friend was inditing his queries. The crime was a heinous one, but that does not matter; nor does it matter, in our opinion, that the criminal was a negro. His skin was not blacker, perhaps, than the hearts of his murderers.

The most satisfactory discussion of the crisis in Italy which has come under our notice is from the pen of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who possesses what we in this country must regard as the double advantage of an intimate knowledge of Italy and a comprehension of the American point of view. Italy, he says, has never been really unified except by force, and she has never been morally or intellectually great when she has been politically one. This double generalization is exactly true; and even those political enthusiasts in Europe and America who have regarded any expression of distrust of the Italian monarchy as ultramontane and papistical are coming to suspect its correctness. The immediate cause of Italy's present misfortune, according to Mr. Crawford, is "the keeping up an army and navy befitting a first-class power, while at the same time carrying out enormously expensive internal improvements intended to place her on a level with the

most civilized nations." The natural result is bankruptcy for the government; and for the people a system of excessive taxation, which really amounts to confiscation of private property.

One begins to have more sympathy with the Italian beggar when one learns that people of the Sunny Peninsula who do work have to turn over one-half of their yearly earnings to the government in the form of tax. There are plenty of good farms in Italy which people are not willing to take even as a gift. Add to this the fact that "United Italy" means a heterogeneous mass—people of different provinces each speaking a dialect which the other does not understand, and each hating the other politically with unquenchable hatred,—and you have the chief causes which are reducing the kingdom of Humbert to chaos, and quickening the approach of that upheaval which can not now be long delayed.

It is not dogmatic truth alone which has suffered from the Protestant principle of private judgment: the clear dividing line between moral right and moral wrong has been hopelessly blurred in many of the sects. Divorce is approved and smoking set down as a sin; and at a general church council of the Dunkards, held in Chicago last month, the question of conforming to modern fashions of dress aroused much discussion. Buttons have long been a bone of contention among the Dunkards. It seems almost a caricature upon the council to say it, but it is the plain truth that learned doctors disputed with one another as to whether it is lawful for a Christian man to wear collars and neckties! Belts are an abomination.

It is a wholesome sign for the future of higher education that our best institutions of learning are every year strengthening their courses and improving their equipment. At the University of Notre Dame, for instance, the graduating class this year was considerably smaller than that of last year on account of the complete revision of the catalogue and a very notable deepening and broadening of the courses leading to degrees.

This circumstance is the more remarkable from the fact that the attendance at the University was larger this year than ever before. Notre Dame has also prospered materially under the blessing of God, and during the last twelvemonth two large buildings—the one a perfectly appointed gymnasium, and the other a new students' hall—have been erected on the college campus. The commencement exercises last week, at which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, Mo., addressed the graduates, brought to a fitting close a notable year in the history of Notre Dame.

In response to a call from Monsig. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University of America, representatives of eleven seminaries in the United States met at Dunwoodie, New York, and formed the "Annual Conference of Seminary Faculties." The object of this new organization is to assemble the men who direct our seminaries for the discussion of questions bearing on seminary training, and to elaborate plans for the development of a uniform curriculum and high standard of scholarship. This is the opening of what is destined to be a glorious chapter in the history of Catholic education in our country, and we understand that a similar conference of our college presidents is to be held for a like purpose. It is somewhat surprising, to say the very least, that such gatherings, which have done so much for Catholic education in England these past years, should have been unknown among us until now. Conferences will not remedy all the defects in what we are pleased to call our educational system, but which is really not a system at all; however, they will remedy some of them, and clear the way for the elimination of the others.

In 1896 the contributions to the society for the Propagation of the Faith fell short of those of other years by \$50,000; last year, we are happy to say, they exceeded the usual annual receipts by more than \$30,000. According to the annual report of the society, "the amounts from France, Germany, Austria, Italy, the Low Countries

and Switzerland have increased"; and the hope is expressed that the hierarchy of the United States, "whose churches were founded by the offerings of our society," may be able to interest American Catholics still more in this most deserving work. The sum total of the contributions last year was over \$1,300,000; and France contributed almost two-thirds of this amount.

The State Convention of German Catholic societies held last month at South Bend, Indiana, passed some excellent resolutions, two of which we quote from the *Review*:

(1) Every [German Catholic] society ought to appoint a standing committee of three members, whose task it shall be to visit fallen-away Catholics, to ascertain the cause of their apostasy, and to try to bring them back into the fold, especially by kind advances and active charity. (2) Every society should appoint a committee of intelligent members, to prevent the circulation of anti-Catholic or immoral books in the public schools or libraries of their town or neighborhood.

It is characteristic of our German friends to adopt such practical resolutions; and, let us add, it is characteristic of our German friends to put them into effect also.

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. Anatole Pocile, S. M.; and the Rev. John A. Buckley, S. J., who departed this life last week.

Mr. James N. Meeker, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 30th ult., at Waterford, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Piet, of Baltimore, Md., whose life closed peacefully last week.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, who died a holy death on the 8th inst., at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mr. James Sullivan, of Chicago, Ill., who was called to the reward of many deeds of charity on the 14th inst.

Mrs. Isabella Kühnel, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Daniel J. O'Connor, Orange, N. J.; Mr. J. Langen, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Mary Neary and Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth McCullughon, Loretto, Pa.; Mrs. T. Devereux, Tipperary, Ireland; Miss Mary Callaghan, New Haven, Conn.; and Mary J. Bannon, Cincinnati, Ohio.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Four Marys: A Story of School-Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT."

XXVI.—LAST GLIMPSES.



EARLY a year had elapsed since the events related in the preceding chapter. Mrs. Rampère had taken up her abode in the village, as it

was not permitted to outsiders to reside at the convent. The greater part of her time, however, was spent there; while Mary Teresa flitted to and fro between the Academy and the village from Saturday to Monday,—often accompanied by Mary Catherine, and sometimes by Mary Ann.

Captain Hull, being incapacitated by his wound from service in the field, had been given a responsible position at the military headquarters in town, and came twice a month to spend Sunday with his daughter,—stopping on these visits at the house where Mrs. Rampère lodged.

From the first Mary Catherine had become deeply attached to that good lady, and, in her quaint, impulsive way, had never ceased calling her father's attention to her new friend. On one occasion she remarked, enthusiastically:

"O papa, I have seen many ladies at the Academy on visiting days, but Mrs. Rampère is the only one I could ever love—the only one that has ever shared my heart with my darling mother. No wonder Mary Teresa is such a sweet, gentle little thing. I am sure dear Sister

Mary has sent her to her 'wild bird,' and I think she will be to me a second guardian angel."

Thus the two little families speedily became intimate; and when one day the announcement was made that Captain Hull and Mrs. Rampère had decided to marry, the news was joyfully received by the two others most nearly concerned. Mary Catherine threw her arms around her father, then rapturously clasped Mary Teresa to her breast, saying:

"Now we will be *real* sisters. I think it is just like a story, don't you? I feel that my dear mother in heaven shares our happiness that my father has at last found one worthy to take her place. When *I* am satisfied, surely she must be."

Mary Teresa, in her turn, expressed her pleasure in a quiet way. She had admired the stately officer, and thought Mary Catherine ought to be one of the happiest girls in the world to have such a father. Her one regret was that Mary Ann could not in some way be included in the new alliance.

"But she can," said Mary Catherine. "We can have her to visit us. Our home shall be her home. And after she gets tired governmessaging, we three shall all live together, a trio of happy old maids."

When Mary Ann was told of the new arrangement, she tendered her warmest congratulations, promising at the same time to accept the invitation to dwell in love and unity with her friends whenever she should tire of the occupation to which, by general understanding, she proposed to dedicate her future life.

And now the Easter vacation had begun, and Mrs. Rampère had asked permission to take the three girls to P— for the Holy Week and Easter services. They were also to participate to a certain limited extent in the festivities of the grand peace celebration; although Mother Teresa made them all promise that none of the company should miss a single church attendance because of them.

It was the 14th of April, 1865, the day of the celebration of peace all over the United States—and Good Friday! After the President had issued the proclamation ordering a universal holiday, with its usual accompaniment of flags, bunting, parades, followed by a general illumination, with fireworks, etc., in the evening, nearly all Catholics, as well as a few Protestants, principally Episcopalians, had commented on the inopportuneness of the day set apart, as it seemed a desecration of the solemn festival so dear to the religious public. This objection finally resulted in a petition to the President, signed by a large number of persons, asking him to fix on a later day for the celebration. He replied courteously but firmly that it would be impossible to do so, as all arrangements had been made, and that those who protested did not represent the majority of the people; adding that when he had selected that particular date, he was either not aware or had forgotten that it would fall on Good Friday. It is a matter of history that many predicted disaster or misfortune to the country because of this, both in public print and privately by word of mouth, among their friends.

The Catholics, who had furnished a large quota of men to the Union Army, and than whom, as a body, there were no more loyal citizens, felt very sore at the refusal of the President to comply with their request, and for the first time charges of bigotry were made against him; some going so far as to say that he

had selected Good Friday with deliberate purpose, to offend his fellow-citizens who belonged to the Catholic Church. But undoubtedly they were wrong in this conjecture. Abraham Lincoln was the kindest and least prejudiced of men, incapable of deliberately wounding or offering insult, publicly or privately. But he had no fixed religious belief; had not familiarized himself with details of doctrine or ceremony, especially as regards the Catholic Church, and could scarcely appreciate the effect that the selection of Good Friday as a time of general rejoicing would have upon the Catholic mind.

There never dawned a more beautiful day than that memorable Good Friday. Not a cloud obscured the sky; the atmosphere was deliciously balmy, with the breath of the budding spring. About six o'clock the streets began to fill with people in holiday attire, going forth thus early in order to obtain good positions for seeing the procession which promised to be the largest ever held in P—. Besides the State troops (or what was left of them after years of unrelenting war), several regiments of Eastern soldiers, on their way home, had arrived the night before; and, while awaiting transportation, had been invited to join their former comrades in the march. Flags and bunting floated from every window that day; there seemed to be none so poor that they could not contribute their meed of decoration. Arches had been erected at the intersections of some of the streets, ornamented with forests of tiny fluttering flags. Long rows of country wagons from the outlying farming district—filled with women and children, grandmothers and grandfathers, toil-worn men and stalwart youths,—filed in an interminable line along the principal thoroughfares, in order to take up their position early on the different side streets, from which they could have a favorable view of the procession. With every hour the dense

mass of humanity grew still more dense; and by ten o'clock, when the well-filled Catholic churches began to pour forth their crowds of worshipers, there was no more than standing room upon the pavements.

Unable to make their way through the packed multitude in front of them, our friends had lingered in the church, and were thus fortunate enough to find place on the stone platform at the head of the long flight of steps leading to the sidewalk. They could not have found a better position, although they were obliged to wait an hour before the procession came in sight. The girls were delighted with the glitter and glory of the parade—the array of gaily decked floats of diversified designs, representing the various States, filled with little girls in white, singing national hymns; with the Goddess of Liberty and the Goddess of Peace in their gold chariots; “The Shackled Slave” and “The Freed Slave,” and hosts of other characteristic features. But what they liked best of all were the soldiers, the war veterans, in faded, sometimes half-ragged attire, with tattered and bullet-riddled flags,—the heroes whose brave deeds had crowned the Union arms with victory, and made possible the peace they were this day celebrating.

When all was over they went back to the hotel, with a new realization of what war and its attendant horrors mean.

“Isn't this a perfect day!” said Mary Catherine. “If it only were not Good Friday. Somehow, in spite of all the display and glory and noise, I can not help thinking something awful will happen.”

“What could happen, dear?” inquired Mrs. Rampère. “The war is over; and, for the people of the North at least, a new era of prosperity sets in from this hour. But it will be long before the South can recover from its reverses and readjust itself to new conditions.”

“How sad this must make you feel, Mrs. Rampère!” said Mary Catherine. “I am always forgetting that you are a Southerner; you never force it on people, you see.”

Mrs. Rampère smiled a little sadly.

“I am, perhaps, not quite so bitter as many of my countrywomen,” she replied. “But I have felt, and still feel, that we have been badly treated.”

Captain Hull was waiting for them at the hotel, and proposed a visit to the Passionist Monastery in the afternoon, as he had been unable to attend service in the morning. All agreed to this; and about two o'clock the party began the “pilgrimage,” as it is called, preserving a rigid silence from the time they reached the foot of the one hundred and sixty steps, by the side of which, at intervals, is formed the Calvary, or Stations of the Cross. It was just three when they reached the immense crucifix crowning the height, which commanded a splendid view of the entire city. Their devotions finished, they passed some moments in gazing at the flag-bedecked streets and avenues so far beneath them. Gaily decorated pleasure-boats flashed up and down the curving river, while from the fort on the opposite side came the almost incessant firing of cannon.

But all this display was nothing to the splendor of the evening. There was not a window in the city without its illuminating candle in every pane; not a public building or hotel that did not try to surpass its neighbor in beauty and brilliancy of design in the lights illumining it from roof to basement. Transparencies of every color and shade of color hung from balconies and frames erected for the occasion. Long strings of colored lights were stretched across the principal streets; and the arches under which the procession had passed in the morning were now graceful curves of liquid flame. Bands paraded the streets,

which were crowded till after midnight.

A few minutes before seven the next morning Mrs. Rampère stood on the threshold of the hotel, about to start to St. Anselm's for the service of Holy Saturday. A cold, drizzling rain had begun to fall; already the decorations of the day before hung limp and drizzling in the face of the pitiless shower. She was about to return to her room for an umbrella when she heard a newsboy crying out: "All about the assassination of the President!" Her heart seemed to cease beating for an instant; her teeth chattered, her hands grew cold as ice. At the same moment a group of excited men rushed from the hotel office to the sidewalk.

"Yes, the news is true," they said. "It has been telegraphed hours ago."

Then Mrs. Rampère turned slowly and went upstairs.

Before noon that day every dripping flag and banner, every strip of discolored bunting, had been removed from the houses almost hidden behind its tricolored beauty on that sunshiny Good Friday; and in its stead hung yards and yards of black—serge, merino, cambric, muslin—anything that might be used for mourning. All that weary, sorrowful day it rained without intermission; the sky the color of lead, the heavy air full of the sound of sobbing winds. It seemed as though a heavy pall had settled on the world—as though the sun could never shine again. But Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful. God had not forsaken us; in spite of the mourning emblems stretched on every side, men took heart once more, and tried to shake off the horror that encompassed them. But the memory of that time can never be effaced from the minds of those who lived through it.

Captain and Mrs. Hull had returned from their wedding trip. June had come, and everyone was busily preparing for the closing exercises. One Tuesday morning

Mother Teresa handed Mary Ann a letter.

"Come to me when you have read it, dear," she said.

Mary Ann saw at once that it was from Mr. Watson, her benefactor, with whom she had already had some correspondence relative to her uncle's affairs. While she was reading it Mary Teresa came and sat beside her. When she had finished the little girl said:

"How odd that you should get a letter, Mary Ann!"

"Yes," was the reply. "It is from Mr. Watson. He has asked me to go as governess for his two children."

"Oh, that will be nice! You will surely go, after you have come with us to Mobile. When mamma has settled her business affairs there, we can all come back together."

Mary Ann smiled.

"I do not know," she said. "Perhaps I shall go."

"Perhaps! Mary Ann, you surely couldn't think of refusing such a good position, when you *must* teach!"

"I have another plan in my mind," answered Mary Ann. "I have been considering it for some time. However, I am not certain that I can carry it out."

"What are you talking about, girls?" interposed Mary Catherine, who had just made her appearance.

Mary Ann explained.

"You don't mean to say you are hesitating, Mary Ann Barker!"

"Yes, I am," said Mary Ann, taking her letter and running laughingly away.

She remained in Mother Teresa's room for some time. When she came out there were traces of tears on her cheeks, but her eyes were smiling.

That evening Mrs. Hull also had a conference with Mother Teresa.

The next morning Mary Catherine came flying into the library, where Mary Ann sat copying something for Sister Rodriguez.

"What is this, you dear girl!" she cried. "Mamma tells me you are not coming with us, after all. And we had planned it so many, many times."

"No," said Mary Ann. "I am not going with you."

"Can't the Watsons let you have a vacation, or what?"

"I am not going to the Watsons," rejoined Mary Ann, with a tantalizing smile most unusual with her. "I have applied for another position, and have been accepted."

"For another position! I shouldn't think you could find a better position than that, Mary Ann."

"I think I have found one."

"What a mystery! Can't you tell me. Don't you believe I know how to keep a secret?"

"Yes, I do; and Mother has given me permission to tell you whenever I please."

"You are going to stay on another year, perhaps?"

"No: I am going away, but I hope to come back."

"Going away—where?"

"To Namur, to enter the novitiate. I am going with Mother next month."

Mary Catherine flung herself limply into a chair.

"I never dreamed of such a thing!" she cried. "And yet I might have known it,—of course I might have known it. Who could have thought anything else? It will be lovely—lovely for you, who can do it; but *I never, never* could. When did you begin to think of it?"

"Seriously, only since Sister Mary died. Do you remember about the mantle, Mary Catherine? I think—I hope she meant that."

"Certainly she did; and I am such a stupid I never knew."

"But *I* did," said a sweet little voice behind them,—Mary Teresa had entered unperceived. "Mamma has just been telling me," she went on, embracing her

friend. "Oh, how happy dear Sister Mary must feel in heaven to-day at the good news!" she added, her voice full of tears. They were contagious: the next moment the trio were crying.

Three weeks later Mary Ann stood with Sister Cecilia and Sister Rodriguez on the platform of the railway station, waving adieu to her friends, as they stood in the open doorway of the car, eager to catch the last glimpse of her to whom they had been united in the closest bonds of friendship for so many bright, swift-speeding years. Tears dimmed her eyes as they receded farther and farther from sight, on their way to that unknown and untried world in which henceforward she would bear no part.

(The End.)

The World's Noblest Heroïne.

VIII.

At dawn, on the morning of the 30th of May, 1431, when the guardian of the night went through the streets crying, "Awake all ye who sleep! pray God for sinners," all Rouen was already astir. Men and women looked at one another with this salutation, "She dies to-day!"

"Awake, Joan!" said the priest, Martin Ladvenu, who was to hear her confession. "Awake, Joan! This day you are to be burned at the stake."

Affrighted, the poor girl sprang up in her bed, crying aloud.

"Alas!" she said, "why treat my body so horribly? It is pure, why consume and reduce it to ashes? Ah, I would rather be beheaded seven times over than be thus burned!"

Although he who received her last confession was one of those who had condemned her, he said later that in the light which at that solemn moment had penetrated his soul, struck by what had

passed through her pure lips, he believed her to be a saint.

Her confession finished, Joan, humbly kneeling, received Holy Communion with such devotion that all who surrounded her were filled with emotion. Many sobbed and cried, intermingling their tears with the prayers for the agonizing: "Lord, have mercy on her! Holy Mary, pray for her!... Saints and angels, intercede for her!" And when a short time after she passed in a cart to the place of execution, crowds fell on their knees and cried out: "Have mercy on her!"

All at once a priest pierced the throng and threw himself before Joan. It was Loiseleur, a miserable man, who, under the plea of compassion for Joan, had pretended to be her friend that he might better play his part of spy. Full of remorse, he begged her pardon; but even while Joan sweetly made the forgiving sign, the English guards drove him away under threats of execution.

At length the couch of death was reached,—a couch composed of immense pieces of wood saturated with oil. When she perceived it, Joan shrank back, crying out: "Rouen! Rouen! wilt thou, then, be my last dwelling-place?"

We will pass over the preliminaries of this horrible butchery—the long-winded exhortations and renewed accusations against the hapless victim of bigotry, jealousy and perfidy. A just and powerful Judge has long since recorded them.

For a brief space the woman prevailed over the martyr, and Joan gave vent to the most heart-rending lamentations, declaring her innocence and imploring mercy. But as the executioners came forth to lead her to the pile, her strength and courage seemed to return, as if in response to her agonized prayers to Heaven; and, with head erect, her voice grown stronger, she cried:

"It is, then, ordained that I must die. Nevertheless, I am not a sinner. Good,

simple people, I am innocent. Be my witnesses that I die innocent. I beseech you—men, women, little children—that you will remember me in your prayers and intercede for my salvation. Priests, I beg that you will give me the offering of a Mass for the repose of my soul. If there be any here whom I have wronged, I ask their pardon. If there are those who have wronged me, I forgive them."

She asked for a cross. An English soldier made one from a stick and gave it to her. She took it, kissed it fervently and placed it in her bosom. But that was not sufficient. She wished for the image of her crucified Saviour. Frère Isambart handed her a crucifix, which she strained long and fervently to her heart.

"Ah!" she cried, "let me kiss those feet which were so cruelly pierced, and this poor body wounded for our sins! Holy Virgin, sweet Lady of Paradise, by the memory of the sufferings of thy dear Son, have pity on me!"

The executioner applied the torch. At sight of the ascending flames Joan uttered a loud cry. Then, as Frère Isambart continued at her side, she bade him depart, fearing that he should be burned; but as he left her she exclaimed:

"Hold up the cross before me, that I may see it at the moment of death!"

It was a time of supreme agony, yet she did not flinch. The hour of desolation had passed away: all her fear was gone, her tears were dried. Her thoughts were in heaven, the holy names of Jesus and Mary ever on her lips.

Almost at the final moment the Bishop of Beauvais approached her, saying:

"Joan, I come to offer you my solemn exhortation—"

She interrupted him. "Bishop," she said, "through you I die."

"No," he answered. "It is through the fault of your King."

Then she made answer in strong and thrilling tones:

"Do not speak of my King. Whether I have done well or ill, he certainly is not to blame. My King is innocent of aught against me."

The Bishop made an inclination of the head, and silently departed.

The flames rose higher and higher.

"Water—holy water!" exclaimed Joan. And then her voice grew calm, as from the seething fire her prayers ascended to the throne of a merciful and pitying Saviour. The gates of Paradise were opening for her. Was not this the deliverance, the grand victory, her "Voices" had promised her—the victory over sin and sorrow and persecution and injustice and death? Yes, the hour of deliverance had arrived. Once more, from the very midst of the flames, Joan called out, brave, undaunted, faithful to the last:

"My 'Voices' were from God... My 'Voices' did not deceive me..." No more doubt, no more fear, now she knew. "Jesus! Jesus!"

It was her last cry. In His name she had gone forth from her peasant home to the relief of France; in His name she had kept the faith of her soul; in His name she had suffered and endured. The flames roared; dense smoke concealed her from the view of the spectators; when it cleared away, the form of Joan was no longer to be seen. In His name she had rendered up her pure soul to God.

Her ashes were thrown into the Seine, swallowed up in the waters that sweep down to the immensity of the sea. Her memory has lived, not only in song, legend and story, but in the historical and written testimony wrung from her lips by her accusers as weapons for her destruction. But God, who uses the weak ones of this earth to confound the great, whose wisdom brings good out of evil, decreed that those very weapons should be her defence and glory. But for her enemies Joan might now be forgotten; a saint in heaven, yet numbered among

the unrecognized whose holiness is known to God alone. True, the siege of Orleans and the march to Rheims would still be recounted in the pages of history; a few sayings of the Maid, who was noted as speaking but little, might yet be preserved; but the volume of her answers, which reveal to us the beauty of a soul wondrously illumined by the grace of God, would never have existed. The companions of her childhood, the honest peasants of her native village, Domremy; the burghers of Orleans, the princes and courtiers, the faithful friar who stood by her stake to the last, the executioner who fired the pile,—all these would have passed away, and none of the precious recollections they had of the Maid would have been left upon record.

It was the bitterness of her foes that provided against this. The iniquity of their acts called forth a mass of testimony deposed upon oath, each one of which brings its converging ray of light to shine upon their perfidious hate and all but unparalleled injustice; as it does upon the modest, gentle, wondrous Maid, displaying to us a saintliness and simplicity in childhood, a saintliness and modesty in the court of kings, a saintliness and dignity in the rough camps of war, and a saintliness and heroism in the hour of death, which has not been surpassed in the history of the world. It may be a long step from beatification to canonization, but that step has been begun; and the heart of all Catholicity is eager for the sight of St. Joan of Arc crowned and venerated on the altars of the universal Church. But, canonized or uncanonized, she will yet work miracles.

(The End.)

A Perplexity.

WHEN I look for my pair of Sunday gloves,
It's two I must have in my hand;
But a pear to eat is only one,—
I really don't understand!

With Authors and Publishers.

—New editions have appeared of two excellent and most useful manuals already noticed by us. One is for the Forty Hours' Devotion, the other for the episcopal visitation of parishes and the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation. It is hard to see how these manuals could be further improved. They are published by the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, New York.

—“Beyond the Grave” is the appropriate title of a new book translated from the French of the Rev. E. Hamon, S. J., by Anna T. Sadlier. It treats in thirty-two chapters of the resurrection and the risen, the happiness of heaven and the joys of heaven. It is an exceedingly interesting and edifying work. Miss Sadlier's name is sufficient guarantee of the faithfulness of the translation. B. Herder, publisher.

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* is a publication that needs no exterior attraction, the excellence of its contents is always so pronounced; but as many persons are prone to judge by appearances, we are glad, for the sake of those to whom the *Review* is yet a stranger, that its cover has been changed to a brighter hue. The placing of the contents on the first page is a decided improvement.

—The students of the University of Notre Dame are to be congratulated on the production of the first daily paper issued from a Catholic institution. It appeared promptly each evening during the three days of commencement. The first issue was a good beginning, the second an improvement, while the third we consider a decided success. Strictly speaking, we believe *The Scholastic* is the first daily paper published under Catholic auspices in the English language. The young men of the University of Notre Dame have reason to be proud of their achievement.

—With its title-page printed in green, a song called “Who Fears to Speak of '98?” comes to us from over the water. The music is by Dugald MacFadyen, and it is published simultaneously in London, Glasgow and Dublin. The title is an indication of the

tenor of the words, and the musical setting is fitting and full of feeling. It is written in F and is of moderate difficulty.

—“Pitman's French Grammar,” of which the publishers have just issued a new edition, is an 18mo, of only 200 pages; but it is so well arranged that it is preferable to the larger text-books. The method of learning French which it sets forth has many advantages that beginners will at once appreciate. The vocabularies are copious and the conversational sentences numerous and natural. We know of no better book for self-tuition than this.

—A new edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's “Life of Gladstone” is in press by Macmillan & Co. Several important chapters have been added dealing with the statesman's career till the day of his death and his funeral in Westminster Abbey. It is probable that Mr. John Morley will also write a life of Gladstone. The report that Mr. Morley is about to become a Catholic has been contradicted by some of his friends. So much the worse for Mr. Morley.

—Such a handsome book as “Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World,” just published by the Benzigers, would be very welcome if there were not a still better life of the wonder-worker of Padua already in print. The reverend author has performed his task well and *con amore*, but it is to be regretted that he had not chosen another subject. The illustrations are welcome, though not all are well placed. The prayers to St. Anthony seem to us out of place in such a volume, unless the compiler intended that they should be copied into prayer-books.

—Our readers everywhere will share the pleasure we feel to see Dr. O'Malley's “Bits of Colored Glass” collected in book form. The volume includes all that has been published in THE AVE MARIA under this caption, together with some short literary essays. Now that the thoughts are grouped under appropriate heads, one realizes more fully their depth and beauty. The variety is much greater than that of most volumes of

the kind, and every thought reveals a thoroughly Christian mind and heart. The book is entitled "Thoughts of a Recluse" and is neatly published by D. H. McBride & Co.

—The beautiful poem entitled "The Blessed Christ," published in our last number, had for text two lines of a poem by Israel Zangwill, which first appeared, we believe, in the *Independent*. Mr. Zangwill's lines ran thus:

O blessed Christ, that foundest death
When life was fire and tears,
Not drawing on a sluggish breath
Through apathetic years.

Still, still about Thy forehead gleams
The light we know Thee by.

O blessed Christ, to die for dreams,
Nor know that dreams would die!

Mr. Zangwill is a Jew with a languid admiration for our Saviour as a wise teacher and a dreamer of dreams. It is interesting to contrast the spirit of the Christian poet with that of the Hebrew, and to note the dexterity with which Mrs. Mannix, in her last two lines, shows the hollowness of that latitudinarianism which is influencing even Jewry.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Anstin O'Malley*. 50 cts.
Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. 75 cts.
Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.
Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.
Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., net.
The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., net.
Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Gauss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.

Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebsb, C. SS. R.* \$1, net.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.

The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.

Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.

The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.

Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts, net.

Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.

Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.

Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.

The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Ayné, M. D.* \$1, net.

The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.

The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.

Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.

Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.

Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.

Catholic Practice. *Rev. A. Klauder*. 50 cts.

Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.

The New Testament. New Edition. \$1.

Vindication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. *Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster*. 35 cts.

India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission. *H. Whitehead, S. J.* \$1.25.

Pastoral Theology. *Rev. William Stang, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

TANTUM ERGO.

(For Four Male, or Four Female Voices)

REV. H. G. GANSS.

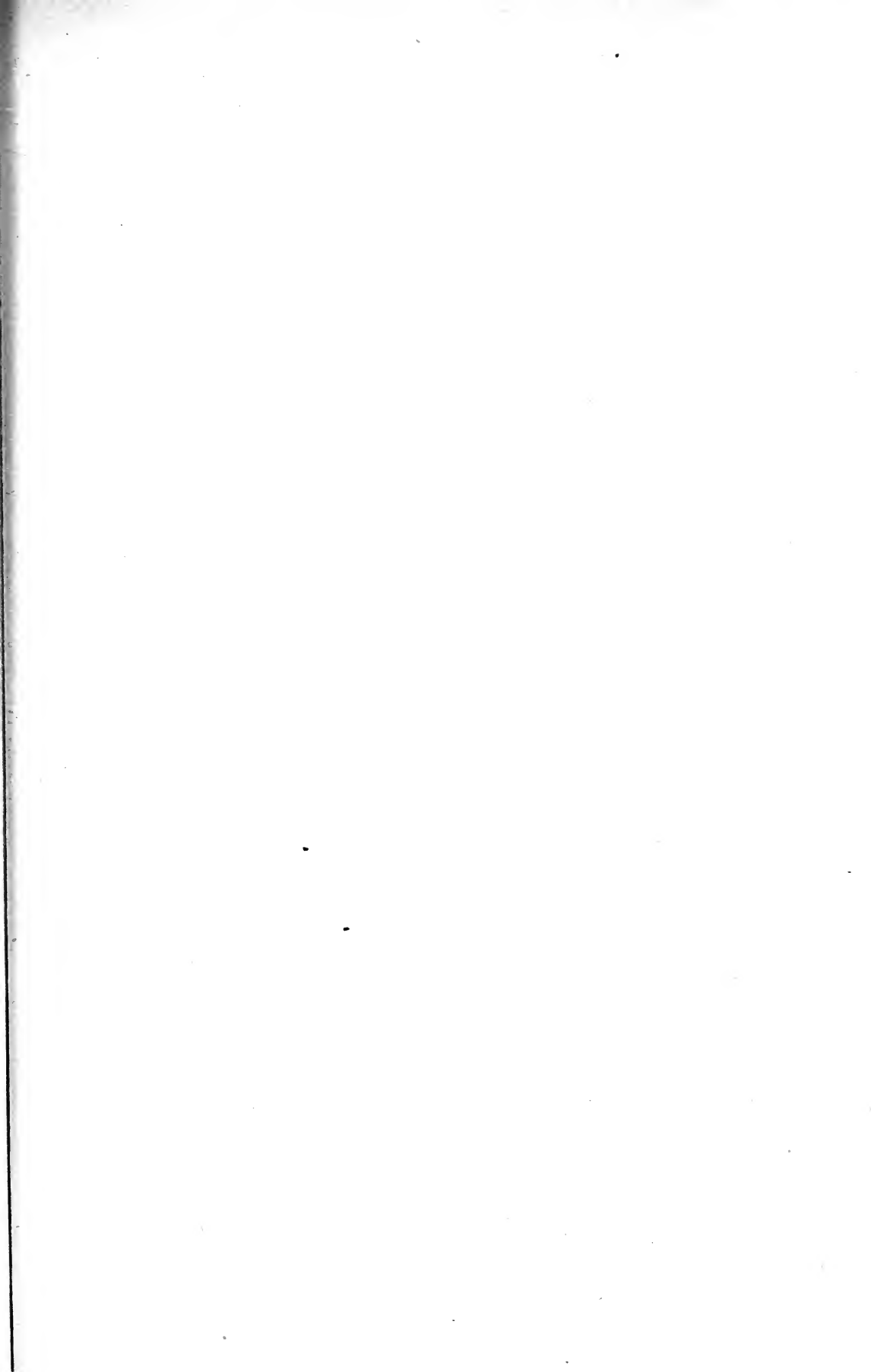
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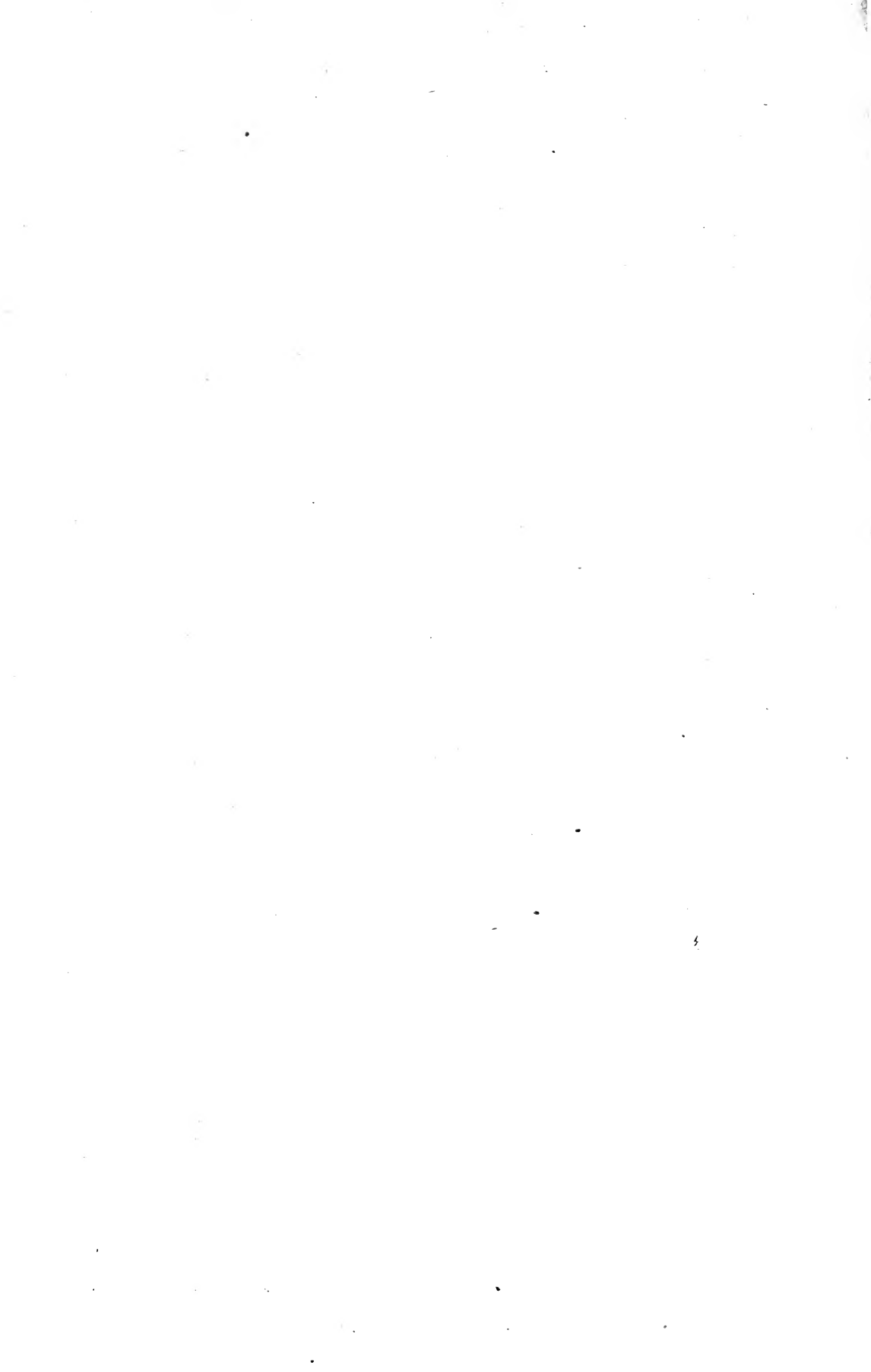
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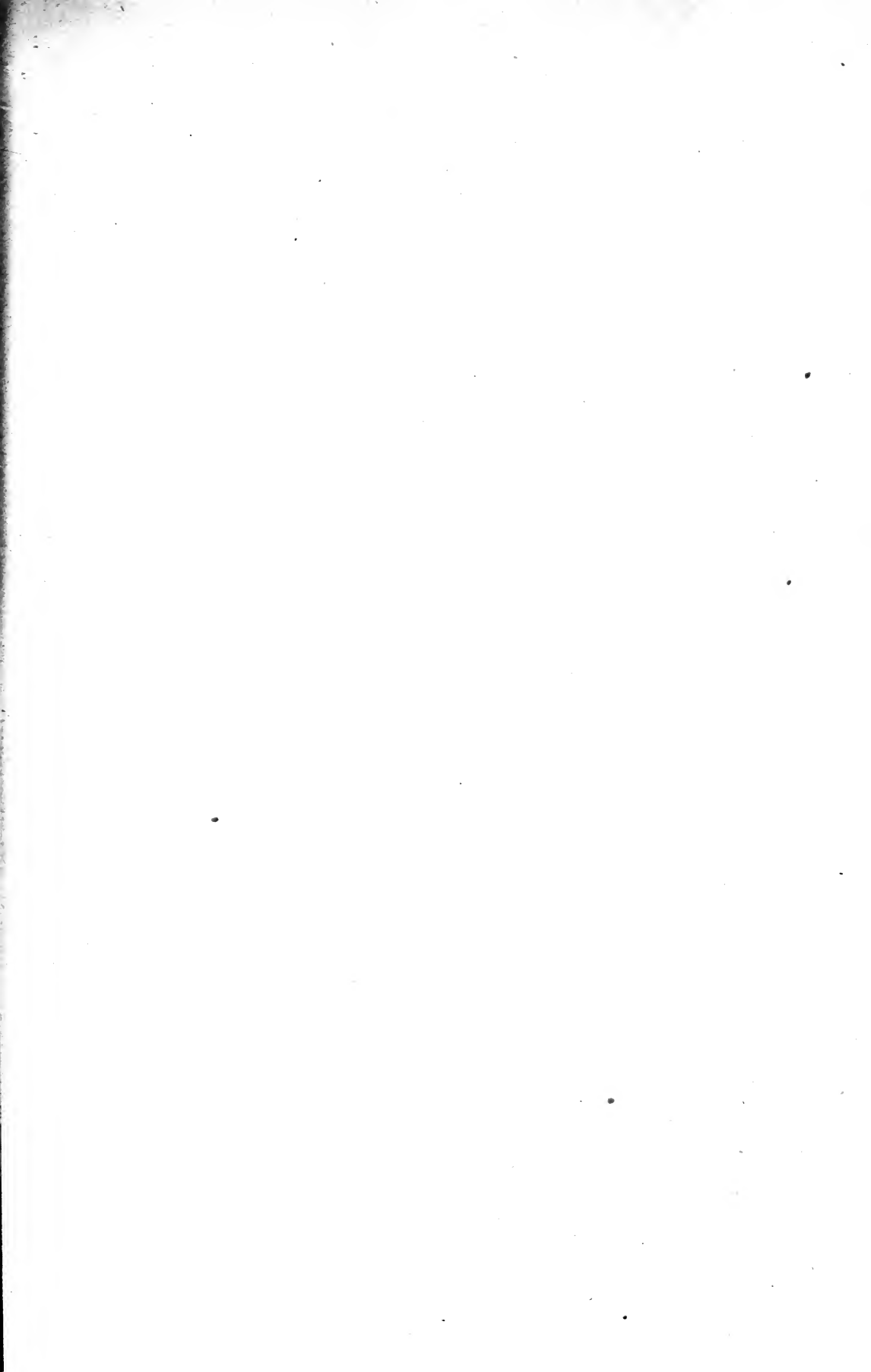
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Ave Maria.

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