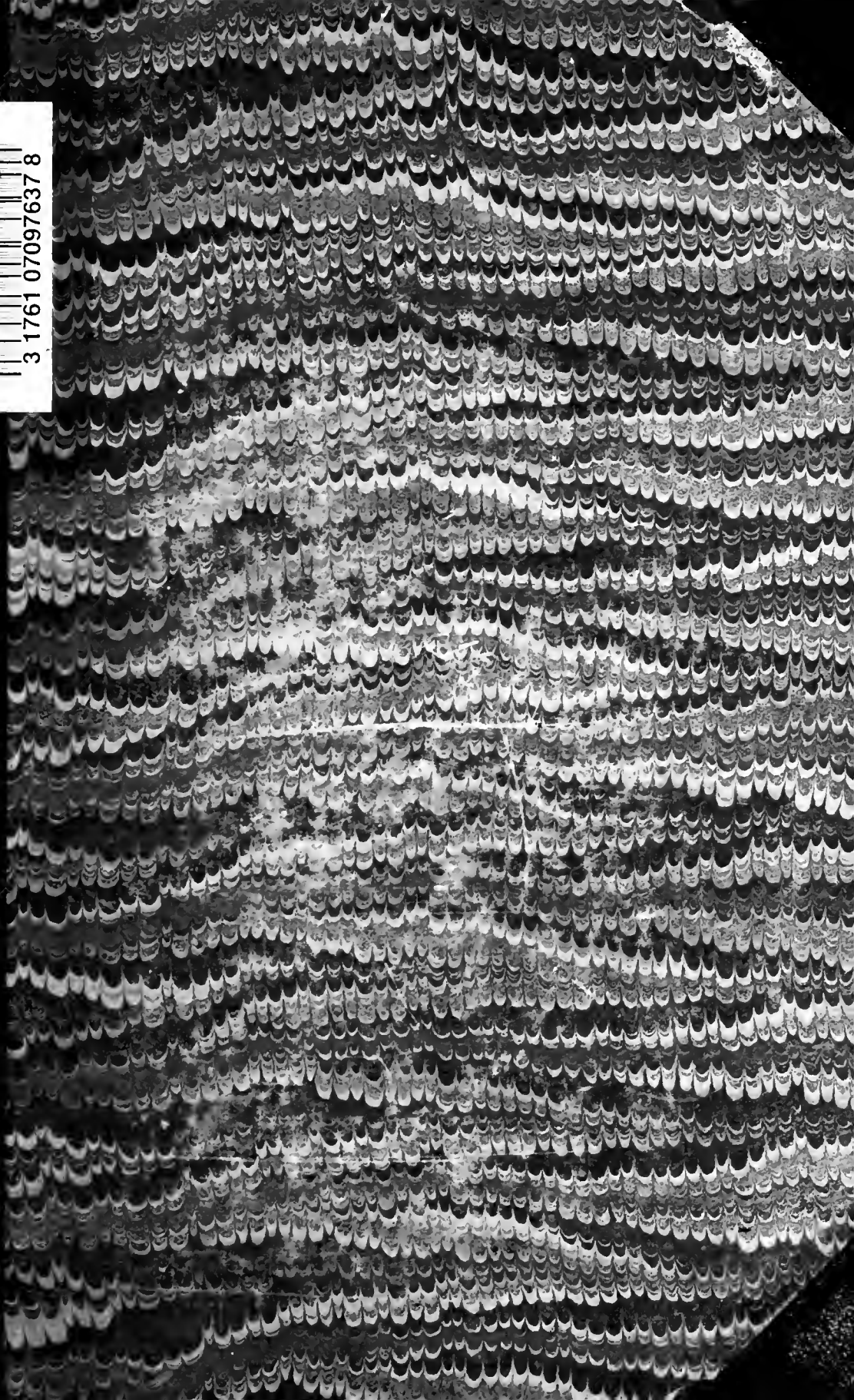
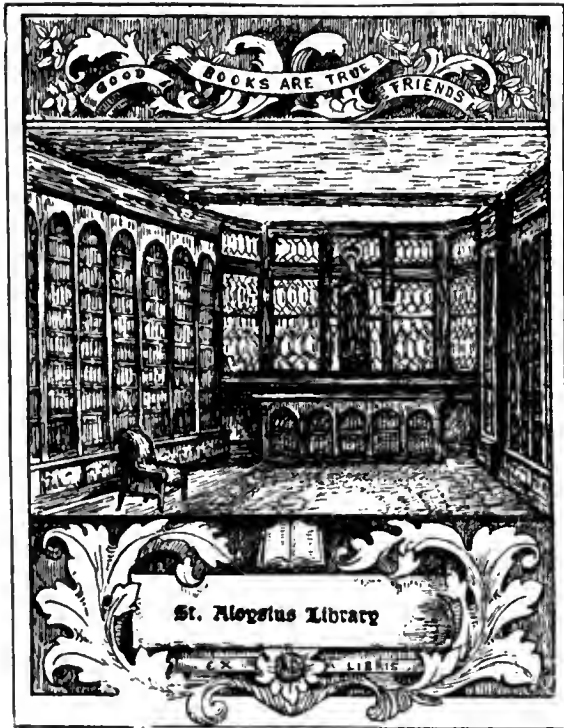


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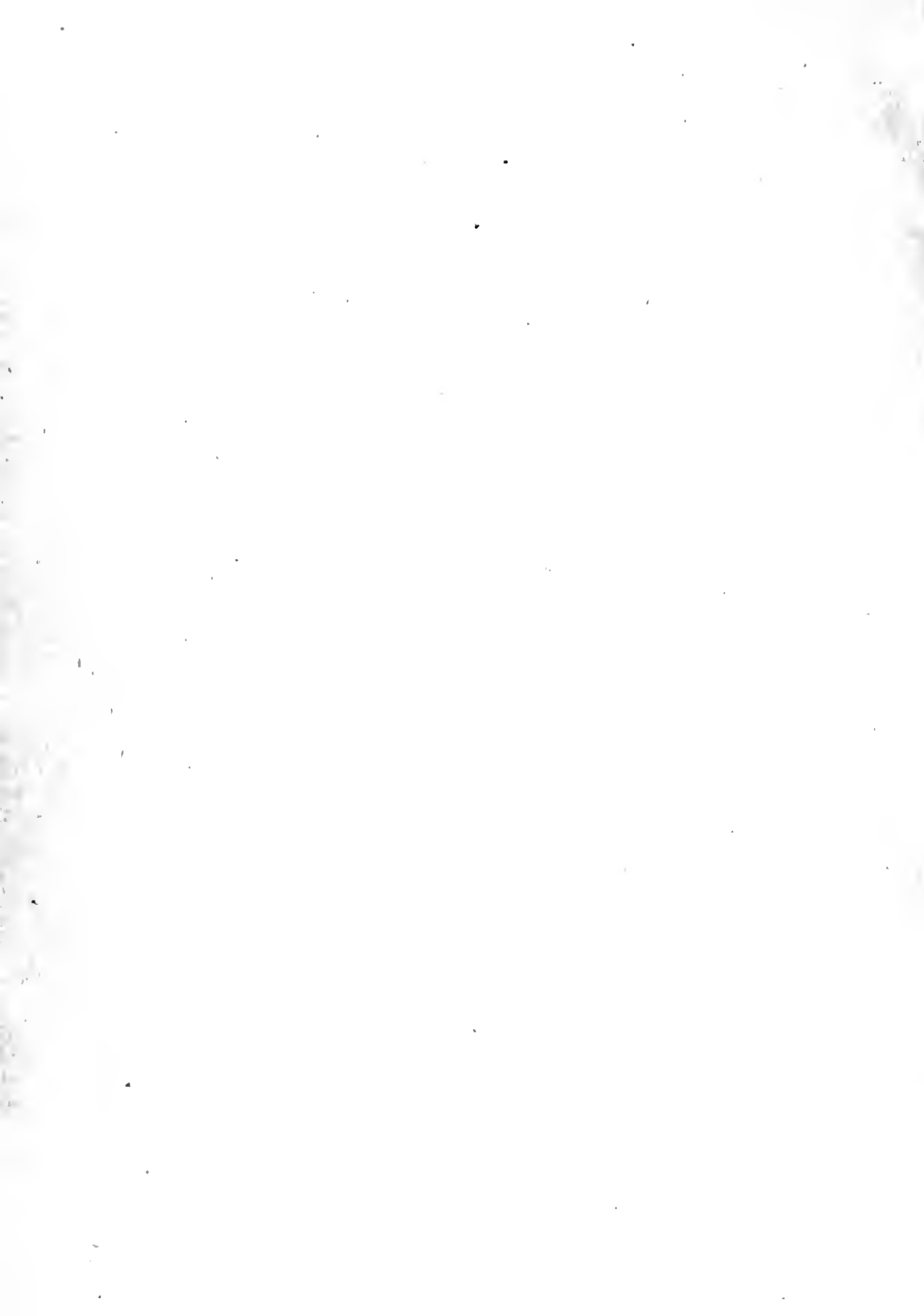






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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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The Coming of the Magi.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

O JUDAH, Judah, on your hills afar
 Beneath the glow of that mysterious Star
 You slept, nor heard the swarthy Magi come
 Rending the night with heathen gong and drum!
 Lo! unto Bethlehem their caravan
 Wound like a serpent in the moonlight's span;
 And many an idol strange and fierce was seen
 To glitter in the niche and palanquin
 The slaves and sacred camels had in care.
 Beating of hands and ritual moan were there,
 Assyrian cap and vesture, scroll and rod
 Of hieroglyph; yea, many an Ethiop god
 With ibis, dog and bullock deified
 Amid the clinking censers every side,
 Taunting the night with flashing jewels' pride.

Chaste Star of God, your silver radiance fell
 On mirrors raised with every darksome spell,
 While circling *rhombus* and Chaldaic globe,
 Secret of ages, unto Thee would probe!
 Hark, with their litanies of *Powers* unblest
 They cried to Thee, our God, and smote their breast!
 And see, afar, where like a tempest cloud
 Three monarchs swept before them fixed and proud!
 With eyes ablaze to guide their camels' flight.
 Their beards like comets streaming on the night!
 Lo! the strange tributes they have learnt to bring—
 The world's grim wisdom and its sorrowing,—
 To find but in a crib at Bethlehem their King!

THE message of the angel, the visitation, the birth, the finding in the temple, and the whole history of Bethlehem and Nazareth, although they primarily and nominally introduce Our Lady, are really filled with Jesus.

—*Bishop Hedley.*

Heralds of the King.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.



I.

AIN, human reason, and divine faith have in all ages been the greatest forces in the history of man. In the dimness of remote time each has its personification. Pain is symbolized in the patriarch Job, divine faith in Abraham, human reason in the philosopher Zoroaster. So ancient are these three human figures that of one of them only can we with certainty give the date of his existence; but all three are great fathers and models in their line, and are rendered still greater in that the principles, of which they are the personification, are found united and consummated in after ages in the person of our Divine Lord.

In Him, pain, which was heretofore the lowest, is raised to the highest place, and human reason and divine faith alike cast themselves prostrate to the earth in worship. As, in reality, they did when "the appointed time" came; so, in symbol, all along the ages were they evermore doing: pointing with mystic hand, now openly, now masked, to the advent of the Man of Sorrows. And it was only fitting.

The first thing to come on the earth with sin was not death but pain,—death, to be sure, in the future; but pain in the present. Pain came on man; pain came on beast; pain came

on herb and leaf. Human reason and divine faith, both, stood aghast, unable to do more than cry aloud in sheer terror to the God of pity. Pain seized dominion and became at once supreme lord of creation; so that from the highest heavens to the lowest depth of the sea "every creature groaned and travailed in pain."* Lucifer in hell lorded with scarcely less tyranny than did pain on earth. Oh, who but God could take that ignoble, perverse, and all but demon-like creature, Pain, and deify it, of the last making first, and converting the scourge into the redemption of the universe?

Divine faith and human reason heard the blessed words of promise fall in Eden from the lips of the Deity; and both were evermore as ships setting forth to sea—freighted with the most beneficent cargo that earth could desire or Heaven bestow. Now, will the crew of a vessel neglect or cast forth the lading, which is not alone the most precious in commerce, but on which the very issue of their voyage absolutely depends? Neither were divine faith and human reason to do so. Down the ages was their course, and they bore in their securest treasure-hold the divine deposit that was to give hope and happiness and blessing to each succeeding generation, as to isle after isle, and port after port, where they might touch or by which they passed. Who will dare to tamper with the divine deposit? Who will dare to corrupt the seven-times refined gold? "Anathema! anathema!" is the exclamation of the saints on such, and of the Church of the saints in all ages.

Human reason and divine faith walked forth from the ark. Faith dwelt in the tents of Shem. According to tradition, Abraham, while still a boy, lived an adopted child fifteen years, as the special and honored attendant on the (then) elderly and grey-haired first-born of Noah.

Human reason with Cham crossed the Red Sea and dwelt by the waters of the Nile.

More than one hoary and thoughtful sage bore the name of Zoroaster. He was the founder, according to Rollin, of the sect, or school, of the Magi. By Eusebius he is said to be as old as Abraham; his writings are quoted by St. Cyril of Alexandria and by Origen against the heathen philosophers of their time: by Origen against Celsus, and by St. Cyril against Julian the Apostate. One quotation will suffice here as a specimen of how the tradition with regard to Our Lord's coming was preserved and expressed among them. In the writings of Hermes, the greatest of Zoroaster's disciples, our Blessed Lord is called "the first-begotten Son of God"; and again, "His only Son"; and again, "His dear-eternal, immutable and incorruptible Son, whose sacred Name is ineffable." St. Cyril and Origen make very large use of these writings of Hermes.

Now, there were several ways in which this one special tradition of human reason might have come down through the ages. There is no doubt that there was a special providence of God hovering around that unearthly, singular tradition; that, however, we pass by. But, besides, there were three very especial ways in which this tradition was handed down and preserved among the Gentiles: (1) by the writings and memory of their own ancestors; (2) by intercourse with the people of God and by a knowledge of their Scriptures; (3) by the star-observations of their Magi; by the prophecies of the Sibyls; and, when God permitted, by the oracles even of their idols.

From the time of Noah till the coming of Our Lord was, roughly speaking, a period of two thousand years and half a thousand; the tradition had, therefore, to travel twenty-five hundred years. From the coming of Our Lord to the present is barely nineteen hundred years,

* Rom., viii, 22.

and yet what a multiplicity of erring creeds and beliefs have arisen during that time, even with Christianity a present, palpable fact before men's eyes! Were it not for that especial providence of God, ever hovering around and protecting it, one fails to see how it could ever have come down along the centuries.

But as Christ was to be the Lord of all creation, so was He to be the sole centre of hope as well as of belief for all creation. Those who lived previous to His coming looked forward to Him and believed in Him; those subsequent looked to His having come, and confessed their belief in it. The Incarnation was the centre of all belief, the pivot of all redemption, the star of all hope.

"God," observes St. Thomas, "is by His very nature goodness itself. And goodness, by its nature, seeks to communicate itself to others; and the highest goodness desires to communicate itself in the highest possible manner; hence the Incarnation." Again: "His goodness, His justice, His wisdom and His infinite power are manifested in accomplishing the mystery—than which there is none greater—that God should become man." Finally, "God could, by His infinite power, have restored mankind in many other ways, but that of the Incarnation was the best."

That being so, we may fairly say that it concerned God Himself not to allow this blessed tradition to escape from the minds of men; in fact, that He was necessitated to watch over the human race and the sacred tradition; as the father of the prodigal child, by the constraint of natural affection, was forced to go day by day and look for the coming of his son; 'and when he saw him afar off, to be moved with compassion, and, running to him, fall upon his neck and kiss him.'

Faith and human reason were the heavenly and earthly angels appointed to watch over this sacred deposit, and

"prepare the way for Him who was to be the Expected of the nations." But divine faith was confined to one "small people"; and to fallible reason alone was the vast majority of the human race entrusted for a knowledge of the Promise. Alas! what a battle had faith itself to fight; and with what doubtful issue was the combat carried on,—not, truly, on the part of God, but on that of man! And if, because of man, it was doubtful with faith, how at all will it fall out with reason? We look at faith.

Abraham prophesied; Jacob, Moses, David, all divinely inspired, prophesied by faith. Then comes Isaias, "the great prophet and faithful in the sight of God with a great spirit, he saw the things that are to come to pass at the last, and comforted the mourners in Sion. He showed what was to come to pass forever, and hidden things before they came." Here was faith, in the person of Isaias, "the holy prophet, the great prophet"; and let us for a moment see what it had to battle against in the case (1) of kings, (2) of nobles, (3) of ladies, (4) of prophets, (5) of the people of Israel; and we may then guess what a conflict poor human reason had to wage.

The kings.—"And Solomon had an end with his fathers; and he left behind him, of his seed, *the folly of the nation*, even Roboam, who had little wisdom."* Roboam reigned nineteen years, and "followed not the advice of the ancients." Abdias, his son, reigned wickedly three years. Asa, a good king, reigned forty-one years; Josaphat governed well for twenty-five years; Joram reigned wickedly for eight years; Ochozias governed wickedly one year and was slain. Amasias began well, ended badly, reigning twenty years. Ozias also began his reign well, but on account of sin was struck with leprosy and dethroned. These were the kings

* Eccclus., xlvii, 25-27.

that from the reign of Solomon led up to the time of Isaias.

Isaias lived and prophesied during the four following reigns: (1) Joatham, who was a good king, and had a long reign; (2) Achaz, who was the worst king that ever reigned in Juda; he destroyed the holy things, shut up the temple of God and introduced all manner of abominations. He governed sixteen years. (3) Ezechias, who was a worthy ruler, restored the true worship and reigned twenty-nine years. (4) Manasses, his son, who was a wicked king and sawed in two the Prophet Isaias, then an old man. Manasses was taken a prisoner to Babylon about one hundred years before the coming of Our Lord.

The nobles.—The nobles had very extensive possessions, were very wealthy in their treasures, and luxurious in their living, grasping and oppressive toward their poor, weaker brethren. "The luxury and insolence of the nobles of Juda, while not so gross as that of the corresponding class in Samaria, were yet in a high degree oppressive and scandalous. Bribery was practised in the seats of judgment; landed property was accumulated; and, with the spirit of their race, they skinned the poor to the very quick, picked their bones and ground them to powder."*

The Holy Bible says: "The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the man of Juda His pleasant plant. And I looked that he should do judgment, and behold iniquity; that he do justice, and behold a cry [from the poor]. Woe to you that join house to house and lay field to field.... Woe to you that rise early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening, to be inflamed with wine. The harp and the lyre and the timbrel and the pipe and wine are in your feasts, and the work of the Lord you regard not.... Therefore hath hell enlarged her

mouth; and their strong ones and their high ones and their glorious ones shall go down into it."* And again: "The Lord shall destroy out of Israel *the head and the tail*.... The *head is the aged and the honorable*; the prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail."† Once again the Bible cries out against the judges and the nobles: "Woe to them that make wicked laws; and when they write, write iniquity: that they might oppress the poor in justice, and do violence to the cause of the poor of my people, that widows might be their prey, and that they might rob the fatherless."‡

The ladies.—One would think that women, at any rate, might be compassionate and tender, devoted to prayer and the service of God; but no: Scripture seems to exclaim against them with greater vehemence than even against the nobles. "The great ladies of Sion were haughty, and passed along the streets, tossing their necks and leering with their eyes, walking and mincing as they went, covered with tinkling ornaments, chains, bracelets, veils, mantles of all fashions and of all sizes."§

The Scripture cries out in horror: "The daughters of Sion are haughty, and have walked with outstretched necks and wanton glances of their eyes, and made a noise with their feet as they walked, and moved in a set pace. The Lord will make bald the head of the daughters of Sion.... The Lord will take away the ornaments. And chains and necklaces and bracelets, and bonnets and bodkins, and ornaments of the legs, and tablets, and sweet balls and earrings; and rings and jewels hanging on the forehead, and changes of apparel, and short cloaks and fine linen, and crisping pins and looking-glasses, and lawns and headbands and fine veils. And instead of a sweet smell, there shall be stench; and instead of a girdle, a cord; and

* Dean Stanley.

* Isaias, v, 7-14.

† Ibid., x, 1, 2.

‡ Ibid., ix, 14, 15.

§ Stanley.

instead of curled hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher, haircloth.... And the gates of Sion shall lament and mourn, and she shall sit desolate on the ground."*

The prophets.—God calls upon all the beasts of the field and the savage creatures of the forest to come and devour the fold; for, He says, "the watchmen are all blind, they are all ignorant: dumb dogs not able to bark, seeing vain things, sleeping and loving dreams. And most impudent dogs, they never had enough. The shepherds themselves knew no understanding. All have turned aside into their own way; every one after his own gain, from the first even to the last. Come, let us take wine and be filled with drunkenness; and it shall be as to-day, so also to-morrow, and much more."† There is a threat, however: "But the Lord shall destroy out of Israel *the head and the tail.*"‡

It is against His prophets that the Lord in another place cries out: "Woe to you that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Woe to you that are wise in your own eyes and prudent in your own conceits.... That justify the wicked for gifts, and take away the justice of the just from him. Therefore as the tongue of the fire devoureth the stubble, and the heat of the flame consumeth it; so shall their root be as ashes, and their bud shall go up as dust; for they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and have blasphemed the word of the holy One of Israel."§

The people.—The multitude must indeed have been very bad, when we find God breaking forth in reproach thus: "Sons of the sorceress and seed of the adulterer and the harlot, upon whom have you jested? Upon whom have you opened wide your mouth and put

out your tongue?... You, who seek your comfort in idols under every green tree, and sacrifice your children in the torrents!... Thou hast adorned thyself with ointment, and hast multiplied thy perfumes,... and wast debased even to hell. Thou hast been wearied in the multitude of thy ways;... thou hast lied, and hast not been mindful of Me, nor thought of Me in thy heart.... The wicked are like the raging sea which can not rest; and the waves thereof cast up dirt and mire. There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord God."*

(To be continued.)

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

BY one of those accidents on which often hinge, or appear to hinge, the destinies of human life, two men—one entering, the other leaving the Crocker Building in San Francisco on a certain day—almost ran into each other. They recoiled with mutual apologies, simultaneously recognized an acquaintance and shook hands. One was slender, alert, extremely well-dressed, with the keen American business face, clean-shaven in deference to fashion, and wearing eye-glasses above a prominent nose. The other was taller and more sinewy, lean as a grayhound, tanned deeply by the sun, carelessly attired, but with the unmistakable air of a gentleman, and an equally unmistakable look of good blood about the clear-cut contours of the face, with its drooping brown moustache and steady gray eyes.

"Lloyd! Didn't know you were in San Francisco," said the first man, whose name was Armistead. "Been here long?"

"Since yesterday," Philip Lloyd answered. "And you?"

"Oh! I'm here constantly now, except

* Isaias, iii, 16-26.

† Ibid., lvi, 10-12.

‡ Ibid., ix.

§ Isaias, v, 20-24.

* Isaias, vii, 3-21.

when I am away—which sounds like an Irish bull, but isn't."

"Not in a mining expert," the other laughed. "Have you been away lately?"

"I'm just back from Puget Sound, where I have been examining a large property."

"For Trafford, I suppose?"

"Yes. All my expert work is done for him at present."

"So I've heard, and—oddly enough—I am just going up to see him. I have been rather down on my luck lately, and I want employment. Do you know whether or not he has any place I would fit into?"

Armistead gave the speaker a glance as keen as it was quick.

"I should say that there wouldn't be much difficulty in finding a place into which to fit a man like you," he answered. "By the by, haven't you been a good deal in Old Mexico?"

"I have been there for the greater part of the last five years."

"Prospecting?"

"Part of the time; at other times connected with some large mines."

"Where are you from last?"

"The State of Durango."

Armistead put his hand on the other's arm.

"Don't go up to see Trafford," he said.

"Come and lunch with me."

"But—"

"Don't you understand? I have something to propose to you—something to your advantage, as the advertisements for missing heirs say."

"In that case, I'm at your service," said Lloyd, turning with an air of decision which matched the clear-cut, sunburnt face and steady eyes.

They went to a restaurant near by, where Armistead called for a private room. Lloyd lifted his brows but made no remark, and when they were alone the former explained.

"I never talk business in a public place," he said, "even when it isn't quite

so 'private and particular' as this."

"If the business is private and particular," said Lloyd, "I am afraid I am not the man—"

"Oh, yes you are!" Armistead interrupted. "So exactly the man that our meeting strikes me in the light of a remarkably lucky accident. It's astonishing how these accidents happen to me—how people turn up just when I want them! I knew that you were the very person I wanted as soon as I remembered your connection with Mexico."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Only this, that I wish you to go there immediately—with me."

"You are going to examine a mine?"

"Or to recover one—but here comes the waiter! We'll give our order and then you shall hear all about it."

The order having been given, with great concentration of attention on Armistead's part, and great indifference on Lloyd's, the waiter departed, and the successful mining expert, leaning back in his chair, looked at the unsuccessful prospector.

"If you are from the State of Durango," he said, "probably you know the districts of San Andrés de la Sierra and Tópia?"

"Better than I know the streets of San Francisco," Lloyd responded.

"Have you ever heard of the Santa Cruz Mine, located somewhere between those two places?"

"Everybody in that country knows the Santa Cruz Mine. It's nearer Tópia than San Andrés, though, and it can't be bought."

"How do you know that?"

"From common report. It's a great ore-producer, and there's no inducement for the owners to sell."

"Who are supposed to be the owners?"

"It belongs partly, or wholly perhaps, to a woman—Doña Beatriz Calderon."

"Hum!—What kind of a woman is she?"

Lloyd lifted his shoulders.

"*Quien sabe!*" he said, dropping into a familiar phrase.

"You must have heard something about the owner of the richest mine in Durango," Armistead persisted.

Lloyd sought in the depths of his memory for a moment, and then produced a nugget of information.

"I think I have heard that she is a widow," he said.

Armistead shook his head.

"They may call her so," he remarked; "but in point of fact she is a divorced woman."

Lloyd stared.

"Impossible!" he said. "The species doesn't exist in Mexico."

"It exists in this case; for the husband was an American, who came to the States, got a divorce and remarried here."

"Do you know him?"

"I had just left him when I met you."

"You don't mean Trafford?"

"I mean him exactly. It seems that when he was a young fellow, owning no more than his mule and saddle, he wandered down into Mexico, prospecting. Up in the Sierra Madre, back of Culiacan, he ran across some extremely rich mines owned by a Mexican, who had also a daughter. Trafford was always practical, so he made love to the daughter, married her and got possession of the mines—as her wedding portion, probably."

"Then left her where he found her, I suppose?"

"No, he must have behaved rather decently—at first. He brought her with him to San Francisco, where, as he states briefly, she cried all the time. So he packed her back to her Mexican home, gave her an allowance, and proceeded to obtain a divorce. He then married the present Mrs. Trafford—woman of fashion, leader of society, all that sort of thing—went on, prospered, and became the man of millions he is to-day."

Lloyd looked the disgust he felt.

"Did the Mexican woman know that she was divorced?" he asked.

"I can't say," Armistead answered; "but there seems no particular reason why she should have been informed."

"Did he return her fortune?"

Armistead regarded the speaker with a smile.

"You have been so long out of the world that you have become a trifle quixotic," he observed. "I don't imagine that Trafford ever dreamed of such a thing. He kept the fortune to his own great benefit, but he has always paid regularly the allowance of the lady in Mexico. Hence he feels injured, as well as exasperated by a difficulty which has arisen."

"I hope she has plucked up spirit enough to demand her own."

"I fancy there would never have been any trouble with *her*, but there's a daughter—"

"So he cast off not only his wife but his child!"

"Be reasonable!" said Armistead a little impatiently. "What on earth could a man who has it in him to rise as Trafford has risen do with a Mexican wife?"

"If you fancy that Mexican women are uncivilized, let me tell you—"

"You don't need to tell me anything. I know Mexico—if not as well as you do, at least pretty well. And I know that there is no country in the world where class distinctions are more marked. Well, just understand that we are not talking of the daughter of some great *hidalgo*, with a princely estate and a pedigree going back to the *Conquistadores*, but of a woman from the wilds of the Sierra Madre, of Maya Indian blood, whose father did not even know the value of the mines he possessed,—I put it to you, as a man of the world, what could Trafford do with such a woman?"

"He could have been true to her, Maya Indian or not, especially since all

his fortune is built on hers, I should say; but, then, I'm probably quixotic, if not idiotic. So go on with your story—what is the daughter going to do?"

"She has taken possession of the Santa Cruz Mine in the name of her mother, and refuses to recognize any right of ownership in Trafford."

"Good for her!"

"Possibly; but not good for Trafford. Consequently he wants me to go down there and recover the mine."

"Do you mean to say that he is going to fight for it?"

"We hope that there will be no need to fight, although he has papers signed by the father of—ah—Doña Beatriz, which establish his title."

"I wonder if the father of Doña Beatriz knew what he was signing?"

"As you remarked a moment ago, *quien sabe?* And I may add that the question doesn't concern us."

"Isn't Trafford rich enough to leave one mine to its rightful possessor, who is also his own child?"

"You ought to know that no man, according to American ideas, is rich enough to give up anything he can hold. And there are reasons why Trafford wants and needs that mine particularly at the present time. I told you that I am just back from Puget Sound. Perhaps you've heard of the big smelter up there, owned by the Puget Sound Reduction Company? Well, Trafford is the company—at least he controls four-fifths of the stock. Now, there are several millions invested in the smelter and the railroad which has been built to some mines up in the mountains, where it was expected to obtain an unlimited supply of ore. But—this is confidential, observe—so far from being unlimited, the production of these mines has proved so extremely limited that they are of very little value for supplying the smelter, which has an enormous capacity. I am just back from making an exhaust-

ive examination of them, and when Trafford heard my report he simply said: 'We must get a supply of ore that can be depended on elsewhere or lose our investment.' Then he told me about the Santa Cruz Mine, which must be an immense property, containing the very class of ores needed."

"Hasn't he the whole world to buy ores from for his smelter?"

"They are already buying ores from Australia, South America and Mexico; but I don't need to point out that the profit of buying is one thing and of owning is another. Trafford has submitted for some time to the jumping of the Santa Cruz Mine by the enterprising young woman in Mexico, but now that he needs the ores so badly he doesn't intend to submit to it longer. That's the whole case."

"What is he going to do?"

"He is sending me to Mexico with diplomatic powers to negotiate for the recovery of the mine; and, as you can be of great assistance to me, I propose to take you along."

"Thanks! But I don't care to assist in such a business."

"Nonsense!" said Armistead, sharply. "What are Trafford's affairs to you? And you will have nothing to do with my work."

"Why do you want me, then?"

"I want you because I suppose that you know the country thoroughly, its language, its customs, not to speak of its topography. And we may make the trip profitable in more ways than one. I have long had a fancy to go down there to pick up mining property, but have always lacked time. Now I take it for granted that you can put your hand on some good prospects—"

"On a few, perhaps."

"Well, we can secure them together, and you know whether or not my recommendation will help to sell them."

"I know, of course, that your recommendation will sell anything."

"Then don't turn your back on the opportunity I'm offering you—an opportunity to realize a great profit from the knowledge of the country your years of prospecting in it have given you."

"They were pretty hard years," Lloyd admitted, "and I shouldn't mind realizing something from them—for no man knows better than I what a country of great chances it is; but if I agree to go, you must understand that I'll have nothing to do with robbing those women of their mine by diplomatic or other means."

Armistead laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said genially, "I assure you that I should never think of employing you in any diplomatic capacity. And we have no intention of using other means."

(To be continued.)

An Irish Martyr.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

THERE are three Olivers whose names are in very different ways bound up with the name of Ireland—Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Plunkett, and Oliver Goldsmith. The memory of the first is abhorred, the memory of the second is revered, and the memory of the third is loved,—at least by those who regard this "good-natured man" and gifted Irishman as master of the most winning and exquisite English that has ever been written.* The Primate and the Protector came closer together in history and in character,—on opposite sides, however; for Oliver Plunkett was a great servant of God. Probably their closest connection was when Cromwell robbed the Plunketts of their ancestral estate of Lougherew and gave it to one of his troopers, whose descendants own it to this day.

* "Dear old Goldsmith! *There is ease, pellucid simplicity, wit, pathos. I doubt if English prose has ever gone further or will go further or higher.*"

—Frederic Harrison.

It was at this Lougherew, in County Meath, not very far from Oldeastle, that Oliver Plunkett was born in the year 1629, when Charles I. had sat four years on the English throne. He was a near kinsman of the Earl of Fingall, and also of Lord Dunsany and Lord Louth (who are all Plunketts); while on his mother's side he was related to Dillon, Earl of Roscommon. Till his sixteenth year he was brought up by Lord Fingall's brother, Patrick Plunkett, Abbot of St. Mary's, Dublin, afterward Bishop successively of Ardagh and of Meath.

Born just two hundred years before what we call Catholic Emancipation, when England had already spent a century, and was to spend two centuries more, in trying to drag Ireland with herself into national apostasy, Oliver Plunkett was one of the noblest of the heroes, known and unknown, who preserved their country from this ignominy, and gained for her her glorious place in history as the virgin martyr of the nations.

As the boy grew up, he saw or heard of the atrocities that were committed every day against those who clung to the old faith. He knew that Catholic bishops were driven from their sees; that most of them were in exile, and that the few who remained in Ireland had to lurk in their hiding-places and go about by stealth. He knew that priests ministered to their flocks at the peril of their lives, and that their ministry was full of hardship and danger. It shows the heroic soul of the boy that at such a time he determined to be a priest; to take his part in the glorious but perilous work of sustaining the Catholic faith in Ireland.

There were, of course, no ecclesiastical seminaries in Ireland at that time; for the Catholic faith was banned, and its open exercise was rendered impossible; and so Oliver, in obeying his vocation, was obliged to break away from all

ties of home and kindred, and to doom himself to an indefinite period of exile in foreign lands, which in those days must have seemed farther away and more inaccessible than China or Japan is nowadays. His ecclesiastical training was to be gone through in the capital of Christendom, in the Eternal City itself. Would that we had a minute itinerary of his pilgrimage *ad limina Apostolorum!* From what Irish port did he set sail, and in what sort of boat? Very different from the steamer that conveys us from Kingstown to Holyhead in three hours. When he paid his first visit to London on his way, he little dreamed that his life would end there, and how.

With four other young aspirants to the priesthood, he made the journey to Rome in the summer of 1645, under the care of Father Peter Francis Scarampo, of the Roman Oratory, who was now returning after an important and difficult mission. He had done excellent work as the Pope's agent to the Supreme Council of the Irish Confederation. He declined the dignity of Papal Nuncio, and therefore resigned his post to the celebrated Rinuccini. We may add here that after his return to Rome Father Scarampo was appointed Superior-General of his Order, and died a glorious death ten years later. A terrible pestilence broke out in Rome, and those who were stricken down were hurried away into the island of St. Bartholomew in the Tiber, and cut off from all communication with the city. Father Scarampo insisted on being imprisoned with them in order to tend the sick and help the dying. His friends remonstrated with him on this heroic resolve; and his answer to their affectionate reproaches almost took the form of the last poem in François Coppée's latest volume:—

Tu te dis en tremblant, mon frère, "Il faut mourir!"

Cependant la Mort seule est clémente et délivre.
Chaque jour te vicillit et te fait plus souffrir;

Tu devrais avoir peur en songeant: "Il faut vivre."

You say, my brother, and you tremble, saying,
"We must die!"

Yet Death alone is merciful and can deliv'rance
give.

Each day makes you more suffer and brings old
age more nigh;

You ought to shudder rather, thinking, "We
must live!"

Father Scarampo was as ready to die as to live; and here is part of his answer to his young Irish friend, Oliver Plunkett's expostulation. The original is still preserved in the archives of Vallicelli:

"Why do you fear, O you of little faith? Should we desist from a work which is truly ours, which God wishes us to perform, which is pleasing to Him? I have almost completed my sixtieth year, and never before did such an occasion present itself of satisfying for my sins; and perhaps should I live as many more, such another would not be granted to me. Shall I therefore be idle and allow it to be lost? But, you say, you shall die? What matter? Even at the Chiesa Nuova and everywhere else we must die. Relatives, friends, masters, acquaintances, dependants, subjects, penitents will grieve; but all these, if they do not die themselves before me, will have at some time or other to weep my death. Would it, then, be proper for me not to face death, in order to pass perhaps eight, ten, fifteen years more in a painful old age, even should death not prematurely assail me?

"And yet it will be vain for it to assail me, should not the Lord of death so will it. The same God who snatched both me and you from that death with which the piratical ships threatened us in the English Channel, who freed me from snares in my long and continual journeys, who, in Flanders, by ransom, liberated us from robbers, and who in His power guided us through many other more imminent and certain dangers, which you have never known or heard of,—He too is present in the hospital, should I be seized with the pestilence in St. Bartholomew's. In Him do I confide."

God took the holy man at his word, and Father Scarampo died, a martyr of charity, on the 5th of October, 1656, the sixtieth year of his age. Father Oliver wrote thus soon after:

"Ireland has lost its untiring protector and efficacious benefactor in the death of Father Peter Francis Scarampo; and I, in particular, have lost a father more dear to me than my earthly father; for he conducted me from Ireland encountering in so long a journey many dangers from pirates and bandits, and bringing me to Rome at his own expense, and also maintaining me for three years in the city and in our college; and even when I had completed my studies, his assistance, whether temporal or spiritual, was never wanting to me."

We have allowed the memory of this holy man to carry us on ten years beyond the point we have reached in the story of our own holy countryman, whom we had only brought to Rome to prepare for the priesthood. These extracts have been given, partly because they show the dangers that Oliver Plunkett was preserved from on his journey to Rome as a youth of sixteen summers. He was sheltered in the Irish College which, some twenty or thirty years before, had been founded by the same Cardinal Ludovisi, whose munificence built the beautiful Church of St. Ignatius. Urban VIII. had named him Protector of Ireland, and he discharged the office well by providing thus for the training of Irish priests. The college was at this time under the care of the Jesuit Fathers. One of Oliver Plunkett's professors was the illustrious historian of the Council of Trent, afterward Cardinal Pallavicino.

How well he used his opportunities appears from the testimonial of Father Edward Locke, S. J., who was rector of the Irish College twenty years later, and who bears witness that "the Very Rev. Dr. Oliver Plunkett of the Diocese of Meath, in the Province of Armagh, in Ireland, ... in this our Irish College

devoted himself with such ardor to philosophy, theology and mathematics, that in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus he was justly ranked amongst the foremost in talent, diligence, and progress in his studies, ... and pursued with abundant fruit the course of civil and canon law in the Roman Sapienza; and everywhere and at all times he was a model of gentleness, integrity, and piety."

When our Roman student had finished his course of theology and had been ordained priest, he was bound by his oath to return to the Irish mission unless his superiors for just cause gave him leave of absence. This leave he obtained; for, while Oliver Plunkett was pursuing his sacred studies under the shadow of St. Peter's, his namesake, Oliver Cromwell, was laying Ireland waste with his infamous policy of massacre and confiscation; and the young priest would have merely thrown his life uselessly away by returning at such a crisis. His already great reputation as a theologian secured his appointment as professor in the College of the Propaganda.

This part of his career resembled that of one of his most illustrious successors, Cardinal Cullen, who, after a similar sojourn in Rome, was made Archbishop of Armagh in the middle year of the last century. Like him, he was during this period very useful to the Irish hierarchy as their Roman agent and representative; but we are sure that Paul Cullen did not use any of his leisure in composing Irish verses as Oliver Plunkett did, with a piece mentioned in O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" beginning, "O Tara of the Kings!" The Roman life of both these distinguished men was terminated by their nomination to the See of Armagh under exactly similar circumstances. In both cases several other names were proposed, and the Pope escaped from the difficulty of choosing by appointing a man with

whose merit he was closely and personally acquainted. The Primate Edmund O'Reilly (a name which reappeared with honor in the Irish priesthood of the nineteenth century) had governed his diocese from various hiding-places and from prison; and he died in exile, March, 1669. Oliver Plunkett became his successor in the following July.

He strove earnestly to be consecrated at Rome, "the city of his soul"; but the authorities of the Propaganda would not yield to his entreaties, fearing that a bishop coming straight from Rome would be still more liable to excite ill-feeling among the Protestants, just as in the middle of the enlightened and liberal nineteenth century Cardinal Wiseman increased the storm of spite against the re-establishment of the English hierarchy by announcing it in a pastoral dated "outside the Flaminian Gate." Accordingly, the new Primate of All Ireland made his way to Ghent, and was there consecrated on the 30th of November, 1669, by the bishop of that Belgian town, assisted by the exiled bishop of Ferns, Nicholas French. In the preceding May these two, bishops had assisted the bishop of Antwerp in consecrating as Archbishop of Dublin Peter Talbot, brother to the Duke of Tyrconnell.

The public life of Oliver Plunkett now began. We can not afford to enter fully into this part of his story. He has been more fortunate than any other of St. Patrick's successors in having as his biographers in our own day two learned men who chance to be nephews of two of his successors—Dr. William Crolley and Cardinal Cullen—though the latter indeed is chiefly identified with the See of Dublin. The Rev. George Crolley, of Maynooth, was more at home in moral theology than in the historical researches to which Cardinal Moran has always been devoted. Perhaps the most thoroughly satisfying of the numerous erudite writings of the Archbishop of Sydney

is his "Memoir of Oliver Plunkett," enriched as it is with so many letters and documents, now first printed, which enable us to realize the feelings and actual circumstances of our illustrious Primate. But the work is rather a collection of unpublished papers, drawn out of many archives, than a regular biography.

As only two years out of the twelve during which his predecessor reigned had been spent among his persecuted people, the religious affairs of the diocese were in a sad state of arrears and disorder. By his prudence and moderation, and by the secret favor of some in high station, the new Primate contrived to reach his See in safety and to work among his people, unmolested, for many years. One great aim of his primacy was to keep Ireland closely united with the Holy Roman See; and for this purpose he continued with great labor and expense to maintain constant communication with Rome by letters and reports. Someone has said that letter-writing saints are the most popular, or at least the most interesting; witness St. Jerome, St. Teresa, St. Francis Xavier. Oliver Plunkett did a large amount of letter-writing in the midst of very great dangers and difficulties; and in all that he writes we can perceive his earnest zeal, his calm wisdom, his humility, his courage, and his patience.*

In the first four years of his episcopacy he administered the sacrament of Confirmation to forty-eight thousand six hundred persons, some of them sixty years old. He made extraordinary efforts to educate the young ones of his flock. He writes in one of his letters: "Irish talent is excellent and acute, especially that of Ulster"; and then he adds very truly, "but what does this avail when it can not be cultivated? The richest land without the ploughshare or the

* He ends one of his letters with the truthful paradox which is often quoted from Pascal: "Excuse the prolixity of this letter, for I have had no time to make it shorter."

spade can yield but little fruit; and here, in consequence of the penal laws, we can have no fixed Catholic schools."

However, as there was then a lull in the storm, as those atrocious laws were not all ruthlessly enforced for the moment, the Primate bravely opened a school in Drogheda, which he calls somewhere the second city in the kingdom; Belfast was at that time only a castle with a few huts clustering around it. He confided this school to the Fathers whose pupil he had been in Rome. He gives an account of their labors in a letter addressed to Father Paul Oliva, the General of the Society of Jesus. This letter never reached its address; it was intercepted in the first stage of the journey, and is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is a pity that Father Oliva was not consoled by the splendid tribute paid to the devoted toil of his sons who did their work so well that out of one hundred and fifty boys, about forty were children of the Protestant gentry.

Above all things, the zealous Primate was anxious to provide for a succession of pious and learned priests. "It is worthy of remark," he writes, "that no priest educated in Rome adhered to Peter Walsh or the Remonstrance, but only those from France and Belgium; and hence out of the hundred and fifty boys I have here at school, I would wish to select half a dozen of the best, and send them to Rome—*ut remaneat semen in Israel.*"

(Conclusion next week.)

The Old Year and the New.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

REST, veteran, on thy battered shield from conflicts
lost and won!
Sleep, warrior, on the wintry field!—to-night thy
work is done.
Spring, stripling, to the battle place where thou hast
work to do!
'Tis written on thy bright young face that thou art
brave and true.

Jim.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

MANY men have lived double lives. James Montmorency lived one which might fitly be called triple. On Sundays he was a shining light in Mt. Zion Baptist Church. Then, sleek and smooth-shaven and sanctimonious, his withered black neck hidden by a high collar, his aged limbs encased in a ready-made suit of broadcloth, he passed the long-handled contribution box to a large roomful of brothers and sisters of his own color, or one that approached it. As Deacon Montmorency, he was voluble, smiling and cordial. Long words slipped off his tongue like happy fish escaping from a hook. In the absence of the parson he could conduct the services and exhort the sinner. His resonant voice was loud in the hymns, his "amens" emphatic in the prayers. He was so respectable that he was to the Mt. Zion congregation what her brand-new coat-of-arms was to Mrs. Montgomery-Holton, hyphenated, if you please.

Mrs. Montgomery-Holton was his employer, and she would have levelled her lorgnette at you in reposeful amazement if you had told her that her coachman James was, on Sundays and prayer-meeting nights, the most fashionable figure in the prosperous Mt. Zion conventicle. She did not even know that he possessed another name, much less the title of "Deacon." When she set up her brougham, with its purchased crest, she looked about for a coachman who could lend the proper dignity to its box. She would have no solemn English servant in smart livery, or sleek young Negro of prosperous demeanor. She wished for one who looked as if he might have served three generations of her family, and she found James. "An elderly colored man, used to horses, and a Protestant,"—thus had the

words of her advertisement vaguely run.

James lost no time in answering it. Elderly men were in small demand. He went to the interview prepared to make concessions, if necessary; even—one hates to admit it—at the cost of conscience.

“Are you a Protestant?” she asked.—“I belong to Mt. Zion Church, ma’am,” he answered; and she was satisfied and engaged him. So he drove her horses, and she knew him only as a grave, taciturn old colored man named James, who had been a slave “fore de wah.”

At the conclusion of the strife between North and South he had, like so many others, been both astonished and alarmed to find himself free. He had no idea what to do with his unaccustomed liberty. The word meant to him only a homesick exile from the plantation where he was born and the family which filled the place of all kindred.

“Seems like I might hang ’round, Miss May,” he said. “What’ll you do now, them good-for-nothin’ fool niggers has all gone trapsin’ off?”

Mrs. Ralston shook her head sadly.

“There’s nothing to hang around, Jim, and I couldn’t even feed you.”

“But how are you going to feed yourself?”

“I don’t know.”

He wandered out into the unknown world as bewildered as a child, and he had never seen his dear “Miss May” again. He had tried to find her. He had hunted high and low, but somewhere in the great crowd she had been swallowed up. After a while, to his own astonishment, he had a measure of success in the making of money, and could afford many little comforts and even a few luxuries. He had seen the name of Montmorency on a circus poster, and, after deciphering it with difficulty, adopted it as his own. Miss May was a Catholic, and he held to the religion she had taught him until the blandishments of the leading members

of the Mt. Zion congregation overcame his poor old weak heart. His natural dignity of manner and mastery of long words made him a prize worth striving for, and Mrs. Montgomery-Holton did the rest. She clung to the idea that every Catholic servant was a spy, and gave liberally to the support of those renegades, both male and female, who went about reviling the Church.

Deacon Montmorency had many moments of bitter remorse; so had James the coachman; and then, in his comfortable room over the carriage house, a brown rosary would come forth from his old hair trunk and slip through his fingers as he said the familiar “Hail Marys.” His life had not been spotless in all those years, but that he had been saved from the grave sins that conquered so many of his race he attributed to Miss May’s teaching. He never forgot her.

It was a still, sultry night in June. Mrs. Montgomery-Holton was at a committee meeting of the Free Kindergarten Association. The public school board showed some reluctance to making a larger appropriation for the education of infants from two to four years old, and the sentiment of the tax-payers must be aroused. Deacon Montmorency—or James the coachman, as you please—was to call for her at ten o’clock.

Meanwhile he had two hours on his hands. He had a private anxiety. His old heart of late had failed to beat in an accustomed manner. He laid down upon the carpet-covered sofa and faced the situation. The horses below were stamping in their stalls. The strains from a hurdy-gurdy floated up from the street,—the tune, the familiar old song, “The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home.” He buried his face in the pillow and wept; then he got up and knelt down by the window. His long words and pretentious air forsook him, and the long-forgotten dialect of his slave days came back.

“O Lawd, dear Lawd!” he said, “I

believe I'm goin' to die; and I want to die just Your old nigger Jim. And I know I've done forsook de true religion what Miss May taught me. But I want to get it back again; and, O Lawd, do help me find her, and forgive poor misfortunate old prodigal Jim for being such a fool nigger all dis time! 'Hail Mary'"—then something seemed to snap in his head, and his troubles were hushed for a while. Mrs. Montgomery-Holton walked home from her committee meeting and scolded her coachman soundly the next morning.

"These dizzy spells of yours are getting very frequent, James," she said; and told her husband later that she feared the coachman was drinking. There was an adjourned meeting of the committee that afternoon. The school board showed so much evidence of yielding that the Free Kindergarten Association felt emboldened to ask that the infants be transported to and from their residences in rubber tired cabs with canopy tops. James left his mistress at her destination at four o'clock, and drove slowly up and down the avenue. He had had the strange feeling in his head all day, and his old heart would throb tumultuously, and then stop as if to rest. Suddenly he saw people running around a corner, and a frightened horse disappearing in the opposite direction. An old lady had been run over, and James drove near with the kindly curiosity of one rich in leisure.

"She works at the Pension Office," volunteered a boy; "and she was going home. The horse ran over her. What's such an old lady working for? She's as old as my grandmother."

James glanced at the white face and its frame of silver hair; and, in spite of the wrinkles and the years, he knew he had found Miss May.

"Bress de Lawd, I done happened along with de carriage!" he said, lifting her in his arms and placing her upon the green cloth seat of Mrs. Montgomery-

Holton's best brougham. "What under de sun you walkin' for Miss May? Quality folks no business trapsin' 'round on foot like po' white trash." Then he seemed to realize that she was hurt. "You must go home, Miss May,—right home!"

The lady, who had fainted, did not answer; but a doctor who had arrived upon the scene took charge of her, and James—Jim henceforth—mounted the box and drove like mad. Thirty years had slipped away. Once more he was the Ralston coachman, driving his beloved mistress over the fair Southern hills. He had dropped his memory like a worn garment. He felt a strange elation. The pain in his head had disappeared. He wondered if the moon would rise in time for the outdoor dance; if he should find a fox in his new trap; if Marse Robert would soon be at home from school; and then he stopped his horses before a little house, where two pleasant rooms had been waiting for Miss May for a quarter of a century.

He died within the week, refusing all overtures from his former brethren of Mt. Zion. Indeed he did not know them. Neither did he recognize Mrs. Montgomery-Holton, who, forgiving his misdemeanor for the reason that his old mistress was the once distinguished Mrs. Ralston, called with gracious offers of assistance. They were not needed. Jim had laid away a competence; and when he died, the old prayers of Miss May's religion upon his lips, it was found that his will, securely made long before, had left her all.

Mrs. Montgomery-Holton has become a Christian Scientist, and' abandoned her labors in behalf of the infants; but others have filled her place, and it is whispered that the Free Kindergarten Association contemplates urging the school board to provide nursemaids and mother-of-pearl rattles for babies too young to appreciate the advantages of the public kindergarten.

The Real Puritan.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

Our sainted forefathers trod hard and flinty paths, but from their sufferings and because of their sacrifices, we have reaped a harvest of joy and prosperity.

—FOREFATHERS' DAY ORATION.

ON Forefathers' Day many of the natives of New England are wont to assemble and set forth the austere virtues of the worthies whose names they bear. At this time "the godly walk and conversation" of the typical Puritan are held up as models for modern degenerates, and the fact that the early settlers were distinctly different from the long-faced weakling made familiar by caricatures of pen and pencil is ignored by enthusiastic after-dinner speakers. The average forefathers were, in truth, a pretty jolly lot of fellows, with not only the usual number of human frailties but also the ordinary capacity of enjoying what are commonly known as the pleasures of existence.

They were not given to putting from them the various "inspirations to joyance"; and their lives, though lacking in the effeminate luxuries of our later civilization, held vast capacities of good cheer and hearty enjoyment. If they lacked what we term modern improvements, they were, some of us think, the gainer by their absence; and there was a fellowship among kindred and a universal hospitality which more than compensated for the lack of sanitary plumbing and the vagaries of steam heat.

It is sad to think, moreover, that all the Puritan's pleasures were, even measured by to-day's standards, not as harmless as maintaining open house for a hundred cousins or keeping a barrel of sweet cider on tap. The cider was not always sweet; often, too, there were barrels of stronger beverages; decanters adorned the colonial sideboards, the champagne cork popped cheerfully and freely, and the path to the village

tavern was well trod. The shocked Cotton Mather felt called upon to utter a diatribe against spiritual wickedness in high places. "Prophane" swearing was, he averred, common; drunkenness on the increase; and he hinted at more serious offences. The minister's pipe hung over every fireplace; and in that one can surely see no harm. But the Puritan parson was in the habit of heeding the invitation of the tavern sign,—a custom which we would hardly deem either proper or Puritanical.

When so many familiar actors in history are turning out to be but myths it is advisable to gaze upon the New England forefather with truthful eyes, and to substitute for the weak and suffering psalm-singer a doughty and aggressive pioneer of flesh and blood, who had the courage of his mistaken convictions. The man of the *Mayflower* felled trees from dawn to dusk on his first Christmas in the New World, sustained by no stronger beverage than spring water; but the fact that he was physically capable of so unsuitable an action indicated his power to appreciate the creature comforts when he had earned them. He was cruel in his administration of what he called justice, and as narrow as Mahomet's sword in matters concerning what he termed religion; but he was a bluff and hearty host and a critical judge of rum. The same tones which one day droned forth "cant," the next day encouraged the soldiers of a patriot army; and the descendants of the unctuous Pilgrim Fathers, as we know, could fight at Concord and Bunker Hill.

It is high time that the orators of Forefathers' Day revise their remarks.

IF we desire our prayers should be heard, our actions must be suitable to our petitions: we must exert ourselves both before and after prayer in rendering ourselves worthy of the favor we ask.—"Spiritual Combat."

The New Child.

THE "new woman," that nineteenth-century development of femininity, has during the past decade or two been made the subject of numberless disquisitions, discussions, magazine articles, editorial paragraphs, sketches purporting to be humorous, and pulpit utterances purporting to be sermons. The "new woman" has become an old topic; but surely the multitudinous purveyors of "copy" for the omnivorous press may still make something of the new child. For, verily, this latest type of humanity is a more marvellous, and a more saddening, spectacle than even his mother. More than two centuries ago Molière pathetically lamented: "Ah, there are no longer any children!" What would he have thought of the utterly unjuvenile, ultra-precocious, prematurely *blasé* little men and women who have superseded the boys and girls of even his day?

Not all of us, perhaps, have opportunities of viewing perfect representatives of the new type, the strictly logical outcomes of the latest system of child-culture; so it will be pardonable to borrow some pen-photographs from a metropolitan reporter. The scene is a horse show:

"The boy carried the weight of about ten years, and was a miniature reproduction of the grown-up horse show swell. He was foppish—immaculate. No sailor suit for that infant. Even knickerbockers had been left far, far behind. This suit was probably a replica of his father's. His derby was eminently correct; his necktie was decorated with a handsome horseshoe pin; his sleeve links were horses' heads."

This interesting youth and his companion—a lady of equally mature years—pause before an equine favorite that is being inspected by some horse-fanciers.

"The small boy put his feet far apart, clasped his hands behind his back, and

looked the splendid animal over with the cool, critical gaze of a connoisseur. 'Magnificent withers!' he said gravely."

Charming juvenility this, surely; but not yet the perfection of the new childhood. Here is the paragon:

"There was another little boy down among the horses. He wouldn't have liked being called little boy; but he was a mere scrap of a youngster, not more than ten or eleven years old, for all his bored face and world-weary air. He strolled down to where a line of ponies were fidgeting restlessly in their stalls.... He was slight and pale, with a peevish, bored face and a fretful mouth. He wore the regulation riding breeches and boots, and where the full breeches tops narrowed to fit skin tight, the small legs looked as thin as those of an attenuated spider....

"'Good-morning, sir!' said a genial groom. 'Isn't this pretty late to be getting around? I'm afraid you aren't as interested as you'd oughter be.'

"'Oh, I don't know!' drawled the weary infant. 'I call this early. It's only half-past eleven.'

"'Why, your father was down here three hours ago exercising some of the horses. I thought you'd be along looking after Bobby here.'

"The boy sat down on the harness box and tapped the toe of his boot with his crop.

"'Well, the old man wasn't up as late as I was last night,' he said nonchalantly."

These are extreme cases, possibly; and it may be even that the reporter has added a few artistic touches to the pictures. And yet we are not sure that they are at all exaggerated; for here is something equally fantastic, though of a different kind, that we read in a very recent issue of a magazine "devoted to the science, art, philosophy and literature of education,"—a publication that evidently wishes to be taken seriously: "A child's literary reach

should always exceed his grasp, or what's an education for? If he is supplied with standard literature *at six years of age*, when his taste is surely forming, he will not read trash at sixteen." The italics are ours. Now, in all seriousness, we ask, If the child lives to be sixteen or sixty, is he likely to meet with any literary trash more utterly worthless than the sentence just quoted? "Rich in saving common-sense," the writer of that preposterous advice certainly is not; for the context makes it evident that the standard literature referred to is not of the "Little Boy Blue" or "Alice in Wonderland" species.

A variety of the new child more common, perhaps, than any of these is the precocious boy or girl whose injudicious fathers and mothers allow to listen to all sorts of conversation. Time was when, if parents or visiting neighbors broached certain subjects, of public scandal, uncharitable gossip, criticism of the clergy or the school-teacher, Johnnie and Mary were sent on improvised errands, or received permission to run out and play for half an hour. Such precautions are apparently obsolete nowadays. Johnnie and Mary are privileged to enjoy to the utmost conversations and discussions on any and every topic, including occasionally somewhat animated family quarrels. Is it any wonder that the imprudent parents discover later on that their children "know too much" of matters wherein ignorance is for the young both bliss and wisdom?

"Train up a child in the way he should go," counselled the wisest of kings; but it would be interesting to hear his comment on some of the specific ways along which go these heirs "of all the ages, in the foremost files of time"—the new children.

WHEN sin warps the soul out of line, repentance springs it back again to its normal place.—*N. D. Hillis.*

Facts Regarding France.

THE editor of the *Fortnightly Review* deserves credit for inviting so authoritative and broad-minded a writer as Mr. Richard Davey to contribute "A Few More French Facts" to that influential periodical. Mr. Davey's "facts" range over many subjects, and his knowledge of the French situation is not less unmistakable than the impartiality with which he writes of it. Freemasonry in the Latin countries, he tells incredulous Englishmen, "is a political and anti-clerical association which during the last thirty years has developed into a sort of anti-theistic sect that makes no secret of its hatred of revealed religion." This fact, and others which we cite below, are not new to our readers; but the circumstance that they are vouched for by an experienced writer who is evidently in sympathy with English and American Freemasonry, makes it worth while to quote his words for the benefit of those who are disposed to scoff at Catholic testimony:

The Order in France is estimated, according to M. Jules Lemaître and other writers on the subject, at about 22,000 members all told, of whom about 5,000 are Israelites, mostly of German origin. When we consider that the population of France is about 38,000,000, the proportion is exceedingly small; and it includes, moreover, only a very few members drawn from the aristocracy, and a still smaller number of workingmen, and probably not more than 5,000 or 6,000 active members. It is, therefore, almost exclusively recruited from the middle classes, and especially from the learned professions. It owes its preponderating position to its compactness and to the consummate skill with which its forces are manipulated.

Much of the influence is derived also from the assistance it receives from a section of the press, thanks mainly to the energy and zeal of the Jewish brethren, who are the proprietors of not less than a third of the Radical, provincial and Parisian, papers. It is represented in the House of Deputies by about 400 members, and in the Senate by an equally remarkable proportion of senators; and, moreover, nearly the whole of the present Ministry belongs to the Craft. These facts, no doubt, account for the scant opposition with which the

new laws against the liberties of the Church, and especially those incorporated in the Associations Bill, were recently passed by both Houses. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to state that the Grand Orient, which holds Grand Lodge in the Rue Cadet, Paris, has the government almost entirely in its hands; and thereby has created a state within the state, aggressively opposed to the religion of the vast majority of the French people. Herein lies the much-boasted power of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his Cabinet, which is actively maintained by not less than 800,000 functionaries of all degrees in the pay of the Republic, who if they wish to retain their positions, and consequently their salaries, must obey orders from headquarters. Thus it comes to pass that a very small body of men has contrived by dint of audacity, energy, and not a little cunning, to control the fortunes of the nation.

The announcement that public prayers aboard French warships are abolished is not news at all; for Mr. Davey assures us the measure was decreed four years ago in a Masonic lodge of which M. de Lanesson, Minister of Marine, was a member; the same is true of the decrees forbidding the official observance of Good Friday. On that day, sacred in all civilized lands, the French sailors will be forced to eat meat.

As illustrating the outrageous manner in which this anti-religious campaign is carried on, it will suffice to quote these particulars from among many instanced by Mr. Davey:

At Limoges the mayor, a very advanced freethinker, has lately taken upon himself to institute a house to house visitation among the schoolmasters and mistresses employed in the State schools, its object being the discovery of prayer-books, bibles, rosaries, or other articles of devotion. Three young ladies were guilty of the heinous offence of possessing them, and were suspended until orders were received from headquarters allowing them to resume their duties. Literally, hundreds of postmen and other small officials have been dismissed for sending their children to the free schools and for occasionally attending divine service themselves. A well-known deputy was recently called over the coals by his colleagues in the House of Representatives for the horrible crime of acting as best man at the religious wedding of his own sister.

These are facts to be borne in mind and the widest possible publicity should be given them.

Notes and Remarks.

Any movement tending to advance the cause of industrial peace in this country, to harmonize the relations between capital and labor, will have the best wishes and prayers for its success of all thoughtful citizens. The committee of thirty-six, appointed for this specific object, by the National Civic Federation, is sufficiently representative to warrant some hope for an improvement of the actual conditions now existing throughout the land. "If the employers of labor and the representatives of labor," said Mr. Mitchell, head of the great Mine Workers Union, "can meet in honest conference, if when they meet they will tell one another the absolute truth, I dare say that the day of strikes and lockouts will be over." The second "if" is a large one. Let us hope that more of the "absolute truth" will characterize the utterances of both employers and laborers than has thus far been the case in the great industrial conflict.

The venerable Bishop of Rochester has lost none of the energy of expression that has marked all his past utterances. Referring to the Philippine situation he said at the close of a recent discourse: "It strikes me as very singular that our Government should propose to deny religious instruction in the schools to 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 natives, most of them Catholics, while we are paying \$20,000 a year to the Sultan of the Sulu Islands to maintain his many wives, and allow him to have full liberty in teaching the Koran. This is what I do not hesitate to denounce as national hypocrisy and a libel upon American civilization."

This remark has been made before, but there is nothing like reiteration in such matters. Speaking of the reforms that have been effected in the government of New York city, Mr. Jacob Riis says it

takes a lot of telling to make a city know when it is doing wrong. It is harder still, of course, to persuade a nation of its evil courses. Mr. Riis tells how he used to watch a stone-cutter hammering away at his rock for as much as one hundred times without a crack showing in it; and at the one hundredth and first blow it would split in two, and he knew that it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before together. Therefore, let every one that is hammering hammer away. Sensitiveness about the rock is folly.

“The most ignoble feature of America’s somewhat shoddy civilization” is the unpleasant phrase in which Mr. W. S. Lilly (in the current *Nineteenth Century*) describes the divorce legislation of this country, where almost any complaint, from murderous assault to the refusal of the better half to sew a button on the worse half’s trousers, is esteemed sufficient ground for sundering the marriage bond. The pagan civilization which regarded modesty as “a virtue fastened on with pins” was hardly far removed from the condition of at least a section of modern society which dares to speak of purity as “a new disease brought into the world by Christ.” Protestantism has much to answer for; but no charge in the general indictment is more serious than its friendship with divorce, the social iniquity which brought it into existence. On the other hand, it is pleasant to think at the Christmas season of the part which the Virgin Mother played in the creation of the Christian home and the domestic virtues which are its fruit. Mr. Lilly, in one of many strong passages, writes:

The Christian Church, from the earliest times, delighted to think of Mary as the second Eve, who had undone the work of the first, and had brought life instead of death into the world—*mutans Evæ nomen*, changing the name of the temptress into the Ave of the Angelic Salutation. And when a thousand years had passed away,

and chivalry arose, the “all but adoring love” of Christians for her powerfully stimulated the quasi-religious veneration paid in the Middle Ages to the graces of feminine nature,—a veneration which, striking a note before unheard in the world, has inspired the highest poetry of modern civilization. Such was the influence exercised on the place of her sex in the new order of society by “the Mother of fair love, and fear and knowledge and holy hope.” “Born of a woman” is the true account of the modern home, with its refined and elevating influences.

The words with which this scholarly writer closes his essay in a foremost secular review ought to be accepted as the solemn warning of history to our legislators: “The only real witness in the world for the absolute character of holy matrimony is the Catholic Church. And whether men will hear or whether—as seems more likely—they will forbear, she warns them that to degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere dissoluble contract, to a mere regulation of social policy, to a mere material fact governed by the animal, not the rational nature, will be to throw back modern civilization to that wallowing in the mire from which she rescued it.”

We must explain our seeming indifference to the requests of many correspondents to take some notice of a rabid anti-Catholic book, circulars of which are now flooding the country. Such publications are not so injurious, in our opinion, as is generally supposed. As a rule, avowedly anti-Catholic books that are not also obscene are not successful. It is a great mistake to suppose that everything printed is read; or, if read, makes the worst impression. People may be very ignorant and yet very fair-minded. Many a conversion to the Church has resulted from misrepresentations of it. “Now, I should like to know what Catholics have to say for themselves,” was the remark of one who during the A. P. A. outbreak had read anti-Catholic literature with an avidity which was mistaken for

hatred of our holy religion. He is a Catholic now, and he declares that his interest in the Church was first roused by attacks upon it. Our zealous correspondents forget about the counteracting influences, many and strong and ever-increasing, that are constantly being exerted against ridicule and false witness. Besides, the worst that can be said against us has long ago been said. More than ever before we have a fair field, and many whom we are wont to regard as opponents rejoice whenever we gain an advantage. Let our real enemies do all they will and can against us. Let us show that we have no fear of them.

But we may well fear that the success of the Church in this country, which rests with ourselves, may be destroyed by our unchristian lives. Ambition and avarice, drunkenness and worldliness, hollowness and hypocrisy, unchastity and uncharitableness,—these are what we have to dread. Not those who write and speak against the Church are her greatest enemies.

Occasionally the cry is raised that there is a serious falling off in the number of candidates for the Protestant ministry. We see no reason why this should be so. Some avocations are desirable not because they are lucrative in themselves, but because they lead easily and inevitably to what is vulgarly called "a good thing"; and so long as our government officials continue to select preachers for important administrative offices there will be plenty of vocations to the ministry. A correspondent of the *Standard and Times*, writing from the Philippines, says: "The present superintendent of education in Manila, the Rev. Mr. Stokes, is a Protestant minister; and, needless to say, his official position will afford him many opportunities for undermining the faith of Filipino children. I have been informed that there are four other superintendents of public schools in the islands

who are Protestant ministers." The picturesque explosiveness of President Roosevelt might find another opportunity in this situation. It is just possible, of course, that these reverend superintendents are the best men that could be found in the United States for those positions—possible but extremely improbable. At any rate, we believe that the President would see the utter impropriety of appointing preachers to such positions anywhere, but especially in the Philippines; some official rough-riding after the preacher-politician would be a refreshing and edifying spectacle for good Americans.

Of never-failing interest to all who appreciate the gift of faith are the accounts of conversions to the Church. One never tires of hearing how these marvels were effected—what influences were brought to bear, what obstacles had to be overcome. Singularly interesting is the case of the Rev. Matthew Culley of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, England, related in "Roads to Rome." Until in his eighteenth year he asked to be received into the Church, he had never spoken to a priest nor had any consultation with Catholics on the step he then took. But his mother was a pious Anglican, and her example and teaching had left a deep impression on his mind. She died when he was in his twelfth year. Father Culley writes:

Within two years after her death I began to pray, of my own accord, before a picture of Our Lady and the Holy Child that my mother had given me some years previously, and which always hung in my room. At the same time, having strung some beads together, I taught myself to say the Rosary, learning it from a book I found in the library at Coupland. I ought to mention that our parish church, the last in England in that direction—for the parish was bounded for many miles by Scotland—was of a most Evangelical type, and the prevailing atmosphere of the whole district was, and still is, Protestant and Presbyterian. . . . Owing to delicate health, I was educated for some years at home; but just after my eighteenth birthday was

sent to a tutor at Oxford to prepare for the University. At Oxford I was a regular attendant at a very advanced church, and sometimes went to the Jesuit church in the evenings. I recollect being more and more dissatisfied with the inconsistent teaching of the High Church party; I heard some of their leading men preach at this time. My chief difficulty with regard to Rome was that I failed to understand or to see the reason for the doctrine of Papal Supremacy and of the infallibility of the Holy Father. I think I believed everything else taught by the Catholic Church, at least as far as I knew at this time. Fortunately for me, during the autumn of that year (1878), a distinguished Catholic preacher and controversialist came to Oxford and gave a course of sermons on Sunday evenings in the Jesuit church on the very subject that had been a difficulty to me. He put the whole question of the Pope's supremacy and the universality of the Roman Church in a light in which I had never seen it before. I had no conversation with the preacher, but his sermons helped me immensely, and by degrees the way became quite easy before me.

As a rule, Protestants who feel drawn to the Church have one chief difficulty, and as soon as that is removed all lesser ones disappear. Inquiring non-Catholics should, first of all, be impressed with the necessity of prayer, and then thoroughly instructed on the point of doctrine which is their greatest difficulty. It will be found easy to turn any other stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones.

One who understands children can always tell whether the ludicrous sayings attributed to them are genuine or not. Their witticisms are usually unconscious, and in many cases afford an illustration of the difficulty which children have in understanding the meaning of words not in constant use by themselves. The need of first prayer-books and catechisms in the language of little folk, with clear definitions of all words not in their own vocabulary, is yet to be supplied. Most people seem to think that the difficulty lies with polysyllables, whereas the shortest words are often the greatest stumbling-blocks. A professional gentleman of our acquaintance says he can never forget his early struggle with the

Apostles' Creed. It was easily committed to memory; but the clause, "from thence He will come to judge," etc., was jumbled into "Thency'll come to judge." The question arose, Who is Thency? A sister a year older could throw no light on the subject; but, being of a lively imagination, she described the dreadful appearance of "Thency" and the many terrors of his coming. He was expected to appear almost any night, and annihilate every little boy that couldn't say his prayers.

Another member of the same family confesses that when, as a child, he joined in the recitation of the *Salve Regina* it was always his size that he sent up—"To thee we sent up our *size*," etc.—supposing that reference was to the crown which was kept ready for him. The Blessed Virgin, being Queen of Heaven, was expected to give personal attention to these little matters; and if one's size was required for a cap, why not for a crown? Happy childhood! the word *sighs* has no meaning then.

It ought to be remembered that children live in a world of their own. Parents and teachers especially would do well to explore it more. Many people who write and talk about the child-world know as little about it as they do about Mars.

One of the most interesting of the many curious archæological treasures in the Lavigerie Museum, of which we made mention some time ago, is a terra-cotta work representing a double-faced organ, with key-board, pipes of different heights, reservoirs for air or steam, and even the lower half of the player's body. "Of all the monuments of antiquity," says the archæologist, M. Babelon, "it is this which gives us the best idea of the hydraulic organ invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria in the latter half of the third century before Christ."

Other interesting objects in terra-cotta to be seen in the hall of the museum in

which the organ is placed are statuettes, (a number of them) representing a mother with a child on her knees. Although some savants declare these to be figures of Isis and her son Horus, it does not appear at all conclusively proven that they are not, rather, early Christian representations of the Madonna and Child.

Father Delattre, who has been contributing to the *Missions Catholiques* a series of papers on the Lavigerie Museum and its treasures, gives several facts that favor this view. He mentions one such little statue, the head-dress of which is an ornament in the form of a large *M*, and conjectures that it may designate the name of Mary. Again, the localities in which the statuettes were found seem to attest their Christian origin; some of them, for instance, having been discovered near Carmel in an old cistern that contained a group of Christian lamps. Sorlin Dorigny, an archæologist of Constantinople, during a visit to the museum, declared that if he met with a similar statuette in Constantinople he would not hesitate to describe it as a Madonna; and he further stated that, in a subterranean chapel in Turkey, he found a statue of the same style, upon the base of which, in Greek characters, was the inscription, "Mother of God."

We learn from the *Missionary Record* that of the 12,000 Indians scattered about in the valleys of the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers, 10,000 have already been baptized. Twenty-five mission stations have been established in the district, the great number of which are provided with churches or chapels. Mgr. Grouard, who supplies this information, gives a touching account of the persevering faith and tender piety of the Montagnais, who flocked from their hunting-grounds to greet the missionary. "Several among the most fervent of them begged to be allowed to repeat

their Communion, pleading: 'We are for such long periods debarred from the *Medicine of God*, which strengthens the heart, may we not be privileged to receive It once more, while we dwell in the neighborhood of the *house of prayer*?' " The apostolic labors of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate among the Indians of British America recall the heroic lives of the early missionaries in New France.

The author of a book recently published in England ("Letters from John Chinaman"), professing to be a Chinaman himself, makes a strong defence of the Chinese against foreign aggressors. He denies the right of Europeans to demand admittance into the Celestial Empire, and questions the propriety of allowing Christian missionaries to preach their faith to Confucianists, Buddhists, and Taoists, whose own religious beliefs are so elevating and satisfying. He sees in the family life of the people a co-ordination with their professions which he fails to find in Western communities. The *Athenæum*, in a notice of "Letters from John Chinaman," shows that the explanation of this lies on the surface, and in doing so emphasizes one essential difference between Christianity and all other religions:

The professions and practices of the people [of China] are comparatively of so low an order that there is no difficulty in establishing a harmony between them; whereas the religious aspirations of Christians are of so spiritual and elevated a nature that, strive as they may, even the most noble minded among them have to confess that they are unprofitable servants. The idea of the solidarity of family life in China has been much exaggerated; and filial piety, of which we hear so much, finds little practical expression among the people. The author enlarges at length on these subjects, and supports his argument by the assertion that "marriage does not dissolve the family: the husband remains, and his wife becomes a member of his group of kinsmen." This is a somewhat one-sided notion of the solidarity of family life, since it leaves out of account one half of the married people of China,

As has been wittily said, "Christianity requires a man to leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife. Confucianism requires a man to cleave to his father and mother and to compel his wife to do the same." What this system means, what shocking cruelties are perpetrated by mothers-in-law on hapless brides, only those who are acquainted with the home life of the Chinese can appreciate. But that it reduces to a condition of slavery the young married women of China is beyond dispute.

We have a suspicion that the author of "Letters from John Chinaman" is not a Chinaman, but some clever journalist who has been reading the published speeches of the able Chinese Minister to the United States. Mr. Wu is probably the only Chinaman in the world who could write such a book.

That was a beautiful message which the Master-General of the Order of St. Dominic, in a letter to the English Provincial, sent to the Dominican Fathers who sailed from Southampton last month for a new field of labor in the island of Grenada: "Tell them that I bless them affectionately, and wish them all the graces they may need when they leave their own land to go and consecrate themselves to God in a foreign country. *May they never forget that the means to bring forth abundant and lasting fruits is to apply themselves first, and above all things, to their own sanctification!*"

The New York journals will have their little jokes on Boston. One of the most serious of them publishes this echo of the holidays from the Hub:

Teacher: "Well, Emerson, what did Santa Claus bring you for Christmas?"—Emerson: "I have been compelled to abandon my youthful conception of Santa Claus as an actual entity. My parents, however, presented me a copy of Kant's Critique."

Two figures, a Madonna and a St. Barbara, by Riemenschneider, the famous fifteenth-century sculptor in wood, have recently been discovered at Würzburg.

Notable New Books.

The Making of an American. By Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Co.

This autobiography of the author of "How the Other Half Lives," "The Ten Years' War," etc., is a book of great value and unusual interest. The life-story of such a man as Jacob Riis could not fail to be fascinating. From a friendless and penniless foreigner, he has become one of the most prominent and influential of our citizens, everywhere regarded as a man of noble character and great ability, and held in highest esteem for his unselfish devotion to the cause of suffering humanity. Though a native of Denmark, where he lived until his twentieth year, Mr. Riis has won distinction in the United States as a journalist, a reformer, a lecturer, and an author. The attraction of his story is felt in the opening pages, which tell of his boyhood days at Ribe, famed especially for its ancient cathedral, where on Holy Eve "a thousand wax-candles that made the gloom in the deep recesses behind the granite pillars seem deeper still, and brought out the picture of the Virgin Mary and her Child, long hidden under the whitewash of the Reformation, and so preserved to our day by the very means that were taken to destroy it." The story of our author's first years in this country—they were years of struggle and privation, of temptation and adventure—is a romantic one; indeed, if this were a biography instead of an autobiography, and the after career of Mr. Riis were not familiar, one might be tempted to regard the book as the production of a writer bent on presenting something vivid and picturesque rather than on affording a narrative with the advantage and value of being true. As illustrations of the author's frankness and manly spirit, as also to give an idea of the human interest of his new book, we quote these pleasant anecdotes of President Roosevelt and Cardinal Gibbons:

A picture from that day's trip through Long Island will ever abide on my mind. The train was about to pull out from the station in Greenport, when the public school-children came swarming down to see "Teddy." He leaped out from the rear platform grasping as many of the little hands as he could while the train hands did their best to keep the track clear. Way back in the jostling, cheering crowd I made out the slim figure of a pale little girl in a worn garment, struggling eagerly but hopelessly to get near him. The stronger children pushed her farther back, and her mournful face was nearly the last of them all when Roosevelt saw her. Going down the steps even as the train started, he made a quick dash, clearing a path through the surging tide to the little girl, and, taking her hand, gave it the heartiest shake of all, then sprang for the departing car and caught it. The last I saw of Greenport was the poor little girl holding tight the hand her hero had shaken, with her face all one sunbeam of joy.

I know just how she felt, for I have had the same experience. One of the things I remember with a pleasure which the years have no power to dim is my meeting

with Cardinal Gibbons some years ago. They had asked me to come to Baltimore to speak for the Fresh Air Fund, and to my great delight I found that the Cardinal was to preside. I had always admired him at a distance, but during the fifteen minutes' talk we had before the lecture he won my heart entirely. He asked me to forgive him if he had to go away before I finished my speech, for he had had a very exhausting service the day before; "and I am an old man, on the sunny side of sixty," he added, as if in apology.

"On the shady side, you mean," amended the Presbyterian clergyman who was on the committee. The Cardinal shook his head, smiling.

"No, doctor! The sunny side—nearer heaven."

The meeting was of a kind to inspire even the dullest speaker. When I finished my plea for the children and turned around, there sat the Cardinal yet behind me, though it was an hour past his bedtime. He came forward and gave me his blessing then and there. I was never so much touched and moved. Even my mother, staunch old Lutheran that she is, was satisfied when I told her of it; though, in the nature of things, the idea of her son consorting in that way with principalities and powers in the enemy's camp must have been a shock to her.

"The Making of an American" is a thoroughly good book—one of the most fascinating and stimulating autobiographies in the language. It is handsomely published, and contains numerous illustrations, so well selected, skilfully printed, and carefully placed that, instead of being a distraction to the reader, as often happens with pictures, they add to his pleasure.

Held for Orders. By Frank H. Spearman. McClure, Phillips & Co.

This new volume of stories of railroad life will be no disappointment to Mr. Spearman's admirers. He knows how to tell a tale, and every one of the tales in this collection is worth reading. Excitement of the healthiest sort, unselfish patriotism, the highest manliness, heroism of the noblest type, and a rich vein of literary ability go to the making-up of "Held for Orders."

Mr. Spearman never indulges in applause of his heroes—he is too good a *raconteur* for that: he simply tells their stories, and each one is told so well that the reader gets the impression that the volume must be the work of an experienced railroad man as well as a born story-teller. "Held for Orders" is a book for men, especially young men; and every reader of it will be benefited as well as entertained by its perusal. It is appropriately brought out, and contains several illustrations that enhance its attractiveness.

Maids and Matrons of New France. Mary Sifton Pepper. Little, Brown & Co.

Parkman's works and the publication of the Jesuit Relations have shown the possibilities which Canada holds as a literary field, and the works of Gilbert Parker and others prove that the human element which marks the history of foundation years appeals to the interest of all ages and conditions of men. To history and

fiction, with Canada as the scene of action, Mary Sifton Pepper has added biography, and she has, with rare selective power, given us beautiful types illustrative of the various phases of Canadian life in the seventeenth century.

There is a charm about these heroic women of France, some of them gentlewomen, some who had known the gayeties of the French court, and some representatives of religious Orders. The spirit of faith which animated them, the zeal with which they lent themselves to the work of civilizing the Indians, caring for the sick, teaching the little ones, and inspiring the breadwinners to renewed courage,—all this makes real history and counts for more than deeds of war. The brave Lady de la Tour, Madame de la Peltrie, foundress of the first school for girls in Canada, Mother Marie Guyard, Jeane Mance, Marguerite Bourgeois,—all were heroines whose names can never be forgotten in the history of New France. On the annals of the North they are inscribed as beautiful examples of good influence in contrast to those women who bartered their honor and perjured their souls, such as Angelique de Peau, La Pompadour of New France. Miss Pepper's sketches have a worthy setting as to binding and illustrations.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Co.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the astonishing multiplication of what may be called the garden book. Mrs. Wright, however, does not limit her researches and conclusions to the confines of any walls, however charming; where, in New England, a wild flower lurks or a fern hides, there is her garden; and she talks so unaffectedly and sympathetically of the treasures of wood and field that the reader longs for other and similar volumes in which the *flora* of the South and West may receive her appreciative comment. There is a thread of human interest running through the work, and the unique and plentiful illustrations from photographs by the author are unsurpassed, so far as we know, in the history of modern book-making. The mechanical part of this beautiful volume is as creditable and satisfactory as the thoughts it embalms, which is saying much.

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. By the Marquis of Lorne, K. T. Harper & Brothers.

The Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyll, holds the relation of son-in-law to the late Queen, and his biography of her is everywhere marked by the tenderness of a son as well as the loyalty of a subject. In fact, this volume is eulogy, not biography. The present is probably not the time, and Argyll is certainly not the man to write a critical account of the life and times of his august mother-in-law; but there are many persons deeply

interested in gossip about the Queen, and these persons will be fairly satisfied with the present work. We say fairly, because the death of Victoria is so recent and the newspapers are so enterprising and exhaustive that much of even the gossip herein set down is no longer fresh.

Perhaps this is why the chapters dealing with the Queen's early days and her domestic life seem so endless, while those dealing with questions of State during her reign are so disappointingly incomplete. It is proper for this magazine to note, also, that in the one place where theology is mentioned, the author shows himself amusingly ineffective and awkward. We do not mean to suggest, however, that the book is not readable; it will probably have a wide circulation, and will give much pleasure to all the admirers of a Christian matron who for more than sixty years stood blameless in the fierce light that beats upon the throne. The portrait illustrations are interesting and well executed.

The Little Flower of Jesus. An Autobiography. Burns & Oates.

It was a mistake not to keep the title of the original of this autobiography in the translation, for "Histoire d'une Ame" is most appropriate for the soul revelation of one singularly gifted, and chosen from the first to be a cloister flower. At the request of her superior, this Carmelite nun, Marie Thérèse Martin, born at Alençon in 1873, writes out her life with a simplicity that is touching. Her every thought and action was a white blossom of purity, and her spiritual growth was marvellous. At twenty-five she was called to her reward and the flower of Carmel bloomed in the gardens of paradise.

In these materialistic days it is refreshing to mind and heart to come upon something so genuine as is this glimpse of a great soul, and one's only regret is that so few will be able to appreciate fully the beauty of the life portrayed.

The Portion of Labor. By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Brothers.

W. H. Mallock, in his "Labor and the Popular Welfare," speaking of workmen and their claims, says: "A large number of agitators are constantly endeavoring to associate, in the popular mind, the legitimate hope of obtaining an increased income with an insane hostility to conditions which alone make such an increase possible. These men are accustomed to declaim against the slavery of the working classes quite as much as against their inadequate rate of payment." This we read in Mr. Mallock's quiet, lucid book on economics, and we mentally deplore the want of understanding between the rich and the poor.

But what a difference there is in our feelings when we read Miss Wilkins' life-story of the poor

wage-earners in that New England town which she has chosen as the setting of her story! The canvas she uses is small, but it is painted in strokes that tell. The Brewster family alone furnishes types sufficient to show Miss Wilkins' power in character analysis and portraiture; while the growth of Ellen, her position in her own home and in the circle of her acquaintances, is a study in psychology. The question of educating beyond one's sphere, the ethics of stock-speculation, the moral tone of the factory workers, the absence of anything like religion in the atmosphere,—these are points that give food for reflection as we follow the story through its various stages.

"The Portion of Labor" is powerful in its hold on one's interest and sympathy, and the pathos of the lot of the poor, however much relieved by examples of noble courage and charity, works strongly upon one's feelings; but we are not sure that the ending is what artists in plot and construction would call inevitable. Though not dealing with a holiday subject, we predict a large winter sale for this attractively published book.

Folly in Fairyland. By Carolyn Wells. Henry Altemus Co.

Miss Wells knows just what will please the children, and in this story of Folly she has achieved a triumph. It was a happy thought to have Folly go to Fairyland, and there meet the dear little Babes in the Wood, Jack the Giant-Killer,—yes, and to see the beanstalk which had so much to do with the killing of that famous giant whose

coat was twenty-nine yards long
And fifty yards around;
The buttons were like pewter plates,
Exceeding bright and new,
With buttonholes of such a size
A man could jump right through.

All the old childhood friends are in the wonderful land Folly saw. And hereafter, whenever a fairy story is read, "Folly in Fairyland" should be at hand, for it is like geography to history.

The Way of Perfection. St. Teresa. Edited by A. R. Waller. J. M. Dent & Co.; the Macmillan Co.

There can be but one opinion of St. Teresa's writings. All who read her earnestly come under the spell of her intellectual power and of her "flaming heart." "The Way of Perfection," edited by A. R. Waller, and published in the Cloister Library series, is a book one loves to handle. To open it at random is to have one's interest caught and held; for there is a human element, a practical common-sense, all through St. Teresa's instructions to her spiritual daughters, which wins one over to her point of view, after which one finds it less difficult to try the heights with this eager-souled saint of God. It is a good sign to see the old religious books coming out in attractive form.



FOR YOUNG FOLK

A Meeting.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

A LITTLE girl was running
Along the frosty way,
She met with Happy New Year,
And halted in her play.

"Happy, happy New Year!
What do you bring for me?"—

"I bring three precious treasures:
Faith, Hope and Charity."

"Happy, happy New Year!
What shall I do for you?"—


"Unto these noble virtues
Be steadfast, leal and true."

"Happy, happy New Year!
I'll try to be each day."
And so they passed each other
Upon the frosty way.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

I.—A FIRST MEETING.



ERHAPS some reader may know the Glen of the Dargle. No boys or girls may know it, but perchance their grandsires may tell them of a mountain stream which threads its way through rugged hills till it falls over a precipice and winds onward through a glen of unspeakable loveliness. They may remember the ravine shut in on either side by hills, covered with gigantic trees, some of which meet across it, forming a natural bridge.

Well, it was upon that bridge that I saw—at first with deep amazement, then, with fear and trembling—the slender, graceful figure, the almost eerie loveliness of Wayward Winifred. How she had

reached her dangerous position was clear enough; for her feet were like the mountain goat, and her figure wonderfully lithe and active. I stood and gazed at her, afraid to speak lest she should fall from the dizzy height. She looked back at me with clear brown eyes, and spoke in a voice that held just a hint of the Dublin accent to give it sweetness.

"Are you the lady from America?"

I answered that I was, and a long pause ensued. The child was evidently studying me, and I in my turn put a question:

"How on earth, child, did you get up there? And don't you know that any moment you might come tumbling down into the water below?"

"The water wouldn't harm me if I did," Winifred replied, looking down into the clear depths; "and it knows me well. I come here every day, unless there be a storm."

"Is your mother aware of so dangerous a proceeding?" I asked with some sternness.

A strange look passed over the girl's face, and she answered with a little laugh, half merry, half wistful:

"Ah! then, don't you know? I'm the orphan from the castle."

"From the castle?" I repeated. I began to think that this creature, after all, was a spirit, such as I had been told lived in the glens and streams of fairy-haunted Ireland.

"Yes," said she; "I am from the castle."

"From Powerscourt?" I suggested; supposing, of course, that she meant the great mansion which all visitors to the Dargle felt bound to see.

"From Powerscourt!" cried she, with contempt in her voice. "Oh, it's easy to see you are from America! Why,

the castle I live in was built hundreds of years before there was any Powers-court at all."

I was again struck dumb by this assurance. What castle could she mean? I knew of none in the neighborhood, and yet I had been studying the latest guide-book with the closest attention.

"If you come with me some day," she said, "I will show you *my* castle, and granny will be very glad to see you."

She spoke with a grand air, as though she were, indeed, a young princess inviting me to visit her ancestral home.

"Where is the castle?" I inquired.

"Where is the castle?" she repeated, as if in bewilderment. "Well, it is up, up in the hills. Perhaps you haven't any hills in America?"

I assured her that we had.

"Well," she declared, in the same lofty way, "if you know how to climb hills, and don't mind if the road is steep, I'll take you there some time."

"To-morrow?" I suggested.

"No; to-morrow I'm going away off to the Phoul-a-Phooka."

"Where is that?"

"Miles away from here."

"Are you going alone?"

"I'm going with some one," she answered, with her clear, musical laugh; "but I won't tell you who."

"I have not asked," I said, provoked a little by her coolness. "I assure you, dear child, I have no wish to force your confidence."

"It's some one we don't talk much about," she said, nodding her head sagaciously. "Granny says that there are people whom it's best not to meddle with."

"And yet you are going to this place with the outlandish name in such company?" I said, almost involuntarily.

She drew herself up.

"Oh, that is very different!" she said. "When I am with this person I am in very good company; and who so well as he can tell me of the Phoul-a-Phooka

and all those other things I want to hear?"

"You are a strange child," I remarked.

She looked at me, surprised and half offended.

"How am I strange?" she demanded.

"I mean different from others."

An expression almost of sadness crossed her face.

"I am alone, you see," she said; "and I live up at the castle."

The explanation was a pathetic one, and I observed the girl with greater interest than ever.

"I should like to be friends with you," I declared.

"I do not often make friends of strangers," she said, with some return of her former lofty manner,—"but, yes, I think I like you."

"Very well; there shall be a compact between us to like each other," I replied. "And the first fruits of our agreement shall be to arrange what day I may go with you to the castle and see your—relative."

Something in my speech amused her and she laughed merrily.

"Poor old granny!" she said. "You will love her at first sight."

"The gift is evidently in the family," I answered, "of making people love them at first sight."

"In the family?" she repeated again, with that look of drollery upon her face which had almost upset my own gravity. "Never mind: you shall come and see for yourself, two days from now, when I get home from Phoul-a-Phooka."

She slipped down as she spoke from her perilous perch and landed safely on the opposite shore, becoming at once embowered in greenness, a very goddess of the woods. She made a graceful gesture of farewell and turned away, light as a young fawn.

I stood spellbound, watching the path by which she had disappeared. Curiosity was aroused within me, and I felt an uncommon attraction for this being who

seemed of a different mould from those of common clay. I fell to dreaming of her as I walked home through those exquisite scenes of rare and mournful loveliness. The dark story of Erin seemed told in her hills and streams. I was also anxious to discover what was the Phoul-a-Phooka, and who might be the mysterious companion of her journey to that unknown region.

I seemed to tread, indeed, on enchanted ground; and I could hardly believe that I was the same being who a month before had been walking down Broadway, stopping to admire the wonderful products of the century's genius in Tiffany's windows, idly surveying the crowds of passers-by, and jostling my way past the Fifth Avenue Hotel. However, I had to keep all my speculations to myself and wait for that visit to the castle, to which I began to look forward with the greatest eagerness. Could the castle itself be a mere myth, the creation of a sensitive imagination? On that point, at least, I determined to satisfy my curiosity as soon as an opportunity occurred.

I found the landlord of the inn alone that evening, his labors done for the day, pipe in mouth, smoking on a bench beside the door. He was a somewhat taciturn man, less loquacious than most of his race and station, and the subject, in some way, did not seem to commend itself to him.

"The castle? To be sure there's a castle up there beyant. A mighty fine ould place in former times."

"But to whom does it belong now?"

He looked uneasy.

"Who is the owner? Why, that would be hard to tell, though I suppose it's Miss Winifred herself."

"Is she, then, of noble birth?" I asked.

"Oh, it's not easy to say!" he replied, evasively. "Some say she is and more say she isn't."

Here was a mystery with a vengeance.

"Perhaps you can tell me, at least, what is the Phoul-a-Phooka?"

The landlord gave me a half-startled look.

"The blessin' of God be about us!" he ejaculated, piously. "I wonder now, ma'am dear, why you would care to be inquirin' into things of the sort."

"But what sort of thing is it?" I persisted. "Something, I am sure, which we do not have in America, where we claim to have so much. Our steam-whistles and the roar of our factories have driven from us what Ireland has kept—her legends and her poetry."

The man did not seem to relish this style of conversation, or, perhaps, to understand it; for he answered somewhat shortly:

"The Phoul-a-Phooka is a wild horse, the devil himself takin' that shape; and woe to anyone whom he gets upon his back!"

"Oh, it can't be to see a wild horse that this child is going!" I remonstrated.

"No, ma'am; 'tis to a wild, solitary spot, with a power of waterfalls in it," replied the landlord. "But it gets its name from the beast I'm tellin' you of."

"Oh! is that it?" I replied.

"Yes, ma'am; 'twas there that the horse leaped a precipice with the tailor that had about him the priest's soutane he was after makin'. The horse felt it like a stone's weight on his back, and down he went with the tailor."

The man told the story with some hesitation, as if not seeming to believe in it, and yet reluctant to express disbelief openly.

"It's a beautiful spot, though, ma'am; that's what it is. And mebbe you'd be goin' to see it yourself some of these days."

"Very likely I shall," I assented; "but first I want to see the old castle and the woman and child who live there."

"It's a good bit of a walk," said the landlord; "but the weather is fine, so I suppose you won't mind that."

"No: I won't mind it," I declared,— "not in the least, and Winifred is coming for me in a day or two."

"And I hope she won't be a Will-o'-the-wisp to you, ma'am, and leave you in some bog or another."

He spoke with considerable asperity, and but that he was just then called away I should have questioned him further; for I judged from his manner that he had suffered from some of the pranks of my new acquaintance. I smiled to myself as I wondered if the girl had been leading him a dance over mountain and moor, or what was the nature of the particular trick she had played upon the stony-visaged landlord.

(To be continued.)

Munkacsy and His Masterpiece.

Some years ago a wonderful painting made a triumphant journey through the world. It is estimated that more than two millions of people flocked to see it. Christians and pagans, Jews and Gentiles, the highest and the lowest, great and humble, little children and withered old men, continually surrounded it,—some weeping, some praying, all moved by the skill which reproduced the scene when our Blessed Lord was arraigned before His human judge. The painting was the famous "Christ Before Pilate"; the artist, Michael Munkacsy, whose poor wits soon after went wandering, and in whom genius approached the borderline of insanity.

He had just completed a secular picture which had won the first prize at the Exhibition Universelle, when a Parisian connoisseur suggested that he undertake a sacred subject. He at first thought of a canvas with Herod for its central figure; but later there came into his mind the scene where Christ was haled before Pilate in the praetorium. As he walked through the streets he saw not the hurrying throngs of people, but the hungry faces of those who would

crucify their Lord, and at night he dreamed of them.

He began his painting in 1880, and finished it in a year; more than half the time, however, being spent in preliminary studies. The canvas was twenty feet long and twelve feet in height, and contained more than forty figures. For the local color and architectural background, he trusted to his imagination, being, of course, familiar with what may be called the appropriate stage-setting. Then he sketched in the figures—all but one,—working with incredible rapidity. In completing the details he employed living models for these figures, hunting them far and wide, and selecting them with extraordinary judgment.

One space remained empty—the fair white piece of canvas where the figure of Christ was to have place. He hesitated to undertake it, or even to make the slightest sketch of it; he hid himself from the sight of men, and for many days fasted and prayed and meditated.

One day, so he has told us, after a long vigil and much weariness of mind and body, he knelt alone, when suddenly a luminous shape passed swiftly before his eyes and filled the waiting place in the great picture. Then the painter, trembling with emotion, seized his brushes and fixed the vision upon the canvas. It is not for us to say how much of this fulfilment of his hopes was due to an overwrought state of mind; we know the effect of the picture upon the world, and that is enough.

Munkacsy received fame, wealth, and a title in return for his labors; but, as we all know, his reason became hopelessly clouded, and the grave soon covered all that was mortal of this gifted and erratic man.

SAID some one to Menedemus: "It is a great blessing to have all one wishes for."—"It is a greater blessing," replied the philosopher, "to be satisfied with what one has."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Those who possess the "Paradiso," and "Inferno" in the elegant and useful Temple Classics edition of the "Divina Commedia" will be glad to know that the "Purgatorio" is now ready.

—A volume of "Facsimiles of Hore Beatæ Mariæ" of the eleventh century, a collection of tracts on the Mass, and "Facsimiles of Early Manuscripts of the Creed" are in press by the Bradshaw Society of England.

—It will gratify many persons to learn that Dr. Barry's notable essay on "The Prospects of Catholicism" contributed to one of the English reviews has been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

—A new, improved edition of Bishop Knecht's "Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture" is announced. It is one of the most valuable works of its kind in any language, and Father Glancey's introduction is an admirable feature of the English edition.

—We welcome a volume of "Letters, Chiefly on Religious Subjects, of Antonio Rosmini Serbati." As the translator remarks, they afford "noble evidences of most genuine faith, of great zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, of tender devotion to the Mother of God and of all other virtues."

—Though published for the holidays, "Lalor's Maples," by Katherine E. Conway, is a book to be added to every Catholic lending library. Good fiction is not so common that a story like this can be lost sight of among gift-books. It is a book for all the year and for all occasions. We hope to hear soon of a second edition of "Lalor's Maples," and there should be many others.

—The appearance, so soon after his lamented death, of a French translation of the Abbé Hogan's "Clerical Studies" is all the more gratifying because that invaluable work is so broad and modern in spirit, without the least taint of offensive ultra-liberalism. The published statement that Padre Lepidi, the eminent Master of the Sacred Palace, has approved the book is a compliment—especially to Padre Lepidi.

—The effect of bodily ailments upon the pen is illustrated by a story told of Mrs. Carlyle, who could be as grim, it would seem, as her distinguished husband. Reviews appearing in certain Catholic journals of "A Life's Labyrinth" recall the anecdote, which is too good not to be true. Miss Jewsbury, the writer, was once staying with Mrs. Carlyle at Chelsea, when a caller appeared. "Geraldine Jewsbury is here," Mrs. Carlyle ex-

plained, "but she is in her room with a severe cold, reviewing a novel." She paused, and then added grimly, "I am sorry for the novel that is reviewed by Geraldine when she has a cold."

—A new revised edition of "The Sacristan's Manual," by the Rev. H. Dale, is a welcome announcement. This excellent manual should be in the hands of sacristans everywhere.

—It is said that the Book of the Gospels on which all the English sovereigns from Henry I. to Edward VI. took the Coronation Oath is still preserved in the library of a gentleman of Norfolk. On the outer cover is a crucifix in gilt which the monarchs kissed.

—The first work ever written about St. Francis of Assisi—less than a year after his death—was the famous allegory "Lady Poverty." The first translation of it into English has just been published by John Murray of London. The translator is Montgomery Carmichael, a name that stands for accuracy and elegance.

—The prize awarded by the American Catholic Historical Society for the best essay on a subject bearing upon the history of the Church in America was won by a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., Miss Pauline Lancaster Peyton. The fact that the essay was required to be based on original research and that the prize was open to students in seminaries, colleges, academies and high schools in the United States, Canada and Mexico, renders the honor to Miss Peyton and her *Alma Mater* all the more great. The subject of the essay was "Pierre Gibault, Priest and Patriot."

—It is hard to understand the motive underlying Mr. W. E. Henley's attack on the character of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he was permitted unusual intimacy for thirteen years. No man is a hero to his valet, it is said; and Mr. Henley's willingness to turn the frailties of his friend into copy for the magazines raises a suspicion that Henley ought to have been Stevenson's servant, not his friend. At any rate, the man who raised his voice in defence of Father Damien when the foul-minded Hyde traduced him will have the sympathy of the whole world now that his own memory is assailed.

—The London *Tablet* learns that much space is devoted to the poetry of Father Faber in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's forthcoming "Victorian Anthology." Many readers will praise the compiler's discrimination, and recall the saying of Wordsworth when he heard that Faber was to become an Anglican parson: "England will lose

a poet." According to the highest test, much of the gentle Oratorian's work does not belong to the first class of literature; but it is unquestionable that much more touches many of the nobler chords of heart and intellect. This is what entitles Faber to rank as a true poet.

—The Celtic movement has lost an able and indefatigable supporter in Professor O'Looney, who died last month at Crumlin, Ireland. This modest scholar was widely known among the philologists, archaeologists and historians of Europe; while many of the more distinguished literary men of his native country were his intimate friends. Professor O'Looney was a voluminous writer and left many unpublished works.

—A work which many students will wish to possess is the "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology," the first volume of which has appeared from the press of the Macmillan Co. Twenty-two savants from the leading universities of the world constitute the editorial board, and over fifty eminent specialists, including the Rev. Dr. Shanahan, contribute articles. The work is said to be free from bias, and, with a few unimportant exceptions, surprisingly accurate on subjects involving Catholic philosophy.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religion. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.

Juvenile Round Table. \$1.

A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.

Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.

A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Benefactress. \$1.50.

The Magic Key. *Elizabeth S. Tucker.* \$1.10.

The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.

Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, net.

Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, net.

Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50.

The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, net.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. Nicholas Gibbons, of the diocese of Buffalo; the Rev. James Leary, diocese of Rochester; the Rev. M. J. Fournier, diocese of Syracuse; the Rev. Caesar Keiran, O. F. M.; the Rev. Theodore French and the Rev. L. E. Nicolle, S. J.; and the Rev. Sydney Clarkson, O. P.

Col. Charles Dupont and Mr. C. C. Williams, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Amelia Phillips, Harbor Beach, Mich.; Mrs. Ellen Curry, Mahanoy City, Pa.; Mr. John Whalen, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. James Moffitt, Louisville, Ohio; Mr. Hugh Foote, Mr. Alexander Keenan, and Mr. Patrick Lagan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Catherine Lupien, Mrs. Margaret Burns, and Mrs. Catherine McDermott, Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Anne Woods, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Kelly, Galena, Ill.; Miss H. Higgins, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. P. Palmer, Mr. A. G. Bigham, and Mr. Michael Moran, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Catherine McCall, Westmount, Canada; Mrs. Patrick McDermott and Miss Mary Coughlin, Montreal, Canada; Miss Elizabeth Plunkett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mr. Walter H. Martin, New York city.

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



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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

A Midnight Visit.

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

INfitful gleams the moonlight streams
 Through chancel windows quaint and olden;
 With lucent wave it floods the nave,
 And glorifies the altar golden;
 Then fades, and darkness rules the night
 Save where the lamp of deathless light
 Shines clear before the white-veiled door
 That guards the Presence evermore.

The while we kneel in mute appeal,
 Of awe and love and worship blended,
 The shadows roll from off our soul,
 All care is gone, all strife suspended;
 For from the Tabernacle flows
 A flood of grace that drowns life's woes:
 Each moment fraught with holy thought,
 His peace is ours; all else is naught.

La Purísima at Seville.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



SEVILLE proudly calls itself "The Land of Mary Most Holy"; and it would be hard to find any place in which Our Lady reigns as she does in the fair Andalusian city. It has been my good fortune to make a prolonged stay in Seville, and to be present at the celebration of La Purísima, or the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The intense Spanish mind has seized upon two feasts in the year as days of special devotion. Deeply theological, they have chosen Corpus Christi and La Purísima as the

two objects of the great mystery which is the feature of Spanish religious life: viz., devotion to the Incarnation. Corpus Christi is to them the Feast of the Love of the Word made Flesh; La Purísima, of His Mercy. Both of them triumphs of Redemption,—one its crown, and the other its foundation.

So when these two feasts come round Spain gives herself up to joy and feasting. Her churches are thronged, and all that art and wealth can add to love is freely given and lavishly used. Nowhere is this so manifest as in Seville; and I may say of La Purísima what the citizens say of their beautiful town: "He who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel." The celebration of this feast is indeed a marvel. It stimulates one's love for the Virgin Mother, and it is in the hope that even a slight description will serve the same purpose that I pen these lines during the octave of her feast.

The centre of the devotion is, naturally, the "holy metropolitan and patriarchal church of Seville," as it is officially called. The chapter and town as far back as 1617 vowed to be foremost in defence of Mary's great privilege; so it is to be expected that both church and city share in the celebration. The decorated streets, with balconies draped with rich hangings, the public illuminations on civic and private buildings, the harmonious peals of bells sending their silver music up to the azure sky, the white silken flag of La Purísima, bearing a copy of Murillo's famous picture, floating from the town hall, show that the city has not for-

gotten; and the presence of the lay authorities in their state-dresses are further proof that Seville is as she always has been, La Tierra de Madre Santisima.

But come away. From the lofty Giralda where once the muezzin called Saracens to prayer, consecrated bells clash and clang and peal and ring out their summons to the High Mass in the cathedral. We enter the vast Gothic pile, and are at once struck with the reverend and awe-inspiring church, with its long nave and double aisles draped in red velvet and gold; its sanctuary one mass of silver and lights; its choir in the nave and the crown of side chapels. A special altar has been erected for the feast. It is of silver some fifty feet high. The whole forms a gigantic monstrance, having the altar itself for the base. Life-size statues of La Purisima and of Seville's saintly Archbishops, St. Leander and St. Isidore, are prominent features in this monstrance. Far above all, and in the midst of a huge sun, surmounted by a crown, "His Divine Majesty is manifested" in the Sacrament of His Love. (This is the ordinary way of speaking of the Blessed Sacrament. Thus in this monstrance the memorials of Christ's love and His mercy are portrayed. Everything about the altar is of pure silver, save the frontal, which is of blue satin thickly embroidered with gold; for Spain has the privilege of using blue vestments on feasts of Our Lady.) The Archbishop entered the church in state, and before Terce began the choristers sang a chant which for four hundred years or more has twice a day—before Terce and before Vespers—gone up to heaven as perfected praise from the mouth of infants. They sang:

"To the Most Holy Trinity and undivided Unity,—to the Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Majesty of the Most august Eucharist, and to the Fruitfulness of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary conceived from the first moment without original sin, be

everlasting glory through endless ages! Amen. Blessed be the sweet name of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Mother, the Most glorious Virgin Mary, now and forever and beyond! May the Virgin Mary with her gracious Son, bless us! Amen."

We do not wish to dwell on the solemnity and dignity of the Sevillian High Mass, on the splendor of the vestments, the gorgeous processions or the heavenly music. Nor do we do more than refer to the noble panegyric preached by Don Arboli, Seville's greatest orator, in which he spoke of the feast as the feast of humanity itself, of redeemed humanity in its choicest blossom. But we will hurry on and describe a unique spectacle, one which can be seen only in Seville, where from time immemorial it has had place.

In the afternoon, after the canons had sung None, Vespers, Compline, with Matins and Lauds for the next day, there took place the famous dance of Los Seises before the high altar, on which was enthroned the Most Holy. The light of day had faded away, and the vast minster was wrapped in gloom. The only light came from the myriad of candles that were burning themselves out in honor of Him who is the Light of the World. The office had been finished in the choir, and the Archbishop and the chapter had left their stalls and had taken their seats in the sanctuary on the right-hand side. On the left hand were the stands for a small orchestra.

On two benches, one on either side in the middle, with a large space just under the twelve steps which lead up to the high altar, were ten choir boys; not in cassock and surplice as usual, but in beautiful and picturesque page costumes of the time of Philip III. They were dressed in blue satin doublet slashed with gold, with streamers hanging from the shoulders; white satin knee breeches, white silk stockings and dainty white shoes with blue and gold bows.

They carried in their hands hats with ostrich feathers. When all was ready the orchestra began, and these boys stood up to sing a hymn in honor of Our Lady as an introduction. They then knelt, and, rising, put on their hats, as the band began a new measure. To this they sang and danced, and marked the time with castanets in the symphonies.

The music was simple and sweet, full of grace and melody. It was sung in two and three parts, and was generally in triple time. The dance itself consisted of rhythmical figures, keeping time to the music. Step by step, now gently swaying to the right and to the left; now one line advanced toward the other, crossed, turned, formed circles, squares, and the figure *M*. The dancers did not touch one another, but performed their graceful evolutions with much dignity. Their sweet, clear voices singing the praises of the Eucharistic Majesty and of the Virgin conceived without sin added a thrilling effect; but when the sound of the castanets was joined, now loud, now soft, with the faintest click, the whole was perfect. At the end of each stanza the singers so arranged their movements as to regain their former position, where they made a rapid turn on one foot, a complete twirl.

The dancing lasted about twenty-five minutes, and the ceremony was brought to an end by the *Tantum Ergo*, during which a veil was gradually drawn before the Blessed Sacrament. The Archbishop then gave his blessing, and all departed. The dancing takes place every day of the octave, on the three days of the Carnival, and every day during the octave of Corpus Christi.

What is the effect of this strange dance? I can speak only for myself. I have never witnessed anything which has so touched me, and words really fail me to express the beauty and the high spiritual effect of this quaint ceremony. I have seen it every day during the octave of La Purisima, and each

time the more beautiful it seems. The first time I saw it I was reminded at once of the description Prudentius gives, in his Hymn for the Holy Innocents, of the child-martyrs playing beneath the altar with palms and crowns. Simple and tender and natural was the whole thing. Nothing worldly or grotesque, nothing profane.

One seemed to realize those child-angels in Murillo's pictures, happy and joyful, amusing themselves and enjoying to the full their Father's service. Gaily they play before the throne, and their innocent mirth shows that no blight of sin has touched them. So it was with these dear children of Seville. Their devotion and reverence were clearly impressed on their bright, happy faces; and if there was none of that stiffness of demeanor, amounting almost to "stand-offishness" which seems to characterize the attitude of the northern natures toward God and the saints, it is to be ascribed to the fact that the intense Spanish Catholic realizes more warmly than we do the Communion of Saints. They are his lifelong companions from early age till death; and he is quite at home with them, and does not feel it is necessary to put on company-manners with his dearest friends.

I think it is by such thoughts as these that we can enter into the feelings of the Sevilians when they take part in this dance. It is useless to criticise it from *our* standpoint. I don't suppose American or English boys could do it. But to see it once makes one long to see it again and again; for one feels that the cords of Adam have drawn one nearer to the Presence, and have brought one closer to the Fount of all joy and happiness.

IN these days we canonize self-help as the queen of virtues instead of charity; and this poisons the very fountains of our moral philosophy and distorts our notions of duty.—*Faber*.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

THE tourist who enters Mexico in a Pullman car and rolls luxuriously along the great plateau gazing through plate-glass windows at strange Oriental-looking cities, at vast haciendas, with leagues of fertile plain and the distant Sierra thrusting its violet peaks into a sky of dazzling sapphire, obtains many wonderful and beautiful pictures to hang in the chambers of memory; but he knows little, after all, of this old land, strange as India and fascinating as Spain. To him Mexico is a panorama of brilliant sunshine, white dusty roads, walled towns, picturesque campaniles, shadowy arcades filled with the varying tide of human life and great old churches rich with dim splendors. He does not dream that the blue rim of the distant mountain range at which he gazes—that range which stretches its mighty length along the western side of Mexico and bears alone the name of Sierra Madre—marks the outline of a world so different from that which surrounds him that it might well belong to another hemisphere. It is a great world of towering heights and majestic forests, of rushing streams and stupendous gorges, where for hundreds of miles the only roads are trails; where since the foundation of the earth no wheel has ever rolled; where even the passes are ten thousand feet above the sea, and where in all the wide solitudes Nature reigns supreme, with a wild beauty, a charm of infinite freshness such as can be found but seldom now on this old, man-trodden globe.

In this region the traveller journeys on horseback or muleback, instead of in Pullman cars; and if he approaches it from the western coast, he soon finds himself among heights broken into deep

chasms or gorges, down which the rivers rush from their birthplace in the clouds to their grave in the vast Pacific. It is by these tremendous clefts, well named in the Spanish tongue *quebradas* (broken), that those who seek the upper world of the great Sierra, journey, and, once entered between their walls, the wild, almost terrible grandeur, of the way increases with every onward league. But although the mountains are riven apart, as if by some awful convulsion of Nature, and tall cliffs tower in austere majesty above the narrow pass, filled with the sound of roaring, tumbling waters, as the stream which holds sovereignty there pours its torrents over, under and around the rocks of every conceivable form and color which lie piled in fantastic masses in the bottom of the gorge, there is no desolation in this strange, beautiful quebrada world. On the contrary, the moisture of the river pouring downward, and of the clouds sailing in from the ocean, creates a wealth of verdure, as delightful as it is rare in a sun-parched land. Immense trees spread their wide, green boughs over flashing water; the great shoulders of the hills are clothed with luxuriant woods, and the small dwellings of primitive construction which now and again stand on knolls, sufficiently elevated to be secure from rising water, are completely embowered in shade, generally that of magnificent orange trees.

The inhabitants of these dwellings are much in evidence, passing up and down the quebrada, the men with white cotton *calsones* rolled to their hips, leaving their brown, sinewy legs entirely bare; and the women with skirts kilted above their slender ankles and small feet, for the purpose of wading across the tumultuous, but in the dry season mostly shallow water. These pedestrians alternate with long trains of pack-mules, bearing burdens of all kinds, from bales of merchandise to bars of silver bullion

from the mines in the mountains above, or sacks filled with freshly coined dollars from the mint of Culiacan; with trains of diminutive burros, also pack-laden, and with horsemen who seem to have ridden booted and spurred out of another and more picturesque age.

It was high in the quebrada of the Tamezula River that a party of travellers journeying upward halted one day for the noon rest. There were in the party as many mules and men as usually accompany persons of importance in these regions, but several features of the outfit would have struck the native eye as unusual and significant of *gringos*, that is to say, of foreigners. For one thing, three or four of the mules carried on their aparejos large, square modern trunks, such as are seldom used by Mexicans; others were loaded with boxes bearing the signs of ocean freight, and to complete the note of strangeness one pack consisted of a tent, which is an article almost unknown in Mexico, even in the army.

This tent was not erected at present, however. It lay on the ground with the rest of the packs, while the animals took their feed by the side of the stream, just here swirling over its rocks with some approach to tranquillity and the *mozos* lay near them in various recumbent attitudes, their *zerapes* making bright bits of color against the gray rocks and amid the varied greens of the abounding verdure. A few yards distant a different group reclined under the shade of one of the great trees which abound here—a group consisting of a middle-aged man, two younger men and a lady, the latter youthful and extremely pretty, with an indefinable air of the world in her appearance which contrasted piquantly with the wild picturesqueness of her surroundings.

Not that it should be supposed that she was not attired with perfect appropriateness to these surroundings. It was the very perfection of her costume

with regard to time and place, of the well-cut habit, fitted as if moulded to the lines of the slender figure, with its skirt short enough to show the trimly-booted foot, and the practical simplicity of the hat of soft, gray felt and veil of silvery tissue, which marked her difference from the women to be met now and then on the road, wrapped to the eyes in their rebozos, sitting in saddles like arm-chairs; helpless, ungraceful masses of drapery, strikingly suggestive of the woman of the Oriental countries. This was a type of the modern woman, not only ready to go anywhere and do anything which duty or inclination demanded, but knowing with a perfect instinct and taste how to carry the charm of her sex with her even into ways of adventure and places of hardship.

For to say that Isabel Rivers possessed the poise of the ordinary American girl—great as that undoubtedly is—would be to state inadequately the fact that she was a subtle combination of girl and woman of the world, which is a combination as unusual as it is attractive. Youth, even when most carefully trained and passed through the best moulds, is generally crude, but there had never been any crudeness about Miss Rivers. Those who remembered her as a slim, brilliant-eyed child, with even then a remarkable charm of intelligence and distinction, were not surprised that after certain unusual advantages of education, travel and life, she had become one of those exceptional women whose power of attraction is not limited to men, but whom all classes of humanity find fascinating.

That the two young men now lying at her feet as she sat enthroned between the gnarled roots of the tree—Thornton, a graduate of Columbia, sighing for the flesh-pots of New York, and Maekenzie, a young Mexicanized Scotchman—found her so, was patent to the most superficial observation. It is likely that under

any circumstances this would have been the case; but when, after long social exile in the wilds of the Sierra Madre, they met their chief in Culiacan, on his return from the States, accompanied by this captivating daughter, there was only one result possible; and that result achieved itself, to employ a French idiom, in the shortest possible time. It was a result which surprised no one. Mr. Rivers, accustomed to seeing men bowled over like nine-pins by his daughter's charms, regarded the speedy and complete subjugation of his staff with the indifference with which we regard the usual and the expected; while to Isabel Rivers herself homage had long since become merely the atmosphere in which she was accustomed to live and move. Regarded superficially at least, this had not spoiled her. In manner, she was delightfully simple; with an exquisite quality of human sympathy, to which was owing a large part of her charm.

At present it was evident that she was less interested in her two admirers than in the surpassing picturesqueness of the scenes around her. For two days she had been riding in a state of constantly increasing admiration through the deep gorge, her eyes shining with delight behind the silvery folds of her veil, as the wild loveliness of the way opened before her.

"I could never have imagined that there was anything in the world so beautiful, which was not also famous," she was saying now, as she glanced from towering rock to flashing water. "People cross oceans and continents to see things less wonderful; but I doubt if any one, outside of the people who live here, ever heard of this."

"You may be quite sure," said Thornton, "that no one ever did. And we who live here don't, as a rule, go into raptures over the quebrada; eh, Mackenzie?"

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Our sentiments concerning it can be

pretty much summed up in the opinion of the arrieros—*muy mala la quebrada!*" he said. "Of course," looking around dispassionately, "one knows that it is very picturesque, and—er—"

"Sublime, grand, wildly beautiful,—those are the adjectives appropriate to the quebrada," Thornton prompted patronizingly.

"There's another still more appropriate, and that is rough—in the superlative degree," said Mr. Rivers. "If we could only get a railroad in here—"

"Papa, the suggestion is a sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege or not, my dear, it is a thing I should like amazingly to see; and so would everyone else, except the freighters who are making fortunes out of our necessities. Think of the increased profits in our ore heaps if we had cheap freight to the ocean!" he went on, addressing his subordinates. "And, by the by, have I told you that I've some hope of seeing a railroad here?"

"No!" said Thornton, with quick interest. "How?"

"I heard in San Francisco that the Puget Sound Reduction Company want ores, and that they are coming into this country after them. I am inclined to believe there is truth in the report because I met Armistead who is Trafford's expert, in Quaymas, and he told me he expected to see me in Tópia. Now, if those people come into these mountains and buy mines they will build a railroad at once—no freighting with mules for eight months, and being tied up by high water in the quebrada during four, for them!"

"Not much!" Thornton agreed. "Armistead!" he added, reminiscently. "It's astonishing how that fellow has succeeded. We were in the same class in the Mining School, and I don't remember that he displayed any particular talent. It's all a matter of getting the confidence of the capitalists and syndicates; but how did he manage it?"

"Generally managed through personal

influence and connection," said Mr. Rivers, who knew whereof he spoke. "Lloyd is with him," he added carelessly.

"He couldn't get a better guide for the Sierra," said Thornton. "Lloyd knows it thoroughly. He will do the work, and Armistead will get the credit."

"That's how it generally is," said Mackenzie, in the tone of one disgusted by the ways of an unsatisfactory world.

Miss Rivers regarded the speakers meditatively with her beautiful eyes, which were of a golden brown tint, and singularly expressive.

"I remember those men—we talked with them one evening in the patio of the hotel," she said. "They struck me very differently."

"They couldn't possibly have struck you otherwise," said Thornton. "They are very different; so different that their conjunction is rather odd. I like Lloyd."

Miss Rivers smiled.

"The inference is plain. Well, I too liked Lloyd—if he was the tall, sunburnt one; but if they are on their way to bring a railroad into this marvellous quebrada, I hope they will both be lost."

"It's possible that they may be—they were going to visit some mines in the mountains of Sonora, where the Yaquis are pretty troublesome just now," said Mr. Rivers. "But if they aren't lost, they were to follow us by the next steamer."

"In that case they'll be along soon," observed Mackenzie; "for I heard the day we left Culiacan that the *Mazatlan* had arrived at Altata."

"If they leave Culiacan promptly and ride fast they may overtake us," said Mr. Rivers; "for our progress since we entered the quebrada has been more loitering than travelling."

"I call it perfect," said his daughter. "Nothing could be more charming than such loitering along such a way. I am so glad I came with you, papa! I have never enjoyed anything more in my life."

"I hope you will remain in that frame

of mind, my dear," remarked Mr. Rivers, a little sceptically. "But it is barely possible that six months in Tópia may prove something of a strain even to your love of novelty and the picturesque; and since the quebrada becomes impassable when the rains begin, it will be at least that long before you can get away."

"I shall not want to get away," she declared. "I feel as if I were going into some wild and wonderful fastness of Nature, far and high in the hills, with the gateway closing behind me."

"That's exactly what you are doing," said Mackenzie, practically; "for when the river rises the gate is certainly closed. Nobody goes up and down the quebrada then. But here comes Lucio at last to say that lunch is ready."

"*Ya está la comida, Señorita,*" said Lucio—who was a slim young Mexican, attired in the national costume,—approaching the group.

They gathered around the provision chest, on the flat top of which a rather elaborate repast, considering time and place, had been arranged. It was all delightfully gypsy-like; and as Isabel Rivers sat on a great stone, while she ate her chicken and tongue and drank her California claret, with a canopy of green leaves rustling overhead and the crystal river swirling by over its stones, her face expressed her delight in the eloquent fashion some faces have.

"Like a picnic?" she said in reply to a suggestion of Thornton's. "Not in the least. A picnic is merely playing at what we are doing. This is the real thing—the thing for which I have always longed—to go away and live for a time remote from what we call civilization, in the heart of Nature. And here we have not only the heart of Nature but an Oriental, Arabian-Nights-like charm in all our surroundings. Look at that now!" she lifted her hand and pointed. "Doesn't it take one back any number of centuries? And *could* anything be more picturesque?"

Her companions turned their heads, following with their glances the direction of the pointing hand, just as a train of horsemen and pack-mules came splashing across the ford below them. They made, as Miss Rivers said, a strikingly picturesque effect, and one altogether in keeping with the wild scenery of the quebrada. At the head of the train rode a group consisting of three men, dressed as Mexican caballeros dress for the road: in high boots of yellow leather, breeches, and braided jacket of cloth or buckskin, and broad sombreros, with their silver-mounted trappings glittering in the sunlight; and a woman, who sat her horse in better fashion than most of the feminine equestrians who travel in these regions, but whose costume lacked the perfect adaptability to its purpose of that of her male companions. It was, in fact, extremely ungraceful; for she wore simply a riding-skirt over her ordinary dress; and above a blue rebozo, wound like an Eastern yashmak around her head and neck and partly covering her face, a sombrero of rough straw.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Rivers, "that's the *condúcta* of the Santa Cruz Mine; and there's the Gerente, Don Mariano Vallejo himself."

He rose as he spoke and went quickly forward as, with jingling spurs, the cavalcade came riding toward them.

"Don Mariano!" he cried. "*Como le va Usted?*"

"A—h, Don Roberto!" exclaimed Don Mariano, in a high key of pleasure and surprise.

He sprang from his horse, and threw his arm around Mr. Rivers, who promptly returned the embrace. They patted each other cordially on the shoulder; and then the Mexican, drawing back, regarded the other with a smile. He was a bronze-faced, gray-haired man of much dignity of appearance and bearing, with a lean, muscular figure, strongly marked features and eagle-like glance.

"*Me alegre mucho de verle á Vd.,*" he said. "*Cuando volvió Vd.?*"

"I returned a few days ago," Mr. Rivers answered (also in Spanish); "and I am on my way up to Tópia, with my daughter. And you?"

"I have been down to Culiacan, to lay in supplies for the mine and mill before the rainy season," Don Mariano replied; "and I am returning now with the *condúcta*."

"What is the amount of your *condúcta* this month?"

"Thirty thousand dollars. It is not bad."

"It is very good. I wish the Caridad would do as well. But whom have you with you—your daughter?"

"No." Don Mariano turned toward the feminine figure in the shrouding rebozo. "This is Doña Victoria Calderon, the daughter of the owner of the Santa Cruz Mine."

Mr. Rivers acknowledged the introduction in a manner which gratified his own daughter's sense of the appropriate, and then suggested that the party should halt and take lunch with his own.

Generally speaking, Mexicans are as ready to accept as to offer hospitality, so Don Mariano immediately replied that they would be happy to accept the invitation of his gracious and highly esteemed friend. There was a general dismounting, and while one of the group communicated the order to the rest of the train behind them, the others advanced to the shady spot where Miss Rivers and her companions rose to receive them.

(To be continued.)

JESUS sanctified all whom He touched. Mary, then, being near to Him in a way peculiar to herself, was, as reason would urge and our faith teaches, uniquely sanctified. This most holy creature, this Mother of the Redeemer, real Christian piety turns to, reveres, loves and invokes.

—"*The Light of Life.*"

Trust.

BY MARION MUIR.

HOPE OR, hope ever, though the dawn
Seem, oh, so far! It will not come
Till the last striver's breath be drawn,
The last appeal for rescue dumb.

He knows the martyr and the palm
Who set the limits of our way,
Who made for each affliction balm,
And for the night eternal day.

Fear not the universe can see
One wrong His time will not set right;
For He who said, "Come unto Me!"
Opens, as then, the gates of light.

Heralds of the King.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.

IN the midst of this abomination appeared the tall venerable figure of Isaias; the saintliest that trod, in those days, the land of Israel. Born, as is generally believed, of royal blood, he received a name blessed in its signification; whether or not, by divine command, as in the case of Our Lord, St. John, St. Peter, Abraham and Jacob, we do not know; but, on account of its eminent fitness, (Isaias means *Salvation of the Lord*), seems most likely. Of all the sacred writers under the Old Dispensation, he is undoubtedly the most eloquent and sublime; as St. Paul is among the New. In this characteristic of elegance critics find a corroboration of the belief, that he was of the blood royal of Israel. An acute critic and scholar of modern times (Grotius) compares him, in the force, directness, and sublimity of his language, to the great orator of ancient Greece, Demosthenes. St. Jerome says that he speaks in such vividness of the acts of Our Lord's life that he seems rather to be describing things that were past than foretelling things that were to come; thus fulfilling

the office rather of an evangelist than a prophet. Our Lord Himself in the Gospel has directly applied to Himself the words of Isaias. The Baptist, the Evangelists, and the Apostles also have frequently used his prophecies. Indeed none of the prophets is so often quoted in the New Testament. His seventh chapter contains the palmary prophecy about the Virgin bringing forth, and his fifty-third a description of the Passion.

"He lived not in the remote villages of Juda like Micah, or wandering over hill and dale like Elijah and Amos. He is the first prophet specially attached to the capital and the court. His whole thoughts take the color of Jerusalem. He was, according to Jewish tradition, cousin to Uzziab [King Ozias], his father Amos being held to be a younger son of Joash.... There is a royal air in his attitude, in his movements, in the sweep of his vision, which commands attention."*

He was a married man, and his wife was a prophetic; and he tells us that himself and his children were as signs, raised up by God to the people: "And she brought forth a son; and the Lord said to me: Call his name, *Hasten to take away the spoils; make haste to take away the prey*. This child is to be a sign of the deliverance of Juda; for before the child knew to call his father and mother [by name], the strength of Damascus and the spoils of Samaria shall be taken away. Behold, I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me, [are] for a sign and for a wonder in Israel, from the Lord of hosts, who dwelleth in Sion."

In the sixth chapter of Isaias we have described the circumstances of his call and the wonderful vision that on that occasion was shown him when, "in the year that King Ozias died, he, the prophet, saw the Lord sitting on a throne high and elevated." It was in the temple at Jerusalem that he saw

* Stanley.

the vision; and "the train that accompanied the Lord filled the temple. And Seraphim stood and cried one to the other, and said: Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts; all the earth is full of Thy glory!" He says that so strong was this voice that the brazen lintels of the huge doors of the temple "were moved at the voice of Him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke."

Isaias was a holy and mortified man; yet in presence of this vision he confessed aloud his sinfulness and iniquity: "Woe is me, I said, because I am a man of unclean lips, and have seen with my eyes the King, the Lord of hosts. And one of the Seraphim flew to me, and in his hand was a live coal; and he touched my mouth and said: Behold thy iniquities shall be taken away and thy sins shall be cleansed." Now, God wanted to send him to the Jews, "this people of unclean lips." And God said: "Whom shall we send? who shall go for us?" And the prophet offered himself.

You recollect what the princes, the prophets, the women, and the general body of "this people" were like. "They were filled as in times past [with plenty], and had soothsayers as the Philistines. Their land overflowed with silver and gold, and there was no end of their treasures. Their land was filled with horses, and their chariots were innumerable. Their land was full also of idols, and they adored the work of their own fingers, which their own hands had made."*—"Rise up, ye rich women; and ye confident daughters, give ear to my voice; for you that are confident shall be troubled. Be astonished, ye rich women, be troubled; mourn for the delightful country, for the fruitful vineyard. Upon the land of my people shall thorns and briars come; [it shall become] a joy for wild asses and the pasture of flocks."†

To this people God sent him with the

terrible threat: "Blind the heart of this people, and make their ears heavy and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their hearts, and I should heal them, saith the Lord." And the prophet went out and cried: "Woe to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked and perverse generation!... Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth! for the Lord hath complained: I have brought up children and have exalted them, and they have despised Me... Offer sacrifice no more in vain; incense is an abomination to Me. The new moons and the Sabbaths and other festivals I will not abide; your assemblies are wicked. My soul hateth your new moons and your solemnities. When you stretch forth your hands, I will turn My eyes from you; and when you multiply prayer I will not hear; for your hands are full of blood."

The prophet foretells the punishment God will send upon the kings and the princes, the women, the prophets and the people: "The Lord standeth up to judge... The Lord of hosts shall take away from Jerusalem and Juda the valiant and the strong... the strong man and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, the cunning man and the ancient, the captain over fifty, and the honorable in countenance, and the counsellor and the architect, and the skilful in eloquent speech, for they have proclaimed aloud their sin as Sodom, and have not hid it. The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people and its princes. You have devoured the vineyard, saith the Lord, and the spoil of the poor is in your houses. Why do you consume My people, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts... Because the daughters of Sion are haughty, saith the Lord, and have walked with outstretched necks, and wanton glances. Jerusalem is ruined and Juda is fallen; her gates shall lament and mourn, and

* Isaias, ii, 6-8.

† Ibid., xxxii, 9-14.

she shall sit desolate on the ground."*—
 "And the Lord shall bring on His enemies in a crowd, the Syrians from the east, and the Philistines from the west, and they shall devour Israel with open mouth.... The Lord shall destroy out of Israel in one day the head and the tail. The aged and honorable, he is the head; the prophet that telleth lies, he is the tail.... Every one is a hypocrite; every mouth hath spoken folly. Wickedness is kindled as a fire. It shall devour the briar and the thorn. By the wrath of the Lord of hosts the land shall be troubled, and the people shall be as fuel for the fire."†

The prophet, terrified with the vision of his own threats, cries out appealingly to "this sinful people": "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord!" And to win them he draws a beautiful picture of what is to happen "in the last days." "The mountain of the house of the Lord shall be prepared on the top of mountains; and it shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it. Many people shall go and say, Come, let us go up into the mountain of the Lord and to the House of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us His ways and we will walk in His paths.... And they shall turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into sickles."‡ He states more definitely the sign of this beautiful promise: "Hear ye, therefore, O house of David!... the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

Like a man in the night-time that sees some wonderful illumination in the eastern heavens the Prophet Isaias cries out: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow

of death a light has arisen. They shall rejoice, as those that rejoice in the harvest, [or] as conquerors after taking a prey rejoice when they divide the spoils.... For a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us.* He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace. And the light of Israel shall be as a fire, and the Holy One of Israel as flame."

How different He shall be from all the kings of Juda the prophet tells in a charming description of this Child when He shall sit on the throne of David: "The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him,... and He shall be filled with the fear of the Lord," and therefore not haughty or vindictive or proud. "Not according to the sight of the eyes shall He judge nor reprove according to the hearing of the ears. But He shall judge the poor with justice, and with equity the meek of the earth.... Justice shall be the cincture of His loins and faith the girdle of His reins.... The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the bird."†

This mercy of the Lord is so blessed that the Prophet Isaias is never tired of preaching it or alluding to it. He cries out in prayer: "Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the ruler of the earth from Petra of the desert to the mount of the daughter of Sion!... And a throne shall be prepared in mercy; and One shall sit on it in truth, in the tabernacle of David, judging and seeking judgment and quickly rendering that which is just. He shall dwell on high; the fortifications of rocks shall be His highness; bread is given Him. His waters are sure."

Oh, what a happy change the prophet sees: "The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom,

* Isaias, iii, 9-26.

† Ibid., ix, 11-19.

‡ Ibid., ii, 2-4.

* This took place, literally and spiritually, on Christmas night at Bethlehem.

† Isaias, xi, 2.

and shall rejoice with joy and praise; the glory of Libanus is given to it; the beauty of Carmel and Saron. They shall see the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God. Strengthen ye the feeble hands and confirm the weak knees. Say to the faint-hearted: Take courage and fear not. Behold your God will bring the revenge of recompense; God Himself will come and will save you. Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free; for waters are broken out in the desert and streams in the wilderness. And the redeemed of the Lord shall return and shall come into Sion with praise, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

Divine faith does not, however, forget that the element holding first place in this mystic trinity is Pain, and that it is of decree that even already, and while still in figure, Faith bows down to it. Therefore the prophet cries out: "Who hath believed our report?" That is to say, Who will believe our report? What we are going to report is so extraordinary that hardly any one will believe it. It is pain deified, a God "made a curse, hanging on a tree"! "Who hath believed our report? And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" This thing that God is going to do seems so mean and despicable in the eyes of men—that a world, a race, a whole creation, should be redeemed by a body being wounded and striped and nailed to a cross—that scarcely any one will be found to believe it. It was to be a stumbling-block to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles. And yet it is the arm of God of which Holy Mary says, He hath wrought might in His arm (*fecit potentiam in brachio suo*).

You must recollect that the prophet has just been foretelling most blessed

things about all that shall happen when this Child is born to us and this Son is given to us: "Therefore hear this, thou poor little one," God says to Israel, "thou that art drunk [with oppression] and not with wine: Behold, I have taken out of thy hand *the cup of dead sleep*, and I will put it into the hands of them that oppressed thee, and that have said to thee, bow down till we walk over thee. And thou hast laid thy body along the ground and they have walked over thee." But now, "arise, arise, put on thy strength, O Sion; put on the garments of thy glory, O Jerusalem! Shake thyself from the dust; arise, sit up. Loose the bonds from off thy neck, O captive daughter of Sion! for thus saith the Lord, you were sold gratis and you shall be redeemed gratis."

But how is it to be done? In such a marvellously strange way that the like was never seen on the earth before; and so incredible that the prophet himself fears that no one will believe it: "Who hath believed our report? And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" At first "He shall grow up as a tender plant and as a root out of a thirsty ground." Now, "a thirsty ground" is not a place for a shrub to take root; but He, among sinful men, shall in His innocence be as wonderful as the shrub taking root in a thirsty ground.

Then, when He grows up, this Deliverer that we looked for, this Expected of nations, "there is no beauty in Him nor comeliness. We have seen Him and there is no sightliness that we should desire Him. Mean and the most abject of men; a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. And His look was, as it were, hidden and despised; wherefore we esteemed Him not. Truly [by His appearance we can see that] He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows. We have thought Him even as a leper, and as one struck by God [for some great crime of his own] and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was

bruised for our sins,...and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all. He is offered because it is His own will. He opens not His mouth. He is led as a sheep to the slaughter, and is dumb as a lamb before the shearer;...and the Lord was pleased to bruise Him in infirmity.* Such the Deliverer, the God of Pain!

But yet, in a moment, the prophet cries out in transports of gladness. It is shown to him, that because this Man of Pain "delivered His soul unto death, and because He was reputed with the wicked, and because He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors, therefore will God distribute [appoint] to Him very many [as His followers], and He shall divide [among them] the spoils of the strong."

Filled with gladness, the prophet therefore exclaims: "Give praise, O thou barren that bearest not; sing forth praise and make a joyful noise, thou that didst not travail with child! Enlarge the place of thy tent and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacle. Spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt pass to the right hand and to the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles and shall inhabit the desolate cities. For He that made thee shall rule over thee; the Lord of hosts is His name. And thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, shall be called the God of the whole earth."

And therefore also the Prophet Isaiah calls aloud to the whole world: "All you that thirst come to the waters; and you that have no money make haste; come ye, buy wine and milk without money.... Incline your ear and come to Me, saith the Lord; hearken diligently to Me and eat that which is good, and your soul shall be delighted in fatness; for I (saith the Lord) will make an everlasting covenant with you, the faithful mercies of David."

* *Ibid.*, liii, 5-10.

(To be continued.)

An Irish Martyr.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE ranks of the priesthood had been terribly thinned by exile and by death, natural and unnatural. Many of the exiles, indeed, after Oliver Cromwell had died a natural death, took courage to return; but in large tracts of the country the people were "like sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky." Oliver Plunkett, as we have already implied, was eager to fill the gaps in the broken ranks of the clergy; and even before the end of the year 1669 he had held at least two ordinations,—not in a cathedral town, but purposely in a quiet country place, Ballybarrack, near Dundalk.

We are not surprised to learn that in such troubled times the Archbishop's income was extremely scanty. He had not more than sixty pounds a year, and at the best lived in a little cottage, in a room not seven feet high. Nay, many years he hardly received the cost of his correspondence with Rome which never amounted to less than twenty-five pounds; and his episcopal palace was a thatched hut in an obscure part of his diocese. Shortly after Dr. Plunkett's return to his native country, Lord Berkeley was appointed Viceroy of Ireland in May, 1870. He had Catholic sympathies and connections, and wished to carry out a policy of toleration. But in 1674 the persecution broke out afresh, and added to the miseries of a famine which afflicted the country that year. The Primate had to fly with Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford. The former describes some of their hardships, writing under the name of "Thomas Cox," to the Internuncio in Belgium, January 17, 1674:

"The snow fell heavily, mixed with hailstones, which were very hard and large. A cutting north wind blew in

our faces, and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully in our eyes that to the present we have scarcely been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow, till at length we arrived at the house of a reduced gentleman, who had nothing to lose. But, for our misfortune, he had a stranger in his house by whom we did not wish to be recognized; hence we were placed in a large garret, without chimney and without fire, where we have been during the past eight days. May it redound to the glory of God, the salvation of our souls, and of the flocks entrusted to our charge!"

In the midst of all these difficulties Oliver Plunkett not only ruled wisely his diocese, but held synods at Dublin, Clones, and Ardpatrick, which did much to correct abuses that had crept in during those unhappy and unsettled days. He also visited nearly all the dioceses of his province, many of which had been left without resident bishops for years; and his zeal carried him even to the Highlands of Scotland and to the Hebrides. The perils and hardships of these apostolic journeys are beyond our conception; nor can we now enter into the particulars that would help us; for we must hasten on to the glorious end. Here indeed *finis coronat opus*.

Among the saddest mysteries of human life one is the depth of wickedness to which wretched men can sink, and another is the incredible credulity of men who are carried away by evil passions. In the supreme crisis of the world's history we are astounded that the traitor could bargain for thirty pieces of silver as the paltry price of his crime; but the crime of Judas, in its malignity and in its folly, was imitated by the traitors who swore away the life of Oliver Plunkett. It is too painful to name them or describe them; but their guilt is less than that of statesmen like

Lord Shaftesbury, who could in cold blood make use of their villainy to shed the innocent blood of the saintly Primate of Ireland. The most bigoted Protestant grants that he was innocent. Lord Essex, the Irish Viceroy after Lord Berkeley (1672-1677), told Bishop Burnet that Dr. Plunkett was "always a wise and sober man"; yet he was suddenly seized on the 6th of December, 1679, cast into prison in Dublin Castle, and perjured informers were suborned to swear away his life.

He was allowed to lie in captivity until the following summer, when he was arraigned at Dundalk; but the informers knew they would not be believed there, and they refused to appear. To give themselves a better chance of a verdict, the authorities actually brought their illustrious prisoner to London, where he was kept in the closest confinement, without writing materials or any means of communicating with his friends. Even here a London jury in the beginning of 1681 refused to find a true bill against him, the witnesses contradicted one another so flagrantly; but a bill was found at last in the following Easter term. There is extant a minute record of the trial published with the imprimatur of Chief-Justice Pemberton, who presided at it, and showed himself an outrageous bigot and partisan. But even in an account written under such auspices the Primate's innocence and his nobility of character shine out clearly; and the chief-justice in his last address to the prisoner makes it abundantly evident that his only treason was his courageous zeal for the Catholic faith.

"Your false religion," observes the impartial chief-justice, "than which there is not anything more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world,—a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions; the most dishonorable and derogatory to God and His glory, of all religions or pretended religions whatso-

ever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them; so that certainly a greater crime there can not be committed against God, than for a man to endeavor the propagation of that religion."

The terrible sentence of death pronounced by this ferocious bigot was received with perfect calmness and dignity. We are so fortunate as to have an account of the manner in which the holy Archbishop spent the days between his condemnation on the 15th of June, 1681, and his execution on the 1st of July (or the 11th, according to the New Style). One of his fellow-prisoners (who ultimately did not share his fate) was an English Benedictine, Father James Corker, whose religious name was Dom Maurus. We Irishmen are bound to bless his memory for his great charity toward our martyred Primate, whose confessor and spiritual guide he was at the last. The jailers told him that the Archbishop spent his time in almost continual prayer, and, as if prison fare were not poor enough, he fasted three days in the week. The day before his death he wrote thus to Father Corker:

SIR:—I do most earnestly recommend myself to your prayers, and to the most Holy Sacrifices of all the noble confessors who are in this prison, and to such priests as you are acquainted with; and I hope soon to be able to requite all their and your kindness. Above all, I recommend myself to the prayers of the holy families of M. Sheldon and the Lady Stafford's, and in general to all the good Catholics in this city, whose faith and charity are great. I do recommend to you and to them my faithful servant, James Mackenna, who served me these eleven years with all fidelity. Some of the good Catholics who came to see me told me they would be charitable to him after my death.

I desire that you would be pleased to tell all my benefactors that for all

eternity I will be mindful of them; and that I will pray for them until they will come where I hope to come soon, and then also will thank them *in conspectu Supremi Domini*. They deserve all praise in this, and, by God's grace, a crown of glory in the next world. I doubt not but that their faith, charity, and good works will be efficacious with our Saviour, and that there will be soon an end of this persecution, and that *iniquitas multorum mox revelabitur. Fiat voluntas Dei, fiat, fiat!* And I beseech my Saviour to give all the good Catholics perseverance in their faith and good works, and grant me the grace to be to-morrow where I may pray for them *non in ænignate*, but *facie ad faciem*, and be sure that I am still, and will be,

Your obliged friend,

OLIVER PLUNKETT.

In the same courageous spirit Oliver Plunkett went through the remaining stages of his passion, till he was beheaded at Tyburn, Friday, July 11, 1681, aged fifty-two years. His was the last blood shed for religion in England; the very next day saw Lord Shaftesbury, the chief author of this crime and the arch-enemy of Catholics, hurled from his high estate and imprisoned in the tower. The witnesses he had suborned against Oliver Plunkett were eager to give testimony against himself. Immediately after his glorious death the martyred Primate became the object of a loving veneration, which has gone on increasing till our own day.

His mangled remains were carefully preserved as relics at Father Corker's Benedictine monastery of Lamspring, in Germany, for two hundred years; and in 1883 they were transferred to St. Gregory's College, Downside, England. The head was preserved first by a certain John Ridley and Elizabeth Sheldon, whose careful authentication still accompanies it. After his release from prison Father James Maurus Corker, O. S. B., had it enshrined in a

little ebony temple with rich silver ornaments. This was given in 1714 to the martyr's second successor, Dr. Hugh McMahon, who deposited it in 1722 in the Dominican convent which he had established in Drogheda, now known as the Siena Convent, whose first superior was Catherine Plunkett, a grandniece of the Primate. Pilgrims come from all parts of the world to venerate this sacred relic, and many miracles are recorded.

On the 9th of December, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. signed the decree granting permission for the Cause of Beatification to be introduced in the case of two hundred and sixty-four heroic servants of God, who shed their blood for the Catholic faith in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In this glorious roll the most illustrious name is the Venerable Oliver Plunkett; for this is henceforth his official title till he is beatified. Please God, many of us shall live to pray to him as Blessed Oliver Plunkett. But great labor and expense must still be undertaken before that happy consummation can be reached; as may be deduced from the following letter with which we have been favored by the present occupant of the martyr's primatial see.

ARA CÆLI, ARMAGH, ¹⁸⁹¹

October 3, 1901.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL:—The steps hitherto taken for the promotion of the cause of Venerable Oliver Plunkett are easily counted. His cause was introduced with the English Martyrs. When I was in Rome, in 1896, I employed an advocate, Monsignor Antonini, and left some money in the hands of Monsignor Kelly to pay expenses. Monsignor Antonini got a decree separating the Venerable Oliver Plunkett from the English Martyrs, and did nothing further. In 1896 I had a long conference with the Promotor Fidei, Monsignor Caprara, on Oliver Plunkett's case. He told me he knew it well, and that there would be no diffi-

culty about it. Had he lived, he would have helped us; but, unfortunately, after leaving me the good, saintly man took a little walk, returned to his house and dropped in ascending the stairs. There was just time to give him the Sacraments.

Soon after this Monsignor Kelly was appointed Promoter, Monsignor Mariani engaged as advocate; Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli kindly consented to act as Ponente. A decree was issued, authorizing me to collect and submit the writings of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett.

I am, dear Father Russell,

Yours faithfully,

✠ MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

Let us by our prayers, and in any other way that is in our power, strive to hasten the canonization of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, and Martyr for the Faith of the Catholic Church. And let us end now, as Father Corker ends the last of his letters that we possess: "O sweet Jesus, grant us the grace to follow his example; to the end that we may deserve his present patronage on earth and his future company in eternal glory!"

Concerning the Episcopate.

AMONG sundry controversial subjects which Catholic laymen in general, and Catholic journalists in particular, need have no scruple in letting severely alone, a foremost place should be given to the criticism of bishops. While it is quite conceivable that episcopal action may in a given instance be imprudent, or even unjust, the Church is so perfectly organized a body; its courts, inferior, higher, and supreme, are so well adapted to the examination, discussion, and final arbitrament of all ecclesiastical questions, that there seems to be no adequate reason why such questions should be tossed about by incompetent laymen, or expatiated upon by the flippant jour-

nalist who, in his zeal to score a point, sacrifices the reverence and respect due to his legitimate ecclesiastical superiors.

If any one of our readers can recall a case, either in this country or any other, in which Catholic interests have not suffered immeasurably more than they have benefited by the ventilation in the press of grievances against bishops — grievances which, real or fancied, should have been referred to Rome for investigation and possible redress,— his memory covers a longer period than does ours. The editors who either personally engage in such ill-advised criticism or open their columns to irresponsible censors of the hierarchy may be (nay, we must charitably presume, *are*) in good faith; but they are none the less publicly rebuking their mother, the Church, and are unquestionably delighting her enemies far more than they are edifying the faithful, who form the bulk of their readers.

Concerning the Church's authority, and our duty toward the representatives of that authority, there are several elementary truths to which it is well from time to time to have our attention called. The Church is the body of Christ and He is the Head. The Church is the means by which Christ, through His own divine appointments, acts in the world and still carries on the work of His Incarnation. The infallibility with which Christ has dowered the Church resides in the legitimate successors of St. Peter; her rulers are the bishops, with the Holy Father at their head. The episcopate has been appointed to teach and to govern; and it is obvious that the correlative duties of the faithful are to be taught and governed by their bishops.

"The bishops of the Church," as Father John Norris puts it, "are the divinely appointed rulers, and with them rests the privilege and responsibility of authority; and they are accountable not to

the faithful, not to those whom they rule, but to Christ, whom they represent. To the body of bishops, with the Pope at their head, we are bound to give our faithful submission and obedience. In faith and morals we are bound to give not only our obedience, but also our assent to their teaching. In matters of discipline we owe them obedience and reverence. To individual bishops we owe that respect and submission which is their due as the representatives of Christ to us, and the divinely appointed channels through which grace and salvation come to us, and by which faith is preserved from error and spread amongst the faithful.

"This true idea of the Church, this faith in her divine origin, in the divine work she has to do, in the divine gifts which she possesses, in the divine presence of her founder, in the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit of Truth, will preserve us from the error of treating the Church as though she were a mere human society, of judging and criticising her system of government from a mere human standpoint, of setting ourselves up as judges of those who have been appointed to rule us. Difficulties will arise at times, especially from the fact that the administration of the Church has been entrusted to human hands, and outside the realm of faith and morals, in which the Church is infallible, there is a wide field in which human frailty may show its weakness. Mistakes will be made in government, acts of imprudence will occur, harshness and want of consideration will sometimes be shown;...but to have recourse to the press, to appeal against God's Church to an irresponsible tribunal, is not the act of a distressed lover of truth and justice, but rather of one whose faith in the divinity of the Church is already weak, and whose spirit is tainted with disloyalty."*

* Conference at Chester, England, in 1900.

There are, in brief, in the Church regular and competent tribunals to which appeals, even against the episcopate, may be made by any individual Catholic or any body of the faithful. Once such an appeal is made, those who have made it should wait in respectful silence for the Church's decision; should especially eschew passionate and acrimonious discussion of the matter in the public press. The more confident they are of the justice of their cause, the more reason they have for obeying the advice which Moses gave to his people when the Egyptians were pursuing them: "Fear ye not, stand still; the Lord shall fight for you, *and ye shall hold your peace.*"

A Threatened Desecration.

A DISQUIETING rumor comes from over the water. It is said that the new Duke of Argyle, husband of the Princess Louise of England, is about to open up marble quarries on the island of Iona for the purpose of replenishing his empty pockets. To those unfamiliar with the peculiar circumstances there is little in this report to excite alarm; but to the many who cherish the memory of St. Columba, and would keep his home from desecration, the idea of turning the holy island into a marble yard is as impious as it is absurd and unnecessary.

Iona is by far the most sacred spot in the Land of Cakes. Even those who have no sympathy with the religion which the good saint professed and gave his life to defend and disseminate have a sentimental regard for the island where his bones rest, and royalty has ever sought Iona as a place of burial because of its hallowed associations. It is said that as many as forty Scotch kings are buried there, as well as two Irish sovereigns; one king of France, and two Norwegian princes. Both Macbeth and his victim have there found graves,

as the allusions in Shakspeare's tragedy easily prove.

It was in the sixth century that St. Columba left Ireland and crossed to Scotland with twelve companions for the purpose of bearing the Cross of Christ to the Picts and Scots. He was granted an island formerly occupied by the Druids; and there he built the monastery, the ruins of which the pious tourist visits to this day.

The monks of Iona were to be met with all over the islands and mountains of that northern country. They preached, taught, or tilled the soil, and administered baptism if no missionaries had gone before them. Columba himself was the most indefatigable worker, the most zealous instructor. So busy was he that his followers were amazed beyond the power of words to express. He seemed to them to be helped by supernatural power, as no doubt he was.

And how he loved them! He was, when absent on a journey, homesick for his dear brethren; and was never happier than when ministering to them or instructing them on the little island washed by the cold northern waves. One by one, when taught by him, they went forth to do the bidding of this servant of the Lord. "Thither, as from a nest," says one referring to the meaning of the word Columba, "these sacred doves took their flight to every quarter."

The learning of the whole world was crystallized in the monastery of Iona; and, what was more, the brethren of Columba obtained such a reputation for sanctity that the religious habit was held in great esteem even by those who opposed the teachings of Christianity.

And now—the new Duke of Argyle is in financial straits; experts have declared that the bits of green marble sold by little lads to the tourists represent great stores of wealth, and the rest can be imagined. Happily, however, the sturdy Scotchmen all over the world are fiercely indignant. The thought of dynamite

blasting and steam cranes on the holiest spot of the British Isles has aroused a cry of protest on every hand.

We can not believe that the threatened ruin of Columba's Isle will take place. If it is declared necessary, we feel sure the projected national subscription will avert what would be a calamity, and place Iona forever out of the hands of any private owner.

How Potatoes Became Popular.

THERE is a strange impulse in human nature which makes people desire that which is forbidden. It exists sometimes in dumb animals also, if the Irishman told the truth when he said that his pig never would go to Cork unless it thought its master wished to drive it toward Dublin. This perversity was once taken advantage of for a very worthy purpose. A strange prejudice against the use of potatoes as a food used to exist in France. The wise ones declared that they produced leprosy, and the people would neither eat them nor feed them to their cattle. At last those high in authority thought of a plan. "If we tell people not to eat them they will want them at once," they said; "and if it is made an offence to steal potatoes, there will be many to seek them." So gardens all over France were set with the unpopular tubers, and word given out that some rare vegetables were growing for the king's express use; furthermore, that any one who molested them would be prosecuted. This was a serious threat—to trespass against the king. But just as soon as the people were warned not to touch those potatoes they began to have a fierce appetite for them, and the fields, left unguarded purposely, were pillaged from one end to the other. Some began to eat the despised vegetables and found them palatable; others saved them for seed, and the result was that the potato was permanently introduced into France.

Notes and Remarks.

"We have gone further than we need to go in the elimination of religious teaching in the schools," said President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, in an address before the Illinois State Teachers' Association last week. President Thwing is deservedly respected as one of the most earnest and able educators of this country, and his counsel is eagerly sought by the heads of colleges and universities everywhere. "I, a Protestant," he said further, "would rather have my children taught by a wise Roman Catholic nun than by an atheist." This is amusing, but it shows that the layers of bigotry are becoming deciduous. A large number of influential men—leaders in all the learned professions—have lately come out frankly for religious education in schools. The assassination of President McKinley has opened the eyes of many persons, as we predicted it would. The day may still be far distant when either of the great political parties will adopt as a plank of its platform a declaration favoring a *per capita* distribution of school taxes among denominational schools; but in a democracy like ours the thoughts of the wise ones to-day become the convictions of the masses to-morrow. The Catholic principle of education is sure to triumph in the end, and the frank admissions of such men as President Thwing ought to encourage us to battle for that principle with fresh energy and hopefulness.

The *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, relates this pretty incident:

It was just noon. The bell of St. John's Church was pealing out the Angelus. Its sound floated above the noise and hum of Olive Street; but now and then, in a moment of calm, penetrated downward. To the crowd it had no significance; but to one at least it meant more than the simple pealing of a bell. He was only a street-cleaner, an Italian; and when the notes of the

bell, muffled in the roar of the city, met his ears, he removed his soiled hat, and, leaning forward on his shovel, crossed himself devoutly and bowed his head to the simple words of prayer.

In the middle of the street, thousands passing on either side, he was far from the city's throng—away in the sunny fields and vineyards of Italy. In pose and reverent attitude, he was the living embodiment of Millet's famous "L'Angelus." There was even a touch of the indescribable loneliness of the picture in the figure of the man. Despite the crowds and the noise and roar of the city, he conveyed an impression of aloofness, as of a man apart from the world. The moment of prayer lifted him above his mean surroundings, and in the figure of this humble Italian was a spirit of simple dignity and reverence that would lend power to a painter's brush.

We are glad there was some one to observe that act of simple piety and to feel its beauty. It was like a blossom of May amid the frosts of December.

Californians are rightly proud of the late Senator Stephen M. White, and a proposal to erect a statue to his memory, in his own city of Los Angeles, met with an instant and most generous response. But they have little men, as well as big, in California; and two of these petty creatures, dressed in a little brief authority, vetoed the resolution to set up the statue on the beautiful and commanding court-house grounds. They feared—so they said—that others as deserving as Senator White would be proposed for similar honors, and the grounds would be crowded with statues! No such fears were really entertained, needless to assert. Men like Senator White are not numerous anywhere, and only one Californian in a century is likely to be called "the Webster of the Far West." Mr. Charles F. Lummis told the truth about the matter in an editorial that must have been decidedly unpleasant reading in certain quarters. He said:

The disgraceful truth is that the insult to a great man's memory, and to his wife and to his fellow-citizens, was for no other reason on earth than that he was born of Catholic parents, in California, when it was overwhelmingly Catholic, and that he was man enough not to turn renegade

for political profit. And when in an intelligent American community there is left any official body to bow down to the always un-American, and now long dead, damned and decomposed A. P. A., it is time to disinfect. The Lion is neither insectivorous nor Catholic; but he hopes to live to see—and help hasten—the end of the last grape-nut-brained enemy of his country who would hinder an American living or dishonor him dead, because of his religion.

We, too, hope that Mr. Lummis will "live to see"; in that case he will live long. He will have plenty of time to do the splendid work on which he has been engaged for years—work which will earn for him the grateful appreciation of Californians yet unborn.

It will surprise no one who is at all familiar with the deliberate procedure habitual in ecclesiastical courts at Rome to learn that the practice of soliciting dispensations by telegraph or cable has been specifically condemned. In the absence of a cipher code that would in any case be too cumbersome to be of practical utility, it is impossible to transmit to Rome by cable the multifarious circumstances, a knowledge of which is a preliminary requisite to the granting of the ordinary dispensation that is beyond the powers of the bishop. Henceforward, those desirous of such dispensations must be content to possess their souls in patience until, by means of the ordinary mails, a detailed account of the matter is forwarded to the Holy See. The necessity is not one that is likely to discommode the common run of the faithful, and in any case it is abundantly justified by the respect due to canonical laws.

The frantic efforts of sectarian missionaries to Protestantize Cuba will, of course, fail; but there is reason to fear that they will do harm nevertheless. Denunciations of dogmatic teaching eternally repeated, and the perpetual invitation to disregard the disciplinary ordinances of the Church, will naturally

dispose the people to religious indifference in the course of time. That in itself, we fear, is considered a desirable end by the emissaries of the sects, who are determined that if the Cubans can not be made over into Protestants, they shall at least not remain practical Catholics. The Havana correspondent of the *Standard and Times* states that a new evangelist is announced each day in the Cuban press:

Mission houses are in evidence in every part of this city; and although the attendance at these services is meagre, it would be folly to say that, collectively, they are not operating powerfully upon the public mind to the detriment of the Church. . . . Schools under missionary auspices are being established at various points in the island, offering tempting inducements to an impoverished people to avail themselves of free education. The sole object of such efforts, disguised though it be at first to the unsuspecting patrons, is the religious perversion of the little ones.

The International Catholic Truth Society does well to keep American Catholics informed of the doings of the preachers in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. What the President said of the trusts is true of these itinerant evangelists: publicity is the remedy for them. Let their movements be known, and there is enough generosity and zeal in this country to checkmate them.

A memorial forwarded to Washington not long ago, and signed by a number of well-informed and influential non-Catholics, reminds our government that during the last thirty-three years two hundred and fifty millions have been spent on an Indian population not exceeding one hundred and eighty thousand,—“enough, if equitably divided, to build each one a house suitable to his condition and furnish it throughout; to fence his land and build him a barn; to buy him a wagon and team and harness; to furnish him plows and the other implements necessary to cultivate the ground, and to give him something besides to embellish and beautify his

home.” Instead of doing this wise thing, Uncle Sam built enormous public schools where our Sisters were already doing admirable work; and fed the Indian through dishonest agents, instead of making a respectable and self-supporting farmer of him. All civilization springs from the soil, and until the Indian is weaned away from idleness, and stimulated by the property-instinct, there is no hope for the race. If this is what President Roosevelt meant when he announced his purpose of dealing with the Indians as individuals, not as tribes, we say, More power to him! As for the schools, an earnest, honest man like the President will find plenty of evidence that the best place for Indian children is a Catholic school; but will he have the courage to act up to his knowledge?

The discovery of hitherto unknown tombs under the altar of Santa Agnese in her church on the Via Nomentana has roused much interest in Rome. On one of the marble slabs covering these graves is engraved in bold and effective lines the portrait of St. Peter, accompanied by his name, *Petrus*. Interest in Saint Agnes is by no means confined to archaeologists; but their recent discovery ought to win a host of new readers for Cardinal Wiseman's “*Fabiola*,” a fascinating story of the early Christians, in which the youthful martyr is one of the leading personages. It is a story with the value of identifying the Church of to-day with the Church of the Catacombs.

Our readers will share the joy we feel over the news of the reception into the Church of the Rev. Frederick George Lee. Some of them were among his parishioners at Lambeth, and cherish the most kindly memories of the vicar of All Saints', so famed for learning, piety, and unwearied efforts to promote the reunion of Christendom. To all the readers of this magazine Dr. Lee is

known for valued contributions in prose and verse, which only ill health has prevented him from continuing. About one hundred various books, occupying twenty-one pages of the MS. catalogue of the British Museum, attest Dr. Lee's literary activity. Notable among these publications is his learned work on "The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God." For some time past, as health permitted, he has been writing his reminiscences of the great religious movement in England during the reign of Queen Victoria. He was acquainted with all its principal leaders, and intimately associated with Newman, of whom he is a relative. It is to be hoped that Dr. Lee may have strength to complete this important undertaking. Some portions of the work, the interest of which is increased by the author's conversion, may first appear in these pages.

Whoever has any important object at heart is always watching for opportunities to advance it. The miser eagerly avails himself of every means to increase his hoard. So with the politician, ambitious for political honors or emolument, the merchant bent on amassing a fortune, the professional man, eager to display his powers and win fame. If it be true that there is no grace or gift of God without its corresponding responsibility, a little of the energy displayed by worldlings in securing temporal advantages ought to distinguish Christians in furthering the cause of the Gospel. Opportunities for doing this are abundant. Who can honestly say that it is not in his power to promote the spiritual welfare of others? A thousand doors are open to almost every one: unbelievers not far from the kingdom of God,—ready, in fact, to yield to the first touch of a kindly hand; souls careless in the performance of their duties, yet not ill-disposed: only waiting like the paralytic

of Bethsaida for some one to help them; or, it may be, a whole generation of children susceptible, if properly handled, of the happiest and most abiding impressions.

A zealous Catholic lady living in Dakota, who took occasion last month to prepare some children for their First Communion, tells us that a number of them came a considerable distance, though on several days the thermometer was thirty-five and forty degrees below zero. These children may be destined to go through the fire and water of the world's temptations and seductions and corruptions; but what a blessed thing for them to have made even one fervent Communion! And what a blessed work to prepare them for it!

The following extract from the annual report of the Society of Protestant Missions in Batavia, shows that both in methods and in results the Church in the Orient bears a strong resemblance to the Church in this country:

It can not be denied that Rome makes in India disquieting progress. United into a powerful phalanx, the Catholics advance further and further, and add victory to victory. As the Roman Church makes no difference between church and mission, so she also knows how to adapt herself to all. She especially concentrates all her chief attention on the education of youth. Everywhere, but especially in the more important towns and centres, she has her thoroughly-equipped schools—schools which in more than one regard should be called excellent, which are esteemed by all the world, and to which numerous Protestants entrust their children. The Sisters in particular understood well how to guide the girls confided to their care with such admirable tact that it would be difficult to find even one of their former pupils who would not speak of them with the greatest sympathy. The zeal and devotion with which the Roman priests give themselves to their calling, especially also in visiting the sick in hospitals and prisons, deserves full and unstinted praise.

It is a happy sign of the times that our missionaries in foreign lands are now generously praised betimes by the very men who formerly reviled and persecuted them.



The Return of the Wanderers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

MARIA PASQUALA and her brother, Jean Antonio, had been at the Mission for several years. They were orphans, but a light-hearted pair; neither looked beyond their present comfortable condition. But just after Maria—or Pasqualita, as she was usually called—had passed fourteen, and was playing the organ one day, so that her companions might sing their hymns and patriotic songs for some American ladies who came to visit the Mission, something happened. It was this:

One of the ladies took a violent fancy to the dark-eyed little Indian girl at the organ, sitting there so gracefully with her long, slender hands touching the keys, and her thick black braid falling over her blue apron.

"Ah, how lovely she would look dressed like an Indian princess in a tableau!" exclaimed the lady to her companion. "What a pity that she should have to be dressed like that, in an old faded blue gingham apron and brown merino frock!"

"Silly Cecilia!" said her friend. "It is much better than that she should be rigged out in the paint and feathers, in which, no doubt, you are imagining her at this moment. And more comfortable too, I assure you."

"I wonder if they would let me have her?" mused the other; paying no attention to her friend's remark.

"And what would you do with her?"

"Finish her education and keep her as a companion."

"Do you mean that you would take her home with you—to Newburyport?"

"Yes, why not? It would be lovely."

"Well, you are your own mistress, of course; but I should call it a foolish scheme, Cecilia. You would either tire of her or she of you. In any case she would be altogether out of her sphere."

"I mean to try it, Anna," replied the other, rising gravely from her seat and approaching the Sister in charge. Her friend looked on with a quiet smile, resolved to say no more. Cecilia was rich and had many fads.

Sister Angela had nothing to say. It was Father Gregorio who arranged these things. He was in the house at present. Yes, she might see him. She went directly to the parlor, where Pasqualita was called some time later.

"Well now, Maria Pasquala," said Father Gregorio, when she had made her curtsy, "how would you like to go with this lady—for a while at least?"

"Where, Father?" inquired the child, opening her dark eyes very wide indeed.

"To town, for six months, where this kind lady will teach you to play the piano as well as the organ; and later, if she is pleased with you, home to live with her."

"And where is your home, Madam?" asked Pasqualita, with a self-possession which greatly surprised her would-be benefactress.

"In Newburyport—many hundred of miles away from here," was the reply. "I would educate you and dress you—oh, very nicely! And you would live with me always."

Pasqualita reflected, two perpendicular lines appearing between her heavy brows.

"Perhaps I would like it," she said slowly. "Perhaps it would be better than going later to work in some family. But what of Juanito?"

"Who is Juanito?"

"He is my brother, Jean Antonio. He is ten."

A slight frown made its appearance between Miss Cecilia's brows.

"I could not take him," she said decidedly. "I do not like boys."

Pasqualita raised her eyes, with a sweet smile, which caused a dimple to appear in either rose-tinted olive cheek.

"He is good," she said; "and he is very pretty."

Father Gregorio laughed. Miss Cecilia also laughed very softly.

"A way *might* be found," she said. "He might come and learn to do something; but he could not live with *me*."

"Ah!" said Pasqualita, with a deep sigh. "But, then, he could not, either, in any family where I should go to work in town. Eh, Padre Gregorio?"

"No, probably not," said the priest. "And this way you might help him in the future. This lady is a Catholic, and you are not very strong; it will be worth while to take this good chance. For six months, at least, you can try it."

Once more the girl looked slowly into the lady's eyes and smiled. But this time there were tears in the depths of her own as she said in a low voice:

"Father, I will go. I will try,—it can not hurt."

We pass over the leave-taking between brother and sister. The girl was sad at parting with her little brother, but she had before her what seemed to be a most delightful prospect. Not so with the boy left behind. That night, for the first time in his short life, he cried himself to sleep in his blue-and-white covered bed. This happened in the month of October.

••

On the first morning of the New Year an Indian girl, attired in a dress of brilliant plaid, with bright red ribbons in her hair, sat on the broad piazza of a rose-covered cottage reading a letter. From time to time a tear would drop upon the paper. If any one had been

rude or curious enough to look over her shoulder this is what he would have read:

MY DARLING SISTER:—I am so glad that you have the pretty dresses and hats and candy every day. We had last night a candy-pull, with the molasses that Mother got so cheap from the good Irishman. And from Agua Caliente Donicio has brought five gallons of honey—oh, so sweet!—and on Sundays we have it now at supper. I like it very much. But, better, I would like that I see you again, my beloved sister,—better than molasses or honey. Make my respects to the lady, and ask that maybe one day she permits you to make a little visit to

Your affectionate brother,

JUAN ANTONIO ESCALERA.

A footstep sounded on the steps of the porch. The girl looked up. Before her stood her brother. They flew into each other's arms, both crying. At length she seated him on the rustic bench beside her.

"But when—how did you come?" she asked, squeezing the shapely dark head close to her shoulder.

He bent forward, looking up into her soft, melancholy eyes.

"You are sad," he answered quickly. Then in a whisper: "I came in the wagon of Carew, the farmer. I hid there behind the barrels of olives. I wanted to see you and I ran away."

"You ran away! O Juanito! How could you! What will they think! How frightened they will be!"

"I could not help it,—I *had* to see you. To-night I will go back again."

"And how?"

"I can walk: I am strong. The way is straight—I mean easy to find."

Pasqualita stroked his hair.

"I think I will go with you," she said. "I think we will go together."

"O my sister! Do you mean that you will go to stay again at the Mission?"

"Yes."

"Are you not happy with the lady?"

"No; I am not happy. Let me tell you. When we first came she got me some clothes—all flaming bright like this, and fancy hats with feathers all standing up. She said they were my crown, and I was a princess. When I went with her on the street everybody looked at me. Then, at the boarding-house where the meals are taken, they did not want me to sit at table with the white people; and neither did I. But Miss Cecilia was angry. She then went to another, and it was the same. Then at last we came to a place where they let me; but the meals there are not good, and she does not like it."

"Why do you not live here, in this house? Is not this your home?"

"Only to stay and sleep, not to eat."

"Oh, how funny!"

"And then," continued the girl, "she wanted me to change my name and be Pocohontas. But I said I could not, for St. Pasqual's was my name-day."

"Oh! And was she angry?"

"Yes, a little. And she had a woman to come and make me a 'costoom'; and that I wore in the evenings when people came to see her here."

"Did you wear it on your head? Is it a cap?"

Pasqualita laughed.

"It is a long thing—like you would put your shirt on outside your pants, Juanito,—made of yellowish brown cloth, and lined, and trimmed with yellow fringe and beads. And there were beaded slippers for shoes; and for a belt a rattlesnake skin, with little brass coins jingling. And my hair hanging below my waist, unplaited, with a pasteboard band covered with gold paper to hold it back; and three feathers—red, green and blue—sticking up."

"Oh, how funny!"

"And in *that* 'costoom,' Juanito, I had to play the organ for the people. And she wanted me to dance. But I would not."

"And then?"

"She called me a 'sulky.' I do not know what it means; but it is something not very nice. These days I can well see that she is tired of me, and I know I am tired of her."

"Why not tell Father Gregorio?"

"Once I did, and he said to wait; and this morning early I went there after Mass, but he is gone to the Mission. And, Juanito! what will he say when he finds that you are away?"

The boy nestled more closely to his sister.

"He will excuse: he always does," he murmured, with a confident little chuckle.

"That is how you are spoiled," said Pasqualita. "You naughty boy!"

"Where is the lady now?" he asked, nothing daunted by the tender reproof.

"At Mass."

"Let us go before she is home again. Come, Pasqualita! She might try to keep you, and send me away."

"I believe I will go,—I believe I will," observed the girl. "Stay here a while, Juanito, till I am back."

"All right. Hurry, though, before it is noon, when Mass will be over."

In ten minutes Pasqualita returned, attired in the dark blue merino skirt and striped blue and red waist she had brought from the Mission. She carried a small bundle in her hand. Upstairs, on her bed, lay folded a goodly pile, on top of which she had left a note containing these words:

"Good-bye, Miss Cecilia O'Fallon! I thank you very much for this clothing, but I do not need it any longer. I go back now, at once, to the Mission School. Good-bye, Miss Cecilia!

"Your friend,

"MARIA PASQUALA ESCALERA."

"But how did you find the house, Juanito?" she suddenly asked, after they had walked some distance.

"When I jumped from the wagon I asked a man where was Fourth Street, and he showed me. The number I had in my pocket."

"Ah, you are not so slow, you rogue! Come, let us hurry then, that we may not, perhaps, meet Miss Cecilia."

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About half-past five that evening the children were assembled in the chapel for Benediction, when the door softly opened and the brother and sister came noiselessly in, hand in hand. They went to the last bench and knelt down. From her station at the organ Sister Angela could see the girl's shoulders shaking with sobs; but she knew that it was joy, not sorrow, which caused those tears to flow. For they had already heard something of the story from Father Gregorio, who had resolved to fetch Pasqualita back to the Mission early in the coming week. For the boy there had been some anxiety, though everyone guessed pretty well where he had gone.

"They shall not be separated again for some years, at least," Sister Angela mentally soliloquized, as, the *Laudate* over, the children crowded out of the chapel, eager to welcome and question the newcomers.

"It is the New Year, and there will be no scoldings," said the priest, as the circle opened to admit him. "But, Juanito, remember—next time!" he continued, holding up a warning finger.

Juanito laughed merrily.

"There will be none, for now she is here," he said, clinging to her hand.

"And may Juanito stay here to *our* candy-pull, for the sake of Pasqualita and the New Year, instead of going with the boys?" pleaded Esperanza, the oldest of the girls.

"Yes, yes; but remember not to ask it again," replied Father Gregorio, once more lifting the admonitory finger.

"And now, Pasqualita, you may take back the organ," said Rafaela, who was her successor. "I can never learn to play it without mistakes."

"And wait, too, upon the priest's table!" cried Andrea. "For Sister says

I am all awkward thumbs. I like much better the washing and baking."

"Yes, yes: I will do all that, and gladly; for, girls, it is nice to be home again. And, oh, I have learned to make a fine candy! It is called 'fudge.'"

"Oh, how funny!" said Juanito.

"Come, then, to the kitchen and show us!" cried Rafaela. "We have not yet started on the candy-pull."

"Well, just a little, then, to-night; for we must have some fun with pulling our candy. And thank you, everybody; and a happy, happy New Year to all! And thank God to be here to-night!" said Pasqualita.

"Thanks! thanks! And a happy New Year!" answered all.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—AT THE CASTLE.

It was a lovely May morning when the landlord of the inn came to tell me that Wayward Winifred was waiting.

"Why do they call her by that name?" I asked of him.

"Oh, then, sure, ma'am, it's just because of her whimsical ways! You might as well try to stick a pin through the down of a thistle or take a feather from a swallow on the wing, as to know what the crathure will be doin' next." He looked all round as if he feared that the walls might have ears; and, seeming in a more communicative mood than before, he continued his narrative: "There's them that says," he whispered, coming close to me, "that all's not right with her; and it's as well you should know it before you go off to the castle with her. She knows too much for one of her years, and she's that wild and whimsical, there's no stoppin' her whichever way she goes. And she keeps queer company sometimes."

["But who were her parents?"]

"Well, you asked me that before, ma'am, but it's a long story. Some will have it that she's not of mortal stock at all. But to be sure that's the old people, with their queer consates," he added, somewhat shamefacedly.

"Who takes care of her?"

"Who? Well, as for that, she mostly takes care of herself," replied the landlord, with a gesture expressive of the hopelessness of the situation.

"But she can't live alone. She has, I believe, a grandmother."

The landlord gave me a queer look.

"Oh, she lives with Granny Meehan, as you'll see when you go there! But she's gettin' restive below. I hear her feet patterin' round, and it's hard to tell what she might be at, so I'd better be goin' down."

"Say I'm just coming!" I called after the man; and, descending presently, looked out of doors, and saw, sitting in the branches of a lilac tree, the same figure that I had beheld upon the bough which stretched over the ravine. The landlord, honest man, was addressing the girl, with some anxiety, from the window below.

"Come down here, now—that's a good child!—or you'll be gettin' a fall, so you will; and a nasty cut on your head for the doctor to sew up,—and breakin' my fence into the bargain."

The child laughed, that selfsame musical laugh which rang out upon the air like the sound of bells, and she shook the tree in her mirth, and sent a shower of the fragrant lilac blossoms down upon my head.

"I ask your pardon!" she said, with a shade of gravity crossing her face. "I didn't mean to send any down upon your bonnet, for a beautiful bonnet it is."

She eyed as she spoke the article of headgear which I had purchased at a shop on Fifth Avenue, New York. I was surprised that she should have perceived any beauty in the bonnet, being quiet in

shape and neutral in tint, to suit the exigencies of travel.

When she had descended to the ground, she picked up a cloak from under the tree and wrapped herself in it. It was one of those peasant's cloaks of blue cloth, enveloping the figure from head to foot, which, as articles of dress, are fast disappearing from Ireland; but which were both becoming and picturesque. Winifred did not, however, put up the hood; but showed her delicately formed head, with its rich, dark hair, cut short, and curling in ringlets about her forehead and neck, and forming a fascinating tangle upon the top.

"Shall we go?" I asked Winifred.

"Yes," she answered; "if you are ready."

And so we went. Our course, at first, lay through the lanes strewn with wild flowers, primroses and early violets, with the hedgerows white with bloom. The balmy air of May, fresher and purer in Ireland, it seems, than elsewhere, gently stirred the tender green of the foliage. The lark and the thrush sang together a morning hymn. Soon, however, the scenery became wilder and wilder; rocky passes frowned upon us, and we looked down into ravines that might well make the unwary tremble.

Up the steep path I followed where the girl led with foot as sure as a mountain goat. She spoke from time to time in her soft, liquid accent. Perhaps it was part of her waywardness to show herself more shy and reserved than I had yet seen her, answering my questions in monosyllables, and briefly bidding me to beware of dangerous places. At last, in a winding of the road, we came upon one of those feudal keeps which marked the military character of bygone chiefs. Its walls were still intact, and a great donjon reared its head to the sky, in defiance of time.

We could not enter by the iron gates, still vainly guarding the ruin; for the path beyond them was choked with

weeds and overgrown with grass. The child led me instead through a narrow pathway, and a low door in the thickest part of the wall, which had survived all attacks of the elements, and was, perhaps, of a later erection. Walls and roof were alike uninjured; but I had a strange feeling of passing from daylight into chill darkness, when my guide silently ushered me into a stone-paved passage, where all was still and gloomy.

It was a relief, at last, to reach a large square room, appointed somewhat in the manner of a farm kitchen. A peat fire burned upon the hearth, a kettle sang upon the hob, a wooden settle stood close by, and strings of herrings hung from the beams of the ceiling, flanked by a fitch or two of bacon. Homely, comfortable objects they were, making me forget my plunge into the past, and convincing me that here was life and reality and domestic comfort. By the fire sat an old woman, erect and motionless; and though her face was turned toward us, she gave no sign of perceiving me, nor did she respond to my salute.

She wore a plain gown of dark gray, of the roughest material, probably homespun, but scrupulously neat. Across her breast was pinned a handkerchief of snowy white; and a large frilled cap shaded a face, somewhat emaciated, with features clear-cut, and white hair showing but slightly under the frills. Her eyes were of a dull gray, very wide open and seemed to fix themselves upon me with a curious expression, which made me strangely uncomfortable. I began to ask myself: "Who are these people, and why has this strange child brought me here?"

My fears were set at rest when the old woman opened her lips, saying:

"Miss Winifred, *alanna!* And is that yourself?"

There was something so human and tender in the sound of the voice that I felt at once drawn to that aged figure,

which resembled more a statue than a thing of life.

"Yes, granny; and I've brought some one with me," the girl said.

A look of something like alarm crossed the old woman's face.

"A stranger?" she said uneasily.

"Yes, dear granny; 'tis a lady from America."

This time the old woman started perceptibly, and her gaze seemed to fix itself on my face, while there was a straightening of her whole figure into rigid attention.

"I have been staying in the neighborhood," I put in; "and chancing to meet your granddaughter—"

"She is no granddaughter of mine!" interrupted the old woman, hastily; and, as it seemed, almost angrily. "No, Miss Winifred is not."

"Forgive me, please! I did not know," I stammered. "I thought she addressed you as granny."

"Oh, that's just her coaxing way! And, besides, it's a custom hereabouts. Ould women like myself are all grannies."

Every trace of annoyance or of fear had passed from the serene old face, and the habitual courtesy of the Irish peasant became at once conspicuous.

"Have you a chair for the lady, Miss Winifred, *asthore?* Mebbe it's a glass of new milk she'd be takin' after her walk."

I accepted this refreshment, partly to establish myself upon a friendly footing with my new acquaintances, and partly because I was really glad of the restorative after a long walk. The milk was brought me by a bare-legged and ruddy-cheeked girl of about Winifred's own age, who did much of the rough work about the place; though, as I afterward learned, Winifred, in some of her moods, would insist on milking the cow, and driving it home from pasture; or would go forth to gather the peat for the fire, in spite of all remonstrance.

There were things that puzzled me about this unusual abode. The scrupu-

lous respect with which the old woman treated the girl, the appearance of comfort and plenty about this strange retreat in the heart of a once warlike citadel, where the chiefs of old had displayed their banners and manned the walls with clansmen and gallow-glasses. Then the singular expression of the old woman's countenance, and the manner in which she gazed before her, apparently at vacancy, once I had stepped out of her range of vision. Only one of these mysteries was I destined to solve upon the occasion of this first visit.

While I sipped my milk and nibbled at the bit of fresh oaten bread which accompanied it, I conversed with the old woman; Winifred standing mute, in the shadow of the deep window, as if lost in thought.

"America's very far off entirely," said granny, dreamily,—“acrost the ocean; and they tell me it's a very fine country, with riches and plenty for all.”

"It is a fine country," I said warmly; "but there are many there who have neither riches nor plenty and who live and die in misery."

"Do you tell me so?" exclaimed the old woman. "Look at that now! And the boys and girls thinkin' it long till they get out there, and have money in their pockets and fine clothes on their back."

"Well, many of them do succeed," I remarked; "only they have to work hard for it. There's no royal road to success anywhere."

"True for you, ma'am,—true for you!" sighed the old woman. "'Tis the law, and 'twas a wise God that ordained it."

"I know one person that got rich without working," said Winifred, speaking suddenly and with a kind of imperiousness.

I looked at her in surprise, and the granny said, in a soothing tone:

"Ah, then, *asthore*, don't be bringin' in names! It's safer not."

Winifred, for answer, turned silently to the window, gazing out again, and I was left to conjecture that here was another mystery. What experience of life could this child have had? And who in that neighborhood could have grown rich, suddenly or otherwise? When I rose to go I expressed my desire to come again.

"Mebbe you'd have a curiosity to see more of the ould place," said the woman.

"But the castle is not a show place," cried Winifred, imperiously. "It's private property."

"God help your wit!" I heard the old woman mutter; but aloud she said with conciliation, almost deference:

"Sure you know as well as I do, Miss Winifred dear, that every castle in the country, even where the grand folks do be livin', is thrown open every now and again to travellers."

"This castle is not open to any one," said Winifred, drawing her slight figure to its height and addressing me; "but if you, being from America, would like to see it, I would show it to you."

I told her that I should very much like to see it, and would certainly come again for the purpose.

"There's some stories about the ould place that mebbe you'd like to hear, ma'am," said Granny Meehan, anxious to make amends for any abruptness on the part of her charge.

I told her that the stories would be an additional attraction; and as I was about leaving the room, I remarked:

"It's a glorious day. You should go out, Mrs. Meehan, if only to see the sun shining on the mountains."

Winifred sprang forward, her face crimson.

"For shame! for shame!" she cried.

I turned back to the old woman in perplexity. The ghost of a smile was on her face, as she declared:

"I shall never see the bright sun more in this world,—I shall never see it more. But I like to know that it is shining."

Here, then, was the solution of one mystery; and as I looked at that fine and placid countenance I wondered at my own stupidity; for though the eyes were wide open, their expression told the tale very plainly.

"I am so sorry," I said; "I did not know. Can you ever forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive nor to be sorry for," she replied, with a smile breaking over her face like sunshine. "Glory be to God for all His mercies! I've been sittin' here in the dark for ten years; but all the time, thanks be to His holy Name, as happy as a lark."

I turned away, with admiration mingled with compassion.

"And," added the old woman, "I know the purty sight you're spakin' of, ma'am dear. I seem to see, as often I saw it, the sun playin' about the hills in little streams of gold, and the tree-tops brightenin' in its glow. Oh, I know the hills of Wicklow since I was a wee *dawshy*! And there isn't a tree nor a blade of grass nor a mountain flower that Granny Meehan doesn't remember from old days that are far off now."

I saw that Winifred's sensitive face was working with emotion, while her eyes filled with tears. I also saw that she had hardly forgiven me yet for my blunder. I suggested gently that we had better go, and the girl made no objection. So we pursued our homeward way, silently for the most part. Suddenly, I exclaimed:

"Oh, what a beautiful nature has that old woman!"

"Do you mean granny?" Winifred asked quickly. "Oh, she's as beautiful as—the Dargle!"

And even while we talked burst upon us that view, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Those hills arising on either side, clothed in a superb, living green; and the loveliest of glens below, with the rippling beauty of its stream fair as the poet's river of the earthly paradise;

and Powerscourt's splendid demesne to the eastward, and all the mountains about, arising grandly, enlivened with that unsurpassed sunshine.

"Ye hills, give praise to God!" I murmured, involuntarily; and paused, feeling Winifred's dark eyes upon me, with inquiry in their glance.

"It is a verse from the hymn of thanksgiving sung often in church," I said. "Did you ever hear it?"

Winifred shook her head.

"They don't sing much in the chapel down below," she said, "except simple little hymns. It isn't like the grand days when the castle was full of people and the abbey church was close by."

Then she paused, as if she did not care to say more; and as we were now within sight of the hill she suddenly left me, waving her hand in farewell, and swinging herself by the tree-bridge across the mountain-stream.

"Good-bye!" she called back to me. "And don't forget next time that granny is blind."

(To be continued.)

The Pool of Siloam.

After having been practically dry for more than ten years, the Pool of Siloam has begun to flow again. Visitors to Palestine have been much disappointed to find that the healing waters were no longer visible, and in this disappointment the native inhabitants naturally shared. Recently the people of Jerusalem discovered that their water supply was failing, and it occurred to them to see if the spring which supplied the Pool of Siloam was doing its duty. They worked for a month; removed tons of accumulated rubbish, and found that the spring had for years been discharging its cool, clear water into an old aqueduct, which carried it away to the valley of Kedron. Now the Pool of Siloam is flowing once more, and there is great rejoicing throughout the Holy Land.

With Authors and Publishers.

—New light is thrown on "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages" in a work bearing this title, announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. The author, the Rev. Horace K. Mann, headmaster of St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has made painstaking researches, and is said to possess in a high degree all the qualifications of an historian. The first volume of his work—to be issued in two parts—is devoted to the Popes under the Lombard rule.

—Readers who are apt to accept unquestioningly the verdict of the professedly literary magazines concerning the merits of the much-belauded novels of the day, would do well to turn over the back numbers of those magazines (say, three or four years back), and re-read the critiques of the novels then appearing. Books that were hailed as genuinely great, worthy to stand with the best of Thackeray's or Scott's, have in the brief space of a year or two sunk into practical oblivion. So will it inevitably be with the overwhelming majority of the "best-selling" volumes of to-day. Having risen like a rocket, they are fated to come down like the stick.

—It is regrettable that a generation so devoted to commemorative celebrations should have permitted the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Dr. Lingard to pass without any acknowledgment of his service to history. Lingard reversed many of the accepted historical judgments of his day, and each year since his death shows the astonishing correctness of his position on the points wherein he differed from the old historians. Leo XII., it is fairly well known, had reserved him *in petto* for the cardinalate in recognition of distinguished services to the Church, and many of the most distinguished men of his time were among his warm friends and admirers.

—Of all the great generals of recent times Wellington, perhaps, left the largest number of autograph letters. He was naturally precise, and he became so punctilious in his later years that he made it a point to send elaborate replies to all letters, no matter how trivial or impertinent. A letter which the Iron Duke wrote to a quack-medicine dealer has lately been made public. It not only bears Wellington's familiar signature, but was written with his own hand:

Sir, I have received your letter and the box of salve, etc., which you have sent me. This last will be returned to you by the coach of Monday. I beg you to accept my best thanks for your attention. I think that you and I have some reason to complain of the editors of newspapers. One of them thought proper to publish an account of me, that I was affected by a rigidity of the muscles of the face. You have decided that the disorder must be *tic douloureux*, for which

you send me your salve as a remedy. I have no disorder in my face. I am affected by the lumbago or rheumatism in my loins, shoulders, neck and back,—a disorder to which many are liable who have passed days and nights exposed to the weather in bad climates. I am attended by the best medical advisers in England, and I must attend to their advice. I can not make use of salves sent to me by a gentleman, however respectable, of whom I know nothing, and who knows nothing of the case excepting what he reads in the newspapers.

—Messrs. Harper & Brothers deserve the credit of an unequivocal expression of regret for an objectionable poem which appeared in the November number of their magazine. The editor states that he—the writer also—had supposed Margaret of Cortona was a purely fictitious character; he deeply regrets having given offence to his Catholic readers, and makes ample and gracious apology in the January number of his magazine. In view of his supposition, which seems a very natural one to us, might we suggest that in all such cases the fullest allowance be made for inadvertence or lack of knowledge?

—While orthoepy, or phonology, that is, the correct pronunciation of words, is not an art absolutely essential to either the author or the reviewer of prose works, it demands cultivation from the verse-writer and the verse-critic as well. In not a few recent volumes of poetry occur imperfect rhymes which the poets evidently thought quite perfect; and in more than one review of such works we have noticed good rhymes stigmatized as bad by cocksure critics whose knowledge of good usage is less extensive than they imagine. As one instance, the second syllable of "suffice" may, with the sanction of excellent authority be made to rhyme with "nice" or "wise"; and to object to either form is to be over-nice and somewhat unwise.

—Collaboration in story writing has become quite common, and guessing the author of the respective parts is supposed to add interest to the tale. In "Miss Varney's Experience" we have a variation in the guessing part; for the little book is made up of stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick; and in a metrical foreword we are told that Miss Donnelly is introducing her "literary heiress, godchild, niece," to the critical world, and she concludes her preface with the challenge:

Reading these stories, tell us if you will,
Which are the *débutante's*, which the *chaperon's*?

The stories are of varying interest and literary merit, but we are not good at guessing. Published by H. L. Kilner & Co.

—Unacceptable as the speculative views of Dr. Paul Carns must be to Catholics, his industry is

a proper subject for admiration. To enforce his theories of the origin and growth of religion, he uses with equal complacency the heavy ordnance of his own magazine and the gatling-gun of fiction. "The Crown of Thorns," a thin volume with pictures and decorative borders, is a sample of the fiction-philosophy. The plot is as tenuous as the style is ponderous, and the meaning of it all is that "Christianity developed from Judaism through the Messianic hopes of the Nazarenes as interpreted by the Apostle Paul of Tarsus." We do not suppose that Catholics will be interested in the volume. Open Court Publishing Co.

—The difficulty of arriving at exact knowledge in matters of history has impressed us anew on re-reading "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." In the first chapter of that work, Franklin says: "My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter*." Now, one would think that if anyone should know this matter accurately it would be Franklin, first because he knew so many things, second because it concerned his own brother's newspaper, and thirdly because Franklin himself was a printer. The truth is that the first newspaper was published in 1689; *Publick Occurrences* appeared in 1690; the *Boston News-Letter* in 1704; the *Boston Gazette* in 1719; the *American Weekly Mercury*, of Philadelphia, in 1719.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis*. \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman*. \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa*. \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright*. \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper*. \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins* \$1.50.

The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland*. \$1.25, net.

Juvenile Round Table. \$1.

A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix*. \$1.25.

Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott*. \$1.75.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.

Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway*. \$1.25.

In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier*. \$1.25.

A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson*. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

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

The Rev. P. E. Messil, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; the Rev. Owen Kiernan, diocese of Providence; the Rev. C. Koenig, diocese of Belleville; and the Rev. M. J. Stanton, diocese of Kingston.

Sister M. Victorina, of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

Mr. John Wood, of Woodland, Cal.; Miss M. B. Gilmour, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Bridget Ford, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. D. C. Bracken, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. E. J. O'Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Mary Doyle, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. J. C. Miller, Clair, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Weldon, Millersburg, Iowa; Miss Sara Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. William Hartman, Shaler, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McArdle, Athens, Pa.; Dr. James Wallis, Mr. John White, Mrs. Mary Futzer, Miss Anna MacMullen, and Mr. Daniel Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Margaret Shenell, Parnell, Iowa; Mr. Theodore Thilke, Detroit, Mich.; Catherine T. Garrigan, Newark, N. J.; and Mr. J. F. Mackert, Polk, 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."

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

Friend, \$1.50; Sr. M. C., \$2; M. Munly, \$3; Friend, \$1; M. E. R., \$1; E. R., \$5; R. C., \$1.40; George Lambert, \$24.35.

To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

M. Munly, \$2; Friend, 50 cts.

For the famine orphans in India:

E. Layden, \$1.

For the Indian Missions:

Friend, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. V. J., \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 3.

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Jesu Dulcis Memoria.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

JESUS, Thy memory sweetest
Appears to heart-thoughts fleetest;
Yet sweeter Thou who greatest
Our sight with joy completest.

No song from heaven's court streaming
Gave earth of heaven more seeming,
No theme for holier dreaming
Than—Jesus earth redeeming.

What hope for hearts repenting,
What joy for souls lamenting,
What bliss beyond inventing,
That name all life contenting!

No tongue, no pen can render
In words of fitting splendor,
No faith due joy surrender
To Jesus our Defender.

Let earth then lift her voices
To whom all heaven rejoices,
His awful glory blending
With praises never ending!

The Holy Name of Jesus.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



DEVOTION to the sacred name of our Divine Redeemer may be said to be coeval with the Christian faith. The name of Jesus was revealed by God the Father, and uttered for the first time by the Angel when, as God's ambassador, he announced the Incarnation to our Blessed Lady at Nazareth.

The solemn bestowal of this holy

name on the Babe of Bethlehem took place on the eighth day after the Nativity; hence it has its commemoration in the liturgy of the Feast of the Circumcision; but just as a special festival has been devoted to the honor of the Blessed Sacrament, over and above its commemoration on Maundy Thursday, so the Church has set apart a particular feast for honoring that Name which is above all names.

It is not surprising that such should be the case when attention is paid to the veneration which has always existed in the Church to the actual personal name of the Saviour of men. St. Peter gathered together the first Christians by preaching that "there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved";* and it is furthermore recorded in Holy Scripture that the Apostles, having been scourged, rejoiced at being found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. St. Paul may indeed be considered the champion of the Holy Name, seeing that he never fails to repeat it in every page of his Epistles. The Doctor of the Gentiles thus speaks of the profound homage due to it: "In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."†

This loving veneration toward the Divine Name, moreover, has found repeated expression in the writings of the Fathers in every age. St. Bernard spoke thus in the twelfth century: "If thou write, I relish not thy writing

* Acts, iv, 12.

† Phil., ii, 10.

unless I read there the name of Jesus. If thou teach me or converse with me, I relish not thy words unless I hear thee say the name of Jesus. Jesus is honey to the mouth, and music to the ear, and gladness to the heart."* These famous words of the saint of Clairvaux are but a far-off echo of what St. Augustine wrote in his Book of Confession in the fourth century. †

But the more formal veneration of this adorable name owes its origin to the Franciscan friar, St. Bernardine of Siena. This holy man, who lived in the fifteenth century, was deeply moved at the moral condition of Italy at that time, and sought for some means by which men might be brought to lead better lives. With this intention he chose as his weapon the Holy Name. He preached it everywhere, and distributed among the people little memorials on which the Name of Jesus was imprinted. Moreover, he introduced the custom of exposing to the veneration of the faithful a wooden tablet on which the monogram of the Holy Name (I. H. S.) was painted in the midst of rays. ‡

The effects produced by this new manner of preaching were very great; but the devotion thus inaugurated was not allowed to pass without opposition. Since the enemies of St. Bernardine could find nothing for reproach in the innocency of his life, they tried to persuade the people that the new devotion was likely to lead to idolatry, and thus the saint was accused of heresy to Pope Martin V. A public discussion was

held in Rome on the subject in presence of the Pope, the cardinals, and many theologians.

St. Bernardine and his friend, St. John Capistran, confuted all the arguments of sixty-two opponents, and by the clear and convincing eloquence of these two holy men the whole assembly was completely won over. The Pope openly declared the orthodoxy of St. Bernardine, and ordered a solemn procession to take place in which the banner of the Holy Name was borne aloft by St. John Capistran. Pope Martin, moreover, empowered St. Bernardine to establish in Rome a confraternity in honor of the Holy Name, and the church wherein this took place is the now famous Church of the Gesù.*

The memory of this event has been perpetuated in the Order of St. Francis by the Feast of the Triumph of the Holy Name on the 14th of January—its actual anniversary. This concession was granted by Pope Clement VII. in the year 1530, and was extended to the Carthusians in 1643. † In 1721, at the request of the Emperor Charles VI., Pope Innocent XIII. extended the celebration of the feast to the universal Church, and appointed it to be kept on the second Sunday after Epiphany.

It is noteworthy that a feast of the Holy Name was observed in England on the 7th of August as far back as the middle of the fifteenth century,—a date prior to the time of the concession of Pope Clement to the Franciscans. Even after the change of religion at the Reformation this feast of the ancient English calendar was retained in the Book of Common Prayer.

It is said that St. Bernardine composed an office of the Holy Name, in

* Brev. Romanum, in festo SS. Nominis.

† Bened. XIV., in festo SS. Nominis.

‡ Anciently the name was often written *Ihesus*; its contracted form, I. H. S., is made up of the first two and last letters. This monogram of the Holy Name in its contracted form is of frequent occurrence in ecclesiastical art. The explanation that I. H. S. stands for *Jesus Hominum Salvator* is incorrect. An admirable sketch of the life of St. Bernardine of Siena by Father Stanislaus, O. S. F. C., is published by the Catholic Truth Society, London.

* "Lives of Saints of three Orders of St. Francis," Vol. i, p. 92. St. Ignatius of Loyola belonged to this Confraternity. The Saint chose the monogram I. H. S. as the arms of his Society of Jesus.

† "Feasts and Fasts," Butler, p. 94.

the hope that one day a feast would be instituted; but the task of completing the work fell to one of his disciples, Bernardine de Bustis. This Office was submitted to two Pontiffs, but did not receive approbation till the reign of Pope Clement VII., who sanctioned its use in the Franciscan Order.*

The office of the present breviary is enriched with those beautiful hymns attributed to St. Bernard. The Vesper hymn, *Jesu Dulcis Memoria* (Jesus, the only thought of Thee), in one of its many translated forms, is familiar to almost every Catholic, as also to numbers outside the Church.

The striking homage of kneeling at the mention of the sacred name of our Redeemer, to which St. Paul refers in his Epistle to the Philippians, is observed in the Roman liturgy thrice each year; namely, in the Mass on Palm Sunday and on the two feasts of the Holy Cross. The Carthusians genuflect on the Feast of the Holy Name while singing the words of St. Paul in the Introit of the Mass. On other occasions Catholics show their veneration by bowing the head whenever they hear or pronounce the name of Jesus. This practice is in reality not a matter of private devotion, to be adopted or omitted according to individual caprice; but it constitutes a precept confirmed by the Council of Lyons, and embodied in Canon Law. Pope Sixtus V. is said to have granted an indulgence of twenty days in favor of those who devoutly and with contrition carry out this injunction.†

The Mass of the feast commences by proclaiming the adoration which is paid by heaven, earth and hell at the sound of this adorable Name. St. Peter tells the faithful in the concluding words of the Epistle that there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby they may be saved. The holy Gospel, in a very short form, records the mystery

of the Circumcision and the imposition of the name which had been revealed to Our Lady at the message of the Angel.*

Holy Church has sanctioned various devotions in honor of the name of Jesus by enriching them with indulgences. One of these, the Litany of the Holy Name, is worthy of special notice on account of its varied and devout aspirations, and the esteem in which it is held throughout the Church. Pope Pius IX. attached to this litany an indulgence of one hundred days, to be gained by the faithful of certain dioceses only; but Pope Leo XIII., in the year 1886, extended this privilege to all the children of the Church.†

In concluding these notes on a feast which is in perfect harmony with the Christmas celebrations it may be inculcated that the Holy Name is indeed worthy of our highest praise; for it belongs to Him who is truly God as well as truly man. It is a name which should be constantly on our lips or in our hearts; for it is a terror to the demons, and weakens the power of their assaults. The Holy Name brings up before the mind the figure of the most merciful, the most meek, the most humble and innocent Son of God. The name of Jesus speaks also of glory and triumph; for it is borne by Him who overcame sin, death and hell.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and I will glorify Thy name forever; because, O Lord, Thou art good and gracious, and full of mercy toward all that call upon Thee." May these words of holy Church, sung at the Offertory of the Mass, always find their echo in the hearts of the faithful!

* In the Franciscan Order there is recited in the Mass of the Holy Name a sequence, *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*.

† In many manuals of devotion is to be found the "Jesus Psalter." It is English in origin, and was held in much esteem by Catholics of a former age.

* "Lives of Saints O. S. F." Vol. i, p. 96.

† "Feasts and Fasts," Butler, p. 88.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

THE Mexican girl took off her sombrero and threw back her rebozo as she came under the thick, spreading shade of the giant tree. The dusky blue folds of the scarf lay around her neck and enhanced the picturesqueness of the head rising above it.

"What a magnificent creature!" Miss Rivers whispered to Thornton, and indeed the adjective was the only one which could fitly be applied to Victoria Calderon. She was tall, vigorous, supple yet straight as an arrow, and any one familiar with the fine type of the Mayas, who are the original race inhabiting this region, would have recognized their traits in her length of limb, her stately bearing, and the free grace of her movements. Her head, now covered only with the abundant masses of her curling black hair, was set on a neck the lines of which would have delighted the eye of an artist; and her face, with its fine, straight features, its large dark eyes under strongly marked brows, and its skin of creamy softness, was more than handsome. There was no trace of shyness in her manner. She returned Miss Rivers' salutation in a voice full of exquisite modulations while her gaze dwelt on the American girl with a scrutiny of the frankest curiosity.

It was a very striking contrast which the young women made, as they sat down together—the loveliness of the one, so delicate, elusive, changeful, brilliant, so stamped like her dress with the fashion of the world; the beauty of the other belonging to the heroic order of classic sculpture and primitive races,—a type altogether in harmony with the scenes around them and suggestive of all things fresh and sylvan. It was natural that

there should have been little conversation between them at first; but after dinner was over, and the men of the party stretched themselves out comfortably, with their cigars and cigarettes, to talk over, Miss Rivers invited her companion to share her seat among the great roots, and proceeded to sound the gulf which she felt instinctively lay between them. Her Spanish was sufficient for practical conversational purposes, and she smiled a little as she found herself beginning a very direct catechism.

"You live beyond here, in the Sierra, do you not?" she asked.

"Yes, Señorita," Victoria replied, with discouraging brevity.

"Not in a town like Tópia, to which we are going?"

"No, Señorita. My home is ten leagues from Canelas, which is the town nearest to us. We are in the midst of the Sierra—*pura Sierra*."

"Do you not find it very lonely?"

The girl looked surprised.

"I have never known any other life, and there is always much to do," she said.

"Surely not much for you to do?"

"For me, certainly. It is I who order everything on the hacienda and at the mine."

"You!" It was an exclamation of astonishment which Miss Rivers could not restrain, but Victoria regarded her with the same calm simplicity.

"For my mother," she explained.

"But"—the other hesitated an instant—"have you no men related to you to relieve you of such work?"

"Don Mariano yonder is our cousin, and he is the *administrador* of the property; but he takes his orders from us—that is, from me."

Miss Rivers glanced at the bronzed, middle-aged man to whom at this moment her father was listening with an air of deference as he talked, gesticulating with a slender brown hand, holding a cigarette in its fingers. When

her gaze returned to the girl beside her, there was incredulity mingled with its wonder.

"It is very strange!" she said involuntarily. "You are very young."

"Yes," Victoria answered, as one who acknowledges an undeniable disadvantage. "But I shall grow older."

"There is no doubt of that," Isabel laughed. "But, as a rule, women don't look forward with pleasure to growing older. And meanwhile what good do you have of your youth—which is the season of enjoyment?"

"What good do I have of my youth?" the Mexican girl repeated in a puzzled tone. "Why, all the good possible. What more should I want?"

Evidently the gulf was very deep—deeper than she had imagined, Isabel thought. She paused before making another sounding.

"You can have no society," she said at length.

"Oh, yes, we have society!" Victoria replied quickly. "We go to Tópia and to Canelas for the *fiestas*. And our friends come to see us."

"But that can not be all! You sometimes go away from the Sierra—you travel, perhaps?"

The other shook her head.

"No, we never go away," she answered. "We were born in the Sierra. Our home and our property is there. Why should we go away?"

"Why?" Miss Rivers found herself guilty of the futility of attempting to enlighten the ignorance which could ask such a question. "To see the world, to educate yourself by travel, to enlarge your knowledge of men and things, to enjoy life while you are young, and—and, oh, for many things!"

She ended abruptly, for a change came over the face before her. It grew cold, grave, almost repellent.

"My mother went away once," the girl said; "and she has told me that it was terrible as death, her longing to

return to the Sierra. Nothing would take her away again. And I—I know, too, what it is to go away. I was sent once to Durango that I might go to school, but I pined so that they thought I would die, and they were forced to send me back to the Sierra. It is so that we who have our home there feel."

"I have heard of such feelings," said Miss Rivers slowly. She thought of the Swiss soldiers in foreign lands, dying of homesickness for their high green valleys and snowy peaks, their pure, clear mountain air. Was it strange that this daughter of the Sierra, nurtured amid the wild beauty which had power so deeply to impress even a stranger, could not live away from the great heights, could not feel anything worth gaining which was to be bought at the price of exile from them? There is nothing of what is called civilization in such a feeling. It is, on the contrary, one of the deepest, as one of the strongest, instincts of primitive men, which civilization is doing its utmost to obliterate, and, as a rule, it only survives among simple and secluded people. In such forms as this Isabel Rivers, a modern of the moderns herself, had never before encountered it, and her interest was deeply stirred. She possessed—it was indeed the great secret of her charm—that exquisite quality of sympathy to which "nothing that is human is strange"; and just now she felt strongly inclined to make a thorough, sympathetic study of this, to her, new type,—this girl, with the form of a Greek goddess and the eyes of a woodland fawn, of whom in a deeper than the Wordsworthian sense it might be truly said that Nature had made "a lady of her own."

"It is not strange," she observed gently, after a moment's silence, "that you should be strongly attached to anything so wonderfully beautiful as this country of yours. I, who have

only just entered it, feel its fascination already. I am afraid that all other scenery will seem tame to me hereafter."

It was now Victoria's turn to show incredulity.

"Do you mean that you like the quebrada?" she asked.

"Like it!" Miss Rivers called up all her Spanish to enable her to express her sentiments. "It is the most marvellous, the most wildly beautiful thing I have ever seen!" she declared. "The journey through it would alone repay me for coming to Mexico."

"How strange!" said the Mexican girl wonderingly. "Our ladies all dread the quebrada and find it terrible to travel here. They would rather stay down in the tierra caliente through all the heat than come up to the Sierra by this way. And you—a gringa—you like it!"

Miss Rivers smiled.

"I like it because I have been so differently brought up," she said. "Modern women—some of us at least—enjoy adventure and hardship and many things which women used to shrink from. I am not one of those who carry this to an extreme—who like, for example, to share their sports with men,—but I like all things wild and fresh and picturesque and out of the beaten way; and the quebrada is all of that, you know."

"But you look so—so fine," the other persisted, her eyes still fastened in wonder on the face and figure before her. "I could never have imagined you would care for such things. When I saw you I wondered what you were doing here, and I thought how disgusted you must be."

"Well, you see you should not judge by appearances. I may look fine as you say; but if I could not, perhaps, endure as much hardship as you can, I am sure that I would enjoy all that I could endure. If we are going to travel up the quebrada together you will see."

"We shall travel together until to-morrow, and then our ways separate.

We will take the quebrada which goes to Canelas, and you will go on to Tópia."

"There are different quebradas, then?"

"Surely. Every stream has its own quebrada; but most of them come into this, because it is the quebrada of the Tamezula, the largest river in our part of the Sierra."

"Miss Rivers"—it was Thornton's voice speaking beside her,— "your mule is ready for you. We are about to start. And what do you think of the heiress of the Sierra?" he asked a moment later, as he put her into her saddle. "I have been watching your efforts to make conversation, and felt very sorry for you. I know how hard it is to talk to these women."

"Your sorrow was unnecessary," said Isabel, as she took her reins. "I have been very much interested, and I am going to delve farther into the nature and experience of Doña—what is her name?"

"Victoria. It is regal enough to suit her, isn't it?"

"I did not know that it was a Spanish name."

"Oh, yes! quite ordinary; and the masculine form, *Victorio*, still more so."

"Well, I find Doña Victoria not only interesting, but (to me) an entirely original type. Don't be surprised if I devote myself to her exclusively until we separate."

"Oh, but I say!—you don't really mean to do that?"

"I really and certainly do. Why, it is a chance I would not miss for anything. She belongs to the country, she is a product of its influences, she is in every respect a child of the Sierra—"

"And, therefore, she hasn't three ideas in common with you."

"But I don't want people who have ideas in common with me. I want people who can give me something new, fresh, original. There she is, mounted and about to start. Good-bye! I am going to join her."

"Well, I'm—blessed!" Thornton said to himself, as he fell back and watched Miss Rivers ride sharply forward. There seemed nothing else to say in presence of a taste so eccentric as that which could prefer to himself and the opportunity to converse agreeably about social events "at home," and people whom they both knew, a Mexican girl, ignorant of everything that anybody could possibly care to talk about. There was only one explanation, however, which quickly occurred to his mind.

"Miss Rivers wants to improve her Spanish," he said, turning to Mackenzie, who came up just then; "so she is cultivating the lady of the Santa Cruz. Fortunately, the quebrada does not admit of two people riding together very long, and we have to be thankful that she hasn't taken a fancy to a Mexican man!"

(To be continued.)

Union of Soul.

THERE is kinship of the spirit, stronger far than earthly ties,
 And the pulsing of one noble thought bids countless thoughts arise;
 All the rapture of the poet in his love-inspired song,
 Souls of poets, even silent ones, for age on age prolong.

Every color on the canvas finds reflection in some heart,
 In whose deeps a spirit-palette holds the tints of nature's art;
 Every vibrant chord of music hath a power all its own,
 That awakes a thousand echoes in the mystic world of tone.

And if thought and song and color, o'er our being thus hold sway,
 As the breezes on the forest-harps of swinging branches play,
 How much stronger, how much nobler, are the powers that control
 In the union of the spirit, when the soul meets kindred soul!

Heralds of the King.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

III.

THE personal history of Isaias, the "great prophet," is attractive. Living successively under four or five kings, some of whom were good, others terribly evil, with a land situated on the highway between the idolatrous nations of Assyria and Egypt, with a people whose one characteristic in all times was avarice, infected with idolatry, and rivalling in pleasures and effeminity the corrupt heathen world; seeing the vision of God and His train, listening to the cry of the Cherubim, and purified by the hand of an angel with a living coal taken from the wonderful altar, it was a necessity that he should raise his voice against the abominations of the land, and it was of like necessity that he should be persecuted. It is said of Our Lord in the Gospel that "He set His face steadily to go toward Jerusalem"; and the reason given in the same place for this set purpose of His is "that no prophet was to suffer out of Jerusalem." And then came the sacred cry of anguish: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that slayest the prophets," and so on. Isaias' case was no exception to this general rule.

King Manasses, on the death of his father, the good King Ezechias, began at the age of twelve to reign over Juda. "And he did evil before the Lord. He built again the high places [for idol-worship] which his father had destroyed, ... raised altars to Baalim, and worshiped the host of heaven [the sun, moon, and stars]; and built altars for them in the two courts of the house of the Lord; ... made his sons to pass through fire, and had with him magicians and enchanters, and wrought many evils before the Lord."

"In the gardens and on the flat roofs of the houses were built brick altars,

from which little clouds of incense were perpetually ascending. The name of Moluch became a common oath. There was a succession of furnaces in the streets, for which the children gathered wood, and in which their parents baked cakes as offerings to Astarte. Even the practice of human sacrifice became general."*

"So Manasses seduced Juda and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to do evil beyond the nations which the Lord had destroyed before the face of the children of Israel; . . . and the Lord spoke in the hand of His servants the prophets, saying, Because Manasses hath done these most wicked abominations, . . . behold, I will bring on evils upon Jerusalem, that whosoever shall hear of them both his ears shall tingle."† This brought on a most violent persecution of the prophets; so that we read in the inspired Word: "Manasses shed much innocent blood, till he filled Jerusalem up to the mouth."

Josephus writes that a fresh batch of the prophets was daily ordered out to execution. The Jewish legends say that from end to end of Jerusalem there were to be found traces of their blood. It is this general massacre that St. Paul, according to commentators, seems to have had in view, and especially the case of Isaias, when, in his famous Epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle wrote: "Some were put to the rack and would not accept deliverance; others were tried by mockeries and stripes, and even by bands and prisons. They were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and in goatskins; being in want, distressed, afflicted, of whom the world was not worthy; wandering in deserts and in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth."

The tradition among the Jews and

among the early Christians was that Isaias, when a very old man of ninety or one hundred years, made his hiding-place in a mulberry tree; and that, by the order of the wicked King Manasses, the tree was sawed across and the aged Prophet within.

Human reason.—Divine faith, as we have seen, had a difficult battle to fight in the case of the sacred tradition; but human reason, as indeed we should be inclined to suppose, fared far worse. Yet we are never to lose sight of this, that a special providence of God was throughout hovering over the sacred Promise and preternaturally preserving it in the minds of men. This gives us comfort when we read of the deplorable way that men had strayed away from God and given themselves over to all the evil pleasures and miseries of error.

Apart from such signal chastisements as the raining down of fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, when in the multitude of their inhabitants the small handful of ten just people were not to be found, or from the utter destruction of the nations of Canaan, when the cup of their iniquity was filled up, or the others that we find in Holy Writ, we have their own pagan historians describing them. From both Diodorus and Herodotus we learn of the Egyptians that, besides the gods, they worshiped a number of beasts—the ox, the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the crocodile, the ibis, the cat. It was death to kill any of these animals. Diodorus relates a particular incident. A Roman, in Egypt, inadvertently killed a cat. The populace in rage surrounded his house. The king sent at once a body of soldiers to protect him. The Roman name was at the time a terror to all nations; but neither the dread of the Roman name nor the soldiers of the king could save the offender: he was murdered.

But of all these animals the bull Apis was the most famous and the most

* Stanley.

† IV. Kings, xxi, 9-12.

infamous. Temples were erected to him; honors were shown to him during his life, and still more after his death. The obsequies were sometimes solemnized for fifty days, and all Egypt went into mourning. The pomp displayed on those occasions was extraordinary. The expense on the death of one of these sacred bulls in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, over and above the ordinary cost of such funerals, was, Diodorus tells us, about sixty thousand dollars.*

From Plato and others we learn of the Greeks that those who "were initiated," which meant the bulk of the people, covered themselves with the skins of beasts on the feast-days of the gods. They disguised themselves in order that they might be at greater liberty to amuse themselves. Men and women, thus dressed or disguised, appeared night and day, ran about in throngs through the forests and the highways, "dancing with the most indecent gestures. Nothing was seen but dancing, drunkenness, debauchery, and all that can be conceived of, in the last degree foul and abominable." Plato says that he saw the whole of Athens thus drunk and debauched.

We are not left without infallible authority on the matter. Herodotus says not of Egypt, nor Plato of Greece, nor Livy of Rome, anything so terrible as St. Paul in his Epistles says of the morals of the pagan nations: "They became vain in their thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools; they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of a corruptible man, and of birds and of four-footed beasts and of creeping things.

* It is thought that the golden calf of the Israelites in the desert was in imitation of this idolatrous worship; and the fact of Jeroboam's having been in Egypt, previous to the secession of the ten tribes and before his own appointment to the throne of Samaria, may account for the calves erected by him in Dan and Beersheba.

Wherefore God gave them up to shameful affections, and the desires of their own heart, to uncleanness," and so on.

Now, what chance had poor weak human reason against this flood-tide of evil? None whatsoever. Yet did God make use of human agencies to preserve the tradition; as in the Deluge He made use of the Ark, built by man, to preserve the human race. In the early days we meet, outside the chosen family and kindred of Abraham, a holy priest serving God among the heathen nations. As when we find some sweet flower or beautiful plant in a place where we did not expect it, and stand and admire, and are filled of a sudden with exquisite gladness, so do we stand and admire, when, reading of wars and captives and spoils, and the overthrowing of enemies and the recovery of friends who had been taken away captives, and the shameful iniquities of the cities of the plain, we meet with the venerable figure of the king of Salem, the City of Peace, coming forth to meet Abraham, in the early morning perhaps, with the pearly dew on the cups of the scarlet flowers blooming all round, "offering up bread and wine, for he was a priest of the Most High God; and he blessed Abraham."*

How simply does the Old Bible narrate the fact, and how charming because of its simplicity! Had we lived near the time in which it was written we should have no more minded it than if we read in a letter from a friend now, or in a report of one of the daily papers: "I went into the cathedral and met the archbishop; he was just going to say Mass." But to us, who live at this distance of time, it comes, as in our childhood came the tale of some fairy-goddess, recalling to us secrets of a world that we had known little about. We may safely conclude that the Promise was known there and handed down.

* Gen., xiv, 18, 19.

Melchisedec lived about five hundred years after the Deluge.

About five hundred years again after that, and far removed from Salem, the City of Peace rises up before us another charming figure. This time it is among those singularly shaped and still more singularly hued Arabian mountains: conical, precipitous peaks, like a forest of lances piercing the sky; red sandstone forming the base, violet granite the superstructure; devoid of shrub, devoid of flower, devoid of herb; bare, lonely, desolate, and silent as death. Had Moses not slain an Egyptian and then fled for safety to these wild untrodden solitudes, we should never have known of the wise and prudent priest Jethro, whose flocks fed on the scanty herbage of the ravines, or on the green patches by the infrequent oases of the desert.

Moses fled from the sight of Pharaoh and abode in the land of Madian, and sat down by a well. "And the priest of Madian had seven daughters, who came to draw water; and when the troughs were filled, desired to water their father's flocks. And the shepherds came and drove them away. And Moses arose, and defending the maids, watered their sheep. And when they returned to Raguel their father, he said to them: Why are ye come sooner than usual? They answered: A man of Egypt delivered us from the hands of the shepherds; and he drew water also with us and gave the sheep to drink. But he said: Where is he? Why have you let the man go? Call him that he may eat bread."* Later on, in another chapter of Exodus, we see by the reverence that Moses showed his father-in-law, as also by the sacrifices that this old priest of Madian offered to God, that he must have been a holy man, with whom we may rest satisfied that the Promise of God was safe, and that by him it was handed down.

"When Jethro, the priest of Madian,

had heard all the things that God had done to Moses and to Israel His people, he sent word to Moses saying, I, Jethro thy kinsman, come to thee. And Moses went out to meet his kinsman and worshiped and kissed him. And Jethro rejoiced for all the good things that God had done to Israel. And he said: Blessed is the Lord who hath delivered His people out of the land of Egypt! Now I know that the Lord is great above all gods. So Jethro, the kinsman of Moses, offered holocausts and sacrifices to God."*

Differing wholly from these two saintly and venerable men rises up before us, on the banks of the Euphrates, the figure of "the one-eyed soothsayer, the son of Beor, who dwelt by the river of the children of Ammon." Balaam asks God if he is to go at the invitation of Balac and curse "a people that hath come out of the land of Egypt and covereth the face of the earth." And God tells him not to go. But he goes; and the ass that he rides on rebukes him by the way. At last, "when Balaam saw that it pleased the Lord that he should bless Israel, he went, not as he had gone before, to seek divination, but, setting his face toward the desert and lifting up his eyes he saw Israel abiding in their tents by their tribes; and the spirit of God rushing upon him, he took up his parable and said: Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said: The man hath said, whose eye is stopped up: How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob! and thy tents, O Israel!"†

It were well if he stopped there. He gives evil counsel; and yet the spirit of God again comes over him in the midst of his evil counsel: "Therefore, taking up his parable again, he said: He who knoweth the doctrine of the Highest and seeth the visions of the Almighty hath said: I shall see him but

* Exodus, ii, 16-20.

* Exodus, xviii, 1-12.

† Num., xxiv, 1-5.

not now; I shall behold him but not near. A star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring from Israel. Out of Jacob shall he come that shall rule my people Israel."* With him also we may conclude that the Promise was safely preserved and safely handed down. We see, then, that God did not even among the heathen nations leave Himself wholly without a witness. And these witnesses, singularly enough, we have found where we least expected.

It is curious to find a very old pagan writer telling about Moses and the deliverance from Egypt. "Moses, an Egyptian priest, who possessed a considerable tract of country in Lower Egypt, unable to bear any longer what existed there, departed thence to Syria; and with him went out many who honored God. For Moses maintained and taught that the Egyptians were not right in likening the nature of God to beasts and cattle; nor yet the Africans, nor even the Greeks, in fashioning their gods in the likeness of men.... The course proscribed by him was that those who had the gift of good divination, for themselves or for others, were to compose themselves to sleep in the Temple; and those who live temperately and justly were to expect good gifts from God—those always, and none others besides."†

If all historians were silent on the matter, and if writers on metaphysics or religion had never mentioned it, yet should we be bound by the nature of the case to conclude that God did not leave Himself without a witness. "The particles of light were but thinly scattered in the times of the ancients," says the early Christian writer Lactantius; and in proportion as we withdraw from the light of divine faith, so do we find these sparks less and less frequent.

The sibyls.—Like the fairy glamour surrounding the mermaid as she combs her long hair on the surface of the

liquid sea, so is the alluring but doubtful light surrounding the sibyls in the pages of history. Whatever untruth there be in the fable of the mermaid, however, there can be no doubt of the existence, once upon a time, of the sibyl. Even the Church, in that solemn dirge that has come down the centuries—

*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla—*

puts, to an extent, all doubt out of our minds.

Now, there were ten women, generally considered virgins, who are known in the course of history as sibyls. They lived at different times and in different countries; one so early as 600 after the flood, or shortly after the time of Abraham. She is said to have begun her prophecies thus: "Know thy God, who is the Son of God." Another of her prophecies begins thus: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour, Cross"; and ends: "He who has been described in our verse is an immortal Saviour and a King, who must suffer for our sins."

I will give more quotations, but you are anxious to know whether these things are authentic. In Livy, the pagan historian, we read that a sibyl came to Tarquin the Proud, and offered him nine books of prophecies for a certain sum. He refused. She went aside, destroyed three; returned, and asked the same sum for the remaining six. Tarquin again refused. She went away, destroyed three more; returned, and asked the same sum for the remaining three. Tarquin was surprised, marvelled at the thing, and, afraid to refuse, bought them at her price.

Now, I want to draw your attention to the care with which the books were preserved. They were placed in a cavern under the temple of Jupiter, and two special officers were appointed to be their custodians, and no one was allowed to see them, but members of the Senate. Afterward the officers were increased to

* *Ibid.*, 15-19.

† Strabo.

ten, later on to fifteen. About the year 84 B. C. a special embassy was sent by the Senate into the cities of Italy and the east to obtain any further copies of Sibylline prophecies that might be in existence there. All that were brought by this embassy were put under lock and key, and entrusted again to special custodians.

Virgil, the poet, who was a great friend of Augustus, and who therefore could have access to these books, introduces the sibyl in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, where she conducts the poet into the Elysian fields. In the fourth Eclogue he makes use of the prophecy as follows: "Now comes the last age prophesied by the sibyl; now comes to be fulfilled the great ordinance and providence of God appointed from the beginning of the world; now comes the virgin, and the first golden days of Saturn shall return again."

Of Christ's birth the sibyl's prophecy has—"Now a new progeny is sent down from heaven, the beloved child of the gods." Virgil adapts this to a nephew of Augustus. And again, addressing Christ, she writes: "Thou, being our Leader, the remnant of our sins shall be taken away, and the world shall be delivered forever from any fear for them." Now these were copied by Virgil from the sibyl writings, and he, by a sort of flattery that we can understand, uses them of Augustus.

The works of the pagan writers—Apollodorus, Varo, Cicero, Livy—all make mention of these prophecies. St. Justin the Martyr in his Apology, Origen against Celsus, St. Cyril against Julian, and St. Augustine in his City of God, largely make use of them. But it is Lactantius and the historian Eusebius that give them at greatest length. And the reason is this: Constantine the Emperor, who by his office had access to these writings, and who (we may believe) made every inquiry into their authenticity, delivered before a large

assemblage of bishops a long and learned oration on the value of these prophecies. Lactantius was at the time tutor to the Emperor's son; and Eusebius was a historian who frequented court and wrote the Emperor's life; and therefore we have this subject treated at very great length by these two writers. "Constantine was a religious, wise and grave emperor," says an old writer; "and therefore would never have gone to such labor, to confirm such a thing, at such a time and to such an audience, had not the matter been of singular importance."

(Conclusion next week.)

An Unequal Match.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE great clock above the stables announced to all and sundry the hour of nine as Mrs. Arden approached the steps leading to the hall-door of Arden Court. She was a sweet-faced old lady, midway between sixty and seventy years of age, whose pale cheeks and air of fragility denoted the invalid. Despite her delicacy, Mrs. Arden generally attended Mass in the little Catholic church that lay a few steps beyond the lodge gates. She had lingered longer than usual when Mass was finished, and her husband was waiting her appearance in the breakfast room with an impatience that he hoped would pass unnoticed.

"Come, Frances!" he said from the open window of the room, as his wife paused to pluck a few half-opened roses. "Things are growing cold."

Mrs. Arden laughed.

"I can never resist the roses," she said; and a moment or two later she took her place behind the urn and began the process of tea-making. "Are there no letters this morning?" she inquired, with a glance round the table.

"None for you," Mr. Arden answered.

He was older than his wife by a few years; but his straight, upright form had all the alertness of youth, and his eyes were bright and keen. Kindly, truthful eyes they were too, and they fell beneath his wife's inquiring gaze. "You must have spent a long time in the chapel or on the way this morning," he went on. "I am home fully twenty minutes."

"So long!" Mrs. Arden ejaculated. "You see there were so many roses to admire." Roses were her hobby. "Did you remark the wealth of bloom on the new crimson standards?"

Mr. Arden shook his head.

"Really, they are lovely!"

"Because they are new?"

"Nonsense, Hubert! You know I like the old-fashioned kinds best."

Mrs. Arden smiled. Her husband liked to tease her occasionally over her gardening. He showed no inclination, however, to carry his teasing further; but finished his breakfast with unusual celerity. Suddenly he rose and crossed to the open window. Before him lay the well-kept pleasure-grounds, stretching till they merged in the green turf of the park. Through breaks in the trees he had pleasant glimpses of a fair, level country dotted here and there with farm-houses. Farther away was a line of blue hills showing indistinctly against the blue of the sky. He had always loved the home of his race, and never more than on this bright June morning when the scents of the roses and mignonette came on every little breeze.

"Have you quite finished, Frances?" he asked, turning from the view without. "I have some news for you."

"News! Of Edmund? Is he ill?" Mrs. Arden half rose from her chair.

"No, no: the lad is well. Sit down, my dear. He is only thinking of marriage."

"And the girl? Who is she? What does he say in his letter?" Mrs. Arden asked hastily. Only one of the many

children born to her had outlived infancy, and Edmund Arden was very dear to both parents.

"She is a Miss Mostyn—Clara Mostyn,—and an orphan."

"Clara Mostyn! What a pretty name Clara is!"

"She is Mrs. Rennell's governess and she is absolutely friendless. Her parents died while she was quite young," Mr. Arden read from the letter he had taken from his pocket.

"O Hubert" (Mrs. Arden gave a little gasp), "she may be—an adventuress!"

"I certainly wish he had chosen some one we know—Annie Earle, for instance," Mr. Arden said gravely. "Edmund has been entirely frank with us, though."

"Oh, yes! he would be."

"And the girl knows nothing of her parents but their names, it would seem. You can read the letter, Frances." Mr. Arden passed the closely-written sheet to his wife.

The lady perused the missive with very mixed feelings. She had long desired her son's marriage, and hoped to live till she should hear the sound of youthful voices in the old house; but she wished, with her husband, that Edmund's choice had fallen on one more suitable to be his bride, and she had a dread of unequal matches common to her conservative upbringing.

"Oh, dear, I wish it had been Annie!" Mrs. Arden took off her gold-rimmed spectacles. "Of course I am not thinking of money," she added, as if in apology.

"I am certain of that," Mr. Arden said emphatically. "I should like to know something more of the girl's antecedents, to tell the truth; but Edmund is old enough and sensible enough to judge for himself."

"Then you will give your consent?" Mrs. Arden asked doubtfully.

"What else can we do?" the gentleman questioned in turn. "Besides, at Edmund's age I should have resented any interference with my choice of a

wife. But our difficulties came from your side. Eh, Frances?"

A delicate color mounted to Mrs. Arden's cheeks and she smiled. When Hubert Arden had wooed her he was merely a briefless barrister, and not the owner of Arden Court. Her relatives had objected to the marriage on the score of Mr. Arden's doubtful income; but the Frances Courteney of the time had waited patiently till a reluctant consent was given to her marriage with the man of her choice. A year afterward the death of his uncle left him the owner of the family estate.

"You were not afraid of facing what might have been a hard struggle but for my poor cousin's early death," Mr. Arden said. "Poor little Gertie!"

"Poor girl!" Mrs. Arden sighed. "By the by, to whom was she married?"

Mr. Arden considered.

"I don't remember. Probably I never heard the name. She was motherless, poor thing! and I'm afraid she acted foolishly. My uncle thought so at least."

"He was very hard on his only child."

"I don't know. He settled a certain sum on her, sufficient for her comfort; but he never held any communication with Gertie or her husband. He told me once that his son-in-law was an entirely worthless character."

"And you never heard his name?"

"I don't recollect having heard it; but I was not often here, and Uncle Piers was reticent in an extraordinary degree."

"You will write to Edmund?" Mrs. Arden asked after a pause.

"Yes, certainly. And you had better ask the girl here, Frances, hadn't you?"

"I was about to suggest it."

After a few more remarks Mr. Arden left the room.

Mrs. Arden remained for some time alone, speculating over her son's letter and the news it contained. Captain Arden's regiment was stationed in one of the midland counties, and he had been glad to spend many of his spare

hours in the house of a Mr. Rennell, who was a distant relation of the Ardens. He had met Clara Mostyn during his visits to the Rennells, and had asked the girl to be his wife.

The composition of a letter to Clara kept Mrs. Arden busy for an hour. It was hard to write a satisfying note; but at length Mrs. Arden laid down her pen with a feeling of satisfaction, and went out to spend an hour or two among her roses. The luncheon bell brought her back to the house, and she was not a little surprised when her husband failed to put in an appearance at the meal.

"Did you see your master, William?" she asked the old butler when Mr. Arden did not appear.

"He left the house half an hour ago, ma'am," William answered. "A man called to see him on business this morning, and he went out soon after his visitor left."

"Oh!" Mrs. Arden said. "Probably some of the tenants."

"I don't think so, ma'am," the butler replied. "The man was a stranger."

Mrs. Arden had time to get seriously anxious concerning her husband ere he returned. When he did so, some hours later, his wife started.

"Hubert, what is the matter?" Mrs. Arden cried.

Mr. Arden smiled faintly.

"I have had a battle, Frances,—no, only with myself. Come inside, dear, and you shall hear."

Mrs. Arden turned toward the open door. She had been watching for her husband from the terrace.

"It is a dear old house," the gentleman said, looking up at the square, grey stone mansion that was almost covered with a wealth of roses,—“a dear old house.”

Mrs. Arden assented by a nod merely, and led the way to the drawing-room.

"Now, Hubert," she said, as her husband closed the door of the room and sank into a chair.

"I had a visitor to-day," he said. "He was a son of my cousin Gertie's old nurse. She died recently at a very advanced age."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"He brought me a packet of papers. It appears that Gertie Arden left an infant daughter. Do you see how this fact—if it be a fact—affects us, Frances?"

Mrs. Arden looked puzzled.

"No."

"My Uncle Piers made no will; I inherited as next of kin."

"Oh, yes, I see! The estate is not entailed. But why was the child's birth kept secret?"

"The nurse—Mrs. Newton her name was—explained that to her son. When Gertie died her baby was but a few weeks old, and even at that early date the poor woman knew that her husband was not what she imagined him to be. They—Gertie and her husband—were living in Liverpool then, and she had met an old school friend there. The lady was the wife of a doctor, and she was childless. She offered to take the baby and rear it as her own. Gertie accepted her offer thankfully."

"And the father?"

"Was glad to be relieved of the responsibility. He went to India, and soon after died."

There was a pause, broken at length by Mr. Arden, saying:

"This child, if living, should own Arden Court."

"O Hubert, what a terrible thing! It will make such a difference to Edmund."

"I know," huskily. "Well, the man, Hugh Newton, is trustworthy. He will not talk, Frances. I was tempted to act the part of a rogue."

"Oh, no, no!" protestingly.

"I was *tempted*, I say," rejoined Mr. Arden. "Thank God, I didn't yield."

Mrs. Arden broke the silence that followed.

"Why did the woman keep silent so long?" she asked.

"I don't know. Probably she could scarcely have explained herself."

"And where is the child—your cousin's child? She will be an old woman now." Mrs. Arden made a quick calculation.

"Mrs. Newton did not know. The doctor and his wife left Liverpool when the child was three or four years old."

"You will write to Edmund?"

"I think not. Perhaps the child died. We must not worry him unnecessarily.

I shall write to Everton and Greaves, however, and I had better do so at once. I must write to Edmund also. Perhaps Miss Mostyn will not be such an unequal match for him, after all." Mr. Arden tried to smile as he rose.

In the days that followed Mr. and Mrs. Arden each feigned a gaiety they were far from feeling, and it was a relief to both when Clara Mostyn arrived at the Court. By the end of twenty-four hours the pair were willing to endorse Edmund's encomiums of his promised bride, and a day later, Mrs. Arden whispered into the girl's sympathetic ears the story of Gertie Arden, and the chance there was of the property passing from them.

"And, Hubert," Mrs. Arden confessed, "she doesn't mind a bit—for herself, I mean. She is grieved that you should be annoyed, but that is all."

"And she'll write of the whole affair to Edmund," he remarked rather shortly.

"No: you don't understand Clara," his wife said.

"She is a good girl," Mr. Arden replied emphatically. "But women, you know, can't keep secrets."

"*She can*," his wife insisted; and Clara justified her belief. Edmund Arden was not informed of the position of affairs, though Clara wrote to him regularly.

"A letter from Edmund for you, my dear," Mr. Arden remarked one morning when Clara had been at the Court for over a fortnight. "Read it and see when the lad is coming to us."

Clara opened her letter, and was so

busy with its contents that she failed to see the shadow that fell on her host's face as he perused one of his own communications. It was from the family lawyers, and they announced that Gertie Arden's daughter was dead, but that she had left a child behind her.

"They have been quick over the matter," Mr. Arden—who knew little of private detectives and the like—thought unreasonably. He himself had urged the lawyers to make the requisite inquiries with all possible speed.

"I have a letter from Everton," he said, when he had re-read the letter.

"Well?" Mrs. Arden asked, and Clara Mostyn looked up.

"I will read it for you—that is, the important parts," Mr. Arden said.

"We have been able to trace the child given by Gertrude Irving to the care of Doctor Manners and his wife without any difficulty. Mrs. Manners and her husband are both dead, but near relatives of each are alive. Agnes Irving—"

"Agnes Irving!" Clara interrupted.

"Yes. Let me see!" Mr. Arden found the place. "'Agnes Irving married a person named Charles Mostyn—,"

"Mostyn!" the interruption came from Mrs. Arden.

"My father was Charles Mostyn, and Agnes Irving was my mother's maiden name," Clara said, and for some time the three sat silent.

"Then Clara is the owner of the Court!" Mr. Arden at length exclaimed in bewilderment; and his wife gave a joyful cry and clasped her hands together.

"Oh, no, no!" Clara protested; but such proved to be the case.

"We must have Edmund here at once, in spite of all military regulations," Mr. Arden said when the matter had been discussed over and over. "Clara, write to him immediately."

"And we thought Edmund was making an unequal match!" Mrs. Arden murmured to herself.

The Prayer of Prayers.

THE "Our Father" is the prayer of prayers. Its origin is divine, Christ Himself having given us the formula. The Evangelist St. Matthew writes as follows:

"And when you pray you shall not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray standing in the synagogues, and at the corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men. Amen, I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou, when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and, having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will reward thee. And when you are praying speak not much, as the heathens do; for they think that they are heard for their much speaking. Be not you, therefore, like them; for your Father knoweth what you stand in need of before you ask Him. You, therefore, shall pray in this manner: 'Our Father,' etc.

St. Luke has given us an abridged formula, telling us that Christ taught it to His disciples when they asked Him to teach them how to pray. It is the formula according to St. Matthew which is used in the Church. This sublime prayer has been repeated by all generations since Christ; it responds so perfectly to the most profound religious sentiments of mankind that it comes naturally to one's lips, even after long years of forgetfulness, even while the soul is still struggling in the darkness of doubt and unbelief.

In every age Christians have given this prayer the first place in their devotions. The Fathers and Doctors of the Church pronounce it the epitome of all prayer, the seven petitions which it contains comprising the substance of everything which man can ask of God. It is commented upon a hundred times in the works of these authors. It was always explained to the catechumens about to

receive baptism; they were obliged to learn it by heart. But only the baptized Christian had permission to recite it, because it was only after baptism, which made him a *child* of God, that he had a right to address himself to Almighty God as *my Father*. Thus it is the prayer of the faithful; the formula of prayer of the New Law, the new testament between God and man.

Christians are invited to repeat it often. The "Doctrine of the Apostles" counsels the faithful to recite it three times a day, the formula terminating thus: "Deliver us from evil, for Thine is the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen." Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that this ending, now used distinctively in the Protestant formula, had its origin in the earliest ages of the Church.

St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and others, exhort the faithful to recite the "Our Father" often in their private devotions. From the first it was used in the liturgy of the Mass. According to the ancient Fathers, it is not only our daily corporal bread which we ask for, but also the Body and Blood of Our Lord, who has said of Himself, "I am the true Bread."

To-day, in the Roman liturgy, the "Our Father" is recited in the most important part of the Mass—at the Canon, between the consecration of the elements and the Communion. It was St. Gregory the Great who gave it this place; "for," says he, "it would not seem proper not to say over the Body and Blood of the Redeemer this prayer which He Himself composed and which the Apostles used at the consecration of the Host."

Before his time, in the Roman Church it was said after the breaking of the bread, immediately preceding the kiss of peace. This was eminently fitting; for there exists in the liturgical tradition an intimate relation between the "Our Father" and the ceremony of

the kiss of peace: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The kiss of peace is the symbol of pardon and renewed friendship. St. Gregory separated them, but he gave the "Our Father" a more prominent place in the Canon; and this change had the result, whether foreseen or not, of bringing the Roman liturgy more in accord with the Greek, as also with ancient tradition. St. Augustine says that nearly all the churches in his time recited the "Our Father" after the blessing of the elements, and other authors of the fourth and fifth centuries indicate the same place.

In the Mass the "Our Father" is incorporated between a sort of preface, or prologue, and a conclusion. This prologue has for its object the giving to the recitation of the prayer a particular solemnity: to make the faithful attentive, and to recall to their minds that the words therein contained are the words of Our Lord Himself.

The ancient liturgies all comprise a preface and a conclusion to the "Our Father," like the Roman liturgy; but the formula is not the same. We will cite only that of the Gallican Mass: "It is not through confidence in our own merits, but through obedience to the precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ His Son, that we dare to say 'Our Father.'" And at the end: "Deliver us, Almighty God, from all evil, from all peril; and keep us in the practice of virtue, perfect truth, true liberty, God, who reigneth forever and ever. Amen."

The response made by the people, "*Sed libera nos a malo*," is also an ancient liturgical tradition. In certain liturgies, notably the old Greek, the people are still more intimately associated with this prayer, reciting it in a loud voice with the priest. In the Mozarabic liturgy the people respond "Amen!" to each request.

Besides the Mass, the "Our Father" has also a prominent place in the Divine Office. As we have seen, the early Chris-

tians were advised to recite it several times a day. From this private recitation they passed naturally to the public office. A council at Geronne, in 517, prescribes that at the end of Vespers and Lauds the "Our Father" should be recited in a loud voice by the priest.

But it is in the ceremony of baptism that the importance of the "Our Father" was supremely recognized. Whenever a catechumen wished to enter the Church and receive baptism, he was obliged to learn the Apostles' Creed and the "Our Father," which were in themselves a complete *résumé* of his faith. To-day, when baptism is in general administered to children, the godfather and godmother recite these prayers; but when an adult is baptized he recites them himself. In former times the ceremony was very solemn. Lent was usually devoted to the preparation of the catechumens. There remain to us among the works of ancient authors, principally Saint Augustine, sermons which consist of explanations of the "Our Father" given under these circumstances. After he had been baptized, the neophyte turned toward the east and recited that beautiful prayer. It is certain that this rite followed the administration of baptism. Besides these ceremonies, the "Our Father" also accompanies the reception of other sacraments. It seems as though the Christian can not receive the great graces attached to the sacraments without making this act of faith, of confidence, of submission and love, which is contained in the formula of the "Our Father."

Is not this prayer an epitome of the entire Christian life? It recalls to the faithful that by baptism he becomes the child of God. The supreme desire of the Christian is to see the holy name of God blessed on earth and His reign acknowledged and accepted by all. To be submissive to the divine will, and to accept in all things the designs of God toward us, in joy and peace as well

as in trials,—is not this the highest point of perfection? The Christian should wish to conform to the will of his Creator in all things. He knows that all we possess is the gift of God; that it is from Him we obtain our daily bread. The prayer of perfection asks neither for riches nor glory nor honors—only for daily bread. According to many writers, this prayer also indicates the *supersubstantial bread* which is the nourishment of the soul. It teaches the Christian to humiliate himself for his faults, striking his breast in contrition, while he says, "Father, I have sinned! Forgive me!" Finally, it asks the protection of God, that he may be delivered from evil.

To conclude, everything necessary to salvation is contained in this marvelous prayer. The importance which the Doctors of the Church have attached to it from the beginning, and the privileged place which has been given to it in the sacred liturgy, shows how we should regard it. The Christian who wishes to live according to the spirit of the Church will meditate upon it often: he will make it the rule of his life.

Proverbs.

Fair words don't feed the friars.—*Irish*.

A pin a day is a groat a year.—*Scotch*.

Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*German*.

Give heed to the voice of an old woman; sorrow has made her wise.

—*Danish*.

A runaway monk never praises his convent.—*Spanish*.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

—*Italian*.

Like sheep that be leaderless are many women come together for much talk.

—*Chinese*.

He who tells the truth is driven out of ten cities.—*Turkish*.

Notes and Remarks.

There is a law in Germany which gives to a corporate body the same right to institute proceedings for slander as is enjoyed by private individuals. In consequence German newspapers observe a measure of self-restraint in speaking of religious associations that is uncommon in this country; and anti-Catholic lecturers never make any "revelations" about priests and religious. Occasionally one of these lecturers, more than usually ignorant, has laid himself open to prosecution even under the lax statutes of this country; usually the serpent supplies them with so much of his cunning that they prefer evil charges against "priests" and "nuns" in general, and not against individuals, who, alone, under our code, can sue for slander. The same is true of certain sectarian papers, and of all bigoted speakers, writers and societies. Thus, in England, a certain venomous church paper had been saying for years that "the Jesuits" take an immoral, unpatriotic oath, and there was no redress for the maligned; but recently, through an oversight, this paper asserted that Father Gerard, S. J., had taken such oath, and it had to apologize abjectly in order to avoid a libel suit. We rather favor the German law, and hope to see it adopted some day in our own country.

Acceding to a request of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, M. Brunetière recently delivered in that city a lecture on "The Motives of Hope." An extract or two from the discourse of the eminent Academician may prove interesting as tending to reassure those who are inclined to despair of Catholic prospects in France:

From the intellectual viewpoint the situation to-day is the same as at the epoch of the Concordat. It is the same men who are applying themselves with the same means to effect the same work of destruction; and as the ironics

of Voltaire failed to intimidate Chateaubriand, Lamennais or Lacordaire, so shall we refuse to be frightened by the buffooneries of a provincial druggist. Nor should we be deterred by the violence of the hatred shown us; for that violence proves that we are living; if we were dead, they would leave us alone... We should not antagonize adverse theories in the lump, but know how to avail ourselves of the truths which they contain... If Darwin and Comte have discovered a portion of the truth, why should we not retake it from them? In the midst of so many errors and follies, no one has more justly defined the concept of eternal and universal religion than the Positivist leader. If Comte has laicized the Christian idea, let it be ours to Christianize Positivism... Rationalism is declining. At the basis of every science there is found the irrational, which is not, however, the same thing as the unreasonable... With Evolution it is the same as with Positivism. The exactitude of the biblical narrative is now recognized. Newman possesses the evolutionist idea better than Darwin... From the theological point of view, dogmas live forever, developing themselves according to the exigencies of humanity. Immutability and evolution do not contradict, but rather supplement, each other.

Alluding in his peroration to the persecutions in Lyons under one of the Roman emperors, the distinguished lecturer said: "I congratulate myself on speaking of hope in this city of Lyons, which has never despaired; and you will permit me to believe that, even as St. Blandina vanquished Marcus Aurelius, so we, too, shall one day triumph."

Middle-aged folk will easily recall the time when warnings against the theatre and against public balls were frequent in pastoral letters and in pulpit exhortations. It is a sign of the general relaxation that has set in with our more luxurious days that these matters are now seldom mentioned; for no one will pretend that the theatre is purer than it used to be, or that the evils of promiscuous dancing have grown fewer. The Archbishop of Montreal has set a good example by returning to these themes in a recent pastoral. He sternly reproves parents for their laxity in supervising the recreations of the young people for whom

they are responsible, and points out the unwholesome effects, frequently, of even those "parties" that are given by private families.

Mgr. Bruchési's attitude toward the theatre is one of uncompromising hostility. "We have," he says, "a request to make of Catholic journalists: to discontinue encouraging theatres, no matter of what class"—either by advertising or reporting performances. Doubtless there will be many to stigmatize this direction as belated and narrow-minded; but the Archbishop has found by experience that while in theory the theatre is an indifferent institution, in practice it is prevailing bad. In his own city, he tells us, an attempt to maintain a theatre on the lines of Catholic morality failed utterly, and the laymen who conducted the experiment in the interest of the stage were compelled to acknowledge their defeat. Perhaps it would be found, on examination, that our modern tolerance of the theatre is really a concession to encroaching worldliness; at any rate, Mgr. Bruchési's pastoral is painfully interesting as a reminder of how far we have drifted from the moorings of an elder and better day.

We have sometimes been forced to speak frankly and unpleasantly about Protestant "missionaries" to Catholic countries, and we have always believed that there must be multitudes of our separated brethren who abhor their crooked ways and their malicious slanders as cordially as we do. It is, therefore, more a pleasure than a surprise to find the Rev. Dr. Starbuck, one of the most learned and fair-minded Protestant clergymen we have ever known, writing thus in the *Sacred Heart Review*:

This chief organ of theirs in Spanish America has now come regularly to me for several years, and leads me to suppose that whatever fragments of intelligence and decency these emissaries may have had on leaving home (and

they seem to have gone out very slenderly provided with all three qualities), they lost them overboard on the way out. Certainly at home they would not have dared to publish an article sneering at marriage regarded as a spiritual union; coarsely declaring it, like Luther, a mere outward thing, and mocking at those who are shocked at the notion of dissolving it. Yet this they do by way of evangelizing the Spanish Americans.

The sect referred to is described as that "one which carries off the palm for impudence in religious controversy as against the Catholics." We agree with Dr. Starbuck that he might as well have named it, since he describes it so unmistakably. "There is practically no limit," he also says, "to the degree of effrontery of which a large proportion of the ministers and members of this denomination are capable where the Catholic Church is concerned." Alas, no!

There is seldom a reason to justify the Catholic young woman, and rarely ever a reason to justify the Catholic young man, who makes a mixed marriage. It is proof of snobbishness, or worse, among our young men that they are unable to admire and value at their true worth the qualities of purity, womanliness, and unselfishness of Catholic women. *Church Progress* puts this point in a way we admire: "Our admirals, generals and United States senators are marrying into the Church, and our Catholic young men are marrying out of it. And of the two we do not hesitate to say that the latter are getting much the worse of the bargain." We should say that the persons who are getting the very worst of the bargain are the unfortunate non-Catholic girls who marry that particular kind of a Catholic.

Mgr. Favier, as we have all along predicted would be the case, is being entirely vindicated from the charges of looting and peculation brought against him and his missionaries in China. The Chinese objects sold by the Bishop had

been collected during a long series of years previous to the Boxer outbreak, and had been preserved in the Catholic museum. When the prelate disposed of them to procure food for the twenty thousand Catholics dependent upon his diocese, he was forthwith classed by irresponsible correspondents among the self-confessed looters of the American Protestant missions. Minister Pichon authorized the missionaries to use what they found in abandoned houses to feed the Christians; but due account was kept of whatever was thus appropriated, in order that its value might later on be restored. It is to be hoped that the vindication of the Bishop will receive as great publicity as did the accusation—to be hoped, but scarcely to be expected.

An investigation was recently undertaken by secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., in co-operation with the Federal Census Bureau to ascertain what percentage of young men (between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five) go to church. The results of the inquiry are summarized in *Associated Men*:

In the country, one in two young men go to church regularly; one in three occasionally, and one in fourteen not at all. In the city, one in four regularly; one in two occasionally, and one in seven not at all. In families where the father and mother belong to the same church, seventy-eight per cent of the young men are church members. In families where the father and mother are church members, but do not belong to the same church, only fifty-five per cent of the young men are church members. In families where but one of the parents is a church member, only fifty per cent of the young men are members of churches. Where the father and mother are both Catholics, only eight per cent of the young men are not church members. Where the father and mother are both Protestants, thirty-two per cent of the young men are not church members. Where one of the parents is a Catholic and the other a Protestant, sixty-six per cent of the young men do not belong to a church. Where the parents are members of Protestant churches, but do not belong to the same church, fifty per cent of the young men of these families are not church members. Where one of the parents is a Catholic, forty-four per cent of the young men do not belong to

church. Where one of the parents is a Protestant, fifty-one per cent do not belong to church.

In the blank the following question was asked: "Why are you not a church member?" To quote a few of the reasons given in the order of their frequency: "Indifference." "No reason." "Can be as good a Christian out of church as in." "No time because of work." "Hadn't thought much about it." "Don't see the need." It is interesting to notice that a very small per cent of the men avow agnosticism. Another question was asked of the men who were not going to church, Why they did not attend? Among the answers were: "Sunday work." "Indifference." "Not a Christian." "More pleasure other places." Here again only two or three out of all those answering this question spoke about being agnostic.

The remarks of the *Watchman* (Baptist) in connection with this subject are noteworthy. They express our own opinion as regards Catholic young men. It is a great mistake, though a very common one, to suppose that persons who do not practise their religion have ceased to believe in it. If infidelity of the Tom Paine type has become rare, agnosticism is now quite as much so. The circumstances in which many Catholic young men are placed are really more favorable for making converts to the Church than dangerous to themselves. Perhaps we had better not express ourselves further than to say that there is much needless warning against dangers that are remote. We would have all our young men good swimmers, and yet they are taught to dread the water. However, warnings against mixed marriages can not be too frequent. The *Watchman* says:

A large proportion of young men do not profess to be Christians, yet believe in the reality of the Christian life. Their reasons for not becoming Christians are independent of their mental convictions, and are founded on a reluctance to assume the obligations, moral and religious, of the Christian life. This agrees with the common observations of Christian workers among young men. Infidelity of the Tom Paine type has become rare. The attitude of college men and of public men toward Christianity has completely changed in the last fifteen years. There is no longer any cause for a young man to be ashamed to be known as a Christian. It has become respectable and even commendable in the eyes of the secular world.

Notable New Books.

The Catholic Church from Within. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Longmans, Green & Co.

Briefly, this is an attempt to give to outsiders and to recent converts the Catholic viewpoint on subjects that are clear enough to those within the Church, but extremely cloudy to those without—the Bible, the hierarchical order, grace, the Rosary, the meaning and ritual of the Mass, Confession and Communion, the liturgy, scandal, marriage and its duties, religious vocations, etc. As Cardinal Vaughan observes, "the reception of the grace of faith does not include the fruits of intellect and will-training, in the midst of the traditions and atmosphere of the Catholic Church"; and "reception into the Church no more makes you at once familiar with Catholic life than an introduction makes you familiar with strangers whom you have seen for the first time."

To supply what is wanting to these newcomers is the main object of this book, though it will be profitable also to Catholics whose instruction never was complete, or who seldom hear helpful sermons. It is the work of a layman, a professional gentleman, familiar with people of many creeds and countries. He writes well, and shows breadth of reading in modern religious literature; and his fervent temperament gives his work the flavor of a manual of devotion in many places. The chapter on the cultivation of Catholic instincts strikes us as the best in the volume; though what the author has to say about Confession is altogether admirable, and some of it has almost the freshness of novelty. Here, for instance, is the author's direction for discovering our predominant fault: "If some one accuses us of pride or an overbearing temper or any other defect, and we feel annoyed and strongly inclined to defend ourselves, we may consider it a very strong proof that our predominant passion has been hit upon." Here and there one is disposed to regret omissions; but, on the whole, the work is a very useful and successful one.

George Washington. By Norman Hapgood. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Hapgood tells us Washington's career changed the world's idea of greatness, and that because he lived as he did live, great men have purified their ambitions, and millions of school-boys have conceived of heroism as allied to virtue. If this is true—and who shall deny it?—we should welcome another biography of the first President of the Republic. Mr. Hapgood's history of Washington is interesting, and is based largely on Washington's own written words. There is no effort to idealize the man, but to show him to us

as he was. His early life, his years as a surveyor, his home relations and his public career are briefly told; and one feels that it is the life of a brave, honest man which is passing before him.

Mr. Hapgood's point of view as regards England is evident from the following digression in his account of the embassy of Franklin to England. He says:

Many an Englishman feels to-day almost as Burke felt then about the severance of the Empire, and Americans may well learn a lesson not only from the fairness, and even magnanimity, with which British historians treat our cause, but from the wise and patient constancy with which recent English statesmen have endured our insolence, aided us in European diplomacy, and steadfastly pursued the great object of increasing confidence between two nations, one in laws, language and ideals.

Washington's opinion of his field-officers may be interesting reading; but, for some reasons, the documents might better have been left in the seclusion of a case in the New York State Library than reproduced for the delectation of the curious.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. By A. Guggenberger, S. J. B. Herder.

A word of congratulation is due Father Guggenberger on the completion of this useful work, the first and third volumes of which have already appeared. It is no easy task to prepare a bird's-eye view of such a large subject without falling into faults of perspective and undue proportion; and the faculty of summing up a great historical epoch in a short paragraph is also a nice accomplishment. In Volume II. this duty is one of more than ordinary difficulty, because the theme is the Protestant Revolution, as the author happily styles it,—that period of the Christian era which is the most discussed and the least understood.

Very special credit is due for the bibliography appended to each chapter, in which the reader is referred to a goodly list of works containing detailed information on the subject-matter of the chapter. Among these works of reference we note with pleasure most of the important recent ones. This gives this hand-book a value which older ones do not possess. Father Guggenberger compiled the work to serve as a text-book in colleges and reading-circles, as well as for self-instruction; and to these ends it is admirably suited.

Luke Delmege. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan. Longmans, Green & Co.

While "My New Curate" is still enjoying the most remarkable popularity of any work of Catholic fiction since Wiseman's "Fabiola," comes another story from the same pen. "Luke Delmege" is in some respects a greater accomplishment than its predecessor. If it has not such exuberance of humor, its theme is more vital and the work itself more substantial. It is a book which philosophers and serious students will enjoy almost as thoroughly as

the chronic novel-reader,—indeed it is one of the strongest proofs of Father Sheehan's power that he is able to make his story wait upon his philosophy, as Thackeray and a very few others have been able to do. No other author has given us such a series of clerical portraits as that which includes "Daddy Dan," "Father Letheby," "Luke Delmege," and those delightful "Inseparables," Fathers Tim Hurley and Pat Casey. Let us be grateful that the pen of a brother priest has been found to portray the virtues of these kindly, simple natures, as well as to trace the dolorous way by which Father Delmege was led back to the love of his unworldly, faithful people. "Luke Delmege" is a story of which Catholics may well be proud. It is of classic quality,—and generations hence it will be read, enjoyed and lauded as one of the masterpieces of English fiction.

Hawthorn and Lavender. By William Ernest Henley. Harper & Brothers.

This book is very artistically gotten out, and embraces the latest poems by William Ernest Henley, who sings of England in prouder, stronger tones than does her royally-appointed laureate. This note of earnestness, of sincerity, we like, even if we are not in fullest sympathy with the subject lauded. The poems, like those of Mr. Henley's earlier volumes, are unequal in merit,—some singing themselves straight into favor, others winning appreciation only after a readjustment of one's notions of music and poetry; and others still failing to enlist admiration for either subject-matter or technique.

The first lines of the poems are given as titles in the table of contents, making it awkward for a reviewer to handle the separate efforts. However, in the first class, we would place his songs of April and May, the poem beginning "Hither, this solemn eventide"; and these others: "Sing to me," "When, in what other life?" and "The Wind on the Wold." "London Types" may be types, but they are not poetry, and have not even the music of Kipling's ballads as a saving grace. Once in a while we are reminded of Francis Thompson, but only to admire the younger poet more than Mr. Henley. With all his faults, the author of "Sister Songs" would hardly, in writing of death, speak of "shedding his duds"; yet this is what Mr. Henley has done in an otherwise good poem.

The World Beautiful in Books. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co.

The author of this book undoubtedly had, as motive in writing it, to promote a love for what is best in the "world beautiful" of literature, and any word that tends to elevate the popular taste along art lines is to be commended. We hardly know how to classify this book. It is made up of five chapters, each bearing a fanciful title, which,

in the writer's mind, has some spiritual relation with the context. Under the heading, "As Food for Life," we have a word about the office of reading, followed by remarks on children's books; after which we are taken to the Elizabethan Age, then farther back to Chaucer; from him to the Greek poets; and, after a word about Dante, we have a eulogy on Emerson, whom she ranks, with Shakespeare, as "hardly less than Dante."

A "little spontaneous commentary on fiction," by Ralph Meeker, opens the second chapter, which deals largely with picturesque effects in literature. In book fourth we find fiction dealt with under the title, "Rose of Morning." Henry James, Balzac and George Eliot are the ideals held up; and we are shown in three places within twenty pages of this chapter what idea a certain novel "enhalmed as in amber." The value of the critical opinions advanced may be judged from the following: "Of Zola a single work may suffice, and that is his novel called 'Rome,' which is wholly free from the objectionable elements characteristic of this author, is a story of great breadth of vision as well as startling fidelity to existing types and currents in the life of the Eternal City." There are some good thoughts in "The World Beautiful in Books," but want of selection and method takes from their effectiveness.

Andrea Mantegna. By Maud Cruttwell. George Bell & Sons; the Macmillan Co.

The Series of Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, edited by G. C. Williamson, is assuming the proportions of an art library, and, considering merely the bibliography and list of illustrations accompanying each of the nineteen volumes thus far issued, it forms a library worth having.

In this number we have the life of Andrea Mantegna, usually styled the Paduan; and there is no little interest, even to the general reader, in tracing his career from his youth in the Squarcionesque School, which was later dominated by Mantegna himself. The rigid, statuesque effect of the early training is evident in all the illustrations of this master; and his influence and place in the world of art form the subject of a most interesting as well as instructive work.

Communion Day. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Art & Book Co.

This attractive little book is made up of a series of beautiful meditations for use before and after Holy Communion. Indeed, they should serve as aids in assisting properly at Mass and Benediction; for the love of the Holy Eucharist permeates every page like the sweet odor of incense and altar flowers. While wholly devotional, this little volume is thoroughly practical; and solid piety, not the venter, will find it a substantial aid in preparation for and thanksgiving after Communion.



An Unpopular Officer.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THEY may talk as they please of us boys being fickle,

Of our changing our minds ten times in a day;
But there's one man in town, who, I'll bet a nickel,
On that point can beat us in every way.

The papers, they call him the Clerk of the Weather,
Though it seems to me he's not clerk, but the boss;
Or at least he's given a pretty long tether,
For he does as he likes—and he likes to be cross.

One day he'll send snow till there's quite good sleighing,

All the cutters and sleds come out with a rush;
The next, like a million of fire-hoses playing,
Down comes the rain,—and there's nothing but slush.

Only yesterday morning 'twas splendid for skating,
The ice just a glare, not a bit of snow;
And all of us boys were impatiently waiting
For the noon recess and some fun,—but no!

That nasty old clerk just rang up a blizzard—
My goodness! but *didn't* that wind blow strong!
And it chopped all around, from a to izzard,
He stopped us from skating all right; but 'twas wrong.

As it looks to us boys, 'tis a shame and a pity
That a public official should be such a dunce;
So we want Mr. Mayor, for the sake of the city,
To discharge his old Clerk of the Weather at once.

ONE of the most precious of diamonds, a beautiful stone of twenty-four carats, was found in Constantinople in the time of Mahomet IV. It was picked up by a poor man upon a heap of dirt. He had no idea of the worth of his treasure, and sold it for a trifle. Passing through the hands of several purchasers, the real value of the gem was finally made known. It was then seized by the Grand Vizier and annexed to the imperial treasures by an edict.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—WINIFRED ASKS QUESTIONS.

THE morning after my visit to the castle I set out early to enjoy the beauties of the Glen, having first partaken of breakfast and enjoyed a little chat with my landlord, who was growing accustomed to my American inquisitiveness.

“Sure she's a fine woman is Granny Meehan!” he said, in answer to some opinion I had given concerning her; “an' a religious woman, too, and very knowledgeable for her station. But her head is full of queer consates. I think it's most turned by livin' up beyant alone so long.”

“How did she come to have the care of Miss Winifred and to live in the old castle?” I inquired.

“Well, none of us knows,—that is, to be sure about it. Master Roderick, he was a gay, sportin' lad. I mind him well, tearin' about the country on his white horse, stoppin' a night now at the ould place above; and away agin, no one knew whither. His father, who owned the place before him and lived in it every year for a few weeks, was dead and so were all belongin' to him.” The landlord drew breath and lowered his voice somewhat. “Well, in some of his wanderin's about the country what does he do but get married, an' we never seen the bride down here at all, at all; but it was the talk of the country-side that she was of a fine ould stock an' a rale lady. But he never brought her next or nigh the ould place. Perhaps it was ashamed of its bein' ruinous-like or

afear'd of the gossip of the country-side."

I listened with the deepest attention.

"It was on All-Hallow-Eve that Winifred then came to the castle. Mrs. Meehan, who had been nurse to Master Roderick himself, was brought up from the village in haste. Fires were lighted, beds got ready, and toward nightfall a gentleman in black rode up to the castle door. Now, some that saw him say it was the young gentleman himself riding his white horse, but more says it was a stranger; and coming the way he did and on that night of all nights! It's a quare story, and no wonder that the child's different from other childer."

"How old was she when she came?"

The landlord reflected.

"Well, I think it would be about seven, though none of us ever rightly knew."

"Did the father visit her?"

"From that time to this," said the landlord, impressively, "he was never seen in the country-side. There seemed to be some secret or another in the business; and Granny Meehan never opened her mouth about it, only bowin' and scrapin' with Miss Winifred here and Miss Winifred there. Some do say that she's afear'd of the *colleen*, and knows well enough that she's not of mortal stock. But that's the ould people!" he concluded, with a toss of the head. "Meself thinks she's Master Roderick's daughter; though why he should give her up and never come near her is more than any mortal can tell."

"It is a curious story," I said; "quite a romance, and fits in well with your lovely country here and the remains of that grand old castle. But who is this curious companion Winifred goes about with and does not care to name?"

"There's more than her that won't name him," said the landlord; "though I think it's Granny Meehan that does be cautionin' the *colleen*. She's not afear'd of man nor beast nor spirit, and if she doesn't name him it's on account of the ould woman."

"But who is he?"

"Now, ma'am dear," said the landlord, "I have been discoursin' to you already of things that mebbe shouldn't pass my lips, and I'd be entirely obliged if you wouldn't ask me to have part nor parcel with them that's unlucky, nor so much as to name them."

With this I had to be content, and I strolled out to that world-famous Glen of the Dargle, and sat down beside the stream on grass that was green and soft as velvet. Above me on all sides rose the hills, the trees, in their shaded green, still sparkling with dew; the waterfall dashing over the stones into the dark stream below, and the tree-bridge overhanging that terrible ravine. I might not at first have perceived that this bridge was tenanted had not a clear voice suddenly broken the stillness, trilling out some quaint melody, which was Irish in its wild, mournful character, and yet had a tinge of drollery. I did not recognize it, however, nor could I have called it by name. I looked up hastily, well knowing that the graceful figure and charming, childish face of Winifred would meet my view. Once again, as on a former occasion, I hesitated to speak for fear of startling her; but she addressed me presently, bringing her song to a sudden stop.

"Good-morning!" she said. "'Tis lovely weather."

"Lovely indeed," I answered, looking up at her and reflecting what a strange little creature she was, talking down to me as calmly from that high and perilous perch as though she sat on a rocking-chair at a fireside.

"My dear child," I said involuntarily, "you make me dizzy."

"Dizzy?" repeated the girl.

"Being up so high and over that deep ravine," I called back; for the noise of the waterfall forced me to raise my voice in order to be heard.

"The dear old Dargle!" she exclaimed, looking lovingly down at the stream.

"I sit here, as I told you, almost every day. But I'll come down immediately if it makes you dizzy."

She carried out her promise so swiftly and so recklessly that it fairly took away my breath. She stood a moment or two on the green height, and then ran down to me, her face shining with the glow of the morning, full of life and health and the very joy of being alive. She was soon at my side and threw herself near me on the grass.

"Do you like Ireland just as well as America?" she asked me after a pause.

"Ireland is very beautiful," I replied.

Her face flushed and her eye lighted as she nodded two or three times, but did not speak. It was as though some one very dear to her had been praised.

"I was told once," she said, "that streets in America are paved with gold. But—perhaps it isn't true." She said the last words wistfully, as though reluctant to part with an illusion. "And I suppose," she went on, "there are no trees there with golden leaves nor birds with silver wings?"

"No," I said; "there are no streets paved with gold, and no golden trees nor birds with silver wings. But there are many beautiful things—glorious mountains, vast forests, broad rivers, splendid cities."

"I should like to hear of them some time," she said, "if you will be kind enough to tell me."

"Oh, I shall tell you anything you want to hear!" I replied; "for, as we agreed to be friends, one friend must try to give pleasure to another."

"Yes, that is true," she assented; "and because of that I will show you my castle, though I don't like showing it to strangers."

I looked at her with an interest which was enhanced by the story I had heard that morning—pathetic, romantic, and altogether unusual.

"You have always lived there?" I asked.

"No," she said, briefly. "I remember to have lived at another place, but that is very long ago and does not matter."

It was evident that she did not wish to continue the subject.

"I shall have to leave you," she said, all at once; "for, listen! I hear the tinkle of a bell, and I am afraid that our cow has got out."

"Do you take care of the cow?" I asked involuntarily; for the circumstance somehow seemed surprising and out of keeping with the child's appearance.

"Oh, Moira does generally!" she replied carelessly. "She, you know, is our little maid-of-all-work. Sometimes I do myself, though; for I love poor Cusha, and I like to pat her silky back and play with her long ears. She hasn't any horns. But she wouldn't hurt me if she had; for, you see, she knows me, and puts down her head for me to pet, and lows when she sees me coming. She is a very wise cow. I wish she could talk."

"I wonder what her conversation would be like?" I said, laughing.

"Oh, I know!" answered the child, confidently; though she laughed, too.

"You do? Well, let me hear it!" I said, entering into her humor.

"She'd talk about the sweet green clover and the grass and the fields, where she has lived; and about the hills, for she's been up here a great many years. She was born before I was, and she looks at everything with her big brown eyes as if she were thinking about them. She might be able to tell if there were any fairies or things of that kind; for she's out sometimes in the moonlight, or at dusk and in the early morning, too, when people say they pass by."

"You mustn't believe all the people tell you," I answered, though I was half sorry for the suggestion when I saw how her face clouded over. "Their tales might be like the golden streets and the silver birds."

She arose slowly, and seemed as if

about to turn away, then she added, half to herself:

"I wonder if she knows anything about what *he* is trying to find out, what he *has* found out?"

"Who?" I asked hastily.

"Some one," she said evasively. "Oh, the bell is tinkling again! Cusha might get lost. Good-bye! And come soon to the castle. I will show you every bit of it and tell you *true* things about it."

She said the last words loftily, as though to let me know that all her talk was not of the unreal, the fictitious, the poetic. I sat a few minutes longer musing over her and her story; and then began to read, perhaps, as an offset, a transatlantic fashion paper which had reached me by mail that morning.

(To be continued.)

Queer Facts about Flowers.

BY H. TWITCHELL.

Young readers may, perhaps, imagine that the bright hues and sweet odors of flowers are intended to please the beholder and beautify the world. This is true to a certain extent; but one chief aim of all living things is to perpetuate their lives and to produce offspring, so that their kind may exist on the earth after they themselves have passed away.

Now, as everyone knows, a plant provides for the future existence of its kind by producing seeds, in which tiny germs are packed away together with a store of nourishment; enough, in fact, to support them until they are able to get what they need from the air and soil. If these seeds have not been fertilized by being dusted with pollen they are useless, as no plant will ever spring up from them. To get them properly dusted, then, is the chief business of the flower. The methods it employs to get this work performed are truly ingenious and singular. Ordinary, everyday blossoms depend largely upon bees and butterflies

to do their pollen-carrying for them; other more eccentric ones employ wasps, flies, midges; sometimes beetles and snails, and even birds. As a reward, they either really give honey or delude their assistants into believing they are to receive some. Nothing in nature is more astonishing than the manner in which plants shape and adapt themselves to suit the form and habits of the insects which are to do their carrying-trade. Many of them show something like human intelligence in their methods, which are often very unprincipled and cruel.

Bees and butterflies, the commonest bearers of pollen from blossom to blossom, are easily attracted; so the flowers which depend upon them do not need to exert themselves particularly. The bee is fitted out with a long proboscis, and possesses a keen sense of color; the flowers which he visits store their honey at the bottom of deep cups, and adorn themselves with blues, purples, and reds. While making the effort to insert his long nose into the cup to suck up the honey, he necessarily dusts himself liberally with the fertilizing pollen, which he carries to other blossoms, where his performance is repeated.

We will now call attention to curious, eccentric flowers,—those which do not depend upon the bee to carry their pollen, and which adapt themselves to the habits and the shape of the bearers they employ. The wasp, a more critical and wide-awake insect than the bee, is the carrier for certain of these. This insect possesses a wide range of tastes, and, while he likes meat and fruit, he does not disdain a drop of honey, provided he can get it without too much exertion. Flowers which he visits have helmet-shaped tubes fitted to his head, with plenty of honey in the bottom of the bell, and in color they are usually flesh-red. They also accommodate the insect in other ways; for

instance, wasps alight on the top blossom of their spikes first, passing downward with their pollen. Hence, the top blossoms ripen first,—just the opposite of what happens in spikes of flowers dependent upon the bee. Then, too, wasp-flowers must produce real honey, and plenty of it: the shrewd insect is not to be taken in by shams.

Flies, as everyone knows, are attracted by putrid odors, as well as by sweets. Flowers which depend upon them as fertilizers are indeed very curious. First of all, in point of size, is the gigantic *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, which grows in Sumatra, and was named after its discoverers. It is a parasitic plant, growing on the stem of a creeper. The bud resembles an enormous cabbage, and the flower measures nine feet around and three feet across. It weighs fifteen pounds, and holds six quarts of water in its central hollow. Its color is like that of raw meat and it has a carrion-like odor. From a study of its habits it has been learned that its color and odor are intended to attract flies. These trusting insects fancy that they have found in it a suitable place in which to lay their eggs, where their young grubs will find food in plenty after they are hatched. They accordingly descend into the cup, deposit their eggs, and get themselves plentifully dusted with pollen, which they carry off to another blossom. When the young are hatched they perish miserably, the victims of deliberate deception on the part of the blossom.

Another plant which practises deceit to attract pollen-carriers is the singular grass of Parnassus, which grows in most of the mountain bogs of the British Isles. The flower has five white petals, and at the base of each is a little forked organ, having several points terminated apparently by a drop of honey. On touching this drop it is found to be a solid gland. Flies are deceived by the appearance of these glands, and light on them. Failing to

get honey where there is none, they fly away to another blossom to repeat the performance. In this way the plant manages to get its blossoms fertilized, but its rarity proves that the operation is not to be relied upon. It does really secrete a small amount of honey away from the sham drops; hence it is not entirely abandoned. Nearly all the plants which rely upon flies as fertilizers have the same lurid color and putrid odor. The purple lips of the English fly-orchid are covered with tiny drops of honey which attract flies. The carrion-flowers are visited by blue-bottle and flesh-flies, which fertilize their blossoms.

Another related form actually sets a trap to catch the fly by the proboscis. The insect is then compelled to give a strong pull to free itself, dislodging the pollen. Weak flies are often unable to escape from the clutches of certain flowers—the Alpine butterwort, for example,—and they die of starvation.

Many other curious flowers, which depend upon the not very shrewd flies and gnats as pollen-carriers, seem to show great intelligence in their design to entrap their victims. One, the South American birthwort, has for a blossom a funnel-shaped tube, lined with short hairs pointing downward. Insects crawl down into this easily enough, but the problem is how to get out again. The prisoners walk round and round in their cells, dusting the knobs of the seed-pods with the pollen they have brought from another plant. When their work is accomplished the pollen-bags above burst, redusting the carriers, the hairs at the neck of the funnel wither, and the prisoners are set free.

Strangely enough, another plant, the wild arum, or cuckoo pint, entirely unrelated to the one just referred to, plans to get its blossoms fertilized in about the same manner. Its fleshlike odor and purple color attract a tiny midge, which is speedily entrapped by hairs growing downward in the neck

of the blossom. The little flies dust the seed-pods, and in return receive the drop of honey which oozes out of the pod as soon as it is fertilized. Afterward the pollen-bags burst and the hairs wither, as in the case of the birthwort.

A writer who has made a study of the habits of the arum assures us that this honey has the property of producing a sort of intoxication in the midges that eat it. At any rate, after partaking of it they roll and tumble about in the pollen-dust in the wildest and most disorderly manner, thus getting a good supply to carry to the next plant.

We will now consider those very curious flowers which not only set traps to imprison unwary insects, but afterward deliberately kill and eat them. These plants grow in marshy places where the soil does not supply the food needed for their growth. They are thus compelled to look elsewhere for it, and as the bodies of insects contain it, these bodies they must have.

One of the most noted of these murderous plants is a curious little reddish-leaved one known as the sundew, growing on peaty patches. It is only an insignificant weed, but it has had all sorts of honors heaped upon it. Darwin wrote a book about it. It has been sketched by some very great artists, all on account of its murderous disposition. Its round, flat leaves are covered with glands, which glisten like dew in the sunlight—hence its name,—and which are taken for honey by its victims. The sundew secretes a glutinous substance in which the fly sticks when he alights. The leaf then closes up over the prisoner, folding its edges toward the centre. After the insect is eaten and digested, it opens, and its deceitful appearance lures fresh victims to their destruction. There are other plants of this sort in the temperate zone; but they are mild in their habits compared to the gigantic, fierce, insect-eating plants of the tropical climes.

The blossom of the Indian pitcher-plant, or *Nepenthe*, looks for all the world like an English hot-water jug. It is covered with a lid until its interior arrangements are all completed. The lid then rises and insects crawl down its sticky sides, drink of a liquid which exudes from the bottom, and die at once. The plant proceeds to digest them, sucking up their nourishing juices. The California pitcher-plant, although unrelated to the *Nepenthe*, closely resembles it in its habits. It is of a dull orange color, and drowns and eats its victims in summary fashion. Another plant which lives by taking life is the big side-saddle flower, which grows in boggy places. These are not properly blossoms, but leaves, sometimes highly colored.

Venus' fly-trap is still another example of insect-eating flowers. It does not poison its victims before devouring them, as in the case of pitcher-plants, but works on the principle of an old-fashioned toothed rat-trap. The ends of the leaves bear two folding-halves, on each of which are from three to five knives, and the edges of which are notched. As soon as an insect touches the sensitive hairs the sides of these appendages fold slowly together, the notched edges fitting closely. The trap opens only when the victim is destroyed and disposed of. If, by chance, the latter escapes, it opens immediately.

Nearly all insects are attracted by very bright colors; the ichneumon-fly, however, works along original lines, and searches out green flowers, which, being the color of the surrounding grasses, escape the attention of other insects and reserve their honey for their especial pollen-bearers. The English orchid called the tway-blade is a very good example of ichneumon-made blossoms, although whether the blossom is made for the fly or the fly for the blossom would be difficult to decide.

Sometimes the mutual dependence of

insect and plant is very marked. The beautiful tropical Yucca lily is fertilized by means of a particular kind of moth, and the relation between the two is close and lasting. The moth bores holes in the young capsule of the flower, laying an egg in each one. It then collects pollen, and fertilizes the blossom so as to provide food for its larvæ. After the eggs hatch the young grubs eat part of the seed, leaving enough to produce future Yuccas. When they are full-grown they bore their way out of the flower, lower themselves to the ground by means of a thread, spin a cocoon about themselves, and lie buried in the earth during the fall and winter; the next year they come out full-grown moths when the Yucca is in bloom, and proceed to repeat the performance described above.

The blossom of the fig-tree gets fertilized in a more extraordinary manner. A fig-wasp is the insect employed. The flowers are inside the hollow branches of the young trees. At the right moment the ends of the branches open sufficiently to admit the wasp, which comes from the wild tree, the *caprificus* laden with pollen. The mother wasp lays her eggs on the seed-pods of the wild tree; these then enlarge into galls which furnish food for the larvæ. Afterward the young insects eat their way out of their home, and laden with pollen, are ready to enter the branch of the true fig. Fig-growers hang branches of the *caprificus* on the cultivated trees at the proper time for fertilizing the blossom. The wasp merely deposits pollen on the flowers visited, as there is no chance for the deposit of eggs. The fruit of the wild fig, the *caprificus*, withers away, and the pulpy fruit of the true fig would be unknown if the blossoms were not duly fertilized at the right time.

We might mention other curious flowers, both as to form and habits. We have spoken of enough, however, to show that flowers, like animals and

human beings, need assistance from outside in order to live; and that they are not always scrupulous as to their methods of securing this assistance, some of them being cunning tricksters, and others even bold and hardened criminals.

Jenny Lind and Her Rival.

Jenny Lind and the famous Grisi were to sing at the same court concert in London. The song of the Swedish nightingale, as Jenny was called, was first on the program; but as she was about to begin her difficult *aria*, she noticed a look of fierce scorn upon the face of her rival. "She hates me," thought Jenny; "I wish I could make her love me." The accompanist struck the final chords of the prelude and waited for her signal, but she motioned for him to rise and herself took the vacant seat at the piano. Then she began singing a little prayer which she had learned in the fatherland. She had not sung it for years, but as she progressed she forgot everything but the words; she was no longer entertaining royalty: she was joining in the evening hymn as she had done a hundred times before, and the undercurrent of her thoughts was: "If I sing this I shall not surpass her, and God will let her love me."

The last note ended in a sob, and Jenny lifted her eyes to Grisi's dark face. There was no longer scorn there, and the long lashes were wet. The audience was spellbound by the matchless voice; but Grisi threw her arms about the homesick little nightingale and kissed her, and was her friend forever after.

WHEN Alexander started for Asia he divided his possessions among his friends. Perdiccas asked what he had kept for himself. "Hope," said Alexander. "If hope is enough for you," replied the friend, "it is enough for me also." And Perdiccas declined to accept anything.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is announced that Monsig. Duchesne, author and savant, has been appointed consultant of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics.

—The *Athenæum* says many meritorious persons are complaining that the public, and even reviewers, adore and admire them; but no one buys their books, especially if they write poetry.

—The priest-composer, Don Lorenzo Perosi, is engaged on a cantata, with the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin as a theme. It will be completed in time for the half-centenary of the definition of the dogma (1904), and will consist of three parts: the prophecy, its fulfilment, and the glory of the Immaculate Conception.

—Is every consistent Catholic either a hypocrite or a devotee according to the average Protestant mind? Here, for instance, is the *Critic* referring in this fashion to Mr. Isaac Henderson, an American living in Rome and author of a popular London play: "Like Mr. Burnand, Mr. Henderson is at once a playwright and a devotee. He is to be found much less often at a theatre in Rome than in St. Peter's." And for this poor Mr. Henderson must needs be called a devotee! But we have frequently been obliged to protest against the "langwidge" of the *Critic*.

—Professor Burgess having referred, in his work "The Constitution and the Civil War," to Jesuit philosophy as teaching that "the end justifies the means," Father Wynne, S. J., called his attention to the slander. In reply the author sent the following:

Before receiving your esteemed note of Oct. 30, I have felt that I made a mistake in writing rather carelessly the sentence to which you refer in my "Civil War," and that I have put the ordinary Protestant interpretation on the Jesuit principle, which I consider to be incorrect. There will doubtless be opportunity for me to change this sentence in the near future, and I shall certainly do so.

This is as it should be; and it is regrettable that Prof. Burgess' disposition is not more common among non-Catholic authors. It is to no man's credit to pass on to others a slander that has been time and again refuted.

—The rage for the revision of popular hymns has reached the Methodist brethren, and a committee representing that sect have decided to suppress "The Sweet Hour of Prayer" on account of this stanza:

This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

"We must confess," says the *Bookman*, "that a disembodied spirit ought not to go shouting

around. A shouting soul somehow doesn't seem to be quite the thing." This is finical criticism. The expression, "Shouting Methodists," is surely a familiar one to our bookish contemporary, so why not a parting shout before the eternal doxology? As an expert Latinist, Prof. Peck no doubt enjoys the majestic rhythms of Mother Church; but there is a pretty general feeling among the cultured that in English hymns nervous emotions count for more than thoughts. They aim not at sense, but at sensations.

—During 1901, twenty-nine different novels deserved at least one mention in the lists of the six best-selling books of each month in this country. The fact that nineteen of these novels were written by Americans proves that our prophets, such as they are, are not without honor in their own country. Of the other ten fortunates, eight were Englishmen, one was a Canadian and one a Frenchman. Again, of the twenty-nine novels twenty-one are known to be the work of men, and six of women; two others are doubtful. Nine are historical novels, and four have a dominant religious interest.

—That versatile editor-author, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, voices the feelings of his tribe in the following pathetic wail:

He [the editor] can not possibly see the authors of rejected manuscripts and explain to them why they are rejected. Editors in my experience are so far human that they do not like to say No. They do not care to speak disagreeable truths to authors about their writings. A friend of mine who is an editor received lately a large manuscript from a lady. He examined it and returned it as unsuitable. The lady at once repaired to his office and asked to see him. She was informed that he was engaged, but was not to be daunted. "Take a message to him," she said, "saying that I wish to speak to him about the manuscript that was returned, and to know why it was returned." She was told that it was returned because it was unsuitable. "That is no answer," she said. "I wish to have explained to me why it was unsuitable." Now if an editor were in the habit of receiving, say, one manuscript a week, he might be willing to write letters and give interviews about rejected manuscripts. Alas! the state of things is far different. Every day brings its pile of manuscripts to any fully occupied editor, and it is as much as he can do to go through them in any decent manner and make up his mind upon them. To enter into a correspondence about each would soon drive him into the madhouse.

Like Andrew Lang, Dr. Nicoll has been described as a "literary centipede wielding an industrious pen with each of his many tentacles"; and if Dr. Nicoll finds it beyond his strength to send explanatory letters with rejected articles, the case of the ordinary editor is obviously hopeless. But to be frank—and grateful—this is better understood now than it used to be, as is also the fact that manuscripts are accepted or rejected absolutely on

their merits, without regard to the past reputation of the author, or the personal influence he can command.

—Sir George Trevelyan, the nephew and biographer of Macaulay, assures us that he is more concerned about the "White Peril" than about the "Yellow Peril"; by which he means that the silliness and sensualism and materialism of current literature is a greater menace to our civilization than the Chinese Empire ever was. His words are strong:

Into every corner of our island, into every corner of the world, ugliness, vulgarity, materialism, the insipid negation of everything that has been accounted good in the past history of man, "post o'er land and ocean without rest," armed with powers to destroy the old and propagate the new, far more powerful than the means of destruction and assimilation with which the Greek colonist, the Elizabethan adventurer, and the religious refugee went forth across the seas in the days of old. All that is good in the world is threatened. Art, literature, religious leadership, political common-sense, have in our island gone down before the tide in one generation: Material luxury alone seems likely to survive the general wreck, and the relation that luxury bears to the higher efforts of mind and spirit is inverse.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Trevelyan does not write more than he does. He is clever, sane and serious-minded, utterly unlike those raucous, undisciplined voices that speak for the rampant, vulgarized civilization of to-day—utterly unlike that brood of scribblers of whom it has been said inelegantly but forcibly that "they write with their feet and think with the back of their necks."

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Catholic Church from Within. \$1.50.
 Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. J. Guggenberger, S. J. \$1.50, net.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 Hawthorn and Lavender. *William Ernest Henley.* \$1.60, net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

- Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
 Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
 A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Benefactress. \$1.50.
 The Magic Key. *Elizabeth S. Tucker.* \$1.10.
 Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. James Landers, of the diocese of Detroit; the Rev. Bernard Barry, diocese of Hartford; the Rev. Joseph Ebert, C. PP. S.; and the Rev. D. F. Haugh, S. J.

Mr. W. E. Fallis and Mrs. Ellen Moore, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Joseph New, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. James Costello, Biddeford, Me.; Mr. Henry Kearney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Robert Steinbrunner, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Catherine Coffey, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Rose Carey, Port Huron, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. William Oyston, Durham, England; Mr. J. A. Mullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Sheehan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Simon White, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Starrs, Miss Mary Leary, and Miss Agnes Dunne, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. M. T. Conley and Mrs. Joanna Lynch, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Bernardina Moemke, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mr. Robert Kelley, —, Scotland.

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



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Content.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

WHEN I go abroad
 The ways stretch bright to me;
 But when I am at home,
 At home I love to be.

When I go abroad
 The gardens all are fair;
 But when I am at home
 I seek no otherwhere.

When I go abroad
 I'm happy with the gay;
 But when I am at home,
 At home I fain would stay.

When I go abroad
 None more content than I;
 When I am at home,
 There I could live and die.

When I go abroad
 The world is good to see;
 But, ah, to be at home,—
 My home is heaven to me!

Indiscriminate Reading: A Great Evil and Its Remedy.

BY LORENZO J. MARKOE.

THE evil results of indiscriminate reading stare us in the face on all sides. Cases have come under our own notice which have compelled us to think seriously upon this prolific source of leakage in the Church in this country.

A young girl of excellent family, surrounded by devout Catholic relatives and under the care of a good Catholic

mother, suddenly startled them all by formally renouncing the Catholic Church to enter the Protestant Episcopal communion. Her Catholic friends marvelled much at this strange proceeding; but a near relative readily solved the problem by ascribing her action to indiscriminate reading. She was a bright girl and anxious for information; but, unhappily, she seemed to believe that whatever professed to be intellectual or scientific must in some way be a source of information and advancement to the reader.

Another talked confidently of the mistake of establishing religious contemplative Orders in the Church. She was thoroughly familiar with the infidel objections urged against these Orders, and quietly assumed that they formed the correct view of the question. It may be asked: Had she studied with equal diligence the reasons given by the Church for establishing these Orders and cherishing them as the apple of her eye? Alas! no; for indiscriminate reading usually leads to the contempt of sound Catholic literature. The indiscriminate reader feels the incompatibility of the two, and makes no attempt to reconcile them, but simply ignores all reading which would interfere with his personal freedom of choice by alarming his conscience with scruples upon the course he is pursuing with such persistent wilfulness.

A young man, who attended to his religious duties with ordinary fidelity, quietly expressed his entire disbelief in the existence of a personal devil. His reading had led him to that conclusion.

But he had not made such a study of the teaching of the Church as to be at least posted on both sides of the question, and had never even heard, for example, of Father Delaporte's little book entitled "The Devil: Does He Exist? And What Does He Do?"

Another young girl was quite familiar with the works of Marie Corelli and many other authors, some of whose writings she suspected of being especially objectionable in the eyes of the Church. She knew a great deal about Ingersoll's stock objections to the Bible; was thoroughly indoctrinated as to the absurdity of having Italians in the majority in the Sacred College, the great waste of wealth and energy upon Catholic church buildings in Europe, the weaknesses of the cardinals in Rome and of individual priests at home, the importance of having church property administered by intelligent laymen instead of by mere ecclesiastics; and she was "down on" St. Paul for insisting that a woman should cover her head in church, and for trying to subject her to man, and so forth, and so forth.

Still another visited Rome; and she declared that had she not been a Catholic when she went there, she would have returned a pagan. Why? Well, she had seen the *monsignor* smiling and talking in the churches, the hordes of beggars in the streets, and had been profoundly impressed by the many evidences of the grandeur of ancient pagan Rome. Where men of the greatest intellect have been moved to tears of emotion, and the hearts of millions of Christians in all ages of our era have throbbed with loving pride and wonder, she had walked about unconscious of the hallowed associations of the Eternal City and of what was directly before her. Being fond of reading, non-Catholic authors were her chief sources of information, and they had not prepared her for her visit to Rome; or, rather, they had presented her with a pair of colored

spectacles which placed everything before her in grotesque and misshapen forms.

But why multiply examples? We all meet constantly these souls on every side, many of whom have lost their hold on life and now lead but an aimless existence, with no very definite purpose here and no special hope for the future, but rather a doubt as to whether there is any future at all awaiting them. Can not parents and guardians be made to understand something of the cause of this ruin of souls, and of the remedy (that thus the evil may be rendered less widespread, and the danger removed from their own children or at least minimized), by showing them the reasonableness of the Church's position on this question of indiscriminate reading, and her just claim to our obedience in so grave a matter? It is at least worth the effort.

We must all agree with Dr. Newman that "the divine law...is the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, irreversible, absolute authority in the presence of men and angels."* Or, again, when he quotes these words of Cardinal Gousset: "The divine law is the supreme rule of actions; our thoughts, desires, words, acts, all that man is, is subject to the domain of the law of God; and this law is the rule of our conduct by means of our conscience. Hence it is never lawful to go against our conscience."† Yet Dr. Newman declares that "all through my day there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience, as I have described it.... Public writers, day after day, have indoctrinated the minds of innumerable readers with theories subversive of its claims. As in Roman times and in the Middle Age its supremacy was assailed by the arm of physical force, so now the intellect is put in operation to sap the foundations

* "Reply to Gladstone," p. 71.

† *Ib.*, p. 72.

of a power which the sword could not destroy."*

And he tells us: "When men advocate the rights of conscience they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humor, without any thought of God at all.... It becomes a license to take up any or no religion, to take up this or that and let it go again,...to boast of being above all religions and to be an impartial critic of each of them.... It is the right of self-will."†

Thus we see that whilst in theory we readily acknowledge God's rule over us, by the reading of the day we are led in practice to misconceive the true meaning of "conscience," and thus to deny Him that dominion which the Church teaches that He exercises first and foremost by means of our conscience,—the conscience of each individual. The tendency of indiscriminate reading is to oust conscience altogether from its control of our conduct.

But, admitting the need of being guided by our conscience in our reading, may we conclude that this conscience is all-sufficient to protect us whilst we peruse every book or magazine that attracts our attention or excites our curiosity? Once more let us listen to Dr. Newman. "But the sense of right and wrong," he says, "which is the first element in religion, is so delicate, so fitful, so easily puzzled, obscured, perverted,...so impressible by education, so biased by pride and passion,...that in the struggle for existence amidst various exercises and triumphs of the human intellect, this sense is at once the highest of all teachers, yet the least luminous; and the Church, the Pope, the hierarchy are, in the divine purpose, the supply of an urgent demand."‡

Therefore, besides our conscience, God teaches us by another of His representatives—viz., His Church.

The English bishops, in their recent pastoral on Liberal Catholicism, quote these words of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.: "The license which is commonly confounded with liberty—the passion for criticising and finding fault with everything, the habit of throwing into print whatever men think or feel—has so confused and darkened men's minds that the Church's office as a teacher has now become more than ever useful and necessary, to save Christians from being drawn away from conscience and duty."* He attributes the evils that afflict modern society to the "habit of belittling and despising, or of utterly rejecting, the authority of the Church, which presides in the name of God over the welfare of mankind, and is the divinely appointed guardian of those principles of eternal truth and justice on which all human authority ultimately rests."†

Familiarity with the productions of these up-to-date public writers, as they have been depicted by Dr. Newman and the bishops, tends to destroy our faith in the Church as our divinely appointed teacher and only safe guide to true happiness, both for this world and for the next. With our ideas of conscience confused and distorted, and our faith in the guidance of the Church weakened or destroyed, we soon become helpless victims of our own indiscretion in swallowing the poison contained in the reading of our day.

Hence we find the English bishops warning Catholics against indulging the propensity "freely to dispose of doctrine, practice, and discipline, upon their own responsibility and without the least reference to the mind of the Church or to her ministers." They point out, with the tender solicitude of a mother who

* *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Feb., 1901.

† *Ib.*, p. 180.

* *Ib.*, p. 74. † *Ib.*, p. 75. ‡ *Ib.*, pp. 78, 79.

foresees the danger threatening a favorite but wayward son, that when once we have thus wilfully set up our individual judgment against our holy mother the Church, our faith soon "becomes tainted, moral virtue becomes relaxed, and, in process of time, liberalism in religion invades the whole mind until, like their leaders, many of the faithful are thought to be alive and they are dead."* We might, then, by an easy gradation, even fall into that state so vividly foretold by St. Paul: "For there shall come a time when they will not endure sound doctrine; but, according to their own desires, they will heap up to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned to fables."†

The bishops mention indiscriminate reading as "perhaps the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul." "Without attracting attention, men, and women too, take up books or magazines that lie about, and, as it were casually, turn to the cleverly written and highly-spiced articles against their faith which they find therein. Their minds have no tincture of philosophical or theological training; they possess no antidote to the poisonous draught. But they read on without excuse or necessity, allured by fashion, curiosity, or a desire to taste of forbidden fruit." Thus, whilst the teachings of God's holy Church are belittled and deemed not even worthy of serious consideration and study, our minds are "confused and darkened," as the Holy Father has expressed it, by the writings of Ingersoll, Dowie, Mrs. Eddy; by the false doctrines of Agnosticism, "Christian Science," Theosophy, and so-called "Divine Healers."

We, have, indeed—many of us—turned away our "hearing from the truth"; but, "having itching ears," have been

"turned to fables." The English bishops cite the following "poisonous opinions" as sometimes held even by Catholics—viz., "that Catholics are free to read and discuss matters, however dangerous to faith or morals, if they are inclined to do so; that they may retain the name of Catholic and receive the sacraments whilst disbelieving one or more of the truths of faith; and that they are in these respects subject to no ecclesiastical authority or episcopal correction."

Need we, then, be surprised to see that the indulgence in indiscriminate reading, carried on under the specious pretext of gathering information and knowledge from any and all sources, and of studying all sides of every question, so frequently ends in the weakening of the intellect, the destruction of the moral character, and the loss of faith in God and His Church? Bishop Spalding warns us that "unless man's highest powers are stimulated and kept active, he falls into sensual indulgence or becomes the victim of a weak and sceptical temper, no longer able to believe anything, or to love anything with all his heart." This, he declares, "is the temper of decadent races or perishing civilizations, and of dying religions."* "By their fruits you shall know them."† Are not such results as these sufficient to convince us that the tree of indiscriminate reading from which they are gathered must bear poisonous fruits, which can prove only injurious to the soul and the intellect of him who eats thereof? How different are the results obtained by those who are docile to the Church's disciplinary regulations, and follow her guidance with simple, childlike trust and confidence!

Bishop Spalding has said that "the Catholic religion is a life to be lived more even than a doctrine to be taught and believed." And our Blessed Lord's own words naturally recur to the mind

* *Ib.*, p. 187.

† II Tim., iv, 3, 4.

* "Education and the Future of Religion," p. 15.

† St. Matt., vii, 16.

here: "Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."* Hence we infer that this is not merely a question of the intellect, but much more of the will, the *heart*. "The fool hath said *in his heart*, There is no God."† Is not this very spirit of docility itself a preliminary grace, to be obtained by earnest, heartfelt and persevering prayer? Is it not indeed under the sweet, compelling influence of this spirit that we learn to reverence the Holy See, to respect the liturgy of the Church, to understand the true character of her system of popular devotions as the outward expression of that faith?

To all who are imbued with this spirit and a thirst for truth and knowledge the Church addresses a fearless challenge to study truth as it is, and to seek knowledge wherever it can *truly* be gathered; to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge confidently and to the heart's content. Bishop Spalding says: "The fundamental principle of the Catholic theologian and apologist is that there is harmony between revelation rightly understood and the facts of the universe rightly known; and since this is so, the deepest thought and the most certain knowledge must furnish the most irrefragable proof of the truth of our faith."‡

Of the results of such an investigation he draws the following beautiful picture: "A devout and illumined spirit sees all things bound together in harmony and beauty about the feet of the Eternal Father. Knowledge confirms faith and faith impels to knowledge; religion nourishes morality and morality strengthens and purifies religion. Art, in reflecting some feeble rays of the infinite splendor, opens vistas of the diviner life. Science, in showing that order reigns everywhere, even in the midst of seeming discord,

that all things are subject to law, gives us a clearer perception of God's infinite wisdom and power. Material progress itself, in making earthly things subject to human knowledge and skill, fulfils the will of the Creator, who made all things for man. Thus science and art and progress, all conspire with religion to upbuild man's being and to mould him into ever-increasing likeness to God." Need we wonder, then, that the Church encourages and even urges upon all the acquisition of knowledge in both the supernatural and the natural order?

"One man of science," observes Von Hertling, as quoted by Bishop Spalding on page 12, "who works with success in the fields of research, whose name is written on the pages of history in far-gleaming characters, and who at the same time leads the life of a true son of the Church, outweighs whole volumes of apologetics." Thank God! such men are never wanting in the Church's ranks. Perhaps none in recent years has more completely realized Von Hertling's description than the late really great scientist and equally devout and pious Catholic, Dr. Pasteur. Bishop Spalding recalls to our mind the saying of St. Ignatius of Loyola: "To occupy one's self with science in a pure and religious spirit is more pleasing to God than practices of penance, because it is more completely the work of the whole man." Of such men as these the Society of Jesus furnishes many illustrious examples in our own day. In the Philippine Islands it is to them that our government has had recourse for its most trustworthy scientific data as to our new possessions.

The English bishops remind us that there is a large portion of the "teaching of the Church which does not fall under the head of revealed truth, nor even under the endowment of her infallibility, but under the exercise of her ordinary authority to feed, teach and govern the flock of Christ.... Under this ordinary

* St. Matt., xviii, 3.

† Psalm xiii, 1.

‡ "Education and the Future of Religion," p. 11.

authority, or *magisterium*, come the pastoral letters of bishops, diocesan and provincial synods, . . . many acts of the Supreme Pontiff, and all the decisions of the Roman Congregations. It is by virtue of ordinary ecclesiastical authority, not of infallibility, that the larger number of the hortative, directive and preceptive acts of the Church are issued. . . . In such a case loyal Catholics should accept her decision, by virtue of 'religious obedience,' as the one to be followed for the present."

In our own day the Roman Congregations have sometimes been lightly referred to by Catholics who, perhaps, have not sufficiently considered "their careful and elaborate methods, or their system of sifting and testing evidence, and . . . the pains taken by the Holy See to summon experts even from distant parts of the Church to take part in their proceedings." One of these—the Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books—is expressly established to protect Catholics from this very danger of indiscriminate reading. Like all these Congregations, it is composed of men of a very high order of learning and ability. The English bishops tell us that "it is governed by a code of rules and instructions drawn up by Clement VIII., revised by Alexander VII., Benedict XIV., and recently by his Holiness Leo XIII. in his Constitution *Officiorum*. No work is condemned without a previous rigorous examination of its contents; no Catholic writer of eminence is censured without being allowed opportunity for defence, either personally or by proxy. The consideration of the Holy See is further illustrated by the way in which she grants special facilities for dispensation in regard to one or other rule of the Index; thus making it just as easy for Catholics in this country to be guided by the authoritative direction of the Congregation as for Catholics elsewhere."

Finally, the bishops lay down the

following important rule as to reading: "But no dispensation from rules of the Index can leave Catholics at liberty to read whatever they please. By the natural law a man is bound to avoid reading anything that he knows may undermine his faith, his religion or his morality; and this law of nature is emphasized by the highest sanctions in the law of grace. . . . Feeding the mind and imagination upon arguments and pictures against the virtue of faith must end as fatally to the soul as feeding them upon lascivious suggestions and forbidden images. Faith and chastity are equally gifts of God, that need careful guardianship. They that love the danger shall perish in it. . . . To read without necessity matter calculated to create doubt or to sap faith is a sin against religion and the First Commandment."

Should we not, then, admit that the Church has at least as much right to take measures to prevent the corrupting of the mind by false doctrines and immoral literature as the health officer has to enforce regulations to stamp out contagious disease and to prevent the infection from spreading? We may safely say that the principles which the English bishops have thus laid down for the guidance of Catholics in England apply with the same force and authority in this country; for they are simply the principles of the Universal Church as interpreted by the Holy See for all Catholics.

It has seemed to us that the considerations here put forth could not fail to arrest the attention, touch the hearts, and arouse the solicitude of parents, guardians, and all those having a direct interest in the young. When we sit down and think it over quietly, how powerfully this vigilance of the Church appeals to our reason, to our common-sense! Just as the body can not live without nourishment, so the mind must be nourished by truth, and the soul must be nourished by the spiritual food

of prayer and the sacraments. But we do not fill the stomach indiscriminately with any and all kinds of food and in unlimited quantity. Some kinds of food destroy the body, weaken and enfeeble it, and eventually produce disease and death. Just so with mental food,—just so with spiritual food for the soul. And again, if we neglect the body and give it no food it dies. So truth is the food of the intellect and error is its poison. Truth strengthens the intellect, develops its powers, and makes it ever brighter and clearer and more discerning in its perceptions. But error produces just the contrary effects. It introduces confusion, darkness, and utter inability to reason correctly or to draw logical conclusions from given premises, and weakens and eventually perverts the intellect.

And is it not precisely the same as to the soul? Must it not be nourished by prayer and the sacraments, and exercised in the practice of virtue? Hence the man whose soul is darkened by unbelief and sin will find both body and mind affected by his spiritual condition. A diseased soul can not nourish and maintain a sound body and mind. The soul is the life of both; and if its own life be not preserved pure and undefiled, will not both body and intellect feel the evil consequences?

We have seen that it is not a desire to keep her children in ignorance that leads the Church to regulate and control their spiritual and mental course of nourishment. It is merely her solicitude to save them from eating poisonous food—which, instead of life and vigor, will produce intellectual or spiritual sickness or death, or, at best, a general paralysis of the soul and intellect—which prompts her action. The mere filling of the mind with words, ideas, or the thoughts of others is not knowledge. We have all heard the expressive phrase, “acquired ignorance.” The humorist expressed it well when he declared that

it is far better not to know so much than “to know so many things that ain’t so.”

Scientists, such as Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and others—who are the demigods of the ill-instructed seeker after knowledge, both within and without the pale of the Church—have done a service to science by their success in collecting facts in nature which are of great value to the student of nature. But, unfortunately for them and for their disciples, they ventured into the realm of the “unknown,” and proceeded to dogmatize and to teach a lot of things that “ain’t so” about the origin of species, and so forth, for which they could produce no corroborating facts in nature or in Revelation. Thus they became mere irresponsible theorizers, and have been merely “the blind leading the blind.”

But, strangest of all, whilst we are blinded by the glamour of these men’s learning and of their self-confidence in asserting their mere personal theories as to the origin of the works of God, we show no eagerness to read the writings of the many really great scientists, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who base their conclusions on the real facts of nature supplemented by the real facts of Revelation. How many of us have read Father Hughes’ work on “The Principles of Anthropology and Biology,” the book entitled “The Stars and the Earth” written by a Protestant clergyman, Father Heuser’s volume on the study of the Sacred Scriptures, Cardinal Wiseman’s writings on various branches of modern science, or any of a thousand other similar works that would furnish solid nourishment to our intellects and our souls; and especially and above all the Bible itself, that inexhaustible storehouse of knowledge both sacred and profane?

But who has *not* read the writings of those modern scientists, who are popular, of course, in our non-religious public schools, and whose works crowd the

shelves of our normal school libraries and our public libraries; works which fill the minds of our unwary Catholic young men and women with an "acquired ignorance," which they then parade before their astonished listeners with all the self-complacency with which the vain peacock spreads his tail and majestically turns it toward us that we may admire its beauty! But in the latter case there is in reality a beauty to admire; whereas in the former we can but wonder at the blindness of the poor youngster who is so assiduously parading his laboriously acquired ignorance for our delectation!

Do we not supply, in this matter of indiscriminate reading, one more proof of the perversity of the human heart? In the Garden of Eden man insisted, despite God's express prohibition, upon eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Now, when, through His Church, God says to us, "Come and eat of the tree of real knowledge, and feed no longer on the husks of barren theories and conjectures," we at once cry out: "We will *not* eat!" And why? "*Non serviam!*" A Catholic young woman once boasted to us that, having heard a bishop denounce certain works of fiction as unfit for Catholics to read, she hastened the next day to purchase every one of them. We can not but wonder whether, should these lines catch her eye, she will at once purchase the few books here mentioned and carefully *read them through*.

Why not cease to waste our precious time in the study of those writers who boast that they do not know and then invite us to come and share their ignorance? When we want to learn something about carpentering, we do not go to our butcher and ask him to write a learned dissertation upon his theory of how a carpenter ought to saw a plank; but we go to the carpenter, because he does not theorize but gives us the result of his actual knowledge

of carpentering. Why not act in like manner when we desire true knowledge of the things of God, whether in the natural or supernatural order? A glance at the writings of Catholic men of learning is sufficient to convince us of their wonderful grasp of knowledge, of their true and solid erudition in matters of science, whether it be astronomy, meteorology, biology, or other kindred topics. And in the field of fiction and general literature such works as "Dion and the Sibyls" and "The Betrothed" ("I Promessi Sposi") soon give us a distaste for fiction of a baser sort.

Here in the United States we can no longer complain of the poor literature at the command of Catholics. We have an abundance of the very best in all branches, with translations of some of the choicest works of other lands. Hence if we persist in our indiscriminate reading, are we not indeed without excuse? Can we deny that a vitiated taste in reading excites an unnatural craving for the gratification of a prurient imagination and for the poisoned food seasoned with the spice of sin, and destroys the taste for sound reading, just as the confirmed drunkard must have his poisoned drug and finds the pure liquor too insipid for his disordered appetite? Why can not a correct taste be cultivated in reading just as it can be cultivated in dress, companions, art, music, and a thousand other things in our daily lives? A wholesome taste once acquired in literature, we readily detect the false and the misleading, and gladly turn away from it to rid ourselves of the nausea which, sooner or later, it produces in our system.

ALL the glories of Mary are comprised in these words—she was the true and worthy Mother of God. All that we can know or understand of the Blessed Virgin, says St. Thomas of Villanova, is summed up in this sentence—"Of whom was born Jesus."

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

NIGHT was fast closing down on the quebrada; but the two horsemen, followed by a *mozo* and pack-mule, who found themselves deep amid its wildest scenes, could perceive no sign of the shelter which they had expected to make. All day they had been riding, with heights of savage grandeur towering higher and higher above them; with the unceasing roar of rushing, falling water in their ears; with the rock-strewn way growing constantly rougher as the mountains drew nearer together, until the pass became no more than a narrow, winding defile, which constantly seemed to come to an end in the face of some tremendous, jutting cliff. Both men were well accustomed to hardship, but they had ridden with little rest since early morning. They were tired, and conscious of tired animals under them; they were wet from continual fording of the stream, where even the most careful rider and sure-footed mule were likely at any moment to find themselves in a deep hole among the rocks over which the torrent foamed; and, besides being tired and wet, they were extremely hungry. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that patience finally began to appear somewhat less than a virtue.

"I thought I knew something of rough country," Armistead remarked; "but this exceeds anything I've ever seen. And this trail we are following is called a road, I suppose!"

"Why not?" Lloyd asked. "Why shouldn't it be the King's Highway—*el camino real*—if it likes? It's all the highway there is."

"I've been expecting it to turn into a squirrel track and run up a tree, but I begin to think now that it's we who

are up the tree. What are we going to do if we can't make this place we are looking for?"

"We must make it; for there's no other place where we can get anything for our animals to eat."

"And how much farther do you think we have to go?"

"Probably a league."

"A league! Why, you told me this morning it was only ten or twelve leagues from the place where we spent the night!"

"So it was, but you have learned what leagues are like in the quebrada; and we took a pretty long noon rest, you remember."

Armistead did remember, and, having had much experience in wild places and rough countries, said nothing more. So they rode on in silence for some time, while the strip of sky far above their heads, which during the day had burned with the blue fire of a jewel, now took a tender violet tint; while the stars—wonderfully large and golden in these high tropical altitudes—began to look down on them. In the depths of the great earth-rift twilight passes into night even more quickly than elsewhere; and the outlines of rocks and trees began to assume a certain indistinctness, while the voice of the river seemed to take a higher note as it poured downward over its rocks. A wonderful Alpine freshness came into the air, together with a thousand wild perfumes and scent of green, growing things.

Presently Armistead spoke again.

"I shouldn't be surprised if we came upon the Rivers party at this Guasi—whatever the name of the place is. You know they told us at Tamezula that the Gerente of the Caridad and his party had passed up the quebrada just before us."

"If they maintain their distance in advance of us, instead of being at Guasimillas, they ought to reach Tópia to-night."

"You forget that Miss Rivers is with them. It's not possible with a woman to make such day's marches as we have made. I'll wager a good deal we find them at this place."

"The hope ought to put fresh spirit into you, then, if not into your mule. I observe that you are much interested in Miss Rivers."

"Who wouldn't be interested in her? Do you know that she is perhaps the most admired girl in California?"

"I didn't know it, but I haven't much trouble in believing it. She has 'a way with her,' as the Irish say, that tends toward fascination. Even a case-hardened chap like myself is conscious of it."

"Oddly enough, I never met her until we ran across them the other day at Guaymas," Armistead went on. "It's a queer whim that brings her to this country—a girl with the world, so to speak, at her feet and hosts of admirers and friends all over America and Europe,—but rare good luck for me. It's positively amazing"—Lloyd was by this time accustomed to the note of self-complacency in the voice—"how my luck holds!"

"You consider the presence of Miss Rivers here as a proof of it?"

"Of course. Any one might see that the presence of such a woman in such a place lends a flavor to life it would otherwise lack; and equally, of course, the thing works the other way also."

"You mean that your presence will lend a flavor to life for Miss Rivers?"

"I shouldn't put it exactly that way, but necessarily she will appreciate a man out of her own world more when she meets him here than if she met him at home."

"No doubt,"—the assent was sincere, if a little dry. "Things do arrange themselves well for your benefit, one must confess."

"Always!" Armistead agreed, with the satisfaction which a prosperous man

finds it hard to suppress, and which other men, especially the less prosperous, are likely to find so irritating. "Things never fail to come my way just at the time I want them, and I have a pretty strong impression that they will continue to do so."

Lloyd made no response to this confident forecast, but as they rode on in the starlight a dim memory of old classic stories and ancient superstitions came to him. He thought of the Greek king casting his most precious jewel into the sea to propitiate the gods who had overwhelmed him with continued good fortune and avert the inevitable hour of disaster. There seemed a certain absurdity in associating these memories with the man beside him, typical product of the hard, material, modern world. Yet, if the ancient gods are dead, who knows better than the man of to-day, whose only god after himself is Luck, that this strange power or influence, on which no one can confidently reckon, may change in a moment, and that to fight against it is like swimming against the ocean tide? Sooner or later such a luckless swimmer goes under and is heard of no more. It was possible that in the great Sierra, towering in austere majesty before them, failure was waiting for this man who so confidently boasted of never having known it; and who by such boast, an old Greek would have believed, incurred the certain withdrawal of the fortune in which he trusted. This was the thought which flitted across Lloyd's mind, as if inspired by the ceaseless chant of the river beside them, or by the mystery of the night, so full of the suggestion of ancient memories. But he held his peace; and presently, just as his keen eye caught something like the gleam of a star in the depths of the gorge ahead of them, the *mozo* behind spoke:

"Look, Señor! Yonder is Guasimillas."

"So it is," Lloyd said to Armistead. "We're all right now."

As they rode on, splashing across still another ford, the light enlarged rapidly, and they soon perceived that it was a camp-fire, around which a considerable number of men and mules were gathered.

"The Rivers party!" Armistead said.

"No," Lloyd disagreed. "That is not likely to be so large. What train is this?" he asked of one of the men around the fire.

"The *condúcta* of the Santa Cruz Mine, Señor," the man replied.

"Talking of coincidences, what do you think of that?" Lloyd asked, as they rode onward. "The *condúcta*—that is, the bullion-train—of the Santa Cruz Mine! What particular phase of your good luck do you consider this meeting an indication of?"

"Of the phase that I shall probably be directing the next trip it makes," Armistead answered, with a laugh. "But I thought we had reached our destination."

"So we have: here's the house."

They rode under the overhanging shade of trees, and dismounted before a house of more pretension than most of the quebrada residences; an adobe structure, with a long, partially enclosed corridor in front, instead of the usual *ramada*. In this corridor one or two lamps were burning; a table, covered with a cloth and bearing some dishes, stood; while various figures, both masculine and feminine, were moving about; and as the newcomers rode up a middle-aged man came forward to meet them.

"Ah, Don Pablo!—*como está Vd.?*?" said Lloyd, putting out his hand.

It was dark under the trees, but Don Pablo knew the voice.

"It is Don Felipe!" he announced, delightedly. "Don Felipe himself! A thousand welcomes, Señor! I knew you would come back, although you told us you were going away to stay."

"Yes, I am back," Lloyd answered. "And you are well? and Doña María?

and all the family? Good! This is my friend, Señor Armistead,—another Americano. You can give us food for ourselves and our horses—*pronto?*"

"All that I have is yours, Señor, and you shall be served as soon as possible; but there are many people here to-night, and my wife and daughter have their hands full."

"Who are the people?"

"The Gerente of the Caridad, with a party, Señor; and the *administrador* of the Santa Cruz, with his *condúcta*."

"We passed the *condúcta* out yonder, and—but what is that?"

"It is the ladies in the *huerta*, Señor, singing."

"The ladies?"

"Doña Victoria Calderon and the daughter of the Gerente of the Caridad."

Lloyd turned to his companion.

"Do you hear that?" he asked.

"The singing? Certainly," Armistead answered. "What does he say about it?"

"He says that the singers are Miss Rivers and Doña Victoria Calderon."

"Doña—who?"

"The daughter of the owner of the Santa Cruz Mine,—if you understand that better."

Armistead stared.

"You don't mean it!" he said.

"It does seem like overdoing the coincidence business," Lloyd admitted. "But since things always turn up when you want them, and it's to be supposed that you want Doña Victoria, she has only followed the rule in obligingly turning up."

"Rather prematurely," Armistead returned. "I could have waited for the pleasure of meeting her; but, after all, I suppose it is a lucky accident. She doesn't know who I am or why I'm here, and this meeting will give me a chance to study her a little. We'll wash our faces and join them."

A little later they came upon a pretty scene in the *huerta*. The aspect of this charming place—a grove of orange-trees,

forming delightful vistas for the eye, all green and gold in daylight and full of shadowy mystery at night—had so enchanted Miss Rivers that she insisted upon her tent being pitched here. A moon but little past the full was now risen over the heights and poured its radiance into the quebrada, showing every fold of the great hills, flashing on the swift current of the crystal river, and making a fairy lace-work of silvery lights and black shadows in the wide alleys of the *huerta*. The white canvas of the tent shone like snow under the broad boughs of glossy foliage; and before its door, over which a Moorish lantern hung, with the light gleaming jewel-like through ruby glass, a group was gathered in various easy attitudes—Miss Rivers, Doña Victoria, Thornton and Mackenzie, on bright-colored blankets and cushions; Mr. Rivers and Don Mariano a little withdrawn to one side, and more sedately seated on chairs brought from the house.

Lloyd and Armistead, as they approached under the trees, paused at sight of this group; struck not so much by its general picturesqueness as by the central figure on which the moonlight fell most broadly,—the figure of the Mexican girl, who, as she sat in the lustrous radiance, with a guitar in her hands, seemed endowed with a beauty altogether marvellous. She was singing at the moment, and what she sang was “*La Golondrina*,”—that sweetest and saddest of Spanish airs, the very cry of an exile’s broken heart:

Adonde ira, veloz y fatigada,
La golondrina que de aqui se va,
O si en el viento se hallará estraviada
Buscando abrigo y no lo encontrará.

There was a pause, in which no one stirred; and then, like honey dropping from the honeycomb, the low, rich notes fell again on the listener’s ears:

Ave querida, amada peregrina,
Mi corazon al tuyo estrecharé
Oíré tu canto, tierna golondrina,
Recordaré mi patria y lloraré.

With a cadence full of tenderness and pathos, the voice died into silence over the last words; and after a moment it was Miss Rivers who spoke:

“I never heard those words of ‘*La Golondrina*’ before. They are exquisite. And one might fancy that you had been an exile like *Aben-Hamed* in the other version, *Señorita*,—you sing them so feelingly.”

“I have been enough of an exile to understand them, *Señorita*,” Victoria answered, in a voice almost as musical as her singing tones; “but I learned these words from my mother, who has felt all that they express.”

“Why, Lloyd—Armistead!” Mr. Rivers suddenly perceived the two figures now advancing from the shadows. “So you two fellows *have* caught up with us!”

“It hasn’t been very hard to do,” Lloyd remarked as they shook hands. “Your progression seems to have been most leisurely.”

“Why not? Haven’t we left the Land of Hurry behind? Isabel, you remember Mr. Armistead and Mr. Lloyd? And we have some Mexican friends with us. Lloyd, you know Don Mariano Vallejo, of course? Don Mariano,”—lapsing into Spanish—“let me introduce Mr. Armistead, a distinguished mining expert from the States, come to examine the mineral resources of your country in the interests of capitalists. And this is the *Señorita Doña Victoria Calderon*. Doña Victoria, these señores Americanos desire to place themselves at your feet.”

It was all over presently—the hand-shaking, bowing, compliments; and the señores Americanos dropped into their places,—Armistead by the side of Miss Rivers, and Lloyd near Thornton, who expressed his pleasure at seeing him again.

“I was afraid you had grown disgusted and left us,” he said. “I’m glad to see you haven’t. There are great chances here, once this region is opened up; and you have spent too

much time in the Sierra to let other men come in and win the prizes."

"They are likely to do that any way," Lloyd answered. "I have long since made up my mind that I'm one of the unlucky dogs of the world, who win no prizes."

"It's your own fault if you are—but it doesn't look like it just now. To have got hold of Trafford's expert is pretty good luck."

"The boot is on the other leg—he has got hold of me."

"Whichever leg it is on, you can make use of him, can't you? He's here to look up mines, isn't he?"

"To some extent."

"Oh, I'm not asking you to violate confidence! One knows the mystery in which these gilt-edged experts enwrap their business. Diplomats settling the affairs of nations aren't in it with them. Some day I intend to begin to put on such airs myself. It seems the only road to success."

"Don't begin yet. You are too good a fellow to be spoiled. And really Armistead doesn't put on the airs to which you allude to any offensive extent. But tell me how things are going with you, and how you come to be with these people of the Santa Cruz?"

"Purely by accident. They came up with us at the noon rest to-day, and we've travelled together since. I wish they were—elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Well, Miss Rivers has taken a great fancy to Doña Victoria, and devotes all her attention to her. This makes things rather tiresome for the rest of us."

"Meaning Mackenzie and yourself,—I see. But Mac is putting in his time very well just now, and the girl is magnificently handsome."

Thornton glanced at Doña Victoria and Mackenzie, who were talking together.

"She's handsome certainly—to anybody who likes the style," he agreed

temperately. "As for Mackenzie, he's more of a Mexican than anything else, and always gets on with these people. She's a great heiress, you know. Her mother's the sole owner of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"Ah!"

"Rather a remarkable young woman for a Mexican," Thornton continued. "Manages the business herself and does it uncommonly well. Even gives orders to Don Mariano yonder, who looks as if he could take President Diaz's job with credit to himself; and who is as shrewd as he looks, judging from our business experience with him. We part with them to-morrow, I'm glad to say. How about Armistead and yourself? You are going on to Tópia, I suppose?"

"The cordiality of the supposition is so great that I regret not being able to say positively that we are, but we may go instead to Canelas. There's some property in that neighborhood we wish to look at."

"Then you'll travel with the Santa Cruz party, no doubt?"

"Possibly—if we like to do so."

"Oh, I should think you'd like! Doña Victoria, as you've said, is tremendously handsome, and the Santa Cruz Mine is the best ore-producer in this part of the Sierra."

"I fail to see the connection."

"Many men would see it quickly enough. The time has been when Armistead would, but I suppose he's too prosperous now for that sort of thing. But, prosperous or not"—and the speaker rose with an air of determination,—"I don't see why he should be permitted to monopolize Miss Rivers, and I'm going to join them. Will you come?"

Lloyd looked at the girl who was talking to Armistead. Had he never seen her before he would have felt attracted by the charm, resistless as magnetism, which her presence diffused. But as it chanced he, too, had talked

with her under the stars in the patio of the hotel at Guaymas, he knew by personal experience the delightfulness of her companionship; and he was conscious, therefore, of a temptation to share, even with others, in the conversation, so sweet, so gay, so full of that quick comprehension and sympathy which is the fine flower of culture. But duty intervened. As they were entering the *huerta*, Armistead had said:

"You know my Spanish isn't good enough for conversational purposes, so I wish you would cultivate the Santa Cruz young woman. Try to find out, as far as possible, what kind of person she is."

"I didn't engage for diplomatic service," Lloyd reminded him.

"But you engaged to do my talking, and this is a case where it's very important that it should be done," Armistead responded impatiently. "I'd like to exchange some of my French and German for a little Spanish just now; but, since that isn't possible, I must use yours—and I want the benefit of all the brains you have in the bargain."

It was the recollection of this which moved Lloyd when, in reply to Thornton's last words, he answered, a little reluctantly:

"Thanks!—no. Miss Rivers will be quite sufficiently monopolized with yourself and Armistead. I believe I'll join Mackenzie and cultivate the heiress of Santa Cruz."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Hawthorne*.

FRIENDSHIPS are the purer and the more ardent the nearer they come to the presence of God, the Sun not only of righteousness but of love.—*Landor*.

The Prayer of Saint Perpetua.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

STEEP is the ladder leading to Thine heaven:
 O Christ my King, let grace to me be given
 To climb the narrow steps and come to Thee,
 To hear Thee saying, "Daughter, look on Me!"
 Sweet Jesus, Thou wast naked on the Cross,
 Thou tasted all the bitterness of loss!
 My little babe is taken from my breast,
 Stony the bed on which my hurt limbs rest;
 Gone is my home wherein the fountains play,
 Gone are the glories of life's golden day;
 Before me lies the wide, the soundless sea
 Of the great future called Eternity.

Steep is the ladder leading to Thine heaven:
 O Christ my King, let strength to me be given
 To climb it, and to reach where Mary waits,
 With arms extended, at the golden gates,—
 The gates of peace, where tears are wiped away,
 Outside which death and all earth's troubles
 stay;

Where all the martyrs who have gone before
 Cry, "Alleluia!" near the shining door;
 And fair child angels, clad in vesture white,
 Reflect the glory of the Infinite!

Steep is the ladder leading to Thine heaven:
 I saw it, with mine heart, like Mary's, riven.
 My sire had pointed to his silver hair,
 Then to mine infant, smiling, placid, fair.
 And when *he* went the subtle tempter came,
 Painted the scourging and the sudden shame;
 Spake of the circus and the wild beasts' roar,
 Like thund'rous surges on a rocky shore;
 Pictured my home, where fragrant blossoms
 bloom,

And said: "Why court the silence of the tomb?"

Steep is the ladder leading to Thine heaven:
 O Christ my King, let faith to me be given!
 The lizard creeps securely on the wall,
 The ripe grape fears not from the vine to fall;
 The child sleeps sweetly in its mother's arms,
 The nestling in its nest fears not alarms;
 But flesh shrinks, shudd'ring, from the shape
 death wears,
 From the dread forms low crouching near the
 stairs.

Master, sustain me when my lips are dumb,
 Let me with triumph to Thy presence come!

Steep is the ladder leading to Thine heaven:
 O Christ my King, let peace to me be given!

Thou hast stood by me in this prison drear;
 Hast said, "Perpetua, know I am here!"
Jesu, Lux vera! all hath been revealed:
 Nought from Thy priest have I this night concealed;
 And now, beneath the holy light of stars
 Shining so dimly through these dungeon bars,
 I kiss Thy Cross and cry, "Remember me:
 Take me to live in Paradise with Thee!"

Heralds of the King.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

IV.

ORACLES.—The future belongs to God alone, and the knowledge of it is peculiarly His. Occasionally, like imparting His omnipotence to man in the working of miracles, He imparts His knowledge of the future; but He ever reserves full right of it to Himself. Not man, not angel, not devil knows the future; and God forbids us to ask the future of man or angel or devil. "Thou shalt have no strange gods before Me." For it would be making a god of man or angel or devil if we credited him with being able to tell the future. Therefore did the devil, who would be equal to the Most High, set up oracles to tell the future and allure men and (oftener still) women to be his instruments. Yet on occasions, as was fitting, God forced these very agents of the devil's power to be the foretellers of His mercy in coming to redeem man. You remember what the demons said in Judea: "We know Thee, who Thou art: Thou art the Holy One of Israel."

Suidas, Nicephorus, Porphyry, and Plutarch mention a great number and give many particulars in their writings. Among the rest, a pagan priest once asked an oracle of Apollo about God and the true religion, and received for reply: "O thou unhappy priest, why dost thou ask me of God—that is, the Father of all things; and of this most renowned King's only Son, and of the Spirit that

contains all? Alas! that Spirit will shortly compel me to leave this habitation and place of oracles."

Suidas, in his life of the Emperor Augustus, tells us of a very striking incident. The Emperor had gone to Delphos to inquire of the oracle there who was to succeed him in Rome and what things should take place when he was dead. Responses were usually given only once each day; and when several inquirers were there, the coveted place was given by lot. But the lot was frequently determined by the richness of the offering. The lucky person, then, crowned with laurel, proceeded to offer sacrifice. On this occasion the Emperor had of course first place, and offered the richest sacrifice—a hecatomb. But, to the surprise of all, no response came. The Emperor repeated the sacrifice, and, tardily, came the reply: "A Hebrew Child, ruling over the gods, commands me to leave this place and return to the Shades. Depart you in silence from our altars!" The Christian historian Nicephorus gives us the completion. Augustus returned to Rome, and erected there an altar with the inscription, *Ara Primogeniti Dei*,—"Altar of the First-born of God."

It is when we consider how puny and uncertain was the light from these infrequent sparks that we recognize the providential position occupied by the Israelites, "the fewest people on the earth," in the smallest tract of land occupied by any nation. In the first place, they were set on a high table-land,—like the Scriptural lamp which, when lighted, was not to be hid under a bushel, but placed on a table, so as to give light to all that entered. In the second place, they were set among the Egyptians, the Philistines, the Assyrians, and all the wandering or settled tribes of the southeastern desert lands. In the third place, their previous history was a miracle well known to Egypt and to the frontier tribes, as well as to the

remnants of the former inhabitants that still dwelt among them in Canaan; and from these sources well known to the Philistines and the multitudinous nation of the Assyrians. Their life from the settlement to the captivity, and from the restoration to the coming of Christ, was teeming with astonishing and convincing miracles. We can not see in the map of the ancient world any tract of land where their settlement would have been such a proof of the existence and ever-abiding providence of a Supreme Being as in Palestine. A double proof is afforded to us in the instance of Jonas the prophet,—a proof that the infidel nations had not wholly lost a knowledge of the true God; and, secondly, a proof of the benefit that the neighborhood of Judea was to the surrounding peoples.

THE MAGI.—One of the most beautiful pictures brought before us by the Bible and the Church at Christmas time is the sight of the Magi, in their gorgeous Oriental robes, riding on their camels, attended by a numerous retinue; led by a Star, as if God plainly held a lamp to guide their feet; and brought by it to the cave where the Child was laid in a manger. In Eastern language, the name of Magi is given to any one who is learned, especially in astronomy or in religion. Such a person at all times enjoyed a great reputation, usually had a large following, and by them was obeyed as a king. The Roman writers, Tacitus and Lactantius, tell of a tradition prevalent in the East—that out of Judea was to come a conqueror who was to subdue the nations of the earth.

From the Bible narrative we take it for granted that these three Wise Men were at that moment the last of a long line. Our thoughts, then, go back along that line, and we ask, When or with whom did it begin? Zoroaster, whose name we joined at the beginning with that of Abraham and Job, is thought to have been the founder of their line.

“The great founder, or reformer, of the Magi system is commonly supposed to have been Zoroaster.”* They came from the East,—that is, from Persia or Arabia, as is generally concluded from the offerings they made (these being the products of their country), and from the representation of their dress, particularly the headgear, seen in very old monuments. There is, however, a place called Mag, found by recent travellers in Armenia, where the inhabitants are all Christians and pay special devotion to St. Gaspar, one of the three Kings who, according to tradition, came to visit Our Lord.

But the Star forms for us the most interesting question,—that is to say, by what means they were led to conclude that a Child was born in the West, and that they ought to go and adore Him. “Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star in the East and are come to adore Him.”† The Star was miraculous, according to all the Fathers. God created it newly for the purpose of leading the Wise Men to Bethlehem. There was a tradition at the time that this great universal King was about to appear.

Suetonius: “There existed through all the East an ancient and constant belief that it has been decreed by the gods that from Judea should arise those who were to possess all things.”

Tacitus: “Many were persuaded that it was to be found in the letters of the priests that at that very time the East should prevail, and out of Juda would arise those who were to be masters of all things.”

Josephus: “But, now, what did most elevate the Jews in undertaking the war was an ambiguous oracle, that was also found in their sacred books, how about that time one should arise from their own country who should possess the habitable earth.”

* McCarthy.

† St. Matt., ii, 2.

Prideaux: "This universal conviction may have sprung from some early traditions regarding the promised Messiah or from the Jews."

Many of the Fathers—Origen, Eusebius, Basil, Jerome—have found the origin of the tradition in the prophecy of Balaam; and the Church in the Breviary seems to favor it. "The Wise Men recognized this Star, perhaps from its form or from its position in the heavens as described in prophecy, or from some remarkable occurrence connected with it—as a Virgin and Child, as some of the Fathers think,—or from some special divine inspiration."*

There can be no question that in the outside world the belief was prevalent that a great King was to arise, and to arise in Judea. Three things are implied in the words of the Magi: (1) "Where is He born" (2) "that is to be King of the Jews?" (3) "We have seen His Star in the East and are come to adore Him,"—that is, to propitiate Him and be His friends from the start. I do not know that the Magi, though bringing, all unconsciously, presents suitable to the Divinity, knew that the Child was God until they came into His presence. There can be no question, on the other hand, that the Jews themselves knew of this tradition of a great King being born, and looked upon Him as the Messiah. Herod does not go in any roundabout way to the matter, but asks straight where Christ should be born. But they said to Him: "In Bethlehem of Juda."

In her "Visions on the Life of Holy Mary," Sister Emmerich says: "At the hour of the birth of Jesus I saw a wonderful apparition that the Magi had. They were on a tower on the top of a mountain. Here one of them, in turn, always remained with some priests to watch the stars. They took notes of what they saw and related them to

one another. On this night there were two there. They saw a beautiful bow in the heavens, arising from the crescent of the moon. A Virgin sat on the bow and her foot rested on the crescent. On her left side there stood a branch of vine; on her right, a cluster of ears of wheat. I thought of the Blessed Sacrament. She was brilliant with light, and a luminous Child floated before her."

Sister Emmerich speaks of the origin of the prophecy: "Oh, how great was the mercy of God to these poor pagans! Do you know how this prophecy arose? I will tell you just one thing, for I can not remember it all at present. The ancestors of these Wise Men, who lived more than six hundred years before this, were very rich and powerful. The people among whom they lived were idolatrous and given to gross vices, and they departed from among them. They had three daughters, who at the same time received the gift of prophecy, and learned in vision that a Star should spring from Jacob and that a Virgin should bring forth a Saviour. They went through the country, clad in long white mantles, preaching a change of morals, the coming of the Saviour, and the worship of God. They spoke of a constellation and the changes that should take place. Then their fathers began their observations of the stars in a tower built on a small hill, and near the temple that they had raised to the honor of the Virgin who was to be the Mother of God."*

She tells that her Guardian Angel led her on that night into many lands. One of these was arid and sandy, but the country of the Wise Men was rich and fertile far as the eye could

* You are not asked to put faith in these revelations; the Church has not approved of them, nor yet (which is a share in their favor) has she forbidden them. Even if they are not authentic, they are touching and edifying. So, at least, they have seemed to me for more than a quarter of a century.

* Bishop McCarthy on St. Matthew.

reach. "It was night: deep silence was everywhere. The greater number of the shepherds were asleep in their tents. Some, however, were awake and wandered here and there through the flocks, that were penned in their separate places. I looked on with emotion at these flocks, recollecting that they belonged to men who, like faithful flocks, had set out at once to follow the voice of their Creator. And when I saw the shepherds there, looking more frequently to the stars than to their flocks, I said to myself: 'Well indeed might ye, seeing that your ancestors for hundreds of years longed to see the Shepherd that goes after the strayed sheep and brings it home on His shoulders, and did not see Him.'

"The Star is a round globe of light. It seemed to me as if it were held suspended by a thread, which a hand was guiding. By day I saw a luminous body in front of them, the brightness of which far surpassed that of day. They travelled generally by night. The Star cast a reddish light, like the moon in a high wind. At first, for a few minutes, on beginning their journey, they walked bareheaded, leading their beasts by the reins and saying their prayers. After a time they mounted and followed the Star, which seemed to touch the earth with its long, luminous tail. They were filled with a blessed joy, and from time to time chanted short sentences in a low and impressive tone, sometimes pitched in a high key, sometimes in a base. Oh, it was something very touching to listen to these simple melodies breaking in on the silence of the night, and of all of which I seemed to understand the meaning! The cortege proceeded along in beautiful order. The animals moved with such a light and even pace that it resembled nothing so much as the rapid, orderly, unbroken flight of a flock of birds."

The time decreed by Heaven had come. Bethlehem was the appointed

place of meeting. From the distant East, from the land of Zoroaster, came the sub-celestial agent, leading men by night, as human reason endeavoring to enlighten ignorance. From the land beyond the skies, the home of divine faith, came the brightness of God and the multitude of the heavenly army. The one, symbol of human reason, led the Gentile world; the other, divine faith personified, led the Jewish,—each creature of God, as was fitting, bringing its own special class.

At the moment of birth, for fear the trinity should be separated or broken for an instant, God had arranged that Holy Mary and St. Joseph should typify divine faith; the ass and the ox, human reason. For with the broad multitude human reason had become debased to the level of brute beasts; and at all times divine faith as far excels it as Holy Mary and St. Joseph excelled the ass and the ox.

That was, however, if it might reverently be said, but a private rehearsal. The public ceremonial was to come on. Jew was to be called and Gentile, and divine faith and human reason were to be the official sponsors and guides. Therefore was it said: "A Child is born to you this day in the city of David." And they said one to another: "Come and let us go over!" And they went and found Pain, now deified, "wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger"; and, kneeling down, divine faith adored. And so, too, the Star beckoned on these Wise Men from the East until it stood over the cave where the Child was. And, entering in, human reason recognized that Pain was made divine. "Falling down, they adored Him; and, opening their treasures, they offered to Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

Human reason and divine faith had been separate sojourners for many ages. Now they took their appointed place—as He was Lord of angels and of men—one on His right and one on His

left, even as the sons of Zebedee coveted. Divine Pain had indeed come into His kingdom. Through His life on earth they continued with Him: at His side flying into Egypt, dwelling with Him and subject at Nazareth, in His public mission fasting with Him and praying; but most of all staying by Him at Jerusalem, where it was decreed that the blood of the prophets, from the least to the greatest, should be shed. They ascended the hill with Him; and when He was agonizing in death, lo! divine faith, with a loud cry, rent the veil of the Temple in twain; human reason shut out the sun in the heavens, reddened the moon as if with blood, rent the rocks asunder; and, tearing open the graves, bade the dead arise, and, marching in their grave-clothes, proclaim the deification and victory of Pain.

Never since have they been divided. The heralds had found their King and accompanied Him in His triumph. They waited long for His coming, they exult in His company. They will be His servants in time, but in eternity He will change what in them is mortal into immortality. Divine faith shall be changed into blessed possession; human reason, into everlasting jubilee; while Pain, transformed into unending joy, shall become the blessedness of all. For evermore the Voice crieth out: "Behold, I make all things new!"

(The End.)

THE Blessed Mother of God is, naturally, most dear to Christ; and to love Him is to love her. But she is also a part of the environment of the Incarnation. That God should have had a Mother, according to the flesh, is one of the most striking and astounding circumstances of His coming. It is also a circumstance which gives rise to far the greater number of those touching details which make the Incarnation so peculiarly well fitted to captivate human attention and affection.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Maxima's Ruse.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

"JOHN, when did you begin to like me first?"

"The day I first saw you—the *moment* I first saw you. Don't you remember, you were in front of me going down the church steps, and I trod on the skirt of your dress? Instead of turning and glaring at me as most women would have done, you smiled and said it was nothing. And when you smiled those dimples showed so prettily in your cheeks that I thought I had never seen anything so sweet in all my life—"

"O John!" said the girl, deprecatingly, blushing as she spoke and revealing the dimples again. "You make me feel ashamed. I thought you begged pardon so very nicely that day, and you seemed so different—"

"So different from what?"

"From the other young men I had known, though they were not many—"

"But *how* different, Maxima?"

"Your hair so light and curly and your skin so fair."

John laughed.

"And I loved those thick dark braids and that olive skin the moment I saw them," he went on.

They were a contrast, certainly, as they sat side by side on the beach, whither they had come for their usual Sunday afternoon walk. He was a perfect specimen of the Anglo-Saxon type; she, an admixture of Spanish and Mexican blood, than which nothing can be more captivating when it unites grace and refinement, as it did in Maxima's case.

"And then," she resumed, wishing to hear him repeat the tale oft told of the fortuitous circumstances which had brought them together,— "and then, John, don't you remember?"

"How I walked behind you all the way to the Malmaison?"

"And I was wondering if it were you,—almost sure it was, yet not daring to look around for fear you might think me bold."

"No one could think that who had once looked into your eyes, Maxima."

"Now, John, again!"

"It is true. And how surprised I was when you entered the very door of the lodging-house to which I had come only the night before!"

"Then I thought you were following me; and I hurried up the stairs, very angry and disappointed in you," replied the girl.

"And when I turned in at the very door opposite yours, what did you think, Maxima?"

"Then I knew. And I was glad," she continued, with the beautiful simplicity which is the charm of her race. "For it did not seem so lonely any longer when there was another Catholic besides myself in that big, barn-like place."

"And how naturally we fell into the habit of going and coming to and from church together—and—all the rest!"

Suddenly the smile faded from the lips and eyes of the girl.

"What if your mother *will* not like me *ever*?" she said, looking wistfully up into her lover's face.

"Oh, but she must when she knows you!" he replied.

"Why is she so prejudiced against 'foreigners,' as you say she calls them? I am an American."

"To be sure you are."

"My father was born in Mexico,—but that is America too. And my mother was born here, and my grandparents—though they are of Spanish ancestry. And you tell me your grandparents were from England."

"Very true," answered John. "But my mother is peculiar; however, with patience I can bring her round." He spoke confidently, though in his heart

were many misgivings; but he did not want the gentle little creature to share them. "Come!" he said abruptly. "Let us go up to see the monkeys. They are the funniest sights I know."

II.

"But, mother dear, if you would only consent to see her! You could not help but love her,—I know you could not."

"Love her! A black Mexican!"

There was intense scorn in the voice of the old woman, who sat erect and stern in her high-backed chair near the table, knitting with great rapidity.

"She is not black at all, mother. She has the most beautiful olive skin and the loveliest hair."

"That is black, I know."

"Yes, it is; but so beautiful! And she is so sweet and good!"

"Indeed! Dressed in every color of the rainbow, I imagine."

"Not at all! She is always neat and tastefully dressed."

"You are no judge. Can she speak English?"

"As well as you or I."

"Where did she learn it?"

"She was born here."

"Can she cook a meal or make a gown or mend it?"

"She can do all three."

"After a slatternly fashion, perhaps. They are all slatterns."

"She is anything but that!" answered the young man, indignantly.

"She has bewitched you. I shall never consent to your marrying her; you shall not bring her here! I should be ashamed of the neighbors. Do you hear me? You shall never bring her here—"

"Martha!" called a feeble voice from a couch in the corner. "You go too far,—altogether too far. John is not a child, and the girl may be all that he claims for her."

But John with one great stride had reached his father's couch, and, without a word, clasped his trembling old hand in his. The next moment he was gone.

III.

Maxima sat on the front seat of the car, on her way to the office where she was employed.

"Isn't it really too bad about the Wetherells!" asked one girl of another next to her.

"What about them?" was the reply.

"Their son married some kind of a funny Mexican, and his mother would not allow him to come to the house. Finally he went off to Alaska, and the other day the mother became blind. You know the father is a paralytic."

"That is dreadful! Who stays with the old couple?"

"No one. The neighbors do all they can to help them; but, naturally, that can't go on forever."

"Are they very poor?"

"Oh, no! But there's work to be done, of course. And there are a few ranch hands to be cooked for."

The car came to a standstill and the girls got off; Maxima rode on a few blocks farther.

Two days later a young girl knocked at Mrs. Wetherell's door.

"Come in!" said the old woman.

"I have heard that you wanted some one to stay with you," said a low, sweet voice at her side.

"I do, but I can not pay high wages," said the old woman; "and it will not be easy work. I am blind, my husband is a paralytic, and the housework is to be done; though we have a very good boy who can help."

"I am not afraid to try it," said the girl, tenderly.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mary."

"When can you come?"

"Just now."

"Very well. You may remain."

Now began a reign of comfort in the old Wetherell household. The blindness of the old woman had softened instead of further hardening her stern nature. Everything went on without friction;

she was soon able to resume her knitting, and Mary managed everything. She read to the old people in the evenings. Mr. Wetherell thought her an angel, and his wife shared in his opinion, though more reticent about expressing it.

One day the stage stopped at the door, and the young housekeeper ran out to meet a newcomer—a tall, blonde young man, within the shelter of whose arms she re-entered the sitting-room. When the joyful greetings were over, he said:

"Mother, I have brought my wife!"

The old woman started, and turned her sightless eyes about the room.

"Where is she, John?" she asked.

"Here, mother!" said a sweet and well-known voice, as the girl fell upon her knees beside her.

"Why—what! But this is Mary!" murmured the old woman, feeling the soft young face and heavy braid with her trembling hands.

"Mary Maxima," said the girl. "Oh, do not love me any the less for the little deception I used to become known to you! And I so wanted to help you!"

Mrs. Wetherell burst into tears.

"I do not deserve that God should be so good to me!" she cried. "Father, father, why don't you speak? Can you believe it?"

But the kind old paralytic declared he had from the first suspected the truth.

"How I have always loved," wrote Father Lacordaire in his third letter upon the Christian life, "the admirable economy which has made the portals through which one enters into the city of God so lofty and so wide, and the doors through which one departs from it so low and so narrow! Wretched sectarians have repeatedly attempted to condemn sinners and to discard them from the bosom of the Church; but the Church, faithful to her Master's teachings and example, has ever retained them in her inmost recesses...."

Notes and Remarks.

A Boston newspaper notes a growing desire among all religious bodies in this country "to give greater dignity to public worship." Surplined choirs, it tells us, are rapidly becoming popular with Methodists and Lutherans; sectarian churches adhere more faithfully to the traditional styles of ecclesiastical architecture; and "many churches keep Lent that never kept it before." But it is not in this country alone that this change has been noted. For some years the growth of "ritualistic practices" in Germany has been a standing grievance of Dr. Adolph Harnack; in England the use of incense and lights has long incensed the lights of old-fashioned Protestantism; and even in Scotland (Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, informs us) "the Presbyterians are developing Catholic ideas and practices." Statues of the saints have been set up in the empty niches of St. Giles'—empty since the days when John Knox thundered against Rome in that very cathedral,—and a stone altar has replaced the old Communion-table. The "four bare walls and a preaching-tub" are no longer thought sufficient furnishing for the kirk, according to the *Glasgow Observer*; and the "kist o' whusses," as Knox called the organ, is restored to its old place of honor.

Commenting on the probable confiscation and public sale, by the French Government, of the property of the Congregations, a writer in a Parisian journal notes that while the purchasers of such property will be the legal owners thereof, they will not be the *true* owners, and that in consequence they will incur the obligation of making restitution. He recalls, incidentally, the reprobation incurred, even after the Concordat, by those who acquired possession of the goods of the Church. It was such that,

throughout the first half of the nineteenth century, all property put up for public sale without the specific statement that it was "patrimonial" property, became by that very fact depreciated in value. It became a customary formula to assure intending purchasers that estates had belonged "neither to the Church nor to *émigrés*." Even to this day, after the lapse of a century, families possessed of ecclesiastical property are branded throughout the French provinces with unenviable distinction. According to popular tradition, such families never survive three generations without becoming the victims of heavy misfortune.

Whoever said that Judge Lynch is the real Supreme Court of the United States will find corroboration in the fact that while there were only 118 legal executions in this country last year, the number of lynchings mounted up to 135. One is tempted to ask why we make pretence of keeping up juries and judge-ships since more than half the most important decisions are rendered—and rendered beyond hope of appeal—by impassioned mobs. The number of suicides also is increasing with absolute regularity each year, so that the record last year showed almost three times as many cases as the record of 1890. This is the civilization we are importing to our colonies!

According to the *Freeman's Journal*, a divorce law which is "the nearest approach to the canons of the Church ever enacted in an English-speaking community since the acknowledgment of divorce as a legal remedy for matrimonial infelicity" has been in operation throughout the District of Columbia since the beginning of the year. It permits legal separation for drunkenness, cruelty or desertion; but absolute divorce is granted only on the grounds of marital infidelity, and then it permits

the remarriage of the innocent party only. It is not to the credit of the Washington bar that the lawyers of the Capital are almost alone in their efforts to secure the repeal of this law for one of greater laxity. In fact, the discreditable divorce laws in force throughout the country are due in no small measure to the malevolent zeal of a certain sort of lawyer for the fat fees which divorce cases afford. "The low morality of the bar" is a phrase not yet obsolete, it would seem.

Our Western exchanges tell of a citizen of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who caused this notice to be printed in all the papers of that city:

My downfall and domestic troubles were all caused by drinking. I have said several times that I would quit, but I never did quit. Now my wife has filed suit for divorce, and I realize what a fool I have been. I have notified all saloon-keepers not to sell me liquor, and have told them I would prosecute them afterward if they did so. When my friends ask me to drink, the bar-tender will refuse to serve me. My wife has consented to withdraw her suit, and I intend to "brace-up." The saloons that sell me liquor will have a damage suit on their hands.

Life is full of similar tragedies. No doubt this broken spirit talked bravely in days gone by of knowing just when to stop; talked contemptuously of men who took the pledge as a precaution against excess. It is these confident persons who run the greatest risk; and, let us add, few of them have the courage of the man of Council Bluffs when that courage is demanded.

Under the appropriate heading "A New Infamy," one of our Parisian exchanges quotes a circular letter recently addressed to the French prefects by Waldeck-Rousseau. The purport of the letter is stated to be "the necessity of watching the recruiting of the parochial clergy, in view of the possible secularization of members of unauthorized male Congregations." Divested of its official verbiage, the

circular directs that religious priests shall be prevented from entering the ranks of the secular clergy. True, several clauses apparently sanction their admission among parish priests under certain conditions; but the palpable intent of the directions given to the petty officials throughout the provinces is to hunt the members of the unauthorized Congregations to the death. In view of this latest proceeding, those religious who have already left France seem to have acted not too unwisely. In the meantime "the mills of God grind slowly"; but they grind, notwithstanding.

Much interest is being manifested in the Commission recently appointed by Leo XIII. for the consideration of modern difficulties connected with Holy Writ. Protestant as well as Catholic Biblical scholars rejoice that an opportunity is thus afforded of stating their views and of bringing them to the notice of the Church. The members of the Commission will include some of the most eminent Biblicists in the world, and the happiest results may be expected from their deliberations. As everyone knows, the authority of the Scriptures is now questioned by many outside of the Church. The Pope will doubtless take occasion to reassert the divine inspiration of the canonical books, and the whole world will recognize in him the champion of the Bible against the destructive critics of our time.

To see ourselves as others see us is usually more surprising than gratifying. Here is a view of us taken by a foreign Catholic exchange:

A Chicago physician, a specialist in nervous diseases, has asked of the authorities permission to establish a sort of "suicide circle," wherein there will be indicated and furnished to all who are desirous of cutting for themselves the thread of life the most effective and comfortable means of accomplishing their purpose.... Such facts betray the existence, in the country in which they occur,

of an absence of social equipoise capable of bringing about the worst catastrophes. America boasts a good deal of her material progress: her moral progress seems to be marching backward.

Our French contemporary quotes statistics showing that in those States in which the godless schools have been longest established the suicides are 1 in 13,000 as against 1 in 56,000 in other portions of our country. This, of course, is only natural: irreligion and self-destruction are as congenial as stagnant waters and malaria.

The placing of a bust of Monsig. d'Hulst in St. Joseph's, the church of the Catholic Institute of Paris, was made the occasion of a notable gathering of distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen; Cardinals Richard and Langénieux being prominent among the former, and Count d'Haussonville among the latter. Father Baudrillart, twice a recipient of the Academy's Gobert premium, delivered the panegyric of the deceased rector. He confined his attention to the principal idea by which Monsig. d'Hulst was actuated throughout his energetic and beneficent career—viz., the presentation, to an age all enamored of progress and science, of a solid demonstration of the perfect harmony between true science and the true faith. In the realization of this idea, the regretted rector had displayed a stubborn and indefatigable tenacity. By voice and pen, and especially by his arduous labors in the Institute, he rendered services of inestimable value to the Church in France as well as to religion generally; and his memory is fittingly preserved to animate the zeal of his successors.

The London *Tablet* quotes from the recently published "Memorials" of the late Dean Lake of Durham a pronouncement by Lord Halifax which does much credit to the honorable President of the English Church Union. Commenting on Archbishop Benson's derisive phrase,

"the Italian mission," applied to the Catholic Church in England, Lord Halifax wrote in 1894: "I dislike more than I can say the Archbishop of Canterbury's language about 'the Italian mission.' I think it all untrue. I think it unjust, in view of our own conduct and history, to accuse the adherents of the Roman Church of being in schism in England." The writer goes on to say that the talk of many Anglicans on this subject "is, in my opinion, grossly unfair, inconsistent with historical fact, and contrary to justice and common-sense."

The increase of divorce in the United States as exemplified by the vital statistics of Rhode Island is alarming enough to startle the most indifferent. In 1880 there was one divorce in every 190 marriages; in 1898, one in every 8.2. The statistics of sterility are not less astounding. According to Dr. George Engelmann, of Boston, "20 per cent and over of married women in the United States are childless." A long and very frank discussion of the statistics presented by this able and accurate observer at the fifty-second annual meeting of the American Medical Association was concluded with the observation: "Lack of fertility has invariably been the precursor of national decline."

It would help many persons to realize the catholicity of the Church if they could be present at the New Year's function at which the President of the United States receives the congratulations of the ambassadors and envoys of foreign countries. This year 35 sovereignties were represented; and of these 22 were professedly Catholic, 6 heathen, 1 schismatic, and 6 Protestant. It may also be noted, as illustrating the hostility of the Church to republican institutions, that of the 22 Catholic nations 17 live under the republican form of government.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Feathered Client of Our Lady.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



RECENTLY I dropped into the Barrys' and found the young people in quite an animated discussion as to the linguistic capabilities of birds. It seems that Captain Davis, who lives several doors down the street, lately returned from a long voyage to the South Seas, and brought back with him a handsome and very clever young parrot. Johnnie Davis and my nephew, Charlie Hogan, have been spending all their leisure, ever since the bird's arrival, in giving it language lessons; and the results are said to be notably satisfactory. Grip—as they have named the parrot in honor of poor Barnaby Rudge's celebrated raven, whose favorite maxim was, "Never say die,"—has already picked up a number of phrases (slang ones, I venture to assert); and the boys declare that within a month or two Grip will be able to talk "like a Dutch uncle."

In the estimation of my young relative Frankie, Grip has even now attained that degree of proficiency. The little fellow, it appears, paid a visit to Mrs. Davis not long ago; and he had no sooner entered the hallway than he was startled by hearing a harsh voice cry out, "Great Scott, shut that door!" Master Frank looked around in much dismay, and, seeing nobody, began to wonder if there was a bogie-man hidden near by; when again came the voice: "D'ye hear? Shut—that—door!" Frank looked up, and, seeing the parrot peering through the wires of his cage, replied: "Nasty deese! Me *unt* shut de door!"

Well, as I have said, on the occasion of my visit to the Barrys' last week the children were disputing about the talkative powers of various members of the feathered tribes. Parrots could talk, of course; so could ravens,—Grip's famous namesake was an undoubted instance. Clare insisted that her favorite canary, Dick, greeted her every morning with "How de do, Clare?" But Bride protested that this contention was silly.

"Of course the bird gives a few trills at sight of you, Clare; but they sound no more like 'How de do, Clare?' than they do like 'Dick wants a drink!'—which is probably what he means anyway."

"Me fink deese say, 'G'way, g'way!'" suggested Frankie; but his contribution to the discussion was ignored.

"Here's uncle!" exclaimed Clare. "He knows. Uncle, ain't there any birds but parrots and ravens that can talk?"

"Yes, my dear: there are jackdaws, magpies and starlings that can mimic spoken words more or less successfully. Possibly there are some others too, but I don't recall any just now."

"Can canaries talk, Uncle Austin?" queried Bride.

"Not that I am aware of, although some have been taught to sing special tunes or airs."

"There now, Clare! Didn't I tell you your Dick couldn't?"

"All right," said Clare. "Perhaps he can't talk plain enough to be understood by everyone, but *I* know what he says just as well as can be."

"Did I ever tell you, girls, the story of St. Victor's sparrow? *There* was a bird that talked to some purpose. No? Then here it is for you. In the first place, you must know that the sparrow does not naturally mimic the sounds of spoken

words. I don't remember that I ever read of one's having been trained to do so excepting this particular sparrow of St. Victor of Plancy. This holy man lived as a solitary, or hermit, during the sixth century, in a forest of France. His only companion was a pretty little sparrow, of whom he had made a pet.

"Now, St. Victor was a devoted servant of our Blessed Lady; and as he loved her very much, he often broke the silence of his hermitage by saying aloud, '*Ave Maria*,' which, as you know, means 'Hail Mary.' Very well; those two words were about the only ones his pet ever heard, and it heard them so many times a day that finally it learned to say them quite distinctly. The first time the good hermit heard his favorite invocation repeated in his cell, he thought that an angel had come to visit him; so he fell upon his knees. But at that moment his pet flew over to him, perched upon his shoulder, and, fluttering its wings, sang joyously, '*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*'"

"St. Victor was delighted. His little bird had now become something more than an innocent distraction: it was a little friend who could pray. And, by the way, it was only right that it should, because the French people call the sparrow *moineau*, or 'little monk.' After that the two companions were fonder of each other than ever. When the sparrow awoke each morning its first chirping was '*Ave Maria!*' When St. Victor fed it, it thanked him with '*Ave Maria!*' And as often as the saint prostrated himself in prayer, it flew toward him and repeated softly, '*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*'"

"The saint, of course, did not keep his pet in a cage, as Clare does her Dick; on the contrary, it had full liberty to go wherever it would. Very often it took excursions into the surrounding forests, and almost always accompanied its master when he went for a walk. One morning, when St. Victor was

ill and unable to take any outdoor exercise, he opened his window and the sparrow flew out for its daily trip. About ten minutes later the saint, looking out, saw a sight which filled him with alarm—his little pet being chased by a great sparrow-hawk. The cruel bird of prey had its claws open to seize the poor little fugitive, and every moment its big wings brought it closer and closer to its victim. With open beak the hawk was just about to pounce on the sparrow when the latter cried out piteously, '*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*' Its vicious enemy didn't know what to make of such a cry, and it stopped short, apparently frightened. The next instant St. Victor's pet flew through the window into the hermitage, and, taking up its favorite position on its master's shoulder, celebrated its deliverance by singing in its clearest tones, four or five times, '*Ave Maria!*'"

"That's a very pretty story, uncle. Thank you ever so much!" commented Clare, as I rose to take my departure.

Wayward Winifred.

—
BY ANNA T. SADLIER.
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IV.—A SINGULAR FIGURE.

I was presently tempted to think that my landlord was right when he spoke of the "queer company" which Winifred sometimes kept. For, as I was rambling about one evening under the white blossoms of the hawthorn, I suddenly beheld her high up on a mountain pass. This time she was without her blue cloak, but wore a shawl of vivid scarlet, the corner of which she had wound about her head. Contrasting with the emerald green of the grass and the foliage all about her, she seemed more than ever like a mountain sprite who had suddenly sprung from the ground.

I was about to advance and address her, when I perceived that she was not

alone. Beside her, upon the greensward, stood one of the wildest and most singular figures it has ever been my fortune to see. He was tall, and would have been of a commanding presence but for a slight stoop in his shoulders. His hair, worn long, was dishevelled and unkempt, surmounted by a high-peaked, sugar-loaf hat, the like of which I had never seen before. His breeches were of corduroy, such as might be worn by any peasant in the vicinity; only that this particular pair was of a peculiarly bright green, vivid enough to throw even the grass of the Emerald Isle into the shade. A waistcoat of red increased the impression of color. He might have been some gigantic tropical plant, so gorgeous and so varied were these commingling hues. Over all he wore a garment, neither coat nor cloak, with wide, hanging sleeves. His countenance was as singular as his costume; his eyes keen, yet half-furtive, half-deprecating in their expression; his chin clean-shaven, showing the hollow, cavernous cheeks with fearful distinctness. His nose, long and slightly hooked, seemed as if pointing toward the ground, upon which just then his eyes were fixed.

He was discoursing to the child; and, as I came nearer, I thought he was using the Irish tongue, or at least many Gaelic words. Once he pointed upward to the sky with a wild gesture; again he bent down to the earth, illustrating some weird tale he was telling; whilst expressions of anger, of cunning, of malice or of joy swept over his face, each being reflected in the mobile countenance of Winifred, who stood by. She seemed to follow every word he said with eager interest.

In a pause of the narrative he took off his hat and made a courtly bow to the child, who held herself erect before him. Resuming his talk, he pointed more than once in the direction of the castle, so that I fancied he was dwelling upon the fortunes of the race who had

once abode there and of the chiefs and heroes who had made it famous. Once, however, I caught the name of Malachy, which might have been that of any peasant in the neighborhood; and again the word "Lagenian." Then the old man relapsed into silence, sighing profoundly; whilst above his head the dark leaves waved softly and the projecting branches almost touched his hat.

Winifred finally broke the silence,—I heard her clear, childish voice distinctly:

"Ever since we went to the Waterfalls that day I have been wanting to talk to you of the Phoul-a-Phooka."

"But I have told you, Miss Winifred," the man replied, with some impatience, "all that I know. The Phooka is a fierce beast, with fire streaming from his eyes and nostrils, coal-black and gigantic of size. That is how the legend describes him; and if any unlucky way-farer meets him he is compelled to mount and ride. The place which I took you to see is called after him. You know how lovely it is, how wild, how solitary, and how well suited to the work I have in hand. I made discoveries there, Winifred,—indeed I did!"

Here his voice dropped to a whisper, and Winifred put two or three eager questions to him.

"But you didn't tell me when we were there," she said.

"It was better not. We have had listeners," the man responded.

"I was thinking," Winifred went on, changing the subject abruptly, "of that story of the tailor. You know, if the Phoul-a-Phooka had ridden down that precipice we saw, with him upon his back, why, the tailor couldn't have told what happened; for he would have been killed."

"There's no saying, there's no saying!" replied the stranger, absently. "There are mysteries, my girl; but the legend declares that it was the garment which the tailor carried that caused the beast to throw him off."

"Are legends true?" the girl asked.

"Who knows?" answered the old man, with the same dreamy air. "They hold a kernel of truth, every one of them."

"The lady says many things are not true," Winifred observed.

"The lady! What lady?" demanded the other almost fiercely, with a light of cunning gleaming from his black eyes.

"The lady from America."

"Oh, from America did you say!" exclaimed the man, in a hushed and trembling voice, bending low and looking about him with a terror and anxiety which were almost grotesque. "Don't say that word, Miss Winifred! Don't now, my beautiful white flower of the mountain!"

The incident reminded me that Granny Meehan at the castle had also shown, on the occasion of my visit, a certain alarm at the mention of America; and I wondered what mystery enveloped this singular child and those who were her guardians. Winifred had perceived the man's consternation; looking intently at her singular companion, she asked:

"Why are you afraid of people from America?"

Standing thus before the old man, she put the question with the point-blank frankness of childhood.

"No, no, no!" came the answer, hurriedly and with the same tone of tremulous eagerness,—“at least, child, it is not the kind of fear you think.”

"Why do you shiver, then, and look like that?"

"Because, O Winifred *mavourneen*, say it is not for you she's come!"

"For *me*!" echoed Winifred in astonishment; then she burst into one of her merriest peals of laughter, seizing a handful of leaves and throwing them at him. "Why do you think that, you dear, old Niall?"

"I suppose I'm getting old and full of fears," the man said. "The winter of life is like the winter of the years. It has its chills and frosts, its larger

share of darkness. But what if one should come and take you away before we are ready—before the work we have to do is done?"

"No one shall take me away unless I like!" Winifred cried out, throwing back her small head proudly.

"Wilful I know you are as a mountain torrent," Niall answered with a smile; "but there are some who might take you away against your will and with none to say them nay."

"I wish you would not talk so!" Winifred said petulantly, tearing to pieces with her slender, delicate fingers a daisy which she had picked up from the grass. She threw the stalk away impatiently. "There!" she cried. "By your foolish talk you have made me destroy one of my own little daisies; and I always think of them as little children playing in the long grass, hiding from one another, letting the wind blow them about, and loving the sun, as all children do."

The strange man gazed thoughtfully at her as she spoke.

"The same old fancies!" he muttered; "the same turn of mind! But I think the country people are right: she's too wise. She has an old head on young shoulders; too old a head for a child."

It was Winifred's turn to stare at Niall.

"Why are you talking to yourself like that?" she asked. "It isn't polite."

But the old man, who had been suddenly seized with a new idea, clasped his hands as if in desperate anxiety, and bent toward the child, crying:

"You didn't tell her, daughter of the O'Byrnes,—you didn't tell her? Oh, say you didn't! For that would mean ruin—utter, blank ruin."

Winifred looked at him with a flash of scorn that darkened her blue eyes into black,—a look of lofty indignation which struck me forcibly.

"So that's all you know of me, Niall," she cried, "after the years that we've walked the glen together, and up the

passes of the Croghans and down by the streams! You think I could betray what I know to the first stranger that crosses my path!"

The man was struck dumb by the passionate cadence in the young voice, which went on reproaching, upbraiding, as some spirit of the mountain might have done.

"Oh, you're a nice companion for me when you could say such a thing,—you that taught me the secret of the stars, and how they shine down, down just on the spot where that which we seek lies hidden, and after showing me its gleam in the shining waters!"

"Miss Winifred," cried the old man, "forgive me!" And he bent one knee before her. "I was thinking of the ordinary child, with its love of telling news; and not of the young lady, with the old blood in her veins and a mind of uncommon acuteness."

"I don't want you to kneel to me," she said gravely, in her princess-like manner. "You're old and I'm young, and you should not kneel. Neither should I have spoken to you as I did. But you must not doubt me,—you must not believe I could betray your secret."

"Then you forgive me?" said the old man. "And, to show you how I do trust you, I'm going to give you another present, *mavourneen*. Oh, the like of it you never saw!"

He drew from his pocket as he spoke some object carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief; but as he unwound the wrapping I distinctly saw the gleam of gold, and, to my astonishment, a very beautiful gold bracelet, apparently highly wrought. The old man displayed it upon a leaf which made a charming background. Winifred clapped her hands and fairly danced with joy, her eyes shining and her face glowing.

"Oh, is that for me, you dear, good Niall?" she exclaimed.

For the third time in my hearing she called the man by his name.

"It is for you, child of my heart, my beautiful little lady!" said the man, gratified by her enthusiasm.

"It is the most beautiful, far the most beautiful, you have given me yet."

"It is a rare gem of art, of faultless carving and of the purest gold," said Niall, triumphantly.

"Where did you get it, pray?" asked the child.

The answer I did not hear, for the man stooped low and spoke in a whisper. I feared that, being discovered, I should find myself in an awkward predicament; so I thought only of beating a hasty retreat. In so doing I stumbled and fell. Fortunately, it was upon soft moss—the kindly breast of Mother Nature.

Winifred's keen eyes saw what had occurred, and she ran instantly to my assistance. I assured her that I was not hurt, and, on rising, looked about for her strange companion. He had disappeared as completely as if the grassy sward had opened and swallowed him. The child did not say a word about his having been there; and, for some unexplained reason, I felt that I could not ask any questions. There was about her more than ever on this occasion that air of pride and reserve which was sometimes so noticeable.

As soon, however, as she saw that I was unhurt she left me in a rather more unceremonious fashion than usual. She feared, perhaps, that I might refer to her conversation with the man whom she had called Niall. I watched her walking away more thoughtful than usual, her step scarcely touching the grass, so light was she; and I marvelled at her singular destiny.

When I reached the inn I took the landlord into my confidence, to the extent of telling him that I had seen Winifred in company with a peculiar-looking man, and that he had seemed disturbed when she spoke of the lady from America. As I had overheard a chance conversation, I felt bound, of

course, to say nothing of the bracelet, or of certain other allusions in the old man's discourse which had puzzled me.

"Some do be sayin' that he has the Evil Eye," remarked the landlord, referring to Niall; "and, though meself doesn't hold much with them ould notions, there may be somethin' in what they say, after all. For the *colleen* bringin' you into the discourse mebber turned his ill-will upon you and caused, p'raps, the fall you had."

I smiled at this, assuring him that the fall had a very natural cause, my foot having caught in the root of a tree. But I could see that he was still unconvinced and regarded Niall as a more dangerous individual than ever. And, finding it useless to argue, I retired to my room to think over the events of the morning.

(To be continued.)

An Old Bell.

One of the most pathetic sights in the realm of inanimate things is an old bell spending its last sad days far away from home. Such bells are frequently found. Conquerors of a country have a way of destroying churches as a diversion, and their contents become the plunder of the soldiery; thus it happens that many a bell which has for centuries rung for the assembling of a pious congregation, pealed forth merrily for bridal couples, and tolled for many a soul's passing, is sold for old junk or sentenced to ring for the alien rites of a strange people.

Such a bell has found its way to East Haddam, Connecticut, where it has a position, not in a belfry but upon the stone fence which surrounds the cemetery. It is not a large bell, and, considering that it is supposed to have been cast in 815, is remarkably well preserved. When Columbus discovered America it was half a thousand years

old; Europe was a land of barbarians when it was cast; and the British Isles were without law except the right of the strongest. It is a Spanish bell, and its inscription is translated as follows:

"The Prior being the Most Rev. Father Miguel Villa Murva. The Procurator, the Most Rev. Father Josef Estavan Corrales, made me. Made in the year A. D. 815."

This inscription is still plain, and the marks made by the striking of the tongue against the sides are deep and broad. When the thrones of Castile and Aragon were united by the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella, this old bell had been ringing for six hundred years in one of the church towers of Aragon, and no doubt helped to tell the glad tidings of the coming of the King and Queen.

When Napoleon's army looted Spain the bell was part of their plunder, and came to this country with a shipload of its fellows, consigned to a bell foundry for recasting. A gentleman interested in the town of East Haddam fancied this particular bell and purchased it for an Episcopal church there. It did duty for years, until finally, as if discouraged by exile, it became cracked, and was removed to the stone-wall near by.

A Little Mixed Up.

An Irish recruit about to be inspected by Frederick the Great was told he would be asked three questions: (1) How old are you? (2) How long have you been in the service? (3) Are you content with your pay and rations? So he prepared his answers accordingly. But it happened that the King began with the second question—"How long have you been in the service?" The man promptly answered: "Twenty years."—"Why," said the King, "how old are you?"—"Six months."—"Six months!" rejoined the astonished King. "Surely, either you or I must be mad!"—"Yes, both, your Majesty."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Those who are interested in collecting autographs, manuscripts and curious books will be glad to know that a monthly journal for their special delight and advantage will soon appear from the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. Its title is the *Bibliographer*, and its editor is Paul Leicester Ford.

—Was it not Macaulay who lamented the passing of that good old day when the use of a false quantity in a Latin quotation was sure to bring down on the unfortunate speaker the derision of Parliament and ruin the effect of the most eloquent logic? Our Congress, luckily for most of the members, has not arrived at that point of culture yet; but a Kansas journal notes that "a Boston man found three split infinitives in the President's message, and immediately afterward Boston went Democratic by 20,000."

—It is said that Senator Clark, of Montana, occupied just fifteen minutes in the expenditure of \$320,000 recently. He bought the art collection of Dr. Preyer, capellmeister of Vienna. Among the artists represented in the collection are Luini, Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Daubigny and Corot. This notably increases the number of classical paintings in the possession of Americans, and encourages the hope that European art-students may some day be flocking to New York and Chicago, as our young men now go to Paris and Florence and Rome.

—Henryk Sienkiewicz is a popular writer, but he never penned a line that will be so widely read and applauded as his indignant protest against the effort of the Prussian government to suppress the Polish language. The flogging of children because they said their prayers in their own language, and the imprisonment of parents who encouraged the little ones in their "obstinacy," constituted a policy incredibly barbarous and inept. After reading the eloquent and indignant words of Sienkiewicz we are persuaded that the Prussian government helped rather than hindered the Polish language, and defeated its own purpose most decisively.

—The scope and character of Father Yorke's series of graded text-books of religion for parish schools are now fairly well known and universally approved. One half the series is completed by the publication of "Fourth Grade," which is a combination of Old Testament history (with morals and similitudes appended to each chapter), the text of the Baltimore Catechism, and the hymns and religious pictures to which the earlier grades have accustomed us. Thus the eye, the ear and the story-loving instinct of the child are

employed to assist the ancient question-and-answer method of imparting religious instruction. The lessons gradually become fuller and more difficult, and the child who shall have completed the eighth grade of the series will probably know his religion as thoroughly as he knows his arithmetic or grammar. The "Fourth Grade" is attractive and cheap. The Text-Book Publishing Co.

—"An Introduction to English Literature," by Maurice Francis Egan, published by Marlier & Co., is a reprint, with some few additions, of "A Primer of English Literature" issued in 1894. As its name imports, it is a brief summary of the main points of English Literature from the early Saxon writers to the days of "Kim." It is interesting, which can not be said of all text-books of literature, and the tone is Christian. These two qualities should commend it to Catholic schools. Dr. Egan is to follow this volume with "An Introduction to American Literature in English."

—The Rev. Henry G. Ganss and the Rev. Hugh Henry, of Overbrook Seminary, have undertaken the important task of compiling and editing a new Catholic hymnal, which it is to be hoped will soon replace many of the hymn-books now in general use. Not a few of these compilations are an abomination to musicians and the scorn of every intelligent Catholic or non-Catholic. The undertaking is an important one, and it is gratifying to know that it is in hands so competent. We are sure to have a hymnal that will compare most favorably with, if not surpass, the best Protestant works of the same kind.

—The authors of "A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil" have had in mind chiefly those persons whose faith has been endangered by doubts about the justice and kindness of God. The brochure is written from an independent point of view, because many of those whom it was designed to help would be frightened off by a frankly Catholic treatise; but the authors, by presenting various philosophies and points of view, have adroitly superimposed the Catholic teaching on the matters treated of. As a result, the reader who doubts the existence of a Heavenly Father and Judge is led imperceptibly and inevitably within the threshold of the Church—from free-will and moral accountability on to the means of salvation, confession and the Holy Eucharist. The matter is well chosen and skilfully presented. The spirit of the work is gentle; the reasoning only is severe. Glass & Co., Glasgow.

—We are assured that a healthy reaction has set in against the sensational newspaper: that the assassination of President McKinley by a wretched

and pitiable anarchist, little more than a perverted boy, has set people to thinking as to the evil effect on youthful minds of reading newspapers "run for revenue only." The editor of the *Century* holds that if our newspapers were less objectionable on moral grounds than they are, they would still be undesirable agents for the formation of the character of young people:

It is a deplorable fact that of late years, for lack of support, a number of excellent magazines for children have been discontinued—in the latest instance with the frank statement that the vogue of the newspaper had shortened the term of childhood so greatly as to make it impossible to sustain such a magazine; the proprietors saying, in effect, that boys and girls, in the old sense of an audience for juvenile periodical literature, exist no longer. The fault, perhaps, is not with the child nor with the editor, but with the busy parent of these latter years; for the newspaper-reading child is the product of the last decade. The boy of ten or twelve, at the age when he ought to be acquiring a taste for good literature, is too often left to the ephemeral contents of the illustrated newspaper. Even when the newspaper is a good one he is being startled from the repose of his proper age. He is made a man before his time. He is allowed to share the rapid pace at which modern life is set. Not for him should be

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

And if the newspaper be conducted without conscience his mind becomes the breeding-ground of false ideals—infested by the microbes of envy, social discontent, ambitious greed, scandal, desire for luxury, and disbelief in virtue. If he be a child of the tenement, with little other reading, is it any wonder that he should grow up into the criminal class? And yet such newspapers are tolerated in the houses of decent and intelligent 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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
 Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 Hawthorn and Lavender. *William Ernest Henley.* \$1.60, net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

- The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religions. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
 Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
 A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalm Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 L'alor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Benefactress. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. Leger Chabrier, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; the Rev. J. A. Van Hoomissen, diocese of Detroit; and the Rev. P. J. Ward, S. J.

Sister M. of the Assumption and Sister M. Philomene, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Lucy Norfing, O. S. B.

Mr. H. B. Russell, of Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. E. R. Newman, Montclair, N. J.; Miss Elizabeth Coreoran, Charleston, S. C.; Mr. Thomas McCue, Hebron, Ill.; Miss Harriet Cole, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. W. H. Cunningham, Montreal, Canada; Mr. James Coughlan, Halifax, Canada; Mrs. M. H. Fay, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Ryan, Silver Creek, Pa.; Mr. Richard Willson, Rock Hall, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Furlong, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Mary Dunberry and Mr. Richard McDonough, Manchester, N. H.; Miss Katherine Strange, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, W. Bay City, Mich.; Mr. John Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. Zook, Lawrence, Kansas; Mr. Nicholas Barrett, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Mrs. Katharine Hecker, —, Germany.

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





THE PRESENTATION.
(SCHOLA ART. BEFROX.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Candlemas.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

AS once, round Rome of old the priests of Pan
 With rites amburbial their torches bore
 In solemn train, and fond allegiance swore,
 So when the worship of the Christ began
 And pagan festivals incurred the ban
 Of Holy Church, the Lupercal of yore
 Gave way to Candlemas, which evermore
 Extols Our Lady and the Son of Man.

O blessed Candles, in procession borne!
 Fair symbols of the vivifying light
 Wherewith the Spirit oft illumes my soul,
 Dispel their sadness who the dying mourn,
 Cheer all who bid earth's scenes a long good-night,
 And guide them safe to life's celestial goal!

More Notes on the Church-State War in France.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

“YES, but he goes to Mass!” an eager poor lady said to me last year of her father, an ex-soldier and present custom-house officer: indeed, a fine, hearty Fleming. “Ah, but he is brave!” seemed to be in the mind of his daughter. How her words make one feel the atmosphere under the French Republic! She herself was the wife of another such official. And he took the visitor over the old church. I apologized for giving the trouble; and the good folks thought I meant, ‘Surely you, an official, will not go over a church!’

What an amazed cry, of indignation or of admiration, went up when it

was said that the visiting Czar was going to see the Cathedral of Amiens! Atmosphere again. It is the religion of the Catacombs; more than is that of the United States, to which M. Tardivel lately gave the appellation.

Look at the Redemptorist church in a large northern town in France. It was closed for thirteen years after the 1880 expulsion. And now the door is not open: you go in by a side corridor leading properly into the house; as in the Jesuit house and church in Paris, which now of course is closed again altogether. In the same town with the Redemptorists above are the Carmelites; and even the door of the chapel of these religious is barricaded, and you enter through their hall; shown through with the courtesy, benignity and generosity which these boulevard politicians would banish from France, in their fury and folly; in what Carlyle called their pigwash philosophy.

Give us, they say, the children, little State units,—give us them; to eradicate, as the Mayor of Marseilles lately said, the idea of God from these citizens of the Republic. “Neither God nor master!” so say the real rulers of France's politicians—that is the Socialists. There is no family in your Christian sense; no marriage, no Sabbath, no charity. “I will not relieve any poor person!” exclaimed Socialist students one and all: that only makes Christian notions and acts live on. The aim may be often an ideal State, but the result is scorn and hardness and frivolity and immorality.

How closely are allied the theorists and the practisers! Listen to that, you Catholic parents who send your sons to colleges where State Cæsarism is taught, and where the individual soul's responsibility is treated as an old superstition! Theories, with them; acts, by French governments; and then other acts by mobs. It is a vision of glory, of regenerated humanity. *Douce humanité* is always on their lips, as Burke once said; but death to those who resist their plans. "Cold hearts and muddy understandings" are in them, in Burke's words. Read Burke if you want to understand France now. Did not his *bête noire* Rousseau preach that nothing must interfere with the State supremacy, made up of citizens following their nature, and all of course good? What else are French Catholics face to face with to-day?

It is as sure a tyranny as a century ago, whatever be the faults or the sins that led thereto, and that lead. We shall not justify all tyranny by the imperfections of men. "The tyranny of a too powerful clergy would assuredly be insupportable; but looking about me here I see no such tyranny," says Jules Lemaître, once classed by l'Abbé Klein as half among the dilettanti in "Autour du Dilettantisme"; but now joining with the convert Academician Coppée in protest against this persecution. Are Jews banished? Jesuits are banished, and yet Jesuits, they tell us, are the tyrants—in the-wolf-and-the-lamb style. "What I do see is the tyranny of pretended 'Free-thought,' and what has been well dubbed Masonic clericalism.... I doubt whether for twenty years we have had a single Minister who was [who dared be] a practical Catholic; and I don't think that one of our Prefects ['Governors of States'] goes to Mass.... In my own district I have noticed *dozens* of little cases of Masonic and Radical terrorism."

He is a French witness in support of Mr. Davey's *Fortnightly Review* facts,

which, as THE AVE MARIA says, can not be too widely known. "One servant of the State is disgraced for going to church, though he might have gone to a Protestant place of worship or to a synagogue without molestation. Another is punished because his brother is a friend of an anti-republican Deputy ['Member of Congress']. A country postman is threatened for having sent his little girl to school in a convent where his sister is a nun; and so on." I need hardly say that my officials mentioned at the outset shrugged their shoulders and declared that of course they *had* to send their little girl to a secularist school. The Socialist leader Jaurès did not prevent his wife allowing their daughter to make her First Communion this last summer. All the government press rang with denunciations,—all except some of the ablest, who said, 'Serves you right, preacher of tyranny!'

These things are facts from France. They disgust men of good-will. And let us not forget that there is among men of mind in France not only a reaction against materialism, but even a return to the Church. If Jules Lemaître is not yet a practising Catholic, is not Huysmans so? Certainly Coppée is, and Brunetière; and so became, some time before his death, that other Academician, Octave Feuillet, who in "La Morte," already, though not then a Christian in act, noted the 'coarse anti-clerical fury.' Nor let us forget what Louis Blanc said: "We mean by clericalism not only Catholicism but all religious notions [*religiosité*] of any sort whatever."

Take yet another member of the Academy. Was Halévy a 'clerical' in any sense? Yet in "L'Abbé Constantin" (chapter i) he tells us that Mademoiselle Marbeau, the post-mistress, was a bit of a musician, and would very willingly have played the harmonium in the church, but she dared not for fear of being set down as a clericalist, and denounced by the *maire*, a *free-thinker*.

That might have hindered her promotion. So Yves le Querdec's schoolmaster, in "Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne," has a certain respect for the Church; but he begs the new parish priest not to come to see him too often, nor to expect his wife too often at Mass; for, though she has religious intentions, and sometimes hears the school-children their catechism, it would not do for either master or mistress to be thought really religious.

Among several more recent facts before me, take this last: At Taupont an ex-gendarme was lately deprived of his government tobacco shop for attending Mass and sending his two sons, one to a foreign missions' seminary and the other to a Jesuit college. He was told that 'the government would not pay him to manufacture priests.'

So to end as we began—with these instances of petty tyranny. They are more; and they are most instructive for your Protestant readers, not to say your Catholic. It is first monks, then seculars, then Catholics, and then all those accepting Christian principles for the individual and for society. Be not deceived. Your turn comes next. Burke was hotheaded; but if he spoke wildly, so do men speak in battle. The enemy is no phantom of the brain.

Would that Burke were here to write fittingly of poor timid brothers at convent gates who have been brusque or confused, and have been reprimanded by the Fathers because they hesitated to admit us! 'They had lived through these times,' was the Fathers' apology for them. "This species of universal subserviency," said Burke of the results of the Irish penal system of French-like spies and victims, "has a tendency to degrade and abase mankind and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind which alone can make us what we ought to be." Oh, how his words echo across to us and back again to France! "The question with

me is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy."

Meantime may this be said to English-speaking readers who are half suspicious that the fault is more with the Orders than with the government, and that the bishops are against the religious? The present writer's experience of many sermons heard in France in this last year is that without exception they deplored these evil days of persecution, or protested, or urged to prayer and good works, that the monks and nuns and their houses of education and charity might be spared to France. And with one exception these sermons were by secular priests.

In December last, at Boulogne, by order of the bishop—'a government man,' too, they say—for a week Mass was said daily in the cathedral to avert persecution, and the Most Blessed Sacrament was exposed all the First Friday for the same intention.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

THAT Mackenzie was quite ready to resign his place by the heiress of Santa Cruz became apparent as soon as Lloyd approached them. He rose with alacrity, commending the newcomer to Doña Victoria's consideration, and then himself made haste to join the group around Miss Rivers.

Lloyd looked after him with a slight smile; and the smile was still on his lips when his glance returned to the Mexican girl, as she sat on her Oriental-like pile of cushions, with the Moorish lantern hanging from the end of the ridge-pole of the tent above her head. These accessories—fragments of the modern craze for things Eastern and

bizarre,—which had been brought by Miss Rivers for purposes of decoration, seemed here to lose their note of strangeness, and to fit into the scene as perfectly as the Hispano-Moresque architecture of the country, or the ancient lamps of wrought-iron swinging in so many shadowy arcades and dim chapels since the sixteenth century. Especially they suited this girl, who belonged to the world they suggested, or at least to a world remote from all that is classed under the term modern. With his knowledge of the widely differing strains of blood which met in her veins, and of the still more widely differing hereditary influences which might be supposed to have aided in moulding her character, Lloyd found himself regarding her curiously; but, except in the fairness of her skin, he could perceive no trace of alien blood. Otherwise she seemed to him a perfect type of a race he had always admired, a superb impersonation of the finest physical traits of her people.

"She is a true daughter of the Sierra," he said to himself; and then he spoke aloud: "I suppose that you are on your way home, *Señorita*?"

"*Sí, Señor,*" she answered, courteously but briefly.

"I had once the pleasure of seeing your home. It is very beautiful," Lloyd went on, choosing the only topic which seemed available.

She looked at him surprised.

"You have seen my home, *Señor*? It is very far in the Sierra."

"But I know the Sierra well," he answered. "I have been in it a great deal, and I like it immensely."

Her surprise was now mingled with the same incredulity she had shown when Miss Rivers declared her admiration of the *quebrada*.

"You like the Sierra!" she repeated. "That is not common with *Americanos*. They think our country rough and ourselves uncivilized,—at least that is

what I have heard, for I know very few of them."

Her tone so plainly added, "Thank God!" that Lloyd smiled again.

"All Americans are not alike, *Señorita*," he remarked. "There are some who measure everything by what they know at home, and who are rude in their criticism of things to which they are not accustomed; but these are uncultivated and what we call provincial. There are others who not only admire all that is picturesque, but who would not if they could change foreign manners and customs, because they give variety and color to the world."

"The *Señorita* is like that," said Victoria, glancing at Miss Rivers. "I did not suppose there were any Americans of that kind until I met her. She admires even the *quebrada*."

"So you see I tell you the truth. There are Americans and Americans. Unfortunately, not many like Miss Rivers have ever found their way into this part of Mexico."

"But you are like her if you admire the Sierra."

"In that respect, yes. And there are many others who would be wild with admiration over its beauty."

"I should be sorry for Americans of that kind to come," said Victoria, deliberately. "We do not want them."

"Is not that very inhospitable?" Lloyd remonstrated.

The girl looked at him, frowning unconsciously until her black brows made a straight line across her face.

"There is no merit in hospitality toward those who come to ruin and rob," she said. "And if they did not rob," she added, with a keen instinct, "they would change all things. It would be no longer our country after many Americans came into it. If I could I would make them all stay away."

"You would banish us all—even Miss Rivers, who admires the country so much?"

Victoria hesitated an instant. Plainly Isabel Rivers' charm had been potent even here. But potent as it was it did not make her waver.

"Yes," she said, "I would wish that even Miss Rivers did not come, because she may bring others; and, whether they admire our country or not, we don't want them."

"If admiration of the country is not a passport, then there is clearly no place for me," said Lloyd, who was at the same time amused and sympathetic. It is possible that these sentiments might have yielded to a sense of natural offence at such plain speaking but for his remembrance of the story which justified both the feeling and the manner in which it was expressed. A mingling of curiosity and interest made him probe a little farther. "I suppose that with these sentiments you would close the gates of Santa Cruz in the face of all Americans?"

"Americans do not come to Santa Cruz, Señor," Victoria answered. "But if they should—our gates are never closed to strangers. It is not the way of the Sierra."

"I know well that it is not. I have never yet asked hospitality in the Sierra and had it refused."

"No, it is never refused," she replied; "but sometimes it is very ill requited."

There was a moment's pause; for Lloyd, who might have answered easily had he been ignorant of what special deed of ill requital was in her mind, felt all power of answer taken from him by his knowledge. And as he looked at her, in her noble beauty, her air of command, her pride and her just resentment, he said to himself that the work which lay before Armistead was not only unenviable but doomed to failure, if this girl had the power, as she surely would have the will, to hold her own against the hand which came once more to return hospitality and trust by robbery.

This was the report which he made a little later to Armistead.

"If I were in your place," he added, "I would go back to Trafford and tell him to come and do his own contemptible work if he wanted it done. But I should also warn him that he will never accomplish it; for this girl will fight like a lioness, and she will have the country behind her."

Armistead smiled—a superior and not altogether pleasant smile.

"It's not remarkable," he observed, "that you haven't—er—succeeded very well in life."

"If you mean that I am a complete failure," Lloyd answered, "I agree with you that it's not remarkable; but I don't believe that it is absolutely necessary to choose between failure and doing such work as this."

"It is certainly necessary to choose between failure and carrying out the instructions of your employers. If I were foolish enough to go back to Trafford as you advise, do you know what would be the result?"

"I shouldn't care."

"Probably not; but the result would simply be that Trafford would send some other man to carry out his instructions with regard to this matter, and that I should lose a very valuable connection without doing any good to anybody—"

"Except to yourself. A man does good to himself when he keeps his hands out of such work."

"You'll allow me to be the best judge of that," returned Armistead, coldly. There was a moment's pause, and then he added: "We are going on with these people to-morrow."

"You mean—?"

"The Santa Cruz party. I find that the *administrador*—what's his name?"

"Don Mariano Vallejo."

"Yes, Don Mariano is a very sensible man. My Spanish isn't academic, but he manages to understand it, and I can extract a good deal of information from

him. When we reach Canelas I shall tell him that I have business with Doña Beatriz, and he will then probably ask me to go on with them to Santa Cruz. If not, we will quietly follow in a few days. I suppose your chivalry has not been so deeply stirred by Doña Victoria that you will desert me at this stage of affairs?"

"My chivalry, as you call it, has been no more deeply stirred by Doña Victoria than it was stirred when you told me the story in San Francisco," Lloyd replied, a little coldly in turn. "Of course I will fulfil the agreement made then, which was that I should accompany you to Santa Cruz and act as your interpreter if you needed one; but further than that I will not go."

"My dear fellow, I haven't the faintest intention of asking you to go further," said Armistead carelessly, throwing away the end of the cigar he had been smoking. "And now let us try to get a little sleep, since we must be up at daylight."

At the time mentioned—that beautiful hour of dawn which is called in Spanish the *madrugada*—all was movement, bustle, noise, about Guasimillas. Packs were being loaded on mules, blindfolded that they might stand still for the cords to be many times cast and then tightened about their *aparejos*; *mozos* were shouting, bridles and spurs were jingling; rolls of bright-colored blankets lay on the ground ready to be adjusted behind the saddles of the riders. In the *huerta* the Rivers' tent had been struck, and mattresses, cushions, blankets rolled in waterproof, to be placed with the canvas and poles on one of the mules standing by in the deep shade of the orange-trees.

Isabel Rivers taking her way to the house, where breakfast was to be served on the corridor, was looking with such delighted eyes at the animated scene, that Lloyd, who met her, paused, struck by her expression.

"*Buenas dias, Señorita!*" he said,

smiling. "You seem to be enjoying something very much."

"I am enjoying everything," she replied. "Do you wonder? I have left the nineteenth century—the ugly, prosaic nineteenth century—behind, and am in the fifteenth or sixteenth, when life was full of color, romance, picturesqueness. This is a perfect page out of those times."

"So it is," he assented. "And you like it?"

"*Like* is too faint a word. I have never enjoyed anything so much; for I have never before been in a country with natural features so marvellously beautiful, and a life and customs that seem a perfect mingling of mediæval Europe and the East. Don't you like it, or are you one of the Americans who pine for locomotives and trolleys?"

"I am not," he assured her with commendable gravity. "I believe I appreciate all the charm you are feeling; although, of course, it is not so fresh to me as to you. But I have lived in the Sierra a long time and it has laid its spell upon me."

"The Sierra!" she repeated. "Somehow, when you and Doña Victoria utter that name it has a kind of magical suggestiveness. You speak of it as if it were a land apart."

"It is a land apart—one of the few untouched regions of primeval wildness and grandeur yet remaining on earth."

"And you want to bring a railroad into it and destroy it!"

"I want to bring a railroad into it! Who has been traducing me to you?"

"Somebody—papa or Mr. Thornton—said yesterday that is what you are here for—you and Mr. Armistead."

"Mr. Armistead may be contemplating such an enormity, but I am quite guiltless of it. The useful mule suffices me." Then, as they walked toward the house, he added: "I am glad you admire the country so much; but do you not think that you may grow a little tired of Tópia—after the novelty has worn off?"

"No, I don't think so," she answered. "That is papa's fear; but, then, he does not know me very well. You see," she went on confidentially, "we have not lived together for years—not since my mother died when I was quite a child. Since then I have lived with my aunt in San Francisco, or been abroad with another aunt. So papa regards me as simply one of the genus 'young lady,' and credits me with what he supposes to be the tastes of that genus. I had to *insist* upon coming with him to Mexico."

"The insensibility of fathers to their privileges is sometimes astonishing."

"Is it not? But I hope to make him acquainted with me before I leave Tópia. You know he can not get rid of me for at least six months. When the rainy season comes, it seems that this river rises and the way down the quebrada is closed."

"I suppose you are the only person who anticipates that event with pleasure. But you know you can always, if you like, go out over the Sierra."

"So Doña Victoria told me. By the by"—she paused again,—“do you know Doña Victoria very well?"

"On the contrary, I met her for the first time last night."

"Oh! But perhaps you can tell me if I am not right in thinking that she is very—typical?"

"Of her people, do you mean? Yes: she has all the finest physical traits of her race."

"And more than the physical traits. It is difficult to express, but it seems to me that I have never before known any one so perfectly in harmony with her environment—all this, you know." And Miss Rivers waved her riding whip comprehensively in a gesture which included all the magnificence of the great gorge, as well as the varied and picturesque human life around them.

"She makes the same impression upon me," Lloyd said, "as if she were an

impersonation of the wild, sylvan charm of the Sierra."

"I thought you would feel it, too," said Miss Rivers. "I can always tell whether or not it is worth while to mention a thing of this kind to any one. There are people who would laugh at such fancifulness, you know."

Lloyd answered quite truthfully that he knew very well.

"But she keeps Wordsworth constantly in my mind—I mean, of course, some of his poetry," Isabel went on. "I find myself murmuring as I look at her:

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things."

"There is fire under the silence and the calm," said Lloyd. "I saw a flash of it last night."

"Did you? But, after all, the fire should be there to typify perfectly the people and the country, should it not?"

He laughed.

"If you are determined to make a type of her, I suppose it should," he replied. "At all events, it generally is there in both."

"She interests me very much," said Miss Rivers. "I shall ask her to come to see me in Tópia, and I hope she may come. Do you think she will?"

"Unless she is as insensible as Mr. Rivers to a great privilege, she certainly will. And if she invites you to her home in the Sierra, let me advise you to go. That would interest you immensely."

"Oh, nothing would prevent my going,—nothing! If she only asks me—yes, papa, here I am! Is breakfast ready? Come, Mr. Lloyd!"

(To be continued.)

Tenebrae.

BY CHARLES HANSON, TOWNE.

SO that my dark and sorrow come from Thee,
So that it is Thy rod 'neath which I bend,
Dear Lord, let night and suffering descend;
For, oh, the way is light if Thou'rt with me!

The Story of St. Ida.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

ONE balmy day in the early months of the year 1058—our chroniclers can give us no more exact date—the great western doors of the cathedral church of Boulogne (which even at that early date had seen four centuries pass since its grey walls arose around the first humble chapel giving shelter to a miraculous image, hallowed by many a legend, and renowned through many an answered prayer and wonder-bringing miracle) were thrown open to give passage and welcome to an all but royal medieval marriage procession. The most high and noble Count of Boulogne, Eustache II., was about to espouse a young and highborn damsel, the fair Countess Ida of Lorraine.

Some weeks before a solemn deputation of grave counsellors and barons had repaired to beautiful Lorraine to ask of its proud Duke—a descendant of Charlemagne, as was also the noble snitor—the hand of his young daughter, then just seventeen. Duke Godfrey of Lorraine—or of Tuscany, as his title also ran,—had already made trial of the fidelity of his would-be son-in-law in more than one campaign where they had fought together in defence of his dukedom against an encroaching suzerain, the Emperor of Germany; and now, after entertaining royally the envoys of his friend and ally, he had confided to their faithful escort his only and well-beloved daughter Ida, fresh from her convent solitude.

So the great procession entered the cathedral, with all its rich pageantry of glowing color and flashing gold and sparkling stones; the sheathed swords rattling in their chased and jewelled scabbards, the sweeping plumes and ermined mantles and sheeny satins glowing as they closed round one

slender girlish figure in its white robe and high-peaked headdress, whence depended the long lace folds of the bridal veil. The procession swept slowly up the flower-strewn nave toward the altar, where the princely bridegroom stood, with hand on sword-hilt, waiting to welcome his bride.

The multitude surged and shouted without. People had poured forth in thousands from the city gates to meet and escort, with cries of welcome, the girl-bride. The long train of clerics and choir had passed down between the kneeling throngs within to salute and conduct her to the altar step; and music and joyous chant burst forth as the grand nuptial rite of that day, in the "use of Therouanne," began.

According to the quaint custom of that rite, Count Eustache laid within the small and trembling hands of his young bride thirteen pieces of gold,—“twelve for honor and the thirteenth for dowry,” as they called it; after which four gentlemen of his court held over the bridal pair the great purple canopy, or veil, which symbolized the mutual love and fealty they were henceforth to bear one to the other; “even as the veil of a religious is the outward sign of her eternal alliance with Christ, her mystic Spouse.” And then the dean of Notre Dame gave the nuptial blessing, and Eustache II. and Ida of Lorraine were pronounced man and wife, amid the joyous clamor of trumpet, the clash of arms, and the cries of loyal triumph.

Eight centuries had passed. The men of that time had lived and fought and died; their aims forgotten, their habitations gone, their very memories for the most part obliterated. And then one still summer evening in the fading light another sight was seen. Again within that old cathedral of Boulogne—a fabric restored indeed, yet still in essence the same,—another crowd was gathered, perchance the offspring and descendants,

at least for the most part, of that first throng long ago. Again the lights shone out on altar and on wall; again the great dim gates were flung wide open and a white-robed train of priests and acolytes passed down to receive and welcome one who entered with music and solemn song.

But who? This time no white-robed maiden, but a small gold-bound crystal casket, before which the kneeling multitude bent with the long, slow swaying as of corn beneath the wind; while golden-coped priests closed round it and bore it slowly, solemnly, yet with a reverent triumph, up to the high altar which awaited its prize.

It was the Countess Ida coming back, after eight hundred years, along the selfsame pathway she had trod before, up to the selfsame altar, with the same wordless murmur of acclaim. Only this time she came back as wife and mother and a canonized saint to the altar which had received her virgin vows. And so after eight hundred years the bones of the Countess Ida came home to the shrine where she had so often worshiped, the mighty pile she herself had restored; the place of her marriage, of her joys, of her sorrows, of her many prayers; the resting-place of the great Mother who had lovingly watched over her and hers—Our Lady Star of the Sea, Notre Dame de la Mer.

I.

Among the many noble and princely families who ruled with feudal rights and absolute sway over lands and dukedoms which owed but a nominal fealty to their sovereign emperor, and were in fact lords over life and death, supreme rulers of their own provinces, none boasted a name more renowned, in legend as well as more sober history, than the House of Ardennes. Gothelon I., Duke of Upper and Lower Lorraine, had married a daughter of Béranger, the last king of Italy; and from this union sprang three sons, of whom the

eldest became duke in his turn. To this Godfrey—a warrior like his father, and, like him, perpetually involved in wars and harassing persecutions from the emperor, to whom he owed nominal fealty, and who, unlike a true liege-lord, coveted and finally wrested from him a large part of his beautiful Lorraine—was born, first a son, Godfrey; then, in the year 1040, a little daughter, Ida.

It was a time of warfare, of constant and bloody feuds, as we have said; so that when his good Duchess Doda, an English princess, died prematurely but a short time later, Duke Godfrey consigned his little daughter to the pious guardianship of the nuns of the Abbey of Bilsen, where her mother's remains had been laid. Here she passed the early years of her life, solitary perhaps, yet gravely happy; attaching herself with childlike affection to the Abbess Matilda, who took the place of the mother she had never known; and leading the studious, peaceful life usual to noble maidens thus brought up in cloistered seclusion. They read, they prayed, they embroidered quaint and beautiful pieces of work, or bent over the spinning-wheel.

But these very feminine occupations were not the only ones which filled her time; for in those days many a woman of birth, and still more many a religious, learned Latin as part of her ordinary studies, and even Greek; read the Fathers and classic authors or Church history, as well as the lives of the saints; and painted or illuminated or wrote in black-letter to fill up idle hours. And at the age of seventeen Ida was proficient in all these things. She is described by her chroniclers as *eruditam* and *literis imbuta est*; with a certain shadow of sadness upon her spirit, and a deep and tender piety, encouraged and fostered not only by her gentle nun-mistresses in everyday life, but also by the influence of her paternal uncle, Frederic of Lorraine, at that time priest and canon, and later on

to become Pope Stephen X.; a man of austere piety and extraordinary talent, who passed his one year of pontifical life in effecting reforms among his clergy and in improving the government of his States.

When the young princess came as a bride to Boulogne, the people of that place knew her already by reputation as a maiden of singularly pure and perfect life. The historian William of Tyre, writing some years after her death, says of her: "She was distinguished above the other noble dames of the West as much by the excellence of her conduct as by the elevation of her birth." And another writer calls her "one of the most pious ladies of her time." They comment in medieval fashion on her name,—*Ida* meaning "fair heights," or "mountains covered with agreeable forests"; and prophesy for her that she should be the source of a long and illustrious posterity.

The palace to which Count Eustache brought his bride had been newly restored, enlarged and beautified, and, according to contemporary writers, was fitted with every luxury of that time. Never had sovereign Count of Boulogne been so powerful, so rich or so considered as was the widowed Eustache II. when he led *Ida*, his second bride, to the altar. Twelve barons and four peers formed his immediate court; he made war and peace at will; held power of life and death over his subjects; levied taxes, minted money, created fiefs at pleasure. All along the sea-coast and land frontiers of his little kingdom were armed fortresses to protect it from invasion; and when he convoked his assembly of peers and barons to deliberate on affairs of State, one word of praise or blame was coveted or dreaded by all.

It was a dazzling contrast for the young Countess, queen in all but name, from the severe simplicity of her convent home to pomp and splendor, gay feasting

and mirth. Count Eustache conducted his bride with great state and ceremony from one town to another throughout all his domains; and reception after reception, one more splendid than the other, homage and banqueting, every description of magnificent display, were their welcome from knight and vassal at each halting place. Church bells rang as they passed; priests and people flocked to welcome her; the poor murmured blessings as she flung largess to them, and, noting the gentle kindness in her eye, the sweet humility of her demeanor, cried out that the good God had given them a saint.

Even in this first flush of bewildering triumph the Countess noted with grief the bare, denuded state of certain of the churches and chapels she visited on her way; and at once she began what was to be the great work of her life—the restoration and endowment of churches and monasteries, within and without their own domains. After the first glories of this triumphal procession through their State, she lived quietly at home in the palace, the site of which lies somewhere beneath the "Place" now called by her illustrious son's name; and there were born their three sons—*Godfrey*, *Baldwin* and *Eustache*.

As hagiology disdains not to record the prophetic dream of the mother of *St. Dominic*, and other telling incidents in prenatal biography, we may follow the pious historian in recording how while *Ida*, the future mother of a world-renowned hero, was yet in her convent school, she, "having fallen asleep full of holy thoughts," dreamed one night "that the sun descended from heaven and rested on her breast"; and, girl-like, when she woke she told her convent friends, and pondered seriously over the possible significance of the thing.

Again, before the birth of her first child, the future mother dreamed a vivid dream, in which she learned that she would give birth to a son, that he

would be followed by two others, and that if she nourished them exclusively at her own breast all three would wear a royal crown. Accordingly the young mother took the greatest precautions that the condition might be fulfilled; and two of her infants had no other milk than hers during the first year of their lives. But during the third child's infancy, the Countess, having one day absented herself for a time from home in order to assist at Mass or some other office at the neighboring church, left the babe to the care of her women, one of whom, a mother herself, heard the child cry and put it to her breast. The Countess on her return heard what had occurred and was extremely distressed.

Apart, indeed, from her dream, the young Countess seems to have had the strongest ideas—quite modern, in fact—on the subject of the physical results sometimes caused by the milk of strangers and hirelings given to young children; and “would not herself,” so says her biographer, “let any strange influences detract from the purity of the inheritance they drew from her milk”; replying to the remonstrances of her women with the remark that “they are only half mothers who do not follow nature and supply their own offspring with food.”

Another anecdote of the three brothers' early years, which gives a graceful picture of home life in those warlike days, relates how the little ones, playing round their lady-mother's knee one day, crept beneath her long ermined mantle, and crowded there, laughing, just as the Count their father came in from some long ride or hunting excursion; and, pointing to the moving mass beneath his wife's mantle, he asked her, as did Elizabeth of Hungary's spouse of old, what she had there. She answered, smiling, that there were three great princes under there; that one of them would hereafter be a duke, the second a king, and the third a count.

Whether jest or prophecy, the saying proved true, and has been immortalized in history: Duke Godfrey of Lorraine having refused the crown of Jerusalem, his brother Baldwin bearing it; and Eustache, the third, remaining count, as his father's successor.

But to turn to more practical matters. The three boys—there was a fourth son, who died young, and one or two sisters, as to whose number and destinies our authorities are not agreed—were trained by their mother in all learning and piety, and by their father to early proficiency in all manly and knightly exercises; so that young Godfrey was the admiration of their little court, for his precocious strength, comeliness and valor, at a very tender age.

This peaceful life of their early years was interrupted all too soon by the stern necessities of war; for Count Eustache having joined forces with Duke William of Normandy in his descent upon England, his little son Eustache was sent to the court of the Norman Duchess Matilda as hostage for his father's fidelity.

We are led to suppose that during Eustache's absence the Countess held the reins of government at Boulogne; and when, after being severely wounded at the battle of Hastings, he claimed, among other knights, a portion of the conquered lands as his reward for successful service, he received, as stated in the famous *Doomsday-Book*: “Two domains in Chent, two in Sudrie, two in Hantescire, six in Sumersete, one in Hertfords, one in Oxenfords, four in Grentebrscire, four in Huntedunse, seven in Bedefordsc, one in Essex, six in Norfolck and several in Suffolck.” And Ida his wife was dowered in her own right with “five domains at Notfelle in Sudrie [Surrey], Bochehantone, Wintreburne, and Sonwic in Dorset, and Chinwardestune in Sumersete.” Most if not all these possessions she afterward handed over to religious orders.

Count Eustache appears to have remained in England after the Conquest, as we find him in the following year (1067) heading a revolt in Kent against his suzerain, King William; and, being defeated, he took ship and fled back in haste to Boulogne, where he remained for some time, until peace was restored and his possessions confirmed to him. His portrait introduced by Matilda of Normandy into her famous tapestry still remains as a memorial of his share in the conquest of England and his comradeship with the Norman Duke.

During his absence his young sons were continuing their education at the "academy" established at Boulogne for youths of noble family whose parents were "richer in honor than in worldly wealth"; perhaps the first instance of school *versus* home education for young nobles to be found in the history of that period. Count Eustache's brother Godefroi, then Bishop of Paris, supplied it with some of the ablest professors of that university. It is even surmised that Peter the Hermit may have been among them, which possibility seems very suggestive in the light of after events. This connection with the great university enabled the noble Countess—herself a student—to enter into pious and literary relations with many of the learned men of the time, as will be seen later on.

Her second son, Baldwin, appeared at one time to have a vocation for the religious life, and certain prebendaries were reserved for him at the cathedrals of Rheims, Cambrai, and Liege; but, for reasons now unknown, he finally took up the profession of arms. He was a brilliantly clever student, surpassing all except his brother Godfrey in learning; while all three brothers gave early proof that they inherited alike the courage and skill in arms of their father and the piety of their mother.

In December, 1069, St. Ida had the grief of losing her gallant father, Duke Godfrey le Barbu,—a man who had ever

fought for and maintained the right, and supported the Holy See at a time of much conflict and the divisions caused by more than one antipope. His end was as edifying as his life had been, and gives a striking picture of the way in which those brave knights of old knew not only how to live but how to die. A contemporary writer tells us:

"Godefroi le Barbu, feeling his end approach, begged of the Abbot of St. Hubert to hear his confession. At the sight of the prince in his agony, the good religious exclaimed: 'Ah, Lord, Thou hast humbled this proud soul like unto one wounded!'—'Nothing is more true, my beloved Father,' observed the Duke. And, having confessed his sins, he called for his sword, and laid it in the Abbot's hand, saying: 'Father, I return it to you; you will be my witness at the judgment of God that I have humbly renounced the knighthood of the age.'"

He then caused himself to be carried into the Church of St. Pierre de Bouillon, where he passed an act of endowment and foundation of a new community of monks sent from St. Hubert's; and four monks from the abbey were installed there at once, to begin without delay the recitation of the Divine Office; while "at the sound of the bell which called them to their prayers the Duke forgot his pains." Then, as the malady lingered, he "bade farewell to the Château de Bouillon, and retired to Verdun, where, surrounded by the poor whom he called daily to sit at his table," he died, leaving his duchy to his son, Godfrey le Bossu.

(To be continued.)

Anagrams on

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

1. Virgo serena, pia, munda et immaculata.
2. Regia nata evadens luctum mali pomi.

George Herbert, transmuting the English word "Mary" into "army," writes:

How well her name an army doth present
In whom the Lord of Hosts doth pitch His tent!

Hiding-Holes in Penal Days.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

ON occasion of the pilgrimage to the venerable shrine of Our Lady of Consolation at West Grinstead last July, the devout pilgrims who journeyed thither from all parts of England were invited to inspect the antique presbytery which in days of yore formed part of the residence of the Carylls, the former lords of the manor. From its moss-covered roof, composed of thick slabs of gray stone, rises a chimney-stack of somewhat curious construction. Within it, or in the part of the building immediately adjoining it, are as many as four hiding-places—"priests'-holes," as they used to be called, since in the days of persecution they afforded many a priest or recusant a means of eluding his pursuers for a time, at any rate, if not of escaping ultimate capture. History relates that Father Bell, a Franciscan, concealed in the mansion of which we speak, venturing to leave his hiding-place, was captured by the priest-hunters in a lane close by, and was martyred at Tyburn in 1643.

Indeed, a considerable number of these lurking places existed in the castles and mansions of the wealthy at a period anterior to the persecution in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In troublous and lawless times, when family feuds were rife and party spirit ran high, when persons who had real or imaginary grievances against others took the law into their own hands and often executed summary vengeance on the offender, many a fugitive, political or otherwise, owed his life and liberty to contrivances of this sort, which enabled him to evade the arm of public justice or the weapon of a private enemy. Yet a large majority of the secret chambers and hiding-places in our ancient buildings date from the reign

of Queen Elizabeth, when sanguinary laws were enforced with the utmost severity against our Catholic forefathers who remained faithful to the ancient faith. This fact it is which invests these relics of a past age with peculiar interest for Catholics.

We who live in peaceful times and enjoy freedom of worship can scarcely credit the stringency of the enactments against those who refused to conform to the heretical use of divine service. Every recusant over the age of sixteen years who would not attend the Protestant rites was at first fined twelve pence every Sunday, later on condemned to forfeit £20—a large sum in those days—every month to the Crown. "Thundering statutes" were passed in regard to Jesuits and so-called "seminary priests," whose object, it was alleged, was to stir up treason against the Queen. Every clergyman who should administer the sacraments or celebrate rites according to the Catholic use was condemned for the first offence to imprisonment for six months; for the second to forfeiture of his living, and a year's imprisonment; for the third to incarceration for the remainder of his life. Nor was this all: any one convicted of bringing into the realm crosses, pictures, beads, Agnus Deis, or the like, incurred the penalty of perpetual imprisonment and loss of all his goods.

No wonder, then, when such laws were in force, that in the manor-houses or mansions of old Roman Catholic families an apartment in a secluded part of the house, or perhaps a garret in the roof, which served as a chapel, is generally found; and near to it some artfully contrived hiding-place, into which the officiating priest could quickly retire, and in which the sacred vessels, vestments, and altar furniture could be hidden. No wonder that when the faithful, apprised by means of a preconcerted signal—such as the spreading of linen to dry upon a hedge—that

the rare and often dearly-purchased privilege of hearing Mass was to be enjoyed at the residence of a neighboring squire or nobleman, met together for divine worship, the utmost precautions were taken against detection and surprise. For the emissaries of the law were authorized to pay a domiciliary visit at any hour of the day or night to the house of one suspected of harboring a priest, to force an entrance and search the dwelling from garret to cellar. Woe betide the unhappy priest who was taken in the act of celebrating the holy mysteries! With scarce a form of trial he was cast into prison, tortured and executed with barbarous cruelty.

The search for recusants and priests was of the most rigorous and unsparing character. Father Gerard, in his autobiography, gives a detailed account of the mode of procedure. The search-party would bring with them skilled carpenters and masons, and try every expedient, from measurements and soundings to tearing down panelling and pulling up floors. He himself escaped capture many times by taking refuge in the secret chambers in different Catholic mansions, when the hue and cry after him was at its highest pitch. He thus relates his exciting experiences in an old house in Essex, where the chapel and "priests'-holes" may still be seen, and also a fine old stone fireplace that was stripped of its overmantel and ornaments of carved oak by the pursuivants in their search for Father Gerard. He tells us with what success the house which was noted as a resort for priests, the owners being stanch "Papists," was explored in the year 1594:

"On Easter Monday, on account of the dangers that threatened us, we were trying to get ready for Mass before sunrise, when suddenly we heard the noise of horses galloping and of a multitude of men coming to surround the house and cut off all escape. Immediately the ornaments were pulled off

the altar, the hiding-places thrown open, my books and papers carried into them, and an effort made to hide me and my effects together. I wanted to get into a hiding-place near the dining-room, as well to be farther from the chapel and the more suspicious part of the house as because there was a store of provisions there. Moreover, I hoped to hear our enemies' talk, wherein there might be something which bore upon our interests. But the mistress of the house would have me go into a place near the chapel, where the altar furniture could be stowed with me. I yielded, and went in after everything was safe that needed putting away.

"Scarcely had I done so when the searchers broke down the door, and, forcing their way in, spread through the house with great noise and racket. Their first step was to lock up the mistress of the house in her own room with her maids; and all the Catholic servants they kept locked up in divers places in the same house. They then took to themselves the whole house, which was of a good size, and made a thorough search in every part, not forgetting to look even under the tiles of the roof. The darkest corners they examined with the help of candles. Finding nothing, however, they began to break down certain places they suspected. They measured the walls with long rods, so that if they did not tally, they might pierce the part not accounted for. Thus they sounded the walls and all the boards, to find out and break into any hollow places there might be.

"They spent two days in this work without finding anything. Thinking, therefore, that I had gone on Easter Sunday, the two magistrates went away on the second day, leaving the pursuivants to take the mistress of the house and her Catholic servants of both sexes to London to be examined and imprisoned. They meant to leave some who were not Catholics to keep

the house, the traitor (one of the servants) being one of them. The good lady was pleased at this, for she hoped he would be the means of freeing me and rescuing me from death; for she knew I had made up my mind to suffer and die of starvation between two walls rather than come forth and save my life at the expense of others.* In fact, during the four days that I lay hid, I had nothing to eat but a biscuit or two and a little quince jelly which my hostess had at hand and gave me as I was going in. She did not look for any more, as she supposed the search would not last beyond a day.

"But now that two days were gone, and she was to be carried off on the third, with all her trusty servants, she began to be afraid of my dying from sheer hunger. She bethought herself then of the traitor who she heard was to be left behind. He had made a great fuss and show of withstanding the searchers when they first forced their way in. For all that, she would not have let him know of the hiding-places had she not been in such straits. Thinking it better, however, to rescue me from certain death, though it was at her own risk, she charged him, when everyone had gone, to go into a certain room, call me by my wonted name, and tell me that the others had been taken to prison but that he was left to deliver me. I would then answer, she said, from behind the wainscot where I lay concealed.

"The traitor promised to obey faithfully, but he unfolded the whole matter to the ruffians who had been left behind. No sooner had they heard it than they called back the magistrates who had departed. These returned very early on the following morning and renewed the search. They measured and sounded everywhere much more carefully than before, especially in the chamber above

mentioned, in order to find out some hollow place. But, finding nothing whatever during the whole of the third day, they set guards in all the rooms about, to watch all night lest I should escape. I heard from my hiding-place the password which the captain of the band gave to his soldiers; and I might have got off by using it, were it not that they would have seen me issuing from my retreat.

"But mark the wonderful providence of God. Here I was in my hiding-place. The way I got into it was by taking up the floor, made of wood and bricks, under the fireplace. The place was so constructed that a fire could not be lit in it without damaging the house; though we made a point of keeping wood there, as if it were meant for a fire. Well, the men on the night-watch lit a fire in this very grate and began chatting together close to it. After a time the bricks, which had not bricks but wood underneath them, got loose and nearly fell out of their places as the wood gave way. On noticing this, and probing the bottom with a stick, they found that the bottom was made of wood; whereupon they remarked that this was something curious. I thought that they were going there and then to break open the place and enter, but they made up their minds at last to put off further examination till next day."

Hearing this, Father Gerard tells us that he besought the Lord earnestly—though he had no thought of escaping—that he might not be taken in that house, and so endanger his entertainers. His prayer was granted; for, though the search was renewed on the following morning, God had blotted all remembrance of what the watchmen had noticed out of their memory.

"Not one of the searchers entered the place the whole day," he continues; "though it was the one that was most open to suspicion. And if they had

* The crime of receiving and assisting priests was at that time punishable with death.

entered they would have found me without any search,—rather, I should say, they would have seen me; for the fire had burnt a great hole in my hiding-place, and had I not got a little out of the way the hot embers would have fallen on me. The searchers, forgetting or not caring about this room, busied themselves in ransacking the rooms below, in one of which I was said to be. In fact, they found the other hiding-place to which I had thought of going, as I mentioned before. It was not far off, so that I could hear their shouts of joy when they first found it. But after joy comes grief, and so it was with them: they found only a goodly store of provision laid up.

“They stuck to their purpose, however, of stripping off all the wainscot of the other large room. So they set a man to work near the ceiling, close to the place where I was; for the lower part of the walls was covered with tapestry, not with wainscot. They stripped off the wainscot all round till they came again to the very place where I lay; then they lost heart and gave up the search. My hiding-place was in a thick wall of the chimney, behind a finely inlaid and carved mantelpiece. They could not well take down the carving without risk of breaking it. Broken it would have been into a thousand pieces had they any conception that I was concealed behind it. But knowing there were two flues, they did not think that there could be room enough there for a man; nay, before this, on the second day of the search, they had gone into the room above and tried the fireplace through which I had got into my hole. They then got into the chimney by a ladder to sound it with their hammers. One said to another in my hearing: ‘Might there not be a place here for a person to get down into the wall of the chimney below by lifting up this hearth?’ ‘No,’ answered one of the pursuivants, ‘you could not get down

that way into the chimney underneath; but there might easily be an entrance at the back of this chimney.’ So saying, he gave the place a kick. I was afraid that he would hear the hollow sound of the hole where I was.

“Seeing that their toil availed them nought, they thought I had escaped somehow; and so they went away at the end of the four days, leaving the mistress and her servants free. When the doors were made fast, the mistress came to call me—another four-days’-buried Lazarus—from what would have been my tomb had the search continued a little longer; for I was all wasted and weakened as well with hunger as with want of sleep, and with having to sit so long in such a narrow place.”*

Some four or five years subsequently Father Gerard again narrowly escaped his pursuers. He had mounted to the hiding-place, which was arranged in a secret gable of the roof, and closed the trap-door behind him; but could not open the door of the inner hiding-place, which had been constructed for double security; so that he would infallibly have been taken had not the pursuivants found a layman, whom they carried off, mistaking him for a priest, and so desisted from further search.

At another time, when the priest-hunters were scouring the country for him, he owed his life to a secret chamber at Harrowden. The search-party had been there for nine days, and every approach to the house was guarded within a radius of three miles. With the hope of getting rid of her unwelcome guests, the mistress, Lady Vaux, revealed one of the priests’-holes to prove that there was nothing in her house save a few prohibited books. But this did not have the desired effect; and the unfortunate inmate of the hiding-place had to continue in a cramped position, there

* “Life of Father Gerard,” by Father Morris, pp. 52-56.

being no room to stand up, for four days more. His hostess, however, managed to bring him food.

So ingeniously were the hiding-places constructed that it was no uncommon thing for a rigid search to last a fortnight and for the pursuivants to go away empty-handed, while the object of their search was, perhaps, hidden within a wall's thickness of them, cramped and sore with prolonged confinement, and almost afraid to breathe lest the least sound should throw suspicion on the spot where he lay immured.

The privations endured by those who were concealed when the search was of long duration were terrible. In a letter from Father Garnet to Anne Vaux, preserved in the Record Office,* he thus describes his situation: "After we had been in the hoale seven days and seven nights and some odd hours, every man may think we were well wearyed, and indeed so it was. We generally satte, save that some times we could half stretch ourselves, the place not being high enough; and we had our legges so straitened that we could not sitting find place for them; so that we were in continuous paine of our legges, and both our legges were much swollen. We were merry and content within, and heard the searchers every day most curious over us, which made me think the place would be found. When we came forth we appeared like ghosts."

Sometimes the hiding-places were in a vault or altar, to be reached by a masked passage within the walls, which in those old mansions were of immense thickness. Good Father Gerard in his autobiography relates another of his adventures. He was with four other priests at a house in Worcestershire. One of these was saying Mass when a bustle was heard at the front door,—cries and oaths being poured forth against the servants for refusing admit-

tance to four priest-hunters, who with drawn swords were trying to force an entrance. While the servants were keeping the door, the priests profited by the delay to strip the altar and stow themselves and all their baggage in a cleverly contrived hiding-place.

"At last," he goes on, "the poor leopards were let in. They raged about the house for four hours, prying into every corner; but failed in their search, and only brought out the forbearance of the Catholics in suffering and their own spite and obstinacy in seeking. At length they took themselves off, after getting paid, forsooth, for their trouble. So pitiful is the lot of Catholics that those who come with a warrant to annoy them have to be paid for so doing by the suffering party instead of by the authorities who send them. When they were gone, and there was no fear of their returning, as they sometimes do, the lady of the house came and summoned out of the den not one but many Daniels. The place was underground and covered with water at the bottom, so that I was standing with my feet in water all the time."*

On one occasion we hear of the pursuivants being deterred from prosecuting their investigations in a most unusual and unexpected manner. There was a certain house, Father Weston writes, where were gathered several persons grievously afflicted with an evil spirit, whom it was necessary to relieve by exorcising. Thither some pursuivants came, with warrants to search, with an intention of discovering what might be going on, and who were present, so that they might arrest any priests or suspected persons whom they might find. They chose the time that seemed most likely for the celebration of Mass and the exorcisms, and knocked a long time at the door.

* State Papers (Domestic), James I.

* Cf. "Condition of Catholics under James II.," p. 39.

At last they were admitted into the house. On the threshold they met with one of the victims of possession. It was a girl, and as soon as she saw them she ground her teeth and declared that one of them—a man she named—had a thousand devils hanging on to the buttons of his dress. At this the pursuivants were so scared that they forgot all the furious temper in which they had come. In their excessive fright they seemed paralyzed and became perfectly gentle. They not only showed no violence but did not so much as touch a thing in the whole house; they did not search any corner or room, but went only where they were taken. There were, nevertheless, several priests in the house at the time, one of them actually saying Mass when they came. Before the rogues were admitted, the priests had concealed themselves in the different hiding-places.*

Not unfrequently, if the walls were not made of stone but of wainscot or other weaker material, the searchers would thrust it through with their swords, hoping that in some place they might light upon a priest. Through this rigorous form of trial those who were concealed narrowly escaped being wounded or slain. The walls of some mansions were literally riddled with secret chambers and passages leading to hidden exits. Wainscoting, solid brickwork and stone hearths would swallow up fugitives and close over them, only to open again at the hider's pleasure, unless, as was frequently the case, the searchers carried on their work with such fury as to break down the walls wholly, and search, as Father Gerard says, "with torches in such darksome places and housetops where nothing else but birds and mice have come of many years."

(Conclusion next week.)

* "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers,"
Second Series, p. 101.

A Primary Duty of Parents.

THERE can be no question that one of the gravest responsibilities assumed by Catholics who enter the holy state of matrimony is the religious training of the children with whom it may please Almighty God to bless them. Unfortunately, too, there is little doubt that the responsibility is one which many incur thoughtlessly, and which in consequence they are inclined to minimize, if not practically to shirk altogether.

True, when the dawn of reason first breaks upon the childish mind, Catholic mothers as a rule are faithful in sowing the seeds of elementary religious truths in the hearts of their little ones. The children are taught to make the Sign of the Cross, to recite short prayers; to speak and think with reverence of God the Father, our Divine Lord, and the Blessed Virgin; to distinguish the broad lines of right and wrong. Once the child has grown old enough to be sent to school, however, too many parents apparently think that the responsibility of his religious education is shifted from their shoulders to those of his teachers or of the parish priest. This is a radical mistake. Home-training in the theory and practice of Christian doctrine can not be superseded by the instruction of even the most conscientious teachers or the most zealous priests. The lesson imparted by a pious and loving mother makes a more lasting and a more vivid impression than can be given by any other human agency whatever.

Even where the boys and girls attend parochial schools, in which the catechism forms one of the regular text-books, the fireside instruction can not safely be dispensed with. Much less can it be neglected in the case of the thousands of our Catholic children who perforce attend the public schools in which religion is tabooed. To imagine that the religious training of such children

is sufficiently provided for by their attendance at the weekly Sunday-school is to cherish a fallacy that is patently absurd. It is questionable whether the Sunday-school session can even do the negative work of quite neutralizing the baneful influence of the non-Catholic atmosphere to which the children are habitually exposed; it certainly can not do much more.

The only parents who may hope to have rid themselves, in a very large measure, of their personal responsibility for the effective religious training of their sons and daughters, are they who have confided the education of those sons and daughters to Catholic colleges and convents. The authorities of such institutions really assume parental obligations toward those committed to their charge, and hence relieve the fathers and mothers to a great extent of one of their most essential duties to their offspring. The overwhelming majority of Catholics in this country, however, are precluded by circumstances from sending their children to college or convent, so their personal accountability for the Catholic training of those children can not be shirked.

Children who frequent the public schools manifestly need peculiar attention. The supernatural being totally excluded from their minds during school-hours, it becomes imperative that, at home, God and the soul, grace and prayer, the Holy Sacrifice and the sacraments, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, penance and good works, sin and death and judgment, should be the subjects of frequent conversation. Family prayer, the Rosary in common, for instance, can in such cases scarcely be considered a negligible act; and no pains should be spared in forming these children to other devotional practices. It is elementary that their parents are strictly bound in conscience to see that they both attend the Sunday-school with exemplary regularity and prepare the

Sunday-school lesson with due diligence.

To secure either this adequate preparation or this regular attendance will commonly entail the exercise of the paternal authority; and Catholic fathers who neglect to enforce their authority on such points are sinfully imprudent. Growing boys who have made their First Communion are especially in need in this matter of a firmness of discipline which comes with best grace, and probably too with best effect, from the head of the family. Too often, unfortunately, the head of the family finds himself sadly handicapped in such conjunctures by his own indifference in religious matters. How many Catholic children there are whose observation of home life has probably engendered some such resolve as was formed by the precocious little fellow who inquired: "Mother, when shall I be old enough to leave off saying my prayers?"—The mother stared in amazement. "Why, never, of course, Johnnie."—"Oh," said Johnnie, coolly, "when I'm grown up I don't mean to say any prayers! *Father never does!*" God help all such fathers! They are laying up for themselves unfailing stores of future bitterness.

At best, the Catholic child who attends a godless school is sadly handicapped in the matter of attaining a genuinely useful education; and his parents, not less but even more than his pastor, are obliged to supply the lamentable deficiency of his schoolroom training. They unquestionably owe to the youthful soul whose charge God has confided to their care, not only the example of an upright and devout Catholic life, but the Christian instruction without which his eternal salvation will surely be compromised.

THE man who hardens his heart because he has been imposed on has no real belief in virtue, and, with suitable circumstances, could become the deceiver instead of the deceived.—*Hugh Black.*

Two Royal Brothers in Black.

WE do not know much about African kings, but we are glad to hear that the Holy Father has sent a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin to the King of Onitsha, Samuel Oksi Okolo, whose name is affectionately abbreviated by his subjects into Sami. A most interesting account of his conversion is afforded by the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*. Sami was formerly a Protestant preacher among his people, and an enthusiastic enemy of all things Roman; but the charitable works of priests and Sisters led to his conversion. Sami was really not eligible for the kingship because he had refused the preceding year to kill his twin sons as a sacrifice, and he deserved banishment, not honors, according to the code of the tribe; his election was also opposed by the Niger Company and by the non-Catholic missionaries. But Sami was elected, nevertheless; and his first act was to hand over the chief idol of his people to Father Vogler, and to set up a crucifix over his throne.

In due course the great feast of the tribe came around, and Sami, according to custom, ought to have sacrificed to the official fetish—slaughtered a goat and danced before the idol. But the King ordered the fetish to be stowed away in a corner, and he refused to slay the goat. The chiefs of the tribe remonstrated and threatened to revolt, but threats and remonstrances were alike vain. Sami took the goat and said: "I will show you another way to profit by this creature. We will kill it and eat it together." The missionary who sends the account adds roguishly: "So the goat was killed and eaten, and the fetish is still fasting."

Another royal conversion was that of his Majesty Obi Fatu. An account of this conversion and of the simultaneous baptism of the whole town of Nsubé, of

which he is king, is also afforded by the *I. C. M.* King Obi was baptized on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. We will let Father Lejeune, who performed the ceremony, describe the event:

"It was a charming ceremony. At Mass the humble catechumen would not occupy the chair prepared for him: he sat on the earth on a simple mat. He had already separated himself from all his fetishes and his wives, and put aside his crown of antelope horns in a corner of his house. About 4 p. m. he received baptism, having for godfather our catechist Ephrem, and for godmother the superioress of the Sisters at Onitsha. As soon as baptized he came out, and in his enthusiasm cried in a loud voice: 'Who is like to God?' And all the people of Nsubé—9000 at least—cried out after him: 'Who is like to God?'

"The twenty-eight chiefs of Nsubé then held a council and decreed: (1) that all parents should send their children to school, and that for school purposes each of the nine quarters of the town should give up the fetish house of the quarter; (2) all the Nsubés should be instructed in the Christian faith; (3) two large roads, twenty-three feet wide, should be made at the expense of the town, to connect the mission with the different quarters; (4) opposition to these unanimously voted decisions should entail a fine, to be determined by a special commission. These events are the more consoling because for three years Nsubé had been practically abandoned, as the Niger missionaries died one after the other, and it was impossible to look after this people, whose evangelization appeared so very difficult.

"It is a remarkable coincidence that on the very day I baptized Obi we learned the death of the first missionary of Nsubé, Father Cadio. Perhaps by his prayers and the sacrifice of his life he has hastened this wonderful harvest."

Long life to their Majesties King Sami and King Obi Fatu!

Notes and Remarks.

It is an inspiring call that Dr. Thomas Dwight, of the Harvard Medical School, sends out to the Catholic professional man and college graduate. Dr. Dwight is a most devoted member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he summons men of culture to join in its noble apostolate. Needless to say, it is no vulgar snobbishness that leads him to call for college-bred volunteers; here are his words, which we quote from the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*:

It is best to admit frankly that the great majority of our members are not up to the requirements of this work. Let me try to make myself perfectly plain on this point. Neither riches nor education are necessary to make admirable members. Some of the best I have ever known earned their bread by manual labor. The personal friendship of some of these has been and is very dear to me. Were all such as they, the Society would be very different from what it is and much better. But even then there would be the admission to make that there are works both within and without the Society for which they have not the education. This is no more a reflection on them than it would be to say that they are not clad in purple and fine linen. They have what is far better—true and humble hearts; but it does not follow that there is not need of men fitted for higher work. The Catholic body is much stronger than it was in the early days of the Society amongst us. Apart from accessions through conversions, the sons of former members have grown up with much better education than their fathers. There are large numbers of young Catholics rising to distinction in the professions and in business. Those in our ranks are relatively few. We have tried to get them, and some have accepted the invitation. Why not more?

Dr. Dwight finds excuse for the paucity of educated volunteers in the past: "They have never appreciated that the opportunity was offered them to work for the glory of God's Church by serving His poor." And if they still decline to ally themselves with the glorious work, the loss, he tells them, will be theirs:

Their loss in opportunity to do good works—to help to save souls as well as bodies, to win graces, to gain indulgences—can be reckoned by no human bookkeeper. The loss to the poor,

though not in dollars and cents, would be equally appalling; the words of kindness and encouragement, the Christian sympathy, the baptism of children, the reformation of sinners, the families held together, the tottering faith supported,—who shall estimate the loss were these things left undone?

There speaks the man of faith and piety as well as the man of education! God grant many such to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and to the Church in America!

The way of the Heathen Chinese continues to be "peculiar." A missionary writing from Northern Chan-si says: "Now that quiet is restored, I have been able to lay the interests of my mission before the viceroy. On the receipt of orders from Peking, it was agreed that the prison where our martyrs had suffered before enduring their last torments should be made to commemorate the fact by a memorial tablet. Likewise at the place of execution where they met their glorious death, it is proposed to place an inscription to perpetuate their memory. Finally, as a special reparation, a monument is to be raised over their graves, on which an imperial decree will bestow the title of 'Sacred,'—which means that no one may pass it except on foot; even mandarins when they approach it must alight from their horse or palanquin." It was at Chan-si, during the Boxer savagery, that Bishops Grassi and Fogolla, Fathers Elias and Theodoric, Brother Andrew, ten seminarians, several religious and some Chinese Sisters were cruelly put to death. Verily, the fathers stone the prophets, and the children build their monuments!

Among the consultors of the pontifical commission on modern biblical questions we note with proper complacency that the English-speaking countries have three representatives—Father David Fleming, O. F. M.; Dr. Robert F. Clarke, of the archdiocese of Westminster; and Dr. Grannan, of the Catholic University of

America. Other names that will inspire universal confidence in the decisions of the commission are those of Vigouroux, Gismondi, Von Hummellauer and Van Hoonacker. The characteristic wisdom of the Holy See is seen in the opportuneness of the commission. While the higher critics feverishly sought to outdo one another in denial and iconoclastic "discovery," the face of Rome was rigidly set in the old direction, impassive and immovable as the face of the sphinx. Now that the storm is spent and men's minds are again calm, the Church appoints a body of experts to investigate causes and effects, to analyze the findings of the higher critics, and, if so be, to separate the dross from the gold.

The proposal that this country should pay to its ex-Presidents a pension of twenty-five thousand dollars will scarcely commend itself to the judgment of the thoughtful citizen. One obvious reflection is suggested by the largeness of the amount advocated. (Until within our own recollection it was the annual salary of the chief executive.) If an ex-President is in the physical and mental condition of the normal spender of twenty-five thousand dollars per year, he is presumably quite able to earn that amount for himself, and should not be deprived of one of life's truest sources of happiness, the necessity of labor. Our system of government does not involve the superannuation of our executive chiefs; nor do four or eight years in the White House incapacitate any one for the subsequent practice of his business or profession. The bill recently introduced into Congress may well be laid on the table indefinitely.

In noticing two recent pamphlets, the publication of which every intelligent Catholic must regard as a real service to religion, the *Month* remarks:

Spurious relics and legends are no more part of the revelation guarded by the Church than

the barnacles are part of the ship to which they adhere so tenaciously, nor has the Church ever really sanctioned them with her authority. On the other hand, devout but insufficiently instructed Catholics are prone to regard them as such; and these may experience a shock to their faith on being told that they are now discredited. It is a serious difficulty no doubt, but one which must be faced in the interests of truth. Still, the shock should be mitigated as much as possible by spreading a correct knowledge of the facts and of the principles involved; and it is here that Father Grisar's essay promises to be most useful. It is written for scholars, but is written so plainly and reverently that it can be appreciated by a much wider circle.

Scandals and improprieties, such as violent polemics, anti-Semitic campaigns, foolish devotions, and even devotions pressed by advertisement into the service of money-making, are a trial to many earnest minds who, through want of proper instruction, are apt to hold the Church responsible for them. The Abbé Hemmer assigns them their true place as instances only of the misuse made of that liberty which the Church leaves to her children, in her desire not to extend too far the sphere of her authoritative action.

We learn that the case of Sister Aldegonda, of the Sisters of Mercy, who after a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré was instantly cured of an infirmity which had necessitated the use of crutches for thirteen years, is still puzzling the physicians who are familiar with it. There is no getting over the fact that whereas for so long a time the Sister was a cripple, unable to touch one of her feet to the ground, on returning from Canada she walked as well as any one. Here we have a very striking fact which can not be questioned; a marvel which the unbeliever can never hope to explain, seeing that supernatural cures are quite impossible even though they actually occur.

From time to time one is forced to think that the sectarian clergy are not so radically opposed to religious intolerance after all—when they have the power to exercise it themselves. Father Lebeau, writing to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* from Maiana, in the Gilbert Islands, gives an un-

edifying account of the manœuvres of the parsons there against the Church. According to Father Lebeau, they persuaded the doting King Moanipa to forbid the entrance of priests into his modest dominions; moreover, "a law required everybody to go to the Protestant church Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays under penalty of two weeks' imprisonment." That was a convenient sort of law, and if we had one like it in this country Protestant congregations would perhaps be larger; but it doesn't make nice reading for people whose ears are wont to be assailed by shouts about "the intolerance of Rome."

Mr. Marion Crawford, whose vocation as a novelist requires him to be a keen observer of men and tendencies, expresses satisfaction at "the decline of scientific atheism." The characteristic note of the time, according to Mr. Crawford, is the truce between religion and science,—the mutual understanding that neither will disturb the other. Some of his particular observations are of special interest; for instance: "Darwin, the greatest thinker, the greatest logician, the greatest discoverer of the last generation, was already beyond the limitations of 'scientific atheism' when he wrote his 'Earthworms.' So was Helmholtz in his later days. A man who is now a leader in scientific discovery, and who was once his assistant, told me many years ago something that showed the bent of his [Helmholtz's] thoughts. He was much given to explaining a vast number of phenomena by the 'vortex.' 'But,' the assistant asked one day, 'what made the vortex?' The man of genius looked at his young companion for a moment. 'God made the vortex,' he answered gravely."

The Gaelic Revival, it appears, is not the only resurrectionary movement astir in the Emerald Isle; for an Irish M. P., writing in the *North American Review*,

gives an impressive account of an industrial revival already in progress. The periodical famines and the virtual depopulation of the island are due, in large part, to England's restrictive legislation; and the part with which his Gracious Majesty's government is credited in the new Irish renaissance is but tardy and very partial reparation. A powerful organization is behind the movement, which sternly interdicts questions of politics or religion that might cause dissension and failure. Indeed one effect of the revival has been the elimination of prejudice. "Catholics and Protestants work together earnestly and harmoniously for the benefit of the community; and many creameries, especially in the North of Ireland, have been started and organized by the shoulder-to-shoulder exertions of the Catholic priest and the Presbyterian minister."

We have been much interested in a series of articles on "Aids to Devotion" concluded in the current number of our Anglican contemporary, the *Holy Cross Magazine*. These articles are eminently practical as well as informing, and they present many considerations which can not fail to impress the reader by their freshness and appositeness. The present article is on the Sign of the Cross, which has been called "an epitome of the Christian Religion." After explaining the different ways of making this holy Sign, the writer quotes a fine mystical interpretation of the more usual mode: "By drawing the hand from the forehead to the heart we symbolize the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity descending from heaven and becoming man in the breast of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The passage of the hand from the left to the right shoulder shows forth how Christ has brought us from darkness to light; how He has merited for us a place at His right hand on the Judgment Day,

instead of leaving us on His left, where by our sins we deserve to be."

In explanation of the neglect of the Sign of the Cross by so many nominal Christians, our Anglican friend says:

This holy sign is a weapon designed against Satan, and vast numbers of people of the present day no longer recognize the existence of the devil or of his angels. The master-stroke of the adversary in these latter days has been to make men regard him as a figment of the imagination, and it is not to be expected that they will care to guard themselves against one whom they have ceased to fear. If men believed the facts regarding Satan as they are revealed in Scripture, and realized him to be indeed a person armed with awful powers for the destruction of souls, they would not be so heedless in regard to means which God has provided for his overthrow.

It is an admitted fact that every act produces a corresponding effect on the brain, which contributes to the formation of habit. If the acts are good and pious, the mental habit will be of the same character, and will tend to the reproduction of the acts. The writer lays stress on this psychological principle which underlies all outward forms of devotion, and in concluding his article remarks:

One of the foremost of American psychologists (Professor James, of Harvard) has said, in summing up a discussion of these principles: "We are stereotyped creatures, imitators and copiers of our past selves." Thus the acquisition of such habits will be an earnest of perseverance in grace. This is not merely a truism of ascetical theology: the authority just quoted tells us in the same connection that as separate evil acts produce evil habits, "so we become saints in the moral sphere by so many separate acts and hours of work." Let us give ourselves to this work until we have put on the new man in Christ Jesus,—until in the deepest subconsciousness of our being we are His. Then, whatever distractions may come, underneath all will flow the mighty tide of the life of God. Amid the absorbing cares of our daily toil, in health or sickness—yea, in the deadly coma of our last hour, we shall be able to say, "I sleep, but my heart waketh!"

The writer of "Aids to Devotion" is unknown to us, but we can assure him that he has had at least one interested reader where, perhaps, least expected. Indeed the *Holy Cross Magazine*, though

an Anglican publication, is one of our most welcome exchanges; and we doubt whether it has more appreciative readers anywhere than in the sanctum of THE AVE MARIA.

The dishonest character of statistics is almost a proverb, but in the hands of a man like the late Michael Mulhall statistics are of the highest value and reliability. Another conscientious expert in statistics is Mr. John Holt Schooling, who contributes to the current *Fortnightly* a comparative study of the drink evil in England, France, Germany, and the United States. We quote one very gratifying paragraph:

The most striking fact in the above statement is the low drink-consumption per head in the United States. The American total per head is less than one-half of the total consumption per head in any of the three other countries. The superior sobriety of the American workman as compared with the Englishman has often been noticed; and observation in social grades higher than that of the artisan tends to show that American superiority in this respect is a general superiority, not confined to workmen only. The developed alertness and prompt energy of the American may, it is quite likely, be due in some part to this relative abstinence from alcoholic drink which is now illustrated.

It is also pleasant to be able to record that though the *per capita* consumption of beer is increasing in this country, that of spirits is declining.

"The submerged tenth," it appears, is a phrase of literal exactness. According to Mr. Jacob Riis, a writer on sociological questions, who has done much to better the condition of the submerged tenth, one person out of every ten that die in New York city is buried in Potter's Field; and one person out of every five that die in that city dies in some sort of public charitable institution. These figures convey some notion of the immense field of usefulness that opens up to such an organization as the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The indifference of so many Catholics to the work of this noble Society is most deplorable.



The Mill.

FROM THE GERMAN BY M. E. M.

I KNOW a busy mill, dear;
It grindeth good and fine:
A mill without a wheel, dear,—
What is it, heart of mine?
Two stones have other mills, dear,
By which the corn is ground;
But in this little mill, dear,
Are two and thirty found.
Those pretty, tiny stones, dear,
All shining ivory white,
Behind two crimson doors, dear,
Go working day and night.
Above them two blue flowers, dear,
Keep watch upon the mill,
That nothing coarse or foul, dear,
The hopper clean may fill.
And five brisk little horses
Forever seek and find
What here, what there to gather,
Within the mill to grind.
It lies behind your lips, dear,
Those gates of rosy hue;
The flowers that watch above them
Are your sweet eyes of blue.
It runneth without water,
It needs nor steam nor wind,—
Come look into the glass, dear,
The miller there to find.

FABULOUS prices have been paid for some of the violins belonging to the celebrated makers of the sixteenth century. For an instrument by Steiner, the famous Tyrolese maker, it is said that fifteen hundred acres of American territory were once ceded. What that violin ultimately realized may be imagined when it is stated that the land which constituted its price is that on which the city of Pittsburg now stands.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—A SECOND VISIT TO THE CASTLE.

IT was not so very long after this occurrence that, led on by the beauty of a moonlight night, I wandered somewhat farther than usual from the inn. The soft radiance of the full moon was streaming down over that exquisite landscape. I stood and gazed at a tiny stream which lay sparkling and shimmering with magical brilliancy; and as I did so I saw, coming through the dark masses of foliage on a mountain path, the same figure which I had before seen in company with Winifred. The man's outline seemed larger and more gaunt than before. I presume this was due to the uncertain, flickering light of the moon through the trees.

An impulse urged me to conceal myself. I slipped into the shadow and watched Niall approach, with a curiosity which was full of awe. His head was up in the air, so that he resembled those magicians of old who read the stars and pretended to discover in them the secrets of the future. It was evident that he was making some calculation; for he stopped from time to time, counting rapidly on his fingers.

He finally advanced close to the edge of the stream and knelt down. He peered into the clear depths so keenly that it seemed as if he were counting the pebbles on the bottom. All the time he muttered to himself, but quite unintelligibly, so that I caught not a word. At one point, where the rivulet was shallow, he felt with both hands very carefully for some time, taking up and throwing down again handfuls of clay or pebbles.

Suddenly he threw up his arms with a strange, triumphant exultation; and, rushing in among the trees, he brought out something which seemed like a crock. He placed it beside the stream; and then, as I still watched and waited, his jubilation gave place to caution. He began to look all about him, stooping and shading his eyes with his hand so that he might better penetrate the gloom, while he turned his head in every direction. I wondered what he would do if he should discover me. The idea was, to say the least, uncomfortable at such a time and in such a place. All around darkness save for the light of the moon; everywhere the intense stillness and solitude of a rustic neighborhood, in which all the world sleeps save those "who steal a few hours from the night." I was alone with this singular being, whose wild, grotesque appearance was enough to frighten any one; and once I thought I saw his burning eyes fixed upon me in my hiding-place.

I scarce dared to breathe, fearing that every moment he would pounce upon me and drag me forth. But it was soon evident that he did not see me. His face lost its watchful look, and he advanced once more toward the moon-whitened stream where he had left his crock. He cast a hasty glance upward and I heard *gealach*—the Gaelic word for the moon—pass his lips, coupled with that of Winifred; and then he began to take up what seemed like mud from the bed of the stream, filling the crock rapidly.

When this was full, he seized the vessel and disappeared at a fearful rate, as it seemed to me, up the steep path by which he had previously descended. I was conscious of a great relief when I saw him vanish in a turn of the road; for there had been something uncanny even in the huge shadow which he cast behind him, and which brought out the weirdness of his figure and of his garments, as well as of his wonderful,

sugar-loafed hat. I was afraid to come out from my hiding-place for some time, lest he might be looking down upon me from some dark place above.

I went home, with a firm determination to discover, if possible, who was this singular person, what were his pursuits, and whence he had come. I felt that on Winifred's account, at least, I should like to know more of her ill-chosen companion. I was certain that the landlord, though a natural gossip once his tongue was unloosed, would relapse into taciturnity if I strove to make him throw light upon this mysterious subject. My only hope lay in Granny Meehan. She seemed a reasonable and conscientious woman, certainly devoted to the girl. Therefore I would appeal to her to discover if Niall were worthy of her confidence, if his dreamy and unsettled condition of mind made him a suitable companion for Winifred, and if such companionship would not disgust her with the realities of life, prevent her from acquiring a solid education and the training which befitted the station to which I believed her to belong.

I had become deeply interested in the girl, though I had not as yet formed the project, which later developed itself, of taking her with me to America and putting her in one of the celebrated convent schools there. Her condition even then seemed to me a sad and perilous one: her only guardian apparently a blind woman, who, despite her devoted affection, had neither the power nor, perhaps, the will to thwart Winifred in anything. The girl's nature seemed, on the other hand, so rich in promise, so full of an inherent nobility, purity and poetry, that I said to myself, sighing:

"No other land under the sun could produce such a daughter,—one who in such surroundings gleams as a pearl amongst dark waters."

I paid my second visit to the castle, therefore, on the very day after my

moonlight glimpse of the mysterious Niall. It was a bright morning, flower-scented and balmy, with that peculiar balminess, that never-to-be-forgotten fragrance of the Irish atmosphere in the May time of the year. I stood still to listen to a wild thrush above me as I neared the castle, and the thrilling sweetness of its notes filled me with something of its own glee. Winifred was in the old courtyard feeding some chickens, gray and speckled and white, with crumbs of oaten bread and a bowlful of grain. She was laughing gaily at their antics and talking to the fowl by name:

"No, Aileen Mor! You're too greedy; you're swallowing everything. Gray Mary, you haven't got anything. Here's a bit for you. No, no, bantam Mike, you can't have any more; let the hens eat something!"

The large speckled fowl that Winifred had first addressed stalked majestically to and fro, snatching from its weaker brethren every available morsel; while the little ones ran in and out, struggling and fighting in the most unseemly manner over the food Winifred let fall.

The child, on seeing me, nodded gaily.

"See," she said, "how they fight for their food! They're worse even than children!" Then she added in her pretty, inquiring way, with the soft modulation peculiar to the district: "I suppose, now, there are a great many fowl in America?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied,—"fowl of every sort. I think you will have to come to America some time and see for yourself."

A flush passed over her face, making it rosy red; then she said, with the curiously imperious manner which I had so often before noticed:

"I *am* going there some time: I *have* to go."

She turned once more to the chickens, silently this time; and her manner, as plainly as possible, forbade me to question her. No child had ever impressed

me in this way before. It was not that she was unchildlike nor what might be called old-fashioned; but she had that about her which was partly the effect, no doubt, of the peculiar deference with which she was treated by the blind woman and by Niall the wanderer.

"I suppose I may see Granny?" I remarked; and she answered:

"Oh, yes! She will be very glad. She is always in there near the hearth."

I was glad that Winifred showed no disposition at the moment to abandon her occupation of feeding the fowl; for I wanted to have at least a few words with good Mrs. Meehan on the subject of Winifred's association with the grotesque personage whom local tradition seemed to invest with unusual if not unholy powers. I passed through the stone passage, and, entering the square room, found the blind woman, as before, in statuesque attitude near the hearth, where on this occasion no fire was burning, its place being filled by an enormous bunch of clover, placed there by Winifred. The blind woman recognized me the moment I spoke.

"You're heartily welcome, ma'am!" said she, smiling; and we went on to exchange a few commonplaces about the weather and so forth.

It was a still day without, and we heard, every once in a while the voice of Winifred calling out her commands to the fowl; and presently she was in conversation with some one whom Mrs. Meehan explained to be Moira, their little maid-of-all-work.

"Sure, then, Miss Winifred, we might go the night with Barney to bring home some of the sods of peat. Barney will be havin' the cart out, an' we may as well have the drive," Moira said.

"Yes, I think I will go," said Winifred, "after the May prayers at the chapel. I'm going, when tea's over, to pick a great posy for the Blessed Virgin's altar. But it will be moonlight and we can go after."

"To be sure we can, Miss," assented Moira; adding the information that "Barney got a power of fine fish the day, an' he sold it all at Powerscourt, barrin' one big trout that's for yourself, Miss Winifred. An' the gentry over there gave him two shillin's, but he's puttin' them by to take him to Ameriky."

"Everyone has a craze for America," said Winifred's clear voice. "Even I am going there some day."

"Musha, then, an' I hope you'll take me with you!" cried Moira, coaxingly; "for what would I be doin' at all, at all without yourself?"

"We'll see when the time comes," declared Winifred. "I might take you,—that depends. But you'd better not say anything about it; for perhaps if people got talking we mightn't go at all."

"I'll be as secret as—as the priest himself in the confessional!" promised Moira. "An' that's secret enough. But I can't help wonderin' what it would be like out there?"

"It's a splendid place they say, with mountains and rivers," began Winifred.

"Sure an' we have enough of them ourselves, with no disrespect to them that tould you," said Moira.

"In America they are different," said Winifred, grandly. "And, then, there are great forests—"

Moira scratched her head dubiously.

"With deer and Indians in them."

"I'm afeard of Indians," commented Moira promptly. "I read a terrible story about them once in a book that Father Owen gave me."

"Oh, well, we shan't be very near them if we go!" explained Winifred. "And it would be very fine to see them at a distance."

"I'd rather not see them at all, if it's the same to you, Miss," declared the determined Moira.

"The deer, then, and the buffaloes and all the wild animals, and grand cities, with shops full of toys and dresses and beautiful things."

"Oh, it's the cities I'd like to be seein', with shops!" cried Moira. "We'll keep away from the hills and streams, Miss Winifred *asthore*, havin' them galore in our own country. An' we'll keep away from the forests, for fear it's the wild Indians we'd be comin' across."

Her tone was coaxing, with that wheedling note in it peculiar to her race.

"Oh, it's to the cities I must go!" said Winifred. "But I don't know what a city is like, Moira. I can't make a picture of it to my eye. It is a big place, crowded with people, all hurrying by in a stream; and the shops—"

"I seen a shop once!" exclaimed Moira. "There was things in the window. It was a thread-an'-needle shop, I think."

"There are all kinds in big cities," said Winifred; "and I can't make pictures of them either. But once I remember—I just seem to remember—a strange place. Perhaps it was the street of a city, with shining windows on either side. A gentleman had me by the hand; and presently he put me before him on a horse and we galloped away, and I never saw those things again."

I heard these artless confidences of the young girl in the pauses of my own discourse with the blind woman, who heard them, too, and sometimes interrupted our talk with: "D'ye hear that now, ma'am?" or, "The Lord love her, poor innocent!"

But though I smiled and paused for an instant at such moments, I did not allow myself to be turned away from the main object of my visit, and at last I burst boldly into the subject which was occupying my mind.

(To be continued.)

LILIES of the valley grow wild in St. Leonard's Forest, Sussex, England; and local tradition has it that they sprang from the blood of St. Leonard, who was wounded there while fighting with a dragon.

The Legend of Castle Trifels.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

During the age of chivalry there was found at every court in Southern Europe, no matter how small, a wandering minstrel who sang or recited verses of his own composition. These troubadours, as they were called, were the delight of the princes and fair dames of that most picturesque period. Their poetry originated, flourished and fell with the chivalry whose deeds of valor and tales of romance were its chief inspiration. One of the most celebrated of these troubadours was Blondel, a devoted friend and favorite of Richard Cœur de Lion. Their mutual love of music made a close bond of sympathy between King and poet, and together they wrote and set to music several songs.

According to an old chronicler, when Richard joined the third Crusade, Blondel accompanied him to the Holy Land. On their return from Palestine, in the autumn of 1192, Richard was seized and imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who the following spring delivered him up to Henry VI., the German Emperor. By the order of this monarch, who was noted for his cruelty, Richard was secretly conveyed to the Castle of Trifels, at that time the most impregnable on the banks of the Rhine. Here, in one of the strongest and most closely guarded cells, was thrown the Lion-Hearted King. But even in prison Richard's courage did not fail him. Although he knew there was little hope of escaping his enemy, and that a cruel death probably awaited him, he sought to distract his mind from gloomy thoughts by singing his favorite songs, especially those which he and Blondel had so often sung together.

The troubadour's grief at his beloved master's capture and subsequent disappearance knew no bounds. He made a vow that he would not rest until he

had discovered Richard's hiding-place, and that he would risk life itself to set him free. Blondel, accompanied by a few faithful English knights, traversed the whole of Germany seeking the King. They inquired at every town and castle without discovering the faintest trace of him. They searched the banks of the Danube and the Rhine.

One evening, as they descended into the wild valley of Anweiler, they perceived on the summit of the next mountain the towers of Castle Trifels outlined against the sky. Blondel was seized with a presentiment that here he might find his King, and he resolved not to leave that vicinity until he had made the most careful search.

The next morning the troubadour and his companions climbed the thickly wooded slope, which brought them at length to the rocky eminence crowned by the frowning fortress of Trifels. Here, after their toilsome ascent, they were rewarded by a magnificent view of the Rhine valley spread out before them. In the distance, beyond the fertile fields and vine-clad hills, they beheld the cathedrals of Spire and Strasburg. Over the right bank of the river the Castle of Heidelberg was faintly visible, and on the left the serrated edges of the Vosges Mountains bounded the horizon.

The knights hid themselves in the forest near by, while Blondel went to explore the fortifications. As he strolled along with this end in view he met a young shepherdess, with whom he entered into conversation. She told him that she lived in the neighborhood of Trifels, and, in answer to his questions, gave him some information in regard to the castle. As they were about to separate, Blondel begged the young girl to wait a moment, as he wished in some measure to repay her for the details she had given him. So, taking his guitar, he sang an old and touching melody, King Richard's favorite air. Charmed with his music, the shepherdess cried:

"Oh, you sing the same song that a poor prisoner sings,—the one who is shut up in the north tower! I have often heard him sing it as I pastured my flock near the prison walls."

These parting words from the young girl were a ray of light to Blondel. Happy at the thought of being near the end of his laborious search, the troubadour directed his steps stealthily toward the castle at nightfall. Getting as close to the north tower as he could without being discovered, he played and sang King Richard's favorite air. Scarcely had the notes of the first stanza died away when Blondel heard a voice, coming from one of the windows of the tower, take up and continue the melody. Then the same well-known voice asked, in muffled tones:

"Blondel, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, my lord and King," replied the troubadour. "Thank Heaven I have found you at last! A few of your faithful followers are near at hand. We have vowed to liberate you."

The next day, when Blondel obtained entrance to the castle, he saw the danger attending his enterprise. The fortress, which was well guarded by a large garrison, could not be taken either by force or surprise. Only by a ruse could his desire be accomplished. Blondel's gayety and lively songs soon won the favor of the guardian of the castle and of his stepdaughter Mathilde. The troubadour fell in love with the pretty girl, and before many days begged her to fly with him to England. This Mathilde, whose heart he had won, consented to do. He then disclosed to her the secret of his mission, and she promised to aid him in the perilous undertaking. She knew the secret passage leading to Richard's cell, and also where her stepfather kept the keys.

One dark and stormy night, after Blondel and his companions had made all their preparations for rescue and flight, Mathilde seized the keys while

the stern guardian of the fortress slept. Leading Blondel to the King's cell, they unlocked the door, gave him a sword and shield, and then all three crept noiselessly to the courtyard of the castle. There Richard and Blondel threw themselves upon the soldiers at the portal and forced them to open the doors. Before the garrison, awakened by the noise, could come to the defence, the valiant knights, waiting without, rushed into the courtyard, and, after a desperate fight, succeeded in liberating the King.

Once outside the castle walls, they all, including Mathilde, mounted the horses which were in readiness, and rode off with the greatest speed. After travelling for many days and after numerous adventures, they arrived in England. Blondel married Mathilde, and received from Richard a generous reward for his perseverance and fidelity. The knights who had aided the troubadour in his perilous quest were also liberally recompensed by the Lion-Hearted King.

Portraits of Our Lord.

In 1702 a fine brass medal bearing a portrait of Christ was discovered in Anglesea, Wales. It is fully authenticated by a Hebrew inscription upon the reverse side, which declares the portrait to be that of "the Prophet Jesus." The workmanship is of the first century, and the features bear an extraordinary likeness to those cut upon the emerald by command of the Emperor Tiberius.

This last-named portrait is, with the exception of the so-called "napkin portrait" of St. Veronica, as well known as any in existence, and has the merit of extreme antiquity as well as the *cachet* of many careful critics. It was preserved in the treasury of Constantinople, but fell into the hands of the Turks; and about 1483 was given by the Sultan to Pope Innocent VIII. as a ransom for the Turkish monarch's brother.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Admirers of Newman will be interested to learn that the new work by Alexander Whyte, D. D., "Newman: An Appreciation," has an appendix of letters not hitherto published.

—The sixty-second volume of the famous "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandists was issued in 1894. The sixty-third is now in preparation. It is an expensive work, each volume costing seventy-five francs; and its circulation is necessarily limited to scholars.

—The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Kraus, who since 1878 has been professor of Church History at Freiburg-im-Breisgau. Father Kraus was the author of a Church history, a history of Christian art, an encyclopædia of Christian antiquities, and two volumes on "Christian Inscriptions in the Rhinelands." *R. I. P.*

—It is an open secret that "The Catholic Church from Within" is from the pen of Lady Lovett. As Cardinal Vaughan remarks in his preface, this book has "a special interest of its own, a special value, for any who care to inquire what ordinary Catholics of the world, well educated in their religion, and familiar with the ways of what is called Society, have to say on the inner life of Catholics."

—The English *Catholic Directory*, edited by Monsignor Johnson, now in its sixty-fifth year of publication, is probably the best work of its kind in any language—so perfect a book that, as we have often said, it would be hard to improve upon it. The issue for 1902, however, has a more desirable exterior, being bound in boards; and the accompanying map has been enlarged and brought up to date.

—The nature of a recent publication by the Benziger Brothers is shown in its title, "Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament"; and the compiler's name—Rev. F. X. Lasance—is assurance that it is a book of devotions full of the unction of piety. The Eucharistic League, the hour of adoration, and the benefits to the soul arising from visiting the Blessed Sacrament, are among the points touched upon in this little manual.

—The editor and assistant editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," also the translators and other collaborators as well as the publishers, are to be congratulated on the completion of their great work. This series of documents is unquestionably of the highest importance in the original study of American history; and the task of collecting, translating, annotating and printing so much precious material is one of the most creditable literary enterprises ever carried out in the United States. The two final volumes of the

work (lxxii, lxxiii) include the index, with a few additional pages of errata, and a modest preface by the scholarly editor, giving a brief account of the undertaking, and paying generous tribute to all who in any way contributed to its accomplishment.

—"The Christmas of the Eucharist" is the title of a little book composed of selections from the writings of Father Faber. Compiled by the Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., published by R. & T. Washbourne. Father Faber's thoughts can not be too widely read; hence in any form they are acceptable, and doubly so when the logic of a special devotion binds the thoughts together as in this little book.

—William Ellery Channing, one of the best-known of American poets fifty years ago, so completely outlived his vogue that the announcement of his recent death was an unusual sort of surprise. If we may be permitted a Hibernicism, most people—even those who read—did not know he was still alive until after his death was reported. He was the friend and associate of Emerson, Thorcau, Hawthorne, and the other "giants in those days."

—The venerable Aubrey De Vere, one of the noblest poets of the era, died at his home in Curragh Chase, Ireland, on the 21st ult. His literary career extended over a period of sixty years, and he has left numerous works in prose and verse. He became a Catholic in 1851, and one of his most important, if least known, books deals with "Religious Problems of the 19th Century." Mr. De Vere was an ardent lover of Ireland, and many of his writings are on Irish subjects. To general readers he is best known by his literary essays, sonnets, and poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Some of the latter first appeared in these pages; as also his "Recollections," a delightful volume published in 1897. THE AVE MARIA has paid numerous tributes to this distinguished contributor. It was to one who wrote of a visit to Curragh Chase a few years ago that the venerable poet said: "If there is any book that had more than another to do with my conversion it was Cary's translation of Dante." *R. I. P.*

—It is gratifying to notice that of late years especially Catholics have developed a critical interest in the text-books used in the public schools and the volumes that stock our public libraries. Thus as far West as Nevada, Myers' "Outlines of Modern History" has been officially excluded from the list of text-books approved for the public schools of Nevada, the school board declaring that "this action is taken upon the pro-

test of the Rev. Father Tubman." And as far East as Newark, N. J., Monsig. Doane and Father Joseph McMahon have had certain objectionable volumes removed from, and certain desirable volumes added to, the "New Jersey Public Library Commission List," by which the librarians of the villages of New Jersey are guided in the purchase of books. In fact, it is a common experience nowadays to hear of successful protests against offensive or bigoted publications. The world moves.

—At the beginning of the year it is proper to note that the oldest known almanac is one preserved in the British Museum. It dates back more than a thousand years before Christ, to the time of Rameses the Great. Among modern almanacs, the most popular during the last century was "Old Moore's Almanac," which bounded into favor by a happy blunder of the editor. Moore, weary and disgusted at the failure of his prognostications the first year, was in no cheerful mood when he began the second. "What shall I put down for June 4?" asked an assistant. "Oh, cold and snow!" said the old man peevishly. By a remarkable coincidence, snow did fall on June 4, and "Old Moore's" was firmly established in public favor. But the same story is told of the editor of the "Old Farmers' Almanac," an American publication.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
 Luke Delnege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. A. Guggenberger, S. J. \$1.50.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 Hawthorn and Lavender. *William Ernest Henley.* \$1.60, net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.

- The Way of Perfection. St. Teresa. \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
 Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
 A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 Lolor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

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

The Rev. Bernard Flood and the Rev. John Casidy, of the diocese of Davenport; the Rev. William Walsh, diocese of Nashville; and the Rev. P. F. Cassidy, S. J.

Mother Joseph, of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, Vancouver, Wash.

Mr. F. G. Ruffin, of Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. Margaret Roe, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Patrick Dorsey, Frostburg, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Moran, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Pauline Peyton, Denver, Colo.; Mr. J. Cunningham, Caledonia, Minn.; Miss Anna Dee, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Adam Friedsich, Marine City, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Doherty and Mr. William Davin, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Ada Storms, St. John, Canada; Mr. Edward McMahon, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Moore, Miss Esther Byrnes, and Miss Julia M. Flynn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. A. B. McDowell, Edna, Texas; Mrs. Alice Benzing, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Carlin, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Timothy Nealing, Mr. Michael Cooney, Mr. Patrick Ahern, Miss Isabella Durney, Mrs. Bridget Lennon, and Mrs. Catherine McDermott,—all of San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Z. E. Billups, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Ellen McCarthy, Maynard, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Weiss, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss M. G. Cronin, Glens Falls, N. Y.; and Mr. Aubrey De Vere, Curragh Chase, Ireland.

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



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Impending Death.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

THOUGH oftentimes in meditative mood
On death and all its adjuncts I have dwelt,
Rehearsed mine own last hour the while I knelt
In solitary prayer, or found me food
For gravest thought before the sacred Rood
Whereon the Saviour died, my soul ne'er felt
Before to-day how swift it may be dealt,
The stroke all mortals shun, though none elude.
Exulting in the plenitude of life,
I sped me 'gainst the Autumn's bracing breath,
My teeming brain with varied projects rife,
When, lo! a crashing shock, and concrete Death
Stood o'er me imminent. One gasping cry
To Mary—then Death swerved and passed me by.

My Submission to the Roman Catholic Church.*

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

THIS event took place in November, 1851. In 1885 I recorded that act and its motives in a letter to one of my earliest and nearest friends. It may have an interest for some. I subjoin most of it:

It is quite true that you could not know either the full grounds or the chief grounds on which, after a youth mainly devoted to theological study, and only in a lesser degree to literature, philosophy and poetry, I arrived at a final decision on the most important crisis of my life, and acted on that decision. Few of my early friends materially altered their relations with

me on my becoming a Catholic; but several of them attributed that act to supposed causes, to which they were doubtless indulgent, but with which it had absolutely no connection whatsoever. On this matter they made few inquiries, if any; and I always abstain from introducing the personal into discussions on subjects of such importance. Some, I know, attributed my change to excitement, impressiveness, imaginative sympathies, or a preference of logical subtleties to common-sense views of things; others, to a great power of deceiving myself by ingenuities after the will had once received a bias. It may please you to know that, whether my final choice was wise or the contrary, none of those things to which it was attributed by such persons had anything to do with it, whereas things of a wholly dissimilar nature had a great deal. Some of the qualities I have named may have been in my character; but persons of the age I had then reached—thirty-seven—have generally learned to be on their guard, on great occasions, against their most mischievous characteristics; and many would have said that my submission to the Catholic Church was out of my character, and stood by itself and apart from all the previous portion of my life. This may be so.

* This paper appeared originally in THE AVE MARIA, and afterward formed a chapter of the "Recollections of Aubrey de Vere," published by Edward Arnold, London. As the obituary notices of the lamented poet gave scant attention to his conversion, we reprint the article entire.

I had an exaggerated love of all that looked like personal freedom, and never relished binding myself to any final position. If I had acted like an ingenious self-deceiver, it would have been easier for me than for most persons, I believe, to adopt one of the "views" under which the "High Churchmen" reconciled themselves to their position. The "perverts" considered that those views were sophistries, though commonly prompted by amiable, and seldom by interested, motives; and that they were absolutely opposed to "simple" views respecting the great religious crisis. All such views had been condemned beforehand by a document published in all the newspapers, which was signed by fifteen of the most eminent of the Anglican leaders, and affirmed that the Gorham decision on baptism was a repudiation of an article in the Nicene Creed; that it disowned the early Church, and that it left the Church of England without any "teaching authority." I myself had arrived at the same conclusion long before,—that is, on the hypothesis that the "judgment" would be what it turned out to be. About one half of those who signed that document remained where they were, and the rest became Roman Catholics. So did I, but not at once, or very soon.

As regards my friends' theory about my imaginative sympathies having led me astray, I may remark that they had been repelled, not attracted, by what I thought an excess of ceremonial in the churches and elsewhere when in Italy during past years. It seemed to me too sensuous; thus I often preferred outline to shaded engravings, and both to pictures except where the coloring was unusually refined. What was expressed with any touch of exaggeration had always been to me far less impressive than what was skilfully suggested only. A service rich in detail was often much less to me than a brief description of it.

As regards the precipitation with which I was credited, let me place a fact beside the theory. Soon after the Gorham case had been decided, I was one of a party of High Churchmen who met at a breakfast in the house of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. After he and some of his guests had gone upstairs, we discussed the question what was to be done by those who agreed that the Church of England had formally repudiated High Church principles, unless she distinctly repudiated that judicial tribunal which had set them at naught,—a tribunal to which, whether she approved of it or not, she long remained subject. Some affirmed that as "church principles" had always admitted that the Roman Catholic Church, whatever its defects might be, was a true part of Christ's Church, we had no choice save that of accepting her authority if the Anglican body had ceased to be a part of it. Others said that we should now, on the contrary, learn to distrust "church principles," since we had accepted them first in the full belief that they did not lead to Rome.

I was asked my opinion. I answered that it seemed to me equally true that "church principles" could no longer be reconciled with the new position of the English community; and also that many of us had probably accepted them more easily than we should otherwise have done in the full belief that that body sincerely held them and that they did not lead to Rome. Their position, I thought, rendered any precipitate course wrong. The duty of persons so placed was, as it seemed to me, to renew a study of "church principles" themselves, giving a considerable time to it; but meanwhile renouncing avowedly, as a temptation, what had till the late judgment seemed a duty of loyalty—namely, all "Anglican" prepossessions. It would be our duty as openly to discard those principles if they could not stand the

test of that renewed study; and in case they did stand it, then to renounce, at any cost to ourselves, a body which had either practically repudiated them or had never really held them. Robert Isaak Wilberforce (the Bishop's elder brother), whose learning had earned for him the name of the "walking dictionary of the Church of England," after a pause replied to this effect: "That would be the wise and honest course." I gave two years to that renewed study before I took the final step.

Some of my friends feared that I was at that time in a state of excitement and agitation. That was a mistake: I was much absorbed in it; but it had long been my custom to meditate in a somewhat frigid and merely intellectual way on matters which should probably have been otherwise regarded, because they also involved moral and spiritual issues, not less than intellectual. I was profoundly interested in this after-study—for I saw the greatness of the problem,—but not the least agitated or distressed. I had early stated openly that on the issue of my study depended my discarding "church principles" or realizing them in the Roman Catholic Church, which had never ceased to hold them, and with them the full body of Christian truth. To tell thus much to my friends seemed a duty of frankness to them, and it also left me more entirely free.

The conclusion at which I eventually arrived was this: "Church principles" were an essential part of Christianity itself, and not an ornamental adjunct of it; and they were external, not as our clothes are, but as the skin is external to the rest of our body. The Apostles' Creed has affirmed three supreme doctrines which included all others—namely, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Church. What God had joined man was not to separate. God's Church was created when God's revelation was given. When it was still in the future it was distinctly

announced in His parables—the chief subject of His preaching,—and in them called generally His "kingdom." The Church is the temple of the Holy Spirit, who descended upon it at Pentecost. That Pentecost was no transient gift: it is as permanent on earth as the Incarnation of the Divine Son is in heaven. It is the witness of that Divine Son, and to His whole revelation; and that witness which alone can be borne to the successive generations so long as a Church, organically and visibly as well as spiritually one, affirms the one Truth through the one Spirit. This is what makes schism a grave offense; apart from this the charge would be unmeaning. It was owing, as I saw, to the Church which maintained unity that even the separated religious bodies hold the large portion of Revealed Truth which several of them retain; as it is from our planet itself, which is the great magnet, that all the lesser magnets on the earth derive their magnetic power.

Such were the convictions which I had reached. This is not the place for me to state in detail the reasons which led me to them. Many of them I have set forth in published essays.* I am not now dealing with theological argument, but with a religious chapter in my own life. For argument this is not the place. When in earlier times friends of mine had become Roman Catholics, I never felt myself competent to criticise them. I could not feel myself alienated from them; because I soon found out what *to them* the change had been,—not that they had relinquished any part of their Christianity, but that their belief included much more than before, and was held with much more of reality and certainty, to use the language of Cardinal Manning. My own attachment to the "Anglican Church," as we called it, had been from boyhood that

* "Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century." St. Anselm's Society, London.

ardent thing which Wordsworth tells us that his love for his country had ever been. If from levity or waywardness, not serious misgiving, any one spoke against it, I was much displeased. I had long thought it a duty to see things largely through her eyes; and certainly the religious body to which a man owes his earliest Christian hope has strong claims upon him, though not the strongest. At the time of the Gorham judgment, for the courts to have stood by the teaching of early times and creeds must have driven a large proportion of the Evangelical clergy out of the national Establishment. I remembered Cardinal Newman's celebrated saying—namely, "A separated and national church must be national first and *after that* as orthodox as it can afford to be." To me it was plain that the Anglican Church had been tested and found wanting; and that true loyalty could now be exercised alone toward that Church universal, into which alone, and not into any local church, the Christian is baptized.

While the Gorham controversy was raging, an eminent statesman read me a sentence in a pamphlet published a few days later. It affirmed that not to repudiate as a body a heterodox judgment pronounced by an authority which the Church of England as a body had long since recognized as supreme, was to accept that judgment; and it ended, I think, with words like these: "She has now to choose between the portion of the bride and the mess of pottage." Most of the High Churchmen remained with her. I sided with the minority and left her. Which class changed their position and which changed their principles? It was those who refused to do the latter whom the world stigmatized as weaklings. It was those who affirmed, and acted on that affirmation, that loyalty was due both to the State in civil things and also to the Church, one and universal,

in spiritual things, whom the world pronounced disloyal.

Some of my friends fancied that in my "conversion to Rome" I had been a victim to polemics, for which they supposed me to have a passion. I had nothing of the sort. I had an immense reverence for theology, which (apart from its divine claims) unites whatever is deepest in philosophy, most exalted in poetry, and most fruitful and instructive in history. Polemics, on the contrary, I had always looked upon as a painful and ungracious warfare, from which theology can not separate itself as long as the Church remains in its present militant condition. The temper is not a good temper, and many who have fought a good fight in it have been the worse for it.

What affected me most during my two years of renewed study respecting "church principles" was not found mainly in controversial works: it was found first in the Holy Scriptures. Daily I felt more and more how marvellous was the blindness of the many to the large degree in which the teaching of our Divine Lord, especially in His parables, related to His Church. His teaching had evidently been to a great extent a preparatory teaching in regard to that Church which was to spring into existence on His ascension into heaven and on the descent of the Holy Spirit,—that Church which He had commanded to teach the nations. Not less striking was the degree in which the unity of that teaching was connected with the unity of that Church, and also the degree in which both these unities were connected with that one great Apostle who was to "strengthen his brethren" by being an abiding principle of organic unity.

The aid I received from uninspired writers came to me also,—not from writers of the polemical but of the philosophical school, and chiefly from Coleridge, Bacon, and St. Thomas

Aquinas. For the first of these I had learned from Sir William Hamilton a great reverence, and I saw no reason to discard it (any more than to change my political opinions and throw over Edmund Burke); though of course allowance was to be made for Coleridge's inherited position. Coleridge had said some hard things of Rome, but his admissions in her favor were much more remarkable. He had asserted that nearly all her doctrines affirmed great ideas, but had condensed those ideas into idols. That seemed to me his rhetorical way of saying that Catholicism was a religion and not a mere philosophy. Coleridge's "Philosophy of Pure Reason" had long before shown me that the so-called philosophical charges against the Church were but evils proceeding from what Coleridge calls "the understanding," or the inferior "faculty judging according to sense"; that many of these charges would militate against the chief mysteries of revelation; that, though the philosophy of Locke might make much of them, St. Augustine and Plato would have passed them by with the remark that the question really lay deeper down.

Next, as to Bacon. I studied attentively all that Bacon has left to us on the subject of religion, as indeed I had done before. It seemed most precious and most disappointing. It has golden sentences as grand and imaginative as anything in Plato. It is not only great in intelligence, but his heart, too, was "in the right place" to a degree not universal among philosophers. But there is an omission in his writings on the subject more wonderful than all that they include. The great master of modern philosophy (frequently ignored, in questions relating to religion, by those who, in science, 'take his name in vain') had a wholly special vocation and ambition. As the father of modern philosophy, his highest ambition had been, not to gather in the great harvest

of thought, but to show the mode in which the soil was to be cultivated so as to yield its true increase. He had taken to himself, not physical science only, but "all knowledge" as his portion; affirming that spiritual knowledge—the knowledge of God—was far the highest form of knowledge.

He was the great teacher of method. What was his method in the physical sciences? We all know it was induction. Next, what was his method in religion? He put forward none,—he shirked the subject. Yet that surely was the great question for the age of the Reformation. A method had been in full operation on this subject for fifteen centuries and more, and a thoroughly scientific method. The method was not induction but deduction. The deducer of truth from truth was that Church which St. Paul affirmed to be the pillar and the ground of truth, and to the founders of which our Divine Lord promised that the Holy Spirit would both recall all things to their minds and also lead them on into all truth, upon one condition—namely, that they should always continue to be *one*, even as the Father and the Son are one.* The great philosopher had no answer respecting "method" in theology which did not condemn the Reformation. He said some things complimentary to the clergy in the reign of her Most Gracious Majesty. He indulged in persiflage—

He dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

My third teacher at that great crisis of my life was St. Thomas Aquinas, whom I studied in a compendium of his "Summa Theologiæ," a work written centuries before a polemical war between Protestantism and Catholicism was heard of. It became daily clearer to me that the objections brought against

* I have treated this great question in an essay entitled the "Philosophy of the Rule of Faith"—"Essays Literary and Ethical" (Macmillan & Co.), and elsewhere in other essays.

Catholic teaching were founded on misconceptions caused because portions of it had been considered apart from other portions supplemental to them; just as, in Holy Scripture, text and context are supplemental to each other. A single illustration of this will suffice.

It is sometimes alleged that the peace promised to man through the Catholic rule of faith precludes the ennobling trials connected with "free inquiry,"—nay, are wholly inconsistent with a state of probation. But this notion could hardly have occurred to one who knew that, according to other parts of Catholic teaching, full peace is a condition reserved for the Church triumphant, and rests upon the beatific vision; that purgatory helps those imperfectly sanctified on earth in a way apart from both action and probation; while, on the other hand, it is the very specialty of the Church militant on earth that it must be evermore the place of trial, action, labor, probation; and that all the more in proportion as Christians ascend in sanctity. The Christian will always have his trials; but these are not like the pagan's trials. God has given him aids which the pagan lacked, and the chief of those is revealed truth. Divine truth has been revealed in an intelligible, not an unintelligible, manner. We have been taken out of a spiritual chaos and placed in the midst of a spiritual civilization, that of the *Civitas Dei*. Its citizens have trials, but not the trials of the nomadic tribes. Our feet have been planted on the rock. Does it follow that we are to lie down upon that rock and go to sleep? That is the condition which St. Thomas counts "sloth," and sloth he includes among the mortal sins. If each of the Christian generations, like the first, has received the truth gratis, it has, like the first, to pay for it by living the truth as well as believing it. The truth has been accorded to Christians when in the normal condition of Christians, with

the full certainty of faith; their attitude toward it is not that of discovery (as their attitude is to science), but that of fidelity.

Another thing which I learned from St. Thomas Aquinas was that the Church's "rule of faith" could not have been a mere despot's claim, even if she had not been needed as a teacher; because her power to teach is included in her other and still higher attributes. The Church is the dispenser of sacraments, and the truth is a great sacrament. If errors as well as abuses have grown up locally, it is the Church alone, and the Church in its unity, which can correct those errors without committing her children first to petty local tyrannies, and then to mere opinions substituted for faith, certain and real.

St. Thomas led me on and up into regions of thought far above the "polemical." He taught me that the real question at issue was not that of a single doctrine, however sacred. It was this: Is faith certainty? If so, it can move mountains. Is it but opinion? If so, even when a true opinion, it can not add a cubit to a man's stature. It was not for mere opinions that the martyrs died.

Returning after a period of independent thought (an independence not challenged by me but forced on me), and after the study of long-honored and not recent authorities, the arguments used by many of our more eminent writers during this season of distress acquired for me a character not theirs before,—especially the arguments of High Churchmen, which tempted me often to say, "Their poverty and not their will consents." They seemed plainly rhetorical, and often contradictory. Strong statements by which I had once been caught, now appeared but *bravura* phrases, not what was needed—exact thoughts. One old friend—a man of great learning and great rectitude—met my arguments by a statement that he had long since come

to the opinion that 'scientific theology was an impossible thing.' But a great man, Alexander Knox, who by many years had anticipated the Oxford High Church Movement, had written that the time was approaching when the test of sound religion would be reached through a sound philosophy, as contrasted (so I understood him) with political considerations, the exigencies of an establishment, or the traditions of merely local or national bodies, not those of a universal and apostolic character. His great friend and correspondent, Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, had said that the reason why Providence allowed the Roman Catholic Church to stand so long was because, with all her faults, she was the only religious body in the West in which the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was always secure; which seemed to remind one of another statement respecting a body, the earthly head of which was to strengthen his brethren, and against which the gates of hell should never prevail.

My honored friend, F. D. Maurice, had been, like myself, a student of Coleridge; and had in a valuable work, entitled "The Kingdom of Christ," asserted the claims of the Church upon grounds especially connected with Coleridge's philosophy. On this occasion, however, it seemed to me that his aversion to what he called "system" had given him a declamatory mode of speaking, of writing, and of thinking; and that his defence of the then condition of the Anglican Church amounted to little more than the statement that she still retained the power of *witnessing* to certain great ideas, including that of baptismal regeneration. Such a statement, I thought, might have sufficed for a philosophy, but not for a faith or a church. Mr. Sewell admitted the seriousness of the heterodox judgment; but could only suggest, when we discussed it, that "the bishops must go to the Queen about it."

Another among the chief Anglican leaders, the excellent John Keble, replied to a friend's arguments that, however the Church of England might err elsewhere, the truth would be found in his parish. Dr. Pusey had responded: "We do not know what is the answer to these statements, but we know that there must be one." That seemed to me an insufficient answer when the question referred, not to a mystery affirmed by the Church universal, but simply to the present position of a single and isolated community to which no divine promise had been given, and by which infallibility had never been claimed, but, on the contrary, more than disowned. That separate church stood now in a new relation to antiquity and to a primary doctrine of the Nicene Creed. A new light had been thus thrown on the movement of the sixteenth century, and the real question had now become this—whether a local church ought not, at that time, to have referred the matters then in dispute to a general council, not to have separated from the bulk of Christendom and the centre of unity from which she had derived her faith.

I had lay advisers as well as clerical. I may as well mention that Carlyle was one of those who gave me the most curious form of warning: "I have ridden over here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." I said: "But you used always to tell me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent and could defend her position." He replied: "So I say still. But the Church of England is much better, notwithstanding; because her face is turned in the right direction." I answered: "Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one."

WE never see the stars
Till we see naught but them—so with truth.
—Festus.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

AS the quebradas are but Nature's gates of entrance to the Sierra, and their enclosing heights but stepping-stones to the greater heights, sisters of the sky and the clouds beyond, so when the traveller, climbing upward by one of these wild gorges, has tracked its rushing river to its source high in the everlasting hills, he finds himself in the vast Alpine world of mountains and valleys, of hanging woods and singing waters, of abounding freshness, greenness and delight, which forms the crest of the mighty Mother-Range. In these solitudes the homes of men are few; but now and then the hills open and on some uplifted plain are Arcadian breadths of productive fields, and cattle in Biblical numbers,—a picture like a pastoral idyl, set in the frame of the surrounding mountains.

It was such a picture that Lloyd and Armistead saw before them as they drew up their horses on a hillside, which they were descending along a winding trail; and, at a point where the wooded steeps fell sharply away, looked out between the tall stems of giant trees, and through their great crowns of verdure, at a wide, cultivated valley, on either side of which bold, green hills rolled up; while a crystal stream, shining just now with sunset reflections, flowed through the lovely levels. In the distance a cluster of buildings stood embowered in shade, and the whole scene breathed an air of exquisite tranquillity.

"This," said Lloyd, "is Las Joyas."

"Las Joyas!" Armistead repeated. "I thought it was Santa Cruz."

"The Santa Cruz Mine is two or three leagues distant, among the hills," Lloyd answered. "This is the Calderon hacienda, which is older than the mine and bears a different name."

"It's a very prosperous-looking place," said Armistead, taking in with sweeping glance the far-stretching fields and the stone walls, miles in length, which enclosed them. "I suppose that it was here Trafford found the—er—lady of whom we are now in search."

"No doubt," Lloyd responded dryly, "since it was her father's property. He was what we would call a self-made man, coming from some small ranch among these mountains; but he must have had uncommon abilities, for he died owning a principality in land."

"If it's all in the Sierra, it can't be very valuable."

"It will be valuable if this country is ever opened up, for the timber on it alone is worth a fortune; and meanwhile there are ranches enough, besides this hacienda, to produce a fine income—from the point of view of the Sierra."

"'Man wants but little here below,' I should judge, whether he wants that little long or not," said Armistead as they rode on. "But, now that we have reached here, the question is how shall we be received?"

"Better than we deserve, I haven't the least doubt," Lloyd replied. "I spoke to Don Mariano frankly when we parted at Canelas, and told him that you had business to transact with Doña Beatriz on behalf of her—husband."

"Her husband! Trafford has been divorced from her for at least fifteen years."

"Such trifles are not recognized here. In the eyes of these people, and as they believe in the eyes of God, Trafford is simply an unfaithful husband."

"At least Doña Beatriz has recognized the divorce sufficiently to resume her maiden name."

"Don't you know Mexican (which is Spanish) custom better than that? Doña Beatriz has not resumed the name of Calderon, because she never gave it up. A Spanish woman when she marries does not part with her family name. She

simply adds her husband's to it with a preposition. She becomes, for example, Calderon de Trafford. And her children are Trafford y Calderon; and if the last name is better known than the first, are likely to be called by it, as in the case of Doña Victoria. It is a custom too common to excite remark, both ancient and legal; not a new affectation, like the doubling of names in the States."

"Oh, with us there's nobody aspiring to be fashionable who is so poor as to own but one name now!" Armistead laughed. "Well, to return to our subject. What did Don Mariano say when you told him why we were coming to see Doña Beatriz?"

"Replied with the air of a hidalgo that Doña Beatriz would receive us if we came to her house, and would hear what we—that is, you—have to say."

"You did not hint anything about the mine?"

"Certainly not. I only opened the way for our reception, without any misunderstanding of the business on which we come. I don't know how you may feel, but I shouldn't care to take advantage of their hospitality on the pretence of being merely travellers in the Sierra."

"I shouldn't call it a pretence: we *are* travellers in the Sierra. And if you hadn't been so frank, we should have been at least sure of a night's lodging. Now they may close the door in our faces."

"There is no fear of it," Lloyd replied. "But since the door is still rather far off, and night falls quickly here, we had better press on a little faster."

They had now descended to the plain; and although their horses were tired from a day's hard work among the mountains, they quickened their pace in response to the spur, as they found themselves on a level road, running by the side of the stone wall which bounded the cultivated fields, spreading so far and fair and green toward the heights which closed the valley at its farther end. In the west, on a sky of pellucid

aquamarine, a few clouds of pure, intense gold were floating; and above them the evening-star gleamed like a diamond. The crystalline clearness of the atmosphere, with its inexpressible coolness and freshness, gave the sense of great elevation; and every breath taken into the lungs was laden with the balsamic odors of the surrounding forests.

After a ride of about a mile they reached the gates of the hacienda, from which a broad road led across the verdant expanse to where the white arches of the dwelling shone, under tall trees. On this road their figures were of course marks for observation from the time they entered the gates; so when they finally drew up before the corridor that ran across the front of the long house they were not surprised to find Don Mariano awaiting them there,—a wonderfully dignified and picturesque figure, with his bronzed eagle face and gray hair.

He greeted them with the courtesy which never fails any stranger at the door of a Mexican house, making them welcome with a hospitality which was not apparently lessened by the knowledge that they came on the errand of one who could only be regarded as an enemy. Then, while their horses were led away, he bowed them through a great doorway—the massive, nail-studded doors of which might have served for a fortress,—into an inner court, surrounded by a corridor, or gallery, on which the apartments of the house opened. From this it was evident that there had lately been an exodus. A group of chairs near a table were not only empty, but one lay overturned as if from the hasty flight of some one who had occupied it; and there were traces of feminine presence in a work-basket filled with materials for sewing, which had been left on the brick-paved floor of the corridor.

"Be seated, señores," observed Don Mariano, replacing the chair on its legs.

"If you have been riding all day in the Sierra, you are no doubt much fatigued and in need of refreshment."

Lloyd, on whom the burden of conversation fell, responded that they were certainly fatigued, but hoped that their arrival at Las Joyas was not an inconvenience. While Don Mariano was assuring him to the contrary a servant approached with a bottle and several small glasses on a tray, and he broke off to beg that they would take some tequila. Knowing this to be a rite of hospitality, the newcomers drained each a glass of the fiery, transparent liquid; and Don Mariano having himself tossed off one, the tray was placed on the table. He then offered cigarettes; and these being accepted, opened conversation.

"You are from Canelas to-day?" he asked, as he replaced in its box the unburnt end of the match with which he had lighted his cigarette.

Lloyd replied that they had left Canelas the day after parting with him, and in the interval had been visiting one or two mines.

"We wished to be sure that you had reached home before we presented ourselves at Las Joyas," he added.

"You have business, then, with me, Señor?"

"Not directly, Señor. You may remember that I told you in Canelas that the business of Mr. Armistead is with the Señora Doña Beatriz Calderon. But he wished that she should be informed of his coming before his arrival; and also that you, her *administrador* and adviser, should be with her."

"Your friend is very considerate"—Don Mariano bowed toward Armistead, who acknowledged the salutation with the air of one modestly receiving his due. "Is his business, then, so important?"

"I think I mentioned to you, Señor, that he is the bearer of a communication from Mr. Trafford."

"Ah!" Don Mariano looked at the cigarette held between his brown fingers

for a moment. "And this communication is for Doña Beatriz?"

"For Doña Beatriz—yes, Señor."

Don Mariano rose. It was as if a chill breeze had blown over his whole air and manner.

"I will inform Doña Beatriz," he said ceremoniously, and walked away.

"We are in for it now, I suppose!" said Armistead, wearily stretching out his legs. "You might have told him that we are dead tired and would like a little rest before discussing business. Where the deuce shall we betake ourselves if Doña Beatriz answers my communication by turning us out of doors?"

"There's nothing more unlikely."

"You can never tell what will happen when you are dealing with—er—uncivilized people. We must manage to defer the discussion of the matter until to-morrow. I am aching in every muscle, after ten hours in one of these confounded saddles, riding up and down mountains; and I don't want to talk business,—I want rest and food!"

"Here comes Don Mariano," said Lloyd, glancing toward the door leading into one of the apartments where Don Mariano had disappeared; "and Doña Victoria!"

It was indeed Victoria who came along the corridor toward them with the *administrador*. She was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and wore over her head and about her shoulders the rebozo which Mexican women seldom discard even in the house; but her striking beauty, with its noble characteristics and absolute naturalness of manner and bearing, lost none of its impressiveness by the lack of setting and adornment. As she approached the two men, who rose to their feet, she held out a slender, sunburnt hand, and gave the tips of her fingers for an instant to each.

"*Sientese ustedes!*" she said, with a queenly gesture; and as they seated themselves again, she also sat down and regarded them with her dark, proud eyes.

"We learn from Don Mariano, señores, that you wish to see my mother."

"Yes, Señorita," Lloyd replied. "Mr. Armistead is charged with a matter of business to present to the consideration of the Señora your mother."

"She requests that he will present it to me, Señor."

Lloyd glanced at Armistead, who, comprehending the words, shook his head.

"I never do business except with principals, if it can possibly be avoided," he replied. "Say to Doña Victoria that it is necessary I should deliver my communication to her mother, but that I will very willingly wait until it is quite convenient for Doña Beatriz to see me."

Victoria frowned slightly when this was repeated to her.

"It is not a question of convenience," she said, with a note of anger in her voice. "It is that I wish to spare my mother something which can not but be painful to her."

"I understand," Lloyd answered; and if there was anger in her voice, there was unmistakable sympathy in his. "But although Mr. Armistead must state his business to you, if you insist upon his doing so, it will be better that he should speak with your mother directly. Then there can be no doubt of her answer."

"When I speak for my mother, it is as if she spoke for herself, Señor."

"I have not the least doubt of that, Señorita; but unless your mother absolutely refuses to see Mr. Armistead, he has no right to deliver his communication to any one else. You see he is only the messenger of—another person."

"Say that I would much prefer to wait until to-morrow," Armistead broke in. "And *do* give a hint that we should like a room and some supper."

"*Dice el señor que el quiere mucho un cuarto y cena,*" said an unexpected, disdainful voice, which made everyone start and turn around. In a doorway just behind them a tall, extremely good-

looking young man was standing, curling the ends of his dark mustache, as he eyed the two strangers with a glance of distinct disfavor.

"My son, Don Arturo Vallejo," said Don Mariano, with a wave of the hand. "He understands English."

"I no spik it well," said Don Arturo; "but I comprehend when others spik it."

"So it appears," remarked Lloyd, dryly. "We are much obliged by your kindness in making us aware of the fact." Then, turning to Victoria: "I hope you will pardon my friend for expressing the desire Don Arturo has so abruptly translated. We have no right to trespass on your hospitality."

"Our house is yours, Señor," she said in the familiar formula of welcome of the country. "And, as I told you once before, in the Sierra hospitality is never refused."

"I remember, Señorita," Lloyd replied; and it did not need the look in her eyes to assure him that the words she had added in Guasimillas were as present in her memory as in his.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Ida.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

II.

ONE may well fancy that could anything increase the love of a mother for her first-born it would be the hope that in his dawning manhood she might trace the noble and knightly virtues of his brave and well-loved grandsire. And it must have been a deep, if silent, sorrow to the Countess Ida to find her son summoned at the early age of thirteen to lay aside alike his intellectual studies and the feats of arms—leaping, riding, wielding of battle-axe or spear, often practised within their palace courtyard, under her own approving eye,—in which he even then excelled, to take up the position of

heir presumptive at his childless uncle's court in Lorraine.

Not only so, but two years later, at his uncle's death, he found himself lord of Lorraine and of the various lands owned by his grandfather; while he had adopted the title of his maternal home and called himself Godfrey of Bouillon instead of Boulogne, from the chateau which had passed to his mother by inheritance. The young lord, however, was master of no undisputed domain; for, with the restless acquisitiveness common in those days, several of his neighbors and brothers in arms thought to snatch from the boy-count some portion, at least, of his newly-acquired territories. A troubled period ensued, during which young Count de Bouillon (he did not at first assume the title of "Duke") was forced to make good his claim to his uncle's heritage both by battle and single combat.

Meanwhile his father, Eustache II., was alternately governing his own little kingdom and fighting for that of others: now in England and now in Flanders, where he was imprisoned for a time in connection with a war of succession in which he had taken part.

The Countess Ida, remaining with her two younger sons in Boulogne, was interesting herself then, as throughout her long life, in founding or restoring churches and monasteries within their domains. The Abbey of Notre Dame, that of St. Wulmer of Boulogne, the collegiate church at Lens, and many others, benefited by the rich donations, in lands or tithes, assigned to them in perpetuity by the joint deeds of Eustache and Ida. And, passing her quiet days in the old chateau, we are told that her great delight was to receive and profit by the visits of the various learned and holy men who were wont to pass through Boulogne on their way to England.

It was thus that blessed Lanfranc, coming from his monastery of Bec, in

Normandy, partook of the Countess' hospitality before he passed over to the island where his immense reputation for learning and sanctity soon prompted his elevation to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. A great revival in faith and piety followed, the news of which so touched the heart of his venerable superior, the Abbot Herluin, that, in spite of his eighty years, he journeyed to England to see once more that beloved spiritual son; and passing through Boulogne en route for that country, we are told that his sojourn was too short to please the Countess, who longed to sit at his feet and drink in treasures of sanctity from his lips.

Herluin would only pass through the town and embark for England by Wissant, a then much frequented port. The Countess essayed her utmost to detain him a while, assuring him that "there was no boat whatever at Wissant ready to set sail for England. For the last forty days there have been contrary winds preventing the arrival of any boat in port." But the simple old Abbot recked not of such practical matters. "We will go to the port and we will get boats there," he maintained. "The brethren whom we have left behind us are praying for us, and they will obtain for us the ships of which we have need." And at his words the wind changed, and before he had reached the harbor of Wissant sixteen vessels were at anchor there. He set sail, and, "attended visibly by his Guardian Angel," reciting litanies as he went, reached Dover in all safety. One hopes that on his return he consented to linger a while at Boulogne, and to tell of the prosperity of his holy disciple whom he loved more than any other,—*Supra omnes mortales amans*.

But a still closer friendship existed between Ida and the great St. Anselm of Canterbury, successor of Lanfranc, first at Bec and then on the archiepiscopal throne. "Of all the princesses who had placed themselves under the direction of

St. Anselm," writes a historian, "St. Ida is the one who received most letters from him, and those the most confidential. He addresses her in words of mingled simplicity and heartfelt tenderness, which a more sophisticated generation would not even comprehend, but which exhale, through eight long centuries, an inexpressible grace of youth and sanctity." One of the letters, addressed from the monastery at Bec, runs thus:

"To the venerable and beloved lady, the Countess Ida, illustrious alike by her noble birth and life, I, Brother Anselm, desiring to proceed from virtue to virtue, and to rise from earthly dignities to the kingdom of heaven.

"Not speaking of your other good works, which exhale on all sides the sweet perfume of sanctity, you vouchsafe to the religious of my Order who repair to your monastery, and among them to those of our own house, so many and so great benefits; we are so accustomed to receive them, they have become so common to us, that we should but deem ourselves importunate did we offer thanksgivings each time, whether by word of mouth or by letter. And how raise our praises to the height of your merits! Therefore we do but recommend you to God. He shall be our Intermediary. It is for His sake that you overwhelm us with favors. May God Himself, then, render to you that which in His name you do for us!

"Nevertheless, at the request of the brother who, abandoned by his own people, you sent to us, showing so gracious a benevolence toward his great distress, I write this letter to assure you that the good which you have done to him is as agreeable to me as though you had done it to myself. What he has told you as to his own misfortunes is the truth. He has fulfilled your mission to us. The servant whom you sent as his travelling companion has faithfully executed your orders and conducted him kindly to his destination.

I hope that, in consideration of these benefits and your other good works, God may grant you eternal happiness. Continue to do good."

Again the saintly Abbot of Bec salutes his noble penitent; and for his "venerated and well-beloved lady, the Countess Ida, Brother Anselm prays that she may arrive through temporal riches to eternal treasures. As the love which I bear, in God, for your Grace is unfailing, so it may not cease to inspire me with salutary exhortations. I hope, indeed, that your prudence is watchful on all sides, lest the perfidious enemy should cause you to fail in the engagement which you have undertaken to lead a life of holiness. Nevertheless, think not that I impose an unnecessary task upon myself if I counsel you to do yet more carefully that which you already practise. For whoso striveth not to mount ever higher in the way of sanctity will never maintain the place which he hath reached. It is therefore necessary to advance always lest we should fall back."

When in the year 1092, the see of Canterbury being then vacant, Abbot Anselm was summoned by his Order to England "for important affairs," he, fearing that such dignity might be in store for him as was in fact awaiting his arrival, sought to postpone, if not escape, the destined honor by repairing on a visit to the Countess Ida in Boulogne. And we may easily imagine what precious moments the two saints passed in salutary discourse over the widespread interests of the Church and of their own souls. After an all too brief stay of a few days, the monastic messengers from Bec broke in upon their peaceful converse with an imperative summons to Anselm to hasten to England; and, "in the name of holy obedience," he overcame his repugnance, crossed over to Dover and set foot in England, which was henceforth to be his adopted country.

We trace a tone at once more spiritual and more intimate in the letters which follow this meeting between director and penitent; as if the result of Anselm's visit was to convert a mere friendship into a much closer bond of religious superiority and direction. He now writes from his new see:

"To the Countess Ida, the merit of whose life renders it worthy of respect and affection, Anselm, Archbishop, and servant of the servants of God, desires for her that she may so serve God in this world that she may reign with Him in heaven.

"Princess, who art very dear to me in God, my well-beloved sister, my most sweet child, I know and am absolutely certain that, as your spiritual father, I am ever present in your heart, and that you give me therein, with joy and respect, the pledges of holy affection. In truth my heart gives you love for love. It would not be prudent, I believe, to recount to you now in writing the things which have befallen me this year, nor to tell you how I bear the present situation. For the rest, Regnier, my very good friend and your clerk, has seen many things with his own eyes, and I have acquainted him with others. As he acknowledges having been sent by you with this object, I have asked him to make known to you by word of mouth whatever he knows on the subject of my affairs, whether interior or exterior.

"O my daughter, well-beloved in God! I have learned by long experience with what joy you receive my counsels, and I recall to mind with what confidence you have given up your soul to my direction; therefore I must needs add to this letter some few words of exhortation. Friend who art so dear to me in God, the Lord hath said, 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Be not, therefore, assured of being counted among the elect until you have arrived at so living that there are few to whom

your life can be compared. And even when you are of this small number of virtuous souls, fear still; for you must still ask yourself whether you are of the few elect until you find yourself among those as to whose salvation there remains no doubt. For indeed He who has said that 'few are chosen' has never told us how small is their number. His object was to make us feel that, whatever might be our progress in the spiritual life, we are ever at the beginning of our labor.

"My daughter, you who have confided your soul to my direction, receive this counsel, follow this advice. Watch against allowing your first fervor to grow cold; inflame it each day more and more, as though each day you were beginning afresh the work of your sanctification. May Almighty God in His clemency absolve you from all your sins and bless you eternally! In so far as His divine grace empowers me, I give you ever my absolution and my benediction. Amen."

Among other spiritual consolations enjoyed about this time by the Countess Ida—*Ida peccatrix* ("Ida the sinner"), as she sometimes signs herself in grave documents of donation to churches and monasteries—was the collecting and treasuring of relics. At one time the neighboring chapter of Therouanne (the episcopal see), being in distress through ecclesiastical dissensions and intruding claimants to the throne, sent to her parish church for safe-keeping the body of St. Maximus. Later on, hearing that some specially precious treasure was preserved in Spain, she begged of King Alfonso VI. a portion of this relic, with a history of its origin and authenticity. As the particular relic in question has been held up to ridicule by Protestant writers, it may not be amiss to quote the accompanying letter of authentication received by St. Ida, and presented by her to one of the monasteries under her patronage:

“Osmund, by the grace of God Bishop of Astorga, to Ida, the noble Boulognese Countess, health in Christ:

“As your extreme prudence desires to learn how it comes about that the city of Astorga possesses so important a relic as a portion of the hair of the Blessed Virgin, and where it has obtained it, we have resolved to reply briefly to your question, and to ascertain by pious research in our books what we can find on the subject. Here is the result of our labor:

“During a certain persecution of the Christians of Jerusalem by the infidel, seven of the former—Torquatus and Iscius, with five companions,—passed over into Spain and came to Toledo. They brought with them this relic of the Virgin and many others. The King of Spain and his people received these precious treasures with great honor, and, full of religious respect, they were glad to keep them, as was their pious duty to do. When Spain, in its turn, was attacked by the Saracens, the bishops and others took refuge in our mountains, and hid their treasures within the towns of Astorga and Oviedo. This is how we come to possess these relics. In accordance with the wishes of our King, we have sent you a large part of whatever we have best and most venerable; praying you to remember the Church of Astorga in return. Adieu!”

“And we, Alfonsus the King,” added a closing paragraph, “have read this letter; and, signing it with our own hand, we confirm all that it contains.”

While the Countess thus passed some peaceful years in the practice of sanctity and the service of the Church, her noble spouse was wearing out a brilliant but chequered span of life in continual campaigns and conquests. In the year 1087 he is mentioned as one of those still surviving knights who had taken part in the conquest of England; since which many a battlefield had known his victorious arm; varied by the lighter

pastimes of joust or tournament at home, of which he was very fond.

These tournaments—condemned later on by the Church as causing unnecessary loss of life—were at that time the chief means of training and forming the young knights who were hereafter to serve in many a bloody war or fateful feud. And those who, like Eustache II. and his compeers, found their sole scope for activity in lending the weight of their strong right arm to the continual petty wars, quarrels or invasions of one another's countships, duchies, or kingdoms, which form the chief subject-matter of European history during the Middle Ages, were wont to employ the pauses between their campaign in mimic warfare or the pleasures of the chase.

Eustache's eldest son, Godfrey, had early entered his apprenticeship to a like order of things. When his uncle, Godefroi le Bossu, perished at the hand of an assassin, their suzerain, Henry of Germany, took advantage of the heir's age and inexperience to seize Lower Lorraine; leaving young Godfrey only his mother's castle and land of “de Bouillon,” and the investiture to the marquisate of Anvers; for which privilege he paid to the imperial coffers the sum of forty gold livres. By the said investiture he became a sworn vassal of the Emperor; and as such was soon called upon to sink all minor quarrels and serve under his suzerain's banner in a war against the reigning Pope,—a position which has been explained by a contemporary writer (Montalembert) as excusable, on the grounds that he “was one of those who believed in all good faith that it was his duty to perform his feudal service toward the Emperor by remaining faithful to him even when excommunicated.”

Unfortunately, too, his uncle's widow and one of his most active enemies, Matilda of Tuscany, was the Pope's ardent supporter; and probably influenced Gregory VII. in encouraging Albert

of Namur to lay claim to a portion of Godfrey's inheritance. The matter was referred to their common suzerain, who called upon both to settle their differences by single combat in presence of his court. Godfrey here covered himself with glory; for, having dealt his adversary a *moult grand coup*, the sword he wielded broke across and he was left with but a fragment in his hand; when, regardless of the spectators' cries and the umpire's offer of mediation, he insisted on continuing the unequal combat, and struck the Count his cousin a stunning blow therewith, so that he lay as one dead.

It was probably in this duel that young Godfrey first gave proof of the marvellous strength of arm for which he afterward became so famous. It was his gigantic power in dealing sword-thrusts which decided the battle of Wolkshelm, where he slew the Emperor's foe, Rudolph, and turned the tide of success; and his was the first foot to enter the breach at the fall of Rome under the banner of the same sacrilegious invader.

But he was destined to offer to the Church a splendid reparation for those early acts of unwise partisanship and human valor. When the passionate appeal of Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban rang through Christendom, and the burning words of the aged Pontiff at the Council of Clermont were responded to by the cries of "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*" of an entire assembly, and were caught up by the whole Christian world, then, indeed, the Countess Ida knew that her prayers had finally been answered. Her noble and generous son, casting aside all worldly interest, all thought of personal aggrandizement, came forward as the champion of the Church and of France, and fastened on his breast the blood-red cross of the Crusader. As surely as we divine the secret sorrow of the saintly countess-mother during the years when

her beloved first-born was waging war against his spiritual ruler and head, so we must not doubt that, as the echoes of that grand call to arms reached her, she rejoiced that he would lead his brethren to fight in that holiest of causes—the conquering of Jerusalem, the liberation of Christian captives.

Some time before this—history does not tell us the year—Count Eustache II. had laid aside his well-worn sword and succumbed to a fatal malady. A revolted vassal had led his followers against the borders of their erewhile leader's domain, and Count Eustache essayed to rise from his bed of suffering to repel the invader. But he fell back, faint and powerless: and his wife, watching beside the sick bed, cried out: "Ah, if my son Eustache were but here!" A messenger was dispatched in haste; the young Count immediately obeyed the summons; and ere long, fortified, as every good knight desired to be, with the sacraments and last rites of the Church, Eustache II. of Boulogne rested with his fathers, and was buried in the place he himself had long before chosen—the Abbey of St. Wulmer, beside the city.

The precise date of the Count's death is uncertain: it took place between the years 1088 and 1093. And, though ambition and self-aggrandizement had played a somewhat too prominent part in his life, "his memory was blessed in the land as that of a prince who feared and served God."

(To be continued.)

In Winter.

THE singing-birds of love and trust
Once in my heart were trilling,
And now the snows of doubt and fear
Their empty nests are filling.

I wonder if a spring will come,
With hope's bright birds returning?
I wonder will my soul forget
The weary winter's yearning?

Hiding-Holes in Penal Days.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION).

THE curious old mansion Hindlip Hall (pulled down in the early part of the last century) contained as many as twelve secret chambers; yet it was the scene of Father Garnet's capture. A manuscript in the British Museum gives an account of his apprehension, with other "dangerous persons," for whose capture a rich reward had been promised. Two "worshipful and right worthy knights," we are told, holding a warrant, came very early one Sunday morning in the year 1605, accompanied by more than a hundred armed men, and proceeded to institute a diligent search in that large house.

"In the gallery over the gate were found two cunning and very artificial conveyances in the main brick wall, so ingeniously framed and with such art as it cost much labor ere they could be found. Three other secret places, contrived with equal skill and industry, were found in and about the chimneys, in one whereof two of the traitors were close concealed. These chimney conveyances were so strangely formed, having the entrance into them so curiously covered over with brick, mortared and fastened to planks of wood, and colored black like the other parts of the chimney, that very diligent inquisition might well have passed by without throwing the slightest suspicion on such places. And whereas divers funnels are usually made to chimneys serving for necessary use in several rooms, so here were some seeming outwardly fit for carrying forth smoke; but, being further examined, their service was to no such purpose, but only to lend air and light down into the concealments. Eleven secret corners and conveyances were found in the said house, all but two containing books, Massing stuff and Popish trumpery."

Every day the searchers continued their work, but without success, until on the fifth day from behind the wainscot in the galleries two men came forth of their own accord. These were two laymen who were almost starved; for they had had but one apple between them for their sustenance all the time. Yet it was not so much to escape starvation that they issued from their hiding-place as in the hope that if they were taken the searchers would be satisfied and depart, and thus the two priests who were hid in another place, where there was a store of provisions, might elude detection. But the searchers began afresh more violently than ever, continuing for five or six days longer, until the aforementioned place in the chimney was discovered, where the good Fathers had been hidden.

"From this secret and most cunning conveyance came Henry Garnet the Jesuit and another with him. Marmalade and other sweetmeats were found there; but their better maintenance had been by a quill, or reed, through a little hole in the chimney that backed another chimney into the gentlewoman's chamber; and by that passage broths and warm drinks had been conveyed in unto them. The whole service endured the space of eleven nights and twelve days."

A very good example of the arrangement whereby soup, wine or any liquid nourishment could be supplied to the captives was to be seen until only a few years ago at Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire. It has now, alas! shared the fate of so many ancestral homes, having been destroyed by fire. A solid oak beam formed a step between two bedrooms, and concealed a panel into which a tube was ingeniously fitted; the step being so arranged that it could be removed and replaced with the greatest ease, while detection of the iron tube by which the imprisoned fugitive was kept alive was practically impossible.

This hiding-place was of unusually

large dimensions, measuring eight feet by five, and more than five feet in height; it was discovered by a telltale chimney that was not in the least blackened by smoke. This originally gave the clue to the secret; and when the shaft of the chimney was examined, it was found to lead direct to the "priest's-hole," to which it afforded air and light. If there was not a sufficient store of provisions in the secret chamber to sustain life whilst the pursuivants were in the house, nor any means of supplying the occupant of the hiding-place with nourishment; or, again, if the owners of the house were kept locked up in their apartments or conveyed to prison, the unhappy priest was in a sorry plight, and many a one ran no slight risk of starvation. In reality, instances are on record in which the hiding-place, designed as a temporary refuge, became a chamber of death.

In the year 1708, in a manor-house long ago dismantled, a concealed vault was discovered containing the entire skeleton of a man,—the remains, it was surmised, of an unhappy fugitive who, unable to regain his liberty unaided, came to a tragic end through the neglect or treachery of a servant. A prayer-book and some empty jars were found in the chamber. The tradition of one hall in Lincolnshire tells of the occupant of a "hole," situated close to a fireplace, being stifled with the heat and smoke of a fire lighted on the hearth by the pursuers.

Although, as has been said, many of the secret chambers were in existence before the times of religious persecution, it appears from the writings of that period that most of the hiding-places for priests, usually called "priests'-holes" were invented and constructed by a Jesuit lay-brother, Nicholas Owen by name, a man of extraordinary industry and ingenuity. Although so diminutive as to be known by the appellation "Little John," he executed work fit for

the stout arms of a powerful navy, breaking into thick walls and excavating large stones. "With incomparable skill," says an authority, "he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety along subterranean passages, to hide them between walls and bury them in most impenetrable recesses. But, what was a more difficult task, he so disguised the entrances to these as to make them quite unlike what they really were. And he kept them so close a secret that he would never disclose to another the place of concealment of any Catholic."

Of this same man Father Gerard, his constant attendant, says: "His chief employment was making secret places to hide priests and church stuff from the fury of searchers; in which kind he was skilful both to devise and frame the places in the best manner; and his help therein was desired in so many places that I verily think no man can be said to have done more good of all those who labored in the English vineyard. For he was the immediate occasion of saving the lives of many hundreds of persons, both ecclesiastical and secular; and of the estates also, which would have been forfeited many times over if the priest had been taken in the house."*

How effectually "Little John's" rare ingenuity baffled the searches of the pursuivants is shown by the contemporary accounts of the domiciliary visits. He had often to avail himself of his own contrivances, but was at last taken, being one of the four who were discovered at Hindlip. The unhappy man was so cruelly tortured, in the hope, as Cecil expressed it, that "great booty of priests" might be obtained from the revelations wrung from him, that he died in the Tower in the hands of his "questioners." The horrors of the rack failed, however, to extort from him a word that could imperil his friends.

An interesting monogram recently

* "A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot," p. 182.

published and beautifully illustrated* furnishes an abundance of details on the subject of hiding-places contrived for the concealment of fugitives, political or religious. Hundreds of these secret chambers, or means of exit, fortunately now no longer needed, still exist in the ancient halls and manor-houses of England. There would be many more were it not that some have crumbled away with the walls that concealed them; or fire, the doom of so many ancestral halls, has reduced them to ashes. In a large proportion of cases they are not discovered until an ancient building is pulled down; or they are wantonly destroyed by the modern builder, who, in making structural alterations, in his zeal for improvement thinks more of utilizing unaccounted-for spaces than of preserving the relics of the past. Moreover, the vandalism of the present day has seen fit to destroy the romance attached to the sliding panel or revolving stone, behind which some celebrated personage took refuge, by converting the vacant space into a cupboard or storeroom.

At Gayhurst, one of the finest Tudor mansions in England, only lately a very remarkable "priest's-hole" was destroyed in consequence of modern improvements. It was a double hiding-place, one situated beneath the other; the lower one being so arranged as to receive light and air from the bottom part of a large mullioned window,—a most ingenious device. A secret passage in the hall had communication with it, and entrance was obtained through a portion of the flooring of a room,—the boards revolving on pivots, and yet being sufficiently solid to banish any suspicion as to a hollow space below.

The ingenuity displayed in concealing the means of access to these secret chambers is most remarkable. In one instance a chamber is entered through

a door which forms part of a plastered wall, intersected with oak beams, into which it exactly fits, disguising any appearance of an opening. Not far from this, in the same house, is another hiding-place, triangular in shape; it is opened by a spring bolt that can be unlatched by pulling a string which runs through a tiny hole pierced in the framework of the door of an adjoining room. The door of the hiding-place swings on a pivot, and externally is thickly covered with plaster, so as to resemble the rest of the wall; and is so solid that when struck there is no hollow sound from the cavity within, where, doubtless, the crucifix and sacred vessels were secreted.

Again, in one of the passages in this curious old mansion is a trap-door which can be raised only by pulling up what appears to be the head of one of the nails of the flooring. By raising this, a spring is released and a trap-door opened, revealing a large hole with a ladder leading down into the vault. This was discovered in 1830. In another house one step of a short flight of stairs running from the landing to the garret is, upon close inspection, found to be movable. A board is removed, and beneath yawns a cavity about five feet square, on the floor of which still remains the piece of matting whereon a certain Father Wall rested his aching limbs a few days prior to his capture and execution in 1679. In most instances these trap-doors could be made secure by a strong bolt within.

Then, elsewhere an innocent-looking cupboard is to be seen; by removing a hidden peg, however, the whole back of it, shelves and all, swings inward and displays a dismal recess several feet in depth. In one of the turrets of another grand old mansion is a tiny closet, the floor of which is composed of brickwork fixed into a wooden frame. Upon pressure being applied to one side of this floor, the opposite side heaves

* "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places," by Allan Fea.

up with a gróan at its own weight. Beneath lies a hollow seven feet square, where a fugitive might lie concealed, with the gratifying knowledge that, however the ponderous trap-door be hammered from above, there would be no telltale hollowness to make response. Having bolted himself in, he might, to all intents and purposes, be imbedded in a rock. Three centuries and more have passed since the construction of this hiding-place, yet the mechanism of this masterpiece of ingenuity remains as perfect as ever.

Researches in other ancient edifices reveal secret chambers to which access is given by stone columns which rotate, by sliding panels in banqueting-halls or bedrooms, by touching a secret spring in wainscoting or window-shutters, by sliding one of the shelves of a cupboard out of the grooves into which it is fixed, or by climbing steps projecting from the inner walls of a chimney.

In one Elizabethan house a hiding-place is said to have existed in the wide, open fireplace of the great hall. Tradition tells that a horseman, hard pressed by troopers, galloped into this hall; but on the arrival of his pursuers no trace could be found of either man or horse. In the ancestral residence of another old family, high up in the hall is a full-length portrait, the frame of which is a fixture, while the canvas swings out, giving admittance to a narrow chamber in the wall behind. To this an aperture in the masonry affords light and air.

The hiding-places known as "priests'-holes" were generally in close proximity to the oratory or chapel, so that at the first alarm the priest could hastily withdraw; the secret chambers between the timbers of the roof or behind the wainscoting affording a refuge into which he could creep should he not have time to descend one of the hidden staircases and effect his escape in the lower part of the house. On one occasion

a priest was saying Mass when the mayor and constables suddenly burst into the house. But the surprise party were disappointed: nothing could be detected in the chapel but the smoke of the extinguished candles.

A vivid account of Father Blount's escape from Scotney Castle, the seat of the Darrells, is preserved among the documents at Stonyhurst. Christmas night, toward the close of Elizabeth's reign, this old house was invaded by a party of priest-hunters, who, with their usual mode of procedure, locked up the members of the family before beginning their operations. In the inner quadrangle of the mansion was a very ingenious device. A large stone in the solid wall could be pushed aside; though of immense weight, it was so nicely balanced and adjusted that it required only a very slight pressure to effect an entrance to the lurking-place within.

Upon the approach of the enemy, Father Blount and his servant hastened to the courtyard and entered the vault; but in their hurry to close and secure the weighty door a small portion of one of their girdles was shut in, so as to be visible from the outside. Fortunately for the fugitives, some one in the secret, passing by, caught sight of the telltale girdle and quickly cut it off. Hearing a voice in the courtyard, the pursuivants rushed into it and began battering the walls, at times on the very door of the hiding-place, which might have given way had not the fugitives put their combined weight against it. It was a dark night and rain was falling heavily; so after a time the soldiers postponed further search to the morrow, and went to dry and refresh themselves in the great hall. When all was still Father Blount and his companion crept out cautiously; and, after managing to scale some high walls, dropped into the moat and swam across. Well it was for them that they did so, since the next day the hiding-place was discovered.

"False floors" were a later and more ghastly way of eluding detection. In one old mansion was a place of security which could be reached only by means of a ladder; subsequently it was made easier of access. It was at the end of a dark passage. The fugitive who descended into it had the ready means of isolating himself by removing a portion of the flooring; and supposing that he had been traced, he had only to arrange this deadly gap and his pursuers would run headlong to their fate. This device is said to have been put to a practical use by two timid old ladies who more recently occupied the house. Every night, after they had retired to their rooms, several boards in the corridor leading to their apartment were removed, disclosing what was formerly a "priest's-hole." Thus they were protected from fear of burglars, since a stranger venturing along the passage would have been precipitated into the vault below.

The walls of the ancient seats of the nobility and gentry being some eight or twelve feet in thickness, not only were secret chambers constructed in them, but also passages, staircases, or shoots, leading to an exit in the basement or to a subterranean passage conducting to a secret issue some distance from the building. At Plowden Hall, Shropshire, there is in the thickness of the wall a concealed circular shoot, about two feet in diameter, running from the top of the house, by which a man could lower himself to the ground-floor by means of a rope.

In a certain Elizabethan house near Plymouth a hidden door in the panel of the great hall admitted to a passage, extending to an outlet in the cliff some sixty yards away. And in an old house at Deal a secret chamber was discovered at the back of a fireplace from which a long underground passage led on to the beach. The house was used as a school, and the unearthly noises caused

by the wind blowing up this passage created great consternation among the young ladies who were pupils there. An arched tunnel running from Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, in a southeasterly direction, was at one time traced for a considerable distance; but a man and a dog having been lost in following its windings, the entrance to it was blocked up.

It has already been said that these secret hiding-places have in numerous instances been discovered only recently, and that by accident or in the progress of alterations or rebuilding. Some yet remain a mystery; there is, for example, the weird room in Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, to which, although it has a window, the means of ingress has never been identified, every attempt to discover its whereabouts having been fruitless. In olden times the secret of such chambers was generally known only to the owner of the house, and was communicated to the heir on the attainment of his majority. By a strange survival of bygone customs, this knowledge continues, in a few cases, to be handed down in the same manner, being divulged only to the heir-at-law and the family solicitor.

In later times the "priests'-holes" in the residences of the Catholic nobility and gentry, which were turned to such good account when the penal laws were in force against our forefathers, came into requisition for the concealment of the so-called Cavaliers as well as the adherents of the House of Stuart. They have also played a part in the manufacture of fictitious ghost stories.

LOOKING forward into an empty year strikes one with a certain awe, because one finds therein no recognition. The years behind have a friendly aspect, and they are warmed by the fires we have kindled, and all their echoes are the echoes of our own voices.

—"*Dreamthorp.*"

The Status of the Negro.

Notes and Remarks.

OF those who essay to speak with authority on the Negro question in the South, few will command more universal confidence than Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, whose kindly nature and sympathy with the Brother in Black are unmistakably revealed in his literary work. We will not go over his whole pronouncement, but may note as interesting, if not altogether new, his contentions that emancipation has doubled the death-rate among the Negroes, and has lowered their standard of living from both the social and the moral viewpoint. Mr. Page says:

Unhappily, the system of education heretofore pursued has been so futile in its results that a considerable section of the whites in the South, knowing the facts, believe sincerely that the educated Negroes are more worthless and more dangerous to the peace and welfare of the community in which they live than the uneducated,—that education for the Negro has been a failure. It is undoubtedly true that the apparent result has been disappointing. There are a few thousand professional men, a considerable number of college or high-school graduates; but for the greater part there is discernible little apparent breadth of view, no growth in ability or tendency to consider great-questions reasonably; an inclination to deny crime, and side with criminals against the whites, no matter how flagrant the crime.... As the only sound foundation for the whole system of education, the Negro must be taught the great elementary truths of morality and duty. Until he is so established in these that he can claim to be on this ground the equal of the white, he can never be his equal on any other ground. When he is the equal of the white it will be known. Until then he is fighting not the white race, but a law of nature, universal and inexorable—that races rise or fall according to their character.

This makes one think of many things—the Philippines, for instance, which have brought us new race problems, while the Negro and the Indian are still unsolved riddles; religion in the schools, which surely is as necessary for the blacks as for the whites; the great work which the Church could do among the colored people in the South if men and means were hers to command.

Serious attention is due to these words of Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, assistant commissioner of immigration at the port of New York: "The most important element in the immigration of the past few years is from Italy, whence we derive about one-third of the total of coming arrivals." When we remember how many Irish immigrants were lost to the Faith in the days of the great exodus, and that in spite of the fact that Irish priests followed their flocks so numerously, the condition of these immigrants, who are not Irish and whose priests do not follow them, may reasonably inspire solicitude. It is fortunate that an apostolic man like Cardinal Martinelli is on the ground to see and report in the right quarter the special needs of Italian immigrants to this country. Meantime the meed of grateful recognition and substantial support is due to St. Raphael's Society of New York, whose object is the spiritual and temporal care of these newcomers to our shores. The Society sends a priest and an agent each day to the landing station on Ellis Island, where it meets the Italian immigrant, and, when necessary, furnishes him with food and lodging free until he can communicate with relatives or secure honest labor. Of course, many of the immigrants require no extraordinary attention; but the importance of the work may be realized from the fact that during the past year upward of three hundred Italians, adults and minors, enjoyed the hospitality of the Society for more than a week.

The cost of subjugating the Filipino is such as the shrewd business instincts of Americans will hardly approve. It is now freely admitted that "the total foreign trade of the islands would not pay sixty per cent of the cost of the war; the total trade with the United

States would not pay six per cent of it; and the profits on our trade with the islands would pay little more than one per cent of it." The mere assertion is so startling that we decline to burden it with an exclamation mark. The war bill alone for the past twelvemonth was ninety millions; other expenses will raise the figure considerably. Five hundred Americans were wounded in the Philippines last year, and half as many were killed; but, then, nearly four thousand of the Filipino "savages" were also removed. A carefully prepared diagram showing these facts bears the significant legend: "The sickness is not represented. Neither are the sorrow, suffering and poverty which are the consequences of this destruction of life and health." One of the ablest and most temperate publications in the country asks: "Has it paid from any standpoint?" And it answers: "Not even from the gross view of dollars and cents." The two classes of people who seem to be pleased are the office-holders in the islands and the preachers in the States. In the opinion of these godly men, a much bigger price would not be too big to pay for the single service of banishing Catholic teaching from the Filipino schools.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour has grievously scandalized English freethinkers by his address before a missionary society in Glasgow. Ever since he wrote "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," Mr. Balfour has been reckoned among the goats, especially by the goats themselves; though his last volume, discussing "The Foundations of Belief," showed a much larger measure of sympathy with the sheep than any of his earlier utterances. The other day, at Glasgow, Mr. Balfour said plainly that religious faith was the necessary foundation of all philanthropic and altruistic endeavors. He demanded whether his hearers would have to admit at the close of their

lives that they left Scotland less religious than they found it. He trusted not. He devoutly prayed that religious fervor would wax rather than wane in the congenial warmth of modern civilization and modern education.

We do not see what cause of complaint our agnostic brethren have in all this. The emancipated freethinker is nothing if not tolerant; and such impassioned writing as a rationalist review in London visits upon Mr. Balfour is distinctly unscientific and reactionary. Let the British statesman pursue his studies in peace; if he lives long enough and reads enough books, he may happen, like Romanes, on the catechism at last.

The London *Tablet* lately had the privilege of presenting to its readers a hitherto unpublished letter from Cardinal Newman upon the question of Anglican orders, addressed to a clergyman who has since been received into the Church. As usual, the writer goes to the core of his subject. "Anglicans claim to belong to the Church because their orders are good; but we claim to have good orders because we are the Church. We rest the fact of our being the Church not on our orders, but on our uninterrupted visible existence,—on the continuity of body, system, claim, profession, doctrine, the See of Peter, etc.; and we say that, *since* we are the Church, therefore God has watched over us to preserve our orders from any material change."

It was Huxley, we believe, who said that in our time savage peoples are treated first to bullets, then to Bibles. An outspoken U. S. Senator declared last week that our troops have killed more Filipinos in three years than the Spaniards did in as many centuries; and the American people, Republicans as well as Democrats, are beginning to think that the reign of bullets ought to cease. However, the *Rutland* (Vt.) *Herald* is

evidently of opinion that the natives of the Philippines are not yet prepared to receive the Bible, "seeing that out of it come so many odd sorts and sizes of keys to the kingdom of heaven." The sage of Rutland adds: "It will be well to keep here the most remarkable bunch of keys in the history of the world, and to commission our missionaries to the Filipinos to teach them to love their God with all their heart, with all their soul, and with all their might, and to love their neighbors as themselves."

As yet the Filipinos have manifested as little desire for Protestant missionaries as for those garden seeds we offered them. Liberty is what they want. They are not all savages, and the least enlightened among them would probably say that it will be time enough for us to talk religion when we have ceased to wage war.

A writer in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) declares that Japan is presently experiencing "the greatest religious awakening that has ever come to the country since the Roman Catholics had their 'Day of Pentecost,' nearly three hundred years ago." The fidelity of the Japanese to the faith of that Pentecostal day, despite the want of priests, is an old and inspiring story; but a missionary to Japan, writing in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, tells it anew and with fresh interest. We quote:

If Japan has excited the admiration of the whole world by her facility in appropriating our civilization; by her promptitude last year in coming to the aid of the Christians who were being massacred by the Chinese; by the cordial hospitality offered in her own country to the foreign troops wounded in the war; by her courage and military skill in waging a war, in which she was victorious in every encounter, against China, whose population is tenfold her own,—she must be admired no less for her love of truth and her constancy in clinging to the precious treasure of the true Faith once it has been recognized. She offers the solitary example of a nation whose numerous Christians preserved, without a single priest, and with admirable constancy, the use of baptism and belief in the principal dogmas of

Christianity, in spite of uninterrupted persecutions for a space of three hundred years.

The devotion to our Blessed Lady, which had not once been interrupted, led them at length to rediscover the true Church, to which they had ever been united in heart. And before trusting to the first Europeans who came to speak to them of religion, they put to the latter three questions which would infallibly enable them to distinguish between the ministers of truth and those of error: "Are you married?" "Do you know the Pope, and what is his name?" "Do you know Holy Mary?" A people so intelligent and capable of such sublime fidelity certainly deserve that we should interest ourselves warmly in their conversion, whether by alms or by prayers.

It is a pity that the work of evangelizing this noble people should be retarded by want of money. Yet the progress of the Church is sure, if slow. Simultaneously with the above-named journal, for instance, comes the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* with this testimony:

Last week there were several Japanese nuns, members of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Cluny, who were returning from France, where they had made their novitiate. These ladies were thoroughly conversant with European customs and had made them their own. A Marist Father, who was a fellow-passenger with them, was struck by the religious and varied tone of their conversation. This priest had lately been to the Holy Land, and spoke about the Arab nuns who are doing such good work in Jerusalem. The Catholic Church is surely the great protectress of womankind. No matter what the color, all women have equal rights within her pale.

The benefits that would be sure to result from a federation of the alumni of our educational institutions throughout the United States ought to be an encouragement for annual reunions of the pupils of all Catholic schools. At the first banquet of the Cathedral School Association of Rochester, N. Y., four years ago, Bishop McQuaid predicted that the time would come when no hall in the city would be large enough to accommodate the members. That prediction has already been fulfilled. As many as five hundred former pupils of the Cathedral School attended the banquet held last month; and had there

been room, one hundred more would have been present. One result of these annual reunions is an ever-growing appreciation of the advantages of Christian education. The Catholics of Rochester are proud of their schools, as they have good reason to be, and are willing to pay generously for their support. In the course of a spirited address to the members of the Cathedral Association at their recent meeting, Bishop McQuaid said: "We court all honorable competition with State schools of equal grade." This venerable prelate has always contended that the building up of the Church in this country must come from the gathering into its schools of all Catholic children; and it has been his constant endeavor to keep the schools of his diocese up to the highest standard of excellence.

The death of the Rev. William Walsh, of the diocese of Nashville, recalls one of those intermittent crises in the history of our country that have called out into signal prominence the heroism inherent in the priesthood the world over. When the yellow fever broke out in Memphis a quarter of a century ago, in its most malignant form, Father Walsh was the foremost figure in battling with the plague. The city was panic-stricken, the physicians dismayed, the officials helpless. Hireling shepherds fled in fear of their lives, and the tenderest human ties snapped before the terror inspired by the yellow peril. Then it was that Father Walsh established the "Father Mathew Camps of Refuge"; and, aided by priests and Sisters as fearless and zealous as himself, nursed back to health sick bodies and souls, or confined and buried the dead. The heroism of these noble spirits arrested the admiring attention of the whole country; and so vivid is the remembrance of it even now that we are assured Memphis is the least salubrious climate in the world for those who utter calumnies against priests and Sisters.

Father Walsh was always a zealous and devoted pastor; but the great service of his life was the splendid courage which at a single stroke tore away the veil of prejudice from the public eye in that sunny Southland where the Church had been so backward and prejudice so forward.

The *Manila American* contains the following announcement, which a certain class of Americans ought to read with close attention: "Because of the difficulty of securing and keeping printers—the natives having a decided antipathy to working on Sundays, repeatedly absolutely refusing to set types or work presses on Sunday nights,—the *Manila Freeman* and the *Manila American* are reluctantly compelled to suspend, at least temporarily, the issuing of their papers on Monday mornings. It is hoped that better facilities may be secured later." The benighted heathen in the Philippines has been in the habit of going to church on Sunday and of abstaining from unnecessary manual labor. But when he has assimilated the civilization of his civilizers he will not go to church, and all the days of the week will be the same to him. There is an advanced school of sectarian clergymen in this country that is opposed to Sunday labor, whether on newspapers or in saloons. We trust they will receive with proper exultation the news that the benighted Filipino is a consistent believer in the policy they advocate.

Some idea of the throngs that visit Lourdes, especially in the summer months, may be gathered from this statement in a Belgian contemporary: From August 20 to September 22, 1901, one hundred and fifty special trains carried to Lourdes upward of eighty thousand pilgrims. Of the numbers arriving on regular trains and otherwise it is almost impossible to make any precise computation.



I.

BY E. BECK.

IN country and city there're folks wise and witty,
 And some who the one or the other are not;
 There are frail folk and healthy, and poor folk and
 wealthy,
 And folk that are pleased or not pleased with
 their lot.

But 'mid all the masses and 'mid all the classes,
 You may search for a season and only find one
 Who makes mistakes never, who's able and clever,
 And does the right thing as it ought to be done.
 And this person's cognomen suits men and suits
 women,
 Fits boys and fits girls in all lands far and nigh;
 And it needs not the knowledge at school won or
 college
 To know that this eminent person is I.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

WHEN I mentioned the strange apparition which I had seen with Winifred on one of those mountain passes overlooking the glen of the Dargle, I saw that Granny Meehan was troubled and that she strove to avoid the subject.

"Winifred seems very intelligent," I remarked.

"That she does," the old woman assented cordially. "Times there be when I'm afeard she knows too much."

"Too much?" I inquired.

Granny Meehan nodded as she added:

"Some says that it serves me right for lettin' her go to school so long to the mad schoolmaster."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper as she said the last words.

"The mad schoolmaster!" I repeated, feeling that here was no doubt the clue for which I had been so long seeking.

"Whist, ma'am dear! Don't speak that name so loud,—don't, for the love of God!" she interposed eagerly.

"Why, Mrs. Meehan," I said warmly, "you are too sensible and too religious a woman to believe all the nonsense that is talked hereabouts."

The old woman shook her head and hesitated a moment.

"I'm not sayin' that I believe this, that or the other thing," she declared, almost doggedly; "but at the end of life, ma'am dear, we get to know that there are people and things it's best not to meddle with."

"Was that the mad schoolmaster I saw with Winifred?" I asked—lowering my voice, however, in deference to the caution which I felt angrily disposed to call superstition.

"Sure I suppose 'twas himself and no other," declared Mrs. Meehan, with a half sigh. "Miss Winifred has a real heart-love for him; and sometimes it makes me uneasy, because people say he's too knowledgeable to have come honestly by his wisdom. There's no tellin'. But be that as it may, there's no other evil told of the man. He's been like a father to the poor little one and given her all the schoolin' she's had."

"He is a schoolmaster, then?" I asked.

"To be sure, ma'am, and a mighty fine one entirely; so that for many a year them that wanted their childer to have more book-learnin' than they have themselves, as folks do nowadays, sent their gossoons to him, and the girls as well. And a kind and good master he was, I'm told: never a cross word passin' his lips. And a fine scholar, with a power of learnin' in his head."

"Does he still keep the school?" I inquired further.

"He doesn't, ma'am, more's the pity. But 'twas this way. One began to be afraid of him, sayin' that he wasn't lucky; and another began to be afraid. The word flew from mouth to mouth, till but few enough remained. Then of a sudden he up and told the people that he wasn't goin' to teach no more in the hills of Wicklow; and he closed up his school and off with him for a month or so. He came back again, do you mind? But he never would have no pupils except Miss Winifred. And when the people seen that they tried to get him to take back the school. But it was all of no use: he's that set agin it that Father Owen himself could do nothin' with him."

"But how does he support himself?"

Granny Meehan turned her head this way and that, listening, to be sure that no one was about; then she leaned toward me, seeming to know by instinct where I sat, and began impressively:

"Oh, it's a queer kind of life he's led since then! He still has his cabin up in the Croghans—you may see it any day. Sometimes he's there and sometimes he isn't; but many a tale does be told about his doin's up yonder. There was one that watched him by night, and what do you think he seen?"

I could not imagine, and said so.

"He saw him puttin' stones into an iron pot, like this very one here that hangs on the hob for the potatoes."

I glanced at the utensil mentioned, while she went on with her tale.

"Well, with that the gossoon that was spyin' on him took to his heels and never stopped till he was safe at home; and, of course, the whole country-side knew of it by the mornin'. And, then, the schoolmaster goes wanderin' round in the night when honest folks are in their beds; and kneelin' down, they tell me, by the water side, as if he was prayin' to the moon and stars or to

the fishes. Now I ask you if that's fit conduct for a Christian man?"

"He may have his own reasons for all that," I suggested. "Men of learning and science do many strange things."

"I'm afraid it's for no good he's actin' so," said Granny, in a cautious whisper. "Some will have it that he's worshipin' the devil; for how else could he get the gold and silver they say he has? He disappears now and again,—vanishes, as the story is, down into the ground or into some cave of the hills, and comes back with a power of money to bury somewhere; for he never spends it honestly like other folks."

I pondered over the woman's narrative, vainly seeking for an explanation, and finally setting it down to the exaggeration of the simple country people. Parts of it tallied with my own observations; but, of course, I was prepared to accept any other solution of the mystery than that which was popularly given.

"The main thing," I said, "for you to consider is whether or no he is a suitable companion for Winifred. Whatever his pursuits may be, I believe he is of too unsettled and visionary a mind to have a good influence upon the child."

"Some do say, of course, that he's mad," reflected Mrs. Meehan; "and sure he goes by the name of 'the mad schoolmaster.'"

"Such may be the true state of the case," I said musingly; "and it would be all the more reason for preventing his constant association with Winifred."

"Mad he may be," observed Granny Meehan; "though you daren't say that much to Miss Winifred. She ever and always stands up for him. When the scholars were leavin' the school above, she spoke up for the schoolmaster, and didn't spare those that deserted him. So from that day to this he comes here every day of the week to teach her."

"He is still teaching her, then?" I inquired.

"To be sure he is, ma'am! He tells her that she's never too old for the learnin',—not if she was the age of that old oak there before the door."

Granny Meehan fell into a deep and apparently painful reverie, out of which she roused herself to say, apprehensively lowering her voice to the utmost:

"And, ma'am, what makes me the most anxious of all is the trinkets he do be givin' her. I'd never have known a word about it, but my hearin'—praise be to God for His goodness!—is mighty sharp, even though I haven't the sight of my eyes; and I heard some words he let fall, and next the sound of metal striking against metal, like the tinkle of a bell."

"And then?" I asked.

"Why, then I taxed Miss Winifred with what was goin' on, and she's as truthful as the day and wouldn't deny nothin'. So she up and told me of the beautiful trinkets of real gold he gave her. And I was vexed enough at it, and bid her throw them in the fire; fearin' mebbe they were fairy gold that would be meltin' away, leavin' ill luck behind."

"What did Winifred say to that?"

"She just fired up and bid me hold my peace, for a wicked old woman,—she did indeed, ma'am."

And here Granny Meehan softly wiped away a tear.

"But I know she didn't mean it, the darlin'! And she was that soft and lovin' after that I could have forgiven her far more."

I remembered, while Granny spoke, the dainty, exquisitely wrought bracelet which I had seen displayed upon an oak leaf. But I preferred to keep that knowledge to myself and to hear all that the old woman had to tell. She presently added:

"Well, ma'am, when he comes the next day Winifred up and tells him what she did; and he flies into such a passion that I declare to you I was frightened nearly out of my wits. Such a-ragin'

and a-stampin' as went on, for all the world like a storm roarin' through the castle on the wild nights. But Miss Winifred has that power over him that you'd think it was a fairy was in it, layin' spells over him. And she scolded him for his bad temper, just as would myself; and stamped her foot at him. And the next thing I heard him askin' her pardon, quiet as a lamb."

"She's a strange child!" I exclaimed.

"And why wouldn't she with the upbringing she's had?" cried Granny Meehan. "But don't you think now, ma'am dear, that it's enough to make me heart ache with trouble to have the schoolmaster bringin' his trinkets here? How would he come honestly by such things? Not that I believe he steals them, ma'am,—it isn't that."

She paused in her perplexity; adding quickly, in the awestruck tone in which the simple people of the remote country districts speak of things which they suppose to be beyond mortal ken:

"Sure, then, ma'am, the only way he could come by them is through the old fellow himself, barrin' he gets them from the 'good people.'"

"But this Niall is a good man, is he not?"

"I never heard ill of him but that I'm tellin' you of," replied Granny Meehan. "Still, we're warned that the devil himself can take on the likeness of an angel of light; and if that's so, what's to hinder old Niall from bein' sold body and soul to the devil?"

"Well, I think we'd better give him the benefit of the doubt," I said. "If he appears to be a good man, let us believe that he is."

"Yes, mebbe you're right," observed Granny Meehan. "And the Lord forgive me for speakin' ill of my neighbors! But it's all out of my anxiety for Miss Winifred. The baubles may come not from the powers of darkness at all, but from the 'good people'; and that would be harmless enough, anyhow."

"In America we have no fairies—or good people, as you call them," I said jestingly.

"They tell me they're scarce enough in Ireland these days," Mrs. Meehan replied gravely. "It's only here among the hills we have them at all, at all."

"I am afraid I should have to see to believe," I said, laughing. "And now, Mrs. Meehan, in all our talk you have not told me who the schoolmaster is."

A deadly paleness overspread the old woman's face, and she sank back into the chair.

"The Lord between us and harm!" she muttered, "don't ask me that,—don't now, *asthore!*"

"But you know."

"Is it I know?" she cried. "Is it I would be pryin' into such things?"

I was more puzzled than ever. There was actual terror in Granny's tone.

"How absurd!" I said, partly vexed. "What mystery can there be which makes you afraid even to hint at it?"

She leaned toward me, her blind eyes rolling in their sockets, her thin lips quivering.

"A hint I'll give you," she said, "to keep you, mebbe, from talkin' foolishly and comin' to harm. He's of the old stock, I believe in my heart, come back to earth, or enchanted here, just to keep an eye on what's goin' on."

I laughed aloud. But she raised her hand in solemn warning.

"Don't for your life,—don't make game of things of that sort!"

"Well, putting all that aside," I said, with some impatience, "what is the general opinion of the country people about this man?"

I asked this decisive question, though I had a pretty fair notion of what it might be from the fragmentary hints of my landlord.

"Well, it's good and it's bad," she replied, nodding her head impressively. "Truth to tell, there's so many stories goin' about the schoolmaster that it's

hard to know the right from the wrong. There's them, as I was sayin', that declares he's mad, and there's more that'll tell you he's worse. And mind you, ma'am dear, none of them knows about the trinkets I was speakin' of, barrin' Miss Winifred and myself. For she put it on me not to tell; and of course I didn't till the blessed moment when I opened my heart to you, knowin' well that you'd never let a word of what I told you pass your lips."

"I shall keep the secret, of course," I promised; adding: "As to the man's character, the truth probably lies somewhere between the two opinions; but I still think him an unsuitable companion for Winifred, because he is likely to fill her head with all kinds of nonsense."

"It's God's truth you're tellin'," said the old woman. "But Miss Winifred's that fond of him there's no use in talkin' agin him."

There was a touch of bitterness in Granny Meehan's tone. It was evident that this attached nurse resented, in so far as it was in her gentle nature to resent, her young charge's partiality for the mysterious old man.

"And Miss Winifred," she continued, "sweet and all as she is, can be as wilful as the wind. She has known the old man all her life, and he tells her all the queer stories of the mountains and glens and rivers; and he acts toward her as if she were a grand, fine lady,—and so she is, for the matter of that; for the child comes of a splendid old stock on both sides."

I sat listening to the old woman, and thought how the strange things she had told and the strange character we were discussing fitted in with the place in which it was being told:—the massive stone walls, and the lozenged windows with their metal crossbars; the air of times long past which hung over everything; the blind woman, who might have been sitting there forever in the solitude of her blindness.

"Mebbe, ma'am," said Granny Meehan, breaking a silence which had fallen between us, "if you were to say a word to her—I can tell by the sound of her voice when she names you that she's taken a very great likin' to you,—mebbe she'd listen."

"Well, if this Niall has so strong an influence over her as you say, believe me the word of a stranger would do no good. It might possibly do harm in prejudicing her strongly against me. It is better to win her confidence first, if I can. Meanwhile I shall keep my eye upon the schoolmaster and find out all I can concerning him. Of course I shall not be very long in the neighborhood, for I intend returning to America during the summer."

"America is a fine country, they tell me," said Granny Meehan, with a sigh. "And if I had my sight, mebbe it's there I'd be goin' some day, when—" she stopped abruptly, as if afraid to say too much; and then placidly continued: "Glory be to God for all His mercies! it wasn't to be. In His wisdom He seen that blindness was the best thing for me."

A smile, bright and soft as a summer sunset, lighted up her old face as she spoke; but even as I looked at her, with wonder and admiration at her faith, which was sublime in its simplicity, a black shadow fell suddenly upon the windowpane. I did not know what it was at first, and fancied that some great bird, which had built an eyrie in the ruined donjon, had swooped down to earth in the light of day. I soon perceived my mistake. It was the figure of the schoolmaster which had thus shut out the sunlight, and I imagined there was something menacing in its attitude.

(To be continued.)

About Thumbs.

We are in the habit of saying when one is clumsy, "His fingers are all thumbs,"—quite forgetting that thumbs are as useful as fingers, and have had their own part to play in the social customs of all ages. In "Romeo and Juliet," one of the servants of the rival house begins a quarrel by biting his thumbs as an insult to the others; and an ancient writer speaks of affrays being brought about by "shouldering, jeering, jostling, and biting of thumbs."

Sir Walter Scott told of a young gentleman who, after a supper where much wine was served, found that he had bitten his glove, and instantly demanded to know with whom he had had words. His friends tried to pacify him, but he insisted that he had been insulted or he never would have bitten his thumb. Although remembering nothing of the occurrence, he traced the offender and sent him a challenge.

The licking of the thumb was in Scotland until a recent period the legal way of sealing a bargain; and in parts of Ulster, where the people are of Scottish descent, it is still a common saying when two agree very well upon any subject, "We may lick thoims upo' that."

In the medieval period the impress of the thumb upon wax was recognized as a seal to all documents, however important; and the little lines thus made were often useful in identifying a criminal, as there are no two thumbs alike in the whole world.

People who judge of character by the shape of the hand declare that a large thumb indicates good reasoning powers and a strong will, which is probably as true as the other laws of palmistry. In the old common law of England—a law which has never been done away with—a man was permitted to beat his wife if the stiek he used was no bigger around than his thumb.

WHAT we *like* determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are.

—*Ruskin.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—Writing of "John Henry Newman," by A. R. Waller and C. H. S. Burrow, one of "The Westminster Biographies" (Kegan Paul), the *Athenæum* remarks: "The book ought to win interest for the figure of the man who, whatever opinion be held of his creed, was the greatest religious force and one of the greatest intellects and most fascinating personalities in the nineteenth century."

—We learn with pleasure that among the contributors to the monumental history of Europe which Cambridge University is publishing, under the editorship of Lord Acton, is Father William Barry. His period is that of "the Catholic reform"—about the time of the Council of Trent. We regret that Mr. W. S. Lilly was obliged to decline Lord Acton's invitation to treat another period. Lord Acton himself, it is well known, is professor of history at Cambridge and one of the most erudite of modern Catholic scholars.

—The progress of the Church in the diocese of Maitland, N. S. W., is illustrated in many ways by its official almanac, which is one of the most creditable publications of the kind in our language. It is a pleasure to turn the pages of this attractive year book, with its record of growing parishes, flourishing schools, etc. The diocese was established in 1848, and in the coming month of April its beloved Bishop, Mgr. Murray, will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his ordination. Thirty-six years of fruitful labor have been spent in the district of Maitland. The worthy coadjutor-bishop, Mgr. Dwyer, we notice, is a native of New South Wales.

—It is said of the late Dr. Kraus, of the University of Freiburg, that probably no other Catholic scholar on the Continent had so many devoted friends and admirers amongst learned Protestant colleagues; and he was lavish in his praise of certain Protestant thinkers, especially of the Danish Søren Kierkegaard, the Swiss Alexander Vinet, and others. Father Kraus was eminent as a theologian, archæologist, historian, and art critic. He was an acknowledged authority on matters so wide asander as primitive Christian art and the history of the Italian revolution. Among Dantean scholars and modern German stylists, too, Dr. Kraus held high rank.

—It is regrettable that the publications of the Society of St. Augustine, of Bruges, are not more generally known in this country. The list is a long one, including desirable editions of liturgical works, standard books in French and other languages, together with a great variety of ordination cards, First Communion pictures, etc., all excellently printed and ornamented in fine

taste. Two series of illustrated postal cards issued by the Society of St. Augustine have been very popular in Europe. One has exquisite miniatures of the angels of Fra Angelico; the other, scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. We have met with nothing in the line of religious pictures more pleasing than the *opales* offered by this Society.

—Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, who contributed some interesting recollections of Newman to a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is of opinion that if the illustrious Cardinal's letters ever see the light, he will appear a greater man, if possible, to his own countrymen than they now hold him to have been; and that he will command in the world at large the admiration of statesmen, as he now does that of philosophers and theologians. It was by his letters, Sir Rowland assures us, that Cardinal Newman wished to be judged.

—The *Chicago Chronicle* in a notice of the late Aubrey de Vere quotes, as a precious truth to poets and lovers of "that intaglio and cameo of literature," his reference to the sonnet in a preface to "Mary Tudor," a poetic drama by his father:

A true sonnet is characterized by greatness, not prettiness; if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. Within its narrow compass there is room at once for meditation and for observation, for the imagination and the impassioned. In its solemn mood, the sonnet seems as if it should be graven on marble; yet it can be buoyant as a flower and bright as a dewdrop. While enriched by rhymes, it also demands, like Miltonic blank verse, a nobler music, varying from the amplest to the subtlest cadences of metrical harmony. It requires a diction strong, pure, lucid and felicitous.

—Those who will have it that the last word regarding Pope Alexander VI.—a decidedly unfavorable word—is in Pastor's "History of the Popes," would do well to consult Frederick Baron Corvo's "Chronicles of the House of Borgia," a ponderous work lately published by Grant Richards. (E. P. Dutton & Co. in this country.) The author's contention is that "as Pontifex Maximus, earthly Vicar of Jesus Christ he [Alexander VI.] merits reverent gratitude"; or that his Pontifical acts "will compare favorably with those of any Supreme Pontiff, from Simon, who is called Peter P. P., to Gioacchino Vincenzo Ruffini, who is called Leo P. P. XIII." Alexander VI. is one of those personages of whom the world seems to prefer to believe evil. He has been under a cloud so long that even fair-minded people hesitate to believe it could possibly be lifted. As illustrating how far this prejudice may go, we quote two passages from an extended review of Corvo's work in the *Athenæum*:

The process of taking off a little of the black from the memory of the Pontiff has been carried by the late Bishop of London and others as far as it will reasonably go; we

are ready to believe that insanitary conditions and unwholesome feeding were enough to account for most or all of the mysterious deaths which half-admiring contemporaries credited to the "Borgia venom." It may even be allowed that Alexander was not very much worse in his private life than most other potentates of the period; though in that case it is rather difficult to account for the impression which prevailed to some extent in his own time, and almost universally in the next age, when Popes had begun to be fairly decent again.

We all know how Abraham Lincoln is now regarded by the whole civilized world; though the impression of him which once prevailed, and to a very great extent, was very different. Persons still living who knew him intimately hold that a true portrait of him is yet to be drawn; and if the memoirs of a certain eminent American statesman, who certainly knew Lincoln better than most others, ever see the light, they will be a greater shock to the reading public than Mr. Hapgood's recent life of Washington. Very general impressions have often been shown to be very erroneous.

The *Athenæum* says further: "That they [the Borgias] would have been glad enough to have the resources of the modern poisoner at their command, we do not doubt." The writer is with Corvo in his skepticism on the subject of the wholesale poisoning attributed to the Borgias. Does it follow because the great majority of the suspicious deaths with which they have been charged can be accounted for by natural causes, that they would have been murderers on a large scale had the methods of the modern poisoner been known to them?

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.

Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.

The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.

Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.

The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.

The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.

Juvenile Round Table. \$1.

A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.

Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.

A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Very Rev. John Power, of the diocese of Springfield; and the Rev. John McNulty, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister M. Josephine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Hildegard, O. S. D.; Sister Dolores, Sisters of Charity; Mother Constanza Bentivoglia, Poor Clares; and Sister Mary of Jesus, Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Louis Primeau, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Joseph McElroy, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Reynolds, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Catherine Halpin, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Hensien and Mrs. Mary Egan, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. C. V. Rodgers, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Francis Miller and Mrs. Victor Becker, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. A. Hogan, Grass Valley, Cal.; Mr. George Russell and Mr. Patrick Gallagher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Raleigh and Mrs. John Raleigh, Pontiac, Mich.; Miss Mary Tuohey, Manchester, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Martin, Mrs. F. Gallagher, and Mr. Thomas Clarke, Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. V. C. and W. I. Tobin, Alameda, Cal.; Mr. A. J. Link, Allentown, Pa.; Mr. A. McIsaac and Miss Mary Curran, Oakland, Cal.; also Mr. Lawrence Thornton, Burnsville, Minn.

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



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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

Audi Benigne Conditor.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

BENIGNANT Maker, hear at last
 Our supplications drowned in tears,
 And through our forty days of fast
 Assuage our woes, disperse our fears.
 Heart-Searcher whose all-piercing eyes
 The infirmities of men behold,
 Forgiving, grant to suppliant cries
 Thy wondrous graces manifold.
 Though many be our sins of shame,
 Spare all confessing here their guilt;
 Exalt the glory of Thy name,
 Sin washing with the blood Thou'st spilt.
 So may our tempered bodies feel
 The chastening aid of abstinence,
 That sins no nutriment may steal,
 And hearts may fast from all offence.
 Most Blessed Trinity in heaven,
 Most perfect Unity in bliss,
 May boundless recompense be given
 In Thy world for our fasts in this!

The Early Days of "the American College."

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

QN the afternoon of December 7, 1859, about an hour before the church bells of the Eternal City were to proclaim the moment for the recitation of the evening's *Ave Maria*, thirteen students of the Urban College de Propaganda Fide issued from the venerable portal of that institution; but not for a promenade of the usual kind which, during the previous two hundred and thirty-two

years, the not improbable *flores martyrum* had always taken for their physical health at about that time of day. The immense majority of the Romans, of both the plebeian and the aristocratic order, were then devoted subjects of the *Papa-Re*; and not only were they imbued with the idea that their city gained temporal prosperity through the presence of ecclesiastical institutions which entailed an influx of foreign *quadrini*, but they felt a Roman and a Catholic pride in every development of those institutions; and every indication of a change in collegiate or monastic routine challenged their attention on the instant when it was manifested. Therefore it was that when, on the afternoon of December 7, 1859, the thirteen Propagandists were seen to be accompanied by thirteen youths who were clothed in a uniform which had never before attracted the Roman eye—a dress similar to that of their escorting friends, but with trimmings of blue in place of the familiar red,—the neighborhood wondered as to the identity of the strangers. Some there were, however, who thought that the new scholastic insignia evinced the birth of a new Pontifical college; and when they noticed that the little procession—closed by the beloved rector of the Propaganda, the Abbate Tancioni, arm in arm with Dom Bernardo Smith, a Benedictine monk of San Callisto,—was followed by the gala carriages of two ornaments of the Curia Romana, they knew that they had thought aright. One of these

carriages was that of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, who was to represent the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom at the opening of the American College del Nord, and who, by virtue of his office, was to be the cardinal-protector of the institution.

The second carriage was occupied by Mgr. Gaetano Bedini, afterward Cardinal and Secretary of the Propaganda. Archbishop Bedini had been Apostolic Pro-Nuncio in the United States in 1853; and, although his experience in our great Republic had been saddened by manifestations of the Know-Nothing spirit which was then rampant in these "Anglo-Saxon" regions, and even by overt threats against his life, he had conceived an affection for the land, and ever afterward he predicted a glorious future for the American Church. It was in order to hasten the devoutly desired consummation that the great-hearted prelate, immediately after his return to Rome, had urged upon Pope Pius IX. the establishment of a Pontifical American College, which, as he fondly believed, would aid in the perpetuation of a truly Roman spirit among the clergy of the United States. Pio Nono welcomed the suggestion; and to no man so much as to Archbishop Bedini was the actuation of the project due. With brain and heart he labored for the great end until it was accomplished; and the writer well remembers an instance of the zealous prelate's muscular exertions even unto profuse perspiration, as he endeavored to render the long-dismantled college church fit for divine worship. A few days before the great event, I was one of a band of Propagandists who entered the future college to take note of the progress being made. After a cursory inspection of the refectory and the students' rooms, we entered the church: there, amid a cloud of dust, divested of his cassock, resplendent in shirt-sleeves and knee-breeches, was Archbishop

Bedini, polishing candlesticks, scrubbing marbles, etc. It is not surprising, therefore, that on the afternoon of the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, six years after the termination of his American mission, a smile of both gratitude and triumph should have illumined the handsome visage of Archbishop Bedini as he waved his hand from his carriage as a signal for an advance on the Via dell' Umiltà.

It is generally stated that the original students of the Pontifical American College del Nord were thirteen in number. However, they were but twelve; for Mr. McGlynn was an alumnus of the Propaganda, bound by oath to obey the authorities of that institution; and he had been merely loaned to the new college as a temporary "prefect," who would use his several years of experience as a Roman student in the task of initiating the young Americans, all but three of whom (Seton, Parsons and Meriwether) were then strangers to clerical discipline, in that not easily mastered rôle. He wore the uniform of our college for little more than three months, being ordained on March 24, 1860, and then returning to the Propaganda, whence he departed for his mission during the same year. A brief notice of "the original twelve" may be acceptable to the later students of our Alma Mater, and it shall be given in the order of their seniority.

Robert Seton, of New York, had been a *convictor* of the Propaganda for two years when he helped to colonize our college; but he departed from the institution on April 22, 1861; and soon afterward entered the *Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*, where he was ordained in due time, and was enrolled in the Roman *prelatura*. Reuben Parsons, of New York, had also been a *convictor* of the Propaganda; but after his residence of sixteen months within those venerable walls, the

opening of our college entailed his transmigration. He was ordained on June 10, 1865. Patrick Riordan, of Chicago, left our college for a residence in the Roman establishment of Saint Esprit on August 5, 1860; but he soon proceeded to Louvain, where he was finally ordained, and he is now Archbishop of San Francisco. Michael Clifford, of Chicago, departed for his home on January 11, 1863, having decided that his vocation was that of a layman. Michael Augustine Corrigan, of Newark, was ordained on September 19, 1863, leaving for his mission on August 7, 1864; he became Bishop of Newark in 1873, Coadjutor of New York in 1880, and Archbishop of New York in 1885. William Meriwether, of Charleston, S. C., was ordained on June 5, 1864, and left for his mission on July 2, 1865; a few years afterward he entered the Society of Jesus. William Poole, of Savannah, was ordained on May 22, 1866. Claudian Northrup, of Charleston, S. C., left for home on August 21, 1865, and was ordained in the following year. Ambrose O'Neil, of Albany, N. Y., was ordained on April 4, 1863. Antony Zingsheim, a German (Rhenish Prussian), was ordained for the diocese of Alton, Ill., on May 30, 1863. Thomas Gibney, of San Francisco, was compelled by ill health to change climate on May 1, 1860; he selected that of the Emerald Isle, and in due time he was ordained at All Hallows'. John Cassidy, of San Francisco, was ordained June 10, 1865.

The entrance of "the original twelve" into their new habitation was appropriately made over the threshold of the church of the college,—that little gem of a sanctuary which for centuries the Romans have known as "the Venerable Church dell' Umiltà." His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect, seated on a throne at the Epistle side of the high altar, at once announced that another was then added to the list of Pontifical colleges. The Litany of the Saints was

chanted by the choir of the Propaganda, since, of course, our own choir was *in futuro*; then Cardinal Barnabo resumed his seat, and pronounced an apposite discourse, which was couched in terms of the usual Roman simplicity, but the eloquence of which still reminds us of the thrills which he then excited in our youthful heart. We regret that among the notes which we prepared in illustration of the events of those early days of our Alma Mater, we did not attempt a record of this oration; but its significance will be realized when we state that it was in the main a paraphrase of that First Sermon of Pope St. Leo the Great on the natal day of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in which that grand Pontiff congratulated Rome on having become, through the ministry of SS. Peter and Paul, "a disciple of truth, whereas she had hitherto been the mistress of error." It was through SS. Peter and Paul, as St. Leo declared, and as the Cardinal repeated, that "Rome presented to the world the sight of a holy people; a sacerdotal and royal city; a transformation into a principality which governed the world through the Holy See of Peter; and a city which ruled more extensively through its religious authority than it had ever ruled because of its worldly power." The mind of his Eminence was naturally concentrated on the great Republic of the West, although his words appeared to treat of the greatest of empires; and both the present and the future of our country—*mutatis mutandis*—were considered by the auditors when they heard these words of St. Leo: "And that great city, ignoring the Bestower of its grandeur, adopted the errors of every people whom it subjugated; and it flattered itself on having become very religious because it had rejected no falsehood. But just as that city had been firmly grasped by Satan, so it was finally freed through Christ."

Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament terminated the memorable function, and the Collegio Americano del Nord had entered upon its career.

Until March 3, 1860, when Dr. William McCloskey, of New York (now Bishop of Louisville), became the first rector of our college, the position of pro-rector was held by Dom Bernardo Smith, O. S. B., one of the three professors of dogmatic theology in the Propaganda. During the first few weeks that followed the opening of the institution, the learned but simple-minded Benedictine frequently regaled us with anecdotes illustrating the interest which our venerated Pio Nono was continually manifesting in regard to his latest scholastic foundation. Although fully sensible of the importance of our country, and consequently of our college, we were disposed to swallow some of these stories with a fanciedly due quantum of salt. But his Holiness himself soon proved to our full satisfaction that Dom Bernardo had not exaggerated; in fine, Pio Nono gave to us two proofs of his fatherly and pontifical affection which justified the pro-rector in his proud ejaculation: "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*"

Toward the end of January, 1860, we were notified by the chamberlain-in-chief of his Holiness that on the morning of the 29th, the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, the Pontiff would celebrate Mass in our church, and would administer Holy Communion not only to us but also to such of the American and other English-speaking residents in Rome as might wish to avail themselves of the favor. We could scarcely credit the announcement; but tangible evidence of its truth was given to us throughout the 28th, as many batches of butlers and other servants from the Vatican carried up to our *sala grande* quantities of gold plate, elegant and precious porcelain services, and all the other paraphernalia with which the Pope-King furnishes a table at which he deigns

to place such guests as he may invite, very rarely, to a state-banquet. For Pio Nono had invited himself to breakfast with us, and our own presence was all that we were to contribute to the feast. His Holiness had chosen the Feast of St. Francis de Sales as the occasion for his visit and for his celebration of Mass in our church, because it had been his custom, before his elevation to the Papal Chair, to say Mass in that church on that day, if he were in Rome at the time. During more than two centuries the buildings which we occupied had formed a convent for the Nuns of the Visitation; and since the holy Bishop of Geneva had founded their Order, his festival had always been observed with great solemnity in the Chiesa dell' Umiltà.

The pontifical *cortège* arrived at precisely eight o'clock. A detachment of the Noble Guard flanked either side of the sanctuary, while a body of the Swiss Guard formed two lines extending to the church door; the prelates of the Papal Court disposed of themselves in such a manner as not to incommode the many lay persons who had thronged into the diminutive church; and our little band of students—the hosts of the Supreme Pontiff—found place behind the reredos. The congregation was composed of the flower of the Roman patriciate, and of nearly all the English-speaking Catholics then in Rome. Among the more distinguished of the foreigners we noted the Count de Goyon, commander of the French Army of Occupation; and Mr. Stockton, the American Minister to the Holy See. Of course the Roman Senator, the Marquis Antici, attended in full gala. At the Mass the Pontiff was assisted by Mgr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, and by Mgr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool. When the service was completed, and the Pontiff had deposed his sacrificial vestments, he knelt at a prie-dieu in order to assist at a Mass of thanksgiving. Imagine our feelings during that half

hour as every now and then we gazed on the beautiful and enraptured features of Pio Nono. It is a matter of cold history that Pius IX. captivated hearts as few even of the Popes have captivated them; and therefore it is not surprising that even at that solemn time we could not turn our eyes from him. As for himself, his eyes never turned from the tabernacle. At the conclusion of the Mass of thanksgiving his Holiness arose and blessed us all; then he directed his steps to the inner precincts of the college, followed by such of the Roman patricians and foreign visitors as he had invited to breakfast with him and his American boys.

As we entered the *sala grande*, it need not be said that we scarcely recognized the big and ordinarily bleak apartment. The servants had shown a truly Latin taste in its decoration: everything was simple, beautiful and neat. A long and wide table was covered with snowy damask; the shimmer of gold plate and of crystal dazzled the eyes; but as for the edibles, we were too excited to think of them. However, we were not to sit at the table. At the upper end of the hall a small table had been placed on a dais, which was raised about six inches above the floor; and at this table his Holiness sat alone, as the papal etiquette demands. Along each of the side walls of the apartment two rows of chairs had been placed,—the rows being well separated, and each chair affording plenty of elbow-room; these seats were assigned to our lay visitors and to the more venerable of the prelates. The younger of the ecclesiastics and all of us students were ranged as wallflowers behind the chairs.

When the Pontiff had given the signal by raising a cup of chocolate to his lips, the servants of the Vatican—and there were too many of them—plied us all with the eatables; and soon we felt very much at home,—although the gold plate did not seem

very homelike. I said that the servants waited upon us, but I must not forget to mention that one or two of us students were served by gentlemen of the Noble Guard. All the company acted very much as though they were in a private dining-room, although most eyes were ever and anon turned on the Pontiff. As for his Holiness, we noticed that he took but one cup of chocolate and ate but a small portion of a roll; he kept up a smiling conversation with the two prelates who stood at his side, interrupting it at intervals with some remarks to the patrician ladies who sat near to his table. The breakfast of an Italian does not last very long, nor was this papal collation an exception; but the chocolate and coffee were superb, the *presciutto* and other *intermezzi* were delicious; the rolls were almost French, the butter was sweet, the fruits were worthy of Italy, and the *dolci* were the best that I have ever eaten. But, after all, not one of us hosts, and probably few of our guests, were not glad when the end of the breakfast was indicated by the withdrawal of the Pope's attendant prelates to a position behind his chair. All were anxious to hear the Pontiff speak.

Bishop Bacon now arose, and, advancing to the middle of the hall, thanked his Holiness in French, in the name of the Catholics of the United States of North America, for his foundation of our college and for the great honor which he had just conferred on its students. The Pontiff replied briefly in French, insisting that he had merely performed a duty when he established a Pontifical College for the Roman training of an American clergy; that the chief energy of a successor of Peter had ever been directed toward the propagation and the preservation of the Faith in every part of the world; and that his predecessors had ever thought that the great end could be furthered in no way so efficaciously as by the creation of

Roman colleges for all the ethnological and linguistic families which form the Church. After a concise development of this idea, his Holiness drew attention to the melancholy fact that the gift of Divine Faith with which he desired to see the great Republic endowed—that gift which is the principal comfort of nations in every vicissitude—was combated in our day in a peculiar manner. This fact formed the principal grief of his pontificate. Even in Italy, the land which had been privileged, perhaps, above all others—even in Italy, the possessor of the Centre of Faith, since she is endowed with the primatial and therefore the most august See of Christendom,—the minds and hearts of many men seemed then to covet an intellectual and a spiritual darkness. “We fear none of the armed forces of human governments,” exclaimed the Pontiff. “Not even the threatened loss of our temporal dominion is to be numbered among our most grievous afflictions. Let the authors of that misfortune suffer the censures of the Church and be abandoned to the indignation of the Almighty if they do not throw themselves at the feet of His mercy! But we are afflicted—aye, frightened, because of the present horrible perversion of ideas in so much of human society; because of the now almost general tendency to falsify everything. On all sides vice is paraded as virtue and virtue is proclaimed as vice; even in our now unfortunate Italy a cowardly assassin is presented for the veneration of mankind.” (By this latter remark Pio Nono indicated Agesilao Milano, the Czolgosz of that day.) “And while the subverters of social order apotheosize a murderer, and while they laud every other species of criminal, they brazenly stigmatize as fanaticism every instance of episcopal firmness which is exercised for the good of mankind.”

The impassioned, but nevertheless deliberate, manner of Pio Nono as

he pronounced this discourse, only a synopsis of which we have given, produced a profound effect upon his auditors; sighs and even sobs accentuated the barely heard quasi-clapping of hands. Many of the Noble Guard and other patrician young men then took a vow which they soon actuated by entering the heroic ranks of those who followed Lamoricière, Pimodan, and Charette, in the glorious though ill-fated campaign of Castelfidardo; and the enthusiasm of these destined soldiers of the Cross would have been shared in the same manner by several of our “original twelve” had they not remembered that God had called them to fight for the Church in other fashion. When the Pontiff had concluded his remarks he arose, and, in that majestic and almost preternatural manner which was his own, he pronounced the words of the Apostolic Benediction. As he concluded, his look, his tone as he uttered the “*et maneat semper*,” and his fervent folding of his arms on his throbbing bosom as though he had really gathered thereto everyone of us, left an impression in every heart which death will scarcely efface. He knew that duty called on him to return to the Vatican; but when the Noble Guard moved forward as though to clear a passage for his progress to the door of the hall, he restrained them with a slight gesture, and the entire company then impetuously though venerationally rushed upon him. Happy were those who could kiss his feet; many were perforce contented with kissing his stole or his soutane; his graceful hands were at the disposal of all who succeeded in grasping them.

At length he reached the outer portal of the college; but when one of his chamberlains opened the door of his carriage, he smilingly told the prelate that he had another visit to make. I do not know whether the then famous Augustinian nunnery, entitled Delle

Vergini, has been suppressed by the Piedmontese invaders of the City of the Popes; but at that time this convent, immediately across the street from our domicile, was the happy home of many of those cloistered women whose prayers and voluntary mortifications entailed so many blessings on Rome. This was the institution which our Holy Father wished to visit; and when one of the papal suite rang the bell, you may imagine the astonishment of the portress when, on opening the door, her eyes were dazzled by the glitter of the papal *cortége*. I was immediately behind Pio Nono as he stood at the threshold, and I clearly perceived the little nun's tremor mingled with joy. As was his habit on such occasions, the Pope had sent no warning of his intended call on this community. "I have come to see you all, Sister!" he exclaimed, as he entered the vestibule, and, passing by the reception-room, walked toward the inner door which gave access to the cloister. Thoughtlessly or innocently, some of our students followed the Pontiff and his immediate attendants; but just as the papal party had entered the inviolable precinct, two of the Noble Guard, who had stationed themselves at either side of the forbidding door, crossed their swords before the venturesome Americans. Pio Nono heard the clash of the steel, and, turning quickly, he said: "Allow the Americans to enter. I break the cloister for this occasion in their favor."

All the other hitherto privileged individuals, patricians and all, returned to the street; but we, for probably the only time of our lives, were soon inside of a cloister, and in face of as interesting, as healthy, as happy-looking, and in many cases as beautiful a set of women as we had ever seen. For a short time the Pope listened to the expressions of gratitude which the superioress poured forth; the lady taking care to remind his Holiness that once before, when

she was a superioress in Spoleto, she had welcomed him in her convent, he having then been the Spoletan ordinary. Whether any of the nuns availed themselves of the opportunity to communicate any private griefs to the Head of the Church and the earthly master of all religious communities, I do not know; for, his Holiness having given us permission "to look around the convent," I accompanied my companions on that errand. Of course our "inspection" was brief. But we noted that the chapel, as in nearly all convents, was everything that it should have been; that the simple cells were of fair size—larger than some of our rooms over the way,—and presenting an appearance of exquisite neatness. The feature that impressed us the most, after the look of preternatural serenity which illuminated the face of nearly every nun, was the absolute cleanliness, the waxlike purity of every visible article. Truly the occasion was interesting; but we had just begun to appreciate it when we were told that Pio Nono was about to depart, and that therefore we should now bid a farewell to the cloister which we had so strangely penetrated.

The second, and perhaps the most interesting, manifestation of the interest of Pius IX. in our college, although it was by no means the last, was accorded shortly after that grand day in the Umiltà. We were informed that since his Holiness had given a "party" to us in our house, he expected that we would make our "party-call" on him in due time; and, lest any *contretemps* should occur, the Pontiff deigned to appoint the day and hour when he would receive us all, not formally but *en famille*, in his own Palace of the Vatican. Accordingly, headed by our pro-rector, Dom Bernardo, we presented ourselves in the papal antechambers at the appointed time. We were not obliged to wait for even five minutes. Without any notice to us of the pontifical approach, the door

of Pio Nono's own sitting-room was opened and his Holiness came forth, dressed simply in his white soutane, without stole, and wearing a red cloak; for, although the Vatican is phenomenally agreeable in temperature at all times, the day was exceptionally chilly. After the usual prostration, the Pontiff extended both his hands to us; and when we had devoutly and filially kissed them, he laughed most cordially, saying: "Come now, *giovanotti!* You were my hosts the other day: to-day I shall play the host to you. And I shall do so by showing you all over my house." The sole attendants on the papal person on this occasion were the chief chamberlain, Mgr. Borromeo (afterward Cardinal), and Mgr. de Mérode, the pontifical pro-Minister of Arms. Naturally, these gentlemen would have retained their places at either side of his Holiness; but they were told to "drop ceremony," as Pio Nono wished to be at home with his guests.

To detail all that was shown to us during the more than two hours of our familiar converse with the Father of the Faithful would be superfluous when one is writing for the edification of persons who are well acquainted with the grandest and the most historically-interesting palace in the world. Of course we were not taken through the twelve thousand rooms of the Vatican, but through the principal apartments—the library, the museum, the picture-galleries, the Loggie di Raffaele, etc.; Pio Nono acted as our *cicerone*. Certainly no band of American sight-seers in Rome ever had so careful, so well-informed, and so appreciative a guide. In the picture-galleries the Pontiff sought for our opinions on the many masterpieces. In the library he brought forth from their carefully-guarded resting-places some of the most treasured manuscripts; among others we handled an original codex of Dante's "Divina Commedia." In the museum he was both solemn and witty

as he descanted on either the most edifying or the most amusing of the antiquities. The time passed too quickly. At length we could perceive that the enchantment, or the dream, or the vision, was about to terminate. Pio Nono took a position in front of us all and said most sweetly: "Now I know that you want to say something nice to me about my visit to your college and about the charming time that you have had to-day under my roof. Well, you may say something; but I must tell you that just now I want no compliments. I receive compliments nearly every hour of the day, and they tire me. If you must present me with an address, couch it in English, so that it may sound strange in my ears." We looked at one another. Who was to do the talking, and how could he acquit himself in the present and in the suggested circumstances? His Holiness perceived our quandary, and he smiled more heartily than did Mgr. Borromeo or Mgr. de Mérode; if we students smiled, the exhibition must have been very faint.

Then the Pontiff looked each one of us over, finally indicating Mr. Clifford and telling him to speak his piece; but the unfortunate youth blushed like a schoolgirl and took refuge behind the tall form of Mr. O'Neil,—a proceeding which infinitely amused our venerable tormentor. The Pope essayed a second choice, and it fell on Mr. Seton; but that usually intrepid young man seemed to be asking the tiled flooring to give way beneath him. Finally, just as I was hoping that Dom Bernardo would come to our relief, Pio Nono nodded at me, saying encouragingly: "You have an open face—*voi avete la faccia franca*. Pronounce an oration!" I can not now understand how it was that I dared an attempt at enunciation; but I did venture, realizing also that to address a Roman Pontiff formally and extemporaneously is no easy matter; and that to know that he understands only a

few words of your speech does not better one's predicament. I can not now recall what I said; probably I did not know at the time, and probably none of my companions knew. But great was the enjoyment of the Pontiff; and, in order to help me on, he ever and anon repeated some one of my words, saying: "Good! That means," etc. I never loved Pio Nono more than when he told me that I had "orated" sufficiently.

The apartment in which we had paused was about as long as one of the blocks in Broadway; and when his Holiness waved his hand toward the farthest perspective, we descried in the distance a number of pontifical lackeys moving around a table. As we neared what seemed to be an object of interest to these servants, we heard a tinkling of glass and silver; and then we knew that Pio Nono was about to bid us farewell in a very cordial manner. The servants withdrew; and Mgr. de Mérode asked his Holiness to take a bit of lunch, handing to him at the same time a glass containing some liquid which steamed a little, and also a bit of cake. The Pontiff sipped a teaspoonful and requested us to help ourselves. Mgr. de Mérode emptied the glass which Pio Nono had returned to him, and then imitated Mgr. Borromeo in his attack on the cakes and *dolci*. The Americans had already begun to show their appreciation of the papal hospitality; and they had found that the liquid was hot lemonade, simply flavored with some delicious cordial. The *collazione* was soon finished; and then, with a final benediction, Pius IX. bade us to return to the college which he had founded, there to continue the labors which were necessary to fit us for the ministry among a people whom he dearly loved. "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*"

LOVE is most divine when it loves according to needs and not according to merit.—George Macdonald.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

THE room into which the two Americans were presently conducted proved to be a large apartment, bare of all furniture except two small, hard beds, one or two chairs, and the most primitive possible lavatory arrangements. But their portmanteaus were on the floor, and Lloyd assured Armistead that such quarters were for the Sierra luxury itself.

"In fact, this house astonishes me," he said. "I did not think there was anything like it in the Sierra, though I heard in Canelas that Doña Victoria had built a *casa grande* on her hacienda."

"Doña Victoria seems to be running things altogether according to her own sweet will," Armistead remarked, as, having wiped his face on the square of rough toweling provided for the purpose, he made ineffectual efforts to discern his image in a small, green mirror by the light of a single tallow candle. "But although the house is literally a *casa grande*, it seems to have only the rudest furnishing."

"Naturally, when everything must be made on the spot, or transported a hundred or two miles on the back of a mule. Besides, those who have never known luxuries don't miss them."

"Luxuries, no—but comfort!"

"Comfort is a relative term, also. This, you may be sure, is a palace in all respects compared to the house in which these people have hitherto lived. But Doña Victoria has been to Culiacan, perhaps even to Durango; she has observed ways of living in those places; and, being a progressive young woman, she has seen no reason for continuing to live in a log house in the Sierra, since sun-baked bricks can be made anywhere."

"I wonder if this progressive young woman is afraid of what her mother may say or do, that she doesn't want her to be seen?"

"I think she simply wants to shield her from pain."

"Pain!" Armistead scoffed. "You can't really believe that she is still suffering from Trafford's desertion! The feelings of people closely allied to savages are very elemental and transitory, you know."

"I know that you had better get rid of your idea that these people are in any sense savages, or else keep it more carefully to yourself," Lloyd returned. "You've had a lesson of the imprudence of taking for granted that nobody around you understands English. That young fellow who translated your remark about a room and supper—"

"Confound his impudence!"

"As much as you like, but he was at least good enough to put you on your guard. It will be well to remember that he has keen ears, a good comprehension of English, and evidently no love for gringos—especially those who come on such an errand as ours."

"I can imagine nothing of less importance than the opinion of a whippersnapper like that."

"Even whippersnappers have their uses. What Don Arturo is young enough to express, you may be sure that everyone else is feeling."

"I don't care a hang what they are feeling! I am here on Business"—the manner in which Armistead pronounced the name of the great American fetich is very inadequately represented by capitalizing its initial letter,—“and I propose to accomplish what I have come for, if the whole Calderon clan rises up to protest.”

"They'll hardly be satisfied with protesting."

"They can do what they like. I suppose the writ of the law runs even in the Sierra?"

"Possibly, but I shouldn't care to be the man who tried to enforce it—at least not in the present case."

"Well, I shall not hesitate a moment to enforce it, if I find such enforcement necessary—isn't that a knock at the door? Supper? Good! I'm more than ready for it."

When they emerged from their apartment they saw that a table, in a corner of the corridor where a lamp was hanging, had been laid for two. Don Mariano, who was seated on a bench near by, rose to invite them ceremoniously to their places, but did not join them.

"It seems they won't break bread and salt with us," Armistead observed, as he sat down. "Quite Arabian, isn't it?"

"It strikes me that they are treating us with a very fine hospitality; all the more because they make no pretence of receiving us as friends," Lloyd replied.

Supper, served by a silent, *rebozo*-shrouded woman, being over, they joined Don Mariano where he sat, wrapped in a *zarape*, at the end of his bench; and smoked, as they shivered in the keen mountain air, while talking of mines and forests. Presently Armistead yawned.

"I think I shall go to bed," he said. "I'm not only tired, but it is plainly the only hope of getting warm. Ask Don Mariano if it never grows warmer here?"

Don Mariano answered the question with an emphatic monosyllable.

"*Nunca!*" he said.

"Well, I suppose it's not surprising," Armistead went on. "What elevation did the aneroid record to-day? Twelve thousand feet? Not strange that one shivers at that height at night—without fire, too! I'd like to build a rousing blaze in the middle of this patio. Since that can't be done, I'm off! *Buenas noches, Señor!*"

Observing that Don Mariano was also yawning, and knowing the early hours

kept on haciendas—where the day for all begins at or before the breaking of light,—Lloyd likewise said good-night, but he did not follow Armistead to his refuge of bed and blankets. On the contrary, having seen both that gentleman and Don Mariano disappear, he filled his briar with a fresh charge of short cut, and, plunging his hands in his pockets, walked out of the great front door of the house, on the threshold of which a *mozo*, wrapped to his eyes in his blanket, crouched half asleep.

Wonderful was the beauty of the night which met him as he stepped outside,—wonderful and full of an unspeakable charm of tranquillity. The moon, late in rising, had not yet appeared over the eastern heights; but the starlight of these high regions has a radiance so bright that every feature of the landscape, every fold of the distant hills, could be clearly discerned. Steeped in repose, the lovely valley stretched to the feet of the mountains which surrounded it, their crests outlined against the star-sown sky, their serene and mighty steadfastness emblemizing beyond all else on earth

that eternal rest

We can not compass in our speech.

And it was not only the picture spread before the eye which conveyed this impression. Lloyd thought of the deep, majestic woods, the towering heights and dark gorges spreading for hundreds of leagues around this spot, and through and over which whoever sought it must pass. The air was filled with resinous, aromatic odors from the breathing earth, the vast encircling forests; and the only sound which broke the stillness was the music of flowing water, the song which the stream was singing to the night and the stars as it flowed along the base of the hills.

“Señor!”

Lloyd started and turned sharply. Unheard, Victoria had come to his side, and stood looking at him with her eyes

full of an expression which for the first time struck him as wistful and appealing.

“Señorita!” he responded quickly, taking his pipe from his lips.

“I saw you go out,” she said simply; “and as I watched you standing here alone it seemed as if you were waiting for some one, and so it occurred to me to come and ask if you will help me a little.”

“Nothing could give me more pleasure than to help you in any way,” he answered. And indeed the sympathy which he had felt for her from the first was now quickened to a chivalric desire to assist her in the fight which was before her unless she yielded to the demand about to be made; and no one could look at Victoria and imagine that she would tamely yield anything.

“I thought it possible that you would,” she said; “because I remembered that when I talked to you at Guasimillas and again at Canelas, you seemed different from others who come into our country. You seemed to feel, to understand things almost as we feel and understand them.”

“I have tried to do so,” he assented.

“And therefore,” she went on, “you may be willing to tell me what it is that the señor, your friend, wishes to say to my mother.”

The liquid, brilliant eyes uplifted to him in the starlight were now almost beseeching; but Lloyd found himself somewhat taken aback by the form in which his assistance was asked.

“Señorita,” he said again—then hesitated—“do you not think it would be better to let my friend speak for himself?”

“Your friend has refused to answer my question once,” she said, “and I shall not ask him again. But I thought that you might understand that what I wish to do is to shield my mother—to know whether or not it is necessary for her to see this man.”

“She does not wish to see him?”

Lloyd was conscious of the folly of the question as he asked it.

"Señor!" There was a flash in the liquid softness of the eyes. "Could she wish to see him? But she will do whatever I say, and I know not what to say; but I thought you might help me to decide—"

"And so I will!" said Lloyd, with sudden determination. "There is no reason why you should not be told what concerns you so much. You know that Mr. Armistead has come here as the agent of—"

"Mr. Trafford," she said, as he paused. "Yes, I know that. But for what object does he come?"

"To assert Mr. Trafford's claim of ownership over the Santa Cruz Mine," Lloyd answered concisely.

"Ah!" She caught her breath sharply, and again the starlight showed a flash of fire in the dark eyes. "He will dare? But the Santa Cruz Mine is mother's: she inherited it from her father; and it had been abandoned for years, when I reopened it, worked it, made it what it is to-day. What claim has Mr. Trafford upon it?"

"It appears that your grandfather gave him a title to the mine when he married your mother."

"And although he has put my mother away he holds fast to her property. Oh, I know that! But let him be satisfied with the Rosario hacienda, with the Santa Catalina and San Fernando Mines. The Santa Cruz he shall never touch."

"I hope that you can hold it against him," said Lloyd; "but I am afraid you must prepare for a fight."

She nodded with the air of one who accepts a challenge.

"We will fight," she said; and the brief words expressed much.

"Well, that is all," Lloyd added after a moment. "So now you can prepare your mother, and you can decide whether or not she should see Mr. Armistead to-morrow."

Victoria brought her brows together in the straight, resolute line with which he was already so familiar. For the first time she looked away from him, out over the starlit valley to the solemn encircling heights; and there was a pause in which he heard again the song of the stream. It lasted only a moment. Then the girl turned her gaze back to meet his.

"I have decided," she said. "It will be best that she should see him."

"I think so," Lloyd answered, struck by the quickness of her decision. "There can then be no doubt that the answer given is her own."

"It is not that only," Victoria said. "It is that she has a right to speak for herself and to tell that man"—she raised her arm and pointed northward—"how she scorns and how she defies him. In all these years she has never told him. She has kept silence; she has submitted to indignity and robbery; she has asked only to be left in peace here in her own home. But now that he has not left her in peace, that he is trying to carry robbery still further, it is right that she should speak for herself, and not through another."

"It is best," Lloyd agreed again,—although he could not but wonder if the mother would be able to express herself half as forcibly as this creature of fire and energy would speak for her. He thought of Trafford as he had seen him in his office in San Francisco, an embodiment of all the qualities which go to make the successful man of business; and wondered afresh over the link which bound such a man to these people in the far Sierra: to the Indian woman whom he had married and flung aside, and to this girl in whom two such diverse strains had met, to form—what? The errand upon which he had come so reluctantly began to interest him deeply. More and more he found himself becoming a partisan, all his instincts of chivalry stirred in behalf of

these women fighting for their rights. If necessary, he felt that he would fight for them, aid them to defend what was theirs by every rule of equity. Something of this must have been written on his face, for Victoria suddenly held out her hand.

"Thank you, Señor!" she said gratefully. "You have told me what I wished to know; you have helped me very much. Thank you and good-night!"

If he had wished to profess his readiness to serve her further—to explain, perhaps, why he was there—she gave him no opportunity to do so. As noiselessly as she had approached she went away, flitting like a shadow from his side, vanishing into the deeper shadow of the doorway; leaving him again alone with the great golden stars, the steadfast mountains, and the singing stream.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Ida.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

III.

IF the Countess Ida had sanctified her married life by continual prayer and good works, needless to say that the period of her widowhood was equally fruitful. While Eustache III., who succeeded his father, was engaged in ruling and administering the affairs of his little kingdom, his mother occupied herself even more zealously than in her younger days in the foundation or extension of religious houses.

At one time we find her visiting relatives in Germany, and selling various properties, which were her own personal appanage, for the purpose of endowing monasteries within her son's domains. Again she is building an abbey beside the Ducal Palace, and transforming a company of secular priests, who were chaplains at the chateau, into Canons of St. Wulmer, under the rule of St.

Augustine. Then a ruined monastery in the little village of Wast, three miles from the town, is given over to her by her son; and she buys back its ancient lands, restores and re-endows its church, and begs her friend and superior, St. Hugh of Cluny, to people it with a colony of his monks. We say advisedly her "superior"; for it has been well established that St. Ida was regularly affiliated to the Order of St. Benedict, and had again, on the erection of this new foundation, "solicited for herself the grace of being admitted into the number of the spiritual daughters of the blessed Abbot and of participating in the merits of the Order of Cluny."

She was permitted, as foundress and affiliated daughter, to take up her abode in the monastery at Wast for long periods together; and it is here that the traditions of her sanctity and benevolence still linger most strongly. It was, in fact, one of the brethren, anonymously quoted as *Le Moine du Wast*, who has preserved for posterity all those details of her early and later life, which are alike precious to the biographer and edifying to the student of ecclesiastical history. According to her rule and arrangements, the little community were obliged to "chant daily the Divine Office, with a plain-song Mass; adding a Low Mass on the Sundays, Mondays, and Saturdays of each week. To represent the perpetual singing of the Psalter, each of the five religious recited daily thirty psalms, his portion of the one hundred and fifty which make up the whole; and they gave alms of flesh-meat on the day of Carnival." The house was specially designed for the giving of abundant alms to the poor, and became a centre of that large-handed charity which characterized the abbeys of ancient days.

The devotion of this house to its foundress may be gathered from the fact that one of its Order, cited above as *Le Moine du Wast*, and a contem-

porary of St. Ida, actually compiled for the use of the brethren a kind of church office divided into small chapters, or lessons, in Breviary fashion, containing the biography of their foundress, and apparently intended to be read in choir on her anniversaries, as each lesson terminates with the "*Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis*" proper in such use. As one writer justly remarks, the existence of such manuscript "establishes the antiquity of the cultus of St. Ida," and is a curious example of the veneration of a saint almost before her death. It is from these semi-liturgical lessons that we gather the accounts of various miracles and wondrous cures wrought during her lifetime.

And now the borderland between her son's domains and Belgium received the gift of a newly-built monastery, the construction of which lasted for several years, and which, when finished and named Notre Dame de la Capelle, was presented to another community of Benedictines. It was enriched, besides its revenues, with many relics, amongst others the precious lock of hair of the Blessed Virgin (eleven hairs, strictly counted), enclosed in a magnificent reliquary which St. Ida had obtained from Spain, as before related.

"St. Ida," writes the author of the "*Vie des Saints*," "had a profound and sincere humility, which showed itself in her conduct toward herself and toward others. She despised most profoundly the worldly pomp and splendor which surrounded her, and mortified her flesh beneath the rich robes which her position obliged her to wear, but of which she made as little account as though they were in truth the vile rags worn by the poor, whose place she would gladly have taken were it not for the duty she owed to husband and children."

Thus we are told that one day as the Countess was praying in the church she perceived a poor woman, shabbily attired and shivering with cold, also

engaged at her devotions. It was the work of a moment for the saint to pull off her princely ermined mantle and to throw it round the shoulders of her humble "sister in Christ." Again, while on her way to Lower Lorraine, her son Godfrey's dukedom, she alighted to kneel and pray in the Church of St. Walburga. In the porch of this church lay a poor woman who was afflicted with paralysis and dropsy. The saint was touched with compassion at the sight, and, taking the woman in her arms, she laid her hand gently upon each suffering member. In an instant the patient felt health and strength return; and, rising up, she walked beside her benefactor into the church, and with her gave praise to God.

Another time, while in England—where she went occasionally to look after various properties (some of which she sold to defray the expenses of new monastic foundations in Boulogne), as well as to visit and seek counsel from her spiritual father, St. Anselm,—she observed one day, asking alms at the church door, a poor cripple who was well known in the neighborhood. St. Ida, who never refused alms to any one, placed some money in his hands as she passed by; and, lo! at her touch the crippled limbs grew straight and the lame man rose to his feet and walked. The pious narrative adds, in almost Scriptural phraseology, that those who had long known him by sight as the crippled beggar at the door and now met him walking like one of themselves, asked: "How have you recovered the use of your limbs?" He answered: "A lady whom I knew not, but who seemed to be some great personage, gave me an alms and at the same time restored to me that health which I had never again hoped to enjoy."

The holy Countess had retired to her lodging in order to conceal her identity. But the miracle was noised abroad, and on her reappearance she was quickly

surrounded by a crowd of sufferers, all of whom begged a touch of her healing hand. In vain did she deny the powers attributed to her, and desire the people to give praise and thanks to God alone. More and more sufferers—"the lame, the halt, the blind"—flocked round her, till at last, to stay their importunities, she prayed and laid her hands on them and restored many to health.

It would seem as though the humility of the saintly Countess had prevented her from asking of God such favors as the healing of the sick, save in those countries where she was a comparative stranger. But as she moved here and there, from Boulogne to England, from England to Belgium, down to the home of her childhood in Lower Lorraine, or back to French Flanders, her very energy in good works, her modesty and piety, served only to make her better known and better loved.

But now an event occurred which was to change the current of many lives and to give fresh impetus to her devout labors for the Church. The venerable Head of Christendom, presiding over a council held on French soil, had sent a trumpet-call to arms over the whole civilized world. "If you wish to save your souls," he cried, "go and die for your God in that place where Christ gave His life for you!" An electric shock of enthusiasm, as it were, ran through the council chamber, and with a great shout they all cried: "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*" The call of Urban II. and Peter the Hermit rang through Europe; and among the thousands who took the red cross of the Crusader were Ida's three sons—Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine; Eustache, Count of Boulogne; and Baldwin.

The first Crusade! Do we realize its significance? Can we picture in any sense the grandeur of that historic pageant when Christendom went forth as one nation—nay, as one army,—strong in its faith, single-minded in

its childlike, whole-hearted intention of rescuing the Tomb of the Saviour from the custody of the infidel? As a modern French writer expresses it:

"All the Catholic nations made a truce in their combats to take part together in the holy journey: princes ceasing to wage war or even to remember their individual grievances against one another; the very brigands, robbers and adventurers asking for the cross, thereby to expiate their sins and to die at peace with God; old men, women, children, beside themselves in the madness of the moment, going forth wildly, joyously, to an unknown land,—all but certain that no return was possible for them, yet triumphantly glad of the glorious death they felt sure awaited them. Young men, men in the prime of life, veteran soldiers, dukes, counts, vassals and liegemen, one and all following the double call of conscience and of popular opinion; requesting mothers, wives, betrothed to fasten with their own fair, trembling hands the cross of the Crusader upon their breasts; and often selling a portion of their ancestral lands to obtain the necessary funds for equipping and maintaining their followers.

"Throughout one whole year, in response to the appeal of Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban, the popular movement was so widespread and so vast that it seemed as though the whole of Europe *en masse* was about to flock Eastward. Not a town, not a village, scarcely a castle in the length and breadth of the land but was sending its contingent of armed warriors to the great exodus. All that multitude—about a million souls, of all ranks and all nations—went out gladly, joyously; chanting the hymns of the Crusaders on their way; and traversing, amid obstacles and difficulties without end, the intervening countries—Germany and Hungary and the Eastern provinces; finally reaching the infidel on the sacred,

desecrated soil of Palestine, to range themselves in battle-array or encamp before a beleaguered city—Antioch or Nicea or Jerusalem. Ah, what times, what memories were those!”

The little Godfrey in his earliest years had knelt beside his saintly mother before the miraculous shrine of Boulogne, Notre Dame de la Mer, and learned from her lips the oft-repeated tale of how, long centuries before, a group of soldier-sentinels, watching from the ramparts, had seen far out at sea a wondrous speck of moving light, which came nearer and nearer until it touched the shore; how, descending to meet it, the murmuring crowd beheld an empty boat, guided by no human hand, but bearing at its prow a weather-beaten image of the Blessed Mother of God, which they took and bore in triumph to their parish church; and how the legend grew that, guided by angel hands, it had come from “over-seas,” from the Holy Land,—the land possessed and profaned by the infidel. Then the child would straighten his little form, look up to his mother’s face and declare that he too would go thither,—“only,” he would add, “not as the pilgrims went, but armed and mounted well,”—in order to fight for and redeem the sacred soil. And now at last his desire was about to be realized.

We fain would know whether the mother who heard that childish wish was present at the fateful moment when Duke Godfrey of Lorraine knelt at his bishop’s feet to take the cross of the Crusader; for it was a solemn and touching ceremony, as prescribed in the ritual of that time, where we read that the pilgrim who is about to repair to the succor and defence of the Christian Faith, or the delivery of the Holy Land, kneels before the bishop, by whose side one of the servers stands holding the cross which is about to be blessed and given to the pilgrim. The beautiful prayers run thus:

“V. Our help is in the Name of the Lord.

“R. Who made heaven and earth.

“V. The Lord be with you.

“R. And with thy spirit.

“Almighty God, who hast consecrated the Sign of the Cross by the Precious Blood of Thy Son, and who hast willed to redeem the world by that cross of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the virtue of that venerable cross hast delivered the human race from the servitude of the old enemy: we pray Thee vouchsafe to bless this sign and to endue it with grace and celestial virtue, so that he who shall wear it for the defence of his body and of his soul may receive the plenitude of Thy grace, and may find in this cross of Thy only Son the help of Thy benediction. And as Thou didst bless the rod of Aaron in order to repulse the perfidy of rebellious ones, bless this sign and give it the strength of Thy defence against all the fraud of the devil; that it may procure for those who bear it strength of body and soul, and multiply spiritual gifts in them, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Then, after sprinkling the cross with holy water, the bishop adds:

“Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, Thou who art the almighty and true God, the splendor of the image of the Father, and the Life Eternal; Thou who hast said to Thy disciples that whosoever shall come after Thee must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Thee: we beseech Thine infinite clemency on behalf of this Thy servant, who, according to Thy word, desires to renounce himself, bear his cross and follow Thee; advancing against Thine enemies for the salvation of Thy elect people. Deign to protect him always and everywhere; deliver him from all dangers and from the bonds of sin, and conduct him to the haven of his desires.

“Thou, Lord, who art the Way, the Truth and the Life, the strength also

of those who trust in Thee, dispose all things favorably for the success of his journey; that in the midst of the turmoil of this life he may be ever defended by Thy help. Send to him, O Lord! Thine Angel Raphael, the same that of old accompanied Tobias in his journey, and delivered his father from his bodily blindness; let him be his defender in his going out and in his coming in; that he may avoid every ambush, visible or invisible, of the enemy; and that all blindness, whether of body or soul, may be averted from him."

With such grand and gracious words did the minister of God's Church deliver the sacred cross of the Crusader to the knight whom she sent forth. And then, extending her benediction to the visible weapons with which that holy war was to be waged, the still kneeling knight received his newly-blessed sword from the bishop with the words:

"Receive this sword in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and use it for thy own defence and for that of the Holy Church of God, to the confusion of the enemies of the Cross of Christ and of the Christian Faith. In so far as human weakness permits, wound no man unjustly therewith. May this be granted thee by Him who liveth and reigneth," etc.

One more of his knightly insignia remained to be blessed. It was returned to him with the following beautiful words:

"Receive this banner, sanctified by the heavenly benediction; and may it be a terror unto the enemies of the Christian peoples! May the Lord give thee grace to penetrate safe and sound with this banner into the midst of the battalions of the enemy, for His name's sake and for His glory!"

After which the new-made Crusader, banner in hand and sword on side, kissed the hand of the officiating bishop and retired.

This solemn undertaking, then, was

not a thing to be lightly begun or precipitately carried out. The cross once fastened on a Crusader's breast did but prompt him to gravest preparation and a more or less lengthy settlement of his worldly affairs ere he bore it to distant lands whence so few might ever return. And so we find Duke Godfrey and his brother Baldwin passing through all their various possessions and lands, to enroll soldiers beneath their standard; visiting monastery after monastery as they went,—here bestowing alms, there begging prayers; here engaging a band of monks to follow in their train and perform the functions of chaplain, as well as sanctifying with their presence and prayers the long and weary journey of many months or even years; there bestowing portions of land or feudal castle-revenues on this or that community, as did men at the point of death. And we learn that during this long, strange, solemn setting of his house in order, the Countess Ida was by her first-born's side.

"For the last time in this world the Christian hero and his pious mother were together. Together they visited the churches and monasteries of Brabant and Lorraine; together they signed charts disposing of their property." The knightly seal of Godfrey de Bouillon represents him on horseback, armed *cap-a-pie*, holding his lance in rest, a shield on his left arm; while his mother's seal is oval in form, "as is usual with great ladies when not represented on horseback." She stands, covered with a widow's veil and a mantle like that of a Benedictine.

All three sons—Godfrey, Eustache and Baldwin—joined with their mother in a munificent donation of many and rich domains to the monastery of noble canonesses at Bilsen, founded by Ste. Landrade in Lorraine. It was in this convent that St. Ida had passed her early girlhood; her mother, the Duchess Doda, was buried within its walls,

as was also her grandfather, Gothelon the First, or the Great; so that it may easily be supposed she was exceptionally attached to the inmates of this peaceful retreat.

We are told that, according to a quaint old custom which obtained in those parts, investiture to these lands was given, not by signed deed or formal document, but by placing a branch of tree and sod of earth in the hand of the recipient. The chart which ratified this gift on the part of the Countess tells how she, "*Ida peccatrix*," declared the abbess hereby free from all legal claim; her goods could not be ceded in fief, and she alone had the right of administration. In case of any unjust reclamation, the Bishop of Liege was to be her protector; and her assailant must be cited before the ecclesiastical synod. In return for this gift, "*Ida the sinner*," hoping to obtain from God eternal inheritance in heaven, willed that prayers in perpetuity should be offered for her pious mother Doda and for her grandfather Gothelon, whose remains lay in their chapel. Her son, Duke Godfrey, is one of the witnesses of this deed, as are all three sons to another deed of gift to a monastery at Afflighem.

(Conclusion next week.)

Ash-Wednesday.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

BLESSED ASHES on my brow,
Prayerful musings fill me now,—
Though the ways of sin I've trod,
Who so merciful as God?

Pride of life and life of pride,
Let me cast them both aside;
To the voice of Heaven true,
Courage, soul! Begin anew!

Blessed Ashes on my brow,
In abasement will I bow,—
When He lifts the avenging rod,
What so terrible as God?

Legends of St. Dominic.

I.

IN the beginning, when St. Dominic was establishing his Order, a student was called in the following manner:

When asleep one night he seemed to be alone in a vast field, when a violent storm arose. He ran to the nearest house, knocked and asked for shelter; but a voice replied: "I am Justice, and because thou art not just thou shalt not enter my abode." He then knocked at another door, where another voice answered: "I am Truth, and can not receive thee, because Truth shelters none but those who love her." He approached another abode, but was repulsed with the words: "I am Peace, and there is no peace for the wicked, but only for the man of good-will."

Then he knocked at one door more, and a person opened it, saying: "I am Mercy. If thou desirest to escape the fury of the tempest, go to the monastery where the Friars Preachers dwell. There thou wilt find the stable of penitence, the crib of chastity, the food of doctrine, the ass of simplicity, the ox of discretion; Mary, who will enlighten thee; Joseph, who will aid thee; and Jesus, who will save thee." On this the student awoke, and at once repaired to the abode of St. Dominic, who received him into his Order.

II.

In those days two Friars Preachers arrived at a certain village at the hour of Mass. When it was ended and the people had departed, the sacristan closed the church door and the friars remained outside, no one having offered them hospitality. Seeing this, a poor fisherman was moved with compassion, and yet dared not ask them under his roof, having nothing to set before them. He ran home, saying to his wife:

"Oh, would that we had some food to give those poor friars! It grieves me to see them standing there at the church

door, and no one offers them anything."

The woman replied: "We have no food at all save a little millet."

Her husband, nevertheless, bade her shake the purse to see if there was not something in it. She did so, and, to her surprise, two pieces of money fell out. Transported with joy, the fisherman said to his wife:

"Go quickly: buy some bread and wine, and cook the millet and the fish."

He then ran to the church, and, finding the friars still there, humbly invited them to come home with him.

The friars, seating themselves at the poor table where so great love presided, appeased their hunger; and, after thanking their hosts, withdrew, praying God to reward their entertainers. God heard the prayer, and from that day the fisherman's purse was never empty: there were always two pieces of money in it. Its owner purchased a house, fields, sheep and oxen; moreover, the Lord gave him a son. And not until the fisherman was well provided for did the miracle of the two pieces of money cease.

The Meaning of Lent.

IT is to be regretted that Catholics, as a rule, are not better informed as to the meaning and inner significance of the ceremonies and liturgy of Lent. People participate in them as a matter of course, which is to their credit, as it evidences a willing, pious, appreciative Catholic mind. To those who understand Latin they can never fail to be of interest and profit; but to those who do not, it is to be feared that, save for the good intention, and the undoubted promise of Christ that where many are gathered together in His name His blessings will descend upon them, the spiritual food of Lent often falls upon palates incapable of tasting it to the full, because they have never been taught its sweetness and value.

We shall endeavor in a few paragraphs

to explain the meaning of Lent, its liturgy, its ceremonies, and its feasts,—so beneficial to the body, elevating to the mind, and profitable to the soul. First a word concerning the fast of Lent. Though it must be acknowledged that fasting—that is from food—is now almost an obsolete practice, except among priests, religious, and a comparatively small number of the laity, yet abstinence is still fully observed—from meat, and, in more instances than would be believed, from innocent amusements. In this time of spiritual stock-taking, to use a common but expressive figure, there is a great deal of mortification and self-repression practised among Christians, thus preserving in a certain limited and restricted sense its original character as a penitential season.

The period of Lent is the most ancient, the richest in ceremonies, and, from many points of view, the most interesting of the liturgical seasons. It recalls to our minds the forty days' fast of our Saviour in the desert and His sufferings for the salvation of sinners. Hence the exhortations to fasting, to penance, to mortification; hence those pressing invitations to the sinner to return to God, to confess his sins in order to obtain pardon. Nothing can be more eloquent than the readings from the prophets of the Old Law, the anthems and responses of the liturgy, the choice of psalms and hymns.

In order the better to understand the adaptation of certain extracts from Scripture, of the anthems, responses, etc., it is necessary to take cognizance of other features of the quadragesimal liturgy. The first is that Lent is a preparation for baptism. Formerly baptism was conferred on adults on the night of Easter. During the preceding forty days the catechumens had been preparing for this solemn act. The "Our Father" and the Creed had been explained to them sentence by sentence, with comments on the Book of Genesis,

the six days' work of creation, and a certain number of other passages of the Old and the New Testament.

It is owing to this circumstance that we find in the Lenten liturgy specific Scriptural selections. Elias in the house of the widow of Sarepta shows us how God led His prophet not to the Jews but to the Gentiles, calling them to the New Dispensation; Joseph sold by his brethren is the image of Jesus Christ repulsed and betrayed; but Joseph sold into Egypt saves the country from famine, as Jesus saves the Gentiles; the son of the husbandman driven away by the unfaithful laborers in his vineyard is again the symbol of Jesus rejected by His own nation and obliged to turn to the Gentiles; Jacob supplanting Esau is the Gentile people supplanting the Jews; Naaman cured of the leprosy in the waters of the Jordan is the catechumen cured of the leprosy of sin in the waters of baptism. All the liturgy of Lætare Sunday—anthems, responses, readings—celebrates the joy of the catechumen called by baptism to grace and sanctity. The two mothers before Solomon are another figure of the false mother, the Synagogue; and the Church, who is the true mother.

The distribution of ashes was introduced at the time when great sinners appeared in church with their heads covered with it. The allusions to the good shepherd seeking his lost sheep, the resurrection of the son of the Shunammite, of the son of the widow of Nain, of Lazarus, the history of the woman taken in adultery, and a great number of other lessons from the Scriptures, are typical allusions to the sinner who was dead to virtue and whom the grace and mercy of God have restored again.

From these diverse points of view the Lenten liturgy is a book wherein every Christian may read his own history. We have all been regenerated by the waters of baptism; each one of us

has a share in the merits of Christ's atonement. The marvels of supernatural grace remain the same as among the earlier Christians, and are in their effects none the less real.

With regard to the liturgy of penitents, which is pre-eminently the liturgy of Lent, there is no one among us who can not thus designate himself, adapting to his needs those sublime appeals to the clemency of God. Which of us can not hear his own voice in the grateful language of the soul returning to its holy allegiance? It is not, then, from a purely archæological interest that we must study the admirable liturgy of this season, as one studies the manners and customs of the Greeks and Romans: it is from a practical and personal view. And if in some instances the minor characteristics have changed from those of former times, the Church, for good reasons, has never eliminated from her liturgy the traces of these admirable usages. As it was then, so it is now—the expression of all that is supernatural in faith and sublime in religion; the same for the Catholic of to-day as it was for the Christian of former ages. Every ceremonial helps to tell a story; every period has its own significance.

Passion Sunday, occurring on the fifth Sunday of Lent, and beginning the week known as Passion Week, is a preparation for the solemn sacrifice soon to be enacted on Calvary. This is the thought which dominates all its ceremonies. The voice of the Prophet Jeremiah is now uplifted in lamentations over Jerusalem and the sufferings of the God-Man. The Gospels follow Him step by step over the road which leads to Calvary. Evolved, in a great measure, from the memories of the Mount of Olives, of Golgotha, of the Holy Sepulchre, they have spread themselves from the scene of their origin among all Christian peoples. And it is possible that for this part of the liturgy the other churches were indebted to the Church of Jerusalem; as also for the

celebration of Palm Sunday, which we endeavor to imitate with all devotion and as much pomp as possible, in a more restricted form. Nothing—whether there where the events of the Passion occurred, or here where we keep the memorial of them—can be more calculated to inspire devotion than these touching ceremonies of Palm Sunday, where, after the procession, the people, standing with palm branches in their hands, listen to the solemn words of the Gospel relating the history of Christ's sufferings and death.

It is not necessary to remind Catholics that on Holy Thursday we celebrate the anniversary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist. The procession and solemn Benediction on this occasion take precedence of all the minor ceremonies. The washing of the feet, still performed in cathedral churches, where a bishop officiates, is an interesting ceremony, commemorating the washing of the Apostles' feet by our Saviour on the evening of the Last Supper. The blessing of the Holy Oils is also a very important service, comprising the benediction of the chrism used for Baptism and Confirmation and the oil for Extreme Unction.

The ceremonies of Good Friday and Holy Saturday have preserved nearly all their ancient character. On Holy Saturday the Church begins to reassume her joyful spirit. The Saviour has triumphed: she awaits the Resurrection. The blessing of the new fire, of holy water, of the incense, the Paschal Candle, symbolize this wonderful event. With the dawn of Easter morning the joy bells ring out jubilantly upon the air. The Lenten gloom has departed; the sacrifice of Calvary has been accomplished; the stone rolled away from the tomb; the Saviour has arisen. And from that time till the triumphant Ascension of Our Lord and the solemn Descent of the Holy Ghost have been celebrated, the liturgy of the Church is all one glad and glorious song.

Notes and Remarks.

One ought to be prepared for all sorts of surprises nowadays. We had just recovered from our astonishment at Marconi's successful experiments with wireless telegraphy when we heard that the members of the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles, Cal., representing every Protestant sect in and around the city, had invited Bishop Montgomery to give them a talk. The report was true. An account of the meeting and a synopsis of the Bishop's address appeared in several papers received last week from California. The brethren must have known what kind of a speech was to be expected, and that was just the kind of speech they got—an earnest, practical, common-sense talk on the Bible, the marriage-tie, and religious instruction in the schools. Bishop Montgomery singled out these subjects with a view, as he said, of hitting upon some things that he considered fundamental to all social well-being, and of trying to convince the members of the Union that they, and those they represent, ought to be one with themselves and one with the Catholic Church on these things.

Bishop Montgomery was listened to throughout with closest attention, and at the conclusion of his speech a Methodist minister proposed a vote of thanks. Not only was there no protest from these Protestants, but the brethren expressed high approval of the Bishop's views, and the hope that he would consent to meet the association again.

It is sincerely to be hoped that before the year has passed many newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic will have followed the example set by a leading daily of London in refusing to report a notorious criminal case, and by an American newspaper in omitting all reference to the proceedings of the juvenile court. In explanation of his

action, the English editor declared that, in his opinion, no good could result from printing even the most guarded accounts which the nature of the case compelled; and contended that discretionary power should be conferred upon magistrates to restrict the reporting of all such cases. The American editor holds that "the less publicity there is about the proceedings of the juvenile court, the better it will be for the welfare of the children concerned and of society. The reform can not yield its full benefits if youthful wrongdoers are still to be held up to public scorn and condemnation. Publicity of details in the case of youthful criminals, either in court or in the newspapers, can do no good, and will at least handicap them in the efforts they may make to reform."

This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and one which our "great dailies," with few exceptions, need to follow. The detailed accounts of evidence in divorce cases and criminal trials reported in our newspapers are often nothing else than pestilential lessons in vice. In the interest of public morals such reports should be suppressed.

We have faith enough in the generosity of American Catholics to believe that the collection for the Indian missions will reach a satisfactory figure this year. Squarely and unequivocally the question is put to each of us: Are the Indian missions to be abandoned and is the Catholic red-man to be turned over to the sects? The amount of money expended each year on Protestant missionary work among the Indians is fabulously large when compared with our annual collection; if we can not look after the religious and educational needs of the Indian, the Protestant societies are extremely willing to try. To send the children to the government schools is not to be thought of; for it is officially reported to the arch-

bishops that "the government schools are often bitterly anti-Catholic," and that the moral tone of many of these schools is such that no Catholic could in conscience patronize them. The Catholic schools depend almost entirely on the annual collection for support, and the amount is pathetically inadequate. During the past year embarrassment and discouragement have been the portion of the priests and Sisters who have kept the missions up in spite of cold and hunger—privation in varied forms. Shall they bear the burden alone and is their sublime example to be lost on the Catholic laity of the United States?

It is asserted that, considering the burden our people are under of supporting parochial schools and the poverty of the vast majority of Catholics, there are too many general collections. If this be so, then evidently some of these collections ought to be discontinued in favor of the Indian missions.

In protesting against the proposal to introduce "Jim Crow" cars—separate cars for the colored people—into Maryland, a black and reverend brother of Baltimore observed:

It may sound strange but it is true that the only church in Maryland where colored people are welcome and in which white people worship in large numbers is the Roman Catholic church. This fact, together with the other fact that there is no color line in Roman Catholic countries, is causing not a few colored people to regard the Church of Rome as the power raised up by God to break the chains riveted on them by Protestants of the United States in Church and State; and they are going to Rome, as they find it more difficult to swallow Protestantism's practical denial of the brotherhood of man than the dogmas of Rome.

The rhetoric here is a bit cloudy, but we dimly discern through it that the colored man and brother has discovered that the white sects deny him access to the common communion table, though they admit him joyfully to the common statistical table; also that he yearns Romeward in the hope of bettering

his social condition; moreover, that as between Catholic "dogmatism" and Protestant inconsistency, the former is a concoction less disagreeable in the swallowing. On which we observe: that we commend the aspirations of the Negro toward that Church in which white consciences, not white cuticles, is the measure of a man; that people do not usually better their social condition by entering the Church; and that before our colored brother exchanges any "Jim Crow" religion for the True Faith he will have to think very differently of the "dogmatism" of the Church. That is where Catholic exclusiveness begins, but it begins there in dead earnest.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, a Protestant clergyman who had charge of the religious statistics of the United States census of 1890, has compiled statistics of the growth of the various denominations during the past year. The result has startled many persons. It is found that of the 653,009 new members that have been added to the Christian denominations all told, 468,083 were added to the Catholic Church. Moreover, of the 20,000,000 church members in this country, over 9,000,000, or almost one half, are Catholics. If the statistics of *church-goers* had been investigated by Dr. Carroll, we venture to say that the proportion would have been still more startling. Immigration alone does not account for this remarkable growth in numbers; for while the increase of population in the United States (by birth and immigration) was 2.18 per cent, the increase of Catholic population was 5.4 per cent.

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Dr. Carroll's researches have resulted in certain findings that are interesting on various grounds. In or about Utah, for instance, there are 300,000 Mormons; and this sect claims to have made 65,000 converts in the Eastern States last year! A learned and courteous Protestant

friend once remonstrated with us for affirming that the Quakers, as a sect, are dying out. As a matter of record, the Quakers, instead of gaining last year, report a loss of 923 members. Wherever they retain their peculiar dress, language and forms of worship, they appear to hold their own; elsewhere they lose steadily. Finally, Dr. Carroll's studies have impressed on him "the continuous tendencies of religious bodies to divide into factions." A few months ago there were no fewer than 22 different kinds of Lutherans and 12 different brands of Presbyterianism; it is not accurately known how many there are now.

We have frequently adverted to the letters of Mr. F. R. Guernsey, an unbiassed American who resides in Mexico and writes for the *Boston Herald*. It would not be feasible to reprint all that this discerning Protestant gentleman says in vindication of a much-maligned people, or in denunciation of the barbarous habits of the typical American tourist. However, as a footnote to Christian Reid's beautiful story now progressing with leisurely dignity through these pages, we may quote the following words of Mr. Guernsey, without comment:

It ought not to be necessary, as in Puebla, to place a sign in good English on the doors of the cathedral requesting foreign visitors to remove their hats. And it is unspeakably bad taste to snap a kodak in a church where divine worship is going on, as a Protestant clergyman in an interior city tells me is done.

A well-educated young American woman, coming here with letters from eminent authors in the United States, went to a great church in an interior city with an American gentleman there residing. She had asked to see the vestments of the bishop, used on high occasions and reputed to be of marvellous beauty. Nothing loath, the American took his fair countrywoman to the sacristy and opened the drawer containing the robes, one of which was embroidered in gold and pearls. Drawing a well-concealed pair of scissors, this female vandal snipped off a corner of the robe! "It is just what I have wanted for my collection,"

she calmly explained. Her guide was vastly mortified at her action, but said nothing. Afterward he explained to the bishop and took the vestment to this city, where it cost him a round sum to have the repairs made.

The vandals have already chipped off bits of the polished stone of Maximilian's memorial chapel at Queretaro, although the edifice is a new one. It has now to be guarded. The commoner sort of tourist will "swipe" anything; and has no respect for Catholic churches, manifesting loudly his contempt for "superstition" as he moves about among the kneeling worshipers, audibly commenting on the images, pictures, etc. These are the things that tend to make the Mexicans regard us as barbarians, the rudest of the rude.

The horror of a recent disaster in Belfast—the collapse of a flax mill, in which a score of operatives lost their lives and many others were more or less seriously injured,—is relieved by the heroic devotion of the clergy of St. Mary's Church, who rushed to the scene, and for a long time exposed their lives in administering the consolations of religion to the dying and in efforts to rescue those pinned down by beams and buried beneath fallen floors and wrecked machinery. On the brink of a chasm filled with steam and drenched with water stood Father Small; while Father Magennis remained in the under stories, beneath overhanging masses of machinery. Cries of anguish, as the dead were removed from the ruins and the injured borne to a place of safety across the street, alternated with cheers for the brave priests for whom death seemed to have no terrors. Outsiders are often heard to express wonder at the affection which Catholic priests inspire in their flocks. An explanation is afforded by all such calamities as the one of which we write.

A leading spirit of Presbyterianism, the gentle Dr. Van Dyke, gives in the *Outlook* some reasons why the Westminster Confession of Faith ought to be revised. In the two and a half centuries since the Confession was written, the kirk has been studying its Bible, and has learned

something, he says. Presbyterians no longer favor the bitter controversial language in which their creed is expressed; they no longer believe that the Pope is Antichrist; they do not believe in infant damnation, nor that some souls are created to be damned. A brief statement of latter-day teaching and an explanatory appendix are the tasks confronting the revision committee. That, it strikes us, will do very well for the present; but before the twenty-first century opens another revision committee will arise and perform an operation for appendicitis; and statement and appendix together will be cut off. It is the history of the sects—the changefulness of error. He is a wise brother who knows what he believes before he has seen his morning newspaper.

To Brigadier General Bell, who proposes to adopt the reconcentrado policy in the Philippines, we give credit of a certain kind. He is a hardy man indeed to propose the very plan which we considered so inhuman when the Spaniards employed it in Cuba, and which made the name of "Butcher Weyler" a byword in the virtuous Anglo-Saxon mouth throughout the world. But the country is not yet prepared for this latest development in expansion. The newspapers have set up a howl of dismay at the suggestion, and one editor proposes an abject apology to Señor Weyler for sundry ungentlemanly remarks made about him a few years ago. Even "the effete Latins" are aroused to protest anew. The *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana, indulges in these exclamation marks: "How scandalized were the Americans and the English over all that happened in Cuba, and particularly over the reconcentration system under Weyler! How humane, how charitable, how sensitive were these Anglo-Saxons! And what savages, what barbarians, what cruel beasts we Latins were! O you hypocrites!"

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Lenten Promises.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"I'll mind the baby!" said frolicsome Nannie;
"I'll cut the kindling!" said lazy John;
"I'll help with the dishes!" said frivolous Fanny;
"We'll all be good!" said every one.

"I'll never be saucy!" said hotheaded Harry;
"I'll eat no sweetmeats!" said greedy Jim;
"I'll try to be useful!" said silent Carry;
"I'll do what I can!" said thoughtful Tim.

All through Lent they tended the baby,
Cut the kindling, and kept things trim;
Nor scolded nor quarrelled nor tasted candy,—
Silent Carry and thoughtful Tim.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—THE OLD CASTLE.

IN another instant the figure of the schoolmaster had vanished from the window; and Winifred entered, full of life and youthful spirits, recounting the details of her proposed ramble that evening with Moira and Barney, away to the bog for turf sods.

"Can't you leave it to themselves, Miss Winifred *asthore*?" said Granny. "Gatherin' peat is no work for you."

"What are these arms for?" cried Winifred, holding out a pair of strong young arms, which suggested health and strength in their every movement. "Am I not good for something as well as Barney and Moira?" Suddenly she changed her tone, running over and laying her soft young cheek against the wrinkled one of her nurse. "Think, Granny," she said, "what the bog will be like with the moon shining down upon it, making all sorts of ghostly shadows; so that after a while we

shall just run for our lives; and Barney will whip up his roan horse and bring us home, shivering for fear of ghosts and fairies."

"Winifred," I observed, "you are far too fanciful for this nineteenth century. You will have to come away to America and get rid of all these unreal ideas."

Her face clouded at the mention of America, and she rose from her pretty attitude beside Mrs. Meehan, straight and tall as a willow.

"I told you I was going to America," she said coldly; "but I suppose people have fancies out there just as well as we have, only of a different kind."

There was a touch of shrewdness in this remark which amused me.

"Well, I suppose you're right," I said. "But such things should be fought against everywhere,—or, at least, kept in their proper place."

"Fought against!" cried Winifred, with sudden warmth. "And what would the world be without fancies? Just as dull as the bog without the moon."

I felt that in a measure she was right, but I said nothing; and she presently added, in her ordinary tone:

"I think we had better go now to look at the castle. Another day I might not be able to show it to you."

I rose at once to accompany her; and then she added, with a half-petulant, half-playful air:

"I suppose you will only care to see the bare walls. And that won't be much; for it's the fancies that give them beauty."

"Forgive me, Winifred!" I said. "And show me the old walls with your own light upon them,—clothed with the tapestry of your own fancy."

Her face brightened and she regarded me with a winsome smile, saying:

"Come, then, and I'll tell you everything; and you may think what you like and say what you like. I won't get cross any more. And if you talk about what you do in America, I will just say in my own mind: 'Oh, I suppose they have the bog without the moonlight out there; and if they are satisfied, it doesn't matter!'"

"She is indeed too old for her years," I thought; "but so charming withal. Who could help loving her? Her very wilfulness and what might seem like rudeness in another are redeemed by her voice and manner."

"What if I were to go in Barney's cart and see the bog by moonlight?" I ventured to suggest.

Winifred reflected.

"Barney would not object, I think," she decided. "But it may be best to ask him. He might feel abashed with you; and I know Moira would not speak a word, but just hold down her head and kick her heels together."

"In short, I should be a wet blanket," I went on.

"I should like to have you with us," Winifred said. "And, after all, the others might not mind much; so perhaps you had better come."

I laughed at the form of her invitation, but said that I would go.

"Very well," said Winifred; "that is settled. And here we are in the castle."

By this time we had passed through a long stone passage similar to that by which I had entered the room where we had left Granny Meehan; and from that time my interest grew and grew. Some parts of the castle were quite ruinous, so that we dared not enter, and only gazed in silence into gloomy, vault-like rooms, from which the floors were crumbling away. Here owls and bats held nightly revel; and Winifred told me, with bated breath, that there walked ladies of the olden time at midnight or knights with clanking armor. Again we came to halls into which streamed

the light of heaven from ruinous roofs.

"We have games of hide-and-seek in some of these rooms," said Winifred, laughing. "Oh, you ought to see Moira and me tearing about here!"

We mounted at last to the donjon and looked down upon the moat, which was grass-grown; and upon the sally-ports in the walls and the battlements, time-stained and covered in places with ivy, the growth of centuries.

"They used to give battle in those days," said Winifred. "Wasn't it fine to mount the flag on this tower and say to invaders that you would die before you gave up the castle?" Her cheek glowed, and she tossed back the curls which were tumbling about her forehead. "And then the trumpets would be sounding down below, and the horses of the knights neighing, their lances shining, their banners waving. Oh, I wish I had lived at that time!"

Her words had called up a vivid picture from the past, and for a moment I stood and let my eyes wander out far over the hills. But Winifred called to me, and, taking my hand, led me down the winding stairs again. After that we went in and out of a succession of apartments, bewildering in their number and size; all bare, lofty, stone-walled and stone-paved. Here and there a faded tapestry still lingered, or a banner fluttered in the breeze which stole in through many a crack and cranny. At each pause which we made my guide was able to tell me some entrancing story, some bit of legendary lore which had all the charm of reality.

"If you know about the Red Branch Knights," said Winifred, "you must have heard of Cuchullin."

"He is the Lancelot of Irish romance," I assented.

"Well, I don't know anything about Lancelot," replied Winifred.

"It doesn't matter for the moment," I said. "Lancelot was a knight of great valor, always doing noble deeds."

"So was Cuchullin!" cried Winifred, eagerly. "Oh, I could tell you wonderful things he did, even as a boy!"

"Tell me one, at any rate," I pleaded.

"Well, I will tell you how he got his name," she began. "He went to the house of the smith who was giving a feast for the great King Conor (Conor was the boy's uncle). The smith had let out a great hound, for the King forgot to tell him that Cuchullin was coming. The boy came and gave battle to the hound and slew him. When the smith found out that his hound was dead he grieved very much, because the dog had tended his flocks and herds. The boy then offered to watch the cattle and guard them till a hound of equal strength could be found. And because of that he was called Cu-Culann, or the dog of the smith. He had to fight both dogs and men in defence of the cattle. But, then, he was a very brave boy; and, oh, it is a fine thing to have courage!"

"And to use it well as that boy did," I put in. "I suppose he grew up to be as good and brave a man."

"Yes: he was a very famous knight. He gained many victories and protected the poor and weak."

I smiled as I watched her fine, mobile face alight with the admiration she felt for that knight of the far-off past.

In the middle of a great room which we entered Winifred stopped abruptly; and when she spoke it was with awe in her voice.

"In this room," she observed, "was quartered for almost a whole winter the great Finn. Do you know who Finn was?"

"Perhaps he is the same as the Fingal of the Scotch," I replied.

"Perhaps so," said Winifred, indifferently; "but I don't know anything about Fingal. This Finn founded an order called the Fianna Eirinn. He married Grania, 'the golden-haired, the fleet and young' daughter of King

Connae, who lived on the Hill of Tara."

It was quaint to hear Winifred telling these legends or bits of ancient history in exactly the same language in which some older person had told them to her. I asked her to explain what kind of an order it was that this legendary hero had founded; and she told me it was a military order of knights who had sworn to defend the kingdom against foreign foes. She added that Finn possessed the gifts of poetry, of healing, and of second-sight,—the latter from a fairy into whose palace he had succeeded in thrusting one hand.

"It is really wonderful how you can remember all these old stories!"

"Niall has been telling them to me ever since I was a little child," replied Winifred; "and I remember a great many more. In that hall downstairs which you see from this gallery, the harper sang to a great company about the mines in these hills and the golden treasures buried in the earth—"

She stopped abruptly, as if frightened, looking at me intently. But at the time her words conveyed very little to my mind except the poetic idea.

"In that same great hall down there," said Winifred, "used to be set up 'the caldron of hospitality.' Everyone that came was fed. Princes, nobles, minstrels, servants, pilgrims, beggars,—each had a place at the big tables which used to be there." She paused and looked down, as if she could see the brilliant scene before her. "In the middle of the room there," she cried, "the chief Conal was warned by the spirit who watches over the castle that he was to die that day. He was very strong and brave and beautiful, and he didn't fear death a bit. He went to meet it; and in a battle, beside King Brian, he was killed by a Dane."

We passed on, pausing at a great chamber, with windows ivy-hung, giving out upon that exquisite scenery which has made famous the name of Wicklow.

I looked out over the hills, whence a purple mist was lifting, leaving them illumined with a golden haze.

"I like the legend of St. Bridget," Winifred remarked.

"Tell it to me," I said.

"I suppose in America you believe in saints?" said Winifred, with such a look of drollery that I burst out laughing.

"All good Catholics do that," I said, "even if they are Americans."

"Of course this is a legend," Winifred went on; "and Father Owen—my dear Father Owen—told me that not all the legends told of the saints are true; but I think this one is."

"I should like to hear it," I repeated.

"Once St. Bridget was on a journey with some companions, and stopped to ask hospitality of the chief. He was away with his harper, for in old times every great person had a harper. But the chief's sons were at home, and they brought in their guests to the hall and spread out a banquet for them. While they were at table, St. Bridget looked up at the harps and asked the sons to give her some music. They replied: 'Alas! honored lady, our father is away with our harper, and neither my brother nor myself has skill in music. But if you will bless our fingers we will try to please you.' Bridget then touched their fingers with the tips of her own, and when the brothers sat down to the harps they played such music as was never heard. All at once the old chief came in and he stood spellbound at the exquisite music which his sons were bringing from the harp strings. He wondered very much, for they had never played before. But when he saw St. Bridget he understood it all."

"This old castle is full of beautiful legends," I observed.

"Yes," said Winifred. "Niall says he isn't sure that all these things happened in this castle. He says perhaps the minstrels or some one collected them from a good many castles and pretended

that they all happened here. There are such a lot more I could tell you if there was time, but it is getting dark."

It was true: the dusk was creeping over the hills and down into the valleys, like some spirit of peace, causing all toil to cease and bidding all nature rest.

"If you will promise—oh, promise faithfully!—not to say a word to any one nor to ask too many questions, I will show you something," said Winifred on a sudden.

"I suppose I must promise," I said.

And then she led me into a wing of the house, which was in astonishingly good repair.

"The rooms here are all furnished," she remarked casually, "because people lived here once."

She did not say who and I did not ask. Finally she opened the door of a small room adjoining the kitchen, in which Granny Meehan still sat solitary.

(To be continued.)

Everyone to His Taste.

If you should travel around the world, you would learn to eat your dinner in a good many ways. In Turkey you would learn to sit on the floor, crosslegged, and eat off a round tray, without knives or forks, plates, glasses or napkins. All the guests eat with their fingers out of the same dish. If you dined with the Arabs, you would see no knives or forks; and if your host offered you a choice bit of meat, you would be expected to open your mouth and let him put it in. The Arabs use only the right hand in eating; and, what is still more funny, they will pull apart or carve turkeys and fowls with only one hand and without a knife. If it is hard to separate, one of the guests will lend his right hand. In Siam you would be treated to ants' eggs; and in Burmah to locusts, stuffed and fried. All you young folks would like to eat in Japan; for they serve candy and

sweet things very often, and what one can't eat one is permitted to take home. At all grand feasts guests are expected to bring servants, with baskets, to take back the leavings.

In Abyssinia it is a mark of good-breeding to smack the lips while eating; and I'm sure you'll not be surprised to hear that Abyssinians eat their meat raw. In South America you would eat lizards and snakes, and among our American Indians you would be treated to roasted grasshoppers. In Otaheite you would have your dinner alone, in a basket; and if you were in the fashion you would sit down on the floor, turn your back to everybody and eat. It is there considered very improper to eat with others. Snails and horseflesh would greet you in France.

But the funniest dish you would see, I think, would be in China, where they serve up little crabs—alive! Just as they sit down to dinner the tiny crabs are put into a dish of vinegar, which makes them very lively. Then they are put into a covered dish and placed on the table. When everyone is ready the cover is snatched off, and instantly the table is covered with scampering crablets, running for their lives. Now comes the fun! The guests, with both hands, grab right and left, and stuff into their mouths these lively, wriggling crabs and eat them down with great relish.

While you're on your journey, perhaps you would like to "skip" New Caledonia; for there, if people were polite to you, they would serve up roasted or even raw spiders. "Horrid!" did you say? Well, it does seem disgusting to us, but people who have eaten them say they taste like nuts. I've read of one young lady in Europe who never saw a spider in its web but she caught it and ate it at once, as you would eat a cherry. I don't know that spiders are any worse than grubs, which are great, fat worms, as big as a man's thumb. In

India you would see them roasted and served instead of fruit at dessert.

Would you fancy eating roasted ants by the handful, as you eat sugar-plums? They taste like sweetened cream, so travellers say,—I never tried them. But really, when you come to think of it, none of these insects that we consider so disgusting and horrible look any worse than lobsters and crabs, which we eat freely. It is a good deal a matter of fashion, after all; and I dare say if you had been brought up in India you would enjoy digging up a centipede eighteen inches long and eating it like a stick of candy, as the children do there, according to Humboldt. S. R.

A Kindly Cabinet Officer.

President Roosevelt's selection of Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, to succeed Mr. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury has been well received by the whole country; but there is one person in Iowa who feels that she has a special right to be pleased. She is a nine-year-old girl, and she lives in one of the country towns in the northwestern part of that great State, and her name is Mary.

A few days after Thanksgiving last year, Governor Shaw was engaged with the large batch of letters brought by the morning mail, when he came upon the following missive:

Gov. L. M. SHAW, Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR GOVERNOR:—Please can we have another Thanksgiving Day? I was sick and could not eat any turkey or any good things. I ain't very big but I like turkey. Please let us have it.

Your friend,

MARY —.

The Governor was a very busy man just then; for, besides the large mail that demanded his prompt attention, there was the daily round of duties that fall to a great official; and, moreover, Mr. Shaw was arranging some very important matters preparatory to

resigning his position. But a benevolent gleam lighted his eye as he read Mary's earnest communication over again; and, calling an office-boy, he said:

"Billy, go down town and buy the biggest and fattest turkey you can get, and express it, together with a lot of cranberries and celery and all sorts of Thanksgiving goodies, to this address."

And then the Governor of Iowa called his stenographer and dictated another Thanksgiving proclamation. It ran thus:

Whereas Mary — was ill on the twenty-eighth day of November, 1901, and was thus prevented from joining in the festivities incident to Thanksgiving Day, I therefore recommend that at a convenient hour on Monday, December 9, 1901, Mr. and Mrs. —, together with their family and such young friends as Mary may choose to invite, assemble in the family dining-room, and, there with hearts full of thankfulness for country, for home, and for the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for national thanksgiving; and that especial attention be given that Mary shall be bountifully supplied with such portions of the national bird and with such other delicacies as are most acceptable to her.

(Signed) L. M. SHAW,
Governor of Iowa.

This sixth day of December, 1901.

As Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Shaw will be the custodian of all the Government's money; but if the amount were a thousand times greater, we feel sure it would be quite safe in the keeping of one who could write a proclamation like this.

Bootblacks in London.

Everyone who has visited London remembers the manly little fellows, in red jackets, who stand ready with boxes and brushes to make people's shoes clean and bright. Every one of them belongs to a regular organized society which has existed ever since 1851, and is therefore now past its golden jubilee, or fiftieth year. The members have a beautiful home, and are lodged and entertained and educated. When they

are admitted they are provided with uniforms and implements free of charge; but when these wear out they must pay one half of the actual cost to have them renewed, which is certainly not a very great burden. They go on duty at 7.30 a. m., and return at 6 p. m.; and the first sixpence each lad earns he keeps for his dinner. After that he spends a certain proportion of his income, pays so much to the society, and puts the rest safe in the bank to his own account.

The city is divided into stations. Some of them are occupied by the boys in turn, three days at a time; others, which are permanent, are called the regular stations, and it is the aim of every boy to be placed at one of these. The Charing Cross railway station is the best post in all London. The harvest time for fees is a sunshiny day after a rain; for everyone is then ashamed to be seen with muddy boots.

When the bootblack has attained his seventeenth year he draws his savings and starts out for himself; and many of these bright young fellows have made names for themselves in both army and navy.

The Easter Lily.

Just now, when the faithful all over the world are passing into the shadows of Lent, the Easter lily bulbs are awakening from their torpor and sending out long shoots, which will in due time be followed by buds and blossoms. Down in frostless Bermuda, not far from the sea, are the enormous lily farms from which every Easter lily comes. Some of these fields contain more than a hundred acres, and are cultivated by the happy natives of the island. In August the bulbs are sent North; and at the proper time before the Resurrection morning are given earth and water and sunshine, that they may be ready to welcome the Risen Lord to His altar throne.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death is announced of Prof. D'Arcy Thompson, of Galway, Ireland. He became known to the general public chiefly by his "Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster."

—All who have enjoyed "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"—what an enjoyable book it is!—will be glad to hear that a new novel by Mr. Harland has just appeared in London. It is called "The Lady Paramount."

—A "First Year's Latin Grammar," by Father G. E. Viger, S. S., is worthy of careful examination by teachers. The method seems to have much merit. We notice that the reverend author still adheres to the old mode of pronunciation. John Murphy & Co.

—"Visits to Jesus and Mary" is a hand-book of prayers for use when visiting the Blessed Sacrament, by the Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. The publishers, R. & T. Washbourne, announce that it is recommended especially for the use of convents, colleges and sodalities.—Another devotional work recently published by Benziger Brothers is "Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth." We learn from the concluding words of the introduction that it was compiled by a pastor of souls. The object of the instructions and devotions set forth is the sanctification of young souls by means of the practices approved by the Church. The little book is convenient in size and comprehensive in subject-matter.

—A correspondent asks whether Mr. Justin McCarthy is a Catholic, and we observe that the same query has recently been put to certain of our esteemed contemporaries. Mr. McCarthy is a Catholic. In the first chapter of his "Reminiscences" he thus speaks of his preparation for the career in which he was destined to win notable distinction: "My literary outfit for a career in London journalism consisted of a tolerably good literary education and a certain mastery of shorthand. In Ireland, during my younger days, men of my creed were cut off from any share in the honors and the practical advantages of a university education. A Catholic might, of course, study at Trinity College, Dublin, and get the best education it could give him; but a Catholic could get no honors from his study there, and the study could advance him in no manner toward a professional career." Later on Mr. McCarthy records that in the opinion of many of his friends at home he was handicapped by the fact that he was a Catholic in religion and an ardent Irish Nationalist in politics. It is pleasant to read his assurance that neither his religion nor his politics was ever found to interfere with his success;

though there will be many to think that it the fluent author had asserted his religious convictions more frankly in his books the handicap might have proved more real.

—We venture to say that "Foreign Freemasonry," by D. Moncrieff O'Connor, will prove to be a very popular pamphlet. The author has a reputation for strong, clear writing as well as scholarly moderation; both qualities are present in this brochure, yet the love of moderation does not save the institution of Freemasonry from the most serious indictment. We should say that if any of our readers wanted information regarding the cause of the Church's condemnation of the Lodge, they could hardly do better than secure a copy of this well-published pamphlet. H. L. Kilner & Co.

—Feeling tributes to the late Aubrey de Vere and appreciations of his work appear in all the English and Irish papers. If his poems have not achieved a wide popularity, it is plain that they are greatly admired by the rising generation of poets, as they were by Tennyson, Wordsworth, Walter Savage Landor and other notable men of his acquaintance. Matthew Arnold, it is said, ranked Mr. de Vere's "Mary Tudor" higher than Tennyson's "Queen Mary." All who were privileged to know the Irish poet intimately admired his steady and unceasing devotion to

Great thoughts, high thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end, Indeed Aubrey de Vere was one of the most beloved men of our time. His life was as happy as that of an innocent child, and his death peaceful as a monk's. One of his friends writing in the *Athenæum* says:

No one ever heard him say a bitter thing. He was not subtle, and perhaps the gentle raillery of some of his friends—men and women—left him baffled rather than enlightened in matters where they thought him—was it old-maidish? He preserved through life the simplicity of a child in great things and small. . . . The Irish home of his father, and of his two brothers in succession, Sir Vere de Vere and Sir Stephen de Vere, which was also his own, was described in old days by the then Sir Thomas Acland as having about it an air of monastic seclusion. But Aubrey de Vere was independent of environment; he carried his own clear atmosphere with him, and might be invoked as

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell.

No mediæval recluse was less of the world than he, though in it, and in it with alert affections and keen interests, "Poet and saint," sings Cowley of Crashaw; and that "hard and rarest union that can be" had its illustration in the life of Aubrey de Vere, to whom might now be addressed in spirit the words which Cowley said to Crashaw in heaven:—

Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.

—In one of the text-books intended for supplementary reading in the public schools, and

published by the American Book Co., there is a half-page illustration of a priest (the Franciscan Father le Caron) elevating the Host at Mass, surrounded by a devout congregation. The text accompanying the picture is this:

The Hurons, who had been strangely won by the gentleness and unselfishness of the friar, had built for him a little chapel of bark in the edge of the woods. And there, on the 12th of August, 1615, clad in priestly robes, he stood before a rude altar which he had made with his own hands and performed the ceremony [?] of Holy Mass. Champlain and Étienne Brulé and the other Frenchmen who had ventured into that wilderness land were ranged behind him. The priest raised aloft the emblems of the Catholic faith; the strong men knelt in reverent adoration; and then the voices of all joined in singing a hymn of praise to God. Thus, in the quiet of the ancient forest, just outside of the chief village of the Hurons, was performed the first public religious service in the country of the Great Lakes.

The book is entitled "The Discovery of the Old Northwest," and, like most of the other volumes in the series of Eclectic School Readings, abounds in deeds of Catholic heroism and devotion, lay and priestly. They make good reading for the school-children. We have sometimes noticed a disposition on the part of compilers of text-books for Catholic schools to eschew features of this sort, while secular publishers are doing their utmost to render their books acceptable to the Catholic public.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
 A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
 The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
 Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.

- Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
 Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
 A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Benefactress. \$1.50.
 The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net,

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Baasen, of the diocese of Mobile; the Rev. P. F. Smith, diocese of Albany; the Rev. John Ryan, archdiocese of New York; and the Rev. W. S. Kirby, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Jacoba, of the Sisters of St. Francis; and Sister M. Gabriel, Order of Mercy.

Mr. Samuel Lambert, of Kingston, Canada; Mr. Joseph Lentz, Quigley, Iowa; Mr. John Carty, Fair Haven, Vt.; Mrs. Joanna Maillain, S. Acton, Mass.; Mr. J. G. Moylan, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. Ellen Hasson, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Mary Thompson and Miss Margaret Costello, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. John Kellcher, Seymour, Conn.; Mrs. M. A. Hayes, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. Henry Walters, Washington, Ind.; Mr. Cornelius Dailey, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Shanahan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. A. V. Romadka, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Eugene McAdams, Camden, N. J.; Mr. J. J. Purtell, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Anna Looram and Mr. Charles Ryan, New York; Mr. Edmund Burke and Mr. Edmund Burke, Jr., Dublin, Ireland; Mrs. Anna Earle, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Katherine Dinnin, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Hugh Leonard, Parkill, Canada; Mr. Charles Ryan, Clare, Iowa; and Miss E. Jacklin, Detroit, Mich.

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



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 22, 1902.

NO. 8.

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Ave Regina Coelorum.

I.

GREET her in reverence lowly,
Israel's Daughter all-holy,
Orient Gate of salvation,
Hope-bringing Light of our nation.

II.

Handmaiden humble in duty,
Virgin excelling in beauty,
Golden without and within her,*
Mother of Saviour and sinner.

R. O. K.

"The Child of Mount Vernon."

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS was the type of a gentility once familiar in Maryland and Virginia, but now passing away more swiftly than the fading Indian. He was a link between the old and the new generation; for he was indeed, as he styled himself, "the child of Mount Vernon," the step-grandson of George Washington; and the master of Arlington, father-in-law of Robert E. Lee. His religion, like that of all his kind in Virginia, was of the "go-as-you-please" kind; but he had an unbounded admiration for the Catholic clergy, and he was a good hater of all attempts to use politics and statecraft as a means of impeding the progress of the Catholic Church. Never did he fail to stigmatize the sectarian foes of religious liberty, and

* "The Ark was overlaid with the purest gold within and without." (Exod., xxxvii, 1.)

he ever sustained his invectives against the early "A. P. A.'s" by trenchant examples of patriotic American Catholics whom he had known.

His names were histories. George Washington, the Father of his Country, was his adopted father; and Daniel Parke, an ancestor, was an aide of Marlborough at Blenheim, and wore a miniature of Queen Anne, which she had given him when he brought to her the first news of that great victory. The name Custis had been borne with honor; and its last possessor, John P. Custis, had been carried off the field of Yorktown to a farm-house near by, and died while the air was jubilant with rejoicings over the surrender of Cornwallis.

Little George Custis was six months old when this death made him a half orphan; but by the bedside of his dead father General Washington adopted George and his sister "as his own," and thenceforward they lived at Mount Vernon. His mother, residing at Abingdon, some distance away, remarried; and Martha (Custis) Washington, his grandmother, and General Washington, his foster-father, cared with parental solicitude for him and his estate. Until his fifteenth year tutors were provided for him at Mount Vernon. Then, after some years at Princeton College, he passed from the halls of letters to a troop of horse, becoming toward the close of the eighteenth century cornet in a troop of horse designed to serve in the French War. The French War was fought at sea; and Cornet Custis, who

was also made an aid-de-camp to General Washington, saw no active service.

The death of General Washington in 1799, and of his widow in 1802, turned over Mount Vernon to collateral relatives of the great chief; and Mr. Custis took up his residence at Arlington, and built the Arlington House after the model of the Temple of Theseus, at Athens; and it still stands on the Virginia hills opposite the Capitol at Washington. When the mansion was complete he brought there his bride of sixteen, Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh. He was then in his twenty-third year. At Arlington he lived and died a simple dilettante country gentleman — orator, author, musician, artist, sheep-raiser, and husbandman.

His many orations have never been collected, but would make a volume brimming with patriotism. His "Recollections of Washington" is a book full not of the ore but of the refined gold of history. His operettas and dramas have been played in several cities. His violin made the Arlington mansion a place of music; and sometimes, when the young people of the neighborhood came to dance at the public pavilion he had built for them at Arlington Spring, and pattering feet, while the musicians were at dinner, told that the dancers were impatient, Mr. Custis himself would take up the fiddle and bow and give the dancers a chance for what Washington had called "a pretty frisk."

His paintings were numerous. One, ten by twenty feet, adorned the Birthnight Ballroom at the city hotel in Alexandria; and one still hangs to-day in the city council room of that place. His importations of the best grades of sheep, and his prizes at the annual sheep-shearing matches of Arlington, gave an impetus to sheep-raising in Virginia which it has taken twenty-five thousand sheep-killing dogs to destroy; and his Arlington farm was a typical old Virginia plantation of contented labor and moderate production.

His relations with Archbishop Carroll, whose uncle had courted his grandmother in colonial days, and with the Jesuit Fathers of Georgetown, whose rising college crowned the hill opposite Arlington, were more than cordial. To be a Catholic seemed to awake in him a kindly interest. At the college commencements, at the Hibernian celebrations of St. Patrick's Day, and in later years at the closing exercises of St. John's Academy, he was always an honored guest.

On these occasions, as on many others, he never failed in unstinted praise of the Catholic soldiers of the Virginia line of '76, or of "the Old Continentals in their ragged regimentals"; indeed of all the soldiers of the Revolution, who, in his own words, "charged, with the Old Catholic Maryland line, for Liberty." But for him the names and deeds of more than one of the old Catholic soldiers would have gone into oblivion. A Fourth of July sketch in this magazine* gives an instance of the fervor with which Mr. Custis honored a Catholic soldier of freedom. Afterward, speaking of the old soldier, John Byrne, mentioned in that sketch, he cried out:

"Poor John Byrne, the humble soldier and sufferer for liberty! Had you seen the veteran as he carried the glass to his lips, drank to the memory of his revered commander, and marked the deep expression of his war-worn countenance as he pronounced his pledge, 'To Washington in heaven!' you would say a finer or more touching study of feeling the pencil of Guido never wrought or the pen of poetic genius ever recorded."

He was not reticent when he spoke of the Church; and in an address to the Alexandria Hibernian Society, delivered in the Presbyterian meeting-house, he thus gave in a nutshell the history of the "Reformation of England":

"The Apostolic Roman Catholic relig-

* THE AVE MARIA, Vol. L, No. 26.

ion—so called from being derived from the Apostles and acknowledging the Pontiff of Rome as its supreme head—prevailed in the British realm up to the period of the Reformation. The impetuous Henry VIII., by his knowledge of school divinity having combated the celebrated reformer Luther on behalf of the papal power, received from the gratified Pontiff the title 'Defender of the Faith.' But when the ecclesiastical court of Rome could not tolerate the conjugal enormities of the monarch, he in revenge threw off the mantle of papal supremacy, seized with ruthless hand upon the church establishment in his realms, dissipated the churchmen, and divided the spoil among his adherents—proclaiming himself the Supreme Head of the Church."

To Mr. Custis is owing especially the graphic delineation of the military record of Colonel John Fitzgerald, Washington's Catholic aid-de-camp. Fitzgerald was the friend of Custis in his young days; and to the last the Master of Arlington retained a vivid remembrance of the citizen-soldier he had known when he was still "the child of Mount Vernon," and in his delightful way he mingled Fitzgerald with his "Recollections of Washington."* In one of his addresses he thus alluded to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore:

"I will recall the venerable and illustrious divine of the Catholic Church, Dr. Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, the patriot of the Revolution and friend of Washington. It was the invariable custom of this excellent man to pay his respects to the Protestant primate of Maryland when he also came to the city of Baltimore; and in this way the Archbishop showed his liberal character and his respect for the faith of others."

Holding no office, seeking no place, Mr. Custis was yet always a public man. His mission seemed to be the

propagation of devotion to the memory of Washington. This, especially when he spoke to young people, was his constant theme. His breast heaved as he told the young of the days of old; and often, as he spoke, tears coursed down his venerable face. He became alarmed at the drifting away of the people in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon and Arlington from the warm regard in which their fathers had held the name of Washington.

The capital city was rising in sight of Arlington, but sometimes the 22d of February was not observed there; and even in Alexandria, Washington's own town, its observance was intermitted by the public authorities, but never by Mr. Custis. If no celebration were announced, he would ride to the old town, order his dinner at the city hotel, as Washington had often done in his latter years; and then go out into the doorway opposite the city market, from which Washington had issued his last military order,* and there address the people who chanced to be in the vicinity. As a rule, a crowd soon gathered to listen to the venerable orator; but the writer recalls one 22d of February when Mr. Custis came to the door of the hotel and found no one near except a little boy who sat on the steps. This did not deter him. Raising his voice, he cried out: "On this birthday of George Washington, in his own town, men are too busy to do him honor: I will address myself to this little child." And for several minutes, in a lower tone, he talked to the boy in an easy way about the young days of the great chief. By this time, however, some ten or twelve persons had gathered around the steps; and Mr. Custis bemoaned the desuetude into which the people of Alexandria had permitted the observance of Washington's Birthday to fall.

Later, the efforts of Mr. Custis led

* Vide THE AVE MARIA, Vol. LII, No. 8.

* Ibid., Vol. LII, No. 8, p. 237.

to the formation of the Washington Monument Society at the seat of government; and in 1848 the corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid, and by the free gifts of the people a monument to Washington arose on the Mall midway between Arlington House and the Capitol. But Mr. Custis never saw the monument completed. The anti-Catholic rancor against which he had fought so often and so gallantly stopped its skyward progress before it reached the fourth of its destined height. The Roman Pontiff Pius IX. sent as his contribution a handsome stone from the ancient Roman Temple of Peace. By a trick, the managers of the Washington Monument Society, some of whom were Catholics, were turned out of office and a partisan board took their place; while in a midnight foray a band of Know-Nothings broke the Pope's offering and then sunk the fragments into the river Potomac. Contributions ceased; and after the Know-Nothings had placed on the shaft two or three courses of condemned stone, they gave it up and all work on the monument ceased for many years.

The failure of the monument saddened the last days of the old patriot. Mr. Custis died on the 10th of October, 1857. When his dying eyes looked from the windows of Arlington House upon the capital city, they beheld the sad spectacle of a glorious shaft, made humble by its incompleteness, standing bare and unsightly, as on its top the broken derricks leaned, askant and dangerous, above the courses of rotten stone with which the Know-Nothings had soiled the shaft, and then left the patriotic pile—a martyred monument.*

* The fact is that the Know-Nothing raid ended the old monument. After standing in desolation many years, it was taken in charge by the United States officials; and, its design having been altered, it was strengthened and completed,—no more the free offering of the people, but the creature of an act of Congress paid for by taxation.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

IF Lloyd had found Armistead awake when he finally retired to the room which they shared, he would probably have told him of his interview with Victoria and the information he had given her. But Armistead was sound asleep under his blankets, and by the next morning Lloyd decided to say nothing of the girl's appeal to him. After all, he had told her only what she had a right to know, and what her reason for desiring to know justified him in telling. So he held his peace with regard to the matter; and when Don Mariano informed them immediately after breakfast that Doña Beatriz would see them, he accompanied Armistead to the interview with the subdued interest of one who knows beforehand pretty much what will occur.

They were conducted to a large room at the front of the house, into which floods of brilliant sunshine were pouring, showing its spaciousness and bareness; for a number of chairs, ranged stiffly around the walls, and one or two tables were all the furniture it contained; while on the brick floor were only spread one skin of a monster *toro* and several of the beautifully-striped mountain-tiger. Everything breathed the simplicity, austerity and remoteness of a life as far removed from the conditions of the modern world as that which might have been led in a baronial castle during the feudal ages.

As the strangers, marshalled by Don Mariano, entered the room, two feminine figures came from an inner apartment, both closely wrapped in draperies, but one much larger and more stately than the other,—a woman of mature age and splendidly matured beauty, with features cut on classical lines and eyes of midnight darkness, full of a wonderful

liquid sweetness. There was much likeness between her and the slender, also stately, daughter who accompanied her; but Doña Beatriz lacked the suggestion of some possibilities with which the lithe, fiery creature beside her was all alive; and whether or not she possessed the gentleness, it was at least certain that she possessed all the repose of her race.

She acknowledged the salutations of the two men with the usual murmured formulas of politeness; and then, inviting them to be seated with a wave of her hand, sat down herself. Victoria, who had not opened her lips, but merely bowed to them silently, sat down beside her; Don Mariano seated himself a little in their rear, having already explained that Doña Beatriz had requested him to be present at the interview.

There was an expectant pause; and Lloyd, glancing at Armistead, had a sense of satisfaction in recognizing that the latter was at last conscious of the awkwardness of the situation.

"I almost wish that I had stayed in Canelas and sent a letter," he muttered. "Confound it, Lloyd! You'll have to explain the matter."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," Lloyd returned. "I am here to translate whatever you wish to say, but I haven't a single word to say for myself."

"You're extremely disobliging, I must say! Well, tell Doña Beatriz that I have been sent here by—er—Mr. Trafford, to her with regard to—er—a matter of business."

"She has heard that before, but I'll tell it to her again." And, turning to Doña Beatriz, Lloyd repeated the words in Spanish.

Doña Beatriz bowed with a manner full of dignity.

"I am ready to hear whatever the señor has come to say to me," she answered.

"Then tell her," said Armistead, making a strong grip upon his most

business-like manner, "that I have come to remind her that the Santa Cruz Mine is the property of Mr. Trafford, and to inform her that he intends to assert his rights of ownership over it."

A moment's pause followed the repetition of these words. Don Mariano uttered a quick ejaculation, but Victoria's hand on his arm silenced him; and it was Doña Beatriz who again spoke, quietly:

"The Santa Cruz Mine belongs to me, Señor; and I do not recognize that Mr. Trafford has any rights of ownership over it."

"Remind her that the mine was given to him by her father," Armistead replied.

"Other things were also given him by my father, Señor," she answered. "Some of these he has kept—to his own profit; some he has thrown away." There was another pause, fraught with significance, and then the full, sweet tones went on. "Whether he intended to keep or to throw away the Santa Cruz Mine does not matter. It is mine and I shall keep it."

"Tell her that she can't hold it!" said Armistead, impatiently. "Trafford has a title to it which the law will sustain."

"We have paid the taxes on the mine," Don Mariano interposed before Doña Beatriz could answer this.

"It does not matter who paid them, Señor, as long as they were paid," Lloyd replied for himself. "You must know this."

"We have paid them in the name of Doña Beatriz Calderon, Señor."

"I doubt if that would stand against Mr. Trafford's title, Señor; especially since the—ah—tie between Doña Beatriz and himself remains unannulled in Mexico."

Don Mariano's face fell.

"It is true," he said. "We did not think of that. We should have let the title lapse and denounced the mine. But who could have anticipated the audacity—the shamelessness—of such a claim?"

Lloyd shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems to me that you might have anticipated it," he said.

"What are you talking about?" Armistead asked sharply. "What does he say?"

"He says that the taxes have been paid regularly in the name of Doña Beatriz."

"What difference does that make?"

"Not much, I am afraid; although I am not sufficiently acquainted with Mexican law to speak positively."

"Well, I am sure that Trafford is acquainted with it, and he told me that the mine is his by right of a perfect title. Simply tell them this, and ask what they are going to do."

The reply to this question was brief.

"We shall hold the mine, Señor," Doña Beatriz said.

"What pig-headed folly!" Armistead commented impatiently. "They can't possibly understand the situation. Why on earth don't you explain it to them more clearly? If only I could talk—"

"Mr. Armistead thinks that I have not explained the situation to you with sufficient clearness, Señora," Lloyd said, addressing Doña Beatriz. "He wishes you to know distinctly that Mr. Trafford believes himself to hold a perfect title to the Santa Cruz Mine, and that if you do not yield the mine to him he will take legal steps to assert his rights of ownership."

"You mean that he will force us to give it up, Señor?"

"I mean just that, Señora."

"I have only one answer, Señor—let him try! Whether or not he has a legal title to the mine I do not know; but this I know—that he will never assert it successfully here. And if he is wise he will not try to do so. He has robbed me of much"—she opened her arms with a wide, tragic gesture,—“and he has robbed his daughter of more, but he shall not rob us of all. In scorn and contempt we leave him such part of what was mine as he has always held—held and

built his fortune upon. But what is here, in the Sierra, is ours by every title of inheritance and of justice, and he shall have none of it." She rose to her feet—a superb figure in her noble beauty, her righteous indignation. "I swear it!" she said. "Do you hear, Señor? I swear it by the holy cross that stands over the mine! Neither he nor any one whom he sends shall ever enter the Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there is nothing for me to say in reply, except that I will communicate with Mr. Trafford," Armistead observed, when these words were repeated to him. "What steps he will direct me to take I don't know, but I do know that he's not likely to yield his claim. I am sorry that they are going to put up a fight, but I suppose it was to be expected. Tell Doña Beatriz that I regret extremely to have had to annoy her with this demand, but that I am only acting as Mr. Trafford's agent in the business."

"Doña Beatriz replies that she is aware of that," Lloyd reported a moment later; "and adds that she hopes you will remain at Las Joyas as long as it may please you to do so."

"She is exceedingly kind, but I think you had better say that we will leave immediately. We haven't any excuse for remaining longer, since I suppose they wouldn't let us see the mine."

"I certainly wouldn't advise you to ask to do so. There is a limit even to Mexican courtesy."

"Then say all the complimentary things that are in order, and let us bid them good-bye and get off."

The complimentary things having been duly said in stately Castilian, and responded to by Doña Beatriz with a dignity and grace which would not have misbecome a royal personage, Lloyd found himself looking into Victoria's eyes, which met his own with a very friendly glance, as she held out her hand in farewell.

"Adios, Señor!" she said. "I shall not forget the service you did me."

"If I can serve you again, will you remember that I am at your command?" he asked.

She looked surprised.

"But you are with him!"— and she glanced at Armistead.

"In this matter no longer than we leave your gates. In fact, I have never been with him further than merely to serve as his interpreter; but I shall not bear even that part in any steps which he may take against you."

"In any steps which he may take against us we can defend ourselves," she said proudly.

"Yet a friend is not to be despised," Lloyd urged, a little to his own surprise; for why, he asked himself, should he wish to impress her with the reality of a friendship which after to-day could mean so little to her?

"A friend is never to be despised, Señor," she answered hastily; for those around were looking at them with some surprise. Then, with another murmured "Adios!" she turned away with her mother.

And so a little later they took their departure from Las Joyas.

(To be continued.)

My Choice.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

THE crash of drums, the trumpet's blare, this cry
Of hoarse-voiced plaudits, the loud-shouted name—
Are these the golden gifts that follow fame?

This the keen fire that lights yon patriot's eye?
No: 'tis the soul's great deed, that can not die,
Hath been discovered; and the mixt acclaim

Of curious child, grimed toiler, shrilling dame,
Scourges the hero as he passes by.

Rather unheralded, in thoughtful calm,

Let me work deeds of love unto my kind;
Brighten their cheerful days, pour soothing balm
Into their wounds; nor ever fail to find,

'Twixt studies' rapt delight and whispered psalm,
Immortal hours among God's lame and blind.

The Sacred Lance and Nails.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

BEFORE I knew the spirit of the Church, I had in my heart a hatred for the lance and nails which made such cruel wounds in the adorable body of Our Lord. Perhaps it was from hearing holy priests, well on to half a century ago, speak of the sufferings of Jesus that, naturally, my thoughts grew to be bitter against the instruments of the Passion. The Jews hated Our Lord and ill-treated Him; and the lance and nails, to my young mind, seemed to be helping them. All unconsciously that thought grew with me; and it was with wonder, when I came to man's estate, that I saw they were objects of the tenderest devotion to the Church; that she had offices for them in her Breviary and Masses in her Missal. When I paused, however, and considered, I soon saw how eminently fitting this was, and how very illogical my own thoughts had been; for I never, for instance, hated the cross or the crown of thorns, though they were equally cruel to our Redeemer. Anything that touched Him, anything which, according to His merciful decree, opened out the precious fountains of His pity—the wounds in His hands and feet—and disclosed the hidden treasure-house of His immense love, His Sacred Heart, ought surely to be the objects of profound veneration to us.

"Taking away that which was against us," cries out the Church—"to wit, the handwriting of sin, which was contrary to us,—just that very thing did He take from amongst us, fixing it to the cross." And again at Matins, in the solemn stillness of the night, her voice is heard

Church: Christ, wounded with lance and nails, come let us adore.—Children: Christ, wounded with lance and nails, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn:

1. But when they had come to Jesus they did not break His legs, but one of the soldiers with a lance opened His side.—2. And there came forth blood and water. And he who saw hath given testimony, and his testimony is true.—3. Another Scripture says: They shall look on Him whom they *pierced*.

Church: Whom Thou hast struck, they have persecuted.—Children: They have added to the suffering of My wounds.

For the first lesson the Church calls upon the Prophet Zachary (xii, 10-14), the most touching and descriptive, perhaps, of the minor prophets:

And I will pour out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of prayers; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him* as one mourneth for an only son; and they shall grieve for Him as is the manner to grieve for the death of the first-born. In that day there shall be a great lamentation in Jerusalem.... And all the land shall mourn, families and families apart.

Church: But when they came and saw Jesus was dead, they did not break His legs.—Children: But a soldier with a lance opened His side.—Church: And he who saw hath given testimony, and his testimony is true.

The second lesson also is taken from Zachary (xiii, 1, 2):

In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for the washing of the sinner.... And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I will destroy the names of idols out of the earth, ... and I will take away the false prophets and the unclean spirit out of the earth.

* The prophet sometimes, in the inspired moments, uses Our Lord's own words, as he seems to hear Him; at other times he only sees and, as it were, describes Our Lord. That is the reason he says "Me" and "Him."

Church: One of the soldiers with a lance opened His side.—Children: And immediately blood and water came forth.—Church: In that day a fountain shall be opened to the house of David and to all that dwell in Jerusalem.

The Church calls a third time on the Prophet Zachary, and continues reading from the same chapter (6-9):

And they shall say to Him, What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands? And He shall say, With these have I been wounded in the house of them that loved Me. Awake, O sword, against My shepherd and against the man that cleaveth to Me, saith the Lord of Hosts; strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered.... But I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and I will try them as gold is tried. They shall call on My name and I will hear them. I will say, Thou art My people. And they shall say, The Lord is my God.

Church: A fountain shall be opened to the house of Juda on that day and to all that dwell in Jerusalem.—Children: For the washing of the sinner and the unclean woman.—Church: This is He who cometh through water and blood, Christ Jesus.

Antiphons for the second nocturn:

1. They shall look at Me whom they nailed, and they shall weep as one weepeth over a first-born.—2. What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands?—3. With these have I been wounded in the house of those that loved Me.

Church: He was wounded for our iniquities.—Children: And bruised for our sins.

The Church calls on Pope Innocent VI.,—one of those holy Popes who seem to hide from the world, who do not strike their age by commanding intellect or by heroic deeds; and yet who issue decrees and pronounce dogmas and encourage devotions and institute feasts that embalm their names in, as it were,

holy shrines, and make the reader of history see in their "simple annals" the Spirit of God guiding and directing the Church in these *unremarkable* and *unambitious* men. It was Innocent VI. that instituted this feast, and in the Bull of Institution he says:

Lesson IV: In the most sacred Passion of our Redeemer and Lord Jesus Christ we ought so to rejoice that, while separately recounting all the mysteries and merits of this same Passion, we may also glory in the salutary instruments He has deigned to make use of in each. And among all these it is to be remembered, with singular affection, that the Lord Himself, after expiring on the cross, permitted that His side be opened with a lance, in order that in the sacred waves of blood and water flowing therefrom His immaculate spouse and virgin, our holy mother the Church, should be formed. O happy opening of that sacred side, from which there has flowed on us such abundance of divine sweetness and pity! O happy lance, that for us hast obtained so many good things, and for thyself hast merited to be included in the glory of that wonderful triumph!

Church: He cometh, Jesus Christ, through water and blood.—Children: Not in water alone, but in water and blood.—Church: Three give testimony on earth: spirit, water, and blood; and these three are one.

Lesson V: This [lance], by opening His side, opened also for us the most sacred gates of the heavenly kingdom. This, by wounding Him who was already dead, healed our wounds and gave life to us and health. This, by transfixing the Guiltless, washed away our guilt in His blood. This, finally, laved in the most precious waves of that blood, took away the corruption of our ignorance and cleansed us in the sea of His divine pity. And those sweet nails by which the Saviour was affixed to the same cross, which

deserved not alone to be sprinkled with the same Precious Blood, but even to bear that body of such inestimable value,—nay, even through the most salutary wounds made by them, we have received such sweetness of divine charity that our hands are loosed from the manacles of sin and our feet freed from the meshes of death; and therefore they, too, are devoutly to be commemorated.

Church: Many dogs have surrounded Me: The assembly of the wicked hath beset Me.—Children: They have pierced My hands and My feet.—Church: It shall be said to Him, What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands?

Lesson VI: For what is holier than these wounds, what more salutary, by which our remedy hath come and in which devout souls may ever find health? And therefore, although the aforesaid lance and nails, as well as all the other sacred instruments of the Passion, are everywhere venerated by all the faithful of Christ, and every year solemn offices of the Passion are ordered and celebrated in the Church, we have deemed it fit and proper that if a solemn and special feast be held for the several instruments of the Passion, and more particularly in those places where the sacred instruments are said to be retained, we should also by offices and favors specially encourage and cherish those of the faithful of Christ who rejoice that they possess any relics of these holy nails and lance.

Church: It will be said to Him, What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands?—Children: And He shall say, With these was I wounded in the house of them that loved Me.—Church: I will not believe in Him unless I see in His hands the print of the nails.

Antiphons for the third nocturn:

1. They dug My hands and My feet, they numbered all My bones.—2. Unless I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my hand into the place

of the nails, I will not believe.—3. Reach hither thy finger and see My hands, and reach hither thy hand and put it into My side.

Church: Upon Him was the discipline of our peace.—Children: And by His bruises we are healed.

The Church takes the New Testament and reads from the Beloved Disciple: "Jesus, knowing that all things were consummated, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst," etc.

Having returned the Gospel to the minister, she calls upon St. Augustine to unfold its meaning.

Lesson VII: "One of the soldiers with a lance opened His side, and immediately there came forth blood and water." The Evangelist makes use of a cautious word, since he would not say, His side was struck or wounded, or anything else, but was opened; that there the gate of life was, so to say, opened, from which the sacraments of the Church have flowed; without which there is no entrance to that life which is the true life. That blood which was shed was shed for the remission of sins. And this salutary water, does it temper the cup? Certainly; for it yields both laver and drink. And this wounding was foretold when Noah by order [of God] made a door in the side of the Ark, by which all the animals that were not to perish were to enter; and these foreshadowed [the members of] the Church.

Church: All was done that the Scripture might be fulfilled, which says: A bone of Him ye shall not break.—Children: And another: They shall look on Him whom they pierced.—Church: The spirit of grace and prayer shall be poured forth that day on the house of David and on the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

Lesson VIII: It was to foreshadow this that the first woman was taken out of the side of the sleeping man, and she was called "Life," and "the mother of the living." It was an earnest of

good things, before the great prevarication occurred. This second Adam, having bowed His head, fell asleep on the cross, that His spouse might be formed from Him; and she came forth from His sleeping side. O [wonderful] Death, whereby the dead get life! What more cleansing than this blood or what more salutary than this wound? These things were done, the Evangelist says, that the Scripture might be fulfilled—"A bone of His ye shall not break"; and again another Scripture—"They shall look on Him whom they pierced."

Church: The spirit of grace and prayer I will pour forth on the house of David and the dwellers in Jerusalem.—Children: They shall look on Him whom they pierced.—Church: And weep as they weep over a first-born.

Antiphons for Lauds:

1. One of the soldiers with a lance opened His side, and immediately there came forth blood and water.—2. They pierced My hands and My feet, they numbered all My bones.—3. Three give testimony on earth—spirit, water and blood; and these three are one.—4. Why are ye troubled and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself.—5. Reach hither thy finger and see My hand, and reach hither thy hand and put it into My side.

Prayer: O God, who in the humility of Thy assumed flesh didst will for the salvation of the world to be pierced with nails and wounded with a lance; mercifully grant that we, who devoutly celebrate here on earth the solemn mystery of these same nails and lance, may happily rejoice in the blessed glory of Thy triumph hereafter in heaven.

No one can cast his eyes upon a crucifix without a mixed feeling of overpowering wonder, confusion, gratitude, admiration. The greatest of all things known or conceivable is expressed in that suffering figure.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

The Story of St. Ida.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

IV.—(Conclusion.)

ON the 15th of August, 1096, Duke Godfrey de Bouillon, at the head of an army composed of natives of Lorraine, set out for the Holy Land. He was accompanied by his brother Baldwin. Eustache followed some weeks later, leaving his mother to rule and administer his little kingdom during his absence. "Her authority," writes the chronicler, "was universally respected, because it was based upon the love and veneration of the vassals." But indeed there were few left in all that country, save old men, rich people, women and children. Every family had sent its best and dearest to the holy war; those that remained were, like the earliest Christians, "of one heart and one soul," following in thought and prayers their pilgrim-soldiers.

Three long years passed thus—in fighting, in privations, and in gallant deeds within the great army of the Crusaders; in prayers, alms and the practice of all virtue on the part of the loved ones at home. Then one day the Countess Ida, praying as was her wont in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Seven Dolours at Boulogne, fell into an ecstasy at the moment when she was hearing Mass for the crusading army. She saw the brave Crusaders encamped upon the plains. The men in their thousands—drawn from every rank in life, duke or prince down to his lowliest vassal,—were all pilgrim-soldiers, full of faith; sometimes weary indeed, and sometimes discontented or disheartened; but all ready to fight and to die for an object utterly removed from any self-aggrandizement. And then she beheld the walls of Jerusalem besieged by a great multitude, and her son Godfrey leading the assault. She saw him enter

the city in triumph; she saw him refuse the proffered title of King of Jerusalem; and "with great joy," as we are told, she learned how "he refused to wear a crown of gold in the place where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns."

Rude, uncultured warriors as many of them were, they lived in an atmosphere of the supernatural, as one learns in such simply touching stories as that related of one of Duke Godfrey's chief comrades in arms, Anselm de Ribeaumont, who, entering his tent one day at eventide, saw a radiant apparition within, and knew it to be the spirit of his friend, Engelrand de St. Pol, who had recently died before the walls of a besieged city.

"What!" he cried, "is it in truth you, Engelrand, so living, so joyous, whose bleeding corpse I embraced with tears beneath the walls of Marra?"

"It is I myself," answered the vision; "and I come to bid you take courage, and to tell you this—*he dieth not who dies for Jesus Christ.*"

On July 15, 1099, the sun had risen upon a half-defeated, half-disorganized army of besiegers. Almost every man had confessed and communicated the morning before; after which they fought desperately, but apparently in vain, all through the daylight hours. And if there was one portion of that immense army more hard pressed, more hotly beaten down than another, it was that wherein the three Boulognese counts were wielding their battle-axes against the very flower of the foe. Godfrey was the terror of the Turks, who told one another weird tales of the extraordinary strength and prowess of this modern Samson; how one day he had stood upon an eminence beside a flying foe, and cut down one by one every form that passed him; how a certain emir, hearing of his mighty deeds, sought an interview with him and prayed him humbly to prove his strength by decapitating a camel he had brought; and

then Godfrey drew his sword and cut clean through the camel's neck in its thickest part, severing the head with one blow; and while the emir gasped with astonishment, Godfrey called for a second camel, took the emir's own sword and sliced off the second head even more easily than the first. And now Godfrey the herculean was expending all his tremendous power of persuasion, sword in hand, to stem the tide of discouragement; but, as it seemed, to no purpose.

Suddenly, at the hour of midday (that same hour when all the bells of Christendom rang out the Angelus, in obedience to Pope Urban's decree, "for the success of the Crusades"), a strange apparition met their astonished gaze. Hovering over the Mount of Olives rose a figure visible alike to friend and foe. A knight in full armor, waving his shield, seemed to call upon the Christian hosts to advance once more against their foe. A great shout of triumph answered him; the tired leaders, the discouraged soldiers, turned once more and, with cries of victory, rushed upon their assailants. Godfrey de Bouillon and his immediate followers broke down a gate by quick, resistless blows: the Saracens fled—Jerusalem was taken!

While conquerors and conquered were fighting a last desperate struggle from point to point within the walls—for no merciful "white flag" or sparing of the conquered was known in those ruder and more desperate times, nor was "quarter" given or expected between Christian and infidel,—while the streets of Jerusalem *ran blood up to the horses' knees*, Godfrey de Bouillon, son of St. Ida, had stripped himself of his armor, and, clad in the woollen garb of the pilgrim-penitent, barefooted and with uncovered head, he, with a few of his officers, passed three times round the outer walls of the city, according to pilgrim custom; stepped across the sacred Brook Cedron, and, shedding tears as he went, entered the Holy

Sepulchre. "Long did he pray there, giving thanks to Almighty God, who had accorded him the favor of beholding with his mortal eyes this sacred place, the goal of all his desires and vows." As he prayed, the rumor of his devotion ran through the still fighting multitude; and one by one they dropped their bloody swords and came, like him, to kneel at the sacred place which those arms had won back to the custody of the faithful.

We all know how, hailed by universal acclaim as King of Jerusalem, he refused title and crown, and preferred to the riches and "loot" of the infidel the greater treasures of many a relic which enriches the Church of to-day. We can not here continue his story; for we must return to his saintly mother as she followed him with her prayers, and as she welcomed back Eustache, who, with ten thousand pilgrim-soldiers, returned to his little kingdom, after the taking of Jerusalem, by way of Italy.

Contemporary historians have drawn a graceful picture of the return of Count Eustache to his home. They tell that, "after having embraced his mother, he began at once to recount some of the great doings which he had witnessed or taken part in" during the three long years and more that they had been separated. How one can picture it!—the first joyous welcome, the tender embraces, the anxious questioning; and then, the travel-stains removed and a banquet prepared for the pilgrims, an eager outpouring of news, first of the two absent sons, then of his own doings. But what was the surprise of Count Eustache when almost to his first words his mother answered, "I knew it all!" And she told how, as she knelt in prayer on that memorable 15th of July, she had fallen into an ecstasy and beheld the whole scene of the siege of Jerusalem, the taking of the city and all that followed, and had told it to those about her.

"And, O my children, my children!" she exclaimed, "it was not I who endowed you with that invincible force; it was not I who formed those bodies which resisted every attack of the enemy. My Eustache, when I saw you with your brother Godfrey leap from the moving tower upon the walls of Jerusalem, I cried out: 'Lord God! wilt Thou permit my children to enter unwounded into that city which Thou hast watered with the blood of Thy Crusaders?' But I approved not of the counsels and exhortations with which you incited Godfrey to take up royal dignities. It would have been more seemly to leave the Holy Spirit to act, and not to walk according to the flesh. On the contrary, I was glad and rejoiced to see your brother's attitude, who put the Crown of Thorns of his Lord above any earthly crown, and who has been enabled to put away from his lips the inebriating cup of worldly honors and pleasures in the place where the Son of God was given vinegar to drink."

"O my good mother!" said Eustache, amazed at her words, "I see that it is useless to describe to you what you have already seen with your own eyes. You have beheld in spirit the city of Jerusalem and its surrounding country. You do not even need the letters of consolation that your son sends you in his stead; you do not need to hear the recital of our long voyages, since you have seen Jerusalem and witnessed the combats, the triumphs, and the regal splendor of your son. But"—and he drew from its wrappings a glittering crown—"here is the crown of gold which our Godfrey refused to wear, which has never rested upon his own knightly brow, which he has sent you by me, that you may with your own beloved hands offer it to the statue of Our Lady of Boulogne."

The mother took her son's crown—the emblem of his well-won sovereignty, the memento of his Christian humility—

with what deep thoughts, what heartfelt thanksgivings, who can tell? And she bore it, doubtless in her own hands, up the narrow, ill-paved street whose very stones knew her oft-passing footsteps, and knelt with it at the feet of the weather-beaten statue where his childhood's prayers and vows had been said, and crowned Our Lady of the Sea with the crown of sovereignty of fair, far-off, conquered Jerusalem. It was a mural crown, described as follows in the inventory taken by municipal officers during the great Revolution (January 14, 1791), when the treasures of the cathedral became national property and so disappeared:

"One crown, gilt; being, according to tradition, that which Godefroi de Bouillon, named King of Jerusalem, refused to wear, and which he gave to the Abbey of Notre Dame; the said crown being surmounted by eight reliquaries and eight stones, weighing three marks, made of foreign silver, without hall-mark."

At the same time that the crown was thus inventoried and disappeared in the general wreck of the great Terror, the venerable image to which it had been presented was publicly burned in the square or open market-place of the city whose glory it had been. *Burned*, we say. Yet a tradition lingers among the faithful Boulognais that their treasure, when flung into the flames, would not burn; but was rescued and hidden in some all too secure hiding-place, now forgotten. At all events, one remnant is preserved to the veneration of the faithful; for a certain officer in the republican army broke or cut off a hand of the miraculous statue, and restored it later on to the ecclesiastical authorities. It is now preserved under glass and venerated by the faithful within the modern chapel which holds a replica of the ancient statue.

According to a historian who has gathered up and recorded many local

traditions, Godfrey de Bouillon sent, from time to time, to the church of his youth many precious relics; but the most sacred of all was one sent specially to his mother. "One day as the blessed Countess Ida of Lorraine was praying in the little chapel of the Blessed Virgin near the sea, at some distance from the walls of Boulogne, she received a letter from her son Godfrey announcing the arrival of several holy relics, enclosed in a casket sealed with his own seal. Rejoicing in the reception of these rare treasures, the Countess immediately called together the clergy of the city. They hastened to present themselves in their robes of office; and, chanting hymns and canticles, in the midst of the whole assembled population they transported to the basilica of Notre Dame Godfrey's holy present."

This treasure was indeed one of the most sacred that human eyes could rest upon—no other than a relic of the Precious Blood. And, that we may remember the theological attitude of spiritual writers with regard to it, let us recall the explanation of a writer of our own day, Father Faber:

At the Resurrection, when His Precious Blood had been collected by the ministry of angels, and He united it once more to His body as He rose, some of it remained unassumed. This, perhaps, was for the consolation of His Mother, or for the enriching of the Church with the most inestimable of relics. This was the case with the blood on the veil of Veronica, on the holy winding-sheet, and on the thorns and nails. But this blood, which was not assumed at the Resurrection, instantly lost its union with His divine person, ceased to be what is strictly called the Precious Blood, lost its right to absolute adoration, and became only an intensely holy relic, to be venerated with a very high worship, but not to be worshiped as divine or adored as the blood of God.... Whatever Jesus did not reunite to Himself in the Resurrection remained disunited from the Person of the Word forever; and therefore, however venerable, had no claim to adoration.

At the time of the Revolution a good priest, M. Ballin, succeeded in conceal- ing the relic in its antique Byzantine

reliquary; and about thirty years ago a graceful little Gothic chapel was built for its reception just outside the walls of Boulogne. Now, however (for greater security, doubtless), it is kept in the neighboring parish church of St. Francis de Paul. Once a year, on the first Sunday in July, a simple ceremony takes place, which the present writer witnessed last year. The reliquary, enclosed within a large gilt ark, is carried in procession from the church to its own tiny Gothic chapel beside a quiet country road. Crowds of devout worshipers follow it, surround it, line the street as it passes; golden-coped priests bear their glittering burden on high, and white-robed acolytes scatter flowers or swing their censers as the procession halts from time to time. On arriving at the chapel, the officiating priest stands before the altar holding the relic for the veneration of the people. When all have passed in and out, the procession returns to the church, and Benediction closes the ceremony.

Count Godfrey de Bouillon did not long survive the taking of Jerusalem. He died just a year later, on the 18th of July, 1100; or, as his biographer more gracefully phrases it, "he confessed his sins with true compunction of heart and with tears; he received the Communion of the body and blood of the Saviour; and, covered with this spiritual buckler, he was taken from the light of this world." His younger brother Baldwin, who before had been proclaimed Prince of Odessa, succeeded him as King of Jerusalem; and his body was buried within the Holy Sepulchre which his right arm had won back to the custody of the faithful.

St. Ida, relieved of her temporal duties by the return of her son Eustache, and overwhelmed with grief at the death of her first-born, now took the step so common in those days to widows of noble birth and standing on the loss of their husbands. She retired to the

Benedictine Monastery of La Capelle. Even during her husband's lifetime she was closely affiliated to the Order of St. Benedict; and now, though indeed the strictness of her life could hardly be surpassed, she led in all respects the life of a true Benedictine.

Her son Eustache III., who, like his father, often engaged in the petty wars of the period, and fought for Robert Duke of Normandy in his struggle for the English Crown, claimed wrongfully by his brother Henry, seems to have associated himself with his mother in her acts of generosity, especially toward monastic foundations. After peace was restored, he married a sister of King Henry's wife, Mary, daughter of Malcolm of Scotland and of St. Margaret; and, after the death of his only son Raoul, he also ended his days in a Benedictine monastery. It was in concert with Count Eustache that St. Ida, in 1104, rebuilt the Church of Notre Dame de la Mer, which stood as the lasting memorial of their piety and munificence up to the time of the great Revolution, and of which some remains are embodied in the church of to-day.

Toward the beginning of the year 1113 the holy Countess felt her strength failing, and the disease which was to open to her the gates of death made slow but ceaseless progress. She was confined to a bed of suffering, and there, like her father before her, she spent her last hours in distributing all her worldly goods to the sick and poor. The monks of Wast, hearing that their beloved foundress lay at the point of death, came to bid her a last farewell. Praying and weeping, they remained while the saintly Countess received the last sacraments; after which she addressed these words to the sorrowing religious: "Go! And be sure that on Sunday next, living or dead, I will come and take up my abode in the church of Wast." It was a prophecy.

Some years before, in 1109, her devoted

friend and spiritual father, St. Anselm, had, as he himself foretold, 'gone to keep his Easter court with the Lord'; and now St. Ida, following him, gave up her soul to God upon the first Sunday after Easter, April 13, 1113. "The poor bewailed her loss, the angels rejoiced." Her body was laid in state before the altar of the monastery church of La Capelle, and crowds flocked from all parts to venerate her remains.

But now the question arose as to where the holy body should be laid to rest. The monks of Samer claimed it, declaring that the Countess should lie beside her husband,—“What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.” The Canons of St. Wulmer, whose Order she had founded, demanded the same privilege, as 'their house was her first foundation, her son Eustache dwelt beside it, and she was *their* princess and sovereign.' The brethren of La Capelle, on the other hand, quoted Scripture to the effect that "where the tree falleth, there shall it lie"; while the little community at Wast remembered how she had prophesied that "on Sunday next, living or dead, I will come to take up my abode in the church of Wast." And so it was finally decided in their favor.

Amid the tears and prayers of poor and rich, religious and laity alike, the holy body was borne to Wast and laid to rest in its humble church. A magnificent tomb, erected by her sorrowing son, soon became the resort of the maimed, the sick, and the blind; and many a miracle was recorded, the fame of which spread abroad—to Lorraine on the one side, and to England on the other. After a while some members of her family, "seigneurs allied with the House of Lorraine," conceived the project of taking away by stealth the wonder-working body and bringing it to their own country. They dispatched for that purpose certain men "well accustomed to perform such pious thefts," as the story tells us. But the monks of Wast

set close watch upon their treasure and succeeded in retaining it.

Rumors of the proposed theft having gone abroad among the people, they became uneasy, and, to satisfy their minds, the monks were advised to open the tomb and verify the presence within it of their treasure. Accordingly, the tomb was opened, and "the body of St. Ida was found in a state of perfect preservation. The winding-sheet was unstained; the face was absolutely the same as at the moment of death, its delicacy and sweetness being unchanged. No spot nor trace of corruption had touched the body so long enclosed there; a sweet perfume came from the tomb and told of her glory."

Many miracles followed the death of her who had been their frequent instrument during life; and it was found that these were wrought principally in cases of malignant fevers and of diabolical possession, several instances of which are recorded in the annals of the time. Amongst others, the saint's own granddaughter, Matilda, only surviving child and heiress of Eustache III., having been seized with a dangerous fever, requested to be taken to Wast, where she prayed fervently at the tomb of her holy grandmother, and then rose up cured.

In course of time, however, the cultus of St. Ida practically died out. The monastery of Wast fell into ruins; its revenues became part of the ill-spent riches of absentee abbots, which was one of the scandals of pre-Revolution times; and finally the body of St. Ida was given to a Parisian convent—the Benedictines of the Perpetual Adoration. This community henceforth celebrated the feast of St. Ida on April 13; and in 1727 the then Bishop of Boulogne established there the same feast with its Office and Mass.

At the great Revolution, when the nuns were dispersed, they took their treasure with them; and in the year 1807 the last surviving prioress of that

dispossessed community sent to the Benedictines of the Blessed Sacrament at Bayeux, the safely preserved body of St. Ida. Every document and *procès verbal* of the various examinations of the relic by archbishops and bishops is there preserved, and every year the entire diocese of Bayeux joins in the celebration of her feast.

And this brings us down to the history of to-day, when Mgr. Williez, Bishop of Arras (which now includes the diocese of Boulogne), presented himself in pilgrimage before the shrine of St. Ida at Bayeux, having begged of its pious guardians a relic of the saint for the cathedral church of Boulogne.

It was a touching little ceremony. Already the Bishop of Bayeux had, with grave witnesses and learned doctors standing round, carefully examined and verified each blessed bone contained in that golden reliquary, and had chosen one of them (the right arm of the saint—"that arm on which her little son had so often lain")—to be presented to the church at Boulogne. And now, on the 15th of June, all the religious, their pupils, and a little group of white-robed First Communicants, stood at the door of the convent to receive the episcopal visitors. With banners uplifted, and to the joyous strains of the *Te Deum*, the Bishops of Arras and Bayeux were conducted to a beautifully decked hall, where the relic lay on an exquisite altar. It was the innocent ones who had that morning for the first time received their Lord that were permitted to take up the holy relic and place it in the hands of the Bishop, while their companions sang a hymn to St. Ida and saluted—

Le bras béni sur lequel Godefroi
Petit enfant, reposa tant de fois.

Then the nuns and their children knelt to receive "a double benediction," and escorted the Bishops back to the gates, to the sound of

Veille sur nous, Mère des conquérants!
Veille sur nous, veille sur nos enfants!

Keeping Up with the Procession.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

SUCCESS has its peculiar immunities. It has freedom from false convention. It is not obliged to be servile. It makes its own social laws and fashions, and imitates no man, unless from choice. The great banker's weakness for a battered and unclean old hat is called an amiable eccentricity; and his wife's disregard of the prevailing styles is commended by those who dare not follow her example. Some of the most erudite men disdain to take the trouble to spell correctly; and writers whose printed thoughts have stirred the pulses of two continents can not understand why any one cares how he pronounces his mother-tongue.

Stevenson's fondness for dispensing with shoes and socks has never been criticised; and I have yet to see any unfavorable comment concerning the faulty English which Ruskin was wont to put before his readers now and then, being, as he observed, too busy about more serious things to bother with grammar.

These have achieved success. With those who have had it thrust upon them the case is the same. Queen Victoria sometimes wore gowns and bonnets that a self-respecting American cook would despise; and a knowledge of the fitness of things in the realm of good taste is usually in inverse ratio to rank and position. It is only the mediocre, the unknown and the unsuccessful who think it necessary to follow blindly the dictates of some mysterious social leader, as geese follow one another to the swimming place. But if we can not achieve success, or a seemingly unkind destiny has denied us wealth or high wisdom or lofty birth, can we not at least share in the emoluments of those we think more fortunate?

"I must have gowns that are up to date!" said a woman. "If I were rich, it wouldn't matter; but now—I must keep up with the procession."

But why, dear madam? If circumstances have robbed you of much, why do you so easily permit them to rob you of all? Why do you beggar mind, body and spirit in a mad, mistaken and futile attempt to keep in the marching column of imitators, when you do not get no kind of comfort out of their fancy processions of that sort, and get no kind of comfort out of their measured quicksteps? You have not even the cold solace of a calm sincerity or the excuse of being in earnest. You have exchanged your individuality for a position as one of the mob.

Suppose you stop trying to keep step in this peripatetic progress? Do not think it necessary to approve the verdict of the majority. Minorities are often more respectable; and that, to you, is much. If you prefer a rag-time ditty on a hurdy-gurdy to a dull opera, have the courage of your opinion. If the flaming hues of a popular artist appear hideous to you, dare to say so. If you do not understand Meredith's prose, and think Walt Whitman an indecent catalogue-maker instead of a poet, admit it without apology. If you have no dinner for your chance visitor, give him a kindly word. Let your house set forth your characteristics, ever remembering that the most artistic people in the world think a room sufficiently adorned provided it contains a branch of cherry blossoms in a vase with fine lines and color. Dress as you like, so that it is within your income.

If you do these things, and others like them, you may find, in the language of the old copy-books, that "virtue is its own reward"; that you have an assured place in a procession in which the best of mankind have ever marched; and you will not envy the weary, bedraggled, insincere worldlings who file by you on the dusty highway.

The Spirit of the Lenten Season.

PRIVATION and abstinence are constituent elements of the Christian life at all seasons; for such a life implies the practice of virtue, and virtue necessarily entails sacrifice. The disorderly affections of the heart are many, and they must be held in subjection and turned from their objects ever and always. If, however, there is one period of the ecclesiastical year when the spirit of self-denial is especially congruous, it is the forty days that commemorate the Holy Fast of Our Lord. Christian abnegation should certainly reach during Lent a higher plane than it occupies throughout the remainder of the year.

Now, the obligation of fasting—the specific mortification that is appropriate to the Lenten season—has in our day become so easily dispensable that there is, perhaps, a danger of our minimizing the importance of exterior mortification altogether. We are apt to insist with exaggerated emphasis on the text from the Prophet Joel, “Rend your hearts and not your garments”; and to leave in absolute abeyance the equally inspired words of St. Paul: “They that are Christ’s have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences.” It is a very easy matter to deceive one’s self as to the genuineness of the rending we give our hearts,—as to the validity of the mortification that is *wholly* interior.

That external works of penance—protracted vigils, fasting, castigation of the flesh, abstinence from perfectly legitimate comforts, control of the senses, etc.—may be carried to extremes worthy of condemnation, is of course undeniable; but the tendency to such excesses in the present age is scarcely so marked that the average pastor need deprecate very frequently the growth of such practices. His time would probably be more opportunely employed in advising his flock to signalize this time of penance by exterior acts that manifest the actual

existence of the self-denial incumbent on all Christians.

It is a truism that, in the matter of doing penance, the sacrifice which costs us most is likely to prove most acceptable to God; and five minutes’ reflection will disclose to any one numerous sacrifices the making of which will in no way injure health or efficiency in the performance of necessary duties. Rising an hour earlier than usual in order to assist at daily Mass, for instance, would no doubt prove a genuine sacrifice to many a person whose bodily well-being would not suffer and whose spiritual health would certainly benefit by the practice. The occasional substitution of religious reading for the perusal of even good novels would doubtless entail a considerable degree of abnegation on the part of many others. Attendance at Vespers and Benediction on Sundays, and at the weekday evening service held in many parishes during Lent, may also rank as an instance of self-sacrifice. “Going around” the Stations of the Cross at least on each Friday of the penitential season, reading the Penitential Psalms on one’s knees, abstaining from some favorite condiment at the dining table, and similar practices, may all prove meritorious works; and, since they are done at the cost of our love of ease and comfort, it is hardly probable that they constitute merely a futile exhibition of vanity.

As a matter of strict justice, there should be some parity between our penances and the sins which necessitate them. If the gratification of our senses has led us to offend God, it is eminently just that we should strive to appease Him by punishing those senses,—in other words, by exterior mortification. Entirely to neglect such mortification is to be palpably wanting in the true spirit of the Lenten season.

AVARICE increases with wealth.

—*Italian.*

Notes and Remarks.

As supplementing what has already been said in these columns on the Indian question, we may observe that in a memorial submitted to the archbishops at their last annual meeting, the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions affirms that "the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Superintendent Pratt, of Carlisle, have publicly admitted the government system of Indian schools to be a failure, and strongly advise that it be entirely abandoned." It is simple fairness to add that neither of the great political parties is in a position to reproach the other with injustice to the Indian. The government appropriations were finally discontinued under a Republican administration, but it was during Mr. Cleveland's term that Congress decreed the gradual withdrawal of government aid to Catholic schools. In the words of the aforementioned memorial: "The Department seems always to make the same mistakes, no matter which party is in power; for along with Morgan and Dorchester we have the unpleasant memory of Hoke Smith and Browning." And further:

When we abandon the Indian schools we virtually abandon the Indian missions. We take from among the Indian people not only the presence of the numerous sisterhoods who teach in the schools, but in many instances the priest also, who ordinarily could not live among them but for the shelter of the schools, from which he, like the Indian child, receives food and clothing, and often nothing more. Hence we take from the Indian the Holy Mass, the Blessed Sacrament and all the sacraments. In many places, even with the schools, the Indians have Mass only once or twice a month, and in some places not more than two or three times a year; but were the schools abandoned, the consolations of Holy Mass and the sacraments would be denied the most unfortunate of all peoples.

"Only by association with the State," writes George Simmel in the *International Monthly*, "has the Evangelical church been able to gain that external

power and stability of which it had need in order to make head against the great political strength of Catholicism." Professor Simmel is a distinguished Protestant savant of the faculty of the University of Berlin; and though, like Macaulay, he feels the greatness of the Church—"It is the most magnificent creation of history," he says,—like Macaulay, he blunders by seeking the mainspring of that greatness among mere human devices. Nevertheless, it is good to have his assurance that, as one effect of Bismarck's "Kulturkampf," the power of the Church, hitherto on the decline, "has since then increased in an extraordinary degree. First of all, the quite unique development of German Catholicism during this time has been decisive. The strong state and national consciousness early in the Seventies induced Bismarck to inaugurate the 'Kulturkampf'; the matter concerned the limitation, through the superiority of the State, of the jurisdiction assumed by the Catholic clergy over the government of the Church, over schools, the marriage and family relations, and so on. As regards the success or failure of the struggle, we are here concerned only with the fact that since that time the Ultramontane party has grown to be a strong, sometimes the strongest, party in the German parliament."

It has been said that every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet whose office it is to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." Certain it is that children recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, darkens the mind, and indurates the heart. Believing that a child is sometimes a teacher whose lessons few can resist, we are constrained to relate, apropos of Lent, an example of charity and self-denial on the part of a little girl which lately came under the notice

of an Old-World correspondent. The incident occurred at Monaco, and we are assured of its being authentic.

A poor family, comprising father, mother, and three young children, were in great distress,—the father being dangerously ill and the household reduced to extreme poverty. The sorely-tried mother had just divided and set before the children a loaf of bread, which was all that the larder afforded, when an old beggar came to the door and asked for something to eat. The situation was briefly explained to him; but before the poor man could turn away, the little girl of eight handed him her portion, saying to her mother: "I can go without supper, and perhaps God will make father strong and well as he was before." The child's charity and self-denial were blessed—how could such a genuinely noble act fail of a blessing! The father immediately began to improve and was soon able to return to work, though he had received the last sacraments. The lesson is worth remembering. We are apt to put too low an estimate on the spiritual understandings of children. Perhaps it is their innocence that renders their capacity of comprehension so great.

Father Russell's sketch of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett reminds an Irish correspondent that Chief Baron Palles, one of the most distinguished Irish judges, claims kindred with the martyr. His mother belonged to the family of the Plunketts of Rathmore, who are descendants of a brother of Oliver Plunkett. The Right Honorable Christopher Palles has been called the Last of the Barons; for this division of the Supreme Judicature has been abolished, and the title of Chief Baron dies with its present holder, who has survived all the barons both of the Irish and English courts of justice. It is noteworthy that all the Chief Barons, since the Act of Emancipation made Catholics eligible for the office,

have been Catholics—Chief Baron Woulfe, Chief Baron Pigot, and Chief Baron Palles. Maziere Brady indeed filled the office for a short time before becoming Lord Chancellor. He was not a Catholic, but his nephew and namesake became a Catholic, and will be remembered for his excellent work in connection with the ecclesiastical history of Ireland after the Reformation.

We regret to chronicle the death of Dr. Frederick George Lee, which occurred at his residence in London on the 22d ult., eve of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin, 'whom from earliest childhood he had striven dutifully to honor.' He had been in failing health for some time, but it was hoped that he would recover and be enabled to complete the reminiscences of which we made mention in our notice of his conversion. The last sacraments had been administered to him shortly after this event, and he passed away peacefully, conscious to the last. By the death of Dr. Lee the world loses a writer of extraordinary industry,—a writer of prose and poetry, an antiquarian and a liturgist. The list of his published works includes upward of one hundred volumes. His career was a remarkable one. It is well known that he had received episcopal consecration, and his long life was devoted to the promotion of union between the Church of England and the Church of Every Land. He was an eloquent preacher, and many of his sermons were on this subject. But he was never so forceful as in his Marian discourses, all of which might have been preached in any Catholic pulpit.

We bespeak the suffrages of our readers in behalf of Dr. Lee, whose advocacy of the Christian doctrine of prayer for the departed was another of his many services to religion. It was a great satisfaction to him to be assured that his "Litany of the Faithful Departed," contributed to THE AVE

MARIA and afterward reprinted among our leaflets, had been a source of comfort and consolation to many who sorrow with Christian hope, and doubtless of untold alleviation to those "who wait in place forlorn and lonely state."

Enter may he through heaven's door,
To walk in white on yonder shore,
Forever, Lord, for evermore!

Miserere, Domine!

Another convert to the Faith in England whose death calls for more than the mere announcement is the venerable Mrs. Allies, the beloved wife of Mr. T. W. Allies, so well known for his valuable works on ecclesiastical history, etc. Like the wife of Dr. Lee, she preceded her husband into the Church; and, like Mrs. Lee, was a devout and fervent convert. A most edifying story might be told of the trials endured by the Allies family in consequence of their becoming Catholics. Few converts in our time have been called upon to make greater sacrifices, and they were for life. As the *London Tablet* remarks in a notice of Mrs. Allies: "On her tomb can be placed no better tribute than the little garland of words placed in bygone years by her now bereaved husband on the dedication page of 'A Life's Decision': 'To my sole partner in these trials, the more helpless and yet the more courageous; the quicker to see the Truth, the readier to embrace it; the first to surrender her home in the bloom of her youth, who chose without shrinking the loss I had brought on her, and by her choice doubled my gain.'"

Passing strange are the doings at present in religious circles, according to the *Lectonia (Ohio) Reporter*:

Rev. Pearson, a good Methodist, denies the inspiration of the Bible; Rev. Parkhurst, a good Presbyterian, gives us a brand-new idea on the immortality of the soul; Rev. Rainsford thinks saloons should be open on Sunday; Bishop Potter has so-called "liberal views" on many questions of the day; the church universal seems dead to spiritual things and alive to worldly affairs. With

her back to the cross and face toward the sign of the dollar, she goes swinging around the circle of the golden calf, hanging on to the coat tail of mammon; having a jolly good time everywhere else but in the house of God. Yes, there are strange doings in religious circles.

The suppleness of what is called "the church universal" will be admired. The *Reporter* is a remarkable paper in its way, one that we never fail to enjoy. The editor has a way of "speakin' right out in meetin'." Leetonia is a place where many railroad trains go by; and if our *confrère* becomes distracted a little now and then, we don't mind it in the least.

The conflict between lectures in arts and laboratory work, according to a writer in the *Athenæum*, threatens to dislocate the old universities if they surrender, or to destroy them if they stubbornly resist. A willingness to make timely concessions has been manifested even by Oxford and Cambridge. Both of these venerable institutions of learning, we hear, "have condescended to the great sham of the so-called University Extension, which allows a herd of poor deluded creatures to imagine themselves partakers of Oxford culture because they attend rhetorical displays on the English poets, and other dilettante criticism administered to them in country towns."

The writer is evidently opposed to the modern movement, for he says:

Modern science is, after all, a narrow pursuit. It turns with disgust from classical lore, from history, from moral philosophy; so that the great old culture given by reading and writing good Latin or Greek prose is called mediæval. Stranger still, it does not recognize pure mathematics as science. Here is another great mental training excluded; for there are plenty of skilled men of science who would not face a simple geometrical problem. Still more fatal to their culture, even in their own department, is the complete neglect of metaphysics, in which they would find all the fundamental problems of the new science of nature discussed with a clearness and an acuteness foreign to mere experimentalists. Theories must underlie all systematic interrogation of nature; and the best summary of all the logical possibilities of the origin of things is to

be found not in modern but in Greek philosophy. These considerations would seem to justify the old universities in standing aloof from the modern movement, except so far as mere theoretical knowledge is concerned. It is urged, however—not without force,—that much greater advances, much more fruitful advances, in physical science may be expected if theory and practice be not dissociated. The more intelligent men of science do profess toleration for the liberal arts, and they do like at least the prestige of the old university education.

Conscientious educators will feel that the *Athenæum* is right. We wish it would undertake to review in the same spirit some of the curious collegiate developments in this country.

At the meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland held at Aberdeen lately, Mr. J. C. Ogilvie-Forbes made a luminous commentary on the epithet "clerical" which weak-minded people fling at Catholics who display a practical interest in the Church. After an eloquent eulogy of the character, learning and devotedness of the priesthood, the speaker said (we quote from a paraphrase in the *Aberdeen Free Press*):

The popular idea seems to be that the Church was governed in the interests of the clergy. This might be the opinion of those who knew our own affairs better than ourselves, but it was not the opinion of the Catholic laymen. They knew that the one solicitude which affected the Pope and all who were placed in authority under him was the well-being of the Christian people. It was for their own sake that the lay folk demanded and supported a supply of clergy. Take, for example, the question of education. There is no subject on which the cry of clericalism and priest-ridden subserviency is more loudly raised. But what are the facts of the case? It was essentially a layman's question, not a clerical one. The priests had no children to educate: the laymen had. It was the interests of lay Catholics—fathers of families—that were at stake. They said they wanted their children imbued with the doctrines of revealed religion along with their other lessons. Their enemies said: "No: leave the doctrines of religion alone, and go ahead with secular instruction." They would not have this,—they were determined not to have this. They did not consider such a thing education at all. It might be instruction, but it was not worthy of the name of education if religion was left out.

They called their priests to their aid to help them to resist this tendency, and to instruct their children in the faith, and they were called clericals for doing so! It is all the other way: the priests ought rather to be called "laicals" for serving them in the matter. The great modern spiritual war in Europe was not only the clergy defending the faith of the people: it was also the laity, the Christian manhood of these countries, struggling to maintain its clergy in its due and proper place necessary for its functions,—its chief pastor as the subject of no human power, and so untrammelled to rule his spiritual kingdom; the bishops and religious orders and priests free as Britons everywhere, and in unfettered intercourse with their head. This was no political programme imposed upon the laity: it was the spontaneous sense of the Catholic body itself inevitably following from the truth which they all believed, it they were or had become Catholics at all—that the body in communion with the Pope was the divinely appointed religion.

The cry of clericalism is a catchword; and there ought to be a dictionary of catchwords, tracing their origin and history and explaining their use and abuse. This sort of philology would be fatal to a good deal of the political and ethical wisdom of the hour. And, come to think of it, a Scotchman could compile that dictionary as well as anybody else. The race has a well-deserved reputation for hard, level thinking, and for strong, clear expression.

Clients of the Venerable Curé of Ars will rejoice to hear of another advance in the "Cause" of their holy patron—viz., a meeting on the 21st ult. of the consulters of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to examine the miracles proposed for his beatification. The venerable promoter of the "Cause" informs us that he hopes for the promulgation of the decree of beatification at latest in 1904. We shall be happy to forward any contributions that may be sent to us to defray the expenses connected with promotion of the "Cause" of the Venerable John Baptist Vianney, who seems always to have had numerous clients among our readers. They have done much for his honor.

Notable New Books.

Gems from George H. Miles. J. S. Hyland & Co.

Three decades have elapsed since the lamented death of the gifted and versatile professor of English Literature at Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland; and in the interval the name and fame of George H. Miles have been, perhaps, unduly overshadowed by contemporary reputations more aggressive if less meritorious. In almost all departments of literature Mr. Miles essayed ambitious projects and frequently achieved notable success. As poet, playwright, essayist, and even novelist, he deserves more general recognition than is, we think, accorded to him. The claim put forth for him by the annotator and editor of these "Gems"—that he is "one of America's greatest poets"—is possibly somewhat hyperbolic; but there is no question that he deserves high rank among the singers just below the greatest.

The purpose of this handsome volume is stated to be the presentation in popular form of a few characteristic selections from Miles' "poems, plays, novels, essays, and orations"; but it will very probably serve the more excellent purpose of whetting the discriminating reader's appetite for the complete works from which the selections have been culled. Three-fourths of the book is poetry, which lends itself to fragmentary presentation more readily than does prose, especially narrative prose. On the whole, "Gems" well merits an honorable place among the books that one picks up for the entertainment and edification of odd half-hours; and the dress in which the publishers present it enhances one's pleasure in lingering over its pages.

Chats within the Fold. By Humphrey J. Desmond. John Murphy & Co.

The note of the successful journalist is "view-ness" rather than breadth or depth in the treatment of matters that must often be dismissed in brief space and excogitated on the way "down town." For this reason the ablest publications, if their opinions were collated and compared month by month by a patient critic, would afford numerous instances of seeming self-contradiction. A mere view is nearly always only a half-truth or a quarter-truth; and on reading these brief papers by one of the keenest of our Catholic journalists, we are tempted after each chapter to add a long footnote indicating the inconsistencies and omissions and inaccuracies that the author himself would have corrected either in conversation or in the comprehensive essay. It is, indeed, a proof of the vital interest of Mr. Desmond's book that it has power to excite

opposition as well as attention. The views here set down may be taken as representing the best lay opinion on numerous subjects of Catholic life and church polity, and as such they can not but have value for both cleric and layman. Few books of its size are so thoughtful and stimulating as this collection of "Chats."

Sermons and Discourses. By the Rev. John McQuirk, D. D. St. Paul's Library, New York.

A fondness for sermons is counted among "the signs of predestination," and the usefulness of spiritual reading has been extolled by all the saints. Hence a volume of sermons, being the direct presentation of the word of God through reading, participates in both advantages. We share Dr. McQuirk's conviction that sermon-books are for the laity rather than for the clergy; and we bespeak success for his efforts "to contribute to the restoration of family reading,—a custom once quite prevalent and productive of so much fruit." His sermons differ from many others that we have examined, in possessing in a larger measure the quality of readableness. They are leisurely discourses on the fundamentals of the spiritual life—the value of the soul, the importance of salvation, worldliness, repentance, faith, the divinity of Christ, the sacraments, the Church, the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, and other themes equally substantial.

The earnestness and fervor of these sermons make them notable among American pulpit literature. We commend the volume to those robust and fervent spirits whose relish for a good sermon has not been destroyed by the daily newspaper.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. By a Diocesan Priest. Cathedral Library Association.

The occasional appearance of such a book as this reminds us pleasantly that devotion to the Holy Ghost is emerging out of the inexplicable neglect into which it had fallen—or perhaps been forced by the pietism that expresses itself in undue devotion to medals and badges and particular weekdays. The discerning will welcome these signs of growing interest in the Holy Spirit as the natural devotional development of an era of transition and disintegration among the sects. An era of conversions must perforce be one of devotion to Him without whom, as St. Paul assured the Corinthians, "no man can say the Lord Jesus."

The author of these nine sermons deserves our gratitude for his efforts to promote devotion to the Holy Ghost within and without his own parish. Lovingly he has labored to make others feel what he evidently feels; faithfully he has traced the external operations of the Holy Spirit—from His brooding over the primal chaos on

through the history of the patriarchs and the chosen people; through the Incarnation, in which He was so closely associated with Our Lady; through Pentecost, the Apostolic labors, the inspiration of the Scriptures, to His abiding presence in the Church and His workings in the hearts of men. In reading this volume it was pleasant to observe that the quotations were almost exclusively from Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and the Councils. We shall be sorry if this book of sermons fails of a cordial welcome.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. A. M. Robertson.

A new book by Mr. Stoddard is always welcome; for it is sure to abound in those delicate shadings of humor and fancy which are his special forte. Some one has described art as the expression of "nature seen through a temperament," and there is no one making books to-day who has the artistic temperament in larger measure than the author of "South Sea Idyls." Insight, imagination, sympathy, universality and sincerity are the qualities most present to his work; and over them all lies a sprinkling of delicious Attic salt that never loses its savor.

In the present volume Mr. Stoddard touches on several themes not expressed in the title,—bits of autobiography like the trip to California and the days of the gold fever, detailing experiences out of the common way; reminiscences of persons and scenes like the story of the Viscountess Yelverton, stranger than anything feigned in fiction; echoes of sheer romping like the account of the California bungalow; and reports of discovery in "A Bit of Old China."

Most of the matter in this attractive volume has already appeared in these pages during the past ten years; but doubtless our readers will enjoy, as heartily as we have done, a renewal of the pleasure afforded by the sketches when they were first published. At any rate, there is always a friend whose everlasting gratitude we may secure by the gift of one of Mr. Stoddard's volumes. To make a book-lover acquainted with the work of this charming writer is to render him a never-to-be-forgotten service.

The Human Nature Club. By Edward Thorndike, Ph. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The sub-title of this work is "An Introduction to the Study of Mental Life"; its author is an instructor in psychology in Columbia University. Its aim is to stimulate the reader to "the scientific study of human nature and intelligence"; and, though technical terms are rigidly eschewed and the easy and unconventional form of dialogue is carried through the book, the volume really amounts to an introduction to the study of psychology. It will naturally be found to be much

more readable than the works of Baldwin, Ladd and James; for it frankly purposes to popularize the study of psychology, and to answer in simple words the questions asked by observant people.

On two questions particularly—the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul—Catholics will not be satisfied with Dr. Thorndike's position; but those familiar with the literature of experimental psychology will find this work at least as acceptable as others on the same subjects. Except on these two topics, the treatment of which we can not praise unreservedly, the book succeeds admirably in its object and will probably be widely read.

Beautiful Women in Art. By Armand Dayot.

Translated from the French by H. Twitchell. 2 vols. L. C. Page & Co.

This is a beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art; and, with its medallion reproduction of Gerard's Madame Récamier on the cover, and its full gallery of the world's famous pictures of women, it appeals to the lovers of beauty both in subjects and artists represented.

In the preface we are told that this book of art and beauty is "a mirror from which are reflected the spirit of the ages, the characteristics of races, the technic of schools, and the ideals of artists." The field chosen is so large that of course each age can be barely touched upon in the compass of two octavo volumes; hence we have a running commentary on the portraits of women, from the entablatures of Egyptian tombs to the works of Whistler and Sargent.

Several statements in connection with Italian art emphasize the avidity with which certain unsubstantiated stories are accepted and passed on as tradition by a certain class. The spirituality of many of the Madonnas spoken of in M. Dayot's pages is in itself an argument against some of the theories advanced as to models; and we regret that the translator—whose work is excellently done—had not the privilege of revising, at least somewhat, this book, which, however useful in a special art collection, can not be recommended to general or home libraries.

The Perfect Woman. By Charles Sainte-Foi.

Translated from the French by Zephirine N. Brown. Marlier & Co.

In these days of much writing and more talk on the "woman question" it is a relief to come upon a work such as this. Though a translation from the French, it contains much which the American women might well take to heart. The subjects are calmly and convincingly presented, and nearly all phases of Christian womanhood are touched upon. The social side of life is not forgotten, and the author's words on worldliness should give pause for thought.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Joe's Fight with a 'Gator.

BY L. W. REILLY.

NOW, Joe, do be careful!" said his mother, as the boy swung an ax over his shoulder and started for the clearing a mile away, where his father was having some woodmen cut down the timber to make way for an orange grove.

"All right, mother!" the boy of fourteen answered cheerily; "I'll take care." Then he raised his cap in a parting salute, and, turning away, trudged through the woods.

The family had moved to Pasco County, Florida, late in the autumn, and it was now winter. The health of the father had broken down in Boston. They found the change delightful in many respects. The balmy air of the pines, the Indian-Summer-like weather, the many days of sunshine, the abundance of semi-tropical fruits, and the cordiality of the other settlers in the colony, charmed them. They were glad that they had made the move, especially as the father's appetite soon improved and a ruddy glow began to mantle his cheeks.

The six children enjoyed the new life the most of all. They raced through the forest, gathered wild flowers, hunted for blueberries, rowed on the lake, and revelled in oranges at two for a cent. The mother, however, who never before had lived outside of a city, and who half imagined that there were Indians or tigers in the wild thickets and vine-tangled hummocks, fretted at the recklessness of the young ones.

"If you were only like the cat here," she said one day, "instinct would tell you what to do."

At this Bunnie, the cat, mewed, as if to say, "That's so!"

For although she was a Boston cat, descended from one of the first feline families of Massachusetts, she had no sooner been brought to Florida than she adapted herself to its conditions. She hunted for birds at night; she ate the tail off the lizards but left them their poisonous body; and she circled around snakes to keep them from creeping away before some one came to kill them; but she knew enough to stay out of the reach of their spring.

"Oh, we're all right, mother!" replied Joe, who thought that, being a big, stout, hearty boy, he at least, and Mary, the eldest girl, had sense enough to take care of themselves.

As Joe tramped through the wire-grass and beside the palmettoes, whistling "Yankee Doodle," he passed a swampy sink that was near a prairie, and he noticed that its mud had been lately stirred up.

"May have been a deer," said he, "or a 'razer-back.'"

A quarter of a mile farther on, where he turned into the road, he was startled at sight of a five-foot alligator. It was the first live one that he had ever seen. It was creeping along in search of water; for the season had been very dry. What was the boy to do? He was loath to run away like a coward. But he had not his rifle with him, and he did not know the habits or the methods of warfare of the 'gator when on land.

Joc had slipped behind a big tree as soon as he caught sight of the animal not twenty feet away. He did not know but it would scent him and chase him. He recalled his mother's words: "Don't be rash and take chances in this strange place; but wait until you

understand life here before you pluck any unknown plant, taste any strange fruit, or try to capture or kill any unusual living thing. You may get poisoned or bit before you are aware that there is any danger." But he was excited by the calmness of the 'gator. He determined to fight it.

These thoughts passed through Joe's mind inside of half a minute. Meanwhile the alligator rested on its journey. It raised its head and looked around a little, first with one side of its head and next with the other. Then Joe stepped out into the road to see what the animal would do when it saw him.

Quickly the 'gator turned around and faced the boy. Joe wished that he had a fence rail, but there was none nearer than the house a half mile away. He looked around for a stout sapling, but only big trees grew near. He was afraid to venture far from the tall pine behind which he had first concealed himself; for he knew not how fast the 'gator could go nor what its method of attack or defence would be. He wished that his father or "Cracker Jim," the hired man, would come to his aid. He hallooed to them, but the wind was against him, and he was too nervous to shout with all his might. Then he watched the 'gator and it watched him.

It was an exciting moment for the Boston boy. His heart beat thump, thump, thump, against his breast, and his breath came quick and hard. He felt faint for a moment, during which it seemed to him that he perceived a rank fishy odor from the 'gator; then his courage came back to him and he grew cool again and more resolute than ever.

As the alligator made no move, Joe gripped his ax and determined to attack it. He made a detour so as to come upon it in the rear; but as he hurried around in a semicircle, it turned to face him. Then the lad resolved to go at it in front. He held the ax up before him ready for a stroke. Cautiously

drawing nearer and nearer, step by step, he watched the 'gator very closely lest it should spring at him and take him unaware. When he was about nine feet off, he made a feint to jump at it, but it did not stir.

Growing bolder, Joe finally rushed in toward the alligator and made a swing with the ax, hoping to bury it in the animal's head. But the 'gator drew back just enough to escape, and then, quick as lightning, it swung itself around on its feet and struck Joe with its tail. It hit him on the right side. Fortunately for him, he was getting away when the blow came, and only the very tip of the tail touched him. Otherwise his ribs would probably have been stove in or his backbone have been broken; then it wouldn't have taken long for the 'gator to eat him. As it was, the boy got a pretty bad bruise and was knocked sharply against a tree.

"Oho, old man!" he said, as soon as he had caught his breath and found he was not badly injured. "That's the way you play your game, is it? Now I know you: I'll watch out for you."

The 'gator looked as meek as a lamb, quite unconscious of having done any harm; but it had gotten into position once more and was again facing Joe. The boy moved in as near as he safely could; next he carefully measured the distance that his arms and the ax could carry; finally, with a hurried stride and a quick stroke he sank the weapon into the head of the 'gator. The animal gave one shiver and was dead.

Joe was jubilant. He hallooed again with a shout shriller and more prolonged than before, and after a few moments his father and "Cracker Jim" came running toward him.

"What's up?" they cried.

"I am," he answered laughingly. "I've killed a 'gator."

They came to where he was and looked at the carcass.

"It's a wonder it didn't kill you,"

observed "Cracker Jim." Then he added: "It's an ugly big fellow,—that's what it is. I wouldn't a-dared to go for it with only an ax."

Now that the fight was all over, Joe felt his hurt worse than ever. In the excitement he had not minded the pain. A half-hushed groan escaped him.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" anxiously inquired his father.

"Yes, sir, a little. It struck me with the end of its tail."

Joe was in such distress by this time that his father and the hired man made a "cradle" of their hands and carried him home. Mary ran out from the house to meet them, but when she saw Joe's dim eyes and wan face she began to cry.

The boy lay in bed for a week. His side was black and blue where the 'gator had struck him. If the blow had not been a glancing one, there would have been a funeral.

Joe's mother nursed him sedulously. But when he had improved and was able to sit up, she thought it a duty to say to him:

"You know that you disobeyed me, Joe, when you attacked that alligator. If you had been killed by it, what misery your death would have caused us all! What a bad example it was for the younger children!"

"Please don't say another word, mother!" he pleaded. "I know I did wrong. I'm sorry. I won't do anything of the sort again."

"Very well, my son," she answered. "I'll take your word. But don't fail to beg God to forgive you too."

He promised; and, as his parents thought that he had been more than sufficiently punished, that was all that was said or done about his act of disobedience.

Joe's father was very proud of the lad's pluck. It is not every fourteen-year-old boy, "tenderfoot" or not, who would attack a five-foot 'gator. So

the father chopped off the head of the animal and buried it. After some weeks he dug it up and extracted the teeth. Three of them he sent to a jeweller in Jacksonville and had a set of cuff buttons and a scarf pin made out of them for Joseph.

From that on the boy began to be called "Alligator Joe."

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—WINIFRED'S TREASURES.

The room into which Winifred led me was a model of neatness. The curtain upon the window, the cover upon the small bureau were of snowy-white; and the counterpane upon the bed was blue-and-white patchwork,—a piece of art in its way.

"Granny did it all herself before she got blind," Winifred explained. "It was for my mother; but my mother never came here, and so I got it."

She handed me a chair as she spoke,—a high-backed, stiff wooden one, evidently of rustic manufacture; and, mounting upon another chair, she reached to the top of a rude wardrobe, or press, which stood in the corner. Thence she brought down a deal box, which she placed carefully on the floor, seating herself on a low stool beside it.

"I'll give you three guesses what is in there," she said, looking up at me with her bright smile.

"Your three guesses remind me of Portia's three caskets," I answered.

Winifred shook her head slowly. Evidently her knowledge did not extend to Shakespeare.

"Portia's caskets sound pretty," she remarked; "but I don't know what they are."

"I must tell you that pretty story sometime. Her suitors were so many that she declared that only he who chose the right casket should win her. Each

suitor had to guess. The first of those caskets was gold—”

“Oh, you knew before!” interrupted the girl.

“Knew what?”

“I don’t understand how you could have guessed so quickly.”

“But I have guessed nothing,” I said. “I only mentioned that the first casket was of gold.”

“Oh, I thought you meant to tell me in that way that you knew what was in my box!” Winifred explained.

I stared and she suddenly withdrew the cover. My eyes were almost dazzled.

“There is gold in my box,—real pure gold,” said the young girl.

And gold there was, amazing both in quality and quantity.

Winifred saw my astonishment, with innocent triumph.

“Look at that!” she said, detaching from the mass of shining metal a crown, which she held up for my inspection. While I looked she drew forth several other articles, all of peculiar make but of dainty and delicate design, some more richly wrought than others. There were collars, brooches, rings, bracelets,—thin bracelets, such as were worn in the olden days by kings and warriors.

“My dear,” I said, “this is wonderful—like some Irish edition of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ I feel as if I had got into the cave of the Forty Thieves or some such place. Where on earth did those things come from?”

“I can’t answer questions,” Winifred said; “but I wanted you to see them, they are so beautiful and so very old. Occasionally I take them out to play with them.”

“Costly playthings!” I murmured. “And since they are so old, how did they come to be so bright?”

Winifred grew red as she explained:

“Somebody polishes them with stuff to make them bright, but you mustn’t ask who.”

“But, my dear child, I ought to tell

you that I know who has given you these things,” I said gravely.

The flush faded from the girl’s face, leaving it very pale.

“Ah, I must have betrayed his secret, then!” she cried. “He trusted me and I was false!”

“You have not done so intentionally. I was in the wood one day when you were given a bracelet—”

“Oh, that was the day you fell down! I thought you hadn’t seen the bracelet, because you never spoke of it,” Winifred said, in such real distress that I was only anxious to comfort her.

“You need not be afraid. Since you trust me so far as to show me these beautiful things, you may also believe that I shall keep the rest of the secret.”

“That is different,” observed Winifred. “He told me never to tell where I got these things; and now Granny Meehan found out, and you found out too.”

“My dear,” said I, “there is one thought which occurs to me, and which I must put in words. Bring your stool over and sit near me.”

She did so, her dark curls almost resting on my lap.

“My thought is this. How does the person who gives you all these treasures procure them?”

She shook her head.

“You promised not to ask questions!” she exclaimed.

“Nor am I asking any which I expect you to answer,” I said quietly. “But are you sure that these ornaments are honestly come by?”

Winifred sprang to her feet, her face crimson as upon that day when I had made the blunder about Granny’s sight.

“For shame!” she cried,—“for shame! How could you think of such a thing? Niall, who is so good and who is giving his whole life for one purpose!”

I did feel unaccountably ashamed of myself.

“You must remember that I do not know Niall,” I argued.

"Do you think evil of people without even knowing them?" Winifred cried impetuously. "If that's the way they do in America, I don't want to go there, and I won't go there."

"It is the way of the world, as you will find when you are older," I replied somewhat sharply; for I was vexed at being put in the wrong by this child. Having been treated with deference by all about her since her infancy, she knew little of the respect due to those who were older; and only such religious training as she had received from Father Owen, with an innate sense of propriety and a natural courtesy, prevented her from being that most objectionable of beings—a spoiled, selfish child.

I saw that Winifred was already ashamed of her vehemence, and I pointed to the stool at my feet.

"Sit down again, little one," I said, "and let me finish what I have to say; for I think it is my duty to speak out."

She obeyed in silence, and after a brief pause I went on:

"This is how it all appears to me, or would appear to any one of experience. The man Niall seems poor, leads a strange, solitary life, and yet he gives you articles of great value. There is, to say the least of it, a mystery as to how he procures them."

Winifred said not a word, but sat still with downcast eyes.

"And, since I am upon the subject," I added, "I may as well tell you that he is not, in my opinion, a suitable companion for you."

"Not a suitable companion!" the girl repeated, raising her eyes to my face in astonishment. "Niall, who has taught me nearly everything I know! Why, if it had not been for him I should have been as ignorant as Moira. I love him as if he were my father."

"He has taught you a great deal that is wild and visionary," I argued. "You know nothing of the realities of life. You are content to lead this

wandering, aimless existence, when life has real duties, and, as you must find, real cares and sorrows."

This reproach seemed to touch her; for, with one of those strange flashes of intuition, she seemed at once to catch my meaning.

"But how can Niall help that?" she cried. "He has been very kind to me. He told Granny to teach me my prayers, and took me to Father Owen himself so that I could go to confession and make my First Communion; and he spends his whole life working for me. What should I do without him? I have no one else except dear old Granny, and she is blind."

There was something so pathetic in the way all this was said that, almost involuntarily, the tears came into my eyes. I began to realize that the man had done and was doing his best for the child, but his best was not sufficient; and, sitting there beside that heap of now disregarded treasures, I formed the resolve, in spite of all difficulties, to take the child with me to America. She might return later to be the guardian spirit of this old house and to repay Niall and good Granny Meehan for the devotedness with which they had watched over her childhood. But she must first acquire that knowledge of the world, the real world of her own day, in which she was now so deficient.

There was little reason to doubt from her appearance that she was indeed, as Granny Meehan had said, of a fine old stock. Therefore she must be educated as a lady. I should try, if possible, to solve the mystery concerning her parents; and then I should take her with me to the great country beyond the seas, where the wildest dreams are occasionally realized; and where, at least, there is opportunity for all things. I knew, however, that this would mean diplomacy. If I were to broach the subject to her just then, she would probably refuse to come. I must first

win her; and I must gain the confidence of Niall, if that were at all possible. He would understand far better than this child of nature the advantages of a journey to the New World and of a good education there.

"I wish you knew Niall!" Winifred said, with a suddenness which startled me,—it was so like the echo of my own thoughts.

"I wish so too!" I replied fervently.

"But it is very hard. He does not like strangers; and he seems to dislike people from America most of all."

"That is very unfortunate!" I said, laughing.

"Yes," assented Winifred. "Still, he might like some of them very well—if he knew them."

She said this with the utmost simplicity. I did not tell her that I was going to seek Niall's acquaintance; for I feared she might warn him and he might disappear, as was his wont from time to time, or take other means of preventing me from carrying out my purpose. I told her, instead, that I must be going; that I had had a most delightful day and was charmed with her castle and her legends.

"How grand it must have been when it was a real castle," she said; "and when there was an abbey near by, with a church, and the monks singing! It was one of the race who founded that abbey, in thanksgiving for having been saved from great danger."

"Ah, those were the days of faith!" I exclaimed. "And whatever evil the people did they repaired it nobly by penance and by the great monuments they built up."

As we turned to leave the room I asked Winifred:

"Are you going to leave all these valuable things here?"

"Why, of course!" she answered in surprise.

"Can't you ever lock them up?"

Winifred burst out laughing.

"Lock them up!" she said. "Why should I do that?"

"To save them from being stolen."

"As if anything was ever stolen here! I can assure you there isn't a robber in the whole countryside."

"Why, that is as wonderful as your treasures!" I exclaimed, as we went in to where Granny Meehan sat, as usual, placidly by the fire, a great cat purring and rubbing its furry sides against her gown. The animal fixed on me that glance of grave scrutiny with which these feline creatures appear to read one's whole history, past, present and to come; after which she arched her back and lay down near the hearth.

Winifred walked down with me a piece of the way, after I had said farewell to Granny Meehan, who had heard my glowing praises of the castle with flushed cheeks, down which stole a tear or two of pride. When we were parting, Winifred remarked wistfully:

"I think, perhaps, Niall and I are different from any other people. But it's no use trying to change us: we shall always be the same."

(To be continued.)

Railroading Terms.

Railroading terms in England and America differ very widely. The English would speak of shunting a train: we term it switching. Freight trains they call goods trains; coaches are carriages; conductors are guards; engineers are drivers; trucks are boggles; and freight cars are wagons. The British always say station instead of depot, and in that they have the better of us. Rails they call metals, and tracks permanent ways. They do not get their tickets at a ticket office, but at a booking office; and the smokestack of the locomotive is to them the chimney. A railroad man going from one country to the other finds that he has to learn an entirely new set of phrases about his business.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The first English translation of the proceedings in the trial of Jeanne d'Arc will soon be published in London. This peculiarly interesting record, covering the whole period of the life of the Maid, has long been accessible to those who read French, but until now has never been rendered into English.

—In Augustine Birrell's new book, "Essays and Addresses," occurs this sentiment: "Let no man deny to the Church of Rome one of the notes of a true church—the capacity to breed saints." We shall have more to say of this volume in a subsequent number.

—We are very glad to notice a marked improvement in the form as well as in the arrangement of the contents of the American edition of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. The supplement dealing with home missions is an excellent feature. We have always maintained that if this publication were carefully edited and attractively published, it would be very widely read.

—Sir James Paget and Louis Pasteur are eulogized as typical men of science in an article which Eliza Priestly contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*. We quote the concluding sentence: "In common with Sir James Paget, Pasteur was deeply religious; and it is interesting to know that both of these great men, the one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic, felt that God was revealed to us through science."

—To be frank, we do not like *Out West* as a title so well as the *Land of Sunshine*; however, the magazine edited by Mr. C. F. Lummis would be welcome under any name he might choose to give it. Other recent changes in our Californian contemporary are decidedly improving, and no doubt we shall become accustomed to its new title. Men of Mr. Lummis' character and ability are not too common in editors' chairs. If there were magazines like his published in Chicago and New York we should expect to hear of the speedy suspension of numerous other monthly periodicals.

—For the last ten years a large publishing house in Stuttgart has been attempting to popularize in Germany translations of the best-selling English and American novels. The attempt is now frankly acknowledged to be a failure. But even German novels have never enjoyed in the Fatherland anything like the enormous sales in this country and England. "Among new novels of the best authors," says a German publisher, "an edition rarely reaches 10,000 in the course of the first and second years." In view of the well-known fact that the Germans are the great reading nation

of the world, it is hardly necessary to suggest that their devotion to works of science, philosophy and history accounts for their comparative abstention from fiction.

—Little, Brown & Co. announce a new book by Mary Catherine Crowley, the inspiration of which was an old diary detailing the story of the siege of Detroit by the Indians under the Ottawa chief, Pontiac. This interesting manuscript became the basis of Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac." Miss Crowley has woven into her romance several historical incidents that have come to light since Parkman wrote his brilliant volume.

—One of the most surprising literary phenomena of this decade is the popularity of Mr. Booker T. Washington's autobiography, entitled "Up from Slavery." It has been translated into French, German, Spanish and Hindoostanee, and arrangements have been made for a version in Finnish. Quite recently Mr. Washington received a letter from Beirut, from which we extract the following sentence: "I feel there is at present a revival of learning among the Arabic-speaking people, and for my countrymen's benefit I ask the privilege of translating your autobiography into Arabic."

—In the work of a university professor—a professor of the University of Chicago not excepted—one expects breadth and depth of view, not merely a collection of well-known *facta* and exceedingly doubtful *dicta*. Yet this latter is what Prof. Shailer Mathews has given us in his recent work on "The French Revolution," (Longmans, Green & Co.) His prejudices against the French character could hardly be stronger had he always lived among enemies of the French and never learned how to read. One chapter of his book dealing with the clergy of France before the Revolution is especially exasperating, and suggests the demagogue appealing to the mob rather than the dignified professor of history. The work is a series of lectures to students of the University of Chicago; and one gets the impression that they must have been delivered in a loud, strident voice, striving to make itself heard above the winds that blow so fiercely along the shores of Lake Michigan. We have sometimes praised the work of Prof. Mathews, but of the present production we must say, Hysteria not history.

—A remarkable book entitled "England and the Holy See" has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. The author is an Anglican rector, the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A., who is known to us chiefly by his efforts to popularize in the Anglican

body the Catholic method of catechising. Father Vincent McNabb, O. P., to whom "advance sheets" were sent by the author, extracts from the work twenty-eight propositions which he publishes in the *Dolphin*, and from which we select these as having special importance:

That it was to the Church, regarded as one, that Our Lord vouchsafed the promise of His presence.—That the enterprise of Reunion is therefore genuine, since its purpose is divine.—That a divine ideal must be capable of fulfillment.—That as a matter of history no other form or principle of government has been able to come near the Holy See in its power to keep together in the bond of a living fellowship so many thousands of Christians.—That the communion of Rome is conspicuous in the records of Scripture ("I thank God that your faith is spoken of throughout all the world") and appears at once unique and conspicuous in the subsequent records of the Church.—That the See of Rome is the Apostolic See and is destined to become the visible centre of Christendom.—That Rome is, in fact, the mother of English Christianity.—That Reunion, for the English Church, signifies Reunion with the Church of Rome.—That England can not formally remain as she is, except so far as she is infallible. That Rome can not formally cease to be what she is, since she claims to be infallible.

Spencer Jones also acknowledges the Primacy of Peter; and Lord Halifax, who contributes a preface to the work, seems to share the same conviction.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
 Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
 The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
 Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
 In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
 Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
 A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
 The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
 Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

- George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.
 Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
 Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
 A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Maunix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in hands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

- The Rev. S. Gesualdi, diocese of Brooklyn; and the Rev. W. F. Dunphy, diocese of Trenton.
 Sister M. de Chantal, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Madeleine, Sisters of Mercy.
 Mr. L. J. Stich, of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Peter Gorham, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. John Dunphy, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. W. V. Sullivan and Miss M. E. Sullivan, Providence, R. I.; Dr. Frederick George Lee and Mrs. T. W. Allies, London, England; Mr. Joseph Burke, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mr. John Creighton and Mr. B. Martin, Galena, Ill.; Mr. James Duffy, Cambridge, Mass.; Mary W. McCarthy, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. M. P. de Guine and Mr. Charles McDonnell, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Chapoton and Mr. P. C. Fitzmaurice, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Moses Redmond and Mrs. J. Downing, Camden, N. J.; Mr. John Escher, Braddock, Pa.; Miss Cecilia Gaitley, Middletown, Conn.; Mr. Joseph Gardner, Calumet, Mich.; Mr. Michael Crumican, Elginfield, Canada; Mr. William Geary, New Haven, Conn.; and Mr. Peter Baker, Escanaba, Mich.
Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I, 48.

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At Rest.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THEY found her at rest,
 Her Rosary on her breast,
 And a smile upon the lips that had been sad;
 On that beautiful old face
 Of sorrow not a trace;
 And they wondered mid their weeping, and were glad
 When they laid her to rest,
 The cross upon her breast,
 And the lilies that she loved in their bloom,
 They were happy through their tears,
 After all the lonely years,
 That in Jesus' loving Heart she had room.
 Long, long she is at rest,
 And the sod above her breast
 Is greener than any grassy mound,
 In that place where mourners weep
 And the blessed lie asleep,
 And Death's holy silence doth abound.

The Premier of Patron Saints.

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

COMMENTING on the natural tendency of a panegyrist to indulge in somewhat exaggerated language, a humorous critic once said that the greatest of saints is always that one whose festival is being celebrated. In applying to St. Joseph the title of this paper, the writer is possibly laying himself open to the charge of an extravagant use of superlatives; but the charge, if made, is one very easily refuted. Among all the beatified citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem to whose

names we prefix the epithet "saint," what one attained while on earth a dignity so great, or presumably wields in heaven an influence so potent, as the foster-father of Jesus, the head of the Holy Family?

The virginal spouse of St. Joseph, the Queen of all the saints, is of course incomparably the highest, greatest, most powerful and most perfect of created beings; but, while we habitually speak of her as our heavenly patroness, we instinctively recognize that the difference between the Blessed Virgin and patron saints in general is a difference not of degree but of kind. In her case we omit the prefix by which we distinguish the ordinary elect; and, for the very reason that she is the most eminent of saints, never speak of her as "St. Mary." Not even the prestige of Cardinal Newman, who occasionally wrote of our Blessed Mother under this title, can prevent its jarring with annoying dissonance on the normal Catholic ear.

The Immaculate Mother of God apart, then, St. Joseph has distinct and scarcely disputable claims to pre-eminence among that great multitude, which no man can number, standing before the throne, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. Even the Precursor of Our Lord, of whom the Saviour Himself pronounced the magnificent eulogy, "Amen I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist,"*—even he, it would

* St. Matt., xi, 11.

seem, must yield the palm of excellence to that glorious patriarch who was eternally predestined to the transcendent dignity of a ministry that likened him to God the Father Himself, inasmuch as it entailed his exercising the functions of spouse of God's Mother, and father of God's Son. Christ's eulogy of St. John affects his rank among prophets rather than among the whole army of saints, as is clear from St. Luke's version of Our Lord's words: "Amongst those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist." And it is to be remarked that Our Lord immediately added: "But he who is lesser [least] in the kingdom of God is greater than he."*

The testimony of this same Evangelist, St. Luke, that Jesus was "subject" to St. Joseph, is of itself sufficient definitely to settle in most minds the question of our saint's precedence; and the peculiar honors paid to him by the Sovereign Pontiffs of modern times are calculated to establish that precedence beyond all reasonable cavil. Even three centuries ago so great a theologian as Suarez did not hesitate to say: "I do not regard as either rash or improbable, but rather as pious and verisimilar, the opinion which holds that St. Joseph surpasses all the other saints in grace and beatitude; because to my mind there is nothing either in Holy Writ or the Fathers that is contrary to this opinion." Had Suarez foreseen the marvellous expansion of the devotion to St. Joseph which has signalized more recent years, had he been prescient of the unique honors to be lavished upon him by Pius IX., it is scarcely doubtful that the Spanish theologian would have qualified the opinion in question as certainly true.

It may, perhaps, be objected to this view that theologians of the sixteenth century—or, for that matter, of any

previous century of the Christian era—had as ample data on which to base their opinion of the relative superiority of Mary's spouse as we have to-day. The inspired narrative of the Evangelists gives no fuller biography of St. Joseph to us than it gave to the Christians of the fourth century, when the canon of Sacred Scripture was finally settled; and of course no honors that the Church awards him at all affect the genuineness of his antecedent merit. He was as great and as powerful in Suarez's time as he is in ours. True; but his greatness and power were then far from being so manifest as they have since become. The cumulative evidence of his protection increases with each successive year; and one reason why the consensus of Catholic thought declares him first among patron saints is the excellent one that his clients receive as the result of his intercession more striking favors, spiritual and temporal, than follow the invocation of any other saint in the calendar.

The history of the devotion to St. Joseph which has assumed such extraordinary extension in our day is merely the record of the true and logical development of an idea that is as old as Christianity itself. The Gospel's characterizing Joseph as "a just man," and its adequate, if brief, account of his Heaven-directed career, made it inevitable that his name should occur to Christians just as soon as the general principle of the cultus of the saints took definite shape in the great body of their religious belief.

As explanatory of the rise and progress of the special cult of our saint, Cardinal Newman's exposition of the process of development in living ideas is helpful: "Let one such idea get possession of the popular mind, or the mind of any portion of the community, and it is not difficult to understand what will be the result. At first men will not fully realize what it is that moves them, and will express and explain themselves

* St. Luke, vii, 28.

inadequately. There will be a general agitation of thought, and an action of mind upon mind. There will be a time of confusion, when conceptions and misconceptions are in conflict, and it is uncertain whether anything is to come of the idea at all, or which view of it is to get the start of the others. New lights will be brought to bear upon the original statements of the doctrine put forward; judgments and aspects will accumulate. After a while some definite teaching emerges; and as time proceeds one view will be modified or expanded by another, and then combined with a third, till the idea to which these various aspects belong will be to each mind separately what at first it was only to all together. . . . In proportion to its native vigor and subtlety, it will introduce itself into the framework and details of social life, changing public opinion, and strengthening or undermining the foundations of established order. Thus in time it will have grown into an ethical code, or into a system of government, or into a theology, or into a ritual, according to its capabilities. And this body of thought, thus laboriously gained, will, after all, be little more than the proper representative of one idea; being in substance what that idea meant from the first — its complete image as seen in a combination of diversified aspects, with the suggestions and corrections of many minds, and the illustration of many experiences.”*

By means of just such a process as is here described has devotion to the prince of patriarchs, who is the connecting link between the saints of the Old Testament and those of the New, grown from the tiny grain of mustard seed which we may discern in the first century to the mighty tree beneath the shade of whose great branches the whole Catholic world seeks shelter and repose. True, the development of his cult assumed

notable features only in the modern era; but, after all, Pius Ninth's proclaiming St. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church, in the nineteenth century, is nothing else than the logical outcome of the spirit that led Gregory of Nazianzen, in the fourth, to declare that “the Lord has combined in Joseph, as in a sun, the splendor and light possessed by all the other saints together.”

Among the more eminent of our saint's clients and the most assiduous propagators of his cult, during the past three centuries, may be mentioned St. Teresa and St. Francis of Sales; also Popes Gregory XV., Urban VIII., Benedict XIII., and Pius IX.; the last of whom, as we have seen, practically set the seal of papal approval on the opinion which Suarez quoted, and, by choosing St. Joseph as the Church's special protector, confirmed the popular verdict that Our Lady's spouse is truly the premier of patron saints. In the formation of that verdict, in bringing Catholic minds to an adequate conception of St. Joseph's merits, no one person probably was more influential than the first of those whom we have named above — St. Teresa.

How many a half-despairing heart has felt the glow of reawakening hope on reading Teresa's assurance that she does not remember ever to have asked of St. Joseph a favor which she did not obtain! “It is something marvellous, the recital of the graces of every kind with which God has overwhelmed me, and the perils bodily as well as spiritual from which He has delivered me, by means of my well-beloved saint. The Lord seems to have accorded to each of the other elect the power of aiding us in certain special necessities; but our saint, as experience proves, can assist us in all necessities; our Saviour wishing us to understand thereby that, as He was submissive to Joseph while on earth in all things, He desires even in heaven to condescend to all his desires. . . . If any

* “Development of Christian Doctrine,” p. 37.

one finds it difficult to believe me, I beseech him to make the trial for himself, for the love of God. He will learn by experience how advantageous it is to recommend one's self to this glorious patriarch and to join the ranks of his devout servants."

Innumerable souls did make the trial for themselves, and each successive client who proffered his earnest petition to him whose praises St. Teresa sang became in turn a zealous upholder of the patriarch's unvarying kindness and an ardent apostle of his beneficent cult. To mention even the most striking favors recorded in the annually increasing store of Josephian literature would be as impracticable within the limits of this article as, in all probability, it is unnecessary. Comparatively few Catholic families nowadays are without some members who have personal knowledge of St. Joseph's mercy and the certainty with which his petitioners are heard and assisted.

That a saint so uniquely privileged as was the master of the Holy House of Nazareth should be selected as the special patron of various classes of fervent Catholics is only natural; and accordingly we find him invoked with peculiar insistence by different categories of the faithful. He is proposed, in the first place, as the patron of the clergy; and the congruity of the choice is manifest. "Look at the parallel," says Father Faber, "between St. Joseph and the Catholic priesthood. Was he the steward of God's house? So are they. Was he the dispenser of God's gifts, as the Church calls him? So are they. Was he the keeper of the Bread of Life? So are they. Did he handle, carry, lift up and lay down the Body of Jesus? So do they. If Jesus was subject to him, so is He, and even more wonderfully, to them.... What are Exposition, procession, Benediction, Communion, locking and unlocking the tabernacle, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, but

so much imitation of what Joseph did to the Child Jesus?"*

Equally patent are the reasons why our saint has been chosen as the special patron of carpenters, and, by extension, of the artisan class in general. Very little reflection on the diverse circumstances of his career is needed to explain, in addition, why he is invoked with singular and appropriate confidence by Christian spouses, by teachers of the young, by religious Orders, and by souls given up to the interior life. To dilate upon the advantages necessarily accruing to each of these classes from a tender devotion to our saint would lead us far beyond the bounds of a single article; yet room must be made for some few reflections on the peculiar fitness with which St. Joseph has been named patron of fathers of families, and, above all, patron of a good death.

The Christian family is the nucleus of Christian society, and upon the excellence of its government depends in a great measure the essential happiness or misery of the world at large. "Father" is a word of no slight significance. It imports both a great dignity and a serious burden. From one viewpoint, what can be more sublime than to share with God the function of paternity, a blending of power and love,—a function that gives existence to intelligent and immortal beings like ourselves! Yet, on the other hand, what grave responsibility is implied in the charge of bringing up children, of enamoring their young hearts of virtue, preserving them from the assaults of evil,—conducting them on that road to heaven, at the terminus of which our common Father awaits fathers and children!

It is not a mediocre virtue, says St. John Chrysostom, to rear children well, to know how to attach them to God's service, to confirm them, from their entrance into life, in the practice of the

* "The Blessed Sacrament," p. 187.

Commandments. "If great rewards," he goes on, "are to be expected for parents thoroughly imbued with the principles of a Christian education, how severe also will be the punishment of those who ignore or contemn these principles!" As head of the family, the father is the more responsible of the parents; he is, in fact, answerable for the conduct not only of his children, but of his wife as well.

Now, St. Joseph, in his quality of spouse of Mary and foster-father of Jesus, most admirably acquitted himself of the twofold function confided to him by the Heavenly Father. Docile instrument of the divine will, endued with incomparable rectitude and humility, filled with a tender and self-sacrificing love for the dear ones dependent on his care, he devoted himself wholly to the assurance of their well-being, consecrated himself to their service, even while he exercised over both Mother and Son an authority as mild as it was genuine. In one important respect, indeed, his charge was far less onerous than is that of the ordinary father: he had not to superintend the moral training of Jesus or take measures to ensure the virtuous conduct of Mary. His exemption from this responsibility which weighs so heavily on other heads of families would seem to furnish an additional motive for his being particularly propitious to Christian fathers, to whom he presents a perfect model of faith, fidelity, devotion, patience, gentleness, charity, courage, and constancy. Happy the parent who seeks to reproduce in his household the distinctive features of the life of the Holy Family at Nazareth; and thrice happy if in the effort he secures the powerful assistance of St. Joseph.

Antedating, in all probability, the invocation of our saint by any other title, is the immemorial custom of appealing to him as the patron of a happy death. In this character he merits the special homage, not merely of a

particular class of the faithful, but of every individual member of the Church militant. This form of devotion to him sprang naturally from the circumstances of his own supremely happy departure from this life, supported as he was by the encircling arms of Jesus and Mary; and from his character of foster-father of our Sovereign Judge,—Him whose decree will fix, irrevocably, our eternal destiny. Numerous confraternities—established, or at least approved, by bishops—have been organized for the propagation of this particular devotion in every Catholic country of the world, and Pope after Pope has enriched them with indulgences; while signal favors, procured through the manifest agency of St. Joseph, have confirmed these pious associations and fortified the faith of their members.

The moment of death is, indeed, the critical moment in the career of every mortal. All one's previous existence is, we may say, only a preparation for that supreme moment; and nothing seems more probable than that the enemy of our salvation will then be especially active in his endeavors to fill us with disquieting thoughts, to trouble the tranquillity most favorable for the chances of our soul; to turn us aside from confident appeals to God's mercy, and to tempt us, by the vivid portrayal of our manifold transgressions, to sink into the profoundest abysses of despair. Then, if ever, shall we need the assistance of Heaven's most powerful agents, the compassionate upholding of God's kindest ministers. Let us, while yet our mortal career is running, secure the certain aid, at that dread hour, of a protector from whose benignant glance Satan will retire discomfited and baffled. By daily begging St. Joseph to procure for us the grace of a holy and happy death we enlist in our behalf a power of intercession second only to that of Our Lady, and never ineffective when addressed to Mary's Son.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

THE village of Tópia lies far and high in the Sierra, occupying a position so impregnable and almost inaccessible that it is easy to believe the tradition that it was once a stronghold of robbers, before its rich mines were discovered and the present stern rule of law and order began in Mexico. The cup-shaped valley in which the town nestles is surrounded on three sides by immense, cliff-crested, almost precipitous heights, which tower above and curve around it like the walls of a mighty amphitheatre. On the single side where these walls open, the mountain shelf drops sharply and sheerly to the quebrada a thousand feet below, down which pours its tumultuous river, and up which in the season of the rains come vast masses of clouds from the Pacific Ocean, a hundred miles away, that envelop Tópia in their white folds, as they strike the sides of the great mountains which enclose it. A wilder spot, one with a note of more absolutely savage grandeur, does not exist on the face of the globe. And yet it has a note of beauty, too, which stirs the imagination and sinks into the heart with a charm so irresistible that he who has once felt the spell of its majestic forms, and feasted his eyes on the aerial loveliness of its tints, can never quite be satisfied in other and tamer scenes.

So Isabel Rivers was thinking, as she sat on a heap of ore in the patio of the Caridad mine and looked at the picture before her. It was a very comprehensive view which her position gave; for the Caridad mine lies in the heights which close the northern end of the valley. And as she sat in front of the rough arch of the horizontal tunnel which leads into the workings of the mine, the whole valley was spread with panoramic

distinctness at her feet, its stupendous mountain wall sweeping around in splendid curve on each side. Passing over the town of single-storied houses, where the graceful belfry of the church formed the only salient feature, her gaze dwelt on the one bit of distance in the scene—a vision of farther heights robed in azure, which were to be seen through the gateway where the encircling ramparts opened to form the walls of the quebrada lying so dark and deep below. It was a glimpse of celestial softness and beauty, in striking contrast to the stern grandeur of the tremendous cliffs, the mountains, rent and torn and standing as it were on end, which formed the immediate foreground of the picture. Almost unconsciously she murmured aloud some familiar lines:

The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love
Which had no need of a remoter charm.

Some one laughed, and she looked around quickly. The Mexicans at work in the patio—men bringing out ore, boys seated in groups on the ground breaking and sorting it—were all before her, and it was certain that none of them had laughed; so, turning, she glanced upward. A steep path came down the mountain above the tunnel, from some upper workings of the mine; and along this a young man in dirt-stained clothes was descending rapidly. A finishing run by the opening brought him to her side. Then he laughed again. It was Thornton.

"I heard you spouting Wordsworth," he said, "and I couldn't but laugh to think how much one stands in need of a remoter charm—in Tópia."

"Speak for yourself," she returned. "I don't think Tópia stands the least in need of a remoter charm. And I wasn't 'spouting': I was simply thinking aloud, not knowing of any irreverent listener near by."

"I'm not irreverent," he protested. "My attitude toward both yourself and Wordsworth is reverence itself. But, honestly now, you must admit that, however picturesque it may be, there are a few things lacking here, even though we do sit

—on the hills, like gods together,
Careless of mankind."

"It seems that spouting Tennyson is allowable, though spouting Wordsworth is not," she said, with gentle sarcasm. "And it certainly isn't at all true to say that you are 'careless of mankind.' I never saw any one more visibly pining for an atmosphere of five-o'clock teas and golf and theatres, and—and all such things."

He threw up hands and eyes together.

"I call the gods—not ourselves, but the real gods—to witness that I am incapable of pining for a five-o'clock tea, although I say nothing about golf and theatres. I frankly confess that I have a social as well as an artistic side to my character; whereas you—"

"Well?"—as he paused. "Is it the social or the artistic side that my character lacks?"

"Your character lacks nothing, absolutely nothing, which goes to make perfection. I was only about to remark that your social side is at present in abeyance, while you are all alive on your artistic side—fascinated by the novelty of the scenes and life around you."

"What would I be made of if I were not fascinated by such scenes? I don't envy the person who could look unmoved on that"—she indicated the wide and wonderful picture before them,—“or who would not be interested in the people living under those roofs down there."

He looked doubtful.

"I grant that one might search the world around and find nothing grander in the way of scenery, if grandeur consists in precipitousness," he said. "But for the people—don't you think that human nature is pretty much the

same under whatever roofs it exists?"

"Oh, human nature!" she answered impatiently. "Of course that is the same; in other words, these people love and hate and hope and fear and suffer just as we do. Those things are elemental. But what differentiates human nature are customs, manners, habits, and the mode of expressing elemental feeling. *That* is what I find interesting under those roofs."

"It's evident that you must find something, else you couldn't give so many hours as you do to these Mexican women, who are to me most uninteresting."

"That is probably because you don't know enough Spanish to talk to them."

"The trouble in our conversations is not want of language, but want of topics. We have, as sentimental people say, 'nothing in common.' In self-defence most men under such circumstances are driven to making love, but that I never do."

"Never?"

"If you are trying to entrap me into a stale quotation, I decline to be entrapped. If you mean to cast doubt on my assertion—why, hello, Lloyd!"

The tall, sunburnt man who had entered the patio with the careless air of one who finds himself in a spot with which he is thoroughly familiar looked quickly around at sound of his name.

"Ah, Thornton!" he said, putting out his hand. And then, uncovering at the sight of the figure rising from the ore-heap: "Miss Rivers! this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Not an unexpected pleasure to find me in Tópia, I hope," she said, smiling; "else you must have forgotten our journey up the quebrada."

"In Tópia, not at all," he replied; "but in the patio of the Caridad."

"Oh, Miss Rivers is immensely interested in mining!" Thornton informed him. "If she continues on the course she has set out upon, she will soon be

qualified to take charge of the Caridad."

"Which simply means," explained the young lady, "that I walk up to the mine every afternoon for the sunset, that I have once or twice been taken in the tunnel, luxuriously seated in an ore-car, and that I have been trying to learn to distinguish the different grades of ore."

"It's perfectly wonderful how much she has learned about ores," Thornton remarked.

"I should be very much ashamed," said Miss Rivers, "if I had not brains enough to acquire the rudiments of a knowledge which these"—she waved her hand toward the group of boys engaged with rapid dexterity in breaking and sorting the ores—"have thoroughly mastered."

"It isn't so much a question of brains as of training," said Lloyd. "But I see that I must congratulate the staff of the Caridad on at least one important accession since I left it."

"Yes, Miss Rivers is most important," Thornton declared. "She is the element of civilization. We don't know now how we ever existed without her."

"Very easily and very agreeably also, if I may judge by the stories told of the era before my reign," said Isabel. "You are all like certain savage tribes of which one has heard—you submit and profess to appreciate the rule of law and order, but in your hearts you remember and regret the days of freedom, lawlessness and disorder."

"The Gerente must answer for himself," Thornton went on. "It's possible that he may be pining for a return of the arbitrary rule of 'Doña Guadalupe,' as the *mozos* with bated breath called the cook; but for the rest of us, I don't think we are ungrateful for the blessings of Providence. What those blessings are, Lloyd, you can't figure to yourself till you enter the Company house."

"I can figure a little," said Lloyd. "I observed clean windows and lace

curtains as I walked up the road a few minutes ago."

"Clean windows!" said Miss Rivers. "You mean that you observed, with astonishment, windows at all. There were not any when I came, only great doors, which of course, if one wanted any light, had to be open in all weather."

"I'm sure you remember how we used to enjoy dining in overcoats buttoned up to our chins, with a fog as thick as Doña Guadalupe's soup pouring in through the open doors," Thornton reminded him. "We have changed all that. Dinner has become a social function, with flowers, evening clothes—"

"Don't believe such nonsense, Mr. Lloyd," said Isabel. "I hope you will come and see for yourself just how civilized we are. And meanwhile here is papa at last."

Mr. Rivers emerged as she spoke from the tunnel, accompanied by a young Mexican who was foreman of the mine. The Gerente at once observed his former subordinate.

"Hello, Lloyd!" he exclaimed, with the extremely tempered cordiality of the Anglo-Saxon. "Where do you come from?"

"From the Sierra," Lloyd answered comprehensively, as they shook hands.

"From the Sierra, eh? And what have you done with Armistead?"

"He is at this moment down at the *meson* in Tópia. We reached there an hour or two ago; and I left him endeavoring to repair the ravages of several days' hard riding and forest camping, while 'a spirit in my feet' led me up the old path to the Caridad."

"Well, you'll find the mine in pretty good shape. In the San Juan shaft—you remember it?—we've struck splendid ore. You must go in and look at the vein to-morrow. Meanwhile we are just going home. You'd better come with us."

Lloyd being of the same opinion, the group left the patio and strolled over

a road which ran along the side of the mountain, with two or three hundred feet of steep descent below it and at least a thousand feet of sheer ascent above, until it turned and took its boulder-strewn way down into the village. The shadow of the western hills had fallen over the valley, but sunlight still touched with gold the great cliffs cresting the eastern heights. The exquisite freshness which always comes with the close of the day in Mexico, and especially so in these wonderful Alpine regions, filled the air; forest fragrances were borne from the deep defiles of the hills; and all over the high, mountain-girt valley a charm of remoteness and repose seemed breathed like a spell.

"And so you are just from the Sierra!" Miss Rivers said presently to Lloyd, when her father and Thornton paused to speak to some miners belonging to the night-shift whom they met going up to the mine. "I am disposed to envy you. I have such a longing to climb that mountain wall"—she looked up at the great, sunshine-touched escarpments—"and see the wonders that lie beyond!"

"They are really wonders of beauty and grandeur," he assured her; "but the country is so wild and untrodden that only a genuine lover of Nature should venture into it. Any superficial enthusiasm would soon wear off under the discomforts and perils which abound."

"I hope I am a genuine lover of Nature. I have never found my enthusiasm wear off under discomforts and perils. On the contrary, the farther I have gone into any wilderness the happier I have been. I don't think I should prove unworthy of the Sierra."

"Then climb the mountain wall; the Sierra will welcome you. It will give you glades to sleep in that you will feel it a sacrilege to enter; and, having entered, a hard necessity to leave. It will shade your way with the noblest forests you have ever seen; it will lead you

through cañons where no ray of sunlight has ever pierced; it will show you views so wide that you will wish for the wings of a dove to fly out over them; and it will give you pictures to carry away so beautiful that you can never forget them; and, thinking of them, your heart will burn with longing to return to the wild, green solitudes, so high, so remote, so free from the presence of man."

She looked at him, her eyes shining with a light which had not been in them before.

"I knew you could talk of the Sierra if you would," she said. "How you love it!"

"And so I believe would you. Therefore I bid you come."

"I will. I am now more than ever determined to do so. Have I told you, by the by, that Doña Victoria, before we parted, asked me to visit her?"

"I congratulate you on a triumph. I am sure that you are the first gringa whom Doña Victoria has ever asked to cross her threshold. And it is a threshold worth crossing. She has built herself a veritable castle—for the Sierra."

"You have seen it?"

"I was there a few days ago."

"How interesting! Why did you go? But perhaps I should not ask."

"There is no reason why I should not tell you that I went with Mr. Armistead on business." He hesitated a moment, then added: "It was not a business of which I approve, and therefore my part in it was simply that of an interpreter."

Miss Rivers was silent for a moment, and glanced over her shoulder to see how far the others were behind, before she said:

"You can't imagine how surprised I was when papa told me, after we reached home, who Doña Victoria is—the daughter of Mr. Trafford of San Francisco."

"It must have surprised you."

"It did more than surprise—it shocked me deeply. Of course, having been

brought up in California, I have grown accustomed to meeting divorced people, and to seeing all the dreadful consequences of divorce—broken families, new households, children whose parents have each made other ‘marriages.’ Oh, it is horrible! And, quite apart from any question of religious morality, everyone of the least refinement of feeling must shrink from it with disgust. But what I was about to say is that, accustomed as I am to divorcees, they have always been between people who were both anxious to have the tie broken; but papa says that he has heard that this poor woman—what is her name?”

“Doña Beatriz Calderon.”

“Pretty, isn’t it? Well, that she was sent away to these remote mountains because—poor soul!—she was homesick, and in her absence divorced without her knowledge.”

“It is perfectly true.”

“And the man who did this thing has not only built his fortune on her property but continues to hold it.”

“Again perfectly true. And not content with what he already holds, he is trying to obtain more. It is now, or soon will be, a matter of public knowledge that he is claiming the Santa Cruz Mine.”

“The Santa Cruz! O Mr. Lloyd! Why, I have heard papa say that it is the richest mine in the Sierra.”

“If you know Mr. Trafford, it is hardly necessary for me to point out that *that* is reason enough for his claiming it.”

“But he is so wealthy—millions upon millions, people say that he has!”

“The appetite for millions grows with their possession, you know. Probably Trafford’s wealth is exaggerated. Certainly he has use for it all; and he sees no reason why the woman whom he has thrown out of his life should be enjoying the revenues from even one of her father’s mines.”

“Oh!” Language was inadequate to express Miss Rivers’ sentiments. She

clenched her hands into two small white fists. “When I think that I have been in that man’s house, that I have walked over his carpets and sat on his chairs and accepted his hospitality, I hate myself,” she declared presently,—“or at least I feel as if I stood in need of some kind of purification. And will he succeed?—will he get the mine?”

“Not if Doña Victoria can hold it, you may be sure.”

“Ah, Doña Victoria! Yes, I am sure she will fight for her own and her mother’s rights. What is she going to do?”

“Sit tight, as our British friends would say, on the Santa Cruz, I think. There’s nothing else for her to do.”

“And what is he going to do—Mr. Trafford, I mean?”

“I must refer you to Mr. Armistead for that information. I told him when we left the Calderon hacienda that I would help him no further, either directly or indirectly, in the matter; and so I am not in his confidence.”

“Yet you are still with him?”

“In other business. We are taking hold of some mines together.”

Miss Rivers walked on meditatively for a moment. Then she said:

“I must know what he is going to do. I want to put Doña Victoria on her guard.”

“It is very good of you,” said Lloyd with a smile; “but I don’t really think that Doña Victoria needs to be put on her guard. She is a very wide-awake young woman.”

“But they say in California that no man—no trained business man—is wide enough awake to be able to ‘get ahead of Trafford.’ I’ve heard that over and over again. How, then, can a Mexican girl hope to do so? No. We must find out what he is going to do and let her know.”

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea certainly. But I don’t clearly see how we are going to find out without asking Armistead;

and of course in that case one couldn't violate confidence."

"You are a man, Mr. Lloyd," said Miss Rivers, pityingly; "and I suppose it is only natural that a man should not know how to make another man talk without directly asking anything, or being bound to consider anything confidential. I will find out from Mr. Armistead what he has been ordered to do; and I only want to know if I can depend on you to help me, if I need your help. I may not need it at all, but if I do—may I call on you?"

"I am at your command absolutely for any service you may require," Lloyd replied with unhesitating promptness; although he could not but smile to think how he had already pledged his service to Victoria in almost the same words.

(To be continued.)

The Beggar's Feast.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE Holy Father's feast is spread
Within his halls at Rome,
And grandly to the table's head
His lords and prelates come;

While over all the Pontiff old,
In robes of baudekin,
Upon his ancient chair of gold
Is slowly carried in.

"Ho, steward," cried the Pontiff then,
"Come hither unto me!
I bade thee fetch us twelve poor men,
Yet thirteen here I see!"

"Most Holy Father, grace I pray,"
The steward knelt in fear;
"I brought but twelve, as for to-day
You bade me welcome here."

Quick turned the trembling Pope around:
"Good Fathers, Princes, Lords,
Are there not thirteen beggars found
Now seated at our boards?"

The Princes merely arched their eyes;
The Cardinal-Patron spoke:

"His Holiness would deign surprise
His household with a joke?"

The Pontiff shook his head for nay:
"By Lady Mary, now,"
He cried to one, "grim beggar, say,
I charge thee, who art thou?"

He saw the stranger raise his head
And throw his cowl aside;
The face was grinning as the dead:
"The Judas," he replied.

"And dar'st thou then, accurséd one,"
The Pope cried out in rage,
"To come so near the sacred throne
Of Christ's high vicarage?"

"Nay, I have sat," the beggar spoke,
"At holier feasts than thine,
Whereat Rabboni blessed and broke
The wondrous bread and wine."

Then drew the cowl upon his head
And paid no further heed.
The Pontiff crossed himself and said:
"So must the feast proceed!"

They sought the vision every side,
But fruitless was their pain,—
That night the trembling Pontiff died:
Thus closed a troubled reign.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

I.—BOYHOOD, YOUTH, CONVERSION.

IT may safely be asserted that to the majority of American Catholics the name of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle is practically unknown. Even to those who have some slight acquaintance with it, the mention serves but vaguely to recall Newman, Pusey, Froude, Faber, Manning, and others through whom the famous Oxford Movement became the centre around which revolved the newly-awakened religious thought of England in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. But many of our readers will now learn for the first time that Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle had already been a Catholic several years when the Oxford Movement began to stir England with a mighty force and upheaval unknown since the unfortunate period of the Reformation.

He came of an ancient and noble race. The De Lisles were descended

from Fitzazor, a knight who landed with William the Conqueror, and was rewarded for his valor in arms by a considerable grant of land in the Isle of Wight; hence the name *De Insula*—*De l'Isle*, or *Lisle*. Ambrose's mother was of French origin, tracing her descent from the Ducarels, a Huguenot family who sought refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

He was born at Garendon Park, one of the estates of his father, Charles March Phillipps, on the 17th of March, 1809. His mother died when he was only three years of age; but his father, who was a most loving, careful and exemplary parent, did all that was possible to supply her place in the heart and education of his son. He received his first religious instructions from his uncle, the Rev. William March Phillipps, a zealous High Churchman.

In 1818, when he was nine years old, he began to attend a private school at Croxton, kept by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson. Later he was sent to another school near Gloucester, where his uncle by marriage had recently been appointed bishop. The boy spent his Sundays and holidays at the palace, enjoying all the privileges which fell to his lot as nephew of the learned and pious incumbent.

And it was while attending this the Maizemore Court School that his mind first began to be disabused of its errors regarding the Catholic religion, which he had been taught to look upon as heathenish and idolatrous. Thither came daily, in the capacity of a teacher of the French language, the Abbé Giraud, a venerable *émigré* priest, one of the many victims of the Revolution who, driven into exile and scattered in thousands throughout England, by their patient endurance of misfortune, refined bearing and high moral character, did much to dispel the prejudice which had existed against priests and religious since the days of the Reformation.

Ambrose was attracted at once by the

saintly Abbé; and it was his resigned and dignified bearing which first caused the boy to wonder how so good and conscientious a man could be an "idolater." However, previous to this time he had doubts of some of the assertions made in his presence against Catholics. It seems almost incredible in these materialistic twentieth century days that so young a child should have serious thoughts on the subject of doctrinal religion; but we have De Lisle's own declaration that he was hardly seven years of age when he began to wonder why, if the Catholic Church were so full of error, Protestants should, in the Apostles' Creed, proclaim their belief in it.

Having asked one of his aunts to explain this, she replied that "Catholic" meant all true Christians of every sect, and it did not refer to any particular church. This did not quite satisfy him. He reasoned that in the time of the Apostles there could have been only *one* Christian church, and he knew that at that period the Protestant church did not exist. Later, having further inquired of his aunt if Protestants were *certain* that Catholics were wrong, she answered that it would be only in the next world that any one would be able certainly to pronounce upon the truth or falsity of matters of faith. This aunt, however, must have been a charitable soul; and to this kindly tolerance may be attributed the continued generous uncertainty of the boy with regard to the Church of which he knew so little, yet speculated so much. A more positive mentor might have forever silenced the spirit of inquiry which possessed him.

After this time his mind did not dwell with any persistence on the subject, till the advent of the Abbé Giraud into his life once more aroused thoughts and opinions which the intervening years had held in abeyance. Hardly had he made the acquaintance of the holy Abbé

than he began to think: "And is it possible that this good priest, so amiable and gracious in his manners, who seems so pure and holy, *can worship graven images?* Is it possible he can believe that any man *can give permission to commit sin?*"

As soon as he had the opportunity, he went to the Abbé and plied him with all sorts of questions, which were answered satisfactorily. Then he learned that the Church, far from encouraging idolatry, hates and detests it; that with her there is no forgiveness of sin without repentance and a firm resolution of amendment. At the same time the Abbé informed him that by examining the Book of Common Prayer he would find, in the chapter on "The Visitation of the Sick," that absolution was also recognized by the Church of England.

Greatly surprised at this, when a few days later he went to spend some little time with his uncle, the Bishop of Gloucester, Ambrose at once bravely began to question him about the doctrine of absolution. He had previously examined the Prayer-Book and had seen therein these significant words: "I absolve thee from all thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The bishop did not deny that the doctrine was held by the Church of England. Whereupon Ambrose, nothing daunted, though little more than eleven years of age, expressed his wonder that it was not generally taught by the clergy, who, on the contrary, appeared entirely ignorant of its truth and even loudly condemned it.

After the Abbé had been teaching for some time at the school, Ambrose went one half holiday, with some companions, to pay a visit to the little chapel where the pious priest officiated. It was his first sight of a Catholic church, and he was deeply impressed by what he saw, though everything was of the humblest description. The holy water in a marble vase near the door filled his soul with

delight. "What a significant ceremony! How calculated to impress the mind of the devout Christian with a sense of that purity and holiness which he ought to bring with him to the house of God!" The altar; the crucifix and the vestments, the order of everything in the chapel, seemed to him symbolical of the Almighty Being in whose honor they had been established. Passing along the aisles, he saw a prayer-book in one of the pews. He opened it and read a prayer for the Pope, in which the grace of Almighty God was earnestly supplicated for His representative on earth,—something entirely different from what he had been led to believe was the idolatrous and blasphemous attitude of Catholics toward the Sovereign Pontiff. Such were the impressions made upon the sensitive yet logical mind of the young student by what he now learned of the Catholic Church; yet at this time he had not the most remote idea of entering her pale.

Not long after this Ambrose went, with his father and sister, to Paris, where he took great pleasure in visiting the churches and became interested in the Catholic ritual. On his return to Garendon he persuaded the Rev. Mr. Allsop, Vicar of Shepshed, to adopt a cope, showing him that it was according to the canons of the Church of England. He also had an altar made for the church like those he had seen in France; and as soon as it was erected placed a cross upon it, the first planted upon a communion table in the Established Church since the Reformation. From the time of his meeting with the Abbé Giraud he had entirely dismissed from his mind the Protestant version of the veneration paid by Catholics to images. While in Paris he was deeply touched by the reverence paid to the crucifix, and by the piety of the people, rich and poor, kneeling in the churches side by side, oblivious to all around them.

At this period he was endeavoring

to school himself into the belief that the "Catholic Church of England" and that of Rome were sisters, who could be made to walk side by side in Christian harmony, as regards unity of essentials in belief and minor points of usage and celebration. But, the eyes of faith once opened, many things appeared significant which before had no meaning. Ambrose began to be very much interested in everything relating to the *Primitive Church*, which, however, he soon found identical in all essentials with that of the present day. Purgatory was one of his stumbling-blocks, until, having attended a meeting at Gloucester held by the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he heard several ministers assert that the ancient Hebrews held the doctrine of purgatory. If such be the case, he reflected, it is not, then, as I have been told, an invention of the Catholic Church. Consequently, he reasoned, it must be true, as we do not anywhere in Scripture see that our Saviour rebuked it as one of the corruptions of the Pharisees.

Meantime those most interested in his temporal and spiritual welfare had taken alarm at his persistent inquiries and arguments regarding the Catholic Church. His tutor, Archdeacon Hodson, put into his hand several treatises by learned Anglican authors, which, though filled with specious reasoning, made no impression on his mind. And now the grace of God began indeed to knock at the door of his heart, and soon it gave him no peace either night or day. The difference between truth and error became so clear to him that there remained only the final decisive step to be taken. His conversion was hastened by a remarkable dream in which Our Lord seemed to reproach him with not having fully complied with the light he had received. This decided him. We do not know precisely how it was brought about that Canon McDonnell, the good priest who baptized him, had, in those

timorous days, the courage to do so in the face of every obstacle; but on the 21st of December, 1825, Ambrose Phillipp de Lisle became a member of the Catholic Church. He was baptized in the cottage of a poor Irish pavior near Loughborough; the nearest chapel being fifteen miles away.

Having at once informed his preceptor, Archdeacon Hodson, of the fact, that good man, naturally indignant, wrote to the father of Ambrose asking him to remove the boy from the school immediately, as he was "already trying to pervert his young companions"; though his conduct in every other respect was entirely satisfactory. This request was complied with by the not unreasonably irate father. Ambrose was placed under the tuition of a Mr. Wilkinson, who began to prepare him for the University, and with whom, by command of his father, he attended the Holborn church every Sunday; without, however, taking any part in the services. This defection from the Protestant religion, while it sorely grieved the father, does not appear to have at all affected the friendly relations which had always existed in a peculiarly tender manner between him and his son.

Later on, Ambrose being ready for Oxford, he applied for admission at Oriel College. There were no vacancies, which was a great disappointment to father and son. "And," writes his biographer, "it was something more. Had the zealous young convert to the Church been brought into close contact with Newman at Oriel in the years 1827-28, when men's minds were in a religious ferment, what effect might not his zeal and enthusiasm have had in precipitating the early beginnings of the Oxford Movement! At all events, Phillipp de Lisle, the future leader of the Corporate Reunion movement between the Churches of England and Rome, would have formed one of that band of earnest young men who worked with Newman,

then Fellow of Oriel. There can be no question that the zealous young Catholic must needs have come into frequent conflict at Oriel with Hurrell Froude—who was too much addicted to the vehement denunciation of ‘the wretched Tridentines,’—if not with Newman himself.” But the Fates ruled otherwise. He was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met the celebrated Kenelm Digby, the only Catholic at Cambridge besides himself; and the two men formed a close friendship which lasted through life.

Together with a few fervent Anglicans these young men anticipated at Cambridge the spirit of religious inquiry which was soon to distinguish Oxford, tearing asunder its most hallowed associations, uprooting its most carefully guarded traditions. In the discussion of Catholic doctrine, De Lisle, then and always hopeful for the reunion of the two Churches, was careful to dwell more on points of contact than of difference. The fervor of these two young converts was in itself an apostleship. They were obliged to ride twenty-five miles every Sunday to hear Mass; and rare indeed were the occasions when they did not perform this solemn duty fasting, as they seldom omitted their weekly confession and Communion. Unfortunately, on one of these journeys De Lisle caught a severe cold. His lungs, always weak, became affected and he was obliged to leave college at the early age of nineteen. For several years after this he spent the winters in Italy for the benefit of his health.

While in Rome he took great delight in visiting the churches. At this time he also made the acquaintance of Father Dominic, the Passionist, who was later to be identified with him and the Rev. George Spencer in the union of Universal Prayer for the Conversion of England. Mr. Spencer—a sketch of whose life is already familiar to many readers of THE AVE MARIA,—while still

a zealous clergyman of the Church of England, was introduced to Ambrose de Lisle in the year 1829. Curiosity to see one so intelligent, with every advantage of birth and education, who could yet so readily have been “seduced into error,” was the first motive that animated Mr. Spencer in seeking to become acquainted with him. Mutual pleasure was the result of the meeting; the enthusiasm and sincerity of De Lisle making a great impression on the Protestant clergyman, as did also a letter which the young man addressed him a short time afterward. Later, after several discussions and friendly meetings, Spencer, suddenly and entirely illumined by the light of faith, at once renounced his living and became a Catholic, and later a Passionist. It may truthfully be said that he was the first of a long series of converts led into the Church by Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.*

As has before been observed, his aim was, in all cases, not to point out, with the rigid inflexibility of many enthusiastic converts, the multitudinous errors of the Protestant church, but to prove, by bringing before the minds of the English people at large, as well as those individuals who had already begun to search after truth, how the essential points of difference were fewer than is commonly supposed. Once in the frame of mind to see this dispassionately, he held that the rest was comparatively easy. When the Rev. George Spencer had followed the bent of his mind and entered the community of the Passionists, where, as Father Ignatius of St. Paul, he became known and distinguished as the indefatigable worker and holy mis-

* In order to prevent any confusion in the minds of readers to whom the subject of our sketch has been known as Ambrose Phillipps only, it may be desirable to state here that the name of De Lisle was assumed by his father on the death of the only surviving representative of the De Lisles, of whom he was a nephew. In his turn, on inheriting the family estates, Ambrose also assumed the family name.

sionary, the two friends followed these lines of labor in the good cause as nearly as their different positions in life would allow. Their attitude with regard to Protestantism in the Established Church was shared to a very great extent by Cardinal Newman, frequent mention of whom will be made in this narrative. Many were the links of sympathy and friendship between him and Ambrose de Lisle, who, more perhaps than any other of his friends, understood the holiness and honesty of his soul, the simplicity of his motives, the absolute integrity of his purpose.

In a letter written to De Lisle in 1864, to thank him for his appreciation of the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Cardinal Newman observes:

"The mixture of good and bad which makes up the Protestantism of England is a great mystery. He alone whose infinite intelligence can understand the union of the two can also dissolve it and set the truth and right free. But if any human agency is to be made His instrument in any part of the work, surely it must begin by acknowledging, not denying, what Protestants have in them as coming from the one source of all right and holiness. Certainly, to my own mind, one of the most afflicting and discouraging elements in the action of Catholicism just now on English society is the scorn with which some of us treat proceedings and works among Protestants which it is but Christian charity to ascribe to the influences of divine grace."

Nearly forty years have passed since those words were penned, and in some respects the situation is yet unchanged. True, converts are entering the Church by hundreds now where they came only by tens in the strenuous days after the Oxford Movement had set its mark for all time upon the religious history of England if not of the whole world. Still, it would be more becoming in

Catholics to extend a helping hand when they may, and to preserve the silence of charity when they should, than to smile with an air of superiority at the sincere efforts of our separated brethren in striving, albeit lamely and blindly, after the precious heritage of faith forfeited by their forefathers hundreds of years ago. Grace and truth are stirring in their hearts. Far better to assist the struggle by prayer and encouragement,—holding inflexibly to what is ours alone, yet giving them the benefit of what they share with us in common; so that the inevitable outcome may be hastened, and that it may not be retarded through any failure of ours to lead them to where we are safely gathered and where they fain would find shelter—that fold where there is but one Lord and one Shepherd.

(To be continued.)

A Hasty Judgment.

BY MARY CROSS.

NANCY drew from a morocco case a slender gold chain glittering with pearls, and held it up with an air of dissatisfaction.

"This is Uncle Edward's present to our stall," she said. "It's a great deal more than I expected from the cranky creature. No doubt he gave it because he knew we should have some difficulty in finding a purchaser. Who on earth buys jewelry at a bazaar? I would rather have had hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned Mrs. Wilson; for there was danger of the individual thus obliquely censured being within earshot, and on no account must he be offended.

Years ago Edward Wilson had gone to America young and poor; he had returned middle-aged and rich, on which latter account alone his widowed sister received him with open arms. That she and her children would eventually reap the harvest of his toil and thrift she did

not for a moment doubt, arguing that there was no one else with any claim on him. Whilst he toiled she had ignored the very fact of his existence; but she fondly hoped that her later policy would obliterate her past, and also appear to him in the light of absolute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call on those O'Briens," she remarked,—and Bernard, her good-looking, good-humored son, suddenly bent his head over the cat stretching scooping paws to the warm blaze. "He met them at church the other day, and, it seems, recognized a former acquaintance in the old man. Anything to please him, of course. They might give me something for the bazaar, too."

"Oh, you can't take up people like that!" declared Nancy, crossly. "What do you know about them, except that they are hopelessly shabby? Uncle Edward's early acquaintances were not very choice, if all accounts are true. I dare say the girl has been deliberately flung in his way, for reasons sufficiently obvious."

"Heigh-ho for the charity that thinks no ill!" said Bernard. "Come, Nancy, you should be glad of the opportunity of doing a double kindness—pleasing Uncle and breaking, if ever so slightly, the monotony of Miss O'Brien's life. I should have made her acquaintance long ago if I had been a girl."

"Then thank goodness you are not!"

"That is exactly what I have been doing ever since I knew her."

"Pray when or how did you come to know her?" asked Nancy, sharply and suspiciously.

"In my own sweet way, through the medium of a treacherous 'bike.' She and her father came to my assistance when it played me false. You can take my word that, shabby or not, she is a thorough little lady."

"If so, why don't you introduce her to me?"

"If you must have the truth, my

pretty Nancy, it is because you can be so intensely disagreeable to people you don't like, and I feared she might think it a family failing," he replied; which retort rang down the curtain, so to speak.

By "those O'Briens" Mrs. Wilson meant a fragile old man and his pretty daughter who lived on the borders of "villadom" in a most secluded and unpretentious style. That they had known better days was apparent to the most superficial observer. They were certainly not in Mrs. Wilson's set; but at present her energies were devoted to the promotion of a bazaar, and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall that she was disposed to extend temporary patronage to any possible contributor. Into the O'Briens' case there now entered the stronger motives of humoring Edward and of circumventing any designs Nellie O'Brien might have on him. Therefore a few days later Mrs. Wilson called on them; she informed Miss O'Brien that all the bazaar gifts and fancywork would be on view at her house on a certain day, and she graciously invited the girl to come and inspect them.

"I can't help it if you are annoyed, my dear," she said, on confessing this crime to Nancy. "Mr. O'Brien gave me a donation, and it would have been very mean of me not to invite his daughter as well as the other ladies."

"You are playing right into the O'Briens' hands, mother,—that's all. You know very well why they want to get a footing here."

"Hadn't you better chain up Uncle Edward?" suggested Bernard. "It might be more prudent to secure him in some way whilst Miss O'Brien is on the premises."

To which Nancy, who was at least thorough in her prejudices, answered:

"I shall not be at all surprised if some of our valuables do disappear."

On the appointed day Mrs. Wilson's

friends and acquaintances gathered to inspect the future contents of her stall, which were displayed to fine effect in her drawing-room—overflowing tables, chairs and cabinets, and even dangling from the curtains. Tea was served; “the small talk and the kettles hummed in tune.” But after the hostess’ hurried hand-shake and perfunctory “Pleased to see you!” no one had paid much attention to Miss O’Brien. Nancy ignored her; the rest of the company did not extend their courtesy beyond a casual remark. She was left stranded, whilst a tide of conversation, unintelligible and therefore uninteresting to an outsider, flowed through the various groups. True, Uncle Edward gave her a kindly nod, supplemented by a smile that was positively beautiful in its tenderness; but he was never at ease in a fashionable crowd, and on this occasion he was further handicapped by an inability to distinguish between poker-work and crystal. Thanks to Mrs. Wilson’s adroitness, he was soon safe behind a barricade of bedspreads and cushions. From this retreat he beheld his nephew enter the room and make his way to Miss O’Brien’s solitary corner, with a happy expectancy in his dark eyes that revealed much. Uncle Edward’s brown hands closed fast upon each other; his half-cynical, half-humorous expression subsided into a sad sternness.

After the departure of the guests, Mrs. Wilson remonstrated with Bernard for having, as she said, singled out Miss O’Brien for special attention.

“Well, really, mother, I did not intend the spectators to think me more than ordinarily polite. It may be that their incivility threw my civility into rather prominent relief. Miss O’Brien seemed to be in quarantine, and I thought that a display of fearless composure on my part would reassure the others and induce them to address her.”

“It’s nothing to joke about, Bernard. I am very seriously annoyed with you.”

“I am seriously distressed if that is so, mother; but I don’t see why you should be.”

“It is neither right nor proper to compromise a girl so very far your social inferior by meaningless attentions which she is sure to misunderstand, and which expose her to very unkind criticism.”

“Now I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself,” chimed in Uncle Edward.

Bernard looked from one to the other with a touch of defiance.

“I am sorry if I should be the cause of the scandal-mongers of the neighborhood using Miss O’Brien’s name as a peg on which to hang their gossip,” he said; “but I am not sorry for this opportunity of declaring that I hope one day to make her my wife.”

Mrs. Wilson gasped; Nancy sneered; from Uncle Edward proceeded a sound whereby a laugh entered partnership with a groan.

“What are you going to marry on?” he asked. “Your expectations?”

“Well—yes, my expectations; or, to be exact, my *faith* that Providence will preserve my health and strength so that I can continue to work as I am doing, and harder if need be, for the girl I love. Of course I understand what you are hinting at, Uncle Edward; but you must pardon my saying that you are too tough to die within a reasonable period; and even if you were not, it does not follow that you would leave your money to me. Why should you? I am quite capable of making my own way in life, I assure you; and I can say without vanity that Nellie likes me for myself.”

“So far as I am concerned, there will be nothing else that you can be liked for,” said Edward, dryly. “I never had the most remote intention of leaving my money to you.”

“We shall not be worse friends for that, I hope,” said Bernard, cheerfully.

"It certainly does not make me other than I am; and such as I am she has chosen me."

Mrs. Wilson was sobbing hysterically, declaring that the foolish boy was ruining all his prospects for sake of a little nonentity—when Nancy, who had been covering the more delicate of the bazaar trophies with tissue-paper, her attention scornfully abstracted from her brother's love affairs, gave a sharp cry and turned round, her face quite pale with excitement.

"I knew something unpleasant would happen!" she exclaimed. "There has been a thief amongst us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone!"

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, aghast.

"Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in this box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice.

"You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis:

"I believe our *servants* to be quite above suspicion, mother."

"And are not your guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled.

"I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that that valuable chain would be a source of temptation to—a poor girl in want of a trousseau."

Bernard was as pale as his sister.

"Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien you insult me," he said.

"That is your business," she answered angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatsoever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the

commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard.

"I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain."

"There!" cried Nancy, triumphantly. "Uncle Edward sides with me!"

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,' Nancy," he said; "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard my young niece express her preference for hard cash, and her doubt about finding a purchaser; so I thought I would help her out of the difficulty. If she hadn't been in such a hurry to accuse the absent, she would have discovered my cheque in the box in place of the trinket. Your stall will not lose by the transaction."

"I consider that you have played me a very mean trick," said Nancy, hotly.

"I might have given you the cheque openly, I admit; but I had some vague idea of sparing your feelings. And I thought that on finding the cheque you would grasp the situation without a verbal explanation, and be rather pleased about it. I intend to give the chain to Miss O'Brien, if I may do what I like with what is my own, twice purchased."

"Really, Edward, you can be most offensive," said Mrs. Wilson, violently fanning herself.

"Then I will try to be pleasant. By way of beginning, let me congratulate you on your son's immediate prospect of becoming engaged to my heiress."

"What?" she half screamed.

"That,—what I have said. All my worldly goods will one day be Miss O'Brien's; and part of them on her marriage, in payment of an old debt. If there is any good in me, if I have persevered and prospered, the thanks, humanly speaking, are due to James

O'Brien. That is why I asked you to be kind to him. When I was a lad I was turned out of my stepfather's house on a false accusation; and, friendless, penniless, under a cloud as I was, James O'Brien sheltered me, believed in me, made a man of me. When I decided to leave England, he paid my passage to New York and gave me my start in life. Though we lost sight of each other, I never forgot what I owed him. I returned with one object and aim—to find him and prove my gratitude. I learned that in old age he had fallen on evil times: that life meant pinching and struggling for him and his. Thank God it is in my power to say that he shall never know another anxious hour; that as he was a father to me in my necessity, so I shall be a son to him in his. It is my turn to help,—that is all."

It was not quite all. He did not say that on meeting Nellie O'Brien he had for the first time in his life known what it was to love a woman. He did not say what sweet hopes had died, what bright dreams had been broken by Bernard's success. He extended his hand to his unconscious young rival, without a trace of bitterness.

"Good luck to you, Bernard! If you are not happy with her, you deserve to be wretched. But I think you are of the right stuff," he said. "It is better so," he told himself afterward. "I am too old, too world-worn for her. And he is manly and plucky and steadfast. Yes, it is better so."

THE young imagination plays with the idea of death, makes a toy of it, just as a child plays with edge-tools till once it cuts its fingers. The most lugubrious poetry is written by very young and tolerably comfortable persons. When a man's mood becomes really serious he has little taste for such foolery. The man who has a grave or two in his heart does not need to haunt churchyards.—*Alexander Smith.*

Memoranda in a Priest's Note-Book.*

I.

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your heart.

THIS Scriptural quotation serves "to point a moral and adorn a tale." It was autumn, and the sear and yellow leaves that fringed the pathway betokened the gradual approach of winter. I was going my usual rounds in one of the large hospitals in the United Kingdom when I was summoned to the bed of a patient whose condition showed he was nearing his end. I seated myself beside him and at once set about preparing his soul for the journey into another world. I put on my stole and asked him to make his peace with God by a good confession, which might be his last. Then the old man—for such he was—answered: "No, Father: I don't intend making any confession, because I've made up my mind to that."

Questioned as to why he should have determined on a course which could only spell ruin to his soul, he repeated: "No. Years ago I was denied assistance by a priest, and from that moment I gave up my religion and have never practised it since, and don't intend to." All arguments proved useless; and, after begging of him to try to realize the awfulness of appearing before his Judge unprepared, and warning him that he might die at a moment when he least expected death, without the sacraments, if he delayed his repentance, I left him. Again and again, however, I visited him and urged him to make his confession; but all entreaties, all warnings, failed to move his heart. He was obdurate.

The last time I saw him was on a Saturday evening before I returned to the church to hear confessions. Now,

* These incidents, related for the readers of THE AVE MARIA, will hardly fail to be of interest, inasmuch as the writer can vouch for their truth in substance, though not in detail. The first is a personal experience of the narrator.

what forms the strange part of my story lends color to the saying of Holy Writ that God will not be mocked, and shows how Divine Justice intervenes at times to prevent even the reception of the sacraments. I returned to the presbytery with a heavy heart—for what heart could be light when burdened with the thought of a perishing soul!—and was resting a little before hearing confessions when I thought I heard a faint ring of the telephone bell. The housekeeper, who has a keen ear for the bell, knowing that any ring may be urgent, had just come down the hall passage to my room. "Did you hear my bell?" I asked. "No," she replied: "it is only a bicycle bell."

Satisfied with her statement, I put on my cassock and went into the church. I had been there about a quarter of an hour when I was called from the confessional with the news that a porter had come over from the hospital saying that they had been "ringing up" for twenty minutes but could get no reply. Hastily throwing off my cassock, I hurried to the ward where I knew the old man was dying, with a whispered prayer that he might yet be spared long enough to be absolved. I had hardly reached the threshold when the nurse met me saying that he had just died.

The telephone which communicates with the hospital was in perfect working order, and yet neither the housekeeper nor myself had been attracted by the bell. I came back from the ward with a fuller realization of the text: "To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your heart."

II.

I will not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live.

Father N. was stationed in what is called the Black Country in England. He had done a hard day's work among the poor in a slum district; and in the evening, by way of a little relaxation, had set out to visit an old friend who was in charge of a grammar school

in a distant part of the town. The portion of the neighborhood he had to traverse was not then so thickly populated as now. There were many courts and alleys on the way; but within a mile or so of the school the scene grew desolate, a large tract of waste ground stretching out for a considerable distance between the populated quarter and the school buildings.

Father N. sauntered along leisurely, reciting his Rosary as he went. When he reached the school he heard sounds in the house adjoining and saw figures reflected on the blinds; for it was now dusk and the upper rooms were lighted. He rang the door-bell once, twice, three times, but elicited no response. He knocked repeatedly, but could attract no attention. The gate at the side of the house was locked; so he rang again, but with fruitless effort. A policeman happened to be passing at the time; and on the good priest remarking that he could make no one hear, he also knocked and pulled the bell vigorously, but all to no purpose.

Father N. bent his steps homeward, wondering within himself what could account for his vain endeavor to attract attention. He was just passing one of the courts on his way when suddenly a little boy rushed into him, quite breathless, and, recognizing him to be a priest, said in gasps: "O Father, come and see mother! She is dying and wants to see a priest." He hurried down the court and followed the urchin quickly up the creaking staircase of a poverty-stricken tenement; and on entering the room saw a woman lying on a pallet, evidently in the hand-to-hand grip of death. As he bent over her a gleam of hope flitted across her pallid features. She cast one look of entreaty upon him, and as soon as he had breathed over her the words of absolution she passed away.

She had not, he learned afterward, been to her duties for years; but she had

prayed that she might be reconciled to God before she died, and had asked Him to send her a priest that she might be absolved from her sins. That penitent's prayer had pierced the clouds, and the Good Shepherd had gathered another stray sheep to the loving shelter of His Sacred Heart.

III.

The following story is connected with the lamented Dr. Green, the author of an invaluable and erudite work called "The Tax-Tables." It was related to me by my late father, who was a personal acquaintance of the learned writer. At the date of this story Dr. Green lived at Aldenham in Herts; and, judging by a letter of his now in my possession, the incident probably occurred about the year 1865.

My father was chatting with him one evening in November on the subject of indulgences, of which doctrine Dr. Green was an able vindicator. During the conversation my father ventured to ask him if he believed in the appearance of departed souls to friends on earth. The question elicited the following conclusive evidence of the same.

"I must admit," said the Doctor, "I was always somewhat sceptical about the actual fact, though of course not of the possibility of such occurrences, when I was, strange to say, disillusioned by a personal experience that left no doubt that visions of the dead do happen. I was on a visit, not long ago, to an old family I had known for years. At dinner a question arose between my host and hostess as to where I should sleep during my short stay with them. There was, they said, a spare room which was wont to be used by visitors; but, on account of mysterious sounds and sights which had frightened its occupants, it had become disused and grown to be regarded as a haunted room. I smiled incredulously at the story, assuring them I should have no hesitation in occupying the room in

question, as I believed there was no solid foundation for the curious story circulated in regard to it. And so that night I took up my quarters in the 'haunted chamber.'

"I slept soundly the night through, and came down to breakfast next morning thoroughly refreshed, looking, as the kind host remarked, 'quite the pink of perfection.' I joked at dinner that evening about ghosts and visions, and attributed the strange apparitions to indigestion and fancy on the part of the guests who were said to have been disturbed in their slumbers.

"But that night I did not sleep so calmly as on the previous night. I had fallen into a profound slumber, when, so far as I could tell, about midnight I suddenly awoke with a feeling of uneasiness, as though there were some one in the room. My eyes were heavy, and, thinking that the stories I had heard must have affected my nerves and that I was the victim of an attack of neuritis, I turned over and strove to resume my slumber. But all to no purpose. There seemed to be something uncanny happening for which I could not account. So I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and looked toward the end of the bed, where I saw—believe me, quite distinctly: there was no delusion—the upper portion of a lady's figure swinging to and fro as one in dire anguish and moaning like one in great sorrow. As if by instinct—I was not in the least afraid—I recited the *De profundis*, and immediately the apparition vanished, and was from that time never seen again.

"Undoubtedly it was a soul from purgatory pleading for a prayer which was necessary to break asunder the last link that bound her to her bed of pain."

A. M.

HE who does not practise what he believes gradually ceases to believe in what he does not practise.—*Abbé Hogan*.

A Fruitful Devotion.

FOR most people novelty possesses a distinct attraction; for many it holds an irresistible charm. The new may be, and indeed very often is, intrinsically inferior to the old which it supersedes; but our minds, "desultory, studious of change, and pleased with novelty," are apt to invest it with imaginary excellence, and we forthwith set about praising it so industriously that we speedily convince ourselves that the imaginary is real. Even in the pious practices of the Christian life this tendency may easily be detected.

We would not, of course, deery any manifestation of Christian piety simply because it has taken form in these latter times. A devotion that is authorized by Holy Church possesses by that very fact an excellence which entitles it to our sincere respect and abundantly warrants our practising it, even be it no older than yesterday. It is obvious, too, that as new diseases require new remedies, changed conditions, either in the Christian world at large or in the Christian life of the individual, may naturally demand a change in the nature of general or particular devotions.

All this being granted, however, it is none the less a fact that the multiple novel practices of piety, the manifold new devotions that appeal to the Catholic of to-day, often lead to the neglect of standard old-time religious exercises, whose omission is little less than disastrous to him who gives them up. One such exercise is the Way of the Cross, the "going around the Stations." This devotion is intrinsically so salutary, and is, moreover, dowered with so many and so great indulgences, that one might well hesitate before exchanging it for any newer practice whatsoever. As long as men and women have need to acquire either genuine horror of sin in the abstract or genuine

contrition for their personal concrete transgressions; as long as the temporal punishment still due to forgiven offences remains probably unpaid in full, and indulgences are therefore required,—just so long will the Way of the Cross be one of the most effective aids to a consistently religious life.

Sin, in some one or other of its myriad forms, is the persistent, indefatigable enemy with whom we are daily called upon to struggle; and it can scarcely be questioned that meditation, however brief, on the Passion of Christ is a defensive weapon well calculated to preserve us from defeat. Theorizing on such matters is not, perhaps, the most profitable of occupations; but, at first blush, it would certainly appear that one who habitually enriches each day with attendance at Holy Mass and the performance of the Way of the Cross is reasonably safe to lead a truly Christian life. Even the weekly performance of the exercise must infallibly exert a beneficent influence on one's general conduct. Given the most moderate degree of attention that is compatible with a person's knowing what he is about, it is impossible that the reflections suggested by the different scenes of Our Lord's dolorous journey to Calvary can fail to impress one with the enormity of sin, and awake remorse for one's personal share in the load of iniquity beneath which the God-Man staggered to His doom.

Like that perpetual daily memorial of His Passion, the august Sacrifice of the Altar, the Way of the Cross can never become obsolete; nor among the best Christians is it likely ever to become old-fashioned, in the sense of "proper to be discarded." Other practices of piety or penance may appeal full strongly to our love of change and our desire for the novel; but the sanest Catholics will allow none of the new devotions to usurp the time they have been used to spend—and so fruitfully spend—in going around the Stations.

Notes and Remarks.

The Philippine puzzle, which is occupying rather more of the time of Congress than it did before Judge Taft arrived in Washington, gave rise to a spirited passage-at-arms in the Senate last week. Senator Patterson of Colorado, in a strong speech assailing the policy of the administration, reminded the Senators that the Filipinos are Christians. We do not believe that Judge Taft has shown prejudice in his official acts; in fact, the report of the Commission headed by him is marked by conspicuous fairness, honesty and breadth. But the failure of the administration to appoint Catholics, in anything like due proportion, to responsibilities in the Philippines, and the settled determination of Washington to import the American principle of secular education into the islands while it sets an embargo on the equally American principles of trial by jury and legislative representation,—that, as the poet of expansion says, is another story. Anyway, it did the grave and reverend Senators no harm to hear these sentiments from a non-Catholic Senator:

[The Filipinos are Christians], but they are not Protestant Christians. Senators may smile, but I have it in my mind that if the 6,000,000 of Filipino Christians had learned their Christianity in the sanctuaries of the Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist churches, and were as well founded in the cardinal principles of Christianity as they are to-day, there would be such an uprising of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist denominations at the cruel, unconstitutional and relentless treatment of their people in the Philippines, that few members of Congress supporting that policy would face their wrath. But the Filipinos are not Protestant Christians.

“Dead on the field of honor,” replied the color-sergeant of a French grenadier regiment as often as, during fourteen years after the hero’s death, the name of Latour d’Auvergne was reached in the roll-call. The same may well be said after every name in the glorious

necrology of Catholic foreign missionaries during 1901. No fewer than nine bishops and one hundred and sixty-two priests met their death—thirty-nine of them a tragic death—on the field of supreme honor, where the soldiers of Christ’s Gospel fight the hordes of heathen deities and pagan idolatries and Mohammedism and Buddhism and Confucianism. Eighty-three of the missionary priests were French, as were four of the bishops; so in foreign lands, if not at home, Catholic France may still put forward some claim to her old-time title, Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Nine of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Chicago have sent to the Senate a petition asking for uniform and more rigid divorce laws throughout the States. Of the nine petitioners the most widely known are Marshall Field, Robert T. Lincoln, Cyrus H. McCormick, A. C. Bartlett, and Judge Grosscup. What they ultimately hope to attain is such amendment of the Constitution as would permit federal instead of state legislation on divorce; but their immediate object is to secure an appropriation for the collection of statistics with a view to arousing public opinion. In 1886 the Commissioner of Labor was deputed by Congress to gather data on the subject of divorce; and though his report aroused the public conscience for a moment, the effect was transient. The commissioner in his report made due acknowledgment of the attitude of the Church toward marriage. He said:

Large and increasing as the number of divorces in the United States is, it is an undeniable fact that were it not for the widespread influence of the Roman Catholic Church, the number would be much greater. The loyalty of Catholics to the teachings and doctrines of their Church, and the fact that one of the cardinal doctrines of the Church is that Christian marriage is a holy sacrament, which, when consummated, can be dissolved for no cause and in no manner save by death, has unquestionably served as a barrier to the

volume of divorce, which, except among members of that Church, is, and during the past twenty years has been, assuming ever-increasing proportion throughout the country.

We wish the Chicago gentlemen God-speed on their errand of decency. Now that we are beginning to pipe with "the European concert," now that we are beginning to care what other nations think of us, the sense of shame, if no higher motive, ought to nerve our people to put away what an English writer refers to as "the most ignoble feature of America's somewhat shoddy civilization."

Our coreligionists in Holland consider a Catholic university an extremely expensive luxury with which they are willing to dispense, not a necessity which they feel obliged to supply at any cost. The proposal to establish such an institution is opposed by many Dutch Catholics on the ground that the influence of national universities, in so far as it is anti-Catholic, can be more successfully combated in other ways, and because the government lends its support to all private schools of a high grade and efficiency. It is rightly argued that to raise the standard of such schools conducted by Catholics is the surest way of securing proper representation at the universities. Denominational universities vainly striving to compete with national institutions do not seem desirable to Dutchmen.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is authority for the statement that, with the exception of the King of Sweden, there is not a single important ruler in Europe who is not descended from Mary Queen of Scots. The author of "A History of Our Own Times" is as good an authority on this subject as could be desired. This being true, we are hardly surprised at another statement of his—namely, that "there is hardly a European imperial or royal family which is not oppressed by serious and boding illness of some kind; and it

is only reasonable to say that some explanation of this fact may be found in the system of intermarriage." The subject is one of keen interest in England at the present time, because the health of King Edward is said to be precarious, and the recent deaths of his brother and his sister have made him despondent. Comment on this delicate topic is as widespread and as frank as the royal etiquette permits. The *Medical News* makes this good point:

Meantime there is for the student of medical anthropology the spectacle of a series of inbreeding intermarriages that demonstrates the dangers and effects of marital consanguinity. Perhaps the lesson of the necessity for exercising more care as regards the relationship and other qualities of marital partners may thus be taught by example, if it can not be enforced by the legal measures that are now so commonly suggested. In a word, the history of the present reigning families of Europe is an open book in which he who runs may read the evils of marriage where new blood is not constantly introduced to modify the degenerative tendencies of the original stock. The lesson may be learned better from a "horrible example" than from the cold logic of statistics on the subject.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the law of the Church which forbids intermarriage within the forbidden degrees. Here, as so often elsewhere, the Church operates for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of her children.

The international discussion concerning the action taken by the six great European powers, just previous to the declaration of war against Spain, in 1898, seems to be affording the publicists of this country not a little pleasure. As one of the great dailies puts it, the discussion is "proceeding in a manner highly gratifying to American pride; since it has taken the form of a competition in gracious assurances and protestations of disinterested friendship such as has been rarely if ever witnessed before in the family of nations." The powers, and more particularly England and Germany, would seem indeed to

be engaged in the pastime of what is colloquially styled "throwing bouquets" at Uncle Samuel. At this writing it is still a moot point whether Lord Pauncefote or Emperor William should be credited with the withholding of a second collective note addressed to Mr. McKinley by Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy,—a note less academic and more practical than the inoffensive diplomatic message presented to him on April 7 of the year mentioned. We say "credited" without committing ourselves to the view that the withholding of the note in question was a distinctly honorable service in its performer, or a wholly advantageous one in its results. It may well be questioned whether this country, Cuba, the Philippines, and the world at large, would not be in a more satisfactory condition to-day had the powers really intervened in 1898 to such purpose that the Spanish-American war would never have begun. In the meantime, while international comity is desirable, and gracious assurances make pleasant reading, it is still as true as ever that "fine words butter no parsnips."

A life of singular devotedness was that of the late Monsig. Baasen, of the diocese of Mobile. He was still a young priest when he was assigned to Northern Alabama, a charge that included missions in Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee. The whole district was then almost a wilderness, and the perils and privations endured by Father Baasen in long journeys on foot or horseback can be imagined. He erected churches in several places, and was instrumental in securing for the impoverished diocese the help of the Benedictines, whose labors in different parts of Alabama have been attended with so much fruit. Monsig. Baasen was respected and beloved wherever he was known, but he was especially endeared to the Catholics of Pensacola, Fla., where

his zeal and self-sacrifice during an epidemic of yellow fever will never be forgotten. The early training of this good priest was received from the Benedictines, and among them he spent his last days, leaving a memory of Christian and sacerdotal virtues which will ever be a cherished tradition of the diocese of Mobile.

Dr. Carroll's "statistics of the sects"—an inaccurate phrase, by the way, as the Church is *not* a sect—are still causing any amount of newspaper discussion. Some perfervid non-Catholics are apparently desirous of materially reducing the number of American spiritual subjects accredited to the Roman Pontiff. Dr. Carroll says that the communicants in the Catholic Church in America are something more than eight and a half millions. The official Catholic Directory gives the total number of souls as eleven millions; and some authorities place it at twelve, others at even fourteen millions. Our own estimate is twelve millions. In the meantime it is well for individuals to remember that one practical, consistent Catholic is worth, for God's purposes, a score of lax, indifferent, nominal members of the Church.

The Catholics of Connecticut do well to protest against the proselytism that is being carried on in that State in the case of Catholic children who have become wards of the Commonwealth. Constituting as they do one-third of the population of the State, Connecticut's Catholics should see to it that their rights are respected. And as there appear to be many cases in which Catholic children have become estranged from the Church as a result of their being confided to non-Catholic families, it is clearly time that a different procedure in the disposal of such children be adopted. Eternal vigilance is the price of religious fair play in this land of liberty.



One Kind of Boy.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THERE are various kinds 'mong the boys I know:
Some bright and clever, some dull and slow;
A few are quiet, but most of them show
A liking for fun and for noise;
But of all the lads whom I've ever met,
The ones to fill me with most regret
Belong to that good-for-nothing set—
The shiftless Goingo boys.


Whatever the task they may have to do,
They will never hasten to get it through,
But will tell you that they are "goin' to"
Begin it "all right" by and by;
They dawdle and idle their time away,
Put off their work till some other day,
And take the good out of all their play
Because they are acting a lie.

The simplest way when there's work to be done
Is, not to endeavor the task to shun,
But to do it at once: there's a lot more fun
When you turn to your play again.
Be sure that the indolent youth destroys
His chance of winning life's truest joys;
And remember, too, that the Goingo boys
Grow up to be Neverdo men.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—A MOONLIGHT EXPEDITION.

 TH was a lovely night when I set
out with the merrymakers to the
bog in search of peat. Barney was
full of drollery, a typical Irish lad
such as I had not seen in Wicklow
before; and Moira, though at first
fulfilling Winifred's predictions by sitting
silently with her heels kicking together
where they hung out of the cart, and
her head hanging down, after a while
awoke to the spirit of fun and frolic
that was abroad.

"Ah, then, Danny *avick*, will you move on!" cried Barney to the horse. "Is it standin' still you'd be, you Tory, and Miss Winifred in the cart and the strange lady from America?"

The horse seemed moved by this adjuration, as well as by a touch of the whip, and trotted along the shining, silent road.

"I should enjoy a run with Moira on this road!" said Winifred.

"Get down, then, and have your run," I answered. "Barney and I will easily keep you in sight."

"You will not mind if I leave you for a little while?" asked Winifred.

"No, indeed, dear. Barney and I will entertain each other."

Barney pulled up the horse.

"Be still, you spalpeen," he cried, "and let Miss Winifred down!"

The horse, nothing loath, stood still. Winifred leaped lightly to the ground, followed more clumsily by Moira.

"Ah, then, Moira," exclaimed her brother, "will you be all night gettin' out of the cart?"

Moira made no answer. Her red cheeks were aglow with delight at the prospect of escaping for a time from my embarrassing company and having a run along the grass-bordered road.

Winifred stopped a moment or two to pet the horse.

"Poor Danny!" she said. "Barney is always calling you names. But you don't mind; do you, Danny?"

The horse seemed to answer that he did not in the least, rubbing his nose against the child's arm in a gratified way. Then Winifred gave the word, and together the two girls were off, their happy voices coming back to us as we drove leisurely along in the soft, balmy air. They stopped now and

again to pick flowers from the hedge or to seek out daisies and wild violets in the fresh grass; while Barney kept up a series of droll remarks,—sometimes addressed to the horse, sometimes to me.

“I hear you’re thinking of taking a trip to America, Barney,” I remarked.

“True for you, ma’am,—between now and Doomsday. I’m afeard it will be that long before I get the passage money together.”

“Why should you be so anxious to leave this beautiful country?” I said.

“Why?” exclaimed Barney, casting a shrewd glance at me. “Oh, then, sure it’s meself that’s had enough of beauty without profit. I want to go where I’ll get paid for my work, and be able to hold up my head with a dacent hat upon it.”

As he spoke he took off and surveyed his own head-covering, which was of the kind described but too accurately as a *caubeen*. I could not help laughing at the gleam of humor which shot out of his eyes,—good eyes they were, too.

“Oh, you villain of the world, is it straight into the hedge you want to drive the lady from America? What’ll she be thinkin’ of you at all for an unmannerly beast?”

The animal, being unable to answer these reproaches, shook out his mane again, and resumed his jog-trot till he came up with the two girls, who, out of breath from their exertions, were glad to jump into the cart. And so we drove on till we came at last to the bog. It was a strange, wild scene, with the moon shining over it in broad patches of silver, showing the green turf here and the black ground there, with mounds of earth arising ghost-like, and clamps of turf left drying for use, and the clusters of trees, fragments of old-time forests.

We all got down from the cart, whence Barney produced a slane, or turf-spade. He wanted to cut and leave to dry a bernum of sods, and so set to work

without delay. He cut around till the sods were of sufficient depth; then he dug them up, and, turning them over, he left them to dry. He explained to me that they had afterward to be “footed”—that is, made into parcels,—and then put into rickles, which are turf-sods piled upon each other to a certain height; and lastly into clamps, which are tall stacks.

Moira took a turn at the spade, her face growing redder with the exertion. Winifred ran over to her.

“Let me have a turn,” she said: “you know I like to dig.”

And dig Winifred did, in spite of the protestations of Barney and Moira. The former said to me:

“*Och*, then, you might as well try to stop the wind from whistlin’ through the trees beyant as to stop Miss Winifred when she’s set on anything!”

He watched her with a comical look as the girl dug the slane into the earth, cutting with great precision and actually raising two or three sods.

“D’yc see that now?” cried the rustic, with a mingling of admiration and amusement.

“Oh, but you’re the wonder of the world, Miss Winifred *asthore*!” cried Moira. “When it was all I could do to raise the sod meself!”

All three then busied themselves in removing some of the dry turf from the clamp which Barney had previously erected, and in stowing it away in the cart. This done, Winifred said to me:

“Come; and you too, Moira and Barney! There’s a fairy ring here and we’ll dance about it in the moonlight.”

“The blessin’ of God between us and harm!” cried the alarmed boy and girl in a breath. “Is it dancin’ in a fairy ring you’d be doin’?”

“Yes, there and nowhere else!” she said imperiously. “Come!—the lady and I are waiting for you.”

Seeing their reluctance, I had gone forward at once, to show them that a

fairy ring was no more to me than a patch of earth where the grass was softer and greener, and which was now whitened by the moon. And dance we did. Though Barney and Moira were afraid of the fairies, they were still more afraid of displeasing Winifred. I stopped at last, holding my sides with merriment and begging of Winifred to let me rest. She threw herself, in a very spirit of mischief, on top of a mound. This proceeding evoked exclamations of horror from Moira and Barney.

"To lie upon a rath!" groaned Moira. "It's bewitched you'll be and turnin' into somethin' before our eyes."

"Or spirited away underground!" added Barney; "or laid under a spell that you'd ever and always be a child."

"I'd like that," remarked Winifred, settling herself more comfortably upon the mound. "I don't want to grow up or be old ever."

She gazed up at the moon, seeming to see in its far-shining kingdom some country of perpetual youth.

"She'd like it! The Lord save us!" cried Barney. "It's wishin' for a fairy spell she is. Come away, Miss Winifred dear,—come away, if you're a Christian at all, and not a fairy as some says."

Moira uttered an exclamation, and, darting over to Barney, dealt him a sounding slap on the ear.

"How dare you talk that way to Miss Winifred!" she cried.

"And how dare you slap Barney for repeating what foolish people say!" broke in Winifred. "I'm ashamed of you, Moira!"

She stood up as she spoke, confronting both the culprits. Barney's face was still red from the slap, as well as from a sense of the enormity he had committed in repeating to Miss Winifred what he supposed had been kept carefully from her. Moira's lip quivered at her young mistress' reproof, and she seemed on the point of crying; but Winifred spoke with exceeding gentleness.

"I'm sorry I was so hasty," she said; "but, you see, Barney spoke only for my good, and you should have had patience with him."

"And I ask your pardon for the words I said," Barney began, in confusion.

"You needn't, Barney," said Winifred. "You only told me what you hear everyday." Then, turning to me, she added: "So you won't be surprised when I do anything strange. For you see, I'm only a fairy, after all; and a mischievous one at times." Her face was all sparkling with smiles, and the very spirit of mischief looked out of her eyes. "I'll be laying spells on you to keep you here."

"I may be weaving a counter one to take you away," I ventured.

She looked a little startled, but went on in the same playful tone, as she turned back again to the bewildered boy and girl:

"I'll be enchanting the pair of you, so that you will be standing stock-still just where you are for a hundred years, staring before you."

At this they both took to their heels with a scream, Winifred in pursuit.

"And I'll turn Danny into a dragon and send him flying home with the turf."

There were muffled exclamations of terror from the flying pair.

"I think I'll make you into a goose, Barney, with a long neck, thrusting yourself into everybody's business; and Moira into a pool where you can swim."

"*Och, och!* but the child is temptin' Providence!" cried Moira, coming to a stand at some distance off. "Here in this place of all others; and close by the rath where the gentlefolks is listenin' to every word, and she makin' game of them to their faces!"

"Mebbe she is a fairy, after all!" muttered Barney, under his breath; for he feared a repetition of Moira's prompt chastisement. But this time indeed he was beyond the reach of her arm, and Moira herself was in a less warlike

mood. A sudden shadow, too, fell over the moon, so that we were in darkness. It was a cloud of intense blackness, which fell like a pall on the shining disc.

"See what comes of meddlin' with them you know!" cried Barney, while even Winifred was sobered; and the three crept toward the cart, Barney and Moira shivering with fright. Barney whipped up the unconscious horse, who had much relished his stay upon the bog, and was only urged into activity by the prospect of going home.

"Go now, then, Danny *avick!*" Barney whispered. "It's not bein' turned into a quare beast of some kind you'd wish to be. Get us away from here before the good people comes up out of the rath; for there's no tellin' what they'd do to us."

"Hear how he talks to the horse!" said Winifred, who was now seated again beside me, her curls dancing with the jolting of the cart. "As if Danny knew anything about the good people!"

"Oh, doesn't he, then, Miss Winifred!" cried Barney. "It's meself has seen him all of atremble from me whisperin' in his ear concernin' them."

"You just imagine it, Barney," said Winifred.

"And is it *I* imagine it?" exclaimed Barney, aggrieved; while Moira sat in terrified silence, peering from side to side into the darkness as if she expected to see the avenging good people waiting for us along the road. We were nearly at the castle gate before Barney resumed anything of his former spirits and ventured on a joke or two. But Winifred was the merriest of the merry, and kept me laughing immoderately all along the moonlit way, as we jolted and jogged. She insisted that the cart wheels sang a song, and made up rhymes to the musical sounds which she pretended she could hear so plainly.

I often look back to that evening with peculiar pleasure. Winifred was at her best: most childlike, most natural,

thoroughly enjoying every moment of the beautiful summer night; so that the doubt came over me whether it was better, after all, to remove her from this idyllic life amongst the Irish hills. The sober common-sense, however, of next morning confirmed me in my previous opinion, and I took the first step toward the realization of that design by seeking an interview with the schoolmaster.

(To be continued.)

Flowers Instead of Policemen.

If you were in a certain German city you would be sure to notice a fine equestrian statue around which there is blooming a little garden of gay flowers; and if you were to ask why there were blossoms instead of an iron fence or a policeman, some one would tell you as follows:

When the statue was first set up all the children in the neighborhood used to climb to the back of the horse, and the bronze was getting the wrong kind of a polish; all of which was naturally very disturbing to the commissioners. They put up a railing, and the children climbed over it; they tacked up notices, and the children laughed at them.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said one, who, being the father of a family, knew all about youngsters. "We can plant flowers all around the statue. German children will never tread on them, and our memorial will be safe."

So they set out hyacinths and tulips, and the children forgot all about the bronze horse and its rider and looked at the flowers instead. When they were faded, up came the bulbs, and another lot of blooming plants took their place. So it went on until the snow began to fall, and not one little foot had crossed the pretty garden.

German children are taught never to hurt any growing thing, and surely American young folks would do well to follow so good an example.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Several correspondents have called our attention to a *lapsus calami* in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, by which "Mary Tudor" was attributed to Aubrey de Vere instead of to his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere. The mistake is hardly worth correcting, it was so obviously a mistake, and especially as we had referred to the work and its author the week previous.

—The innumerable host of brilliant authors whose work is not appreciated are under obligations to the *Congregationalist* for this valuable suggestion: "If any author wants a good advertisement for serious books, let him become President of the United States." What inspired the hint was the fact that "The Strenuous Life" has been printed four times since Mr. Roosevelt moved into the White House.

—The paper prepared for the Australasian Catholic Congress by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwyer has been issued as a pamphlet. It discusses the question, "What Steps may be taken to Advance the Interests of our Religious, Primary and Higher Schools?" and contains much practical school wisdom. Among the suggestions thrown out by Mgr. Dwyer is the project of a teacher's journal; the Bishop's paper alone would furnish such a journal with a store of timely and fruitful topics for discussion.

—A leading English magazine lately declined a story by a well-known Catholic writer among its contributors, on the plea, as the editor declared, that it was cast in too controversial a frame. He added that he was "unfeignedly sorry," but that his readers "would not like it." The same periodical has presented many caricatures of Catholic thought and feeling; so we are obliged to conclude that a picture of anything Catholic must be a false one in order to please a tolerant English public. The story in question will soon make its appearance in these pages.

—The latest publication of the Indiana Historical Society is "The Mission to the Ouabache," by Mr. Jacob Piatt Dunn. It recounts the usual perils and privations of priests and nuns in the pioneer days; but it lacks something of the customary charm and beauty of such narratives, because Mr. Dunn does not appear to be in full sympathy with the heroic souls that move through his pages. The gigantic figure of Père Beaubois towers over all others, and might easily have roused a less torpid historian to some degree of enthusiasm. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

—The popularity of "My New Curate" continues unabated. The author declares that the book has brought him letters from clergymen of all sorts

in England and this country, thanking him for giving them a new idea of what a Catholic priest really is. "They seem hardly to believe," says Father Sheehan, "that we priests are made of flesh and blood." A German translation of the book is reported to be selling well. We notice, however, that Father Sheehan's preference as among his works is for "The Triumph of Failure," the sequel to his first volume, "Geoffrey Austin."

—The Emperor of Germany has presented to the municipality of Rome a statue of Goethe to be set up in the capitol. With it goes the Emperor's wish that the poet in marble "may receive the same warm reception that was accorded to the living counterpart" in the days when the popes were kings. Goethe had a tender affection for the Eternal City; and, Protestant though he was, his love of St. Philip Neri, the second apostle of Rome, amounted almost to religious fervor. It is announced in the daily press that statues of Longfellow and Hawthorne will also be set up in the Italian capitol.

—"Religion and the Press" is the title of the last of a most important series of articles by Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, appearing in the *London Tablet*. The writer has attempted to lay bare the causes which have brought about the present helplessness of the Catholics of France. We shall have occasion to refer to these brilliant articles in a future number. Meantime we quote an amusing account of the efforts once made in Ireland to found a Catholic daily newspaper. The experience should not be lost on any one who may contemplate a similar undertaking in this country. The wonder is that such a newspaper (?) as Mr. O'Donnell describes could have existed for half a dozen years even in Catholic Ireland.

We had in Ireland a good many years ago a concerted effort on a large scale to have a great Catholic newspaper. Its name was, I think, the *Morning News*, and its editor the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan. He was distinctly eloquent, and had read a large amount on many popular subjects. He was the best of Catholics, and commanded the confidence of the clergy. But the paper only lived for half a dozen years. I once asked Mr. Sullivan why a Catholic newspaper, supported by the clergy and ably edited, could not live in Catholic Ireland. The ex-editor smiled and explained: "It was the support of the clergy that killed us. It had such a powerful body of clerical subscribers, and was read in so many Catholic families, that it seemed to occur to all my dear parish priests and curates that here was the best of opportunities for reproducing the sermons which had been confined to the village pulpit, and which naturally could do extended good in a more extended sphere. When we were not asked to publish the sermons we were asked to notice them, and notice meant anything from a long paragraph to a long article. I was most agreeably impressed by the amount of pious oratory which flourished unsuspected in Ireland; but there was no room for anything else if I published a

tittle of the admirable discourses which reached me from Malin to Macroom. When I did not publish them there were remonstrances in tones of pained affection. It was no petty vanity which inspired my priestly patrons. They only felt that the pastor's office could be immensely supplemented by the resources of a daily paper. From the point of view of edification, could there be a moment's hesitation between a homily on fasting and a notice of some new play at the Royal? One dear and reverend friend of mine, who had never troubled me before, at length sent his sermon also. I expressed my surprise, but he assured me that it was strictly in deference to the public feeling of his parish that he was driven to ask for publication. We had published or noticed so many sermons that his parishioners wondered if there could be anything decidedly inferior about the productions of their beloved pastor, that he never appeared in print like the others. Meantime the laity were getting tired of too much of a good thing, and even the clergy seemed to pay less attention to the sermons of other clergymen. We had to put up the shutters. There was no room for a Catholic paper which published sermons, even in Ireland."

The helplessness of American Catholics in many ways, as we have often said, is due to the lack of a live daily paper, generously subsidized, ably and judiciously edited, concerned with the whole lay life of our coreligionists,—a paper that would be distinctly Catholic in everything but name. Not in name, otherwise the bishop in whose diocese it was published would be responsible for its mistakes. Not until we are provided with such a journal shall we have access to the popular mind.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
 Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
 The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
 Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
 In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
 Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
 A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
 The Catholic Church from Within \$2.50.
 Luke Deltnege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

- Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. John Storp, of the diocese of Alton; the Rev. Michael Kelleher, diocese of Wilmington; and the Rev. James McGlew, archdiocese of Boston.
 Mr. George Sandrock, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. William Dundon, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Eliza Kiernan and Miss Mary Bray, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Cloke, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Ryan and Mrs. Bridget Flood, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Alice Mahoney, Rockland, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Conway, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss M. E. Kelly, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.; Mr. John Morrill and Miss Annie Morrill, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. Hanora Towers, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Capt. R. Politeo, Alameda, Cal.; Mr. J. B. Griffin, Cosgrove, Iowa; Mr. F. O'Rourke and Mrs. Ellen O'Rourke, Archbald, Pa.; Mrs. C. F. Johnson, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Theodore Marantette, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. William McGrath, Mr. J. E. Curley, and Mr. William Radigan, Bridgeport, Conn.; also Mr. A. N. Oberst, Pittsburg, Pa.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Cross of Christ.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LATIN OF FORTUNATUS,
BY H. M. M.

I.

FAITHFUL Cross of Christ, we hail thee!
Of all trees on earth most fair:
None in all the forest yieldeth
Leaf or flower or fruit so rare.
Sweetest wood—yea, sweetest iron,—
Sweetest burden fit to bear!

II.

Tree of awful beauty, bend thee,—
Bend; thy stubborn branches bring
Softly round the Form thou bearest;
O'er His head thy shadow fling;
Gently in thine arms uphold Him,
For of glory He is King.

III.

Worthy thou to bear the ransom
Of a shipwrecked world art found,
And to be our ark of safety
For celestial harbor bound;
Sacred, hence, that blood has made thee,
As it flowed and wrapt thee round.

IV.

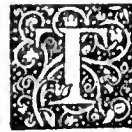
Glory, glory everlasting
To the Blessed Trinity!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father!
Praise, Eternal Son, to Thee!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,—
Three in One and One in Three!

NOTHING is so calculated to impress on our minds that Christ is really partaker of our nature, and in all respects man, save sin only, as to associate Him with the thought of her by whose ministration He became our Brother.—*Newman*.

A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition.*

BY ELIZA ATKINS STONE.

I.



HE Spanish Inquisition! It would be interesting to take a poll of this company to learn, if might be, just what images that phrase conjures up before each inward vision. One would, I fancy, be safe in assuming that, barring the conceptions of special students, the said images are of horror wellnigh unmitigated. Has not the word "inquisition" passed into our language carrying a meaning—a meaning quite apart from its derivative or historic one—of terror and torture superlative? Do we not shudder at sight or sound of "Torquemada," *auto-da-fé*, *san-benito*, *quemadero*, and similar terms?—though indeed some of us might be put to it precisely to define them all off-hand. Moreover, such notions, definitely dreadful but otherwise nebulous, are those of Protestant Christendom in general concerning the matter in hand.

Well, the subject is one of those regarding which Protestant Christendom is largely in error. There is, perhaps, no historical question more deeply overlaid with prejudice, fallacy, one may even say superstition; none as to which popular conceptions are farther removed

* This able paper derives unusual import and interest from the fact that it is from the pen of a non-Catholic, and was originally prepared to be read before a non-Catholic audience.—Ed. A. M.

from the facts as scholars know them.

But why, one immediately inquires,—why this widespread and long-standing delusion? The reasons are chiefly three, to wit:

First: At the time when Protestantism was fighting for its life, it found no more effective rallying cry for its forces than—*The Spanish Inquisition!* Of this, accordingly, it made the most, lavishing upon the Catholic tribunal all that wealth of lurid invective for which the early reformers are so justly famous. No exaggeration was too wild, no calumny too black, for the purpose of these enthusiasts; and they succeeded in coloring not only the thought of their own time, but the thought of Protestant countries from that day to this, concerning the object of their attacks.

For, to come to our second reason, the authorities of the Holy Office in Spain, far from striving to neutralize the efforts of the opposition, rather played into its hands. In some parts of Europe, Protestantism might make head by maligning Catholic institutions; in the Peninsula, where Catholicism was still so strongly entrenched, a terrorizing policy was the most effective one for repelling Protestantism. Extravagant notions as to the horrors of the Inquisition might inflame the northern masses to revolt; in the south such notions would tend to keep the masses quiet; wherefore Spanish statesmen and ecclesiastics, engrossed by their own immediate problem, and earnestly believing it their duty to preserve the Peninsula, at almost any cost, from invasion by the doctrine producing such turmoil elsewhere, were quite content that the Inquisition should be a bogey "to fearen babes withal"; that the common people should cherish ideas, exaggerated as might be, of the terrors awaiting apostates.

A third reason for misconceptions as to the Holy Office is this. Nearly all modern Protestant chronicles of the Inquisition are poisoned at the source,

being chiefly drawn from a work now regarded by scholars, Protestant and Catholic alike, as utterly untrustworthy. The author of this work—one Llorente, a Spaniard—was a functionary of the Inquisition. Being discharged for misconduct, he proceeded to write a "history" of the tribunal, calumniating it in every possible way; first having destroyed records which might have disproved his assertions and to which he alone had access. In the absence of these records, it was for a long time impossible absolutely to confute him; but within the last half century facts have come to light which directly give the lie to a great number of his statements, and so discredit all the rest; his character, too, is shown to have been such that it alone should bar him from the witness-stand; and, moreover, the investigations of historians are tending more and more strongly every decade to put his testimony out of court on collateral grounds.* Let a black mark go into all our mental note-books against the name of Llorente.

Now, it is difficult indeed for us of the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant tradition, us whose heritage is Magna Charta and the Diet of Worms, to put ourselves into anything like a proper attitude for considering the subject in hand. As observed by a writer in the *Dublin Review*, "To understand what the Inquisition meant to the populations among whom it was established would require a knowledge of their general state at the time it began, and of their whole social, economical, political and religious condition during the period when it flourished." Moreover, these appalling topics hark back to those of the philosophy and history of religious toleration in general; of the relation between Church and State interests; of the right

* One need be no inspired prophet to assert with confidence that twentieth-century views of the Inquisition will differ vastly from those of the last two or three hundred years.

of religious coercion by government; of the theory and practice of mediæval jurisprudence and political economy, and one knows not what beside; which dizzying array is, of course, very remotely beyond our present scope.

To be sure, even a little examination of some of these mighty matters would puncture for us many a rhetoric-inflated fallacy, would constrain us at least to reserve our judgment touching divers questions upon which we are prone to pronounce with blithe and quite mistaken assurance. Take just one—Religious Toleration. Merely to utter the word “intolerance” is to raise revolt in the modern soul. But are we so sure that our vaunted toleration is anything more than indifference,—indifference as to what other people believe? I do not say we need be ashamed of such indifference; but why should we plume ourselves upon it? Not many years ago there was preached to a certain large congregation near one of our principal cities a sermon beginning as follows: “*He that believeth not shall be damned. What! damned? Yes, damned. What! just for not believing? Yes, just for not believing.*” Now, manifestly, if that be your creed, “toleration,” in the ordinary sense, is inconceivable; if you do firmly and fervently hold that all who do not think with you regarding religion are going to spend eternity in torment, you will naturally do your utmost to change their views and to keep them from influencing other people. And the rest is merely a question of method; if you believe that the burning alive of a few “heretics” will save multitudes from a fate infinitely more dreadful, what can you do but heap up the fagots? Let us bear in mind that most of the best and wisest men of the ages we are to consider did in literalness believe that he whose religious creed differed from their own should be in truth and forever—damned.

We can not give even another glance

to the tremendous topics enumerated a moment ago. It is, however, highly important that we realize them as constantly in the background; and—this above all—we must, so far as we are able, judge the matter before us by the standards of its own time, not by those of ours. The keeping in mind of this one principle will preserve us from many a pitfall into which even great clerks have stumbled. As Balmes, the Spanish savant, finely says: “There are few who can free their minds from the atmosphere which surrounds them; there are fewer still who can do the same with their hearts.” Most of us can not to any great extent free our *minds* from the atmosphere that surrounds us, because, to put it plumply, we do not know enough. But the rarer, better thing is to some degree within our power: we may bring our *hearts* into at least partial sympathy with the age we are to look at. To repeat, then: So far as in us lies, *our subject is to be judged by the standards of its own time, not by those of ours.* This is our compass, this our *vade mecum*.*

II.

It is with the Spanish Inquisition that we chiefly have to do; and that, though sharply marked off from the earlier Inquisition, was a direct development therefrom. It behooves us, therefore, to take at least a flying survey of the primitive tribunal.

This, like all important, long-enduring institutions, was no arbitrary erection, but the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of conditions deep-seated and far-spread. Ecclesiastical courts, judging questions of faith and visiting heretics with ecclesiastical penalties, had indeed been matters of course from Apostolic times; but from the reign of Constantine the civil power, too, had been held responsible for the religious

* Even with such a guide, a paper within the present limits can, of course, be no more than suggestive.

belief of the people. And the Constantine code regarding heresy had been taken over, with trifling modification, by the governments of renewed Europe; the apparatus for its enforcement being varied according to circumstances. As in course of time the interests of Church and State became more and more nearly identified, the conception of heresy as a crime against society as well as against religion came to be practically universal in Christendom. In the general view, the right of government to inflict even capital punishment in cases of flagrant heresy was unquestioned.

There was, however, no great occasion for vigorous application of these tenets until about the middle of the twelfth century, at which time certain highly alarming elements appeared in the body-politic. A lot of heretical sects—not variants of Christianity, but rather the last revivals of expiring paganism—sprang up and spread like the plague, infecting gentle and simple, laity and clergy. Their “heresies” were quite outside the category of merely speculative errors; for they included not only doctrinal but social and political ideas. The turbulent and weirdly iniquitous practices of the sectaries were really civil outbreaks under religious pretexts, directly menacing to public order and morality, and so amenable to law even on grounds purely political. From the lowest point of view, it was imperative to stamp out these organizations; it was imperative, moreover, vigilantly to watch over the course of the public mind, lest baleful opinion utterly corrupt the commonwealth.

In this critical situation, Church and State, drawn yet more closely together by a common peril, made common cause. The measures they took—it is impossible to read any contemporary chronicle without seeing this—were as much in accord with the spirit of the time as are the measures against anarchism to-day. At that period, one must bear in mind,

there were no standing armies, no system of protective police; the appliances for keeping public order were totally inadequate to any great emergency. It is wellnigh certain that but for the ecclesiastical courts which, as we shall see, were presently established, Europe would have been drenched in the blood of religious war before the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the march of civilization would have been impeded beyond calculating. What the concerted authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, did was merely to invoke the ancient laws against heresy, at the same time devising certain new and very ingenious machinery for carrying them out. From this action, tentative and relatively feeble in its beginnings, there at length emerged a unique tribunal: the Inquisition properly so-called.

It was in France that it first took permanent form. At the Council of Toulouse, in 1229, standing commissions were ordained for the several parishes of *le beau royaume*, each commission to consist of the parish priest and two or three laymen of good repute. These worthies were under solemn obligation zealously to hunt out and faithfully to report to bishop or magistrate any cases of heresy in their respective districts.

The new code went on to lay down elaborate regulations for the disciplining of heretics and their abettors,—regulations very stringent of course, yet manifestly designed to reclaim, if might be, rather than to chastise; no severe means were to be used until prayer, pleading and instruction had done their utmost. In extreme cases the ecclesiastical authorities, having pronounced the offender guilty, were to turn him over to the secular power for punishment, according to long-existent laws. Here, *nota bene*, we touch what was a fundamental and constant characteristic of the Inquisition in its developed as well as in its primitive form; this, namely: *The Church never imposed penalties*

(except, indeed, relatively mild and mostly spiritual ones); its work was done when, failing patient prayer and persuasion, it rendered its verdict of "guilty."

Other kingdoms being in a plight similar to that of France, the statutes framed at Toulouse had immediate and widespread influence; and Inquisition courts were soon in full commission nearly all over Europe. And how did they answer? Capitally; so well indeed that in course of a few decades the ends for which they had been brought into being were virtually accomplished;* and, setting aside the form of tribunal and the nominal employment of a detective system, there was little to distinguish the working of the new laws from that of the hoary enactments of Constantine.

Now, if the chronicles of the Inquisition ended at this point we should hear little or nothing about the iniquities of the tribunal. No very heinous charges are brought against it even by the most rabidly partisan of Protestant historians. As for the contemporary view of the matter—do you know that fresco in the "Spanish Chapel" of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, with its black and white hounds chasing off a pack of wolves from a sheepfold? Your Baedeker will tell you that the painting typifies the Dominicans—*Domini canes* (hounds of the Lord)—in their habits, white or black, defending the Holy Fold from its ravening adversaries; and the work, attributed to the first half of the fourteenth century, fairly represents the enlightened public opinion of its age touching the forerunner of the Spanish Inquisition.

III.

Now, then, coming at last to our chief concern, we turn our mental telescopes upon Spain in the final quarter of the

fifteenth century. Behold Ferdinand and Isabella newly seated upon the throne and beset by perplexities many and grievous. The Jews, vastly numerous, vastly rich, "a nation within a nation," are daily waxing in power. They are using that power with the secret but organized policy of erecting Judaism on the ruins of Spanish Catholicism and nationality. They have plotted to call the Saracens from Africa to their aid, seize Gibraltar, and declare their independence. The plot has been brought to light and frustrated for the moment; but like designs are no doubt simmering. The eight-hundred-years' war with the Moors is not yet over; Granada remains unsubdued. At the first gleam of a Saracen scimitar on the coast, these ancient lords of the realm would strike hands with the revolutionists. The nation is in a state bordering on panic. The fate of the Peninsula trembles in the balance. How is the crisis to be met? Certain antiquated machinery of Church and State stands, as it has long stood, practically idle in the realm. How if this were to be furbished up and set in motion once more? The Gentile subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella, lay and cleric, clamor for its employment. Ferdinand and Isabella and the royal councillors can devise no more promising plan; and the Spanish Inquisition is accordingly established.

A bull obtained from Pope Sixtus IV. (1478) authorized the Crown to appoint two or three church dignitaries, who might be either seculars or regulars provided they were at least forty years old, of pure morals, and Bachelors either of Philosophy or of Canon Law; these, with sub-appointees, to constitute a tribunal for the seeking out and judging of heretics. The new Inquisitors, mark, were not, like the officials of the early Inquisition, representatives of papal authority, appointed mediately or immediately by the Holy Father. Ecclesiastics

* This result was not, of course, due to the Inquisition alone; but the latter was, past question, the principal direct agency in the matter.

they were, to be sure; but ecclesiastics chosen by the Crown, responsible to the Crown, removable at pleasure of the Crown. Tribunals of the new order were speedily set up all over the kingdom; but hardly had they gone into operation before loud complaints were heard from the Vatican. His Holiness protested that the bull had been procured upon a very imperfect setting forth of the royal intent; that he had been betrayed into concessions "at variance with the spirit of the Fathers." He had contemplated merely a revival of the mediæval Inquisition; here was a tribunal embracing essential departures from its predecessor, and of these departures Sixtus thoroughly disapproved.

From this time forward the history of the Holy Office in Spain is one of ceaseless disputes between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. The Popes were continually remonstrating, pleading, exhorting, threatening; to all which the sovereigns commonly gave small heed. Many eminent chroniclers indeed, Catholic and Protestant both, will have it that the tribunal is henceforth a political one pure and simple; but with this view other exalted authorities, both Protestant and Catholic, vehemently take issue. A fair putting of the case is perhaps this: The machinery of the Spanish Inquisition was mainly ecclesiastical; the Vatican had more or less voice in its management; but on the lever was always not the papal but the royal hand. This much at least is beyond question: the tribunal was peculiar to Spain; it began its career under the definite censure of the Holy See; and the latter, from whatever motives, invariably and strongly inclined to clemency.

The fixing of responsibility is, however, only incidental to our chief end. What we are principally bent on is to look at the Spanish Inquisition as it was. Its history falls into three periods: the first

extending from the establishment, in 1480 or thereabouts, to near the middle of the reign of Charles the Fifth—say 1540; the second, from the latter date to somewhere in the third quarter of the eighteenth century; the third, from that time to the abolishment of the tribunal, only seventy years ago. The reason for this marking out of periods will presently appear.

Following the purpose of its founders, the new institution was at first brought to bear mainly against the Jews. Against the Jews, I say; yet so to put it, as it so often is put, *sans qualification*, is unfair enough; for, be it carefully noted, *the Inquisition never laid a finger on the Jew as such*. Its only concern was with the propagator of Judaism, or with the Jew who had professed conversion to Christianity, become by baptism subject to the discipline of both Church and State in religious matters—which unbaptized Jews were not,—and had then gone back to the faith of his fathers. The civil hand indeed was heavy upon the Jew *qua* Jew, and the Gentile public bitterly hostile. Hence the multitude of nominal conversions to Christianity, from which the "converted" sooner or later lapsed. The whole complicated situation can only be hinted at here. It must serve to say that the chosen people—partly by their own misdoing, partly from a complexity of other circumstances—were extremely dangerous elements in the body-politic. In the year 1492, accordingly, they were expelled *en masse*, saving only such as turned Christian. So cruel, however, were the hardships of these "exiles from a land of exile" in the countries whither they fled, that many of them returned, submitting to baptism. Such "converts" were, of course, mostly insincere; and their continual unfaithfulness to their new professions made a deal of business for the Inquisition.

Piteous indeed was the case of these children of Abraham; our hearts are

wrung to think of it. Yet one does not find that any of those who so fiercely inveigh against the treatment the unfortunates met, have suggested any means by which they might have been more leniently handled without involving greater evils to a greater number. Says the Count de Maistre, the brilliant French apologist of the Inquisition: "Never can great political evils—never, above all, violent attacks upon the body-politic—be prevented or suppressed but by means equally violent. If you think of the severities of Torquemada, without dreaming of those they prevented, you cease to be reasonable." I should like to put that bit into every other paragraph of this article. It is interesting, by the bye, to note that had Luther been in the place of Torquemada, the chosen people would apparently have fared little better. Hear him counselling with regard to the Jews in Germany: "Their synagogues ought to be destroyed, their houses pulled down; their prayer-books, the Talmud, and even the books of the Old Testament, to be taken from them; their rabbis ought to be forbidden to teach and compelled to gain their livelihood by hard labor."

A close second to the Jewish problem for keeping Spanish statesmen and ecclesiastics awake o' nights was the problem concerning the Moors. The conditions of this latter were, speaking very broadly, similar to those in the graver affair. The Holy Office never dealt so rigorously with Moorish converts who relapsed to Islam as with Jewish apostates from Christianity, but it took the same general course in both cases; and it was against these two menacing classes that for some sixty or seventy years the batteries of the tribunal were chiefly trained.

This brings us to the end of the first period of the Spanish Inquisition. Now, midway in the sixteenth century, it opens fire upon a new foe. Forty years

earlier, Dr. Martin Luther has nailed his five-and-ninety theses to the Wittenberg church door, and now wellnigh all Europe is convulsed over his doctrine. Wherever the reformers, fighting for the liberty of individual conscience, have gotten the upper-hand, they are harrying and oppressing those whose individual conscience constrains them to remain Catholic. Calvin has put forth his famous treatise maintaining "That Heretics should be Repressed by the Sword"; his "heretics" being, of course, dissenters from Protestantism. In England, Tyburn Tree is thronged with martyrs whose only offence is fidelity to ancestral faith. Says Hume: "The whole tyranny of the Inquisition, though without its order, was introduced into the kingdom." To Protestant, you see, as to "papist," persecution is still a thing of course; so, too, is the identification of Church and State interests, and by consequence the punishment of religious heterodoxy by the secular power.

Let Protestantism get a foothold in Spain, and the immediate result there, as it has been elsewhere, would be civil war; and civil war would be more disastrous to Spain than it has proved to other countries, inasmuch as her situation is more critical. The elements of the monarchy are heterogeneous, lightly cemented, ready to part at the first shock. Factions flourish everywhere. The Moors are still in sight of Spain; the Jews have not had time to forget; both are feeding fat their ancient grudge, alert to strike at their enemy of old. The Protestant corsairs of France and England, ruthless as their fellow-believers on land, are swooping on the rich-freighted Spanish fleets; Spain must either crush or be crushed, and the engine of defence is at hand. In the eyes of her sovereigns and of the mass of her people too, the Holy Office is the only hope. "Tell the Grand Inquisitor," writes the abdicated monarch, Charles the Fifth, from his

monastic retreat amid the chestnut and orange groves of Estramadura,—“tell the Grand Inquisitor and his council, from me, to be at their posts and to lay the axe at the root of the evil.” Solemnly from his convent death-chamber does he conjure Philip, his son and successor, to ferret out and bring to justice every heretic in his dominions. “Cherish the Holy Inquisition. So shall you have my blessing and the Lord will prosper all your undertakings.”

The Lord—or some other power—did indeed prosper most of Philip's undertakings, notably that of strengthening the Holy Office; in his hands the tribunal takes on its most terrible form. This Philip the Second of Spain, depicted by Protestant pens as a monster of grim and bloodthirsty fanaticism—a monster for whose counterpart we must turn to Catholic portrayals of “great Elizabeth,”—Philip the Second, hailed by Catholic chroniclers as saviour of his country and defender of the Faith *par excellence*,—was confronted by conditions difficult, extraordinary, quite remote from any to be conceived by the general mind of to-day; conditions with which, it is very certain, no methods familiar to modern jurisprudence could have coped. Most effective at all events was the policy pursued. While the blood of civil war stained wellnigh all the rest of Europe, Spain was at peace.

“There were not,” remarks Voltaire, the arch-foe of Catholicism,—“there were not in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries any of the bloody revolutions, of the conspiracies, . . . which we see in the other kingdoms of Europe. In fine, except for the horrors of the Inquisition, there would be nothing with which to reproach Spain [at this period].” Voltaire does not tip the moral, but De Maistre thus pointedly does: “That is to say, ‘Without the horrors of the Inquisition there would be nothing with which to reproach that

country, which escaped only by means of the Inquisition the horrors that dishonored all the others.’” We Protestants have been bred to believe that those “others” were less dishonored by their revolutions than was Spain by her Holy Office. There are two sides to that question; but even supposing we are right, the fact abides that the Spanish monarchs acted according to convictions which were for the most part undoubtedly conscientious. They accomplished what other Catholic rulers all Europe over attempted—and failed to accomplish; *there* is all the difference. And these considerations have an important bearing.

As the danger of the introduction of Protestantism into the Peninsula dwindled, so also did the rigor and activity of the Inquisition; and from the practical ceasing of that danger, somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century, dates the third period of the tribunal. This may be disposed of in a dozen words. The Holy Office came to be confined to repressing infamous crimes and barring out the philosophy of Voltaire. By the end of the century it had faded to a mere shadow; in 1808 it was abolished, then shortly revived; and in 1830 again and finally done away with.

(Conclusion next week.)

COVETOUS men that set all their love in havoir [worldly goods] and in solace of the world be likened to them that seek flowers in winter. Well seek they flowers in winter that seek God and His grace in the covetise of the world, which is so cold of all virtues that it quencheth all the devotion of the love of God. And well is called the world winter in Scripture; for its evils and vices make men sinners and cold to serve God. Therefore, saith the Holy Ghost to the soul that is amorous: Arise up, thou my fair soul: the winter is past.—*Caxton's "Golden Legend."*

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

STOP, Lloyd!—you aren't going off surely! Isabel, why don't you make him stay to supper?"

This was Mr. Rivers' cheerful shout from the rear, when he saw Lloyd taking leave of Miss Rivers at the door of the house which contained under one roof the offices of the Caridad Company and the residence of its General Manager.

"It's all right, papa," Isabel assured him. "Mr. Lloyd is going after Mr. Armistead. He'll be back presently."

"Be sure and bring Armistead with you!" Mr. Rivers called after the departing Lloyd. "Tell him we won't take any refusal."

"There's not the least probability of a refusal," Lloyd answered with a laugh, as he strode on at a rapid pace; for the Caridad house occupied a position midway between the village and the mountain which held the mine. From its door the road ran slightly downward for several hundred yards, between stone walls, beyond which lay green fields; and then, crossing by a bridge over a small stream that in the season of the rains grew into a raging torrent, became the paved thoroughfare of the village, lined on both sides with narrow, raised sidewalks and close-set houses, until the plaza which forms the centre of every Mexican town was reached.

Small but very charming is the plaza of Tópia; for it is a perfect bower of green foliage and hedges of roses, that fill the air with their rich fragrance. Here, as Lloyd had anticipated, he found Armistead, seated on a bench under the shadow of the church, which, with its wide, ever-open door, occupies one side of the square.

"I've been wondering what had become of you," he observed, in an injured

tone, as Lloyd walked up. "You must know this place,—isn't there any better *fonda* to be found than the one where we went through the form of dining when we came in?"

"There is a much better one," Lloyd replied; "and I've been requested to take you to it. It is the Casa de la Caridad, which well deserves its name from the wide extent of its hospitality."

"Casa de la Caridad! That's a charitable institution,—what we call an asylum, isn't it? I don't care to go to a place of that kind."

"You'll care very, very much to go when you understand that the Casa de la Caridad in this case means the Company house of the Caridad Mine. It's an old joke of the employees to refer to it as an institution of charity."

Armistead remarked that poor jokes did not in his opinion gain in humor by being in a foreign language; and then, having made this protest against trivial jesting, professed his readiness to proceed immediately to the Casa de la Caridad.

"You seem to have lost no time in presenting yourself there," he went on, a little suspiciously, as they walked up the street together.

"I did not present myself there," Lloyd answered. "But while you were in the hands of the barber I strolled up to the mine—you know I used to be on the staff,—and there I met Mr. and Miss Rivers, who insisted on our coming to take supper with them."

"It is certainly very kind of them, and—ah—charitable too. I begin to appreciate the point of that joke. How is Miss Rivers?"

"She looks extremely well."

"She must be getting pretty tired of this place."

"She didn't express any feeling of the kind."

"Oh, she must be! What on earth is there here for a woman of her stamp? I can't imagine how she has endured it

even-as long as this, and you may be sure she's dying to get away."

Lloyd did not feel called upon to contradict the opinion. Miss Rivers, he reflected, was able to answer for herself; and, after all, it was neither his business nor Armistead's whether she was or was not dying to get away.

The young lady, however, gave the contrary assurance with convincing positiveness when they found her in her sitting-room a little later.

"Tired of Tópia!—anxious to go away!" she exclaimed in reply to Armistead's condolences. "But, on the contrary, I am enchanted with Tópia. Life here is an experience I would not have missed for anything; and I shall certainly not go away until after *las aguas*, as the people call the rainy season."

"It's hard to understand how you can possibly be contented in such a place," Armistead wondered with evident incredulity.

"I have always said I had a dash of the gypsy in me," she laughed. "And yet I like civilization too. I see you are looking at the room, Mr. Lloyd. Don't you think I have civilized it a little?"

"I am trying to recognize it as the old room in which we used to camp," answered Lloyd. "You have simply transformed it."

In fact, he had found it difficult to believe that it was the same place with which he had formerly been familiar. It had then been a large, brick-floored, windowless apartment, almost as devoid of comforts as of luxuries. Now there were not only windows, but these windows were hung with the draperies which even from the outside he had remarked; rugs were spread on the floor; in one corner a broad divan was covered with a gaily-striped Mexican blanket and heaped with cushions. In another corner a bookcase stood; a large table loaded with magazines and papers bore in its midst a tall

brass lamp, with a crimson silk shade. Pictures, photographs, a tortoise-shell kitten curled up in a workbasket,—Lloyd took it all in, and then turned his gaze on the girl who had created it.

For up to this time he had never seen Isabel Rivers except in outdoor costume; and charming as she had been in that, and well as it had seemed to suit her, he saw now that she was one of the women who are supremely at home and supremely charming in a woman's own realm—the drawing-room. Gowned in some soft, silken fabric, in which blue and white were mingled, her slender waist clasped with a silver girdle, the whiteness of her neck and arms gleaming through the lace which covered them, she was, in her daintiness, fineness and grace, in the delicate rustle of her draperies, in the faint fragrance which hung about her, an enchanting vision to the man who had been long exiled from all those influences of civilization of which such a woman is the finest flower.

She met his eyes with the pleasure of a child in her own.

"It is a great change, isn't it?" she said. "And you can't imagine how I enjoyed making it, and how I enjoy it now that it is made. Generally one doesn't think of furniture: one takes carpets and tables and couches for granted. But when one has had to create them, one's point of view radically changes. I am as proud as a peacock of my little comforts and prettinesses."

"So you ought to be. You must have worked very hard to create all these."

"Oh, no,—there were so many willing hands to help me! But I think I am most proud of my bookcase. I drew the design for it, and the Company's carpenter—an old Frenchman whom you probably remember—made it. Papa doubted if he could, but when I showed him my drawing he was simply delighted. 'That is my trade—cabinet-making,' he said. 'You will see. I will do a nice job for you, and I shall take pleasure

in doing it.' He did take pleasure in it, I am sure; and I would go to the carpenter's shop and talk to him as he worked. He was very interesting."

Lloyd laughed as he thought of the odd, irascible old Frenchman.

"I should not have credited him with that quality," he said.

"Perhaps you never talked to him. There are very few people who are not interesting when they really open themselves to one. He told me about his youth in France, and how he intended, as soon as he had made enough money—as soon as he sold a mine he had out in the Sierra,—to go back and visit his childhood's home in Burgundy."

Lloyd shook his head.

"I am afraid he will never visit Burgundy if he waits to sell that mine," he said. "It is a prospect into which, when I was here, he was putting all his savings; though your father told him there was nothing in it and advised him to drop it. The old fellow was obstinate, however, and held on."

"He wanted to go to Burgundy, you see," Isabel said. "His life was hard and without satisfaction; so he cherished one beautiful dream—to go back to France before he died." She paused a moment, and Lloyd did not understand the look which came into her face, although he was struck by its sweetness and sadness. "It is a good thing, perhaps, that he did not go, after all," she went on. "He would, no doubt, have been disappointed there. Things would not have been so beautiful as they seemed to him by the light of memory. And so it is well that he was called, instead, to go on a far longer journey, to a country more remote."

"Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead. The bookcase was his last work. I am glad that I gave him the pleasure of doing it, and of talking to me the while of his memories and dreams. He died suddenly, just after he finished it."

There was a short silence. What was there in this girl's voice which seemed to give such exquisite meaning to very simple words? Lloyd did not know; he only knew that as she spoke he had a comprehension of things which would have been veiled from many eyes and minds. What had he, for instance, ever seen in the old carpenter but a good workman and eccentric man? But Isabel Rivers had not only discovered in him the ability to do finer work than any one else had ever suspected his power to execute, but she had discerned the pathos of his life and of his hopes; had sympathized in his yearning to see once more the vine-clad slopes of his native Burgundy, yet had been wise enough to understand that the call of death spared him, perhaps, a last disappointment; and she now paid his memory the tribute of a feeling so kind, so gentle, that Lloyd felt as if it should make the old Frenchman rest more easy in his foreign grave out in the Campo Santo.

The little story seemed also to make him comprehend herself better than a long acquaintance might possibly have done; for we only know people in any real sense by certain self-revelations—always unconsciously made—which do not very often occur. The occasion for one may not arise during years of intercourse, or it may arise within the first hour of meeting a new acquaintance. He looked at the bookcase, and then he looked again at the face before him.

"Do you always understand like this?" he said. "It is a rare gift."

"I think," she replied simply, "there is a great deal in taking interest enough to understand. You see I always take interest—but here comes Mr. Mackenzie with the mail! I am sure you haven't forgotten what an event the arrival of the mail is in Tópia."

Mackenzie entered as she spoke, followed by a *mozo* carrying a large sack over his shoulder. Mr. Rivers turned

from the examination and discussion of ore-samples with Armistead, and directed the pouring out of the contents of the sack on the table, where it formed an attractive pile of matter under the lamp.

"The carrier is very late in getting in to-day," he observed. "I am afraid it is your fault, Isabel, for making the mail so heavy. Here are two packages of books for you, besides a dozen or so other things."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Miss Rivers. She came forward with shining eyes and stood by the table, the softened radiance of the lamplight falling over her graceful figure and charming face, and catching a gleam of jewels on the white hands untying strings and tearing open wrappers. Involuntarily all the men, except Mr. Rivers, found themselves watching her, with a sense of pleasure in her beauty and grace. "Could anything be more delightful than to get half a dozen new books all at once, when one is so happily situated as to be in Tópia with any amount of time to devote to them?" she asked, glancing up at Armistead.

"There are not many people who would describe themselves under such circumstances as 'happily situated,'" he answered, smiling.

"But how it teaches one the value of books!" she insisted. "What do people who live within easy range of libraries and booksellers know of the thrill with which one opens a package of volumes that have been brought on a mule two hundred miles over the Sierra!"

"To hear you, one would think the mule gave them a special value," said her father.

"And so it does," she answered. "To a person without imagination—and I regret to say that you haven't a bit, papa,—the thing is indescribable; but, as a matter of fact, the mule *does* add a value."

"It is a pity he couldn't know it; for I am sure that if he were able to

express himself he would wish that you had less taste for literature. Won't you look at some of these papers, Armistead?—and you, Lloyd? The 18th—you've seen nothing later than that in the way of a paper from the States."

So the little group gathered round the table, reading letters, glancing over papers and books, for a pleasant half hour, until Lucio appeared in the curtainless doorway, and, with his most impressive air, announced:

"*Ya está la cena, Señorita!*"

(To be continued.)

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

II.—HIS MARRIAGE.—THE CISTERCIANS.

AS Ambrose grew older, and his father saw that his heart and soul were in his religion, that all the powers of his mind were turned in that direction, and his future plans seemingly regulated with regard to it, he began to be alarmed lest his son should desire to embrace the monastic life. In order to prevent this, he strongly urged him to marry. His solicitude in the matter finally resulted in a union between Ambrose and Laura Mary, eldest daughter of the Honorable Thomas Clifford, who was, like himself, a fervent Catholic. De Lisle, with his convictions, could never have married a Protestant.

In his young wife he found a congenial companion and helpmate in every sense of the word. There never was a more happy marriage than that which took place on the 25th of July, 1833, in the old Church of St. James, Spanish Place, London, then the chapel of the Embassy of Spain. De Lisle was at that time a little more than twenty-four years old. Fervent faith, zeal for God's honor and the welfare and glory of His Church, with a burning desire for the conversion of England, were shared mutually by this exemplary couple, who added to

these virtues a most widespread and active charity. On De Lisle's marriage his father gave him possession of the manor of Grâce-Dieu, a family estate in the county of Lincolnshire, with an allowance of £1200 a year.

Although the newly married couple went much into society, they were engaged from the first in works the magnitude of which would have seemed stupendous to the ordinary Christian. But Ambrose de Lisle was no ordinary Christian. From the period of his conversion it had been a dream of his one day to restore monasticism to the recreant country from which it had been banished since the Reformation; to see again the cowed monks pass to and fro in their renewed cloisters; to hear the grand and magnificent chant of their matins and even-song re-echo through the dim and vaulted aisles which he fondly hoped would rise, in God's good time, above the ruins of the old. Furthermore, he desired to gather round him a devoted band of missionary priests, who would preach to the poor and ignorant, and instruct the peasantry in the long-forgotten Gospel of their ancestors.

To this end he purchased, in the summer of 1835, about two hundred and twenty-five acres of land in Charmwood Forest and presented it to the Cistercian Order. A portion of this land, it was said, had originally belonged to the Cistercians, of whom the De Lisles in Catholic times had been benefactors. A small cottage of four rooms was the beginning of the now large and picturesque Abbey of St. Bernard. Here came five Trappist monks; and upon their arrival the coldness of their reception, the unsympathetic remarks and cautious objections made not by Protestants but Catholics, the remonstrances of De Lisle's friends solemnly urging him to forego this "visionary" scheme before he became further involved, would have daunted a less courageous

or less pious heart. Why, they argued, establish monks in Lincolnshire, where there were so few Catholics, instead of setting them down in cities, where they might do some good among the people suffering for lack of religious ministrations and instruction? Others again—like Lord Shrewsbury, himself a magnificent patron of religious works—wished to unite the contemplative and active life in the scheme of religious improvement, and wondered whether the Brothers of Christian Instruction would not be of much greater ultimate benefit than contemplative monks.

But De Lisle never faltered. He replied to his objectors that the Trappists were monks and missionaries at the same time; that their ascetic lives particularly fitted them to be spiritual directors; that their poverty and mortification rendered their support a question of comparative ease. De Lisle felt also that since the self-denying spirit of monasticism, with its perpetual holocaust of prayer, its supernatural principle of vicarious suffering, had been lost to the people of England, they had also lost their most ancient and most precious heritage, which only the revival of these labors could render possible. He believed, too, that Religion should be accompanied, whenever feasible, by her handmaid, Christian Art. Nothing could be too grand or too costly to be used in God's service; hence the necessity of monasteries and churches such as once filled his native land.

To revive England's ancient glories of architecture, her saintly traditions, her solemn ritual; to reach the hearts of her people by purifying and ennobling the sensuous portion of their natures; to make the sublimest truths and forms of religion an oft-reiterated and vital feature of its practice,—these were the aims of our broad-minded and generous convert. More than half a century later Cardinal Manning argued in the same fashion, when speaking of

the conversion of the people of England and the existing powerful hindrances to the spread of the Catholic Church. The quotation here will not be out of place.

"Why, then," wrote the great Cardinal, "do we not draw men as Spurgeon and 'General' Booth or Hugh Price Hughes? I am afraid there are two obvious reasons: we choose our topics unwisely, and we are not on fire with the love of God and of souls.... But surely we ought to win and move and draw and soften the souls of men, as Our Lord did, and by the same truths. His preaching of the eternal truths was 'as fire, and as the hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces.' So also was the preaching of the Apostles when they spoke in the name of Jesus. This preaching converted the world, and no other will convert England. The English people as a whole still believe in Our Lord, His love, His Passion, His absolution, His most Precious Blood; and also in repentance, grace and conversion. Why do we not meet these truths in their minds and in the needs of their souls by offering to them all these things in greater freshness and beauty?"

A few, charitably disposed Catholics—some of them after having combated his intentions, as Lord Shrewsbury—came forward with generous donations toward the building of the monastery. Pugin gave all his time, drawings, and so forth, gratis; and, as the materials lay close at hand, a great deal was accomplished with the money. The Trappists did much of the work themselves; and on the festival of St. Bernard, August 20, 1844, the monks, in solemn procession, entered their new monastery.

The joy of their munificent benefactor, however, was suddenly dampened by what almost immediately followed. While the monks dwelt in their humble cottage, awaiting the completion of the monastery, they had faithfully ministered to the flocks scattered round

about them, in the manner usual to parish priests and all seculars. Once within the cloister, De Lisle learned, to his great surprise, that they could no longer do parish work. Knowing very little about the religious Orders, it had never occurred to him that enclosure meant withdrawal from duty outside their convent. With the exception of hearing confessions, their ministrations now ceased; and one can not but think it natural that De Lisle should have asked himself whether, under like circumstances, their founder would have shut himself within the walls of the abbey while hungry souls were clamoring at the gates for spiritual food. On the other hand, the monks had probably not been aware of the ignorance of their benefactor concerning the rule, which, being strictly contemplative, they are bound to safeguard by every means in their power. The monks did not desert their posts until the vacancies were filled,—a proceeding which took some time and was attended with not a little difficulty.

It now became necessary for De Lisle to provide other religious in the place of those who were about to leave the outlying parishes, and to this end he applied to Bishop Walsh to introduce the Jesuits. This permission was refused him, as also that of having a Jesuit as chaplain at Grâce-Dieu, and as tutor for his two little boys. A secular priest was substituted, whom De Lisle accepted and received with Catholic submission and gentlemanly courtesy, thereby setting a brilliant example to many of his coreligionists who fret and fume and animadvert upon the doings of those in authority with far less reason than he could have advanced for objection or dissatisfaction. No great and holy work was ever undertaken without trials and difficulties; and Ambrose de Lisle fully acknowledged this oft-repeated and amply proven truth. He went on opening up churches, or rather chapels, in various

places throughout the neighborhood,—sometimes a little discouraged that there were so few converts, sometimes rejoicing when strayed sheep were brought back to the fold.

By this time Father Gentili, of the Order of Charity, had arrived at Grâce-Dieu as chaplain. He proved to be a most zealous missionary and ardent worker. New missions were established, and the "No-Popery" agitators began to take alarm. Men went through the villages parading a grotesque monk's habit on the end of a stick, which they afterward set on fire. One day Father Gentili was pelted with stones and filth. But these agitations soon subsided. The self-denying labors of the priests finally took hold on the hearts of the people, many of whom embraced the faith, which their descendants still loyally preserve.

The foundation and building of the abbey, the establishment of missions, chapels and schools (assisted though he was, and that magnificently, by Lord Shrewsbury and some others), made great inroads into the resources of De Lisle. He had a young and rapidly increasing family, to which he began to fear he was doing injustice; and yet his zeal was so great that he could not bring his heart to follow the counsels of his head. He was obliged to borrow large sums of money, the interest on which caused his income to be sorely straitened; but he willingly, joyfully, made these sacrifices for the love of God and the Catholic faith.

After the first flush of disappointment with regard to the monks had passed away, De Lisle found in them and their particular vocation all the consolation and fruit of religion their first coming had caused him to expect. The quaint, irregular stone building, set upon a hill, designed by Pugin, beautiful, yet severe in its simplicity, was ever a delight to his eye, as a reminder of what England had once possessed, and a prophecy of

that which would again be hers. In the silence of the monastery he found, as every reflective religious mind must find, its greatest charm; it was the silence of holiness, of the intelligence which sacrifices its intercourse with man to dwell upon the things of God. It was a silence, moreover, which combined itself with labor, ennobling and sanctifying it.

To a poetic mind like that of Ambrose De Lisle, apart from the deep religious significance of the solemn chants of the Church, there is something transcendently beautiful in the gliding of those noiseless figures into the chapel night after night, when all the world is asleep, save sick and suffering souls, for whom their orisons are offered; or the midnight roisterers in haunts of crime, for whose orgies these self-immolated spirits make perpetual atonement. The more familiar he became with their aims and austere spirit, their holy poverty, their abiding faith, the more he realized what a great blessing they are to the Church and to the world. His was a mind capable of recognizing to the full, to quote his biographer, that "there is no monotony in the Cistercian life, as the superficial observer is apt to fancy. Silence is not sadness. The contemplative mind is apt and able to be filled with aspirations ever new, which lift the soul in gladness to God. To the spiritual soul there is freshness as well as joy in prayer. The varying scenes bring to the Cistercian monk, who is familiar with the ways of nature, various duties and new rewards. There is no more monotony in his work in the fields than in his meditation in the silent cloisters."

De Lisle himself said that one of the greatest consolations of his earthly life was to know that the prayers and penances and "the great silence" of the monks of St. Bernard were offered to God by day and by night for the fulfilment of the dearest desire of his heart—the return of England to Catholic unity.

The Flight.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

BIRD soaring into the air,
Where art thou speeding,—where?
Dim is yon mountain fair,
Distant yon star,—
Fly not so far!

Oh, it is warm in the nest!
Soon 'twill be dark in the west;
Clouded the mountain crest,
Hidden yon star,—
Fly not so far!

Fain would I fetter thy wings,
They are delusive things.
Hark to the voice that sings'
From Home's bright star,
"Fly not so far!"

A Coterie of Converts.

THREE men were quietly conversing in the room of one of them—a priest. The other two were respectively a wealthy merchant and an army officer who had risen from the ranks to a post of distinction by his talents and unswerving devotion to duty. All were converts, and they had been speaking of the wonderful manner in which Almighty God is pleased to turn souls to Himself.

"No doubt we could each tell a remarkable story in our own case," said the priest. "Here is the incident on which my conversion turned. During the Civil War I served in a volunteer regiment. Our colonel was a silent, reserved man, but his men adored him. He shared all their hardships and gave his life in the end for the Lost Cause.

"I was sent one night to the colonel's tent by my own commanding officer. I knocked gently on the tent pole, but received no answer; so I ventured to lift the flap. The colonel was kneeling near his cot, a rosary in his hand. I had never seen one before, and could not imagine its use. Retiring discreetly, I knocked again, and this time he replied

to the summons. I mentioned the little occurrence to no one, but it made a deep impression on my mind. I felt that here was indeed a good man, making no pretence of phylacteries and psalm-singing, but carrying his religion in his heart, as his whole conduct made manifest. Later, when I lay wounded in the hospital, I grew familiar with the use of the rosary through the Sisters who were our ministering angels. And so—I eventually became a Catholic."

"My experience," said the merchant, "was somewhat similar. While I was in the establishment of L— & T—, I was sent one morning to take some samples of lace for approval to the rooms of a celebrated singer. Some one was with her when I arrived, and, opening a door leading into a small anteroom, she bade me wait until she should be at leisure. There I found a small table on which stood an ivory crucifix and an exquisite silver statue of the Blessed Virgin. In a tiny globe of amethyst glass a light was burning. Always a lover of beautiful things, I approached nearer to examine these works of art—when the singer entered.

"Ah! I see you are admiring my little crucifix and statue. Are they not beautiful? They were given me by the Empress of Austria."

"A little shyly, for I was not more than eighteen, I replied:

"They are very fine, Madam. But why, if it is not impertinent, do you have the light burning on the table?"

"Because this is my little oratory."

"What is an oratory?" I asked.

"Oh!" she said, in some surprise. "I forgot that you may not be a Catholic. It is a place in which one prays."

"And you pray here?"

"Surely—every night and morning, and very often when I am worried or perplexed. Never do I leave this room for the opera house but I kneel for a moment before Christ and His Blessed Mother, that my work may be blessed."

"There was no trace of egotism or self-laudation in her words: she was simplicity itself; and of so charming and gracious a personality that I still carry the memory in my old heart. The following Sunday she sang at the cathedral. I went that very day to a Catholic church for the first time, but it has held me ever since."

"My story is quite curious also," said the army man. "I was always fond, when a young man, of going about to different churches,—rather for the social features than from any religious motives. My piety was not at all increased by these various experiences. I had but little faith in the sincerity of most people whom I met under those circumstances. But against one church—the Catholic—I had ever an inveterate prejudice. From my youth I had heard stories of the idolatry and superstition of its members.

"One morning about eleven o'clock I was passing a Catholic church in Norfolk, Virginia. It suddenly began to rain: I had no umbrella and ran up into the vestibule of the church. As I stood there waiting for the rain to cease, the clouds grew darker, and I began to feel rather chilly and uncomfortable. Through the inner door came the sound of sacred music, of which I have always been passionately fond. I entered and went into a pew and began to look about me. It was at the moment of the Elevation: every head was bowed,—one could almost feel the silence.

"An indescribable emotion took possession of me. I realized fully that here was piety, here was prayer. Later I lingered in my place near the door, watching the congregation quietly and reverently disperse. When I left the church everyone had departed. The rain had passed over; fresh and green were the trees and grass, smiling the blue sky. There was sunshine over the world and sunshine in my heart. In less than three months I was a Catholic."

S. A.

The Favorite Saint of Non-Catholics.

OF all the saints in the calendar, one would think that St. Francis of Assisi should have least attraction for those outside of the Church, especially in this age of luxury and materialism. But, in spite of Professor Huxley's assertion that Christianity emasculates and vitiates human character, and the illustration of his position by the example of the saints of the Order of St. Francis, the Seraph of Assisi is now regarded by many non-Catholics as a great moral leader. He was the favorite saint of Ruskin, Longfellow, Lowell, and of innumerable others who know next to nothing about the Church, and who fail to recognize St. Francis as "a beautiful specimen of the style of character which the most imposing organic symbol of Christendom tends to produce, and has, in all the ages of its mighty reign, *largely produced.*" (We quote the words of an American Protestant clergyman in reference to Madame Swetchine.) The Salvation Army has a life of St. Francis, in the preface to which the author declares that the object of their organization is to revive and spread throughout the world the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi!

Speaking of Huxley reminds us of Coventry Patmore's contention that Christianity is a strictly experimental science—"Do my commandments and ye shall know of the doctrine," etc., etc.,—and he points out that there are sciences, even "experimental" sciences, in which Huxley had not qualified himself to be considered an expert. Interest in the life and work of St. Francis among non-Catholics, of which there are many indications, can have only one result. Modern Christians seem to have the idea that the main purpose of Christ was that everybody should have plenty to eat and drink, comfortable homes, and not too much to do. The example of St. Francis is calculated to clear up any

delusions one may have regarding the possibility of serving God and mammon; concerning the narrow way which few find and the broad way generally taken. A bigoted repugnance to the Church still prevails to a large extent; but if interest in her saints and respect for their teachings continue to increase, prejudice and bitterness will be proportionately diminished.

We have touched upon this subject so often that it will be no great shock to our readers to learn that Tremont Temple, Boston, was filled the other night with a thoughtful and enthusiastic audience, listening to a sympathetic estimate of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club, and was the fourth in a series named collectively "Moral Leaders." It is somewhat curious as well as amusing to learn that it was a "fashionably-gowned" assemblage that hung upon the lecturer's words. But the fact is surely a hopeful one; for it is in Vanity Fair that the great reaction against worldliness must set in.

The lecturer spoke of St. Francis as a moral force, an arbiter of conduct, an exemplification of the necessity of dispossessing one's self of material things. Do not own things or let them own you; be glad, be free, help others,—these principles he characterized as the mainsprings of the Saint's teachings. His active life, his literal obedience to the divine call, and so forth, were dwelt upon in glowing sentences.

There will not be a true revival of the Franciscan spirit, of course, until Christian people combine to rebel against the tyranny of habitual luxury. Those who were so moved in Tremont Temple probably worshiped their automobiles and bric-a-brac as usual next day; but the lecture—although not, perhaps, without some false notes—must have had its share in helping on the hopeful devotion to St. Francis of Assisi.

Notes and Remarks.

Of all government officials Indian agents will bear most watching. It is not enough to secure the annulment of unjust rulings against Catholic mission schools: it is necessary to exercise vigilance in order that there be no backsliding on the part of the agents. In 1889 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs (T. J. Morgan) and the Superintendent of Indian Schools (Daniel Dorchester) were Protestant ministers; and from that day to this there have been agents working against the Catholic missions. As we have said, they must be watched closely. The Rev. J. Phelan, writing in the *Iowa Catholic Messenger* (Feb. 22), declares that the Browning ruling, though abolished by the Secretary of the Interior, is still in force at Stephan, S. D. The Sister Superior of St. John's Indian mission school, Arizona, in a letter published in the *Church Progress* (same date), makes these statements:

The Indians all through this valley are very good. The great majority of them are pagans. There are also some Protestants among them. All, however, show themselves well disposed toward Christianity, and would directly become Catholics did not the fear of the agent prevent them. Those poor parents who send their children to us are deprived by this official of all government support. Freedom of conscience is thus denied them, and their miserable lot is worse than slavery.

The school was filling with pupils, and everything going on prosperously, when the Indian agent made his appearance and "took away some of the children to transfer them to the government school." We learn that there are other places where the Indians who send their children to mission schools are deprived of the government rations to which they are entitled. Among the provisions of the Indian appropriation bill now before Congress is one forbidding the withholding of rations in such cases, and it is hoped that the injustice may be remedied. Until it is, no Catholic worthy of the

name can be indifferent to the Indian question, nor can it be said that Catholics in this country have no grievances that call for redress. The Indians who profess our Faith are one with us, and their cause should be ours.

Bishop Mostyn of Menevia, whose diocese is coterminous with Wales, is displaying marked zeal for the conversion of the Welsh people, who, even more than the English, may be said to have been robbed of the Faith during Reformation times. The latest enterprise of the Bishop is the establishment of a chain of Welsh missions to extend over the whole country. Wales is a promising mission field in spite of the peculiarly stubborn prejudices of the people; and Catholic travellers are frequently astonished to discover how vestiges of Catholic faith and practice have survived in districts where no priest has preached for three hundred years. We may also note that a partial list of the Welsh names of plants shows that no fewer than twenty-four were called after our Blessed Lady.

Christian workers in the presence of heathenism are constrained to emphasize the central truths of our holy religion; and while the matters and beliefs which differentiate churches in Christian lands are not regarded as unimportant, it becomes apparent to missionaries that it is unnecessary and unwise to perpetuate in mission fields divisions which have had their origin in historic conditions that have ceased to exist.

We quote these words from the *Christian Intelligencer*, which is a leading organ of the Dutch Reformed denomination in this country. And we are minded to repeat what we have often said before, that nowadays the policy of Catholic apologists should be to show on how many essential points outsiders are at agreement with us, rather than to point out all the errors of those separated from the Church. Not only is it unwise, it is unchristian to treat with scorn movements and works

among Protestants which can only be ascribed to the influences of divine grace. And it is well to assert betimes that the creed of the Church is in reality a short one. It will be a benefit to non-Catholics to learn, and surely no harm to the faithful to remember, that there are any number of alleged miracles, so-called venerable traditions, and oft-quoted opinions, to which one may attach as much or as little importance as one feels disposed. A distinction which can not be too much insisted upon nowadays is the distinction between the opinions of Catholic persons and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

The Silver Jubilee of Leo XIII. as Pope, which was inaugurated in Rome on the 20th ult., is now being celebrated throughout the whole Catholic world. From the most distant missions we hear of public prayers, processions and pilgrimages begun or planned, and to continue a year from date. Pilgrimages to Rome from various parts of Italy have already begun; and a grand ceremony, at which all the Italian Cardinals will be present, is announced for the 3d of May. The reports of the Holy Father's health continue to be favorable. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that he will live to see the years of Peter; but it is remarkable that only two Popes (Pius VI. and Pius IX.) since the time of the Prince of the Apostles have reigned longer than Leo XIII.

A defence of celibacy based on no theory of "other-worldliness," found in the writings of Bacon, is quoted by the *London Tablet* in reply to an indignant Englishman who at a recent public meeting denounced the government for allowing "celibate Jesuits" to land on the shores of England. It would be useless in such a case to present the higher and more familiar considerations in favor of celibacy, so the *Tablet* quotes something merely mundane—the following

sentence penned by the great writer whose name is much in mind just now:

The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works are common to men; and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed: so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity.

The official report of the United States Philippine Commission has made it absolutely certain that the reason for whatever hostility exists against the friars in the archipelago is not to be found either in the loose living or the extortionate practices of which we heard so much during the past two years. Neither were the friars "the instruments of Spanish tyranny" to any appreciable extent. The friars upheld existing authority and were unfriendly to the insurrection; that was the head and front of their offending, as the Senate and House have been informed by the Commission. As to the charge of extortion, the Bishops testify that the fees fixed for religious services in the Philippines were uniform and modest. The stories of the phenomenal wealth of the friars were exploded when Judge Taft reported that the combined holdings of the religious Orders in the Philippines are worth about five million dollars. This, be it remembered, represents the material achievements of fourteen hundred friars during a period of three hundred years.

As to the Filipinos, both the laity and the native clergy have been absurdly overrated by the organs of Catholic opinion in this country. Intellectually and morally, the race is still in its childhood; though it can not be denied that the islanders are quite as intelligent, quite as educated, and quite as capable of self-government as the populations of some of our States. The Bishops themselves testified before the Commission that the moral sense of

the Filipino is not strongly developed; furthermore, that renegade priests in the islands are mostly natives. U.S. Minister Barrett made the same declaration three or four years ago. We can not go behind these statements of the Bishops, some of whom have endured persecution at the hands of the natives because they refused to ordain candidates who had not the canonical requirements. It is as unjust to judge the missionaries of the Philippines by the renegades—comparatively few—among the native clergy as to judge the priests of the United States by the few who have become Protestants and taken to lecturing.

We knew that smokers claimed a patron saint, but we were as much surprised as a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* to learn that Blessed Lidwina of Holland is the patron saint of skaters. She will be remembered as one of the most celebrated of female mystics and a great miracle-worker. The atrocious sufferings which she endured, and by which she was confined to her bed for thirty years, were due to a fall on the ice while skating. She was then fifteen years old. The name Lidwina means "suffering much," and few even among the saints have suffered more than Blessed Lidwina. Her feast is kept on April 14.

Probably for the same reason that makes an apostate the bitterest enemy of the Church, the government machinery of so-called Catholic countries that are officially infidel resort to microscopic meannesses that a Mohammedan would shrink from. The other day an Italian magistrate, exercising an undoubted right and duty, spoke out boldly in condemnation of divorce and in defence of the teachings of the Church. The Italian mails were not quick enough to visit upon the offending magistrate the displeasure of the Zanardelli government, so he was deposed by telegraph. This

prompt action is doubly curious to us Americans, who are accustomed to hear our non-Catholic magistrates and judges decree divorce almost unanimously. Another symptom of the degenerate condition of official Italy was manifested about the same time. A magistrate observing a man in the court-room who had forgotten to remove his hat, reprimanded him after this gentle fashion: "When you enter your church, you take off your hat, do you not? Well, you must remember that this court is infinitely superior to your churches." A judge who should use such language in an American court-room would be officially annihilated—perhaps even by telegraph.

"Father Pat" is the surprising sobriquet worn by the late Rev. Henry Irwin, an Oxford Master of Arts, who is described as "the pioneer minister of the Church of England in the Broadway district." A priest who knew him sends to the *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland, Oregon, this account of a kindly deed performed by the lamented clergyman: "On one occasion he walked nearly forty miles to reach a telephone to call me to the bedside of a dying Catholic miner, though the dying man did not himself ask for the consolations of religion. After leaving the sick man I met 'Father Pat,' and his joy was almost boundless when I told him I was in time to give all the last sacraments." It will not surprise our readers to be told that, shortly before his death "Father Pat" was received into the Church. *R. I. P.*

One method of meeting the questions raised by non-Catholics regarding the Church is happily illustrated in the second booklet of the delightful "Boy Savers' Series," by the Rev. G. E. Quin, S. J. Father Quin tells the story to show that the wearing of a religious emblem as a badge of membership in a sodality promotes Catholic spirit as much as

any public profession of faith would do; and even that the sodality button sometimes leads to loyal acts not contemplated by the sodality's management. "Do Protestant lads ever ask you the meaning of your badge?" was the question once put to a street-boy friend of mine. 'Yep,' answered the youngster. 'Sometimes dey wanter know.'—'Then what explanation do you give them?' continued the inquirer.—'Oh,' replied our rough-and-ready tyro controversialist, instinctively and realistically bunching his little fist, 'I jis haul off and soak 'em!'" We recall that some one said a few years ago that the Catholic press seems afflicted with chronic ill-temper. If our editors do seem to betray a desire to "soak 'em," it ought to be remembered that sometimes they have very offensive questions to deal with.

A particularly urgent appeal, one to which American Catholics should feel obliged to respond generously, comes from Holy Cross Mission, Koserefsky, Alaska. The Rev. Father Lucchesi, S. J., informs us that the mission is in great need of help, owing to the devastating plague which lately raged among the Esquimaux, carrying off one half of the population, and leaving to the impoverished and sorely-tried missionaries a legacy of helpless orphans. Our correspondent does not take time to describe the horrors of the scourge further than to state that the panic among those not stricken down was so great that they fled from their homes in dismay, abandoning the sick to their fate and leaving the dead unburied. It is probable that many of these refugees have since died of starvation. Confiding in Providence, the missionaries have resolved to care for all the orphans, and in their name they appeal to the charity and generosity of American Catholics. The response should be prompt as well as generous. In all such cases to give quickly is to give twice.

Notable New Books.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. By the Rev. Michael Maher, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a fourth edition, rewritten, enlarged, and vastly improved. The original plan of the work is preserved, but many of the chapters are practically new. The most important additions are: (1) a fuller, though still inadequate, treatment of physiology and psycho-physics, with diagrams to illustrate the brain and nervous system; (2) chapter xvii, on Attention and Apperception; (3) chapter xxii, "False Theories of the Ego," written chiefly in criticism of Professor James; (4) chapter xxiv, on the Immortality of the Soul; and (5) a brief supplement on Hypnotism.

Father Maher's aim is to make better known to English readers the Psychology of Aristotle as modified and interpreted by St. Thomas. In order to do this he employs a method of comparison, setting side by side the old teaching and the new; blending these whenever possible, and, when need is, indicating points of difference. The method is admirably carried out; and if a student masters the work, he is sure to know the scholastic system not only by itself—the meagre profit derived from a study of most Latin manuals,—but also in its relation to other systems. The general reader will probably find Book II., on Rational Psychology, most interesting, if not most instructive. Herein are considered the spirituality and immortality of the soul.

The author's style is noteworthy. In works of a philosophical nature the reading is apt to be difficult. Not so in this case: the expression is finely adjusted to the end in view, which was to make a text for beginners. There is neither wordiness nor too much condensation; and though the handling of topics is not technical, it does not miss being scientific. In general, the description is careful, the analysis keen, the arguments cogent.

Father Maher has acknowledged some of the merits of modern psychological investigation. His sympathy does not, however, extend to Experimental Psychology, toward which his attitude is one of decided opposition. This is unfortunate; but, more than that, it is inconsistent with some of Father Maher's other views. He says (p. 15): "Too much labor [on the part of psychologists, of course] can not be devoted to the study of the constitution, structure, and working of the organism." But, in all fairness, if Experimental Psychology is nothing more, at least it amounts to such a study. Again, in maintaining the value of the introspective method, he writes (p. 22): "Comparison of observations among psychologists... completely destroys the force of the whole difficulty." We should like to know

how "comparison of observations" can be helpfully made, unless the observations are taken under exactly the same conditions, to place which is the principal business of the Experimental Psychologist. Lack of agreement among observers occurs in large part because experiment is not performed. Again, if we may judge from the criticisms on pp. 57 and 61—most of which are taken from devoted Experimental Psychologists,—it would seem to be Father Maher's fear that experiment is intended to take the place of introspection. This, of course, is far from being the case. Experiment, as every laboratory director takes pains to explain, is meant not to supplant but to supplement introspection. And if from time to time too much emphasis has been laid on mere columns of figures, who has been quicker to condemn than the Experimental Psychologist,—indeed, who else *could* condemn with authority? Finally, it may be said that only two kinds of people have been thus far disappointed with Experimental Psychology: those who expect too much from it and those who do not know it.

The Message of the Masters. A Legend of Aileach.

By F. Hugh O'Donnell. John Long.

Time was, and not so many centuries ago, when the function of the national bard was mainly, if not solely, panegyric. He tuned his pipe, twanged his lyre, or swept his harp-chords only in eulogy of his race's heroes,—now chanting the jubilant psalm of his people's glories, now wailing a threnody over their unmerited woes. As the great world, however, keeps on spinning "down the ringing grooves of change," the singers are assuming another and a far different rôle. From being the zealous promoter of his country's canonization, the bard bids fair to become, in this twentieth century, the very "devil's advocate" of his country's cause. Kipling has recently been venting his acrid scorn of the "flannelled fools at the wicket" and the "muddied oafs at the goals"; and now comes a lusty Hibernian singer, swinging his poetical shillalah with an indiscriminate freedom irresistibly suggestive of the old-time rale at Donnybrook Fair—"Wherever ye see a head, hit it."

Of the seventy pages within the covers of this somewhat slender volume, three are devoted to a preface, thirty-two to the poem proper, and thirty-five to historical notes and explanations. As the preface mentions "the Huns and Vandals of Tudor and Cromwell," "the O'Connellite imposture," "the poor pretence of Parnellism," a degenerate national clergy, and "broguing parliamentarians," the reader naturally expects some picturesque denunciation in the poem itself,—and he finds it. To say nothing of red-hot epithets applied to English foes of Ireland, Wolfe Tone is "the

Catiline of Erin"; the ghost of "O'Connell, broken Tribune," goes sorrowing "for years of Dastard Doctrine"; Parnell is "a Shape of lath and plaster"; Justia McCarthy figures as an "Empire-Eater, pecking the crumbs of Saxon Land"; "priestly hands" are foremost in "digging the grave of the native tongue"; and, as a genial old *soggarth* of our boyhood used to say, "etcethra, cethra, and so on."

Fortunately, one does not need, for the enjoyment of vigorous lines, to see eye to eye with their author; so Mr. O'Donnell's poem will elicit the admiration of many who look at Ireland's past and present, and forecast her future, from a viewpoint quite other than his. We must confess that we do not expect to see in our day the realization of the vision pictured in the following stanza (nor do we commend the poet's fondness for the Addisonian style of capitalizing all nouns); but we do like his fervor, vigor, and rhythmical swing, which these lines will do to illustrate:

Behold, behold the Vision that fills the Westward Sky:
A flame of Starry Banners on Eagle Wings that fly;
While in a blazing Sunburst a Golden Harp doth shine
That lights to Force and Freedom an Irish Fighting Line.

The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. The Macmillan Co.

This volume has interested us deeply for several reasons. It is written in an easy, buoyant style, and it shows astonishingly wide reading in the ancient and medieval literatures. But what has most tenaciously held our attention is the curious proof it offers that a man may have the texts of the Fathers and other Catholic writers almost literally on the tip of his tongue and yet not have any real understanding of the teachings of those texts. One would be tempted to think that only a Catholic can really attain to such understanding, were it not for such exceptions as Dr. Starbuck. For instance, the author's attitude toward devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and toward what he calls the "magic" character of the sacraments and sacramentals, is contemptuous not after the manner of the vulgar and the unenlightened, but in the superior way of the man who "knows better" and who sees through it all. Some references to the virginity of St. Joseph and to certain events in the life of Our Lady will pain Catholic readers; and the author's theory that monasticism first made over the character of Our Lord to suit its own tendencies, and then professed itself as the one perfect follower of Christ, can hardly be considered seriously. In fact, it is in his treatment of the earliest Christian centuries and the rise of monasticism that Mr. Taylor makes most of his blunders,—due, we think, primarily to his want of the Catholic mind; and, secondarily, to the fact that he scouts Christian tradition as a repository

of revealed truth. The ordinary reader will get no good out of the book; but students can not afford to ignore it, because of the many very good things it contains, and because of the wide, if not deep, reading it evinces.

The Place of Dreams. By the Rev. William Barry, D. D. Sands & Co.

Let us confess that the purpose of some of Father Barry's work is mysterious to us. There is nothing—or hardly anything—here that Rider Haggard could not have written just as well and far more appropriately; and this we feel obliged to say in spite of the author's own suggestion that he has had a serious purpose. After explaining what "The Place of Dreams" means in Hiadu philosophy—our readers will remember that Dr. Barry explained the phrase in a letter to this magazine on the first appearance of this work in 1893,—he says:

But when I endeavor to put you on your guard against the thing called "Spiritualism" I am serious, and I hope you will let me preach to listening ears. In the "place of dreams"—a debatable land of mist and sunshine, where some other world than ours looms up fitfully with attractions of its own—there is room for deceit, for juggling, for evil influences. Learn so much from St. Teresa, who had often explored its boundaries. To what a height the evil may rise, and what stern self-control is asked of imaginative temperaments, though under vow nor in purpose altogether selfish, I have attempted to sketch in the trial, lapse and repentance of the unhappy Julian. The depth of my coloring must be measured by the greatness of the danger; and therein, I believe, will be found its justification.

Dr. Barry is a priest of immense ability and experience, and it is no special comfort to disagree with him; but try as we may we can not see how the four stories in this book serve the purpose hinted at in the paragraph quoted above. The workmanship of the volume is good, though unlike most of the author's work, and inferior to it. Needless to say that, with such a subject and such an author, the interest of the book is intense.

The Old Knowledge. By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Co.

A rather unreal book, in which an English girl, Millicent by name, leaves her mother to live among strangers in Ireland. She is supposed to be, and undoubtedly is, a perfectly nice girl, of careful training, of strong artistic temperament; but she soon develops rather Bohemian tastes. This may do well enough in a story; but even in this country, where young ladies sometimes chaperon their brothers, it would be shocking in real life. The plot has enough interest to float the book, which, if not a great novel, is at least clean and wholesome in spite of the heroine's defiance of the conventionalities. Stephen Gwynn has done and can do very much better work; when his theme is happily chosen, he can produce as strong a story as any young writer of our time.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Modern Christopher.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



PON a mass of rocks about two miles off the rugged coast of New Hampshire stands a lighthouse; and here, as keeper of the light, an Irishman once lived alone. The post was too isolated to be greatly coveted by any of the hardy but social Yankee fishermen of the mainland; therefore there was no more than the ordinary grumbling when the longshoreman from Portsmouth was appointed to the place in recognition of conspicuous bravery in saving a boat's crew from drowning.

Brian himself felt that he would be no more solitary here than in the little city. His wife had died suddenly. Mary, their only child, was married in Boston, whither she had gone to seek employment more than ten years before. Although a man still in the strength and vigor of his prime, all his aspirations of earthly happiness centered in the hope of reunion with this daughter. He went often to the shore for provisions, and gained the good-will of those with whom he dealt there. But his companionship with the winds and waves had made him a silent man. Their voices laughed or wailed through the lighthouse, while he listened to their stories cheery or sad. At other times, heedless of their chaffing or menace, he trimmed his lamp and dreamed daydreams for the future, when Mary would come to spend the summer with him on the rocks, as she had promised to do.

What need had he of other comrades than this thought and his shaggy New-

foundland dog, Breeze, as his boat danced over the waters in the sunshine when he put off from the lighthouse to fish or go for stores? What need of other earthly hope to cheer him during the dark nights when he and his light and the dog watched the sea together?

The month of May was nearly gone; for a fortnight the weather had been so delightfully mild that summer seemed waiting on the threshold of the year. But now came a day when the skies grew overcast and the wind rose. By dusk it was blowing a gale; the rain fell in torrents, and an extraordinarily high tide sent the waves crashing about the lighthouse, threatening every moment to undermine its foundations. The keeper took refuge in the tower. His light burned bright; he had taught Breeze to pull the rope of the great bell that hung above the beacon, and during the hours of darkness the dog shared with him the task of ringing the bell as an additional means of warning ships off the reef.

"Be the powers, there is but one chance in a thousand, me boy, that the sound of the bell may be heard above the roar of the storm! Still, we will keep on ringin' until the mornin'; since to some hapless sailors adrift on the sea it may be the voice of hope," Brian exclaimed in encouragement to his trusty friend. And thereupon the sagacious Breeze made another dash at the rope and rang the bell louder, as though he fully understood his master's words.

As the night passed the wind abated and the rain ceased, but still the seas raged. Spent by his long vigil, and faint from hunger, Brian descended to his little living room.

"Well, after the storm will come the calm," he soliloquized as he prepared

a substantial breakfast. "Before many weeks now Mary will be here. How frightened she would be were she at the lighthouse in such weather as this! May God be merciful to any unfortunates that are shipwrecked this night!"

Having eaten, he heaped a platter with the remnant of the meal for the dog, whom he had ordered to remain in the tower to ring the bell at regular intervals. This the clever animal was accustomed to do with surprising accuracy.

All at once from above came a sharp, quick bark.

"Yis, yis, I'm comin', me boy! Be the powers, 'tis a shame to make so faithful a beast wait for his victuals!" cried the keeper, as he hastened toward the stair.

Before he reached it, however, something happened which nearly froze the blood in the veins of Brian Conner, brave man though he was. Above the noise of the waves came a knocking at the door of the very room in which he stood. Assured that he was the only human creature on the rocky bit of land whereon the lighthouse stood, he could not but regard the sound as supernatural.

"Be the law, can it be a soul from purgatory!" he muttered, falling upon his knees and making the Sign of the Cross. Even a bold man is not over-ready to admit mysterious visitants whose resources he can not fathom.

Again came the imperative thud upon the door, and Brian thought—or was it a fancy?—that he heard a piteous moan. He sprang to his feet.

"Though it be the Evil One himself, I'll face him!" he ejaculated. "Sure the Lord will not permit the Prince of Darkness to harm one that tries to do his duty."

Therewith he threw open the door, falling back against the wall as there staggered into the room a man, bruised and bleeding, and drenched with sea water.

"Make haste! make haste!" faltered the stranger. "A ship has struck yonder. We saw the light and heard the bell, but we had lost our rudder and the sea drove us on the reef."

Truly a special providence had enabled the man to reach the lighthouse through the angry sea. Having delivered his message, he sank exhausted to the floor. The keeper hurriedly held to his lips a drink of steaming coffee, which the poor fellow swallowed eagerly. Seeing that he required no other restorative but warmth, Brian heaped coals upon the fire, and sped away to the little beach, followed by Breeze, who had bounded down the stair, bolted his food, and was ready for whatever service he might be called upon to perform.

The day was just breaking. A few hundred yards from the lighthouse the black hulk of a topsail schooner could be plainly seen. The great waves washed her deck; her topmast had been shivered by the storm and hung among the rigging, its canvas flapping like the wings of a terrified sea bird.

Presently also, as his eyes became accustomed to the pale, grey light of dawn, Brian saw the people on the schooner. Two men worked valiantly at the pumps, but the vessel was fast settling. One sailor swayed in the shrouds, debating whether he would stay to meet death on the sinking ship or take his chances by leaping into the wild waters. Others had evidently chosen the latter alternative; for two of the crew and the captain bent over the gunwale watching for the swimmers to appear again amid the waves, if indeed they had not already been dashed upon the rocks. In the background, a figure enveloped in a cloak had sought a momentary shelter beside the windlass. The instant wherein the scene was photographed upon his brain with the distinctness of detail so singular in such cases, Brian saw a man, apparently a passenger, pitched headlong upon the

deck by a lurch of the schooner. In that brief interval, however, the keeper's eyes returned from all the members of that hapless company to a little bare-headed, light-haired lad, who clung in the frenzy of desperation to the mast, his pale, frightened face standing out in relief against the dark shadow of the mast.

There was no time to be lost. By means of a rocket Brian sent a life-line to the ship, and promptly proceeded to pay out to the crew the heavy hawser which he had dragged from the lighthouse. When it had been hauled aboard, he looked around him for a jutting rock whereon to make fast the end he held. But, alack! near by there was nothing but a strip of sand, and above it the smooth, perpendicular rock surface. Every moment counted. Thanking God that he was stalwart and of large frame, with nerves and muscles of iron, and giving not a second thought to the danger to himself, the keeper wound the rope around his own waist, braced himself, and called to the men on the schooner to come over the line one at a time.

Was his generosity rewarded by super-human strength? To the crew and the three or four passengers of the good ship *Fortune* it seemed so, as one after another they reached the rocky ground above which the beacon gleamed. After three or four had come, the woman whom he had seen crouching by the gunwale took courage to attempt the passage through the foaming waters, and, aided by a brave sailor, gained the beach. Then the little lad was brought across. They were hurried at once to the lighthouse by the man who had come ashore with the warning, he being now sufficiently recovered to assist in the saving of the others.

All the while Breeze, the dog, worked like a hero, helping his master to hold the rope taut. Thus, like another St. Christopher, did honest Brian bring

that ship's company through the black surges. At last all had come over the line: fourteen human lives were saved! Only then did the lighthouse-keeper falter and grow unsteady: only when the terrible mental and physical strain was over. But after a few minutes the weakness passed, and he and the last of the men assisted one another to make their way to the lighthouse.

It was now morning indeed; the skies had cleared, and although the seas still ran high, the sun rose out of the ocean in unveiled splendor. As Brian entered the house he beheld huddled about his fire the men whom he had rescued; and half-reclining in his chair was the woman; the boy stood beside her striving to revive her by caresses. Brian's heart had thrilled with thankfulness when these two weak beings reached the shore in safety. Somewhere loving ones waited for them as he waited for his Mary, he thought.

But now was he dreaming or demented? At the sound of his voice the woman raised her head, stared about; then, getting upon her feet, tottered across the room, and with a glad cry cast herself upon his breast.

"Father," she said; "father! I wanted so much to see you I could not wait until the summer. I took passage in the schooner from Boston two days ago. Look, this is your grandson whom you have not seen for five years. Ah, father! God has rewarded you for risking your life in charity toward these strangers. He has given you back your daughter and her child from the clasp of the cruel sea."

A MAN of wealth having submitted one of his sketches to Poussin, obtained for a criticism: "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

THE Russians say of one in trouble that he has a cat in his heart, or that a rat is hidden there.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—A VISIT TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

I set out, with Barney as my guide; but Barney had stoutly declared that he would go only a part of the way, as he did not want to trust himself anywhere in the neighborhood of the schoolhouse.

"Sure I went to school there for the length of a whole winter," he said; "and the master drove the larnin' into my head. He was a kind man, except when the anger rose on him. But I was afeard of him, and at long last I ran away and hid, and wouldn't go next or nigh him any more."

"You were very foolish," I remarked. "He could have given you an education and prepared you to go to America, if such is your intention."

But Barney was not to be moved in his opinion, and went on beside me in dogged silence till we came to a turn in the road, where he left me, refusing to go a step farther.

"You can't miss the road now, ma'am," he declared. "Just push along the way you're goin' till you come to the next turn, and then you'll have the schoolhouse foreinst you."

I thanked him and walked on in the path directed, the cool mountain air fanning my cheeks, which were heated by the walk. It was an enchanting scene, and I stopped more than once before reaching that turn in the road described by Barney. There, sheltered to some extent by an overhanging crag, stood the cabin of the "mad schoolmaster," in one of the loveliest, as it was one of the wildest, spots in all that beautiful region.

I hesitated but an instant; then, stepping forward, knocked at the door. I opened it, after I had knocked several times without receiving any answer, and entered the cheerless schoolroom.

It was quite undisturbed, as though this remarkable man still expected scholars. The rude seats were there, the cracked slates, the table which had served as the master's desk; a map or two still hung upon the wall. A heap of ashes was on the hearth; above it, hanging from a hook, the identical iron pot in which Niall, it was said, had been seen to boil the stones. There was something weird in the scene, and I felt a chill creeping over me. It required all my common-sense to throw off the impression that the rustic opinion of the occupant of the cottage might be, after all, correct.

As I looked around me and waited, the blue sky without became suddenly overclouded. I stepped to the window. A glorious sight met my eyes, but I knew that it meant nothing less than a mountain storm; and here was I in such a place, at a considerable distance from home. Mass after mass of inky-black clouds swept over the mountain, driven by the wind, obscuring the pale blue and gold which had been so lately predominant. The wind, too, began to rise, blowing in gusts which swept over and around the cabin, but mercifully left it unharmed, because of the protection afforded by the high rock. But it rattled the windows and whistled and blew, and finally brought the rain down in a fearful torrent. Flashes of lightning leaped from crag to crag, uniting them by one vast chain. Each was followed by a roar of thunder, re-echoed through the hills.

It was an awful scene, and I trembled with an unknown fear, especially when I felt rather than saw that some one was close behind me. I turned slowly with that fascination which one feels to behold a dreaded object; and there, quite near me indeed, stood the schoolmaster. I suppose his coming must have been unnoticed in the roar of the tempest. I could not otherwise account for his presence. The strange cloak, or

outer garment, which he wore seemed perfectly dry; and I wondered how he could have come in from such rain apparently without getting wet. The smile upon his lips was certainly a mocking one; and as I faced him thus I felt afraid with the same cold, sickly fear. His eyes had in them a gleam which I did not like—of cunning, almost of ferocity.

"You have come," he said, without any previous salutation, "to pry into a mystery; and I tell you you shall not do it. Rather than that you should succeed in the attempt I would hide you away in one of those hills, from which you should never escape."

I strove to speak, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; and I could only gaze into those strange, gleaming eyes of his, from which I was afraid to remove my own.

"You have come from America," he said; "perhaps it is to get *her*. And that you shall never do till my plans are completed."

"To get whom?" I faltered out.

"Whom?" he thundered in a terrible voice, which set me trembling more than ever. "You know whom. You are trying to win Winifred from me,—the child of my heart, beautiful as the mountain stream, and wayward as the breeze that stirs its surface."

His face changed and softened and his very voice sunk to one of peculiar sweetness as he spoke of the child. But in an instant again he had resumed his former wildness and harshness of tone and demeanor.

"You are trying to win the child from me," he went on; "to destroy my influence over her, to upset my plans. But you shall not do it,—I say you shall not do it!"

He glared into my face as he spoke with an expression which only too closely resembled that of a wild beast. Words rose to my lips. I hardly knew what I said.

"But are you not a Christian,—you are a godfearing man?"

It was a strange question, and he answered it with a sneer fearful to see.

"Godfearing? I used to be so when I knelt, a gossoon, at my mother's knee; and when, a stripling, I led the village choir. But so I am not now. I have only one god, and that is gold."

He brought out the words with a fearful power, as though he hurled them against something. His voice actually rose above the storm, and he threw back his head as though in defiance of the very heavens.

I shuddered, but I spoke with more courage than I had hitherto done.

"If all that is true," I said, "surely you will see yourself that you are no companion for Winifred."

"No companion for my little lady?" he repeated in surprise, with that same softening of his face and tone I had before remarked. "There you are wrong. I guard her as the rock guards the little flower which grows in its crevice, as the gardener guards a cherished plant, as the miner guards his rarest gem. I teach her to pray, to kneel in church down yonder, to believe, to hope, to love; because all that is her shield and safeguard against the great false world into which she will have to go. Why, Father Owen himself has scarce done more for her on the score of religion. I tell her tales of the saints and holy people who sleep in the soil of Ireland; but all the while I am a sinner—a black sinner,—with but one god, whom I worship with all my might, and for whom I slave day and night."

"You can not be what you say if you have done all that for Winifred," I ventured.

"I am what I say!" he cried, turning on me with a snarl. "And so you shall find if you attempt to meddle with me; for I have a secret, and if you were to discover that—" he paused,— "I believe I would kill you!"

My fear was growing every instant, till I felt that I must faint away with the force of it; but I stammered out:

"I don't want to meddle with you or to discover your secret; I want to find out if you are a safe companion for Winifred, and if you will help me in a plan I have in view."

"A plan?" he said wildly. "I knew it was so. A plan to take Winifred away, to undo all my work, to thwart the plans which I have had in my mind for years! Beware how you make the attempt,—beware, I tell you!"

A sudden inspiration, perhaps from above, came to me, and I said as steadily as possible:

"It would be far better than making all these idle threats to confide in me and tell me as much or as little of your plans as you please. I am a stranger; I have no object in interfering in the affair, except that I am deeply interested in Winifred, and would do anything possible for her good. You love the little girl too, so there is common ground on which to work."

"God knows I do love her!" he cried fervently. "And if I could only believe what you say!"

He looked at me doubtfully,—a long, searching look.

"You may believe it," I said, gaining confidence from his changed manner. Still, his eyes from under their shaggy brows peered into my face as he asked:

"You never read, perhaps, of the Lagenian mines?"—with a look of cunning crossing his face.

"In the lines of the poet only," I replied, surprised at the sudden change of subject and at the question.

Niall looked at me long and steadily, and my fear of him began to grow less. He had the voice and speech of an educated man,—not educated in the sense which was common enough with country schoolmasters in Ireland, who sometimes combined a really wonderful knowledge with rustic simplicity. And

he had scarcely a trace of the accent of the country.

"What if I were to take a desperate chance," he said suddenly, "and tell you all, all? I have whispered it to the stars, the hills, the running waters, but never before to human ears except those of my little lady. If you are true and honest, God deal with you accordingly. If you are not, I shall be the instrument of your punishment. I call the thunders to witness that I shall punish you if I have to walk the world over to do so; if I have to follow you by mountain and moor, over the sea and across whole continents."

A terrific flash of lightning almost blinded us as he took this tremendous oath, which terrified me almost as much as though I were really planning the treachery he feared. I covered my eyes with my hands, while crash upon crash of thunder that followed nearly deafened us. Niall sat tranquil and unmoved.

"I love the voice of the storm," he murmured presently. "It is Nature at its grandest,—Nature's God commanding, threatening."

When the last echo of the thunder died away he turned back again to the subject of our discourse.

"If I should trust you with my secret," he began again, with that same strange, wild manner which led me to believe that his mind was more or less unhinged, "you will have to swear in presence of the great Jehovah, the God of the thunder, the God of vengeance, that you will not betray it."

"I can not swear," I said firmly; "but I will promise solemnly to keep your secret, if you can assure me that there is nothing in it which would injure any one, or which I should be bound in conscience to declare."

"Oh, you have a conscience!" cried this singular being, with his evil sneer. "Well, so much the better for our bargain, especially if it is a working conscience."

"And you have a conscience too," I declared, almost sternly; "though you may seek to deaden it,—that Catholic conscience which is always sure to awaken sooner or later."

He laughed.

"I suppose I have it about me somewhere, and there will be enough of it any way to make me keep an oath." He said this meaningly; adding: "So, before I begin my tale, weigh all the chances. If you are a traitor, go away now: leave Wicklow, leave Ireland, and no harm is done. But stay, work out your treachery, and you shall die by my hand!"

I shuddered, but answered bravely:

"You need fear no treachery on my part,—I promise that."

"Then swear," he cried,—"swear!"

"I will not swear," I said; "but I will promise."

"Come out with me," he roared in that voice of his, so terrible when once roused to anger, "and promise in the face of Heaven, with the eye of God looking down upon you."

He seemed to tower above me like some great giant, some Titan of the hills; his face dark with resolve, his eyes gleaming, his long hair streaming from under the sugar-loaf hat down about his shoulders. He seized me by the arm and hurried me to the door.

Hardly knowing what I did, I repeated after him some formula,—a promise binding, certainly, as any oath. As I did so, by one of those rare coincidences, the sun burst out over the hills, flooding all the valleys and resting lovingly upon the highest mountain peaks.

"The smile of God is with us," Niall said, his own face transformed by a smile which softened it as the sunshine did the rocks. "And now I shall trust you; and if you be good and true, why, then, we shall work together for the dear little lady, and perhaps you will help me to carry out my plans."

(To be continued.)

Helen and Sir Thomas.

Helen Keller, as our young readers will remember, is a young woman who from babyhood has been unable to speak, hear or see. In spite of these terrible disadvantages, she has been educated and trained with the greatest care; and is now taking a collegiate course at Radcliffe, the woman's college connected with Harvard University. What is more, she is always near the head of her class, and has won great honor among her associates.

Last month she had a great surprise and a happy one; no less than a present of a dog, a Boston terrier, named Sir Thomas. During the summer her pet spaniel, Dixie, was killed by the cars, and she has never ceased to lament her little companion. In the fall she and a friend went to look for another dog; and among those at the kennels was a fine fellow, Sir Thomas, a great prize-winner and a thoroughbred. "He never makes friends with any one," said the owner. But just then Sir Thomas put his paws out of the inclosure and tried to reach Miss Keller. When he was let out he made a dash for her, and showed, in every way he could, that he was a friend to this visitor once and for all.

"If I could only afford to buy him!" said Helen. Then her friends began to think, and the result was a subscription list and the buying of Sir Thomas, who was presented to the blind girl with a little speech. She was overjoyed, and told them so in the queer accents which she has learned to utter, and which were interpreted by her companion. Then she fastened on his collar—another gift—and both went off to have their photographs taken. It was difficult to tell which was the happier, Helen or Sir Thomas; and perhaps neither rejoiced more than did the kind friends whose thoughtfulness and generosity—for Sir Thomas cost a pretty penny—made this noble gift possible.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among forthcoming English books we note in "The Story of the Nations" Series, "The Papal Monarchy, from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.," by Dr. William Barry; and "The Saving Child," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser,

—"The Month of St. Joseph," by the Rev. J. F. Lockney, is a translation from the French of a series of devotions to the premier of patron saints, and is especially arranged for use during March. The prayers are meditations in their suggestiveness. The little book is published by W. H. Young & Co.

—"A Seal of Our Lord's Love," published by the Benzigers, is a collection of consoling thoughts on the efficacy of suffering in the sanctification of the soul. To derive comfort as well as merit from the trials of life is possible; and the way to this desirable consummation is pointed out in this brochure, which is issued without an author's or compiler's name.

—The late Cardinal Ciasca, of the Order of the Hermits of St. Augustine, was a distinguished Orientalist. He was proficient in the languages of the East, to which he had been devoted from early youth; and among his literary works were two volumes on the fragments of the Coptic Scriptures and a translation of the Arabic codices in the Vatican Library. His official duties in the Curia made constant demands on his Oriental learning, and his death will be felt as a distinct loss.

—Mr. W. H. Mallock's articles in the *Fortnightly* have arrived at the controversy between Determinism and Free Will. To state the case against Determinism, he turns to "two of the keenest of modern thinkers"—namely, Dr. W. G. Ward and Schopenhauer. "The acuteness of Schopenhauer's intellect is too well known to require comment; but the ordinary reader is probably not aware that Dr. Ward, on the admission of his most distinguished opponents, was one of the clearest and most logical of the English dialecticians of his time." So writes Mr. Mallock.

—Priests and others who work in the raw material of humanity will be glad to have the second booklet of the Boy Savers' Series, by the Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. Admiration for the first booklet was phenomenally unanimous and cordial, though the expression of it was sometimes original. One Baptist paper, for instance, commended "Mr. Quin's enterprise," but thought it "a pity that any Catholic priest should have charge of" so many boys. The matters touched upon in this booklet are grouped under the title "Natural Attractions." They are too various to be mentioned severally, and we must be content

to say simply that Father Quin's work in this field is the best we know of, and that no priest or teacher of boys has any right to be without it. *Messenger Library.*

—Part I. of a Catholic history of England, by Mother Isabelle Kershaw, is published at the Apostoline Convent, Retford, England. The work is in seventeen short chapters, the last of which deals with Edward VI.

—The recent marriage of Miss Enid Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, celebrated at the Brompton Oratory, recalls the fact that the descendants of the famous novelist are Catholics, as also those of Lord Byron. The impressions of these two great authors regarding the Church presaged the convictions of their posterity.

—A readable account of William of Rubruck, a Franciscan friar sent by St. Louis of France to the Emperor of the Mongols, by Sir Henry Yule, is afforded by the Hakluyt Society. There is an allusion to this adventurous son of St. Francis in Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus*. Sir Henry pays generous tribute to the achievements of Friar Rubruck, and declares that the narrative of his adventures and discoveries is "a book which has few superiors in the whole library of travel."

—Mr. Kipling suggested that medals are hung "on all who by accident have heard the sound of a gun fired." Dooley ("Mr. Dooley's Opinions") goes one better with medals in this country awarded for absence from the front. On doctors and Christian Science he is as shrewd as ever:—

If they [the doctors] knew less about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists. . . . Th' difference between Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists think they's no such thing as disease, an' doctors think there ain't annything else.

This is truer than downright denunciation, and neater too, remarks the *Athenæum* in a notice of "Mr. Dooley's Opinions."

—It was the opinion of Huxley that "of all the dangerous mental habits, that which schoolboys call cocksureness is probably the most perilous." The more one reads of contemporary non-Catholic authors who professedly or incidentally treat psychological questions, the stronger grows one's conviction that the perilous habit is not at all uncommon. The absolute serenity with which our twentieth century magazinists relegate the supernatural to the realms of the impossible, tranquilly ignoring it as being really "not worth while," and favoring its upholders with the blended pity and contempt that scholarship entertains for ignorance, is suggestive of Sydney Smith's comment on

Macaulay: "I'd like to be as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." The pity is that so many readers accept the pronouncements of such writers as demonstrated truths instead of merely gratuitous assertions, entitled, according to all rules of logic, to no further refutation than an equally gratuitous denial. An instance of the sort of thing we mean is found in one of Mr. Howell's short stories that appeared in the *Century* last year. A psychologist is speaking: "The question of testimony in such matters is the difficult thing. You might often believe in supernatural occurrences if it were not for the witnesses. It is very interesting," he pursued with his scientific smile, 'to note how corrupting anything supernatural or mystical is. Such things seem mostly to happen either in the privacy of people who are born liars, or else they deprave the spectator so, through his spiritual vanity or his love of the marvellous, that you can't believe a word he says.'" Now, the foregoing quotation is, of course, merely the utterance of one who assumes that what he doesn't know is nonexistent, and is not a particle more warranted than would be the assertion that all denouncers of the supernatural are conscious and unconscionable liars; but not a few gullible readers of Mr. Howell's tale probably accept it as an argument against miracles or supernatural manifestations of any kind. Wisely did Puck exclaim, "What fools these mortals 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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.

The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.

Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts, net.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *J. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.

Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.

The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.

Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.

The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50

The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.

Juvenile Round Table. \$1.

A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Maunix.* \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Very Rev. John Albrinck, V. G., archdiocese of Cincinnati; and the Rev. Fr. C. Ryan, O. F. M., Sister Incarnate Word, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister Mary Stanislaus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Joseph Temm, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Mary Watson, Watertown, Mass.; Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mr. John Corcoran, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. Michael Griffin, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. N. E. Chambers, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Cecilia Downey, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. M. Clifford and Mrs. Abbie McCarthy, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Matthew Hale, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Rosanna Mallon and Miss Mary Lagan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Bryan Maun, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John Reilly, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. Elizabeth Nause, Postoria, Ohio; Miss Esther Fagan, Port Henry, N. Y.; Mr. J. E. Hilbert, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. D. P. Lynch and Miss Catherine Faul, Elmira, N. Y.; also Mr. Valentine Wagner, Erie, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Hymn of the Cross.

(FOR PASSION SUNDAY.)

An Extraordinary Life.

BY HENRY F. BROWNSON, LL.D.

ALL hail, the standard of our King!
The Cross triumphant we adore,
Whereby Life plucked from Death the sting,
And to the dead gave life once more.

For when with spear-thrust cruelly
Death smote our Life and cleft His side,
Water and blood came pouring free;
And we were cleansed in that sweet tide.

Then was revealed what David's eye
Had seen in mystic prophecy:
The King the nations crucify
Doth rule the nations from the Tree.

O priceless Tree! O peerless Wood!
Of all the trees how blest thy fate,—
Empurpled by such noble blood,
Upholding so divine a weight!

Balance of God! thine arms sustain
The ransom-price we could not pay,—
The Lamb that, once forever slain,
From yawning hell hath snatched the prey.

Hail, blessed Cross! hail, fruitful Tree!
We pray thee at this Passion-time
To pious souls give sanctity,
And cleanse the erring ones from crime.

The Cross of Jesus is reward,
The Cross of Jesus victory;
Let every soul, then, praise the Lord
In time and in eternity. Amen.

R. O. K.

THAT which thou givest when thou shalt die, thou givest it because thou mayst not bear it with thee. Give, then, for God's sake while thou livest.

—“Golden Legend,” *Life of St. Lucy.*

RECENTLY was seen, and probably still may be seen, under the main altar of the little church of Sachslen in Unterwalden, one of the Swiss cantons, a man's skeleton all speckled with gold and diamonds and wearing the decoration of many military orders. It is a Swiss soldier's of the fifteenth century, who fought with his beads in one hand and his long sword in the other; and, after laying down his arms, saved from ruin the Swiss Confederation. The modern orders were won by his descendants in foreign service, while over thirty other descendants served as priests in the Church. During life he was called Brother Klaus; his full name is Blessed Nicholas von der Flüe (de Rupe), and his feast is March 22. The process of his canonization is not yet complete.

His parents were upright, well-to-do country-people in Sachslen, living after the manner of their forefathers, firmly attached to the Faith and loyal to the civil authority, bringing up their children in the way of virtue, and untiring in the care of their flocks.

Nicholas was brought up in his father's house, helping him in his work and obeying his instructions and advice. He was pious and truthful; would retire at evening to some quiet solitude to pray; and imitated his patrons, Nicholas of

Myra and Nicholas of Tolentino, in rigorous fasts. When some one out of kindness advised him not to ruin his health while so young by such strict fasting, he answered that it was God's will in his regard.

By his parents' wish he sacrificed his love of solitude so far as to marry Dorothy Wissling, the pious daughter of an honorable family in the neighborhood, who bore him ten children—five sons and five daughters. One of his sons, educated at Basle and at Paris, became pastor of Sachslen; two were successively chosen landammann; and descendants of Nicholas and Dorothy are still living. Nicholas himself was repeatedly chosen landammann, the highest office in the country, and he refused. He accepted the office of judge, which he held for a long time. His friend and director, the Rev. Henry Im Grund, records a saying of his in reference to his conduct in this office: "I received from God a right mind; I have often been consulted on affairs of my country; I have often pronounced sentence; but, owing to God's grace, I do not remember to have gone against my conscience in anything. I never made exception of persons nor left the path of justice."

He took part in the siege of Zurich, was at the battle of St. Jacob's Chapel on the Silt, fought against the Austrians at Sargans and Ragatz, and commanded a company in the Swiss army which took Thurgau from the Austrians in 1460. In this campaign the Swiss were bent on destroying the monastery in St. Catherine's Valley, in which some of the enemy had found refuge; but Nicholas, by his earnest remonstrance, saved the house, and the enemy left it. He protected the widows and orphans, and defended enemies against cruelty on the part of the conquerors; fasted and prayed, and did much to keep his companions from debauchery and licentiousness.

As Nicholas grew older he felt more

and more drawn to seek God in solitude. His eldest son, John, testified that he was in the habit of retiring at night at the same hour as his children and servants, but soon got up again and prayed till morning. Often in the quiet night he betook himself to the old Church of St. Nicholas or some other holy spot, to pray and meditate.

Many miraculous visions strengthened his resolution to leave the world. One day, visiting one of his farms called Bergmatt, he was kneeling on the grass, praying with his whole heart and meditating on God's grace, when a spotless lily seemed to be growing out of his mouth and reaching to heaven. As he was enjoying the sight and perfume of this flower, he thought his flock of sheep came to him, and with them a splendid horse to which he was attached. As he turned in their direction the lily bent to the horse, which ran up and pulled it out of his mouth. This vision he took as a warning that the joys and goods of heaven would be taken away unless his heart became entirely detached from those of earth. Another time, when occupied at his home, three venerable men came to him, and one of them asked him: "Tell us, will you give yourself to us, body and soul?"—"I will give myself," he answered, "to no one but Almighty God, whom I have long served with soul and body." At these words the strangers smiled at one another, and the first said: "Since you give yourself wholly to God and will always serve Him, I promise you that at the end of your seventieth year you will be freed from all the pains of this world. Continue firm in your resolve, and you will carry a victorious banner in heaven among the soldiers of God, if you bear with patience the cross we leave you."

These and other like phenomena strengthened his purpose of quitting the world; and, having secured his wife Dorothy's consent to follow his voca-

tion, he divided his property among his children, and, gathering the household, his septuagenarian father, his wife, children, and friends, he appeared before them, feet and head bare, wearing only a long pilgrim's robe, his staff and beads in his hand. He thanked them for all the good they had done him; exhorted them for the last time to fear God above everything and to keep His Commandments; gave them his blessing, and departed. Often afterward he showed how painful this parting was, when he thanked God, above all, for enabling him to overcome his love for wife and children in order to devote himself to the service of his Maker.

His first plan was to leave his native canton, where he feared he would be thought an impostor, putting on a show of sanctity. He crossed the fertile valleys and verdant forests of Switzerland to the borders of Basle, where he saw a wonderful vision. The little town of Liestal appeared to him surrounded by flame. Startled at the sight, he looked around, and seeing an aged countryman on a small farm, entered into conversation with him, and at last disclosed to him his purpose, asking the peasant to show him some retired spot where he could carry it out. The old man approved of his plan; but advised him to return to his former home, as the Confederate Swiss were not well looked on out of their confederacy and he might be disturbed in his retreat; besides, there were deserts enough in Switzerland where he could serve God in peace.

Thanking the peasant, Brother Klaus started the same afternoon on his return. He passed the night in an open field, praying for light to direct him in his pilgrimage. He fell asleep with a heavy heart; but was awakened by a bright light which seemed to go all through him and to cut him like a knife, and at the same time he felt drawn by a strong force toward his home. There is a chapel, with his portrait, at the place

where he had this vision. It was in 1467; and from that day, for more than twenty years that he lived, he neither ate nor drank any material nourishment. Every month he received the Blessed Eucharist, which, by the power of God, sustained his life all those years. The next day he returned to Melchthal, and made him a hermitage out of branches under a larch-tree in one of his lands called Alp Klyster. When he had been there a week, absorbed in prayer and contemplation, he was found by a hunting party, who informed his brother Peter. This brother came and entreated him not to allow himself to perish with hunger in the wild desert; but Klaus told him not to be uneasy, as so far he had felt no ill effect.

Still, not to seem to be tempting God, he secretly sent for Oswald Isner, the venerable pastor of Kerns, who left the following testimony in his parish record for the year 1488: "When Brother Nicholas began to abstain from natural nourishment, and had passed eleven days in this way, he sent for me and asked me secretly whether he ought to take some food or continue his ordeal. He had always longed to be able to live without eating, so as to separate himself more from the world. I have sometimes felt his limbs, which had hardly any flesh; everything was dried up, his cheeks actually hollow and his lips very thin. When I saw and understood that this was the result of the love of God, I advised Brother Nicholas to persist in this ordeal as long as he could bear it without danger of death, since God had sustained his life for eleven days without any nourishment. Brother Nicholas did so; and from that time till his death—that is to say for about twenty years and a half—he lived without any corporal nourishment. As the good Brother was, perhaps, more familiar with me than with anybody else, I frequently plied him with questions, and strongly urged him to let me

know how he kept up his strength. One day, in his hut, he told me in secrecy that when he assisted at Mass and the priest communicated, he received such strength from it as enabled him to go without eating or drinking, and that he could not do it otherwise."

As the rumor of Nicholas' miraculous life spread abroad, everyone wanted to see the wonderful solitary, and he was compelled to change his abode. After visiting some of the wildest valleys he came to the Ranft, a barren dale by the side of the Melcha, a little more than a mile from the home of his wife and children. Here he saw four lights, like lighted candles, come down from the sky, which he interpreted as a sign from Heaven, and he built there another hut. But the same year his neighbors of Obwalden, admiring his holy manner of life, and knowing from his whole history that he was neither an impostor nor a wild enthusiast, built him a chapel and a little cell beside it. Brother Nicholas took up his dwelling there, continuing to serve God with his whole being.

The fame of this extraordinary life extended more and more. Some believed it; others looked on it as imposture. To settle the matter, the magistrates sent guards who, day and night for a month, watched every path to the retreat by which any one could bring victuals. But they discovered nothing. The Prince-Bishop of Constance sent his suffragan, the Bishop of Ascalon, to make thorough investigation of the facts on the spot, and to expose any impostures. The Bishop came to Sachslen, blessed the chapel, and, entering the cell at its side, asked the hermit what was the chief virtue of a Christian. Brother Nicholas answered: "Holy obedience."—"Very well," said the Bishop. "If obedience is the best and most meritorious, I command you in virtue of holy obedience to eat these three pieces of bread and to drink this blessed wine of St. John." Nicholas

repeatedly and earnestly begged the Bishop to excuse him from compliance, because it would be exceedingly painful to him. But the Bishop would not yield, and Brother Nicholas obeyed. But hardly had he swallowed a little of the bread and wine when he was seized with such pain in the stomach that it seemed as though he would die. The Bishop, in astonishment and confusion, excused himself, saying he had only obeyed the order of the Bishop of Constance, who wished to try, by the Brother's obedience, whether he was acting under the influence of God or that of the wicked spirit.

Sigismund, Archduke of Austria, sent Burcard von Horneck, his physician, to watch Nicholas day and night for some time. Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, sent his delegates to investigate the great wonder. But inquiry only confirmed the truth. The piety and humility of this servant of God dispelled all doubt, and all left him with feelings of the deepest reverence, to proclaim the marvel throughout Christendom. Nicholas never prided himself on his fasting; but thought God had done him a much greater favor in enabling him to conquer his love for his family, to gain their consent to his abandoning the world, and not to feel too great desire to return. When asked how he could live without eating, his usual answer was: "God knows."

One of the books of the parish of Sachslen contains a verification of the fact of this extraordinary life in these words, written during the lifetime of Blessed Nicholas: "Be it known to all men that in the year 1487 there lived a man named Nicholas von der Flüe, born and bred near the mountain in the parish of Sachslen, who left his father and brother, wife and children—five sons and five daughters,—and went into the solitude called the Ranft, where God has sustained him without food or drink until the present time, when the

fact is recorded; that is to say, for about eighteen years. He has always had a clear mind and led a holy life, as we have seen and known. Let us, then, pray that, freed from the prison of this life, he may go to God, who wipes away the tears of His saints."

When his cell was building, Nicholas had it made so low in the roof that one of his height could not stand up straight in it; his bed was a hard board, with a stone for pillow. Even in the coldest weather he went to the parish church of Sachslen, more than four miles away, every Sunday and holyday barefoot and bareheaded; often made pilgrimages to Einsiedeln and Engelberg, and every year to Lucerne, until in his old age he became too feeble; and then, with the donations of pious persons, he founded a chaplaincy in his own chapel, where he attended Mass every day, and received the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist three times a month. The hours from midnight to noon he spent in prayer and meditation on God's mercy in the government of men and on the life and sufferings of our Saviour. He had no books, but his daily prayer was: "O Lord, take from me whatever keeps me from Thee! O Lord, take me from myself and give me all to Thee!" Often in his prayer he was, to all appearance, asleep or dead. When aroused from this state, and asked what had happened and what he had been doing, his answer was that he had been far away and had enjoyed infinite delight.

From noon to evening he saw those who came to visit him; or, if the weather was fine, he went to see his friend Ulrich, a Bavarian gentleman, who, after wonderful adventures, had left the world to live near Nicholas in that solitude. His life was much the same as Nicholas'; he dwelt in the hollow of a rock, where pious country-folk supplied him with food. In the evening Nicholas resumed his prayers, and then took a

short sleep, from which he rose to continue his devotions.

The reputation of his sanctity, and the confidence in the efficacy of his prayers and the wisdom of his counsel, were so great that he was visited by persons of every rank and condition in life, not only of his own but of many foreign countries. He never refused audience to those whose motives were upright; but such as were led by idle curiosity, or came, like the Pharisees to Our Lord, tempting him, he recognized by his enlightened sight which pierced to the depth of the soul and saw the most hidden thoughts.

The celebrated John Trithemius (of Trithenheim), the Benedictine Abbot of Spannheim, and his contemporary, relates the following in his *Annals of Hirsau*; "Brother Nicholas has been, in our times, a truly wonderful anchorite; he has long lived in solitude, and has eaten nothing for twenty years. Posterity will be incredulous, of course; some will charge us with falsehood, and the rest with ignorance; but as to the fact we have not deceived them, and we are not ignorant of the truth. It is a fact established by more than a hundred thousand witnesses, and they are not merely men of the people, Swiss and Lucernese, his fellow-countrymen; but great princes, as Popes Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII., the Emperor Frederick III.; Sigismund, Archduke of Austria; Bishop Thomas of Constance, and many other popes, dukes and prelates, who have inquired into the truth of this fact, either personally or by their delegates, and found it authentic. No one in after times can, then, raise any doubt or dispute in the matter. It is now publicly recognized and established by the witnesses of nearly all Germany that the hermit Nicholas for the last twenty years of his life ate absolutely nothing; that he had knowledge far above his estate, could lay bare the deepest mysteries of Holy Scriptures, and

foretold many things which afterward came to pass. Let us take one instance which will give an idea of the rest:

"We know an abbot of our Order, a religious and learned man, but too much given to earthly things; he was charged by the provincial chapter to visit the monasteries of our Order in the diocese of Constance. Out of curiosity rather than piety he wished to see the famous anchorite; and Conrad, Abbot of Wibling, in that diocese, who accompanied him, and who was an estimable and truthful man, told us the following occurrence:

"When they came to where Nicholas was, the Visitor Abbot began to try him with all kinds of discourse and with questions on various points in Scripture, although aware that the holy man never meddled with science. But he answered without embarrassment, though with great humility, and showed no sign of impatience, though pressed hard by the abbot, who was determined to find out all that was in him. Among the numerous questions this abbot put he took upon him to say: 'You are the man, then, that boasts of eating nothing for so many years?'—'Father,' answered the hermit, 'I never said, and I don't say now, that I eat nothing.'—The abbot attacked him again, trying to drive him out of patience; and, the conversation turning on avarice, he asked: 'What is avarice?'—'Why do you question me about avarice,' said Nicholas,—'me who am ignorant and have nothing,—you a rich and learned man, who not only know better than I, but have also experienced the effect of avarice on the human heart? Last year it was in yielding to avarice that you bought cheap twenty-seven casks of excellent wine in order to sell them at the end of the next year at a profit. But your bishop set his own avarice against yours, and took all the wine from you and the man who sold it to you, in spite of your resistance, and had it taken to his own cellar.

He never gave you a farthing for it, and he never will. The proof of avarice is written on your forehead and buried in your soul, and you have the pain of knowing it.'

"The abbot was so troubled at these words that he was unable to say anything. In fact, who could help being surprised at hearing a man of such simplicity tell what happened two hundred miles away, and what he could have learned from no one in his solitude? Certainly he never learned it from man's mouth, but by a revelation of the Holy Spirit whom he served with all his heart. Here is the way it had happened. The abbot had bought the twenty-seven casks of wine at seven Rhenish florins apiece; the next year the price of wine rose, and he sold it to a burgher of Nuremberg for twenty-four florins a cask. The bishop, hearing of it, was persuaded by wicked advisers to carry off the wine before the purchaser could get his wagon ready, and to transport it by water to his own cellar. The wine had never been in the monastery, but had remained in the little village where the abbot bought it. Avarice had thus punished the miser, which is what was revealed to the holy hermit beloved of the Lord."

Many conversations and exhortations of Brother Nicholas have been preserved, all indicative of good judgment as well as great sanctity. When, for instance, some workmen asked what they should do to gain everlasting life, and whether they ought not to turn hermits, he told them, in a kind and gentle manner, that everyone ought to do his work honestly and faithfully, whatever it was; never to cheat or try to get the better of anybody; and not to neglect one's interests under pretext of working for eternal life. One ought, in the married state, to guide his family in the fear of God, and to fulfil with justice the duty to which he was called; by which one might live as happy as

if in a cell or wilderness. The path of solitude is not the only one which leads to heaven; and it is neither the vocation nor for the salvation of everyone to live like St. John the Baptist.

When asked how one should act in matters of faith and of the Commandments of God, he exhorted his visitors to let themselves be instructed in Christian doctrine by the pastors of souls; to listen with a clean heart, and fulfil the duties it enjoins with their whole strength. "If at times," he added, "it unfortunately happens that the pastor's life contradicts his teaching, that is no reason why you should not follow his instructions; for as the water of the spring is just as sweet whether it is carried through a pipe of lead or copper or through one of silver or gold, so you receive through the medium of an unworthy priest the same grace and gifts of God, providing you make yourself worthy of them."

Nicholas urged the Swiss, mildly but earnestly, to cultivate the simplicity and manly virtues of their forefathers, their brotherly feelings, their Christian sentiments, and their attachment to the Church. Foreseeing the change of religion which took place soon after his death, he said: "There is coming a sad time of revolt and disunion in the Church. O my children, be not carried away by any novelties! Rally and stand fast; keep in the same path as your pious ancestors; preserve and keep what they taught us. Only in this way can you bear up against the attacks, the tempests which will come with violence."

Switzerland even to-day owns that it was his mediation that in the early days of independence saved the country from ruin. In 1481, at the Diet of Stans, the Confederated Swiss were strongly divided about the division of the booty captured from the Burgundians, and the admittance of Freiburg and Solothurn. Thereupon the pastor of Stans hurried after Brother Klaus, who appeared

before the Assembly and was the means of bringing the quarrel to a peaceful settlement. In 1468 he extinguished a fire at Sarnen by praying and making the Sign of the Cross. Shortly before his death, Albert of Bonstetten wrote his life for Louis XI. of France. Indeed, the facts were so publicly known that Johannes von Müller, the historian of Switzerland, says: "The miracle [of his living without food] was examined in his lifetime, reported near and far, handed down to posterity by his contemporaries, and held indisputable even after the change of religious creed."

Born March 21, 1417, he died March 21, 1487, as had been foretold, just as he completed his seventieth year. The Canton of Unterwalden chose him for patron, and throughout Switzerland he has ever been held in the highest veneration. The church at Sachsen, where his body is kept, and his cell in the Ranft, still well preserved, attract many pilgrims. He was declared Blessed by Clement IX. in 1669.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

AT Tópia, from its comparatively moderate elevation, the temperature of the nights is much milder than at Las Joyas; so when supper was over, the party found it pleasant to linger in the corridor running along the rear of the house. Its arches framed at all times a wide and beautiful picture of the valley rolling away to the towering eastern heights; but at night, either bathed in floods of silver moonlight, or in the still more exquisite radiance of the stars which shone with such marvellous brightness out of the vast field of the violet sky, it was touched with a mystical loveliness,—a poetic suggestiveness and majestic repose impossible to express in words.

The corridor which commanded this wide outlook over valley and mountains and sky was in itself a delightful place; and in one of its corners Miss Rivers had fitted up a nook, where swung the Moorish lantern which had done duty before the door of her tent on her journey up the quebrada, and where long steamer-chairs invited to lounging. Here the group of men, with cigars and cigarettes lighted, gathered around her; and there was much gay talk and laughter, chiefly about people and events in the distant world which they called home. But suddenly Miss Rivers paused, and, turning her graceful head, looked out over the silent valley, where only a few lights gleamed here and there, toward the great encircling ramparts of the cliff-crowned hills, their mighty outlines cut against the star-set heaven.

"We are frightfully frivolous," she said with a little sigh, "in the face of anything so grand as this scene."

"What would you have us do?—quote Wordsworth?" asked Thornton. "I confess I've never tried living up to scenery; but if I did, I should select something less elevated than the Sierra."

"Sea-level would about suit your capacity, I should think," remarked Mackenzie, with gentle sarcasm.

"This is a very good distance from which to admire the Sierra," said Armistead, leaning comfortably back in his chair. "At nearer range one's sentiments toward it are not exactly those of admiration."

"Oh, I can't imagine that!" said Miss Rivers, quickly. "I am sure my sentiments of admiration would increase the nearer I came to it. I shall never be satisfied"—she glanced smilingly at Lloyd—"until I have climbed the eastern pass yonder and found myself in the Sierra—'*pura Sierra*,' as the people here say."

"You'll find it an awful wilderness," said Mackenzie, warningly. "When I first came to Tópia, it was by that

route, and I thought I should never reach here. Such mountains! such cañons! such woods! Why, for days we travelled through forests where the trees shut out the sun!"

"It's a way trees have, Mackenzie," said Thornton. "I don't wonder at your surprise, since you come from a region where they are very scarce and quite incapable of such conduct. But if that is the worst you can charge against the Sierra—"

"The worst!" Mackenzie indignantly exclaimed. "You are either going straight up or straight down all the time—or at least most of the time,—climbing over great rocks, where the mules have to put their feet together and jump like cats; and where, if they should miss, there's a thousand or two feet of fall waiting for you. You skirt precipices that might make the head of a goat swim; and you sleep out in the woods, with the lively prospect that a mountain tiger may kill one of your animals before morning."

"All of which sounds perfectly delightful," Miss Rivers declared. "But I am afraid you exaggerate. The mail is brought with great regularity over these mountains, and one never hears of the carrier or his mule falling over a precipice or suffering death from a mountain tiger. And all the shopkeepers in Tópia get their goods by the same route."

"Do you suppose that if a mule falls over a precipice—or a man either—they post the fact in Tópia?" Thornton asked. "The arrieros shrug their shoulders, pick up the fragments of the pack and go on."

"And to diversify the way pleasingly," Armistead chimed in, "one comes every few miles upon a cross, or group of crosses, erected by the side of the road to show where travellers have been waylaid and killed."

"The crosses need not frighten you, Miss Rivers," said Lloyd, quietly. "They

were put up a long time ago, when there were many robbers among these wild heights. But all that is at an end now. The robbers have either been shot or have adopted safer modes of livelihood, and travelling in the Sierra is at present perfectly safe."

"That's true as a general rule," Thornton assented. "But if I had an enemy I shouldn't particularly care to meet him in the Sierra. I have heard of a few fresh crosses being put up even in my time."

"You've also heard of the speedy punishment of the murderers," observed Lloyd.

"Generally, yes. The *rurales* catch them and the government promptly shoots them. But I don't feel that, personally, that would afford me much gratification after I had been bowled over on some of those trails. Not even the pious custom of putting up a cross where I had been killed would in such case be very satisfactory."

"Why should we talk of these things!" Isabel protested. "Mr. Lloyd says that there are no bandits in the Sierra now, and I am sure we, none of us, have any enemies."

"It's very good of you to be sure," said Thornton; "but, unfortunately, that is a thing of which one can never be quite certain. We gringos are not loved, you know; and by our manners, or distressing lack of manners, in dealing with the people, we sometimes make enemies when we are unconscious of it."

Armistead moved uncomfortably.

"I fully agree with Miss Rivers," he said, "that this is an unnecessary discussion. There are many occasions in life in which a man must make enemies; but he can't fail to do his duty on that account, or—think of possible consequences."

"Not even though he knew that a cross in the Sierra would be the result," Thornton agreed lightly. "But here comes the Gerente with a handful of

papers! My prophetic soul told me that there would be writing to do to-night for to-morrow's mail."

"You boys must come to the office—we have some reports to make out," observed Mr. Rivers as he drew near. "Lloyd, I would like a few words with you about these mineral districts. The company is agitating the question of a railway again."

Armistead looked after the others as they moved toward the office across the patio; and then, his gaze returning to Miss Rivers, as he looked at the charming picture which she made, seated under the swinging Moorish lamp, he was conscious again of that sense of his exceeding good fortune which he had expressed to Lloyd. For surely it was wonderful luck to find this beautiful, brilliant girl, a product and part of his own world, here in these remote wilds, ready to give him an attention which he knew that he could hardly have hoped for had he met her in the scenes amid which she usually moved. He leaned forward. It was impossible not to express what he felt so strongly.

"I have had many lucky happenings in my life," he said; "but never one, I think, quite so lucky as the pleasure of finding you in Tópia at this time. It quite repays me for the hardships and disagreeables of coming here."

"You are very kind," Isabel answered lightly—for nothing in the way of masculine ardor, however unexpected, ever surprised or discomposed her,— "but I don't think that one needs to be repaid for coming to this delightful country."

"Delightful! It can't be that you really find it so?"

"I really do. And just now I am extremely interested in the trip you have made to the Calderon hacienda. I was so pleased with Doña Victoria."

"I suppose you know who she is?" "Yes: papa told me. I was very

much surprised to hear that she is Mr. Trafford's daughter; although one should not be surprised at any result of divorce in California. Would you mind telling me how the situation came about? It seems very strange—*here*."

When a beautiful woman, with the most fascinating smile and liquid eyes of softest hazel, says, "Would you mind telling me?" the result in the case of most men is a foregone conclusion. It was so with Armistead in this case. Beguiled by an interest which he mistook for sympathy, and pleased to gratify Miss Rivers, while at the same time gratifying himself by talking of his own affairs—to many people the most interesting possible topic,—he related the whole story of the Trafford marriage, of the manner in which the Mexican wife was divorced, of the claiming of the Santa Cruz Mine, and of the determination of mother and daughter to hold it.

"Then that, of course, will end the matter," said Isabel, when he reached this point. "Of course Mr. Trafford can't think of forcing them to give it up."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders.

"Trafford is not a man who gives up anything," he said; "and you see the mine is *his*."

"You mean—legally?"

"Legally, of course. There's no other way of owning property."

"There is such a thing as moral right, you know."

"Perhaps so, but moral rights which are not recognized by the law don't amount to anything."

"Then he will try to obtain the mine?"

"There is not a doubt of his obtaining it. I have been to Durango to consult lawyers and judges, and they all say his title is good. We have only to take possession."

"By force?"

"By force if necessary. I have a letter from Trafford to-day telling me to go ahead and do whatever is to be done."

"It seems incredible! And—what are you going to do?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you—confidentially, you understand—that I have hit upon a plan which I hope will avoid trouble and litigation. I shall take a number of men, together with some officers of the law, go quietly out to Santa Cruz and take possession of the mine before they can make any resistance. After that it will be impossible for them to regain possession of it."

"Oh!" Miss Rivers sank back in her chair and stared at him. "How can you do anything so—treacherous?"

"Treacherous!" Armistead was surprised and wounded. "There's nothing in the least treacherous about such a procedure. It's done every day in Colorado and our other mining States. We have given them notice that the mine is ours, they refuse to surrender it, so we shall simply go and take it; and to do so in the form of a surprise is merely a military stratagem."

"I see!" Miss Rivers' tone indicated that she saw a good deal. "And will Mr. Lloyd assist you in your military stratagem?"

"No!" Armistead replied with disgust. "Lloyd is a fool. Because his sympathies are with the women in the case, he refuses to assist me in any way, and has inconvenienced me greatly by this attitude. I have come to Tópia now to try and find some one to take his place—some one who knows the country and the language better than I do. I am hoping that Mr. Rivers may be able to recommend a man to me."

"I think—I hope that papa's sympathies are with the women, too."

"My dear Miss Rivers!" Armistead was earnestly remonstrant. "You do me great injustice if you think my sympathies are not with them. But I am like a soldier, you know—acting under orders. And sympathies haven't really anything to do with Business. That's what I can't make Lloyd understand."

"I am afraid you will never make me understand it either."

"Oh, one expects a charming woman to be—er—guided by her heart rather than her head! It's very disagreeable to me, I assure you, to have to carry out Mr. Trafford's instructions; but I have no alternative. And it wouldn't help the Calderons if I refused to do so; for some one else would be sent to take possession of the mine."

"I quite understand that, and I am sure you must be sorry to have to do such an odious thing," said Miss Rivers, magnanimously. "If I didn't have some head as well as heart, I might detest you for it."

"That would be terrible. You couldn't be so unjust."

"I think I could be, but I won't; I will try to be reasonable and give you my sympathies, too. When do you think you will have your party in readiness to go and take the mine by surprise?"

"That is impossible to say, because the party must consist of men who can be relied on, and I don't clearly see how I am to find these without Lloyd's aid. It is very annoying that he is such a blockhead—and obstinate as a mule."

"You can't expect everyone to be as clear-sighted as yourself where matters of—er—business are concerned," observed Miss Rivers, sweetly. "Yonder comes Mr. Lloyd now. Perhaps you don't want to talk of this matter before him?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind! He would never think of betraying my plan, I am sure. But probably it is best to regard what I have told you as strictly confidential."

"I shall not repeat it to any one," she assured him.

(To be continued.)

EVERY act of a man inscribes itself in the memory of his fellows and in his own manners and face.—*Emerson.*

MEN find it more easy to flatter than to praise.—*Richter.*

Stabat Mater.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT

STOOD the woe-worn Mother weeping,
Near the Cross her station keeping,
While her dying Son was pendent;
Her unsullied soul lamenting,
Sinless yet for sin repenting,
Riven by the sword resplendent.

Oh, what grief, what dire affliction,
Drowned her life's great benediction,
Mother of the Light Eternal!
What amazement, terror, anguish,
Made her spotless spirit languish,
Seeing quenched that Light Supernal!

Where is he, the man who tearless
Can behold Christ's Mother peerless
Shadowed by such dread dejection?
Where the heart no grief prostrating,
Christ's dear Mother contemplating,
Mourning with divine affection?

For the sins of others dying,
She beheld Him, death defying,
Tortured, rent by scourges gory;
Saw her Own by sweet relation
Breathing forth in desolation
Back to God His soul of glory.

Wherefore, Mother, Love's pure Fountain,
Of thy griefs, th' o'erwhelming mountain,
Let me feel the weight and sadness:
To thy woes while tears we render,
Let Christ's love—O God of Splendor!—
Make our hearts, too, burn with gladness.

Holy Mother, with sweet rigor
My believing heart transfigure
With the signs of crucifying,
Till the wounding it surrounding,
Love abounding, me confounding,
Fill my soul with grief undying.

While my tears with thine are creeping,
For the Crucifixion weeping,
Until life for me is ending,
Near the Cross in rapt affliction
Let me share thy dereliction,
Sighs and tears together blending.

Of all virgins, Virgin glorious,
Veil not now thy light victorious:
Heat my voice with thine lamenting;

Let Christ's death in mine, poor mortal,
 Symbolled be e'en through death's portal,
 Earth His Passion still repenting.

Me with nails and spear now wounding,
 Drench and drown in blood abounding,
 Pouring from Christ's Heart benefic;
 Thou, sweet Virgin, my defender,
 Lest in flames my soul surrender.
 On the Judgment Day horrific.

Christ, when life and death betide me,
 Grant Thy Mother then may guide me
 To the heavenly palm victorious;
 While my body here shall moulder,
 Let my soul be Thy beholder,
 God, in Paradise all glorious!

A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition.

BY ELIZA ATKINS STONE.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

AND now, having briefly reviewed the course of the Spanish Inquisition, we must give some attention to the procedure of the tribunal. At many features that would well repay prolonged and painstaking scrutiny we can not even glance; but we will try to look at all (and only) such as are vitally characteristic; and a general notion of these may qualify us for making up a fair, if rough, estimate of the whole.

An Inquisition court, then, began operations by giving out a time of grace, during which "everyone would be absolved and saved from heavy punishment who, conscious of apostasy, presented himself and did penance." The grace was often extended; and children of heretics, who might be supposed to have been led astray by their parents, were, if under twenty, to be kindly received even after the expiration of the time. An order for arrest could be issued only by the joint action of two local Inquisitors,—one a jurist, the other a theologian; or, if these disagreed, only by the grand council. Those thrilling tales, according to which inoffensive

citizens were whisked off to subterranean dungeons, between days, leaving no trace behind, are—alas for the romantically disposed!—chiefly old-wives' fables.

Once an arrest was made, the operations of the tribunal were conducted *in camera* by officials sworn to reveal nothing; and here we touch a capital count in the indictment of the Inquisition. Now, it is occasionally forced upon public attention even to-day that certain notorious crimes and abuses can not be put down, for lack of witnesses legally to prove them; since possible witnesses know that the giving of evidence would expose them to maltreatment by powerful friends of the accused. This was precisely, only to a vastly greater degree, the case with the Inquisition. We have already noted the state of things which led to the establishment of the tribunal. The Jews and Moors were exceedingly powerful, and would assuredly have taken vengeance for their friends had trials been open and witnesses accordingly known. Then, too, in cases of alleged heresy, the disadvantage of secret trial was greatly diminished by the fact that past heresy was always of comparatively small account, if present orthodoxy were certain; and as to that, the prisoner could if he chose furnish conclusive evidence on the spot. Here comes into view yet another reason for secrecy: the Inquisition always made strenuous effort at every step of proceedings to get the accused to retract; and retraction was far more likely to be brought about if the prisoner's pride of consistency were not involved,—if his former declarations had not been made known to the public.

But to return to the course of procedure. The examination of suspects was conducted in time-honored Spanish mode by means of long-winded written interrogatories. After the interrogatory the accused was furnished with a copy of the accusation and left to prepare his

defence. The document was, however, altered from that held by the court in so far as to leave out the names of the accusers as well as details which might betray those names. "What!" you say,—“withhold even from the prisoner the names of witnesses whose testimony might suffice to burn him alive?” The idea is indeed abominable according to all our notions of justice. Well, in the first place, the usage was greatly restricted by the following circumstances. An accuser must swear that he had no personal enmity to the accused, first having been threatened with direst punishment here and eternal damnation hereafter should he swear falsely; then he was rigorously examined by responsible persons bound by oath to reject his deposition if it seemed malicious, irrelevant or otherwise untrustworthy. Moreover—and this is highly important,—the accused was asked whether he had personal enemies; and if he could show that he had, the testimony of any such, whatever it might be, was promptly set aside.

The Inquisition prisoner enjoyed opportunities for defence which offer a pleasing contrast to those in most other contemporary courts. In England and elsewhere, not only names of accusers but charges made were kept from the accused up to the moment of his appearing at the bar; wherefore the poor wretch was unable to present any carefully-considered defence. The English criminal prisoner was allowed no advocate; the Inquisition prisoner was given one. To be sure, such advocate must be chosen from those in the service of the Holy Office, or at all events he must take its oath of secrecy; but he was solemnly sworn to do his best to set forth any valid defence the accused might have. Furthermore, the latter might bring forward any number of witnesses for himself. "That," you say, "of course." But such permission was not *of course*; indeed it was accorded almost nowhere

else at the time. It was not accorded in England. The current notion there as elsewhere was that the accuser either proved his case or failed to prove it; if he failed to prove it, acquittal was already due and testimony for the defence superfluous; if he proved it, such testimony was irrelevant or perjured. That truth could emerge from the sifting of a mass of conflicting deposition did not enter the minds of English or other jurists at that period; and it is the merit of the Inquisition to have anticipated in no small measure the rational principles now taken for granted.

Lacking the prisoner's own confession, the statutes of the Holy Office made conviction for heresy difficult to a degree. If, however, proof of guilt were held to be practically complete, the tribunal did its utmost to extort confession; in such cases, and in such only, it sometimes made use of—torture. "Aha!" cry those who condemn the Inquisition off-hand. "Torture! Thumb-screws, red-hot pincers, the rack, the press, the wheel! For those, at any rate, you will hardly find anything to say." Certainly no one at this time of day is going to defend torture *per se*; but we are bound to consider that there has been a complete *bouleversement* of public opinion on this point; that while torture was employed by the Inquisition, it was likewise a routine feature of criminal proceedings the Continent over. In England, too, as Hallam has it, "the rack seldom stood idle in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign"; nor were it and its gruesome fellows permitted to rust in the hands of the early Stuarts,—that is to say, torture was high in English favor throughout the period during which the Holy Office most frequently resorted to it. The records of the Star Chamber and of other royal tribunals in England—which, be it remembered, were, like the Inquisition, *secret* courts—have never been thoroughly gone over; but such reports of them as we have

go far to justify the apologists of the Inquisition in challenging comparison, as they do, with English as well as Continental practice in this regard.

As has been said, the Inquisition code sanctioned torture only when guilt was considered practically proven. Moreover, it could be administered only after the accused had exhausted all his means of defence; the tribunal was bound to hear every one of his witnesses, even though these must be fetched from the ends of the earth. There could be but one application of torture in each case, and this must take place in the presence of several exalted functionaries, civil and ecclesiastic, who were to stand by, not, according to the popular notion, to gloat over the agonies of the sufferer, but to see that instructions for the dread ordeal were not exceeded. After the first fifty years or so of the tribunal's existence, local courts were not permitted to use torture at all; the power was vested in the bishop of the diocese, acting jointly with the Inquisitor-General and his council.

A word here concerning the dungeons of the Inquisition. Like the prisons of the past in general, most of them were, no doubt, in outrageous violation of what we—thank Heaven!—call common humanity; but—and this is the sole point with which we have to do—there exists no scintilla of evidence that they were ever one whit more dreadful than their contemporaries.

To go on with the procedure. In case of conviction, punishment was administered either publicly or privately, according to the nature of the offence. If the latter were not regarded as extremely heinous, and if the culprit had confessed of his own will, he did penance and received absolution behind closed doors. The Holy See always did its utmost to bring this about, whenever circumstances would permit. In the contrary event—if, that is, the condemned were held to be so great

an offender that his punishment must be known of all men—he was likely to figure at the next *auto-da-fé*.

The *auto-da-fé*! Fancy yourself in Seville, Toledo, Valladolid, on a day set for one of these great religious solemnities. The season is late spring, summer or early autumn; the day, a Sunday or other feast of the Church. By daybreak the people are in the streets. Tradesfolk and peasants from all the country round, men, women, children, come in to view the spectacle and to perform their own solemn *act of faith*—their *auto-da-fé*. They are in garb of holiday—tinselled jackets, white blouses, gay sashes and knee-ribbons,—but their faces are grave. Upon them all is a tense excitement, a hush of awed expectation.

On a sudden all the bells of the city begin slowly and solemnly to toll; the great procession is setting out from the fortress of the Inquisition. On it comes, to the measured tolling of the bells. Stand back, stand back, for the royal troops! These, in full uniform, march ahead; and now—lift up the children to see, jostle your neighbor, crane your neck!—for here come the condemned. Each is attended by two black-robed “familiars” of the Holy Office; each wears a sack-like, sleeveless garment of yellow—the *san-benito*. These in plain yellow, look you, are the least dreadful criminals. But see these following, with half a crimson cross upon their breasts: their offence has been darker; while as for these marked with a whole cross—out-and-out heretics every one! All this company, however, have repented, confessed, and are presently to be shriven. But here—a shiver passes along the gaping, crowding ranks of spectators,—here, *ah, Santa Maria!* pace the impenitent. See the two friars walking beside each one, exhorting him to repent even at this eleventh hour! See the crimson flames, the devils in scarlet-and-black, painted upon the *san-benitos* and upon the tall pointed caps carried

in the prisoners' hands!—emblems, these devices, of the body's destiny in this world and of the soul's in the world to come. After this group ride the magistrates of the city, court judges, ecclesiastical orders and nobles. And now hats off, every head bent in reverence; for here in stately progress comes the standard of red damask, bearing the insignia of the Holy Office, and followed by mounted Inquisitors, lesser officials, and a train of gentry proud to act as escort.

Fall in now, everybody; fall in behind and follow to the great square before the cathedral. There at one end, in a temporary gallery emblazoned with the royal arms, sit grandees and ecclesiastics of the court, foreign ambassadors, perhaps even the king himself or others of the royal family, in glowing, glittering array. On a raised platform hard by are ranged the Grand Inquisitor and his council in their sable robes of office. At the opposite end of the square huddle the yellow-clad company of the condemned. Mass is sung, a sermon is preached. Then the Grand Inquisitor rises and the multitude, gentle and simple, fall on their knees to perform their *auto-da-fé*. Fervently do they take the solemnly administered oath to defend the Holy Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the Faith, and to inform against any whom they shall believe to have swerved therefrom. A pause; and now, rising to their feet, they listen with bated breath while the Secretary of the Holy Office reads out the names of the prisoners, with the grounds for each conviction and sentence fixed.

Of those admitted to penitence, everyone answers to his name by coming forward, kneeling, and, with his hands on the missal, solemnly abjuring his heresy; whereupon he is received again to the bosom of Holy Church. (This does not mean that his score is cleared for this world: he has still to undergo imprisonment or other penalty

for the forgiven sin.) And now all eye turn to the knot of prisoners in the horrible, grotesque red-and-yellow garb. These have refused to make their *auto-da-fé*. In their cases, then, the work of the Church is at end: they are, in the phrase of the Inquisition, "relaxed" to the secular arm. A dead hush falls on the assemblage as the Grand Inquisitor formally turns them over to the magistrate, and under civil guard they move away. This afternoon, it may be to-morrow or next day, they will be executed at the *quemadero* without the city wall. If at the last they recant, they will be strangled; if not, they will be burned at the stake.* But the religious ceremony, the *auto-da-fé*, is over. The court party and the Inquisitors retire; and the populace, awed and solemn, streams out of the square.

I have chosen for example an *auto* followed by capital punishment; but many and many an *auto* had no such dire sequel; at many and many an *auto* everyone of the prisoners was absolved, while the proportion of "relaxed" in general was far smaller than certain Protestant historians give us to understand. Prescott, for instance, elects to describe an *auto* at which appeared only thirty condemned; and of these, fourteen were afterward put to death. He leaves the reader to infer that this altogether uncommon proportion was a usual one. Take a few random statistics:

Out of 3300 condemned at 5 *autos* in Toledo in 1486, 27 were "relaxed." Out of 71, at 2 *autos* in Valladolid in 1559, 26 were "relaxed" (this is noted as an extraordinarily large proportion). Out of 52 condemned at an *auto* in Seville in 1628, one was "relaxed."

By the common law of Spain, as of Europe in general, the property of the

* Burning at the stake was, to prevailing ideas in Spain and elsewhere, as shocking, and no more, than is hanging to-day; and is no more shocking to-day than, we may trust, hanging is destined to be a few centuries hence.

condemned fell to the royal fisc. Widows and orphans of Inquisition prisoners, however, often got some restoration, and the Church always fought for leniency in this regard.

Here we may note explicitly what has been all along implied—the fact that connected with the Spanish Inquisition were abuses many and monstrous. In the long course of its history it had, past question, many a servant without whom the Holy Office would have been holier; past question, a thousand deeds of darkness were done in its name,—deeds which the body of its most earnest champions would have been first to condemn. But to say this is to say only what—alas for human nature!—is in substance true of every similar institution of importance that has been since the world began.

One more consideration must be added,—a consideration of cardinal consequence. The Inquisition reckoned as heresy various matters which we do not think of under that name—witchcraft, sorcery, and the like: these being held to imply commerce with the devil; and withal the tribunal took account of numerous crimes elsewhere dealt with, as everywhere they are dealt with to-day, by the civil power only. Subtract from the list of those who perished by the Holy Office all the criminals of the latter class; then subtract a number proportionately equal to that of executions for witchcraft and kindred offences in other parts of Europe, in England and Scotland, during the same period, and you get a remainder amazingly remote from the number popularly conceived to be that of "Inquisition martyrs."

In summing up the whole matter of Inquisition procedure, we can not do better than to note the words of a certain distinguished Protestant theologian, who thus neatly puts the case: "The Inquisition applied methods that we have rejected to the detection

and punishment of what we have ceased to consider crimes." And those methods, those conceptions, were fully in accord with the spirit of the age. There you have it in a nutshell.

V.

Dipping, the other day, into a certain erudite and standard work, I came upon the following passage: "It is difficult to understand how men of capacity could have justified this iniquitous institution [the Inquisition]. Certainly it could not have been upon any principles of Christian morality or even upon those of high statesmanship." It is from Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe" that this singularly unintellectual and undeveloped dictum is taken. Oh, what a lack of the historic insight, of the historic conscience! What blindness of mind and of heart! To speak thus is to impugn the great majority of the best and most enlightened men of Spain during the period in question.

Even so, centuries on centuries hence, when, in the slow, slow enfranchisement of the human spirit, war shall have become an obsolete barbarism utterly abhorrent to the general sense, even so, it may be, some solemn Draper shall arise to deliver himself after this fashion: "It is difficult to understand how men of capacity could have justified the iniquitous custom of war.* Certainly it could not have been upon any principles of Christian morality or even upon those of high statesmanship." Let us hope that if that day come, there will rise up also a champion for us,—a champion to say to the unlearned and the thoughtless: "Nay, not so. The men of that far-away time walked in darkness which to us is light. Only because their crooked

* That, it may be said, is not a parallel; "the custom of war" should not be compared to the institution of the Holy Office. But the present thesis is precisely that the Inquisition was only the manifestation, under particular conditions, of a spirit in its day as widespread and deep-seated as is the spirit that still sanctions war.

way has been made straight and their rough places have been made plain, do we tread securely where they strayed and stumbled. They made, as we do, many culpable as well as innocent blunders; they were—being men of like passions with ourselves—often weak, often cruel; yet by no means were they devoid of ‘capacity,’ of spiritual earnestness and aspiration; they went on painfully choosing amid unsatisfactory expedients, perplexedly striving to better conditions they deplored, and so helping by little and little to bring forth the freedom wherewith we are made free.”

It is for us, at any rate, to deserve a champion like that, by doing unto bygone centuries as we would that centuries coming should do unto us.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

III.—ON THE CONTINENT.—RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

IN the summer of 1844 De Lisle, with his wife, their two sons and the Rev. George Spencer, made a partial tour of the Continent. It was a wise and wholesome instinct which induced him thus to enlarge by personal intercourse with eminent Catholics his sphere of action, and to widen his intellectual sympathies and interests. His intimate knowledge of French enabled him to reap the full advantage of foreign travel, while his geniality and genuine human sympathy made him *persona grata* to all with whom he came in contact. His wife entered into all his views. Broad-minded like himself, she did not inherit the somewhat narrow, insular traditions more or less common to all English people, and at that period especially so to hereditary English Catholics, isolated for centuries by reason of their Faith.

De Lisle had already become widely known as a fellow-worker with Newman and the other Oxford leaders in the revival of religion in England,

as well as by the work to which his life was devoted—the Corporate Reunion of the Church of Rome and the Church of England. But if his name had not been identified with either of these great works he would still have been well known abroad as a convert of good family and great wealth, who had demonstrated the truth of the faith that was in him by devoting the larger portion of his income to the founding of a monastery and the building of churches, as well as to the salvation of the poor. He was also known as the translator of Montalembert’s “Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.”

No mediæval pilgrims with but one goal in view could have been more faithful or enthusiastic than were these travellers in visiting churches and other famous shrines. These features alone seemed to occupy their thoughts. From the beginning to the end of his life De Lisle firmly believed in the speedy return of England to Catholic unity. If his hopes were at times less ardent than at others, the undying flame of faith still burned on,—faith in his compatriots and their inborn sense of truth and reason, which must eventually lead them to the haven he so fervently desired that they should attain.

In Italy the Nuncio gave them a dinner party, and gladdened the heart of De Lisle by assuring him that Rome would do full justice to the Church of England when the time arrived for negotiations. In Germany also De Lisle received a most cordial welcome. Here he found himself in an atmosphere calculated to impress him in a manner different from that of the other countries he had visited; for the leaders in the revival of Catholicity in Germany had been principally men who were converted from Protestantism. The illustrious Count Stolberg, followed by Frederick Schlegel and his wife (a daughter of the celebrated Jewish philosopher Mendelssohn), by their conversion gave

new life and energy to the Catholics of Germany. France had its apostle in De Maistre; and later in Lacordaire, Montalembert, and, till his unfortunate defection, Lamennais. The reaction in France against atheism and materialism, and the religious revival in Germany, did much toward awakening religion in England. Catholic Emancipation was another important factor, by directing public attention throughout Europe to Catholicism in England as a promise of the passing away of Protestant bigotry and injustice.

An amusing incident was told by De Lisle relative to the rejoicings in Rome on the occasion of Catholic Emancipation. He was there at the time, and related that many of the peasants who had come to witness the Papal functions imagined that a new saint had been added to the calendar. After admiring the illumination at St. Peter's, these pious but unenlightened people went home rejoicing, striking their breasts and praying, "*Santa Emancipatione, ora pro nobis!*"

The great Methodist movement was another force, and a powerful one, in animating the dry-bones in an almost God-abandoned land. The belief in the supernatural was dying out in the hearts of men. And now thoughtful persons in the Church of England began to ask themselves if she was prepared to meet with efficient weapons the Evangelical party suddenly so rampant in the land. On the other hand, the High Churchmen of the time were too indolent and indifferent to bestir themselves in a matter of such paramount importance to the whole country, if not to the entire world. To the temporalities of the Church they gave sufficient thought; for the spiritualities they cared but little. Those who were good and zealous among them, performing their allotted duties as well as they knew how, learned though many of them were, had too self-confident a tone, too formal and

rigid a manner,—were, in short, too far above the common people in their attitude ever to reach their hearts or hold them to an allegiance from which they were fast slipping away. John Henry Newman spoke truly, and of that which he well knew, when a few years later, in one of the "Tracts for the Times," he described the Church of England as speaking with ambiguous formularies and stammering lips.

But as the seven holy men of Nineveh saved the city from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, so there were still a large number of persons living in England eager to serve God and ready to make any sacrifice in the cause of religion. Moreover, during the horrors of the French Revolution many holy *émigré* priests received hospitality in England from Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and were the recipients of the greatest sympathy and kindness. This bread cast upon the waters returned to them a hundredfold. Scattered here and there through the country, as tutors in noble families, missionaries in churches and country chapels; visiting the sick, instructing the poor, their example did much to dispel the prejudice which had existed since the Reformation against "Popish priests" and all Catholics.

The following extract from De Lisle's preface to his translation of Manzoni's "Vindication of Catholic Morality against Sismondi's Charges" is a glowing tribute to the virtues of these men. At the same time it serves to illustrate his own appreciative and kindly nature, the humility of his soul, and his all-abiding and childlike trust in God:

"The virtues of the French clergy and their zealous labors did much to remove the prejudices in which a Protestant education had involved our countrymen. How many can trace the first favorable impressions they ever experienced in regard to Catholicism to the sight of these blessed men! While speaking of them it would be the deepest ingratitude

in the writer of this preface not to acknowledge that it was to a holy French priest that he owed the light of divine faith. Great was the prejudice with which he regarded that zealous man when they first beheld each other; but this prejudice each hour of mutual intercourse tended to dissipate. The beams of Catholic light brightly shone from him as he proceeded on in his even and unbending course. His arguments were works rather than words; and the youth, as yet untaught the sophistries of a false philosophy, beheld and acknowledged in his apostolic conduct the character of a true minister of Christ, and an overpowering evidence of his divine, consoling faith. Filled with admiration but with doubt, he spared no effort to investigate the truth. Amid the maze of controversy and the perplexity in which each new discovery involved him, his friendship with the holy man served as a conducting star, that never left him until it had guided his feet to the humble Crib of the Redeemer, whom he found as the shepherds of old—in the arms of His Blessed Mother. He embraced the faith. How gladly would he have run to convey in person the joyful tidings to his saintly friend! But circumstances beyond his control interposed to prevent it: a great distance intervened, to pass which was not in his power. The venerable priest meanwhile had well-nigh reached the end of his course; he had fought the good fight: he lay upon that bed from which he was never more to rise... He clasped his hands, he raised his dying eyes to Heaven, blessing that God whom he had never forsaken, whom he had served alike in prosperity and adversity. 'I die contented!' he exclaimed. 'Thou hast made my friend a Catholic Christian: I die contented!' These were almost the last words his attendant heard him utter. The following night he departed to Our Lord."

Although it will strike most readers as new, there is, perhaps, a great deal of truth in the assertion made by De Lisle's biographer—that the genius of Sir Walter Scott had no small share in lessening the Elizabethan tradition against the Catholic Church. To some it may appear that the great poet and novelist recognized more fully the surface beauty than the inner purity of the Church; while to others the contrary may seem true. Such, at least, was the opinion of De Lisle himself; and others shared it, Mr. Gladstone among the number. "I am delighted," the latter once said to the biographer of De Lisle, "to see that among the antecedent forces of the Movement you have given a prominent place to Sir Walter Scott. His writings in prose and verse exercised a far-reaching influence in England, and did much to break down anti-Catholic prejudice and to prepare the way for Newman and the Oxford Movement."

Another force, more potent than any of these, and supernatural in its character, was also silently at work preparing for the Catholic revival at Oxford. No one who believes in prayer nor the wonders it accomplishes can doubt for a moment the words of Christ that there is strength in the union of prayer; or that an association inspired by divine charity, and promoted in the face of obstacles innumerable and the lamentable and stupendous indifference of those to whom it should have been an object of the deepest concern, could fail of supernatural fruit. Historians of the Movement have either failed to mention it at all, or have passed over it lightly. But those in whom the love of God is a vital principle, and whose eyes are not blinded by the sight of outer and material forces,—those persons can not fail to note the silent, untiring, supernatural agency ensuing from the Association of Universal Prayer for the Conversion of England established by the saintly Rev. George

Spencer and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

From the time of the Reformation it would seem that God had particularly animated holy individuals and devout people to pray for the restoration of the true religion in that fair land so long known as "The Isle of Saints," "Our Lady's Dowry." Pope Gregory XIII. and many of his successors had appealed to English Catholics and those of other countries to pray for her conversion. St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo loved and gave hospitality to the English missionaries, while St. Francis de Sales continually recommended the conversion of England to Almighty God. The same was true of many holy persons in Spain, France and Germany. M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, had an extraordinary devotion for this cause; and St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Congregation of the Passion, prayed for over fifty years for England's return to the Church.

One of the chief objects of De Lisle's tour in Italy in 1844 was to beg prayers for England. In France, Holland, Belgium and Germany his endeavors were warmly seconded. In France the prayers of the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires at Paris for this intention are still daily offered. After Father Spencer became a Passionist and a missionary, he made this one of the subjects of his discourses; carrying his enthusiasm on the subject to such an extent that not only the people but many of his confrères sometimes complained of what they called his iterations and ill-timed presentations of the cause to which he had given his entire life. In his simplicity and sublime confidence that the only way to reach men's souls was to pierce the armor of reserve, and strike boldly everywhere and anywhere where the onslaught might be effectual, he made his way to the closets of the highest dignitaries of the land and advocated his cause

in season and out of season, till it might indeed have been questioned, without reproach, whether his efforts were always well-advised; whether his persistence and ardor might not be calculated rather to defeat than accomplish the end he had in view. Meantime, while holy men and women in foreign cloisters and foreign churches prayed for the conversion of the land which had once been the nursery of saints, the Catholic people of England remained strangely apathetic,—at least so it seemed to the two enthusiasts who had counted so confidently on its success.

Strange to say, it was in Ireland that Father Spencer met with a ready and warm response to his endeavors,—in Ireland, whose people had received from England only a heritage of wrong and persecution. Here, where he had feared and expected to meet coldness and indifference, if not actual repulse, the good Passionist was surprised and touched to see with what willingness and fervor the people responded to his entreaties for prayer in behalf of his beloved but erring country.

Latterly the Crusade of Prayer for the Conversion of England has been renewed and placed upon an enduring footing by Pope Leo XIII. The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has been founded for this purpose, and also the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion. The last-named Archconfraternity was also inaugurated in Paris, in the Church of St. Sulpice, on October 17, 1898. Cardinal Vaughan called this event "the public ratification of a religious treaty, the solemnization of a holy alliance between the Catholic Churches of France and England." There is no need to explain its object, which every Christian knows is nothing less than the spiritual return of England to allegiance to the One, True, Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Robertson James on Quebec.

MR. HENRY JAMES is a popular magazinist and a writer of subtle and much-punctuated stories that a great many people read and enjoy. A brother of his is Prof. William James, of Harvard, who ranks high among the expounders of the new psychology. Still another brother is Mr. Robertson James, a writer of broad culture and an enthusiastic student of sociology.

Mr. Robertson James has published in the Boston *Transcript* some results of his studies in the great Catholic Province of Quebec, which he describes as "perhaps the only distinct territory where the people enjoy absolute civil and religious freedom." Canadians of French blood, we are told, wear the yoke of English sovereignty very lightly indeed; and wear it at all only because it brings them certain political advantages without any disadvantages. "Caring absolutely nothing about the France of to-day, having no desire to be annexed to the United States, enjoying a civil and religious liberty no other community enjoys—not excepting that embodied in the States of the Union,—why should the Province of Quebec not rest content, and, lifting its eyes to heaven, thank God that it is not as other communities are?"

But the most interesting point discussed by Mr. James is the part which their religion plays in the political and social life of the people. Surely other American sociologists who recognize our present political and educational systems as unsatisfactory will take courage to look into conditions in the great Catholic province to the north, where, as one of their confrères now tells them, some of the most tormenting problems pressing on us for solution have been happily worked out. We make no apology for this long quotation from Mr. James:

It would be difficult to find evidence in French Canada to substantiate the claims sometimes made by moralists that Rome keeps a nation in material and political servitude and blinds the ignorant to what to-day is called civilization. Probably in no country under the sun can a greater measure of political privilege be exercised than is to-day exercised by the most obscure citizen of the Province of Quebec; and it would be difficult to find a million and a half of people elsewhere who exhibit a like degree of thrift, content, courage, and respect for laws. At Quebec and Montreal there will naturally be found a body of police, but it does not appear that the vocation of a constable is an arduous one. The statistics of the Recorder's Court in Montreal, just published, show an extraordinary decrease in crime during the last ten years, especially in the particular of drunkenness. Twenty-five years ago, when the city was much smaller than it is to-day, 1000 more vagrants were arrested in the year than now. In 1880 the arrests among the laborers—the most numerous class—figured for as many as 4417, while in 1901 the number only reached 1920. What American city, it may be asked, which has reaped all the blessings vouchsafed by secular education can show a similar decrease in crime? And yet Montreal, which may be said to exhibit largely the fruits of Catholic influence, governs itself without either the aid of Dr. Parkhurst or Mr. Croker, and looks not for gifts from Carnegie or Rockefeller.

The tide of summer tourists which flows and ebbs at Quebec contemplates the purple beauty of the far Laurentian Range; we hear the wash of the St. Lawrence where it speaks in historic murmur. The noble rock on whose slope firmly repose monastery, cathedral and seminary, doubtless makes its sufficient impression; but does the American traveller realize what the spirit is which has developed this stubborn democratic and apostolic civilization? If he desires to know, let him journey but twenty miles away from Quebec to a certain village which bears the beatific name of L'Ange Gardien. There, in the low-roofed, clustering homes of the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs du bois*, if he but keep an open mind, he will absorb a wider knowledge of some things which serve to make a nation great and preserve in it the maxims of political honor and self-respect. Should he have the good fortune to be acquainted with the Abbé Casgrain—whose brother, the older Abbé, now infirm and blind, greatly helped Mr. Parkman in his researches,—he doubtless will derive from the lips of the curé certain knowledge which establishes the fact that Canadian political freedom is due to the influence of the priests. Within fifty feet of the presbytery stands the village church, where for two hundred years father and son, mother and daughter have

gone to Mass, have heard the precepts of good citizenship, have sought counsel when in affliction, and have been guided when sore beset.

The limit of strength in the creation of the great Province of Quebec has always been the country abbé. He has always been faithful to the people, and the people have returned his trust with a pathetic and noble obedience. When the word of a king was no good, when their army was whipped, when they sought refuge from the attack of the Iroquois, when all the world had to give failed them, the *bon pasteur* did not desert. In this way they have grown up having a natural suspicion of the pomps and honors and rewards of the temporal State. Above all does the history of French Canada illustrate the fact that it is not dangerous to the stability of a State to commit the religious education of its future citizens to the religious teachers. In the Province of Quebec, with an enormous majority of Catholics on the Board of Education, the right of a Protestant child to benefit by the State fund applied to a Protestant education is most zealously and most jealously guarded. Indeed there appears to be no religious rivalry of any kind.

There is another important matter to which public attention has lately been drawn in an impressive manner—the rapid increase of the Catholic population as compared with the non-Catholic population in Canada. This increase is, of course, ascribable to reasons which priests, physicians and sociologists understand. “The Catholic French,” says Mr. James, “are fast driving into an inconsequential minority the Protestant English.” Perhaps this is why he concludes his valuable article with these sentiments: “What is the final rôle which French Canada is to act in the molding of government in North America? It is a great question. Nowhere on the American continent is the principle of democracy so strongly intrenched; and nowhere, whether for weal or woe, is the influence of the Catholic Church more resolute.”

THE man who can invent a good working substitute for honesty has yet to be invented himself.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

Notes and Remarks.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance, to Catholic interests in France, of the elections to be held this year. If the tyrannical suppression of the Congregations has not effectively aroused the great bulk of the Christian electors of that country from the deplorable lethargy to which they have so long been subjected, it would seem futile to oppose the further program of the present ruling powers, and the end of France as a truly Catholic nation may be looked upon as within measurable distance. The gravity of the situation was thoroughly foreseen and realized last September by the Sovereign Pontiff; and to the group of eminent French Catholics who had an audience with him in that month he addressed these impressive words: “There is still, however, one hope. *The last plank of salvation* is the elections of next year. Everything depends on them. Catholics must work for them, must make a supreme effort: it is to conquer or die.” At this distance it is hard to see how, notwithstanding the acknowledged advantages possessed by the Government in its ramifications throughout the provinces, a thoroughly aroused Catholic electorate in France can fail to conquer. Now if ever is their time to fight strenuously, aggressively and persistently, till the last vote is polled.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., a Protestant pastor of more than local fame, contributes an article “On the Results of Psychological Research,” made by the Anglo-American Society for that purpose, to *Ainslee's Magazine* for March, in which he says: “The history of the world is full of reported apparitions, or ghosts. Do such things as ghosts exist? I am perfectly certain that they do.” This declaration on the

part of a sectarian clergyman of distinction seems evidence of a clerical atavism, or a return in some degree to the Cotton Mather type. Is the pendulum which swung out into scepticism swinging across to superstition? Not that Dr. Savage is wrong in his belief, for THE AVE MARIA has published scores of well-authenticated "ghost" stories; but, lacking a criterion to distinguish spirits which influence mankind by sight, sound, or more subtle methods, he is in danger of being deceived. It is inexplicable that a cultured divine like Dr. Savage should fail to examine the "night side of nature" in the light of Catholic tradition, and should confine himself to the few years that have elapsed since 1882 and to the limited fields of inquiry passed over by the Society for Psychical Research; even though Mr. Gladstone, whom he quotes, has declared that "this Society's work is the most important work which is being done in the world." If Dr. Savage can enjoy a novel, he can well spend some hours with Dr. Brownson's "Spirit-Rapper" of 1854.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Craig Colony for Epileptics affords an illustration of the vast amount of good done in the world of which little or nothing is ever heard. This Colony is an institution for the scientific treatment of the indigent epileptics of the State of New York. Between thirty and forty per cent of its inmates are Catholics. Compassionating their sad condition, the good Bishop in whose diocese the Colony is situated resolved to erect a church for them and provide a resident chaplain. His offer to the board of managers was kindly, even gratefully, accepted; and now, thanks to his persevering zeal, the Catholics have their own chapel—beautifully located and appropriately dedicated to the Divine Compassion,—and a priest who is always at their

service. The chapel is referred to in the report of the managers as a "practical, generous and timely gift." We have been especially interested in the report furnished to the medical superintendent of the Colony by the Catholic chaplain, two extracts from which we place in juxtaposition for a reason that need not be explained:

In arranging the services it has been my aim to give the patients ample opportunity to perform all the duties of their religion, and at the same time not to conflict with the established order that must necessarily be preserved in a large institution.

In concluding this report, I am prompted by feelings of personal gratitude to thank the officers and employes of the Colony, from whom I have received so many helps and courtesies during the past year.

The chaplain of Craig Colony was wisely selected: he is the right man in the right place. We may add that we have always thought that where the Catholic inmates of State institutions are not provided for, it is generally through some lack of zeal or perseverance or experience or tact on the part of those in duty bound to see that no privileges to which they are entitled are denied them. It is unfortunately true that the wrong way is often taken to do the right thing. There is a natural tendency to magnify all kinds of opposition; and, needless to remark, opposition is sometimes increased by ill-advised action for its removal.

The growing feeling of disgust at what has been called "the rag-time celebration" of St. Patrick's Day does credit to men of Irish blood. That offensive and indecent caricature known as "the stage Irishman" has for some occult reason been publicly paraded by church organizations and even by Irish societies. As seen upon the boards, he ranges anywhere from a tame baboon to a hopeless idiot with preternatural flashes of wit. Yet, sad to say, Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen have greeted the hideous

spectacle with laughter and applause. A New York daily tells of a severe but well-deserved rebuke administered to a journalist of reputation by a bright daughter of Erin, to whom we gladly doff our hat. The story runneth thus:

Mr. A— B—, while out in San Francisco visited the new house of an old friend, a gentleman of Irish extraction. The hostess evidently took great pride in the house, the furnishings of which were new and beautiful, and gave evidence of much taste and refinement. Mr. B—, who has an eye for the beautiful, gave unstinted praise to everything he saw.

"But," he said, "I am sorry to see that your house, beautiful as it is, lacks one ornament which no Irish house should be without."

"What is that?" she asked, unsuspectingly.

"A pig," replied Mr. B—, with a satisfied chuckle.

The hostess' eyes sparkled. "It did," she said indignantly, "but you have supplied the want."

If theatre-goers and newspaper readers evinced something of this lady's spirit, the Irish caricature would speedily be relegated to the dusty garret of disused stage properties. Respect, like charity, begins at home.

Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, the recipient of the Lætare Medal this year, besides being a surgeon of wide celebrity, is a voluminous writer on topics connected with his profession. A long list of published lectures and treatises attests his industry and proficiency in various branches of medical science, and he is credited with important contributions to the apparatus of surgery. Dr. Murphy is a native of Appleton, Wis.; and his studies, for the most part, were made in this country, though he is almost as well known in Europe as in the United States. He is a sterling Catholic, and is as much esteemed for moral worth as for mental attainments.

Mr. Abbey has at last completed his series of Holy Grail decorations for the public library in Boston, and there is a renewed controversy concerning the symbolism employed therein. Sir

Galahad, the stainless knight—the only one among King Arthur's followers pure enough to handle the Emerald Cup,—is represented as wearing a robe of vivid red. To this some critics strongly object. Others, however, maintain that as red typifies the purifying power of Christ, Mr. Abbey was technically correct in his color scheme. A similar discussion is going on in regard to the artist's clearness as to who his hero really is; many claiming that he has inexcusably and hopelessly confounded Sir Galahad with Parsifal, a somewhat different character from him whose strength was as the strength of ten 'because his heart was pure.' Yet, after all is said, one is sure that, to the average observer who is neither critical nor captious, the exquisite mural decorations which set forth the incidents of the search for the Holy Grail must be both an inspiration and a lesson.

The Christian Science movement has invaded Germany and is said to be making some headway. It will be curious to observe the effect which the national passion for metaphysics will have on the cult; though it must be confessed that mental gyrations as peculiar as the "divine metaphysics" of Mrs. Eddy have emanated from German philosophers. But we venture to say that German statesmanship and good sense will deal with Christian Science more vigorously than American humor has done. With characteristic energy the Kaiser has already issued an edict which banishes from the imperial court "all persons in any way connected with faith-healing or Christian Science." He is also reported to have appointed a commission of scholars and clergymen to report on the new cult.

With a view, presumably, of nullifying the effect of Dr. Lee's conversion and of deterring others from following his example, certain organs of the Establish-

ment in England have asserted that Dr. Lee's reception was performed "against his wish and without his consent, almost without his knowledge, within a few days of his death." As these outrageous statements are likely to be repeated in this country, it may be well to report that Mr. G. Ambrose Lee, a son of Dr. Lee, in a letter addressed to the *Church Times* declares that it was by his father's express wish and sanction that, six weeks before his death, when in full possession of his faculties, Father Best, of the Oratory, was sent for to accept his submission; furthermore, that the distinguished convert desired to make a formal written recantation. It is a noteworthy fact (also stated by Mr. Lee) that after leaving All Saints', Lambeth (in 1899), Dr. Lee had not once "communicated" in an Anglican church, chapel or elsewhere.

We don't know precisely what functions our Protestant Episcopal friends attribute to the Paulists, the efficient missionary priests of the institute founded by Father Hecker; but the inference to be drawn from some recent P. E. utterances is certainly misleading. The Rev. Mr. Birnbach, for instance, is thus quoted:

I should like to see a new order of Paulists started, consisting of priests and such deacons as are on the road to the priesthood, who know or would be willing to learn some other profession or business, and then would settle in the unoccupied places, also in the small places which can pay less than \$700 a year. Among the vows of these Paulists would be one that they will not accept a parish paying a salary (all amounts below \$700 really not being salaries) while connected with the order. These Paulists should earn their own living, and turn over the money raised by the parishes to the mission board.

The Rev. Mr. Purce, discussing this same project of establishing a Protestant order of Paulists, has this to say:

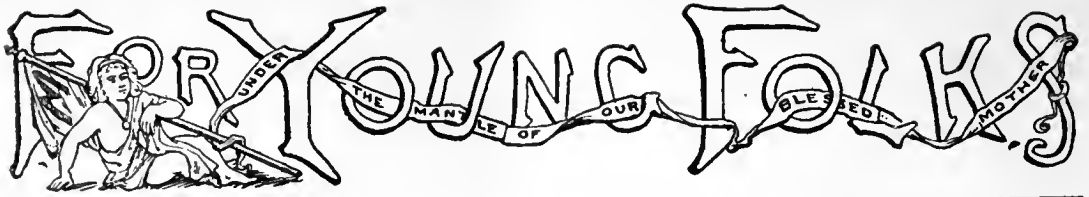
There are many lines of business in the small towns in which a Paulist priest, had we such an order, could engage. The practice of medicine

would be one profession which a priest could follow, and thus heal the bodies and souls of men. In the country districts, where we are lamentably weak, the only occupation open to him is that of farming; and in order to make a living for himself he should own his farm.

People unfamiliar with the work of the Paulist Fathers will naturally enough infer from these citations that the members of Father Hecker's institute are actually engaged in other professions, or callings, or "lines of business," than the promulgation of the Gospel. It may be well to disabuse them of so erroneous an idea. There are no Paulist doctors, lawyers, insurance agents, druggists, commercial travellers, general-store keepers, or farmers. There are Paulist editors and authors; but the "apostolate of the press" has long been recognized as a distinctly evangelical work, supplementing, and in many an instance supplying the lack of, the spoken word. We would suggest to the promoters of this new Protestant Episcopal project the selection of some name less liable to misconception.

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The Rev. Mr. Birnbach's parenthetical statement in the first of the foregoing quotations will cause many clerical readers of our columns to "smile broadly." A yearly stipend of \$700 he evidently considers unworthy of the name of salary,—'tis a bare pittance rigorously essential to the task of keeping body and soul together. We wonder how many secular priests—parish priests who have taken no vow of poverty—there are in this country and Canada who would not think that amount a very good salary indeed? It would certainly not be difficult to find a large number who manage to exist on two-thirds or even one-half the sum mentioned. If the proposed order would take the vow of celibacy, it might simplify the question of financial exigencies; yet even the non-celibate village parson of Goldsmith was "passing rich with forty pounds a year."



A March Legend.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN the giant forest boughs are bare
And the chill winds moan and sigh,
When the peasants hear on the frosty air
The wild wolf's savage cry;
When the snows lie deep in glen and wold
And over hill and plain,
There's an ancient legend often told
In the fair land of Touraine.

When the baby sleeps on its mother's knee
And smiles in its happy dreams,
When the wood fire, crackling merrily,
On the blackened rafter gleams,
Each grandame tells how Ireland's Saint,
Slow journeying from afar
To his uncle's house, grew weak and faint
One night by the Loire.

Neither cot nor castled hall was near:
He knelt in prayer to God;
Then he laid him down without drear or fear
Upon the frozen sod.
But when the round earth found the morn,
And the eastern sky was red,
The Saint awoke, and upon that thorn
A milky bloom was spread.

And ever since in that land of France
The blossoms on the sloe
Bloom as they bloomed o'er St. Patrick once
'Mid the frost and 'mid the snow.
And ever since have the blossoms fair,
That fear no wintry showers,
Been called by the peasants dwelling there
St. Patrick's holy flowers.

IN South America there is a plant that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty, by letting a tube down into the water. When the tube is not in use it is coiled on top of the plant, just as you put away the hose after you have watered the garden. This strange plant belongs to the orchid family.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.—THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TALE.

YOU must know," Niall began, "that Winifred is a descendant of the proud race which inhabited the castle wherein the child now lives. You are not, I am sure, acquainted with the history of her ancestors, nor shall I tell it. But for a thousand years they have been foremost in war, in minstrelsy, in beauty, in hospitality, in benefactions to the Church and in charity to the poor. Winifred is of that race and—" he paused and drew himself up with some pride—"and so am I."

Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"I am the uncle of her father. This part of the story she has not learned; but she does know that for years it has been the dream of my life to restore the old castle, to bring back the fallen glories of our race. I, being a younger brother, was debarred from the line of succession. That fact early stirred me into bitterness; the more so as my elder brother, Winifred's grandfather, was of an easy and pleasure-loving temperament. Far from doing anything to improve matters, he seemed to let everything go. I gradually withdrew from all intercourse with my fellowmen. I dwelt alone, in a secluded part of the castle, and gave myself up to study. I desired to master the secrets of the universe, and in the course of my studies I learned one thing."

He stopped and looked at me fixedly.

"And that is the secret which I have striven so hard to keep and which I

am about to confide to you. But let that pass for the present. My brother had an only son, and he was a son after my own heart. He seemed to combine in himself all the best qualities of our race. He was daring, generous, impulsive, yet steadfast and enduring. Gifted with great personal beauty, he had rare talents and a most winning manner. On him I built my hopes. He would in some way gain wealth, honor, renown. I thought I had already the key to the first, but I wanted him to win the others by his own efforts. I goaded him into action; I disgusted him with the life of a country gentleman which his father had led,—and a poor and obscure one at that.”

Niall sighed deeply as he resumed:

“Sometimes, after an interview with me, he would mount his white horse and gallop over the country, to control the agitation which my words had awakened in him. He went away at last to Dublin seeking fame. Every now and then he returned to tell me of his pursuits, and I urged him on more and more. Suddenly his interest began to slacken, and I saw that it had taken another direction. Next thing I heard he was married. His wife was a mere fine lady, though of a worthy stock. But I parted from Roderick in anger. We had a bitter quarrel. In his anger he called the old castle a ruin, laughed at my plans for restoring it, and declared he would never bring his wife there nor permit her to see its ruinous state. After that he went away.”

It seemed as if Niall's emotion would at this point prevent him from continuing the story; but he controlled himself by an effort and went on.

“Roderick returned only once, dressed in deep mourning, and bringing with him a child about five years old. That was Winifred. He left her in care of Mrs. Meehan. He promised to come back some day or send for his daughter, but he gave no clue as to his own future

movements. I myself believe he went to America. Since then I have seen in the child the hope of our race. She has taken her father's place in my heart.”

“But how came she to be ignorant that you were her father's uncle? Surely the neighbors, especially Mrs. Meehan, must have known.”

“The neighbors knew nothing. I had lived, as I told you, in retirement, and had been absent, spending many years in the far East. I had ceased to attend church once youth had passed, and was never seen in public. I vanished out of the memory of all save a few old servants, who dropped off one by one. Mrs. Meehan may suspect something of the truth, but she knows nothing for a certainty.”

I smiled, remembering the dark hints the blind woman had thrown out.

“But how, then,” I asked, “did you come to be known—”

“As the schoolmaster,” he put in. “I abandoned the castle for purposes of my own. I went to live in this cabin in the hills, and I took pupils,—partly to divert attention from my real pursuits, partly to enable me to live.”

I waited silently for the conclusion of the strange narrative; but he had fallen into profound thought, and sat staring at the floor, seeming to have forgotten my presence. At last he went on:

“Winifred, as I have said, was regarded by me as the hope of our race. Without revealing to her our relationship, I treated her with the deepest respect, in order to give her some idea of the importance of her position as heiress of an ancient house, which, though obscured for a time, is destined one day to be restored.”

As the old man spoke thus, something of his former excitement returned, and he stood up, pacing the room, his eyes glowing and his features working convulsively. Now, nothing in the whole affair had more surprised me than the manner in which Niall had passed from

a state of almost insane fury into the quiet courtesy of a well-bred man; so I waited till his excitement had once more subsided. Then he sat down again upon the three-cornered stool whence he had arisen, and continued:

"If Roderick be still living, I shall find him one day and restore his child to him. But it must be through me that this restoration is effected; and I must at the same time offer him the means of repairing the old castle and taking up again the life of a country gentleman."

"Have you any reason to think he is living?" I asked.

"Oh, I do not know!" Niall answered mournfully. "For many years he sent remittances and inquired for the child, saying that he would one day claim her. Lately both money and letters have ceased. A rumor reached me—I scarcely know how—that Roderick had married a second wife. Even if that be true, he must have changed indeed if he can forget his own child. I am haunted forever by the fear that he may, after all, be dead; or that, living, he might one day claim Winifred and take her away from Ireland forever. And that I will never permit."

I was half afraid of another outbreak; but it did not come. He went on, in a calm and composed tone of voice:

"I must confess that when I heard you were here—"

"You fancied, perhaps, that I was the second wife?" I said, smiling.

"What I fancied matters little!" he cried, almost brusquely. "But I made up my mind that if you had come here on such a mission, you should return disappointed."

"Now, I may as well admit," I said deliberately, "that I have had thoughts of carrying Winifred away."

He started.

"Not as the result of a preconcerted plan," I hastened to add; "for I never heard of Winifred nor of the castle till I came here, and I could not even now

tell you the name of her father. I have heard him spoken of merely as Roderick."

"Roderick O'Byrne," said Niall, fixing his keen eyes upon my face.

It was my turn to start and to color violently, with the sudden recollection.

"So you do, perhaps, know Mr. Roderick O'Byrne, after all?" said the schoolmaster, dryly; and I saw that his former suspicions were revived.

"Know him? Why, yes. But as the father of Winifred—no."

"And where, may I ask, have you met him?"

"In New York city."

He bent eagerly forward.

"Tell me—oh, tell me how long ago was that?"

"Within the last six months."

"Then he is still alive?"

"He was when I sailed from New York," I assented.

Tears which he could not repress forced themselves from the old man's eyes and flowed down his cheeks. They were tears of joy and relief.

"O Roderick!" he murmured; "dear Roderick, son of my heart, you are upon the green earth still, and I feared you had left it for evermore!"

"Moreover," I went on, "you are altogether wrong in supposing he is married again."

"What's that you say?" he cried joyfully. "Living and still a widower?"

"Living and still a widower."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

Niall muttered some exclamation in Irish, the meaning of which I did not know; then he turned upon me with a beaming smile.

"You are as the dawn that heralds a bright day, as the sun that peeps from out a dark cloud, as a flower thrusting its head through the snow!"

I sat watching the schoolmaster with real gratification at the pleasure I had given him. Then he asked:

"He never spoke to you of Winifred?"

"Never."

"Nor of Wicklow?"

"Nor of Wicklow."

"He has forgotten Ireland!" cried the old man bitterly. "He has become Americanized, as they all do."

"On the contrary," I observed. "I heard him speak once of Ireland, and in a way I shall never forget."

He looked at me with sudden keenness, even suspicion; and I smiled.

"I know what you are smiling at!" Niall cried, with one of those quick flashes of intelligence which reminded me of Winifred.

"Do you?" I said, laughing outright. "Well, then, I may as well tell you I was smiling at the suspicion I saw in your eyes,—smiling at the contrast between my gray hairs and wrinkles and Roderick O'Byrne as I saw him last."

"Yet Roderick is no boy," argued Niall. "Roderick is close to forty."

"He has the secret of perpetual youth," I said, warming at the remembrance. "Winifred has it too: she will never grow old. But now my heart is more than ever in your plans, and I should like to possess your entire confidence,—to know, for instance, how the wealth is to be obtained with which to restore the ancient castle."

"That," said Niall, impressively, "is the secret which hitherto I have shared with no one save Winifred, and which I am about to impart to you. But remember your promise is as solemn, as binding as an oath."

"I remember," I said; "and I tell you once more that no word of your secret shall ever be repeated by me to any one without your express permission. Take my word for it."

Niall stood up and looked all about him, examined the door and the window, went outside and walked around the cabin, tried the chinks in the walls; and when he was quite convinced that no living thing was in the vicinity, he drew a stool near, and, laying his sugar-loaf

hat upon the floor, began to pour into my ears a tale which seemed almost magical. His appearance changed, too, as he went on with his narrative. His eyes, alight with enthusiasm, presently took on an expression merely of greed. The craving for gold was written on every line of his face. It was so plain a lesson against avarice that involuntarily I shuddered.

He tossed his hair from his forehead, while his features worked convulsively; and it was only when he left that part of the subject which related to mere gold, and rose once more to the plan he had in view of restoring the old castle, that he brightened up again. Then I saw in him one of those mysterious resemblances which run through a race: a likeness to Roderick—gay, handsome, and comparatively young; a likeness to Winifred herself.

I had a curious feeling of unreality as I sat there and listened. The old man might be Roderick O'Byrne himself after the passage of a score or more of years; the cabin might be an enchanted spot, which would vanish away at touch of a wizard's wand; and these rude chairs and tables might be condemned by the same strange witchery to remain forever inanimate. I had to shake myself to get rid of this feeling which crept over me, and seemed to overpower the sober common-sense, the practical and prosaic wisdom, which seem to spring from the American soil.

(To be continued.)

THE raglan worn so much at present is named for Lord Raglan, who lost his right arm at the battle of Waterloo. He commanded the British forces during the Crimean War, and died in camp after great suffering caused by the siege of Sebastopol. The cardigan jacket took its name from the Earl of Cardigan, who was a very courageous British general, and led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

History in Slang.

Even slang phrases may have their uses, for many of them preserve history that otherwise might be forgotten or disputed. Take, for instance, the expression, "He's a brick," which had its origin in the reply of a king of Sparta, who, when asked concerning the walls of his city, answered: "Walls? I have walls that can not be torn down. I have fifty thousand soldiers, and every one is a brick."

In France, many years ago, there existed a singular method of informing a guest that he was outstaying his welcome. Instead of the hot meats, he was offered a slice of a cold shoulder of mutton; and it was a dull visitor who did not take the hint when the "cold shoulder" was tendered.

In Puritan times, when the Sunday dinner was always prepared the day before, there was a man named Hezekiah Morton, who used to bake a long row of apple-pies on Saturday, and pin on them various labels which indicated the day each one was to be eaten. From this eccentric habit we have the expression, "In apple-pie order."

When you are presented with a complimentary ticket to a lecture or other entertainment, you are what is known as a "dead head." In ancient Pompeii various tokens were used for admission to the theatre. Those persons who were entitled to enter free had as a check for their admission a little ivory skull, and were called "dead heads," just as they are to-day.

We say of any one who has achieved a triumph, "He has a feather in his cap." This is a relic of the time when the Hungarians were at war with the Turks. For each Turk they killed they were entitled to wear an additional feather in their caps.

Here is one more instance, and not a cheerful one. In England, in the time of Elizabeth, an unfortunate man named

Hawkins committed suicide by hanging, and was obliged to stand upon a bucket in order to reach the rafter he had chosen to attach his rope to. Then he kicked the bucket, and coarse speech has preserved the manner of his death. In contrast to this is the beautiful phrase, "He has gone over the range," as the Rocky Mountain miners say when one of their number dies. Those who have seen the sun set behind these wonderful mountains will agree that even slang may be beautiful.

The Bell of St. Patrick.

The iron bell which was once the property of St. Patrick is one of the best-authenticated and oldest relics that have descended to us. Its history covers a period of no less than fourteen hundred years. It is formed of two pieces of sheet-iron, which are bent so that they meet, and are fastened together with large rivets. Some bronze is also used in its construction, which contributed to its preservation and helped to make its tone more sweet.

The beautiful shrine, or covering, by which this relic was protected is also in existence. As early as the eleventh century these shrines began to be used, and no decoration or material was thought too fine to employ in their manufacture. This particular shrine, one of the most beautiful known, was probably made about the beginning of the twelfth century, and is a wonderful specimen of the goldsmith's art. In it we see brass, silver and gold, wrought in plates and the finest filigree work; while rich gems lend their aid in making it beautiful and valuable. In accordance with an old custom, this shrine was for centuries in the care of a certain family, who acted as its keepers and were rewarded by the Crown. Both bell and shrine rest now in the Royal Academy of Dublin.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, having compiled for the Illinois State Historical Society a body of information on "The First Irish in Illinois," now publishes the essay as a neat pamphlet for the advantage of busy but interested Irishmen.

—An able lecture on "Catholicism in the Middle Ages," by the Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., is the latest publication of the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. "On the Great Need of a Catholic University," a sermon by the same author, is afforded by the New Century Co.

—A neat edition of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, with an English translation by the late Dr. Husenbeth, is issued by R. & T. Washbourne. A new manual for the Children of Mary, entitled "The Child of Mary's Little Handbook," is afforded by the same publishers. It is well published and seems to have been carefully compiled.

—The absorption of *Literature* by the *Academy* shows how difficult it is for even so powerful an institution as the London *Times* to float a new publication. By the way, we may mention as a bit of literary gossip that the proprietor of the *Academy* is Mr. Morgan Richards, the father of the well-known author and convert, "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie).

—"California Violets" is the title of a book of verse by Grace Hibbard, published in a pretty, violet-decked cover by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. The verses are varied as to subject and merit. There are touches of California color, and evidences of a sense of song; but the general technique is careless. The first and last poems speak of a personal loss which weaves a minor chord in many of the lines, and one notes a spirit of reverence in several of the lyrics.

—The friends of the University of Pennsylvania will be gratified to know that that institution has conferred the academic degree of Doctor of Letters on Agnes Repplier. Envious compatriots say that people are slow in Philadelphia, but even the college professors there have discovered that Miss Repplier has been crowned with honors in that outer world which is the real university. We congratulate Pennsylvania, and we wish Miss Repplier many years of health and activity.

—Some useful text-books lately issued by the American Book Co. show the interest felt by educators in setting forth new methods of instruction or emphasizing good points in old ways. Among them are a sort of introduction to Latin Composition for classes reading Cæsar, by Anna Cole Mellick; "Geschichten von Deutschen

Städten," a series of stories of German life, told simply but interestingly for German students; and "Macbeth," a critical study of the great tragedy, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, whose work in *Poet Lore* has kept that magazine up to a high literary standard.

—Johann Georg Meyer and Millet in the McBride Art Series form valuable additions to our art literature for schools. Messrs. D. H. McBride & Co. publish also a new Elementary Geography containing ten maps and many attractive illustrations. Some features of this text-book are worthy of every adjective of praise.

—Vol. 1X. (Jan.—Dec., 1901) of the *Carmelite Review*, published by the Carmelite Fathers of the United States and Canada, contains a great amount of good reading of especial interest to the clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, together with a number of pleasing illustrations. The volume is not skilfully printed, but it is appropriately bound in Carmelite brown.

—The Rev. J. T. Driscoll, of Fonda, N. Y., is giving popular lectures on philosophical subjects in the Albany High School. Father Driscoll's writings, for which we have already expressed admiration, prove his fitness for this work. A series of solid discourses on the nature and activities of the soul is all the more necessary since experimental psychology has at times shown a disposition to invest the old-fashioned materialism with the dignity of scientific appearance. University Extension work has been pretty general throughout the country for many years, but has hitherto been taken up chiefly by non-Catholic lecturers.

—Another volume of sermons has been published by the Rev. B. J. Rayercroft, of the diocese of Erie. The author sets forth in the preface that these discourses were written for his own solace and improvement as well as for the strengthening of hearts; and it is to be hoped that all these ends will be attained. Occasionally the reader is conscious of a lapse from good taste, and the style in general is somewhat turgid; but substance and earnestness supply for the lesser deficiencies. There are all sorts of people in the world, and all sorts of sermons may be helpful. No doubt Father Rayercroft's discourses will have many appreciative readers. Pustet & Co.

—There be folk who will look twice at the announcement that "A bill has been recently introduced into the lower house of Congress to authorize the printing of 9000 copies of the Bible of Thomas Jefferson." It appears that the

author of the Declaration of Independence was "a closer student of the Scriptures than those old New England ladies who lowered their Bibles into wells when they heard of his election to the Presidency"; at any rate, he was as learned and as orthodox in his exegesis as many professed ministers of religion in our time. Jefferson's "Bible" is a diatesseron of those passages of the New Testament that appealed to him, the collated texts being flanked by explanatory notes and references, citations from the Roman Law under which Christ was tried, a map of Palestine and a map of the then known world. Jefferson referred to the work thus in a letter to a friend: "I, too, have made a wee little book from the same materials, which I called 'The Philosophy of Jesus.' A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian: that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus, very different from the Platonists who call me infidel and preachers of the Gospel, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its authors never said or saw." Jefferson would doubtless be as much surprised as amused if he could revisit the pale glimpses of the moon long enough to observe how very much this sounds like a bit out of a printed Sunday sermon in these days. In fact, Mr. Jefferson would now be considered rather an "old fogy."

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full surpily of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
 Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
 The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
 Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
 Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
 The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
 Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
 In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
 Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
 The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
 Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
 General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
 George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
 Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
 The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
 Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
 The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
 Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
 Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
 Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
 The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
 The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
 Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

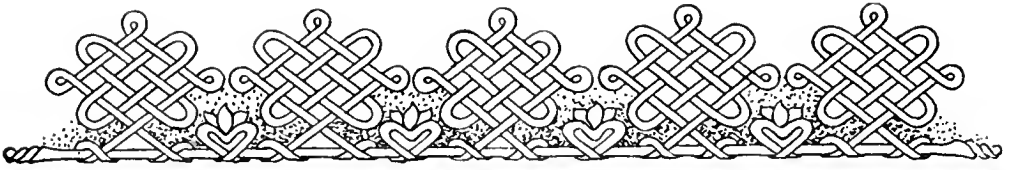
The Rev. John Furlong, of the diocese of Hartford; the Rev. Michael Kelleher, Wilmington; the Rev. Louis Christ, C. SS. R.; and the Rev. Raymund Johns, O. P.

Sister M. Angela, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Patrick, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. James Miller, of Jamaica Plains, Mass.; Mrs. K. Stortz and Mr. Timothy Maloney, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. James Bogue, Marquette, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Crate, Blairsville, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget McCullough, Holy Cross, Iowa; Mr. Charles Kramer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Matthew Smith, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mrs. T. M. Bickta, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Catherine Johnson and Mr. John Sweeney, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Victor Becker, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Geraghty, and Miss Elizabeth McKenna, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. James Mungovan, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Valentine and Mr. Roland Selzer, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. Hugh McSherry, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. J. P. Tully and Miss Mary Tully, Geelong, Australia; Mrs. M. S. Zeppenfeld and Miss Mary Fortune, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Gertrude Ryan, Hancock, Mich.; Miss Sarah McGlynn, Maple Park, Ill.; and Mr. C. H. Kessler, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!

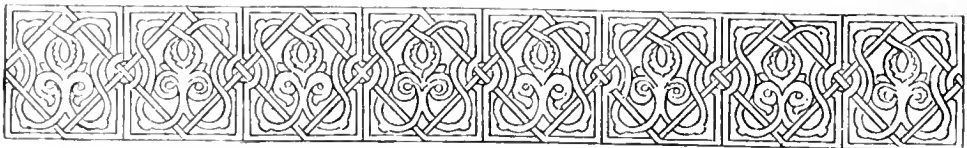




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THE ANNUNCIATION.
(FRA ANGELICO)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 22, 1902.

NO. 12.

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The Annunciation.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

HEAR ye the message, God's earth and the heavens of His might,
Borne by the Angel who stands in the infinite light?
Here on the brows of her, here on the breast of her,
Strike her, God's glory, and smite.


How can such terrible worship and honor be laid,
Burden of awe and of anguish, of sorrow and shade,
Weighty on brows of her, heavy on heart of her,
Poor little Nazarene Maid?

Nay, but the power of the Highest will shadow her o'er;
Burning with God, unconsumed by the Flame evermore;
Sharp be her anguish, and bitter her trouble, and
Mighty her sorrow and sore.

God is the Infinite Sea on whose waves undefied
Into the Port of His Will this beloved shall ride;
Hope for the nations and healing and joy for them
Blessedly borne in her side.

The Feast of Palms.

BY THOMAS À KEMPIS.*

T is delightful to contemplate, on the present Feast of Palms, the solemn procession of holy Church, and the devotion of the people of the Jews who attended Christ with great joy and honor. For what the Jews formerly in a bodily manner manifested toward Christ while living in the flesh, we ought also in a spiritual manner to manifest toward Him now reigning in heaven. And with so much greater affection does it become

us to do so, with hymns and devout songs, in proportion as God loves more the interior service of our heart, and desires to lead us to the supernal Jerusalem. For this cause principally came He upon the earth, that He might recall the inhabitants of the earth to heaven. For this cause did He hasten to the place of His Passion, that He might prepare for us a seat of a most blissful mansion in the heavens. In token of which also He commanded an ass and her colt to be brought for Him; and, modestly riding, He conducted them to Jerusalem, the earthly city, which contains the image of celestial blessedness; that we might have the hope of being brought back by Christ into eternal life, with the holy angels; who shall raise our animal body from the dust of the earth and clothe it in the glory of immortality in the future resurrection of the just.

And who shall be worthy to merit this? Truly, whosoever shall humble himself as a little child in the number of the Hebrew children; and be made, as it were, a meek beast under the feet of Christ, showing himself ready at every place and time for the good pleasure of God. For whosoever shall show himself meek and lowly amongst his brethren, and count himself, as it were, an untrained ass and unprofitable servant, by reason of any vice or inaptitude which he beholds in himself,

* A homily on the text: "The children of the Hebrews took up olive branches and went to meet the Lord." (St. Matt., xxi.) Translation by F. O.

such a one, by his lowly thoughts of himself, is more pleasing to Christ and shall be nearer to Him than that proud Pharisee who, like a pampered horse, boasted himself of the good work. The simplicity of the ass is more excusable if he errs than the perverseness of the proud horse who recalcitrates. Christ, therefore, chose an ass to sit upon, on account of its gentleness; He refused the horse, which is apt to neigh and bite others. So also now Christ takes to Himself the simple and lowly to serve Him; and places the yoke of holy religion upon his back, that by the law of life and discipline he may go along a straight and plain road, and happily reach the celestial Jerusalem after his death.

Consider, therefore, what and how great virtues Christ shows to us by His humanity in this His Passion; who, when He was supreme and rich and powerful above all, seeing that He was the very Son of God according to His divinity, yet made not a show of the excellence of His majesty in the sight of the people by any worldly parade, but with much lowliness and gentleness proceeded to the city which was rebelling against Himself. This is our King, whom John Baptist preached; the Lamb of God which was to come into the world; who for the salvation of mankind came to the place of His Passion, that He might accomplish the work of our redemption, as had been revealed to the holy patriarchs and prophets. He turned not aside from the face of His enemies, nor abhorred the holy place on account of the malice of the people; but with greatest charity and loving-kindness He approached the envious and passionate, that He might allay the disturbance of their minds; moreover, He sorrowed and wept for their future excesses and ills. He heeded not the applause and praise of men, but had His eye open to the future dangers of the perfidious; speaking thus

to them whilst they were rejoicing in security: 'If thou hadst known—even thou—the things which await thee, truly thou wouldst rather sorrow and weep with Me; for "the heart of the wise is where there is mourning, and the heart of fools where there is mirth."* For by mourning the mind of the offender is corrected, and by mirth the whole religious mind is unnerved.'

And so much further does man become removed from God and colder in himself as he is more busily and for a longer time engaged in external occupation. The Lord, therefore, gave good counsel to those who are held in honor and esteem of men and take delight in the society of their friends, that they turn away their eyes from present things, and ponder with intent thought how suddenly these frivolous joys pass away. Wherefore, let the distracted mind recur to the works of Christ done on this day; let it cast away all secular occupations; let it collect the flowers of good thoughts from the Holy Scriptures, and hasten to meet the Heavenly King with interior exercises as with verdant palms. But if it see any exterior things pertaining to the feast, or hear them in the course of the chanting, let it not be content to stop there, but let it diligently inquire what saving mystery is contained therein.

We must observe, therefore, that in Christ's procession of this day are found six kinds of good men who wait on Him at His approach by some act of piety. Some go before, some follow after; some cut down branches, others strew their garments in the way; some bear their King and some walk by His side. None here stands idle, none gives heed to stories: each holds his place; everyone joyfully discharges his duty. Now, in their mystic and moral meaning, these things suggest much beautiful thought; and, for the instruc-

* Eccles., vii, 4.

tion of faith and discipline of conduct, may be thus interpreted.

Those, then, who go before Christ are the patriarchs and prophets, who foretold many mysteries concerning Him, and desired with great desire to see Him. But they who follow Christ are His disciples and the rest of the faithful converted by Christ, who, leaving their wealth and the cares of the world, have perfectly imitated Him and drawn many others, by word and example, to a good life.

They, again, who cut down branches from the trees are the rulers of churches and the preachers of the word of God throughout the world; who cull by study, from the holy books and the treatises of doctors, beautiful and profitable sentences,—as it were the flowers and leaves of trees; which afterward they preach and faithfully expound in the church before the people. And lest infirm or undisciplined hearers should strike their feet in the way against a stone of offence by reason of the hardness of the precepts, therefore, to smooth the road of the heavenly life, the good doctors bring forth many examples of saints,—as flowers of roses and lilies of the valley; now adducing the patience of martyrs, now the labors of confessors, now the chastity of virgins.

They who strew their garments in the way are the good dispensers of temporal things, who refresh the poor mendicant with meat and drink, lest by reason of his daily labors he faint by the way. These, then, take some necessaries from their own superfluities, as well out of their raiment as of their purse, which they mercifully bestow upon the naked and needy; that so by earthly alms offered for Christ they may, after the burial of their bodies, receive eternal rewards in the kingdom of God. There were formerly many in holy Church thus fervently inflamed with divine love, who not only gave their temporal

goods to the poor—or, in fulfilment of their vow, bequeathed all,—but also in time of persecution delivered up their bodies for the faith of Christ to divers torments. These, certainly, in the way of God and the procession of Christ, above all other contemners of the world, prostrated and cast from them upon the earth their bodies, as if they had been but the covering and oppressive burden of their souls, to be trodden upon by bad men, to the end they might receive unfading crowns in heavenly joys with the holy angels for all the tortures inflicted on them for a season.

They, again, who carry Christ are the ass and her colt, having indeed upon them the garments of the Apostles, but advancing to the kingdom of Christ. By these are represented the good and devout religious who renounce the world, and, inspired by the teaching of the Apostles, enter the monastic state. Its sweet yoke and light burden they take upon themselves in conformity to rule; loving chastity, observing obedience, and living under the discipline of their superiors.... Bearing all these things lovingly and cheerfully, through the period of their whole life, for the sake of Christ, who called them from the vanity of the world and hired them to His service.

They, however, who walk in the way near the King are the Apostles; and these catch glimpses of His countenance, beholding it from one side. These are the contemplatives, wholly detached from actions of the world, singularly devoted to solitude and silence; ever intent on prayer, sacred reading and meditation; and, by frequent sighs, fervently aspiring after heavenly things, they desire with extreme longing to behold Christ in His glory. Keeping themselves by a special grace intimately recollected, and at times suddenly transported out of themselves in the spirit, they contemplate for a brief interval

the face of Christ, as it were, with a side-glance. For in comparison of the greatness of this pleasure, counting as nothing and of no moment all visible and created goods, they despise them, and cast away everything which draws them back from their sovereign Good and hinders disengagement for God.

Collect from what has been said that there are two orders of those who praise God: one which goes before, another which follows Christ. And these all sing harmoniously with one voice; all preach that Christ has come in the flesh, and confess Christ the King, born of the seed of David. By those singers are represented the ministers of holy Church, ordained to the singing and celebration of the Divine Office; who chant, at certain times, after hymns and canticles, portions of the histories of the Old and New Testaments, uttered to the praise of God; and, singing with ready heart and mouth, study to lift up themselves and others to the heavenly promises; lest, wearied with the irksomeness and labor of the present life, they be retarded in their arrival at the celestial Jerusalem, whither Christ, the King of Israel, our Creator, of His own accord went before us by the cross to-day. Each, according to his condition and rank and office and labor, shall receive his proper reward.

Therefore ought every faithful servant of God, be he cleric or tonsured monk, or beneficed priest, to be very diligent and active in singing in the church, in the sight of Christ and His saints. And let him take example by the Hebrew children, who lauded Christ with a loud voice even to the highest heaven. For as often as any cleric or monk chants in choir with too little spirit or lowers his voice; or, again, busied with vain fancies, is thinking of other things and is negligent in his attention to the several divine words; so often does he lose a precious pearl from the crown of his head, and permits a beauteous and

fragrant rose to be stolen and carried off by the enemy from the sanctuary of God. Therefore let the religious brother of the choir beware—distinguished as he is by the badge of Christ's title, ordained of God to psalmody and prayer—that, as soon as the bell is sounded for the canonical hours, he come not late to choir nor continue there with weariness and a distracted mind; lest perchance the wily foe privily enter and take away the psalm out of his mouth or the sense out of his heart; lest by carelessness he lose the merit of his holy labor and offend Christ and His angels, as one who has ill discharged his duty. Thus much for the praises and songs of the good children, to excite the devotion of all religious.

But now I would fain regard somewhat more freely the apparel and state of our lowly King, sitting upon the ass' colt, who, though He was in the midst of a rejoicing people, showed no smile, but wept. Nowhere in all the records of the Old Testament do I find any of the kings of Israel or Jerusalem riding in such lowly guise or advancing to meet their enemies without warlike arms and sounding trumpets. Nowhere even in the whole life of Christ do I meet with any conduct of the like kind as is now to-day shown by our Saviour in the presence of so great a multitude of people uniting in His praise. Amazing, therefore, are the circumstances of an event so strange.

We read, lastly, that our Blessed Lord went frequently through towns and villages preaching the word of God. He was even wearied with His journey, but yet I perceive not that He employed the service of any beast that He might sit more commodiously or arrive more speedily at the desired place. But who has understood the thoughts of our Saviour or who was His counsellor in this matter? I believe and observe that this was the divine counsel, that the sacred word of prophecy long before

spoken might be fulfilled: that Christ, the King of Israel, should come in lowly attire and in the spirit of gentleness. Many, perchance, were ignorant of whom the prophet spoke; but when Christ by Himself fulfilled in deed what the prophet had before literally expressed in words, then undoubtingly they believed and plainly understood that these things were written of Him, and that they had done these things unto Him, as Blessed John testifies.*

Christ the King, therefore, the Lord of kings, came not with a mighty hand to terrify men, as is the way with princes of this world; but to give an example of humility, by which they might easily advance to the celestial kingdom. For there is a great difference between the King of Heaven and the king of the world, between the poor Christ and the rich Solomon. For Solomon, on his way to his kingdom in Jerusalem, was placed upon King David's mule; † but Christ, going to fight against the devil, sat upon the colt of an ass. The one went up with trumpets sounding, the other with children singing. The one rejoiced, arrayed in regal trappings; the other wept over the danger of the city in which David reigned thirty and three years. By which act indeed He showed that He belonged to the lineage of David; who, claiming the heritage of His fathers, entered the Temple of Solomon; which He also honored, rendering it illustrious by glorious miracles and doctrines, healing the sick and teaching the people. Whence also the people, at the approach of Christ their King, with much triumphant joy cried out: "Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh: Hosanna in the highest!"

But it seems wonderful how it was that a simple and unlearned people blushed not at so poor a King nor were offended at His mean apparel. Nought of royal nobility shone forth

outwardly in Him. Even as before He had been in the habit of going with naked feet and uncovered head, so now without royal ornament He advanced to the royal city. Neither were they offended in Him because He came as a poor man; but they turned the eyes of their mind to the signs of His Deity, and were the more edified with the simplicity of His attire.

O Jerusalem, behold the lowliness, gentleness, justice and poverty of thy King, above all the kings of the earth! Lo, He comes without a body-guard of warriors, without the sound of trumpet, without horses and mules, without sword and coat-of-mail, without shield and lance, without bow and arrow, without golden crown, without mitre, without chaplet, without belt, without cloak, without hat or hood, without greaves, without bridle, without spurs, without standard, without sceptre,—without aught of secular tumult and military pomp. For all such things pertain not to His care and service who came to preach, by word and example, contempt of the world. But He employed to carry Him a sorry beast of burden, in token of poverty and innocence; that by His lowly deperiment He might show Himself to be rather pitiful and loving than a terrible King and austere Lord. He chose as His companions poor and defenceless men; the rich and powerful He sent away, even because His kingdom was not of this world but of heaven from everlasting. He had many things contrary to earthly kings and princes, because He came to call the humble and poor; of which class were His disciples, to whom He promised to give the kingdom of God, which none shall be able by violence to take from them. To which may He vouchsafe to bring us by His grace, even Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, the King of glory, who is over all, God blessed forever! Amen.

* St. John, xii, 16.

† I Kings, i, 38.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

IT was Sunday morning, and Tópia wore its most festal air; not only because of the brilliant sunshine and crystal atmosphere, which lent something of that aspect even to the towering, rock-faced heights, but because the streets were filled with men who, having been paid off the night before, were now industriously spending their money in the *tiendas*, and consuming mescal in such liberal quantities as would have seemed to promise frightful disorder later. But the disorder of Tópia was never so great that the single policeman of the municipality was not able to deal with it. The right of a man to drink himself into a state of intoxication was fully recognized; and when he became reduced either to insensibility, to a maudlin condition of noisiness, or to a desire to fight all his friends and acquaintances, those friends were prompt to carry him away to a place of seclusion. These scenes, moreover, occurred only in the afternoon and evening. At ten o'clock in the morning the future *borrachos* were still in a state of sobriety, filling the shops, the sidewalks and the plaza with their clean white cotton garments and red blankets.

At this time also the better class were very much in evidence; and those who may fancy that Tópia does not possess a better class should go there and sit in the plaza on a Sunday morning, in order to be convinced to the contrary. A place where for many years money has poured out of the earth in a constant stream, like water out of a fountain, must have its plutocrats; and plutocrats, as we know, are speedily and easily converted into aristocrats. Among the well-dressed and perfectly-mannered men who appear on the

streets of this old robber stronghold of the Sierra, there are some who are descended from its original inhabitants; others are strangers, and many are foreigners. There is a picturesque mingling of nationalities to be seen in the plaza of Tópia.

While the church bell is ringing out its call to Mass, the air is fragrant with roses, and graceful, dark-eyed women are coming in all directions, with prayer-books and beads in their hands and folding-stools hanging on their arms. In an American town of the same class one knows what one would probably find in the feminine element,—what lack of taste in dress, what love of crude and violent color, what hopeless vulgarity of appearance and manners. But these women might be princesses, as they glide along, clothed in dark fabrics, wrapped in silken and lace draperies, with dignity in their bearing, and much delicate loveliness in the faces under the fringed parasols. They were just now passing in numbers toward the open door of the church; for the second call had ended, and at the third Mass would begin. A group of young men—chiefly Caridad employees,—seated on a bench in the sunshine, found it necessary to rise to their feet every few minutes and uncover in response to a smile, a flash of eyes and teeth, and a musical "*Buenas dias, señores!*" It was in an interval of this performance that Thornton turned to Lloyd, who was one of the group.

"I had almost forgotten that I have a message for you," he said. "A party are going out this afternoon to eat *tamales* at the San Benito Mine, and you and Armistead are invited to join us."

"Who are 'us'?" Lloyd inquired carelessly.

"Oh, all the élite of Tópia, I believe! The San Benito belongs to the richest man here, you know—Don Luis Gonzalez. There will be music and dancing, and Miss Rivers told me to see that you bring your sketch-book."

"How does Miss Rivers know that I have a sketch-book?"

"I told her that there was an artist spoiled when you became a mining engineer and prospector."

"What was the good of yarning about me so absurdly? Miss Rivers can make more satisfactory pictures with her camera than I can with a pencil."

"She doesn't think so—and here she comes to speak for herself."

Lloyd looked up quickly. It was indeed Isabel Rivers coming between the rose-hedges, transformed into a high-born Spanish maiden by the black lace mantilla thrown over her sunny hair. She paused, smiling, as the men rose.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Lloyd," she said. "Won't you and Mr. Armistead dine with us to-day, and go to the picnic afterward? I suppose you have been invited."

"Thornton was just saying something about it," Lloyd replied. "But I am rather an unsociable person, and I'm afraid that going out to the San Benito to eat *tamales* doesn't appeal to me very strongly."

"Oh, but it should appeal to you as something immensely picturesque!" she said. "You simply *must* go. I am sure it will be delightful. And be certain to bring your sketch-book: Mr. Thornton tells me you draw admirably—ah, there is the third call for Mass! I shall expect all of you to dinner. *Hasta luego!*"

She passed on toward the open door of the church, into which men and women were hastily pouring from all sides; while Thornton laughed at the expression of Lloyd's face.

"*Viva la reina!*" he said. "It would take a bold man to disobey her commands. Well, I'll see you later. Now I must put in an appearance at church. No, I'm not a Catholic; but Miss Rivers is, you know; and I think she probably looks upon me with a more favorable eye if she has seen me leaning in the doorway during Mass. It shows that

I have a mind free from prejudice and perhaps—under certain circumstances—open to influence. Come, Mac!"

Mackenzie—a Catholic by inheritance, being a Scotchman of Highland ancestry—rose, together with two or three Mexicans who also formed part of the occupants of the bench, and moved toward the already overflowing door of the church which opened on the plaza. Lloyd sat still in the sunshine a little longer; and then, as the sound of the organ came out to him, he also rose and walked round to the door which opened on the street, where the crowd was less. Here, leaning like Thornton against the side of the doorway, he looked over a scene familiar to all sojourners in Mexico,—a compact mass of people, filling the church (a nave without aisles) from wall to wall; the women kneeling on the brick floor, the men mostly standing until the solemn part of the Mass. At the farther end of the vista candles were gleaming on an altar, before which a priest was slowly moving to and fro. Lloyd had but a vague idea of what was progressing there, but the scene appealed to some instinct of his nature which he hardly understood—it was, in fact, the instinct of worship, the deep-seated human need to turn to something higher than itself,—while a certain fineness of mental and spiritual fibre, together with a fair amount of culture, enabled him to feel and in a measure enjoy the antiquity and poetry of the mysterious rite.

Nevertheless, since he understood little of the details of the service, his glance wandered idly over the crowded mass of people,—over the rebozo-covered heads of women of the lower orders and the lace-draped heads of ladies; over the forms of men standing with folded arms; some in careful, fashionable dress, others wrapped in blankets;—all grave, quiet, reverential, ready to sink on their knees when the bell should sound in the sanctuary. Among them were many faces

which he knew; but suddenly his gaze was arrested by one which, although he was conscious of having seen it before, he could not at once identify. And yet it was striking enough to remember,—the face of a young man who held his handsome head uplifted with an arrogant air which after an instant enabled Lloyd to recognize him. For it was Arturo Vallejo; and just so he had stood, just so held his head when he contemptuously translated Armistead's speech at Las Joyas.

The sight of him recalled vividly to Lloyd's mind the recollection of Las Joyas and of the conflict over the Santa Cruz. He had little doubt that it was something relating to this conflict which had brought young Vallejo to Tópia. Was it perhaps to meet Armistead? It seemed unlikely; but since his refusal to assist in any active steps to assert Trafford's claim on the mine, he knew nothing of how the situation stood nor what Armistead's plans in regard to obtaining possession of the property were. If any chance should enable him to know or to guess these plans, it would afford him pleasure to give even this somewhat ill-mannered young Mexican a hint of what was to be anticipated; but there seemed no probability of getting such information, unless—and here a sudden flash of enlightenment came to him. Last night, had not Miss Rivers when he bade her good-night murmured some words which he had not understood, but which now returned to him with a clear apprehension of their meaning? "I am in a quandary," she had said, "and I want to talk to you about it."

A quandary! The expression possessed no significance for him then, and he had made some light reply about being at her service always. But now, remembering her conversation with Armistead, he understood; and understood also, in slow, masculine fashion, the command which had been in her eyes when she

bade him join the picnic party that afternoon. On such an occasion there would be many opportunities for the talk she wanted, especially if he obeyed her other command and carried his sketch-book along. It was not, he told himself, what he desired: to be brought into confidential relations of any kind with this girl, whose charm he felt might be so potent and sink so deep; but at present there seemed no escape for him. Not only, as Thornton had said, would he be a bold man who disobeyed Isabel Rivers' commands, but the appearance of Arturo Vallejo quickened the memory of the other girl whom he had promised to help. If this help might be obtained through Miss Rivers, he was bound to go even to the length of exposing himself to possible danger—the danger of finding a hard-won peace of mind and heart taken from him again by the witchery of a woman's face and a woman's smile—in order to obtain it.

The bell in the sanctuary sounded. The men dropped on their knees. Lloyd waited a few minutes until the solemn hush was over, and then turned away from the door, back to the sunlight and roses of the plaza. As he did so he looked up at the vast, solemn heights encircling the valley, and a great longing stirred within him to find himself in the wild, green solitudes which lay beyond them,—the solitudes so high-uplifted toward heaven, so remote from the world of men's sordid struggles, where he had never failed to find content, pleasure and health. Yes, the sooner he saddled his mule and was out in the Sierra again the better. To-morrow perhaps—

"Hello!" It was Armistead's voice, in a tone of much surprise. "Have you been to church? The confounded bells wouldn't let me sleep, so I had to come out; though how one is to get through the day in this beastly place—"

"There are alleviations promised," said Lloyd, regarding with some amusement the other's careful toilet and air

of being on exceedingly good terms with himself and the order of things in general. "For one, you are invited to dine at the Casa de la Caridad—"

"Oh, very good! You've seen some of the Caridad people, then?"

"Yes. It's the early bird that catches the worm—or is himself caught, you know. I've had the pleasure of receiving the commands of the Lady of the Caridad. We are to report for dinner; and then, with a select party, go out this afternoon to eat *tamales* at a mine near by."

"Why at a mine?"

"The nature of the country answers that question. The patio of a mine affords the only space sufficiently level even for the eating of *tamales*."

Armistead gave a comprehensive glance around at the precipitous heights.

"Are you sure that Miss Rivers is going?" he asked skeptically.

"Perfectly sure. She thinks that it will be picturesque, and says she would not miss it for anything."

"In that case of course I'll go; although it strikes me it will be a tremendous bore. Miss Rivers, however, would make anything endurable. I'm more and more struck with what an extremely lucky thing it is that she should chance to be here."

"Lucky for—?"

"For me, of course—I wouldn't be presumptuous enough to intimate that it may prove lucky for her also. But think of the difference her being here makes—and, by Jove, yonder she is!"

Lloyd looked after him as he pushed his way through to Isabel Rivers' side.

"Extremely lucky for him that she happens to be here!" Lloyd repeated to himself meditatively. "It's barely possible that he may find reason to change his mind on that point before all is said and done—ah, Don Arturo! how are you? And how are the family at Las Joyas? You see I remember that you speak English."

There was anything but a cordial light in Arturo Vallejo's dark eyes as he replied coldly, in almost the exact words he had employed at Las Joyas:

"I no spik English well, Señor."

"Perhaps not, but you understand it well—I remember that. And we can talk in Spanish, if you prefer."

"I do not know that we have anything of which to talk, Señor," the young man answered distantly, in his own language.

Lloyd smiled.

"I think we might find a subject," he said. "May I ask if any of the family of Las Joyas are with you in Tópica?"

"No, Señor." There was suspicion as well as coldness now in the tone and eyes. "I am here alone."

"I am sorry. I should like to see Doña Victoria."

Vallejo started angrily.

"I am sure that Doña Victoria would not wish to see you," he said rudely.

"Do not be too sure of that," Lloyd replied quietly. "I think Doña Victoria is aware that I am her friend."

"You have proved it so well!" the young Mexican cried in a tone of sarcasm.

"I have not had very much opportunity to prove it," Lloyd said; "but Doña Victoria was good enough to believe that in the matter of the Santa Cruz my sympathy is with her."

Don Arturo permitted himself a very cheap sneer.

"Doña Victoria is a woman!" he said.

"And has a woman's instinct to recognize sincerity," Lloyd returned.

"You talk of sincerity—of sympathy—of friendship for her," the other cried indignantly, "when I have just seen you with our enemy!"

"He is not my enemy, you know," Lloyd remarked dispassionately. "And, in point of fact, he is not your enemy either. He is only Mr. Trafford's agent."

"It is the same thing. He is trying to rob—"

"Suppose we find a quieter place in which to discuss the subject?" Lloyd suggested; for the people about them began to cast curious glances at the angry face and excited manner of the young Mexican.

But Arturo threw back his head in its characteristic pose.

"We have nothing to discuss," he replied. "I understand what you want. It is that I shall talk, betray myself, tell you our plans perhaps, because you profess to be sympathetic. You must think, Señor, that Mexicans are great fools."

"Not all of them," answered Lloyd, tolerantly. "It is a pity your father did not come to Tópia. I should have been glad to talk with him. But now—" he shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Life has a great deal to teach you," he added; "and I hope the first lesson will be that it is very bad policy, not to speak of bad manners, to insult any one, especially one who might have the power to aid you materially. Good-day!"

(To be continued.)

The Denial of Peter.

BY MARION MUIR.

BROTHER, a broken and an outcast man behold,
 Chilled with another chill than springtime cold
 The heart I loved Him with—O Friend divine!
 I stood beside Him there, and saw the line
 That Judas led; struck gladly for Him then,
 As my forefathers might with Moses' men.
 But He—and the foul traitor heard,—He turned,
 My honest service in His cause He spurned:
 "Who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."
 Is the sword worse than ruin at the word
 Of rotten judges? Will He find them give
 Judgments by which the just and pure may live?

I ask the Lord of Sinai, not the Son,
 To pardon me.—"Not so: I am not one
 Of the Galilean crew that will not stir
 To check iniquity."

When I spoke to her,
 I thought she mocked me.

O Thou Friend supreme!

Hear me, and battle as the noble dream
 Of all Thy race for ages bids Thee do.
 Heroic, falling with the chosen few!

"Not so, light maid: I know Him not,—not I.
 Count me not with the slaves who shrink and fly
 Before thy master's overseers. Let be!"
 Another day will find me on the sea,
 Far from the wrong I could not stay nor save;
 And He will then be silent in His grave.

Brooding the bitterness of death, I hear
 The bird of morning trumpeting good cheer.
 He straightway looked at me—and, like a rod,
 Smote me with sudden consciousness of God,—
 With revelation of the unseen things
 That shake the seats of conquerors and kings.

Bear with me, brother; for I tremble yet:
 Seeing my nation's star about to set
 Through storm and shadow; and, across the gloom,
 One lonely Figure standing by the tomb!

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

IV.—THE OXFORD MOVEMENT—NEWMAN.

THE history of the Oxford Movement in its entirety will never be related. In the days when every detail of that wonderful upheaval of religious thought would have been of absorbing interest to pious and reflective minds, there were reasons innumerable why it could not be given to the world. In the century just opening, when the "Life of John Henry Newman" shall be written by an impartial pen, when no suppression of diary or journal shall garble or distort or misrepresent the judgment or sincerity of that wonderful man, those who will come to the reading with unbiased minds will linger to admire; while those who have already felt his special charm will be still more strongly drawn within the sphere of an influence which, when it once exists, is never modified. And in that day critics and fault-finders, if they are honest, shall blush for their misapprehension of the motive of a noble soul; as for the dishonest, let them go their ways.

The connection of Phillipps de Lisle with the Oxford Movement was close and important. He came among the Oxford divines as a Catholic and a friend, not as a hostile and disparaging critic. The Holy Ghost had already worked that within him which they were yet to experience, when he began to observe the tendency of their researches, and became the warm sympathizer and friend of Newman.

The discretion and reserve—or what his critics are sometimes pleased to call dissimulation—practised by Newman during the storm and stress of the period antedating his reception into the Church were never misunderstood by that staunchest of Catholics and boldest of proselytes, Phillipps de Lisle. He fully apprehended from the beginning the duty which Newman owed to his disciples. Although Newman's caution may sometimes have chafed and fretted his more impulsive soul; although long delay and numerous obstacles, as well as the countless apparent trifles which, when combined, go to make up a solid phalanx of opposing forces, may at times have left him impatient and disheartened, he always saw light at the end of the labyrinth which he had already trodden, and through whose devious, tortuous ways those other earnest souls were laboring.

The year 1841 marked the parting of the ways between the leader and many of his followers. There was no open rupture, no apparent discord; but they silently withdrew, one after another, when they could no longer conceal from themselves the truth that their paths were becoming more and more divergent. At this time the friendship of such a man as De Lisle must have been of infinite consolation to Newman. With him he corresponded fully and freely, discussing in many letters and in the minutest way the points at issue between the Anglican Church and the Roman Catholic. It was easier for Newman to explain his

attitude to a Catholic than to his immediate disciples. In the nature of things, as a Catholic De Lisle was in a certain sense in opposition to him; yet this served to bring them more closely together.

Catholic Emancipation had a great deal to do with the increase of interest in the movement, which at first had as its basis of operations what Anglicans designated as High Church principles. Greater acquaintance with Catholic books, devotions, practices, etc., made learned as well as devout men begin to speculate whether Christendom, so long divided, could not be again united under the primacy of the Apostolic See. Many of these, after having travelled abroad, were brought to see the genuine piety that prevailed among the Continental peoples, and were forced to admit that they had misunderstood the practices of the Catholic Church; that what they had termed superstition was far removed from that error. Returning, they were impelled to examine more closely the writings of the ancient Fathers; going so far as to have old tomes rebound and placed in the college libraries.

Then they began likewise to gain a true insight into the real causes of the Reformation. They reasoned that, while in her practice England had gradually repudiated many of the teachings of the Catholic Church, she still held doctrines (hidden, as it were, and half-forgotten) which were very Catholic; that her liturgy was nowhere distinctively termed Protestant; and that even her articles were to be interpreted in accordance with the unanimous teaching of the Fathers and doctors of the primitive Church. They were just now learning—as their familiarity with these ancient Fathers and doctors increased—that the Catholic Church, which they had supposed had fallen away from her former orthodox belief, was still teaching the same doctrines; whereas the Anglican Church had wandered far

from these ancient paths. Such was the state of mind of the most devout and sincere among the seekers after truth at the time when John Henry Newman led the van in the Oxford Movement.

On the other hand, there were many who halted by the way when they found that it was only by a reunion with Rome that the Anglican Church could hope to maintain her claim that she was the one which Christ had founded and established. And yet they were dismayed by the indifference of those to whom the proper observance of religion and the ceremonies enjoined by the ritual had become a dead letter—the bishops of the church which they had been taught to believe was the real Catholic Church. Once more they cried as did the doubters of old, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" and fain would have turned away their eyes from the spectacle of Rome enthroned upon her seven hills; still, as in the days of their forefathers, the teacher of the world. But the eyes must follow where the heart leads, and these earnest men were drawn in spite of themselves to the contemplation of her eternal changelessness.

During the time when the Oxford Movement was at its height, De Lisle, from his intimacy with many of its adherents, opened the way for personal relation with several prominent Catholic divines. Cardinal (then Bishop) Wiseman was president of Oscott College—the only college of any great importance in England at that period. He was a man of masterful and persuasive personality, replete with learning of nearly every kind; a diplomatist, a scholar, and a gentleman. Strong and immovable as a defender of the Church against her enemies, he was yet the most affable and courteous of men, even in his arguments.

Not the least of his favorable characteristics with regard to the inquiring Anglicans was his exactness in the observance of the ancient rites and

ritual of the Church. To them, who were beginning to set such value on the ceremonials so long abandoned by the Anglican Church, he was an instrument in God's hands at so important a crisis in their lives. His experience as president of the English College in Rome had kept him in touch with his own compatriots; his broad and generous sympathies, reaching far beyond his special calling and avocation, not only inspired his fellow-workers and his co-religionists with his own spirit, but extended itself to those of that little army still without the pale who fell under his gentle and kindly influence. Like his friend De Lisle, Bishop Wiseman regarded Christian Art as the handmaid of Religion. With Pugin they were of one accord in their views and principles. The Oxford men shared their enthusiasm.

With regard to the Oxford Movement, Catholic opinion, which at that time in England did not count for very much, was divided. The most pious held up their hands in holy horror at the idea of Protestant ministers actually offering up sacrifices, praying for the dead, and professing their belief in the Real Presence. Others, again, were amused; and there were not wanting those who called them hypocrites. It was unfortunate that some of those whose sympathy would have been welcome to the Tractarians made it their pleasure to ridicule and abuse them. There were times also when their sympathizers grew distrustful, or at least weary of their long delay in taking the decisive step. Bishop Wiseman feared that by their hesitation they were dallying with grace; not being able to put himself in the place of men like Newman, who from the very delicacy of his conscience felt bound in obedience to his bishops as long as he remained in a state of partial uncertainty.

But De Lisle never wavered in his fealty toward those anxious, earnest

souls, passing through fires the intensity of which he had also experienced. And while Bishop Wiseman looked forward, for the time being, only to the conversion of individuals which would have eventually a large bearing on that of the English people as a body, De Lisle from first to last cherished the hope and belief in Corporate Reunion, wherein, their points of difference adjusted, the Anglican and Catholic churches would become one. But even while doubting the results of Newman's hesitancy, Wiseman paid him and his companions a noble tribute of admiration, as the following extract from a long letter to De Lisle will demonstrate:

"Let us have an influx of new blood; let us have but even a small number of such men as write in the Tracts, so imbued with the spirit of the early Church, so desirous to revive the image of the ancient Fathers; men who have learned to teach from St. Augustine, to preach from St. Chrysostom, and to feel from St. Bernard. Let even a few such men, with the high clerical feeling which I believe them to possess, enter fully into the spirit of the Catholic religion, and we shall be speedily reformed and England converted. I am ready to acknowledge that in all things except the happiness of possessing the truth, and being in communion with God's true Church, and enjoying the advantages and blessings that flow thence, we are their inferiors. It is not to you that I say this for the first time,—I have long said it to those about me,—that if the Oxford divines entered the Church we must be ready to fall into the shade and take up our position in the background. I will gladly say to any of them, '*Me oportet minui.*' I will willingly yield to them place and honor, if God's good service requires it. I will be a co-operator under the great zeal and learning of a new leader. Depend upon it, they do not know their own strength. It is true that, weak as we

are, they can not prevail *against* us, because a stronger One than they is *with* us; and their might, in His, will be irresistible. Abuses would soon give way before our united efforts, and many things which now appear such to them would perhaps be explained."

At last there came a day when Newman retired to Littlemore. The voice of the leader was heard no more in the halls of Oxford; and friends and enemies, opponents and disciples alike, held their breath, wondering what would be his next and ultimate step. Those who had followed him thus far but could not find it in their plan to go further, were in hopes that he would emerge from his seclusion with the final resolve to remain in the church where he was born, and which had so long been the life of his life and the breath of his spirit. His antagonists predicted all sorts of evil things. Catholics feared that he would retrace his steps, and was stifling the dictates of his conscience. And then the great event occurred; and in some places there was joy, and in others sorrow and fear and trembling. At Oxford, during this parting of the ways, the sheep scattered—some to follow their shepherd, others to deny him; others again to huddle together in doubt and hesitation, from which some of them never emerged to their dying day. How far an all-seeing God will hold them accountable only His omniscience knows.

And so the great leader passed from the darkness of error into the light of Faith, which never for one moment wavered in his mighty soul through all the years of misunderstanding and isolation which were to follow. For if ever there lived an isolated soul since the time when that supreme Soul sobbed out its desolation upon the Cross of Calvary, it was that of John Henry Newman. In the first stages of his conversion there was the cruel rending of old ties and associations, the averted

eyes of friends. Thrust from the fields of labor wherein he had worked from youth side by side with old and congenial comrades, he found himself in an atmosphere which, but for the peace and joy which the priceless possession of Faith ensured him, was in many respects utterly uncongenial. True, he was welcomed with great rejoicing by the Catholic world at large; but many of those who should have been the first to extend the hand of welcome were slow and cold in the doing of it. A stranger among strangers he was, and so he remained unto the end.

To Phillipp De Lisle the conversion of Newman was an occasion of the deepest joy and thankfulness. From it and that of those who followed in the footsteps of the leader of the Oxford Movement he augured great things for England. From Grace-Dieu Manor he wrote:

"The work of conversion is proceeding at a rapid rate. More than fifty clergymen of the Established Church have embraced the Catholic Faith since the commencement of the autumn, and a vast number of lay people. Amongst others, I know you will be glad to hear of the conversion of the Rev. Michael Watts Russell, who was received into the Catholic Church the week before last, along with his wife, his sister, Miss Isabella Watts Russell; his sister-in-law, Miss Barker, and his three children. He has given up his benefice, which was worth £600 per annum; but I hear he has a good private fortune. The same week Mr. Frederick Faber, another clergyman (of whom you have probably heard me speak, having long known him), gave up a living of £1400 per annum, and was received into the Church by Bishop Wareing, along with seven of his parishioners; others of whom have since followed their example...."

When all was over, Newman went abroad for a rest, and was received on the Continent with a generous welcome by ecclesiastics and laymen of dis-

tinction. His work was taken up by lesser hands; however, the seed he had planted continued to bear fruit, and still continues to bear. But the end which De Lisle so fervently hoped to see in his lifetime, for which more than fifty years ago he worked and prayed, seems still afar off. Forward and backward surges the tide. Now the clouds are parted and a ray of light streams through; now they are piled up dense and black as ever, and even the most hopeful grow despondent. But as the men of the past generation prayed unceasingly, with outstretched hands, for the conversion of England, so must we too, their successors, though not so worthy, still hope and pray, and believe that in God's own time it will be accomplished.

(To be continued.)

The "Annunciation" of Brother Francis.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IN the year of grace 1645. A town built upon a height,—an immense height it seems when you look down from it. The town is picturesque, with a pure Gothic gateway, and turrets, and tufts of green peeping over the ramparts. The Capuchin Monastery stands apart, as one turning away into solitude. Bells ring softly over the cypresses in the cloister-court. The mountain road is edged with big sycamores; at the turning a wayside cross extends its arms of mercy. The bank goes sheer down to the plain,—a plain ridged with hills not unlike the billows of an open sea.

Two monks are pacing the chequered road, and their brown frocks pass alternately in and out of sun and shade. One is aged and feeble,—evidently blind, by the way he depends upon his companion's guidance; the other is in the flower of manhood.

They reach a rude stone bench—the end of their walk,—and the young monk leads the old one to a seat. For two minutes, while he speaks, his face is beautiful; then he moves back, and gloom settles upon his features again. In vain do his eyes rest upon the rolling hills, the shifting purples and browns, the blended heather-tones of the immense panorama: the beauty of the view, to-day, is lost upon him. The wind blows cool and restful into his face: he does not feel it.

“O my God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have sad dreams!”

The dreams of this man, who was a poet and an artist under the poor robe of St. Francis, were not all sad. He had never striven for honors, never sought renown; but the fact remained that in the world beyond that low, glowing Umbrian horizon he had borne that proudest of boasts—a name. Men spoke of him as a great master's favorite; and whatever “Il Reni” may have been in the ugly hours of a gambler's life, to the whole world, indisputably, he was an artist. The monk now, the pupil then, had worshiped him.

One day, in the big silent studio, Guido laid down his brush, moist still from painting his deathless “Christ on the Cross,” and went and stood behind the boy. He stood so long and was so silent the boy glanced up, abashed, over his shoulder. “Go on!” said the master, filiping the dark head. “Go on! I may be Cimabue, but I found and made you, my Giotto!”

The boy had grown into a man. Guido was dead, and to the disciple who had dreamed out his life between the four walls of the school other dreams came. He had lived singularly remote from worldly cares and ambitions, the bustle and enterprise of life; now to his solitude came yet purer longings—ideals above those of color and form which the poor

hands of man can fashion. Kneeling among his earths and fluids, compasses and studies—all the paraphernalia of his daily toil,—he joined his hands: that attitude so beautiful in its repose when it is the worker who clasps his strong hands to pray.

Before his associates could recover from their surprise and wean him from his folly he left the city and went to knock at the door of a monastery he remembered from his childhood,—a solitary grey fortress on a height. He would have laughed in the face of any one reproving him for the future thrown away, being in that frame of mind in which the prospect of success seems less than dirt. Yet he hoped they would let him paint still—array the blank cloister walls in the pale, delicate frescoes Guido loved; make Christs and Virgins and saints for the humble Franciscan altars, and perhaps even unfold about the staring dome a series of pictures from some holy life. The great Angelico, Bartolomeo, and a host of others, had they not preceded him, cowed artists and rule-loving monks?

But the novices, poor lads!—and he was one of them—had other tasks to perform. Some of them wanted to be missionaries; some of them had their heads full of the abstract casuistries of high philosophy; a great orator was among them, and Guido's pupil. They had to dust the church ornaments, mend, darn, sweep: the meanest occupations at which men can be set, and, not unfrequently, labors completely useless.

Not one of them murmured, and least of all Guido's Giotto. But as the weeks and the months lengthened he grew tired, sick in body and mind. Of what use this empty, objectless life,—the routine, the monotony, the struggle, the effort where all effort seemed vain? Whither was he going and to what end? He would be done with it! Never was drudgery more bootless, more hopeless, more empty than this. He would away

back to the free, good world that he had left; back to the place where all his happy youthful years were spent in idealistic, not inglorious, work.

How he loved the vast, hushed room with its beautiful light! There he had learned all he knew of the great master's secret. Outside the window, garlands of roses were tapping softly at the panes until he opened and let in their fresh sweetness—the fragrance of their pure depths warmed in the sun. That was life, that peace! There his nature had unfolded its whole strength and beauty; here he was cramped and fettered and constrained. Who had ever put the silly thing into his head? *He* a monk! He would go back and tell them he had been a fool once. He was coming back to live among them; was coming back (Guido's pupil drew the shuddering breath through his teeth) to paint—

"Brother!"

Brother Francis started and turned blankly to the bench.

"Did you speak, Father?"

"Of no consequence, my son. I have finished Our Lady's Office—which, thank God! I know by heart,—and was about to ask what the day is like."

"A fair and sweet day, Father; the sunlight pouring down upon the hills. You can feel the wind—can't you?—and hear the sycamores rustling their high leaves. There are flecks of gold upon your habit; the road is of patched gold and grey; and yonder, across it, lies the shadow of the cross."

"My poet! Since you came I have not wanted eyes nor regretted vision. But your voice rings sad to-day."

"It should, I think, ring glad. Father, I am going away."

"Away! Whither?"

"Home."

"Ah!"

It was the sound of simple comprehension,—nothing more. And silence followed. Then the young voice broke forth again, hoarse and eager:

"It has been one huge mistake from first to last. I was never made to be a monk. Thank Heaven, there is yet time to mend!"

"Yes, there is time to mend, assuredly. But you were called, undeniably and insistently, to be a monk. Ah! boy, how many do you think, before you, have turned back? Perhaps there is not one among the laborers summoned to the vineyard who once at least, in the stress of toil and the heat of noonday, has not been tempted to give up. A few abandon the Master's vintage; they are not many,—they are not the happiest. The rest, the great majority, wait in humility and patience; and sooner or later the evil hour is over and rest surely comes."

"It may to others: it will not come to me. Do you think mine is an idle fancy? 'A temptation,'—I hear your voice saying. A temptation, forsooth! when I am sick for my old sweet life; sick for my work,—my blessed, priceless work! Set calmer plodders to this vineyard. I loathe the sight of that place yonder; loathe the sound of its bells; loathe the whole of the crowding, crushing slavery of its life. Father, I loathe it all!"

The old man had begun to smile ever so gently,—but yet to smile, as we do at the vagaries of children.

"Have we made it so hard for you?" Then he grew grave again. "Brother, I was sick with your sickness once. I know your agony. The wise old man who nursed me through it bade me go out into the garden and play. Yes, that was all; the one remedy for all our spasms, harrowings, soul-rackings,—'Go out into the garden and play.'"

A very soft smile had crept into the rugged face again, and he seemed to forget himself and to be listening to some voice of love dim in the far-away. A second time he roused himself to address the silent presence at his side.

"Do you think I obeyed him? Not I!

He was near ninety, I nineteen: I must know better. I took my clothes and went. A storm drove me back that very night,—one of those terrific storms breaking out like all the dumb powers of the abyss, unchained, over yonder mountains. You have seen them; you know what a boy wandering amid those frightful peaks at night could do. I came back. I have not yet done thanking God that I had the courage—I mean that He gave me the grace. To my dying day I shall thank Him still. That is why I say to you, my son: Leave not in haste, lest perchance you repent at leisure—and be not called a second time.”

“I can not wait and I shall never repent. I have repented too fully that I came.”

“Will you not grant me one month, at least,—six weeks of time for thought before you go?”

“Not one week,—not one day or one hour, if I could help it. Pardon me! You have been so kind! But my life is my own, and I was born free.”

“No doubt, but am I pleading my own cause? You are looking toward your future, so am I. Your present now will some day be your past. And let me tell you there are no locked doors in the history of a man's life: all the doors behind him are swing-doors, through which remorse may come.”

“Desist, I pray you!”

“Can I not move you?”

“No man can move me, Father. What I have resolved shall be.”

“Grant me one boon, then. You came to us from the school of a great master: Guido his name, I think?”

“Ay, Guido.”

“Your hand can not have lost its cunning. Paint for us ere you go one picture for our church,—a picture of the Virgin Mother.”

A smile crept into the artist's face,—a tremulous, pure smile, half joy, half love.

“I have never yet, Father, in all my

life refused to paint a picture of the Madonna.”

His voice sang over each letter of the holy name; and the voice of the older man rang out in answer:

“God's best blessing upon you for that, my son!”

“But—but I can paint the picture just as well—in fact, better—after my return to Bologna.”

“Nay: I said ere you go.”

“I see! A trap! But the bait is sweet and I will stay.”

His head sank a moment in dejection or thought upon his breast; then he lifted it up, and his hand rose, almost unconsciously, to the attitude of the Ave Cæsar of antiquity; with him it would have been Ave Imperatrix.

“I will paint the Madonna ere I go.”

An Annunciation—he had almost settled that,—and day by day his sense grew more clear of what the scene should be; yet he could not paint his picture. Material had been given him and the necessary leisure; then he wished they would let him sweep the kitchen stairs. He thought, prayed, read the Gospel words; all in vain: he could not see. The face of the Archangel indeed was before him more bright and beautiful than that of the brother-angel in Rome called “Guido's St. Michael”: the face of Holy Mary he could not see. At times, in fear and in great trembling, he wondered whether, through fault of his, his gift was taken from him. But he grew in patience and holiness day by day.

Winter came and sped by, then it was March, and still no light. In the young woods down the hills violets pushed up their fragrant purple, half showing and half screening their sweet faces from view. It was Annunciation Eve, and into the copse wandered a monk alone. He had closed his book with a knot of violets between the leaves, and when he reached the shrine—a niche cut in

the living oak—he laid the violets at Our Lady's feet. Then he stood leaning against the trunk in the cool, shadowy seclusion, drunk with the beauty and poetry of Italy's springtime. If the thought of his picture came to mind, it was more in the shape of wonder as to what the day had been like when the Archangel brought his message first.

And then—we, the moderns, super-refined metaphysicians and mind-rarefied analysts, have gone to our Greek lexicons and made a compound to define it, but in reality we know no more about it,—then the monk in the copse saw. It is the sight of the artist who, for one second perhaps, looks unveiledly, with vision keen as agony, there where no other man can see. It is the artist's gift,—nothing more.

Dumb-struck, the monk went to his cell. How still the heavens, the earth, and all creation! The lattice was wide open; he drew the table to it and sat down, scarce conscious of his own movements. A sheet of paper, quills, and ink. He began with an indistinct, nervous dread,—a tremor of fear that human step or summons should break in upon his work. Then he forgot himself, forgot his surroundings. Farther and farther he wandered into that strange country, borderland or unexplored realm of spirit, where the soul of man so often loses its printless way. No rattle at his door, no Vesper chime will reach him now. They do not come, and through the long fair afternoon he labors on. There is not a sound in the intensely still room, nor breath nor pen-scratch nor least sign of life.

Outside, the blue mist rises from a hundred valleys; and the monarch-sun, shining transparently through it, sinks gloriously to his rest. Warmly he lights the little white room, with its crucifix above the lowly bed, and the Blessed Mary's image.

To the draughtsman, from far away, vaguely comes a perception as of

Guido standing behind him and of roses nodding at the window. He does not lift his eyes. It is growing to evening, and his work is almost done. The light is failing: he hurries the last swift strokes; then leans back, sighing. The afterglow, that splendid pageant of Italian sunset, clouds all space with its tremulous glory. The horizon is limpid clear and bright as the heart of some Eastern flower. The round, fifteenth-century panes and the deep lattice are bathed in gold.

Once more the artist bows over his work. It is finished, and well finished. They who know, perhaps, will say that it is good. His picture will be painted now, soon. And afterward, afterward—*shall* he go? He has taken up his quill and is writing, slowly, dreamily, beneath the first draught of his "Annunciation": "*Fr. Franciscus Maria, calamo fe—*" Ay, let him say of himself this at least, that *he* has done it! After the struggle and the agony, the hoping and the waiting, it is done!

The bells break out, swinging, clashing, storming. It is Annunciation Eve, and up in the stone belfry the bronze tongues seem to have gone mad for joy. Along the broad corridor the doors are all opening and shutting as the monks go forth to choir. One footfall alone dwells unresponsive that has hitherto, at all times, obeyed. Later a tap—the tap he dreaded—comes lightly at the panel. It comes unanswered. Perhaps the inmate is away. The lay-brother pushes open the door and so finds him. He has finished his drawing; his arm and his bowed head rest upon it. Above, the early stars are piercing into the warm-tinted, radiant sky. The window—a little window without roses—stands wide open. It will be a pure, translucent night.

The drawing now is in the town museum. In the whole heterogeneous, curiously composite collection it is the

only thing worth looking at: a sheet of paper, glossy and of beautiful texture, but slightly ragged at the edges; a few age-stains strewn over it in tiny mellow dots; the ink somewhat yellowed, but each finely-penned line intact. Beneath it reads the inscription, pathetic in its incompleteness; for the space where the gifted hand faltered no meaner hand filled up.

The composition is not uncommon, and not wholly unlike Guido's treatment of the same subject, save that in the sketch the figures are three-length figures. The Virgin kneels, and Gabriel has the traditional lily—a singularly beautiful one in this case—in his hand. But there is no meagreness in the drawing, no slurring of outline, none of the trickiness of a lesser artist: it is all true, harmonious, and perfectly modelled, as though the monk could have used a chisel as deftly as a brush. The face lifted to greet the Virgin is such as might indeed smile upon a poet's slumber: so full of tenderness, so deeply reverent; so human in its emotion, however angelic in expression. The lips seem to murmur almost audibly the words committed to him by the Most High: "Hail Mary, full of grace!"

And the Woman's face!—incarnate holiness, purity typified; the very essence of humility, and some sort of serene joy: laughter that is not laughter but radiance only—love-light; beauty that Christ, not Adam, might have dreamed. The youthful novice must have seen it in one fire-flash of thought that evening in the copse among the violets,—because he loved Her—because he loved Her,—that was all.

AVE MARIA! blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade!

Who can express the love
That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus, holy Dove?

—John Keble.

The Lily of Calvary.

—
A LEGEND OF THE CRUCIFIXION.
—

THE soldier Longinus descended slowly from the hill of Calvary, bearing on his shoulder the lance which had pierced the side of Christ. It was the evening of Good Friday. A single drop of blood trembled on the point of the weapon; for a moment it hung there, bright and crimson; then it fell into the dust of the roadway.

God saw fit to make for it a beautiful chalice. All at once, on the inner edge of the pathway, a green stalk sprung up from the earth; instantly a bud formed upon it, opened, spreading wide its transparent petals. It was a lily white as the robe of angels. The drop of blood sank into the corolla ready to receive it; the corolla closed.

Longinus proceeded on, unconscious of what had occurred. But one of the archangels hovering that day over Calvary had seen the beautiful miracle; and, winging his way downward, he prostrated himself before the flower; then, plucking it, he hid it in his bosom. When the last long vigil was over, and the heavenly phalanx returned to their blessed abode, the reverent archangel, taking the flower from his breast, kissed it adoringly and planted it in the garden of Paradise.

When springtime came again a tender green stalk appeared, bearing a single bud, angelically pure; but it never opened. So it happened for many seasons: always the delicate, fragrant petals would look as though about to unclose, diffusing around them a most exquisite perfume; but the bud never opened, the flower never bloomed, though watered and tended by the heavenly gardeners of the pleasure of the Lord. Then came the time when the cross of Christ was exalted,—when, from being a token of shame and death

and ignominy unspeakable, it became the sign of salvation, the standard under which men suffered and died.

There knelt on a day in Christ's garden the spotless archangel who had planted the flower; and, looking down earthward, he saw the long procession of martyrs to whom the painful sacrifice of Calvary had made possible a death so sublime.

"Lord, for the sake of those countless hostages of Thine, make this little flower to bloom in Thy garden!"

Then Our Lord walked forth into the garden. He looked upon the exquisite bud half open but never fully unfolding its leaves; and all the angels, falling upon their knees, cried out in unison:

"Lord, make to bloom this lily in the garden of Thy faithful worshippers!"

Softly the Lord of the garden waved His hand above the trembling bud; a most delicious fragrance filled all the paths of Paradise; the bud expanded, bent earthward, and a single drop of bright red blood fell down,—down past the spheres in their orbits, past the stars in their courses, till it reached a humble corner of earth where a young maiden knelt before an altar. It was between the two elevations of the Mass; and as the vivid drop fell softly into the chalice the voice of the maiden's soul was saying: "O my God, I consecrate to Thee my life, my soul, my senses, and all my being!" It was the first consecration of purity, the first vow of perpetual chastity. It was the voice of the innumerable virgins of Christ who were to offer themselves in oblation for the reparation of the sins of the world.

THE more a man giveth himself to hatred in this world, the more will he find to hate. But let us rather give ourselves to charity, and if we have enemies (and what honest man hath them not?), let them be ours, since they must; but let us not be theirs, since we know better.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

A Partial Explanation Only.

THE investigation of a sensational crime recently committed in one of our Eastern cities has led to the disclosure of a deplorable moral tone in many young people of that portion of the country. Young men and women belonging, not to the lowest or even the "lower" classes of society, but to comfortable, well-to-do, or wealthy families—"respectable people," as the phrase goes—are shown to be either quite destitute of the moral sense or so slightly influenced by the moral law as to transgress it readily and habitually. The brazen impudence of beardless boys finds its counterpart in the silly vanity of young girls utterly deficient in true maidenly propriety and reserve.

The press of the city in question has, of course, commented on the evil, and has sought to explain its *raison d'être*. In reading the explanations we have been struck by the studied silence preserved as to one largely contributory cause of the depravity under consideration—by the careful abstention from imputing any of the blame for existing moral conditions to irreligious education. The typical American editor will sooner argue that starvation is the logical outcome of excessive eating than admit that our school system is a bad one. One editor, who ignores the influence of non-religious instruction—for it is *not* education—imparted to boys and girls, attributes this demoralization solely to the withdrawal from young people of the restraints of family discipline. Such withdrawal is of course *partly* to blame for the evil, and the conditions named in the following extract are assuredly to be condemned:

Children seem to be allowed to have their own sweet will. Daughters are suffered to be abroad at all hours, often wholly unattended; and to form such acquaintances with men as their fancy dictates,—their whereabouts and their associates being unknown to their parents. Inevitably

under such circumstances many of them fall into mischief, and lose the charm and safeguard of natural feminine reserve, and their womanhood is defiled.

Still more inevitably, let it be added, when for years in the schoolroom God and religion (without which morality is a sham) have been tabooed subjects, from which these young people's attention has been sedulously turned away. The writer whom we quote goes on to speak of "well-dressed and precocious young scoundrels, without the fear of God or man before their eyes"; as if the whole tendency of non-religious training is not to produce just such young scoundrels. Teach the children religious morality in their school years, and not even relaxed family discipline will be so generally followed by inevitable scoundrelism and defilement.

Notes and Remarks.

The Bishop of Buffalo has scored another important victory by his prompt and vigorous onslaught on the doctrine of the German school of Social Democracy. The apostles of that cult are prevailingy opposed to the theory of constituted government and to the Christian teaching regarding the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the right of private ownership in property; yet so plausible was their propaganda in Buffalo, and so adroitly did they cloak their anti-Christian sentiments, that a large section of the Catholic workingmen of the city was in imminent danger of being drawn into the whirlpool of Social Democracy. A vigorous pastoral from the pen of Bishop Quigley, and a masterful address which he delivered to the workmen of the city, broke the backbone of the movement, and the thwarted apostles have since had difficulty in concealing their real sentiments toward Christianity. To the charge made by them that the Church is the partisan of capital as against

organized labor, the Bishop replies that the notion is the very acme of absurdity:

When these breeders of discontent and social strife come among you, Catholic workingmen of East Buffalo, with the accusation against your Church that it is the partisan of capital against labor organizations, in answer, ask them what capital has ever done for the Church here—or anywhere else, for that matter? Did capital build your magnificent churches? Did capital erect your parochial schools? Does it support your orphan asylums, your hospitals, and your other institutions of benevolence and charity? Look at your subscription books, you Catholic workingmen, and see who are the supporters of our churches and institutions; and let us know how much capital has given for their erection and gives now for their support.

It is plain that Bishop Quigley is in close sympathy with the workmen, and it is to their credit as well as his that his word carries so much weight with them.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who declares that he felt a thrill of pride when a thousand college-bred Americans of both sexes were sent to the Philippines as school-teachers, has been lugubriously disappointed in the results. The Filipino's thirst for knowledge is readily assuaged, and the difficulty of getting him to persevere in his studies is enormous. Mr. Bonsal's observations, which are given in the *North American Review*, throw into high relief the success of the friars, who at least managed to teach the natives to read. Of the American teachers he writes:

Before the transports even reached Manila it was found, as was to be expected, that a minority of the teachers so hastily gotten together were not qualified, at least in the important matter of character, to inculcate American ideals in our little brown wards; and on one transport at least the behavior of eight of the selected teachers was such as to justify the authorities in refusing to allow them to land, and they were sent back to San Francisco. What legends would have sprung from these regrettable incidents had our frail educators of both sexes been friars! If but a few of the stories which are discussed in Manila, and even appear from time to time in the island press, are true, the casual investigation as to

character which the unfortunate eight failed to pass might with advantage have been extended and made more rigorous. Whatever may have been the faults of the religious corporations which under Spain had such a large share in the government of the islands, such mistakes as these could never be brought home to the friars, whose activity and efficiency, in one direction at least, even the radical Zorilla praised.

The praise bestowed upon the friars by Zorilla is a reference to his declaration in the Spanish Cortez that a single friar was more effective than a regiment of cavalry in preserving Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines. Unfortunately, this was true; and for this reason the friars are hated by the leaders of the *insurrectos* with undying hate. The American teachers will not be loved either.

If the "embattled farmers" now fighting for independence in South Africa have done nothing else, they have at least destroyed a phrase. He will be a man of nerve indeed who will venture to speak contemptuously henceforth of "Dutch courage." Probably this phrase originated in the habit of drinking Holland gin, once common among British soldiers before going into battle. If so, the phrase still has a vestige of meaning. But to continue to use it as a disrespectful allusion to the courage of men of Dutch blood is to prove that the most striking exhibition of valor in modern times has not appealed to the imagination or the sympathies of the unheroic world.

The able and outspoken editor of London *Truth* learns from a correspondent that the Protestant hospital at Nice turns all its scarlet-fever and small-pox cases over to the Catholic hospital; whereupon he remarks: "It seems to me that in this instance Catholic charity is a great deal more genuine than Protestant." He is also of opinion that the Sisters would be "quite justified in refusing to accept" the virulent cases,

on the ground that if bilious Protestants can not accept medicine from the Sisters without prejudice to their conscience, small-pox Protestants ought to be even more sedulously protected. Mr. Labouchere is rather severe. There may have been good reasons for the refusal of the Protestant hospital to admit contagious diseases; and, besides, no one ever pretended that secular nurses of whatever faith are one-half so devoted and fearless as the Sisters. Finally, the object of all Catholic charity is to minister to the soul through ministrations to the body; and so long as the Sisters can hope to bring a soul one step closer to God, it is idle to expect them to "turn away" anybody.

Marconi, the most successful of the experimenters in wireless telegraphy, has had the usual experience of the prophet who is not without honor save in his own country. When he had perfected his apparatus in Italy, he brought it to London; and it was only after his work had been enthusiastically praised by experts in England that it excited interest in Italy, and the inventor was invited by the Italian government to return to his fatherland, where two warships were placed at his disposal to facilitate experiments. Marconi is of mixed Italian and Irish blood, his mother being a member of a well-known Dublin family; and, curiously enough, it was in Ireland that wireless telegraphy was first used by the newspapers, when a yacht race at Kingstown in 1898 was reported by Marconi's apparatus for the *Express* of Dublin.

The Federation of Catholic societies is now happily under way in this country, and its future depends on the wisdom of its first set of officials. Rashness and timidity would prove equally fatal to it. Meantime the Federation idea has spread far beyond its original sphere.

We hear of federated societies in Porto Rico, and one of the ablest of the English bishops commended the movement in his Lenten Pastoral. Finally, the Catholic Woman's National League, of Chicago, has issued a call for a convention to be held in that city on April 5, for the purpose of forming a federation of Catholic women's clubs. Every such organization working along the lines of literature, art, music or charity, is invited to send three delegates to the convention. Of course this movement was bound to come, and it is welcome. If federation is a good thing for men's societies, it is a good thing for women's clubs. Indeed there are some things that the ladies can do incomparably better than their husbands and brothers.

A regular correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, Mr. Guernsey, writes from Mexico that sectarian ministers are decidedly unpopular even among the American Protestants living in that country. The missionaries are regarded as mischief-makers only. Concerning the Catholic clergy of Mexico, Mr. Guernsey finds that, in spite of an occasional self-indulgent or careless shepherd, the vast majority "do their Master's work, faring poorly and coming to their last day in poverty. I know priests who deny themselves the principal comforts of life to be able to spare something for the poor of their parishes." Here, too, is a passage which will be least surprising to those who know most about the Church in Mexico:

I know one Archbishop who, last Christmas time, in his city, took the money sent as an offering by the rich, and, instead of dividing it with the local clergy, as had been the custom, bought sewing-machines for poor women. "Don't pawn these machines if you get into straits," said the noble prelate; "but rather come to me and I will aid you. Keep the sewing-machines to aid you to earn your bread."

One quality of the sectarian missionary is worthy of admiration: his dogged persistency in the face of failure. After

several generations of apostolic effort and after innumerable collections in "the States," there are just sixty thousand Protestants among the fourteen millions of Mexico.

There may still be persons in this country who believe that Catholic priests preach to their flocks in Latin; but such persons are now to be found only in the backwoods, where ignorance is crass and bigotry rampant. Incredible as it may seem, however, this belief must have been a general one as late as 1835. A time-stained leaflet bearing this date, entitled "Some Protestant Misconceptions Corrected," lies before us; it contains the following clause:

4. It is false and contrary to fact and reason that priests *preach to the people in Latin*; but it is true that they *pray to God in Latin*, etc.

The leaflet is signed "S. T. Badin, Catholic Priest," and was printed in Cincinnati. Father Badin, it will be remembered, was the first priest ordained in the United States. He was a great traveller, and no one could have been more familiar with the misconceptions of the Church then current among non-Catholics. Some of his declining years were spent at Notre Dame; and he used to tell of preaching on one occasion in a Protestant meeting-house (as all non-Catholic churches were called in those days), and showing the natives his head and feet, to convince them that he had neither horns nor hoofs. But that was way back in the middle of the nineteenth century, which writers will soon begin to revile for its unenlightenment.

At the dedication of the new Syrian chapel in Philadelphia recently, the ritual of the blessing was Latin, the Mass was in Syro-Chaldaic, the sermon was in English, and the mother-tongue of the congregation is Arabic. "Perhaps no better local illustration of the universality and unity of the Church could be

given than was thus vouchsafed the congregation which crowded the pretty little chapel," observes the *Standard and Times*. An illustration, too, of the extraordinarily conglomerate character of the Catholic body in this country. Indeed if the Church existed nowhere else than in the United States, it would still be entitled to the name of Catholic, and might still be called the Church of All the Nations. We do not commonly think of Oriental Catholics as a ponderable element of the laity in this country; yet the Syrians, who numbered only twenty-five souls in Philadelphia when Monsig. Yazbek came to assume charge of them eleven years ago, are now so numerous in the Quaker City as to require a separate church. It is appropriate, too, that in conservative Philadelphia the Holy Sacrifice should be offered daily in the very language used in Jerusalem in the days of the Apostles.

The late Father Duffy, S. J., the last of the Catholic chaplains of the Crimean War—one of its real heroes, too,—often told the following story to illustrate, the obedience of Mohammedan children, and as a rebuke to Catholics who think it no harm to eat meat on Friday. The story will probably be new to most readers, but in any case would bear repetition; besides, it is "a tale extremely apropos."

Father Duffy, with some companions, once visited a Turkish settlement; and, after partaking of a luncheon of ham sandwiches, washed down by a little wine, interested himself in some boys who were playing in a bazaar. To show his friendliness he offered them some of the sandwiches; but instead of gratitude, they exhibited the greatest horror and indignation. Surprised at their conduct, he gave them a bottle containing a small quantity of wine. They smelt it suspiciously, then smashed the bottle to pieces and jumped on it, as well as on the sandwiches. A companion explained

that, being Mohammedans, their religion forbade them to eat of the flesh of the pig or to drink spirituous liquors. Father Duffy often recalled the incident, expressing the wish that all Catholics were as faithful in observing the Precepts of holy Church.

Just why the scepticism of an obscure teacher of English regarding the miracles of the Bible should cause a national flurry is not easily apparent, even though Professor Pearson was of the faculty of a Methodist university. Preachers and professors have often said things quite as incompatible with the faith once delivered to the saints; and, for that matter, Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll expressed the same sentiments in much better English long ago. Northwestern University, of course, was quite within its duty in accepting the resignation of the professor; though we remember that our Methodist brethren were horrified when Rome excommunicated poor Dr. Mivart for heterodox fancies conjured up by his physical and mental illness. We notice, by the way, that the President of the University of Chicago has expressed disapproval of the action of Northwestern in getting rid of Professor Pearson. Dr. Harper is quoted as saying: "The university has no more right than the State to restrict research, or the promulgation of the results of such research. No university should dislodge a professor because he dares to think differently and to have the courage to voice his beliefs."

We like this. We like it especially as coming from the President of the University of Chicago, which acquired notoriety a few years ago for disciplining—on the eve of a sound money campaign, too,—a professor whose researches into economics resulted in a financial theory that was not acceptable to millionaires. But then it was the cash-book, not the Good Book, that was menaced.



Sheep in Wolves' Clothing.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

LAST Sunday evening, when I entered the sitting-room of the Barrys, I found the younger folks engaged in an animated discussion of Father Quinlan's sermon at eleven o'clock Mass. His subject, it seems, had been detraction; and, judging from such recollections of his discourse as Bride Barry and Charlie Hogan could recall, he did not mince matters in denouncing the busybodies through whom slanders and calumnies obtain circulation. The particular point in dispute among the children as I entered was the real meaning of the expression "wolves in sheep's clothing," which phrase Father Quinlan had applied to gossips of both sexes.

"Oh, the meaning's plain enough!" said Charlie. "A sheep's clothing is wool from which the farmer makes yarn; and sheep, you know, are good to eat. Now, just imagine how sold a farmer'd be if, after killing one of his woolly sheep, he found out that the meat, instead of being nice mutton that he could bring to the market and sell, was only nasty wolf-meat, good for nothing but dog-feed! Well, the gossips talk as though they spoke truth, but really they're lying,—so there you are, as clear as A B C."

"That sounds pretty well," rejoined Bride; "but I don't think it fits every case, though. I asked mamma, coming home from Mass, what a wolf in sheep's clothing meant; she said, a hypocrite."

"Well, and isn't a liar a hypocrite, I'd like to know? But here's uncle! Say, Uncle Austin, who first said

anything about wolves in sheep's clothing, and what did he exactly mean by it, anyway?"

"If you look through the first seven or eight chapters of your New Testament, Charlie, I think you'll find the expression in St. Matthew's Gospel. Give me the Bible a moment.... Yes, here it is, in chapter seventh: 'Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves.' Now, a ravenous wolf is a furiously, desperately hungry one, that wouldn't hesitate to attack a man. If you can fancy yourself, or Frankie here, walking through the fields out at Horgan's, and suddenly finding that a mild and harmless-looking sheep that you were approaching turned out to be a raging, starving wolf that jumped on you and drove his sharp teeth into your throat, you will have a pretty good idea of the Apostle's meaning."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Frankie. "Why nasty oolf don't wear his own ewose?"

"Because, my lad, wolves are wicked and cunning and sly and deceitful and very, very bad."

"So bad that the saints didn't like them, or ever make pets of any of them, Uncle?" inquired Clare.

"No: not so utterly bad as that, my dear. In fact, I think I have read in the lives of the saints some instances in which it would be quite appropriate to speak of sheep in wolves' clothing, rather than the reverse. Did I ever tell you any stories about St. Norbert?"

"If he had anything to do with wolves, Uncle, I don't think you did," replied Clare.

"Well, if *you* don't remember, Clare, the presumption is that I didn't; and as this saint did have friendly relations with the animals of which we've been

talking, it may interest you to hear about him. He was descended from a noble family and lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He was not very saintly when a young man; but before he became really wicked he opened his eyes to the beauty of true holiness, sold all his property, became a monk, and was soon known as a great converter of sinners.

"It was St. Norbert who founded a celebrated order with a very long name: Premonstratensians; or, as some writers spell it, Premonstrants. The name is taken from the French valley where the order was first established—Prémontré; a word meaning *foreshown*, or *made known beforehand*."

"Wuz dere ots of oolves in dat place, Untle?"

"Yes, Frank; and great big wolves, too. But St. Norbert was very kind to them. In return they liked him so well that they never harmed the flocks of sheep belonging to the monastery. In fact, one day when the Brother who was shepherd, but who didn't have any shepherd dog, was lamenting about all the bother he had in looking after so many sheep, an enormous wolf came out of the forest close by to help him. The Brother didn't know the beast's intentions at first, and you may be sure he was in a sad fright. His knees began to shake so much that he couldn't even run away, and the first thing he knew the wolf was right alongside of him.

"O good Lord, I'm done for now!" thought the Brother. But judge how surprised he was when the big wolf, instead of attacking him, played about him like a good-natured dog, and then began to act just as a regular collie, or sheep-dog, would have done. Of course the poor sheep, when they saw their natural enemy coming toward them, were still more terrified than the Brother, and they scampered away in every direction. Master Wolf, however,

soon brought them quietly back to their pasturage, just as cleverly as if he had done nothing but tend sheep and help shepherds all his life.

"And that wasn't all. The wolf guarded the flock all day, and when evening came the Brother had nothing to do but watch him turn the flock toward the monastery and drive them home. All the monks were astonished to see the queer dog the shepherd had secured; and St. Norbert ordered a generous piece of meat to be given to the wolf, whom he blessed before sending him back to his forest home.

"Another time a number of St. Norbert's monks were going into the forest to get firewood when they came upon a big wolf who was beginning to make his meal off the carcass of a deer that he had killed. The monks drove the wolf away; and taking the carcass, which was scarcely injured, they went back to the monastery. The wolf followed them at a little distance, and even went into the monastery yard, much to the surprise of everybody who saw him.

"St. Norbert was told of the prize the monks had secured; but he rather astonished them when he commanded them to give the deer back at once to its rightful owner, the wolf. This latter looked slyly up at the disappointed monks, as if to say, 'Ah, ha! I knew I'd get fair play from the Abbot.' Then, taking his regained property, he trotted joyfully off to finish his interrupted dinner. Now, in both these cases it seems to me that we have, not wolves in sheep's clothing, but sheep in wolves' clothing. Don't you think so, Frankie?"

But Frankie was sound asleep; so I bade the others good-night and left them.

THE celebrated Abbé Thomond was the author of many admirable school-books, but he was so modest that he would teach only beginners.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.—THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SECRET.

I had waited with breathless interest for what Niall might have to say; but he put his whole secret in the opening words of his narrative.

"I am," he began, "a gold-seeker,—a hunter for treasure-trove."

"A gold-seeker?" I repeated, amazed and incredulous; though here was the explanation of many mysteries.

"Yes. Here, in these very mountains gold has been found time and time again. There were mines here scarce a hundred years ago; 'tis said that ten thousand pounds' worth of gold was dug up in two months. Ten thousand pounds! Think of it!"

Niall stopped, full of a suppressed emotion, which threatened, I thought, to shake his strong frame to pieces.

"The old minstrels sang of the gold—the yellow gold, the red gold; and, touching the strings of their harps, the bards told the kings of other days of treasure that had been buried—vases, ornaments, trinkets of all sorts—"

"But tell me," I interrupted, "have you found any of these things?"

"I have found these treasures time and again. Some of them are now in the British Museum, and the money for them in my cave at the Phoul-a-Phooka with the other valuables, save those which I gave to my little lady. My storehouse is in the loneliest spot, where the timorous dare not venture, where the wild horse of the legend keeps guard for me. Once I brought my little lady there, and her eyes were so dazzled she covered them with her hands."

I listened as in a dream.

"But gold?" I asked, in an awestricken voice. "Have you found—"

"About a hundred ounces," he replied, "of genuine pure gold. But what is a

hundred ounces where tons, perhaps lie buried?"

He sprang up and paced the room, a fever, almost of insanity, glowing on his cheeks and in his eyes. I watched with a new interest this man, who was making the hills and streams of his loved Ireland yield up this treasure.

"It seems like a fairy-tale," I said.

"It is not fairy gold," Niall cried, with a grim smile; "and it has cost me years of slavery. I have guarded the secret with my life. I have spent long, lonely years in this cheerless cabin, haunting the streams by night, washing and rewashing the precious clay in the chill dawn, testing the gold in the fire of yonder hearth, often when the rest of the world was sleeping. Gold has been my idol, my one devotion."

"Do you get the gold in large pieces?"

"In every size, from the tiniest sparkle worth about sixpence to a lump worth several shillings."

"It is wonderful, wonderful!" I could only repeat.

"My studies in the East helped me much in my work," Niall observed; "but indeed for years past the study of precious metals, and how to procure them, has been the one object of my life."

"Even should your secret come to light," I ventured to say, "surely there is enough for everyone in the bowels of the earth."

"There may be," Niall cried wildly,— "oh, there may be; but no one must know of it till I have got my portion! Besides, as all gold-seekers know, the gold is as uncertain as a fickle woman. Sometimes in a stream there is but a little, or there will be much in one portion of the river's bed and none at all in the other."

"Did Roderick know?" I asked.

"Never. I was but beginning my search when he went away. I would not have told him in any case. He would have wanted to share our good fortune with everyone."

"Winifred knows?"

"Yes, she knows. I could trust her with my secret."

He fell into deep abstraction; and I, watching him, could scarcely realize that this quiet, thoughtful man was the same wild being who had terrified me during the storm. It showed me the fearful power of gold over the human heart, and how it was capable of changing an ordinary gentleman of studious habits into the semblance of a wild beast. He roused himself all at once to say:

"You spoke of some plan of yours for the child?"

"My plan for Winifred," I said boldly, though with some inward fear, "was to take her away with me to America and put her at a convent school, where she should be educated as befits her station in life."

His face grew dark as I spoke, and he flashed upon me one of his old suspicious glances.

"You wanted to take her to America! How am I to know that you are not, after all, an agent sent by Roderick or by some of the mother's people?"

"You have only my word for it," I said, slightly drawing myself up. "I can offer no other proof."

"I suppose it is all right," he replied, with another keen look and a deep sigh; "if not, then has misfortune indeed overtaken me."

This was said as if to himself; and presently, raising his voice, he asked:

"Pray what do they teach at these convent schools?"

"They teach their pupils to be Christian ladies," I answered warmly.

He was silent again for a moment or two, then he went on:

"I have grounded her in all her studies, and if she continues with me she will be thoroughly well instructed in many branches. But there are some things I can not teach her. I know that all too well."

"And those are precisely what the child would learn at a convent school," I put in eagerly.

"Think for a moment," he exclaimed vehemently, "what such a parting would mean to me! I am old. I might never see her again. Even if I can rely on your good faith once you are out of my sight, I will forever stand in fear of some evil befalling her, some mischance which would upset all my plans."

"I thought you intended to take her to America yourself?" I said.

"Yes: to find her father, and persuade him to come back with us to his native land."

"But he might refuse."

"That would be unlikely, unless he was married again. In that case, I would bring Winifred back to be lady of the castle."

I sat thoughtful, musing over this plan, which seemed like a dream of romance. But Niall's voice broke in on my musings:

"Should I let the child go with you, it is on condition that she does not see Roderick until I give my consent; and should I want her back here in the meantime, she must come."

"She is not to see her father?"

"No, no! She must go direct to the school, and Roderick must not know of her presence there."

"It seems hard!" I murmured.

"Hard! But does he deserve better?" said Niall. "For whatever cause, he has left Winifred to my care and that of Mrs. Meehan all these years."

"That is true," I responded; "and I accept the conditions."

"It will be the saddest moment of my life when I see my little lady depart," Niall exclaimed; and already his face was drawn and haggard and his voice husky at the prospect. "But should my dream be realized, she will acquire the manner, the accomplishments, the graces which our Wicklow hills can not furnish. You are right: she must go."

I was at once touched and astonished at his ready compliance with my wishes. I had feared it might be a tedious task to overcome his objections. But the clear mind of the man had at once perceived the advantages of my plan.

"You see I am putting entire trust in you. I am confiding Winifred to you. I have already told you my secret."

"You shall never have cause to regret either," I cried warmly. "And as for the conditions, they shall be put down in writing, and Winifred shall be restored to you when and where you desire."

"What will these hills be like without her!" he exclaimed, rising and going to the window.

There was again that wildness in tone and manner as of a mind which had become somewhat unsettled by the strange, wandering life he had led, with its fever of suspense and excitement.

"What will the greensward be like, child of my heart, when your foot no more shall press it? What will the hills be like when your eyes—*asthore machree!*—shall not look upon them? And the glen of the Dargle shall have lost its charm when you are not there, its spirit!"

He tossed his arms above his head and rushed wildly from the cabin. I waited for a time; but as he did not return, I slowly followed the homeward path, content with what I had accomplished for one day, but wondering much at the strange revelations which Niall had made.

Before I reached home I suddenly met Winifred. Her face was clouded, and at first she scarcely noticed me.

"What is the matter with Niall?" she asked. "I met him and he would not look at me. I called his name, but he ran away and would not speak."

"He will tell you all in good time," I answered soothingly.

"It is you!" she said, looking at me keenly, with a glance like that of her kinsman. "You have been vexing him:

saying something that he did not like."

"We must all have things said to us that we do not like, when it is for our good," I remarked gravely.

"I wish you had never come here! I wish you would go away!" Winifred exclaimed, stamping her little foot till it stuck in the soft earth.

"See, how useless is ill-temper!" I said; for I was rather annoyed by her petulance. "You have spoiled your pretty shoe. And as for going away, when I go, you will go too."

She turned pale, then trembled and stammered out a question or two:

"I—go—with you? Where?"

"All the way to America."

"To America!" said Winifred, in an amazement which seemed blended with fear or emotion of some sort.

"Yes: over the great sea," I went on, "where you will see so many new and beautiful things."

"But I don't want to see them!" she replied, with an energy that startled me.

"That is not a nice way to put it, dear," I said gently. "I hope indeed you will be a very good girl and give me as little trouble as possible. You will have to leave your wilful ways in the mountains with the sprites."

"Niall will never allow it!" she cried, with childish triumph.

"Niall has just said 'Yes.' So I give you a month to prepare," I declared firmly. I had determined to exert my authority from that moment forward, as it was necessary that I should.

"Niall has said 'Yes!'" she repeated, drawing a sharp breath and speaking as one in a dream. Her lip quivered; two tears shone in her eyes, but she would not let them fall. Turning on me instead, with a curious tone of command, she asked:

"Who are you?"

"A friend."

"An enemy, I think!" said Winifred, and with that she turned sharply away and was soon hidden in the brushwood.

But I heard her only a few moments afterward, sobbing aloud and calling, as Niall had done, on Nature:

"I can't leave the hills and the streams and the valleys! I can't leave Wicklow and the Dargle and the castle, and dear Granny and Moira and Barney and Niall! Oh, it would break my heart!"

She sobbed again for a few moments; then her voice rang out defiantly:

"I will *not* go! I will hide in the hills, as the O'Byrnes did in the wars. I will live in a cave like them and not go to that hateful America."

I went back to the inn, resolving to try to win the child over to my ideas as I had done her uncle. I foresaw many difficulties in the way; and as I sat down on the wooden bench outside the door I began to wonder if my idea was, after all, a mistaken one. The air was very fresh and pure after the storm; the verdure of that Emerald Isle, so fondly remembered by its exiled sons and daughters, was rich and glowing after the rain; and the hills were shrouded in a golden haze, darkening into purple near the summit. I sat and listened to a thrush singing in the lilac bush near which I had seen Winifred sitting on the morning of our visit to the castle, till a strange peace stole over me and I lost all my fears.

(To be continued.)

Napoleon's Favorite Flower.

During the period of his reverses, Napoleon said to his friends on leaving France for Elba, "I shall return with the violets"; and this expression was at once popular with his sympathizers. Not only were the flowers worn by the Bonapartists, men and women, as a badge, but violet ribbons and jewelry in form of the flower were speedily used to display their feelings. When it was forbidden by law to sell portraits of Napoleon, his friends ingeniously evaded the proscription by publishing a picture

of a group of violets with their leaves so arranged that in their outlines the profiles of Napoleon, Maria Louisa and the King of Rome could readily be traced by the initiated.

Such being the significance attached to the violet, one can easily imagine how its popularity increased when Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, entered Paris in triumph on March 20, 1815. He had, indeed, "returned with the violets," and his rejoicing friends decorated themselves with the emblematic flower. When the end came and Napoleon was about to depart for St. Helena, we are told that he gave a violet to an English naval officer—an intimation, perhaps, of never-to-be-fulfilled hopes of return to his beloved France.

During the Bourbon ascendancy it was dangerous to wear a violet in public, as, naturally, it continued to be regarded as the Napoleonic flower. At the time of the Second Empire the popularity of the violet was again revived; and, singularly enough, when Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, a package of violet plants having arrived, some of the officials were so busy in planting them in pots that the royal prisoner made his escape. This incident probably gave further favor to the violet; and during the reign of Napoleon III. the violet trade flourished greatly in France: 6,000,000 bunches, it is stated, being the annual sale in Paris alone.

At the funeral of Louis Napoleon the coffin was covered with violets; and, it is said, the mausoleum at Chiselhurst, where his mortal remains repose, is never without a tribute of these fragrant blossoms.

THE word *tally* originally meant a cutting; then a cutting of notches to keep an account; and then simply an account, however kept.

WORDS speak, but example thunders.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. announce "A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey," by the Rev. E. W. Leslie, S. J. It will be fully illustrated.

—The Art & Book Co. have published in neat and convenient form an edition of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," in Latin and English. Full directions as to the rubrics of the Little Office, the indulgences, etc., and large, clear type commend this manual for use in communities and sodalities.

—The death is announced of Monsig. James Campbell, formerly rector of Scots College, Rome. The deceased prelate was an eminent archæologist, and, on account of his intimate knowledge of the Catacombs, was often spoken of as the successor of De Rossi, whose pupil he was. At least one of his books on the testimony of the Catacombs to Catholic doctrine was widely read and praised by non-Catholic savants. *R. I. P.*

—There is a fair quantity of good reading and useful information in "Fidistoria," by the Rev. James P. Barry. The work opens with some argumentative remarks on the existence of God, the Holy Trinity, men, angels, demons and the material creation. Much space is occupied by quotations from well-known writers, Catholic, non-Catholic and pagan, and from documents authentic and apocryphal. The author then turns to history and furnishes an account of the apostles, the early popes, and various missionary movements. No regular plan seems to have been adopted in the preparation of the work, yet it is interesting enough; and the quotations especially are good, substantial reading. Published by James M. Byrnes, Lexington, Ky.

—"Where is the Church of Christ?" by M. Van der Hagen, S. J., is a translation from the Dutch. The difficulty with all such works is that they are forced into comparison with similar productions by authors who understand the temper and the needs of English-speaking readers, and who write with a clear view of their public. In general it may be said that Catholic literature in England and this country has passed the period when translations of such works as Father Hagen's are desirable or useful. In particular we may say that if the right man had produced an original work on the lines of the volume under review, the result would have value. But Canon Van de Rydt is hardly the right man. This, for instance (p. 65), is not English: "I, for me, know a good many," etc. And such abbreviations as these do not accord with taste in this country: "the invisible Supreme Head, J. C. in Heaven" (p. 41); "H. Communion" (p. 185); "R. Catholic

Church" (p. 186). As for the substance of the work, it compares favorably enough with others; but it will not be widely used in this country, because, being a translation, it is handicapped and because there was no real need of it. Desclée, De Brouwer & Co.

—We welcome a second edition of Blossius' "Book of Spiritual Instruction," translated from the Latin by the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P. It is a work of remarkable excellence, and the translation is all that could be desired. The teaching of Blossius can not be too widely diffused. Published by the Art & Book Co.

—Among the late volumes of "Eclectic School Readings" is "The Conquest of the Old Northwest," by James Baldwin, dealing with one of the most interesting periods of our country's history, Clarke's expedition, the fur traders, the Conspiracy of Pontiac, Father Gibault, and kindred subjects make this short history as entertaining as a romance. The book is attractively published by the American Book Co.

—We regret to announce the death of the venerable Charles Kent, of London, who passed to the reward of a blameless and laborious life on the 23d ult. His talents were as remarkable as his energy. He wrote a number of books and was a valued contributor to "The Dictionary of National Biography," "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and other standard works of reference, as well as to the leading magazines—*Blackwood's, Household Words*, etc. For half a century he was editor of the *Sun*, and from 1874 to 1881 he edited the *Weekly Register*. He was well known as an authority on the first Lord Lytton; also on Dickens, whose last letter was addressed to him, Mr. Kent's final literary work was his admirable translations of Latin hymns now appearing in these pages. He was a man of charming personality, and was endeared to a host of friends who will miss his genial presence. *R. I. P.*

—Frank and full are the "Confessions of a Provincial Editor" in the *Atlantic* for March. He tells how he fell away from the high estate of his first editorial, announcing that the *Herald* would serve only the public without fear or favor, and be at all times an intelligent medium of news and opinions for an intelligent community; and how, gradually, he came to be a hireling and his paper the tool of a political set.

I almost abolished my editorial page, making of it an attempt to amuse, not to instruct. I printed every little personality, every rumor my staff could catch hold of in their tours. The result came slowly, but surely. Success came when I exaggerated every little petty scandal, every row in a church choir, every hint of a disturbance. I com-

promised four libel suits, and ran my circulation up to 3200 in eleven months.

The newspaper situation in most of our small cities is accurately described in this article. The editor-man may be regarded by simple people as a person of influence in the community; but he knows himself to be a puppet, controlled by the advertiser who occupies most space and the politician who has the biggest pull.

—The Société de Saint-Augustin (Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., Bruges), of whose publications we have often had occasion to speak in commendatory terms, have established a monthly magazine, the *Revue Catholique du Mois*. It professes to deal with "deeds and books"; and, judging from the first number, it will form a welcome addition to our present list of European exchanges. Another new Catholic periodical—a popular apologetic monthly—is soon to make its appearance in Germany. Its object, as its title implies, will be to afford answers to current objections against our holy Faith. Its scope is excellent, and it deserves the fullest measure of success.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell*. \$1.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
- The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

- Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
- General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
- Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
- George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
- Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
- The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
- Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
- The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
- The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
- Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
- Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
- Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.
- The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.
- The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.
- Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.
- Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.
- Juvenile Round Table. \$1.
- The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. W. A. Harty, of the diocese of Hartford; the Rev. Francis Ryan, archdiocese of Toronto; the Rev. John Conway and the Rev. J. P. O'Neill, diocese of Pittsburg; and the Rev. A. Mandalari, S. J.

Sister Mary Francis Brown, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister Aimée, Little Sisters of the Holy Family; and Mother Mary of the Angels, Sisters of the Humility of Mary.

Mr. Charles Kent, of London, England; Mr. John Green, Attleboro, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Kelly, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. John Golden, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. R. F. Edwards, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. Thomas Larkin and Dr. James Smith, New York city; Mrs. P. Mulshenock, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Catherine Pletsch, Mr. Eugene McDonnell, and Mrs. Catherine Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Williams, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. E. Garrigan, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Myles Gibbons, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. W. J. Onahan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Ellen Connelly, Providence, R. I.; Mr. John Langard, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ellen O'Brien, Trenton, N. J.; Miss B. Reynolds, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. M. Ingoldshy and Mrs. Catherine McGurk, Ont., Canada; also Mrs. Frank Johnson, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Christ Risen.

CHRIST rises not alone: with Him His own
Are rising from their graves, and burst the veil,
And look again on this their earthly jail;
E'en as the moon doth not arise alone,
But watchful sentinels attend her throne,
Yet love that they themselves should fade and fail
In her surpassing lustre dim and pale.
'Tis thus when Christ within the soul made known
His glorious Resurrection shall declare,
His love and light shall dissipate the gloom;
Nor shall He thither unattended come,
But all the graces with Him make their home,
When He the darkness of the soul lays bare,
Fain to vouchsafe His gracious presence there.

Easter Voices.*

I.

YOU have heard, dearly beloved brethren, how the holy women who had followed the Lord came with sweet spices to the sepulchre; having loved Him whilst He lived, they would honor Him when He was dead with proofs of their great affection. Now, what they did teaches what we, the members of the Church, should do; for we should hearken to what was done so that we may learn what we must do in order to imitate them. We who believe in Him who was dead—if, laden with the fragrance of virtue and with the reputation of good works, we seek the Lord, we may truly be said to *come to the sepulchre with sweet spices.*

Moreover, the women who *came with sweet spices* saw angels. Those souls do see the heavenly citizens who tend to their Lord by holy desires.

Let us also take notice how the angel is seen to be seated on the right hand. What does this mean? This present life is signified by the left hand, eternal life by the right. We read in the Cantic of Canticles: "His left hand is under my head and his right hand shall embrace me." Because, therefore, our Redeemer had passed from this present corruptible life, it was fitting that the angel who came to announce His immortal life should sit on the right side. The angel was clad in a white robe because he came to herald the joy of this our great solemnity. The beauty of his robe tells us of the splendor of this holy festival of ours. Ought I not to say *his* rather than ours? To speak correctly, the solemnity is both his and ours; for our Redeemer's Resurrection was *our* feast, because it restored us to immortality; and it was the feast of the angels, because by its recalling us to heaven it filled up their number.

On this, then, both his and our feast, the angel appeared clad in white robes; because when we were restored to heaven by Jesus' Resurrection, the celestial country recovered its losses. But let us listen to the words he addresses to the women on their coming to the

* A selection of homilies from the writings of St. Gregory the Great (I, II, III), and St. Hrabannus, one of the most learned authors of the ninth century (IV).

sepulchre. "Fear not!" says he. "Let them fear that love not the visit of heaven's citizens; let them fear who, being weighed down by carnal desires, despair of ever being able to reach heaven. But why should *you* fear, who behold here your fellow-citizens?" Hence says St. Matthew, describing the angel's apparition: "His countenance was as lightning and his raiment as snow." The lightning expresses something that causes fear; the snow expresses the calm of holy rejoicing.

II.

While two of His disciples walked together in the way, not believing in His Resurrection, but talking together concerning Him, the Lord manifested Himself unto them, but yet held their eyes that they should not know Him. This holding of the eyes of their body wrought by the Lord was a figure of the spiritual veil which was yet upon the eyes of their heart. For in their heart they loved and yet doubted; even as the Lord drew near to them outwardly, but showed not who He was. To them that talked together of Him He revealed His immediate presence, but hid it from them that doubted the knowledge of His person.

He spoke to them; He rebuked the hardness of their heart; "He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself"; and, nevertheless, seeing that He was yet a stranger to faith in their hearts, "He made as though He would have gone farther." These words—"He made as though"—would here seem to mean "He feigned"; but He who is simple Truth doth nothing with feigning. He only showed Himself to them in bodily manners, as He was toward them spiritually; but they were put to the proof whether, though they loved Him not yet as their God, they could love Him at least as a wanderer.

But since it was impossible that they with whom Truth walked should be

loveless, they asked Him as a wanderer to take of their hospitality. But why say we that they asked Him, when it is written, "And they constrained Him"? From their example we learn that we ought not only to bid but also to urge wanderers to our hospitable entertainment. They laid a table, therefore, and set before Him bread and meat; and that God whom they had not known in the expounding of the Holy Scripture they knew in the breaking of bread. In hearing the commandments of God they were not enlightened, but they were enlightened in the doing of them; as it is written: "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." Whosoever, therefore, will understand that which he heareth, let him make haste to practise in his works that which he hath already been able to hear. Behold, the Lord was not known while He spake, but He was contented to be known when He brake bread.

III.

"At that time Jesus showed Himself to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias; and showed Himself after this manner. There were together Simon Peter and Thomas, who is called Didymus," etc. Dearly beloved brethren, the portion of the holy Gospel which hath just now been read in your ears knocketh loudly at the door of your heart with a certain question, the answer whereto calleth for thought. This same question is: "Wherefore did Peter, who had before his conversion been a fisher,—wherefore did he, after his conversion, again go a-fishing; since the Truth hath said, 'No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God'? Why did Peter return to that which he had left?" But with thought we see the answer: the trade which was harmless before his conversion did not become harmful because he had been converted.

We know that Peter had been a

fisherman and Matthew a publican; and that Peter after his conversion went back to his fishing, but Matthew did not return to the receipt of custom. It is one thing to seek a livelihood by fishing and another to amass money by gathering of taxes. There are many kinds of business in which it is difficult or impossible to be engaged without committing sin; and to such kinds of business as these he who hath once been converted must not again betake himself.

It may likewise be asked why, when the disciples were toiling in the sea, the Lord after His resurrection stood on the shore, whereas before His resurrection He had walked on the waves before them all. The reason of this is quickly known if we will think of the end which it then served. The sea is a figure of this present world, tossed to and fro by changing fortune, and continually ebbing and flowing with the divers tides of life. The stableness of the shore is an image of the never-ending rest of our eternal home. The disciples, therefore—for that they were yet tossed to and fro upon the waves of a dying life,—were toiling in the sea; but He our Redeemer, who had already laid aside that which in this body is subject to corruption, and had risen again from the dead, He stood upon the shore.

IV.

...This is the day which the Psalmist long ago foretold, saying, "This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it." More lofty than all, more resplendent than any; in which the Lord hath risen; in which He hath obtained to Himself, by the Spirit of Regeneration, a new people—as ye there behold;* in which He hath poured into the minds of all joy and exultation. This day, then, of the Resurrection of

* St. Hrabanus is manifestly alluding to the presence of the catechumens in their white robes, who had been baptized on the preceding day.

Christ is life to the dead, pardon to sinners, glory to saints. And as Mary, the Virgin Mother of the Lord, holds the principality among all women, so this day on earth is the head of all days. And as we read in Scripture of the Holy of holies and the Song of songs, so we fitly call this the Festival of festivals. That fiery sword and that gate of Paradise through which none could pass, Christ, with the thief, has now unbarred; the gate of Paradise which, before the Passion of the Lord, was open to none from the time the Lord suffered till the present day, is both shut and open: shut to sinners and unbelievers, open to the righteous and to them that believe. By this went in Peter, by this went in Paul, by this entered all the holy martyrs; by this daily, from the whole world, enter the souls of the righteous. For there are two gates—the gate of Paradise and the gate of the Church. We have entered first by the gate of the Church,—that is, by faith and baptism: in which if we shall faithfully remain and do good works, after the end of this life we shall enter the gate of Paradise.

And the holy Church, without doubt, is the house of God; and we ought so to live as not to be ejected from that house: lest being cast out we should be devoured by beasts,—that is, by evil spirits; of whom said the Psalmist: "Deliver not, O Lord, the souls that praise Thee to the beasts!" Let us, therefore, diligently have our conversation in her who is the mother of us all—that is, the Church; to the end that we may merit to enter the kingdom of the everlasting Father, to whom she bare us as the children of adoption. Let us keep this most holy feast as the Apostle Paul hath taught us, saying, "Not in the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness." That is, not in the bitterness of human malice, but in the sincerity of divine holiness; which is chastity,

humility, goodness, mercy, humanity, justice, gentleness, patience, truth, peace, long-suffering. This is the *lump* of Christian holiness which is corrupted by the leaven of human wickedness; that is lust, pride, envy, iniquity, avarice, intemperance, falsehood, discord, hatred, vainglory, cruelty, and injustice. All which kinds of corruption may the Author and Giver of all good things, and the Originator of this most sacred feast, keep far from us, and maintain in us the sincerity of His truth, Jesus Christ our Lord!

A Daughter of the Sierra.

—
BY CHRISTIAN REID.
—

XIII.

THE sun, which in Tópia disappears very early behind the great rampart of the western heights, was dropping toward these heights, and the latter were already stretching their long shadows out over the sun-bathed valley, when the picnic party left the town. It had been said that they were to leave promptly at three o'clock,—*punta de la hora*; and since they finally started at four, they probably came as near to punctuality as anybody ever arrives in Mexico.

The San Benito Mine was very well situated as an objective point for such an excursion. It lay close to the town, in the heights that on the western side immediately overshadow it. All Miss Rivers' love of the picturesque was gratified by the appearance of the procession, which, leaving the principal thoroughfare, passed down a short, rocky, cañon-like street, crossed on stepping stones over a stream which flows through the gorge, and then, climbing up the steep hill immediately beyond, followed a narrow path which wound around its side. Very Mexican was the order of progression. Arm in

arm, gaily talking and laughing with each other, went the girls in advance. Following them more sedately was a group of matrons; and, at a considerable interval, behind came a number of men. Between the feminine and masculine contingent was the Caridad party,—Mr. Rivers beguiling the way by expressing very freely (in English) his opinion of the absurdity of the arrangement.

"Those men should be in front with the girls, not only for mutual pleasure but for practical usefulness," he declared. "It isn't as if they were circling round the plaza, or even walking on level ground. There's positive need—take care, Isabel! Look out for your footing!—of their assistance. Some of these old women will be rolling down the mountain presently—ah, I thought so!" (A stout lady in front stumbled and almost fell.) "Permit me, Señora, to assist you."

"*Muchas gracias, Señor!*" murmured the lady. "*Muy malo el camino!*"

"Very bad indeed," Mr. Rivers assented; and then, seeing his way to making a suggestion, went on in fluent Spanish: "It strikes me, Señora, that those young men"—he waved his hand backward—"ought to be here, assisting the ladies over the road. Every lady should be provided with an escort."

"Is that the custom in your country, Señor?"

"Undoubtedly. And it adds very much to the enjoyment of an occasion like this."

"Ah!" said the Señora, in a tone of much significance. "I can believe it. But with us it is different. We have other customs."

"And long may they keep them!" said Isabel, laughing at her father's slightly discomfited expression as he fell back. "The world would be a very uninteresting place if there were no variety in its manners and customs. And for my part I like these. Fancy how much

more possibility of romance there is between young people here than between those who associate together as freely as they do with us!"

"And how much room for disillusion when romance is converted into knowledge by marriage!" Thornton added.

"The practical result is otherwise," she answered. "Those who know Mexico best tell us that one rarely hears of an unhappy marriage, and a broken household is almost unknown."

"Miss Rivers is right," said Lloyd. "The domestic virtues of these women are beyond praise. They don't clamor for rights or careers; they don't form clubs and make speeches; but they make homes and govern them in an old and very wise fashion."

"All the same, I am sure that Miss Rivers would not like to be bound by their hard and fast social rules," Armistead observed.

"Perhaps not," Miss Rivers acknowledged, "because I am a product of other social conditions. And I like freedom, but not the freedom that leads to forgetfulness of manners first and duties afterward—oh, what a view of the quebrada! Mr. Lloyd, what can we do with this?"

"Not much more than admire it, I'm afraid," Lloyd replied.

It was indeed a striking view of the great chasm which opened before them as they turned the shoulder of the hill around which they were winding. Far below, in its dark depths, they caught the gleam of water; while on either side rolled up vast, broken heights,—their rugged crests, bathed in sunlight, standing against a sky of jewel-like brilliancy and intensity of color. It was a scene of such wild grandeur that to think of reproducing it by camera or by pencil was to realize the littleness of man's art in the presence of Nature at her greatest.

"It is hopeless," Isabel confessed, with a sigh. "To attempt to photograph

this would be as useless as it would be impertinent."

"Lloyd can do wonders with sepia," Thornton suggested.

"I can do something," Lloyd admitted. "But I agree with Miss Rivers that to attempt to put this scene on paper would be hopeless."

"I am not sure about that when it is a question of sepia," Isabel said. "You might try,—just a sketch, you know."

"Here we are at the mine," said her father.

As he spoke they stepped from the narrow path they had been following onto a level space—the patio of the mine, a platform about fifty feet square, cut out of the almost precipitous mountain-side. On it the ore from the workings was brought for sorting, and from it the débris was dumped. On the inner side was the great arched opening of the mine into the mountain which towered high and steep above; and over the door of this tunnel a shed, as wide as an ordinary corridor, led to the office—a small building at one end. The rest of the patio was open to the sky; and its outer edge dropped sheer to the depth of the quebrada, a thousand feet below. Preparations had been made for the coming of the pleasure party. The ground had been carefully swept, seats were placed under the shed, musicians were assembled; servants were lounging around the door of the office, within which presumably the *tamales* had been deposited; and as the merry throng spread out over the space, filling it with life, movement, gaiety, it was a picture which for striking contrasts would have been hard to match. In a few minutes, the masculine contingent having arrived, the musicians began playing a waltz, and one couple after another responded to its invitation. Soon the whole patio was filled with young people dancing with all the grace and joyous abandon of their Spanish blood.

"Isn't it charming!" Miss Rivers exclaimed, as she stood watching the scene. "What wouldn't I give to be able to seize and put it away, to refresh myself with on some cold gray day, in a tame country, among a lifeless people!"

"You are immensely flattering to your own people," Thornton said, with a laugh. "Won't you let some of us prove that we are not altogether lifeless?" He held out his hand. "Can you resist this music?"

"The music with difficulty, the floor—shall we call it?—with ease," she answered. "Still, I like new sensations; so I'll try how it goes to waltz on the patio of a mine—just once."

The next moment she was floating around with the rest over the hard-packed but somewhat uneven surface of the ground; and to more than one pair of watching eyes she seemed the incarnation not only of grace—grace a little different from that of the Mexican girls, because there was in it a quality which suggested another and very different world—but also of that healthy, happy delight in life which does not disdain the simplest pleasures.

As she might have foreseen, however, she was not able to limit her dancing to "just once." When she paused Armistead claimed a turn, and then half a dozen Mexicans thronged around her. So she danced with one after another, while Thornton came up to Lloyd and grumbled.

"If I'd known I was letting her in for this kind of thing, I'd never have asked her to dance," he said. "Anybody else would just refuse those fellows—tell 'em she's tired, that the ground hurts her feet,—but no! That's Miss Rivers! Does something confoundedly disagreeable for the sake of other people and then declares she enjoys it."

"Perhaps she does enjoy it. Consideration for others is so rare that we must find some selfish reason to account for its existence at all."

"Hum!" Thornton lighted a cigarette. "Look at that fellow Martinez, how he is beaming all over! Why don't you go and have your turn also? She dances delightfully."

"And let her wear out her feet practising the virtue of unselfishness on my behalf? Why don't you follow her example and go and dance with some of those Mexican girls?"

"Good Heavens! who could think of dancing for the sake of dancing on a place like this? It makes my head swim to look over the edge and think where one would go if one waltzed a little too far. We've heard of shivering and balancing and doing various other uncomfortable things on the edge of a precipice, but I'm sure nobody ever heard of dancing on the edge of one before."

"The idea is certainly quite Tóopian—if not Utopian. But, as a matter of social duty, you ought to take the risk and support the credit of the Caridad."

"Mackenzie's doing enough for the whole staff. He has already waltzed with every girl here, and now he's making a second round. But here comes Miss Rivers. She has cut short her career of self-sacrifice—unless she's coming to ask you to dance, since you haven't asked her."

But it appeared that Miss Rivers had a very different purpose in view.

"O Mr. Lloyd," she said, "I am so concerned about your sketch! If it isn't made now, there will be no time to make it at all; for we shall soon be called to drink chocolate and eat *tamales*, and after that it will be too late to do anything except go home. Won't you come and try what you can do in the way of making a picture out of this wonderful scene?"

"I'm at your orders, Miss Rivers," Lloyd answered. "But the quebrada is rather a large commission, you know. Suppose you show me the point of view you care for."

"I don't care for this," she said, indicating the patio. "I want the view of the quebrada. Oh, I know it's a large commission! But you can try. And I think the place to try is a little farther on around the mountain. I'll show you where I mean."

Thornton, who did not feel encouraged to offer his assistance in this search after the picturesque, watched them with rather a cynical eye as they walked across the patio.

"It's a hopeless case with Lloyd, as with the rest of us," he reflected; "else wild horses couldn't have dragged him here. And how obediently he does her bidding,—he who couldn't be brought within speaking distance of a woman a little while ago! Yet I'll swear there's no coquetry in it. If there were, the charm wouldn't be half as powerful as it is."

Lloyd himself had not the least doubt on the last point. No man would have been quicker to detect even a shade of coquetry in the beautiful eyes with their golden lights, in the tones of the sweet, frank voice, or in the manner full of that highest ease which is as free from familiarity as from constraint. But underneath Isabel Rivers' charm lay an exquisite sincerity, an absolute freedom from the small demands which many women are constantly making for admiration, and a possibility of sympathetic comradeship not to be mistaken. And so there was no more thought of the possibilities for flirtation which the situation contained in Lloyd's mind than in her own, as they walked together on the narrow mountain road, a little beyond the patio where the music was playing and the dancers were circling in the face of a scene so full of wild majesty and stern sublimity that it seemed as if it must inspire awe in the most careless soul.

"What do you think of this?" Isabel asked, as they paused at a point which commanded an admirable view of the

great earth-rift, in the depth of which shadows were already gathering, although sunlight still gilded the summits of its eastern heights. "It is tremendous—but magnificent."

"I'll see what I can do with it," Lloyd answered guardedly.

They seated themselves on some stones, and he dashed the outlines of the picture on his paper with bold, firm, rapid strokes, shading in almost as quickly as he drew. It was such skilful work that Isabel watched with fascinated attention as it grew under his hand.

"I have seen engineers before who sketched well from nature," she said at length; "but yours isn't work of that kind. It is the work of an artist—a real artist. They were right who said so."

"Oh, no!" Lloyd responded quietly. "It's only the work of one who possesses a little more facility than is common. I am inclined to think it is a fatal gift, that of facility," he went on after a moment. "A man who does many things well hardly ever does any one thing superlatively well. It is the narrow, concentrated man who succeeds in life."

"I am not sure of that. The power to do many things well must tell in the one thing upon which a man concentrates himself."

"Such men rarely do concentrate themselves. They diffuse their power over too many things, and there's temptation in all of them. Now, I—but there's no need to point the moral by becoming egotistical. That I am prospecting in the Sierra points it sufficiently, as far as I am concerned."

A short silence, during which the sketch grew in a most satisfactory manner; and then Isabel said:

"I can understand the temptation of being able to do too many things, and the pleasure of doing them all. But I am confident that if such a man once finds a sufficient incentive to concentrate his powers, he will accomplish more

than the man to whom nature has given the capability of doing only one thing."

"Experience is against you," Lloyd replied. "And—where is the incentive to be found?"

Isabel lifted her glance from the slender, nervous, sunburned hands she had been watching in their work, to the clear-cut face with its impress of thought and feeling and its shadow of hopelessness.

"There are many incentives," she answered; "and different incentives appeal to different natures. But there is one which, like a master-key that opens all locks, should appeal to all."

"And that is—?"

"Duty."

"I'm afraid you are very old-fashioned, Miss Rivers. Duty, like a good many other things we used to be told to admire, has been laid on the shelf,—hasn't it? And doesn't it strike you that we've been led rather far afield by my slight facility in sketching?"

"Perhaps so," said Miss Rivers, and then was silent again for a moment. An instinct told her that this man, with the face of a thinker and the hands of an artist, had drifted very far from his moorings; that he had lost faith in many things beside duty; and also that, unlike most people, he was not at all anxious to talk of himself. She had too much tact to pursue the subject on which they had accidentally fallen; and, moreover, it now occurred to her that she had brought him here for quite another purpose, and that it was impossible to count upon being left very long without interruption.

"Do you remember," she said suddenly, under the spur of the last thought, "that when we talked of the claim which Mr. Armistead is pressing for the possession of the Santa Cruz Mine, I told you that I would find out if possible what steps he was going to take against the present owners? I believe you were doubtful of my success—"

"Was I?" Lloyd asked, smiling. "If so,

I apologize for lack of faith. I am now thoroughly convinced that you would succeed in whatever you undertook."

"That's very good of you. But, as a matter of fact, I have both succeeded and failed. I have found out all that he intends to do, but I can't use the knowledge because it was imparted 'confidentially.' Isn't that a hard situation?"

"It's inconvenient certainly, if you want to help Doña Victoria."

"I do want to help her,—indeed, I am determined that I *will* help her; yet I don't see how I can without violating confidence. Can't you assist me, Mr. Lloyd? That is what I have brought you here to ask."

"I shall be delighted to assist you in any way," Lloyd replied, "if you will tell me what you want me to do."

"I wan't you to do something so difficult that I am afraid you will never be able to accomplish it," she answered, half laughing. "I want you to find out what I can't tell you."

"Find out from whom?"

"Why, from me, since I am the only person at present, except Mr. Armistead, who knows. Suppose you were a diplomatist or a detective and I was a person holding important information which you were very anxious to obtain, how would you set about making me betray it?"

Lloyd shook his head.

"I can't possibly imagine myself either a diplomatist or a detective," he said; "and I am perfectly sure that even if I were both I could not make you betray any secret you wanted to keep."

"But if I didn't want to keep it—only, of course, that won't do. I must keep it just as resolutely as if I were not anxious to betray it; mustn't I?"

"I—suppose so."

"The fact that I should be serving a good cause by betraying it would be no excuse," she proceeded dejectedly. "I never could have imagined that I should

feel sympathy for an 'informer,' but I do. I am simply dying to tell you all I know; and yet how can I when Mr. Armistead asked me to consider it confidential, and when I said I would?"

"Then of course you can't tell it," Lloyd agreed.

"No, of course I can't," she repeated. She clasped her hands around her knees and gazed meditatively into the depths of the quebrada. "You are not much help, Mr. Lloyd," she added after a moment.

"Not the least, I'm afraid," Lloyd agreed again.

"Now, if you were Mr. Armistead," Miss Rivers went on, "you would set your wits to work to find out all that I can't tell: you would cross-question and try to entrap me, and end by guessing the whole thing."

"I think it very likely Armistead would do all that," Lloyd answered. "But you see I am no more Armistead than I am a diplomatist or a detective."

"Is there no way, then, that my knowledge can be made of use?" she asked despairingly.

"Let me see!" said Lloyd, meditatively. He shaded his sketch absently while he reflected, and Miss Rivers watched him with an expression of mingled doubt and hope on her face. "Suppose we look at it in this way," he went on at length, glancing up at her. "As a friend of Doña Victoria, you wish to warn her against a danger which threatens her; and you have—at least in my opinion—a right to do as much as this, although you can not tell her the exact form of the danger. Now, is it a danger against which she is prepared?"

Miss Rivers shook her head emphatically.

"At least we have no reason to suppose so," she added.

"Then it does not take a legal form; for she is undoubtedly prepared for anything in that line."

Isabel felt that the gray eyes reading her face grew suddenly very keen.

"It must take the form of force. Ah, I see!—the mine is to be surprised, of course. You needn't make such a desperate effort not to nod assent, Miss Rivers. I know I am right, even if your eyes didn't tell me so. It is just what Trafford and Armistead would do."

"But I haven't told you really!" she cried, smitten with remorse now that her purpose was accomplished.

"You have done nothing except put my slow wits to work," he assured her.

"They were not very slow when they once got to work," she answered. "And now, supposing your guess to be right, what will you do?"

"That requires some consideration. There is a young fellow here from Las Joyas who might be of service if one could give him a hint. But he is, unfortunately, quite impossible: suspicious, distrustful; also, as a trifling matter of detail, insulting,—in brief, a young fool."

"Couldn't I do anything with him?"

"Certainly. You could turn his head so completely that he would not know whether he was walking on it or on his feet. But that wouldn't help matters much, since you couldn't yourself give him any warning, you know."

"Still—" she was beginning, with a laugh, when he startled her by dropping his drawing and springing to his feet.

Far up the mountain-side above them there was a dull, crashing sound. As Lloyd seized the girl, raised and drew her swiftly to one side, the sound became a roar: a great boulder, dislodged from its place several hundred feet higher, came crashing down the steep declivity, bringing shrubs, stones, earth with it; falling upon the spot where they had been seated an instant before, effacing everything there, and then continuing on its way of destruction into the depths of the quebrada far below.

They looked at each other—the two whom Death had passed so closely that

they had felt his wind stirring their garments. Both were pale, but entirely composed. Isabel spoke first:

"Thank you for being so quick! In another moment—"

"The rock would have been on us," Lloyd said, a little hoarsely. "That must be my excuse for dragging you away so roughly."

"As if an excuse were needed for saving my life!" She glanced up at the mountain above them. "What on earth do you suppose sent that boulder down just then?"

"Impossible to say. The disintegrating forces of nature are at work all the time, you know. The quebrada is strewn from end to end with such boulders."

"I remember." Her gaze fell into the shadow-filled depths of the great chasm below, and she shuddered a little. "But I didn't imagine the mountains were still sending them down like this. It is most—inconsiderate." Her glance suddenly returned to him. "Your sketch, Mr. Lloyd,—what has become of it?"

"It has gone, together with several hundred tons of rock, to assist in filling up the channel of the Tamezula River."

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"I fancy your friends who are coming yonder would think it still more dreadful if I had saved the sketch and let you go."

In fact, the crashing descent of the rock had brought the entire picnic party streaming out from the patio of the mine to the narrow shelf-like road. Although reassured by the sight of the two figures, they came on to examine the trail of the boulder's descent, and exclaim over the narrow escape of those who had been so directly in its path.

"Mr. Lloyd pulled me aside just in time, papa," Isabel said. "I did not hear the noise, and but for him I should have been crushed; for you see there is no vestige left of the stone on which I was sitting."

Mr. Rivers looked at the spot and then at Lloyd.

"Good thing you had your wits about you," he said to the latter, "else we might search for the remains of both of you down in the quebrada."

"We were just about to summon you to the *tamales*, Señorita, when the fearful noise startled us," said a pretty girl, passing her arm through Isabel's. "Oh, what a fearful shock for you! Would you not like a little *aguardiente*?"

"Oh, no, thanks! I don't feel the least need of *aguardiente*," Isabel answered, smiling.

"But you must take something to sustain you. A cup of chocolate, then?"

Isabel agreed that a cup of chocolate might possibly do her good, so she was led to where the collation was arranged under the shed of the patio. Here a cup of sweet, foaming chocolate and a plate of *tamales* were brought to her. Here also Thornton fetched his refreshments and sat down by her side.

"My nerves haven't yet recovered from the shock they had," he said. "We heard the crash, and some one screamed, 'Oh, the Señorita!' For one horrible instant I thought the rock had taken you. My heart has not recovered its normal action yet."

Isabel was ungrateful enough to laugh.

"As long as the appetite is normal, the heart doesn't greatly matter," she said. "I am very glad not to have been taken by the rock, but I am inconsolable about Mr. Lloyd's sketch. It was so good!—and he lost it in saving me."

"It was a pity certainly; but since he couldn't save both the sketch and yourself, you'll allow us to think that he made a wise choice."

"My dear Miss Rivers!"—it was Armistead's voice on the other side—"what a fearfully narrow escape you had! I've just been examining the track of that boulder. It couldn't have come more straight down the mountain to where you were sitting if it had been aimed at you."

"Matter does seem to be curiously

endowed with malignity sometimes," Isabel answered. "But fortunately Mr. Lloyd was very quick."

"Lloyd ought to have known better than to keep you on that narrow shelf, overhung by rocks and overlooking a precipice, while he made sketches."

"But you see it was I who kept Mr. Lloyd there." Miss Rivers' voice had a very perceptible accent of coolness. "He was making the sketch by my request; for how was I to know that unwary strangers were likely to be bombarded with rocks by your inhospitable mountains?" she added, looking at a young Mexican.

"Not strangers alone, Señorita," the latter hastened to answer. "My horse the other day had an escape from a falling rock as narrow as yours. I left him tied near the mouth of a mine, and he only saved himself by jumping the full length of his lariat."

"Evidently boulders are no respecters of persons," Thornton commented.

"But the horse didn't lose a beautiful sketch," Isabel added sadly.

"Are you still lamenting that sketch?" Lloyd laughingly asked at her shoulder. "I will make another for you to-morrow, and the morning light on the quebrada will be better than the light we had on it this afternoon."

"Oh, but I would rather have it just as we had it this afternoon," she said quickly, turning toward him. "I want those gathering shadows in the depths that seem to accent all the grandeur, and to give a touch of mysteriousness and awe to the scene. And I also want it as a souvenir of—the occasion. Whenever I look at it I want to remember that instant when we stood—"

"So close together and so close to death," he could have added, as she paused; but he only said: "I understand. You shall have it just as it was to-day."

"Thank you!" she replied gratefully. And then, before she could add any-

thing else, some one struck the strings of a guitar and began to sing. And what was it but "La Golondrina"?—the same air but different words from those which Victoria had sung at Guasimillas:

"Aben-Hamed al partir de Granada
 Su corazon traspasado sintió,
 Alla en la vega, al perderla de vista
 Con debil voz su tormento expresó,
 'Mansion de amor, celestial Paraiso,
 Nací en tu seno y mil dichas gocé,
 Voy á partir á lejanas regiones,
 Do nunca más, nunca más volveré!

'Si vera en Abril, en la costa africana,
 La golondrina que de aqui se va
 A donde ira tan alegre y ufana,
 Tal vez su nido á mi casa á labrar.
 Oh! cuanto envidio al mirær que te alejas
 Ave feliz de dicha y de placer
 Mis ecos lleva á mi pátria felice
 Que nunca más, nunca más volveré!'"

Dusky shades were by this time gathering around them, so that they could not see one another's faces very well as the voice rang out its pathetic refrain. Isabel had always thought it pathetic, but something in the time and place seemed to cause a sudden tension of her heartstrings—

Never more, never more return!

How the words echoed!—and how much the falling strain was like the sob of a hopeless sorrow! There are so many Granadas in life to which we shall never return; places where the sun shines, the flowers bloom, the fountains play, but where our steps will never enter again. She felt this as she was sure Lloyd was feeling it; for she heard him suddenly sigh in the silence which followed when the music ceased. Then he rose to his feet with a quick movement. What he was thinking was that surely he was mad to linger here—he of all men! For what exile is so hopeless as that which a man has wrought and ordered for himself? And having wrought, having ordered it, what folly to turn a vain gaze of longing toward the fair city of lost opportunity, where he had left forever youth and joy, love, hope and ambition!

Silently as a shadow he turned and went away. But as he passed alone down the mountain path where twilight had fallen, while over the giant crests of the encompassing heights stars were gleaming here and there in the lovely sky, the sound of voices and laughter followed him. The merry-makers had left the mine and were also wending their way homeward. Through the still, clear air their gay words and jests reached him distinctly. And then some one began to sing, and now the whole party seemed to join; for again it was the familiar strains of "La Golondrina." The hills gave back the sounds. Nature herself seemed saying:

"Nunca más, nunca más volveré!"

(To be continued.)

Ambrose Phillippus de Lisle.

V.—CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

AFTER the first wave of triumph and satisfaction at the numerous conversions to the Church had swept over England, there came a reaction. Even among those who thought themselves of the elect—Catholics of many generations—a feeling began to be manifest that too great prominence was given to the converts: that they were too much in evidence,—too prone to make changes and improvements, and to introduce novelties in the services of the Church so long accustomed to the barest simplicity of ritual.

Furthermore, in the fervor of their new faith, these enthusiastic converts were at times apt to clash with one another; some among them being given to the importation of Roman fashions in vestments and church ornaments; to the writing of spiritual books after a foreign fashion almost repugnant to the utterly practical English mind. These were principally the Oratorians. On the other hand, a few ardent and cultured spirits,

insisting on a return to the simplicity and beauty of the early architectural forms of Christian art, were disappointed and disgusted at what they considered the meretricious taste of many of their fellow-converts.

To this latter class belonged De Lisle, Pugin, and several others equally critical and sincere in their own cult and arguments therefor. De Lisle, who put all his heart and soul into everything he undertook, and who had hoped in the beginning that the new converts, especially the Oratorians, would be entirely one with him and his friends in their labors for the restoration of medieval architecture, made no secret of his indignation at their course, and even criticised them warmly. Like all impulsive men, he was inclined to see only one side of a question, and, feeling himself to be right, could not understand why everybody else should not hold the same opinions. A letter written to him at this time by Lord Arundel and Surrey will best describe the situation, which, though to those outside of the question both then and now it may seem of no great importance, was to De Lisle a very vital one. This sensible letter reads as follows:

MAY 11, 1850.

I have to thank you for the kindness of your letter, and to reply to that part of it which regards the Oratorians. I think you have been misinformed upon the matter; as, although I am bound to admit that the Oratorians are not themselves advocates of what you call "Christian Art," yet they are not engaged in any strife against it. With regard to the articles in the *Rambler*, they differ quite as much with Capes as they do with Pugin; in fact, as far as the Model Church is concerned, they do agree with Pugin that it embraces all the defects of the old art without its beauty. The Oratorians are compelled by the rule of their Order to an exact copy of the mother-house in Rome,

even to the most minute details; and they are continually reminded of their constitutions, and exhorted to keep strictly to them. They do not pretend to interfere with other people, or to dictate what should be the style of their churches and decorations. In fact, I may say that which I well know to be the truth—their whole time is taken up exclusively in the salvation of souls, and in the strictest attention to the regulations and customs enjoined by the Pope and Propaganda to that end. So far from wishing to create a party upon the subject of art (or indeed upon any other subject), they speak most strongly against the introduction of such an element of strife, and have made quite a scruple of abstaining from writing in the *Rambler* or elsewhere about it. No one knows better than you the number of idle rumors that are circulated respecting people employed in good works. For them to attempt any defence would not only be contrary to the practice of the saints, but it would be an endless and fruitless task, for which they have no time.

Now, let me say one word. Why do you call one particular branch of art, however beautiful, Christian Art? It appears to me to be at least strange in a Catholic to forget that, under the much-abused churches of Roman and Greek form, so many saints have received their inspirations; and that at this moment the spread of religion in France is conducted entirely without reference to the external form of the building. There is nothing Gothic in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, so favored by the Blessed Virgin as the mother church of the Archconfraternity of the Heart of Mary. Neither does it appear essential that the return to Christianity should be accompanied by a return to the architectural tastes of our ancestors. God bestows His graces and favors without reference to these considerations. This is not matter of theory but of

fact. It was under shelter of those very Gothic churches that wicked men in England suffered the Reformation to take place; and, assuredly, the piety and zeal of the Oratorians themselves should be a proof that a return to Catholicity does not necessarily imply a return to medieval art.

You will be astonished when I tell you that I really have thought much of the enthusiasm on either side was in joke. I could not seriously believe that Catholics could speak with so much bitterness of one another on account of such differences. I do feel, whatever may be reserved for us, that if we quarrel upon such matters as these we shall deserve the effects of disunion, which we shall undoubtedly feel. I do not think you often find saints greatly occupied with such matters, or that it is conducive to sanctity to think too much about them. I think variety pleasing, always within the limits that the Church willingly sanctions; and I confess in travelling I like to find in one place a Gothic, in another a Grecian, and in the third a Byzantine church. But to feel a repugnance to any one form in which it appeared due attention had been intended to the suitable display of treasure in the ornament of the temple dedicated to God would seem to me actually wrong.

I am quite aware that you will pity and despise me for all this, and I will not bore you with more of it. But the simple fact is that there are men of piety on both sides of the question; and I should be glad enough to let each do what he will, and only suffer me to worship God in either the Gothic or the Roman edifice, as may be most convenient at the moment. I can not help thinking there must be many who hold this opinion and are heartily tired of unnecessary disputes. With respect to the committee for the Oratorian church, I, for one, would have nothing whatever to do with it if it undertook

any other share than that of collecting the money. And if it were any other religious Order, and I was able to assist them, I should never inquire into, nor seek to interfere in, any of the details or in the choice of the architecture.

Do not think me uncharitable because I have not the gift of writing so kindly as you do. You know it would distress me beyond measure if I were so unhappy as to offend you; but I can not help telling you what I think, since you have called my attention to the subject. And I do entreat you to believe me

Ever most affectionately yours,

ARUNDEL AND SURREY.

In addition to these divisions among English Catholics were those concerning the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy which Cardinal Wiseman proclaimed in the name of the Holy See. Bigoted Protestants stood amazed at what they termed his audacity; while it was only here and there that fearless Catholics, like Ambrose de Lisle, by their undaunted courage and sympathetic attitude toward Cardinal Wiseman, the new standard-bearer of Catholicity in England, put to shame the invertebrates who, without denying their faith, were content to hold it in cowardly silence.

But the time had arrived when the Catholic Church had a message to deliver to the people of England, whether within or without her pale. To the former it was given at this period to test the faith that was in them; to the latter, to be shown that the Church still held her own, and was resolved to establish her claims boldly and fearlessly. The timid of the flock stood aloof, not daring to lift up their voice in approbation or encouragement; while the aliens roared in their indignation at the aggressions of the Catholic Church after a tame submission of three hundred years. Phillipp~~e~~ de Lisle was the first publicly to assert himself and the faith he revered during these days of turmoil, while the "No Popery" cry was heard

on every side. At this time he published two pamphlets: one in reply to Lord Russell's famous letter to the Bishop of Durham; the other, a "Letter to Lord Shrewsbury on the Re-establishment of the Hierarchy and the Present Position of Catholic Affairs."

Through the thickest of the fight De Lisle still preserved his conciliatory attitude toward the Anglican Church. Like his friend and colaborer, Father Spencer, he was almost childishly hopeful of a speedy reunion with the Mother Church. He always maintained that gentleness and sympathy would work wonders where intolerance would fail. In some respects he was right.

After the storms of this period, when the coming of Archdeacon Manning into the Church had given a new impetus to the movement, the tide of conversions again set in with renewed force. Week after week announcements were made in the papers of the conversion of people of title and influence; and among ordinary persons, though entirely unnoticed, the influx was wonderfully great and unremitting. "While the tide of actual converts has been so wonderful, the movement of favorable feeling toward Rome amongst those who still cling to the English Church, and who look forward to the ultimate reunion of Churches, has been in equal ratio."

The mother of the present Duke of Norfolk, Lady Herbert of Lea, Robert Wilberforce, and many others were received into the Church about this time; and in some of these very notable conversions De Lisle had been largely instrumental. His cousin, George Ryder (the son of the Bishop of Lichfield, with whom he had spent a part of his earlier school-days), and his wife and three sons, were baptized in Rome by Cardinal Acton in the year 1846. The three boys afterward became priests: one an Oratorian; another a Redemptorist, and later Provincial of the Order; the third became a secular priest.

All this inspired Phillipps de Lisle with fresh courage and enthusiasm. The re-establishment of the Hierarchy finally broke down the insularity of English Catholicism. The soil had been weeded and enriched by the planting of the sturdy nurslings, too strong and full of vitality for the worn-out soil of the Anglican fold. As the Church uplifted her despised head once more in the public places of England, to De Lisle it gave glorious promise for the immediate future. To him the moment seemed opportune. Profound emotion, no matter how rancorous or bitter, is productive of infinitely better results than profound stagnation, which in religious matters is always a false and dangerous calm. In a few well-chosen words, De Lisle's biographer thus sums up the situation at that time:

"The inauguration of the Hierarchy by Cardinal Wiseman brought to a happy close the provisional government of the Church under which the Catholics of England were constrained to live during the long winter of persecution. The Provincial Synod—the first in England since the Reformation—was held at Oscott. By this solemn act the Church in England was brought into the freedom which the Church enjoys under the rule of the Canon Law.... It was the coming in of the 'Second Spring,' as Newman called it in his famous sermon before the Synod."

(To be continued.)

Triumphant Wounds.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WHEN I have risen from some ancient grief,
 Glad with new joy, forgetful of old pain,
 Lo! still upon my brow, white with relief,
 Lies some sure sign, some stamp of Sorrow's reign.
 But blest am I because this mark I bear!
 Hush! did not Christ, when risen from the dead,
 All His great scars victoriously wear,
 To show how much He suffered, wept and bled?

White Heather.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY E. BECK.

"REDFERN," said Doctor Sexton, meditatively. "Oh, yes, I know it! Plenty of moor and heather. Now, Miss Courteney, leave all your cares and worries behind you; tramp about all day long, and I feel certain you'll come back ever so much better—no, no!" Miss Courteney had taken out her purse. "This is only a friendly interview, so just keep your money in your pocket."

The middle-aged spinster protested.

"Nonsense! But I'll tell you what. Bring me back a bunch of white heather, and I'll feel amply repaid. White heather's lucky; and, though you may not think so, I'm a bit superstitious."

The man of medicine spoke gravely; and Miss Courteney departed, to make way for the next person desirous of consulting the famous specialist.

At luncheon that day Doctor Sexton laughed; and when asked the cause of his hilarity, made answer:

"I had a patient to-day—a Miss Courteney,—and my fee is to be paid with white heather."

The Doctor's wife looked mystified, and her husband went on:

"The Courteney's and my people were neighbors in the old days; but John Courteney managed to ruin himself by speculation. The elder daughter got a situation in a school in London. I was not a little surprised to discover our former neighbor in the worn-out, tired woman who came to see me professionally."

"Is she seriously ill?" Mrs. Sexton asked.

"A general breakdown. I don't suppose she can be of much service in an educational way to the principal of the school where she is. Indeed, I gathered from the latter, who wrote

to me, that Miss Courteney's value lies in her general usefulness and great willingness to undertake any kind of work. She has a dread that she may lose her situation; but I believe Mrs. Menton, the principal, knows her worth too well."

"Has she any relatives?" Mrs. Sexton inquired.

"One sister, who is weak in intellect. She lives with a family somewhere in the country. Poor Miss Courteney! Life has changed for her since her youth. She wanted to pay me, but I put her off by asking her to bring me a spray of white heather."

Mrs. Sexton laughed.

"She won't believe you want it."

"Won't she! But she will. She is too simple-minded for the age we live in." The Doctor sighed. "I can't remember feeling so bad over a patient. She looked so miserable and nervous for a long time. Well, Redfern may do her good." And then Doctor Sexton began to speak of other things.

The next day Miss Courteney reached Redfern, a little village on the edge of the Yorkshire moors. She had arranged to stay with a Mrs. Ellis, the wife of the local constable; and found her rooms and tea ready when a fly deposited her at her lodgings. In the days that followed she took the advice given her by Doctor Sexton and tramped about from early morning till late in the evening, without, however, receiving much benefit. She had become nervously anxious about the future, and had an ever-present fear that Mrs. Menton would feel obliged to dispense with her services. Something of this she confided to Mrs. Ellis one day when a shower had kept her indoors. Mrs. Ellis' way of consoling her guest was by descanting on the troubles and vexations of other people.

"Everyone has his trials and cares," I say to William. If it is not one thing it is another. Here am I watching and

waiting every day to hear that George—our only son—has been shot by those wild Boers. Nothing would do him but enlisting, though I begged him on my knees not to," Mrs. Ellis remarked.

Miss Courteney said something sympathetic.

"And even up at Moorcombe they have their share of trouble. You know Moorcombe, Miss Courteney?"

Miss Courteney had noticed the stone edifice that bore the name.

"Well, the Warrenders are the big people of the place; though there's no one at Moorcombe now but the Squire and his wife. The eldest son was drowned some years ago, and the second boy became a Catholic,"—Mrs. Ellis lowered her voice.

"Oh!"

"His father turned him out of the house, and intends leaving everything to his daughter. She's married to a Scotch gentleman."

"And where is the son?"

"That's more than I know exactly. He was in London studying law till lately; but he's not there now, nor wasn't since the pearls were stolen. You have read about the theft, most likely?"

Miss Courteney answered negatively.

"Indeed! Why, I thought everyone had heard of it. The Squire offered five hundred pounds' reward for the pearls at the first."

"How were they stolen?" Miss Courteney asked.

"I'll just tell you." Mrs. Ellis settled herself comfortably in her chair. "It was this way,—I know all about it, as Ellis is constable," she broke off to say.

Her guest nodded understandingly.

"The pearls were very valuable, it seems," Mrs. Ellis resumed. "Some Indian prince or king gave them to the Squire's grandfather. They were kept safe in the bank usually; but Mrs. Warrender was going to some ball—a very grand affair,—and she had them out. On the day after the ball she was

examining them, and she left them on the dressing-table when some visitors called. She was detained a good while, and when she came back the pearls were gone."

"Strange!" Miss Courteney said, trying to be politely attentive.

"There was a great stir, you may guess. Ellis was sent for, and detectives from London came. The Squire offered the reward I told you about; and then of a sudden all inquiries were stopped. One can't prosecute one's own flesh and blood."

"And was it the son, then, who stole the pearls?"

"Not exactly. I ought to have told you that Mrs. Warrender had a relative by marriage staying with her. Mary Talbot was an orphan and acted as a sort of companion to Mrs. Warrender. We all knew there was an attachment between her and Hugh Warrender. She left Moorcombe, without saying a word to anybody, the very day the pearls disappeared; and in the fuss made over the jewels her absence was not noticed. She took a few needful articles only with her and Floss."

"Floss?"

"A little dog. It was found out later that she went to London and was met there by Hugh Warrender. The couple were married the next day, and sailed immediately for Australia, it was said."

"And is it thought they had the pearls?" Miss Courteney asked.

Mrs. Ellis nodded affirmatively.

"William thinks so,—indeed, he is sure of it; and the Squire and Mrs. Warrender too. If an ordinary thief had taken the necklace, some trace of it would have been found. It would have been disposed of in some way by this time. The Squire, William says, was badly cut up over the affair. First of all, the loss of the pearls affected him deeply. He set great value on them from the way they came; and, then, it was worse to think his own son had something to do in the stealing of

them. It was a bad day when Hugh Warrender took it into his head to give up his own religion. And he was to have been a clergyman too." Mrs. Ellis sighed.

"There may have been some mistake, you know," Miss Courteney suggested hesitatingly.

"Mistake! No. William is certain that Miss Talbot took the necklace."

"What kind of girl was she?"

"Not much to look at: a thin, brown-faced slip of a girl, with big grey eyes that seemed too large for her face."

"I don't mean her looks."

"We didn't know much about her. She was proud or shy, and Mrs. Warrender kept her busy. She was very handy with the needle. It was a bad business all through; the more so because there are some who say that the Squire would have forgiven his son in the end but for what I have been telling you."

The next morning dawned brightly, and Miss Courteney was out early. In her walks across the moor she had kept a keen lookout for the spray of magical white heather, commonly supposed to be very lucky to its possessor. So far she had not come across the plant; and as she traversed an unfrequented path that wound through the purple moorland she gave quick, short-sighted glances on each side of the road. Now and then she was deceived by the blossom of some creeping weed or by a scrap of paper moving in the wind.

She had reached the end of the moor before she considered that her walk had extended far enough. Before her, situated on a slight eminence and surrounded by pine and fir plantations, was Moorcombe; and she stood looking with a new interest at the large, square, weather-stained house through a break in the trees. There was nothing picturesque in the appearance of the mansion, but Miss Courteney

could imagine that one might grow attached to the house and enjoy the view it commanded.

She stood for some minutes contemplating the structure and thinking of Mrs. Ellis' story. When she turned for her homeward walk she had forgotten all about her quest. Quite suddenly she spied a gleam of something white in the cleft of a fallen trunk of a tree that lay some feet below the beaten path.

"It may be white heather," she said to herself; "and I believe it grows in unlikely places. Let me see!"

With the aid of her umbrella, Miss Courteney descended the bank and peered into the aperture. For some moments she could make out nothing—then she recoiled with a cry. In the hollow of the half-rotten wood lay a necklace of white pearls; and beside it a disgusting-looking object that had evidently been a four-footed animal of some kind.

Not for worlds would the frightened girl have touched either, so she stood considering what she should do. She had noticed a small gate that led into the Moorcombe grounds; and when she found this opened to her touch, she hastened toward the house. A middle-aged gentleman was descending the steps leading from the hall door. Miss Courteney instinctively judged him to be Squire Warrender, and accosted him. He looked in surprise at the flurried, nervous lady.

"Yes, I am Mr. Warrender," he said in answer to her inquiry.

"Oh, then, you will come with me! I was looking for white heather and I found the pearls,—the missing pearls."

The Squire wondered whether the woman was mad.

"They are lying in the hollow of a tree. Come and I will show you."

Miss Courteney turned quickly; and the Squire, with much misgiving, accompanied her to the spot where his wife's necklace lay. He lost no time in drawing it from its hiding-place; and was so

rejoiced in recovering it that he grew entirely oblivious of Miss Courteney and her part in its discovery. That evening, however, he made amends for his want of courtesy. Both he and his wife alighted from a carriage at Mrs. Ellis' door—putting that good lady "all a-flutter," according to her own phraseology,—and asked for her lodger.

Miss Courteney listened politely.

"I am afraid I was more than rude this morning," the Squire remarked in apology; and then he proceeded to explain his interest in the necklace.

"As to how the pearls came to be in that particular place, we have arrived, I think, at a very likely conclusion. Poor Floss, a pet dog of Mrs. Warrender's, was allowed a great deal of liberty. He was fond of bright articles, and we suppose he must have carried off the necklace. Quite near the spot where you found the pearls there was a trap set for rabbits. One of the dog's feet got caught, but he managed to drag himself and the trap to the old tree, and we conclude he fell into the cavity."

"Dear me!" Miss Courteney could think of nothing else to say. She was wondering how this discovery would affect the Squire's son.

"You know I offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the recovery of the jewels," Mr. Warrender went on; "and I have much pleasure in handing you this cheque—"

"No, no!" Miss Courteney objected. She had entirely forgotten about the reward. "I was searching for white heather—"

"White heather?" Mrs. Warrender said inquiringly; and before the Squire and his wife departed they had learned something of Miss Courteney's history, a good deal of Doctor Sexton and his desire to secure a spray of white heather. This the Doctor's patient did carry triumphantly to him on her return from Redfern. She had also been induced to accept Mr. Warrender's cheque, and

henceforth lived in less dread of losing her situation. Easter had brought her peace and joy, to which she had long been a stranger. A few years later she resigned her situation and came to reside permanently at Redfern in a pretty cottage placed at her disposal by Hugh Warrender and his wife. The latter often visits Miss Courteney and her sister, and once told her how it was she had left Moorcombe secretly.

"My husband and I had been engaged some time. Knowing the relations that existed between him and his father, I had kept silent regarding the engagement. Hugh had been promised a position in Melbourne—he had made no headway as a barrister,—and when it was suddenly offered to him he asked me to sail with him as his wife. I made a mistake in leaving as I did; but I was scarcely myself on the day I received his telegram, and wished to avoid any unpleasantness. I was surprised to get my first letter from Australia to Mrs. Warrender back again. Hugh's to his father was also returned unread. The estrangement between us might have continued but for your fortunate discovery."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Courteney. "And it all came out of Doctor Sexton's superstition regarding *white heather*!"

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin is the natural correlative of her dignity of Mother of God, and of her special position in regard to us, involved in her relations to Him in whom we, who died in Adam, live again. Mary appears in the earliest patristic writings—in Justin, Tertullian and Irenæus—as the Mother of God made man, and so as the Mother of the living: the second Eve, by whom reparation is made for the fault of the first, and through whose free co-operation with Christ we are put in possession of our lost birthright.—*Newman*.

The Missionary Outlook.

CATHOLIC missions in heathen countries or among non-Christian populations have never been better organized or more effective than we find them at the beginning of the twentieth century. The work is not much paraded before the world by those most interested. It goes on silently like some great force of nature, and has its source in the action of the Spirit of God. A couple of years ago a religious Order of men in Belgium applied to Propaganda for an unoccupied missionary field; and was led to this step by seeing young men with religious vocations passing its doors and going to Orders which gave them promise of missionary work in the heathen world.

There is, nevertheless, a dark cloud on the horizon. A large part of the money needed to support missions is contributed by France. The Society of the Propagation of the Faith is only one of many agencies which collect money in France for the missions. The French Government has entered on a course which logically leads to the abrogation of the Concordat. As soon as those who rule France think they have made the Government school system strong enough to cope with the Church in influence, the Concordat will go. The transition from a clergy supported by the State to a clergy supported by direct contributions of the people is necessarily painful. National habits can not be changed at will. The tendency toward economy in the French farmer is not likely to be changed at all. The following part of a published interview with the Archbishop of Albi explains the situation:

"Then your Grace is a believer in the separation of Church and State?"

"Well, I certainly believe that it is the logical outcome of the principles of the Revolution, one of which is the neutrality of the State in matters of religion; and I further believe that all the

signs of the times point to the divorce of Church and State as the next step which will be taken by the Chambers. Another few years and it will have become an accomplished fact."

"You seem to have no fears whatever as to the result, Monseigneur," I remarked.

"I am sorry to say that I have, and very great fears. The support of the clergy will become a most difficult problem in the event of Church and State dissolving such bonds as still knit them together. In order thoroughly to grasp this fact one should understand the French peasant as he lives and works, in his hut, in the fields and meadows. Thrift is his predominant characteristic. He works very hard for the little he earns, and he turns over every copper coin twenty times before parting with it. As he himself rises at three in the morning, and toils and moils all day long, he can not well appreciate the services of any class of men whose work seems less laborious, whether they be civil servants, physicians or priests. This is why it would be practically impossible for the rural parish priest to eke out the most modest livelihood. At present a country priest who has to minister to the spiritual needs of a whole parish, and to give alms to the needy and suffering, gets but from fifteen to eighteen hundred francs a year. Without the Concordat he would not receive even this. The effect of separation would, therefore, be very serious from this point of view. In the cities, and probably in Brittany, the hardship would be less; but it is my opinion that France would then become a country of missions."

"But are there not," I asked, "enough generous Catholics in France to support a sufficient number of priests if their offerings were collected and distributed from the centres throughout the country?"

"Ah! yes, quite enough if the machinery existed which your question presupposes. But as things stand at present, the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power would be a severe blow to religion and to much else. The French peasant is an admirable type of man; but his toilsome, frugal life disqualifies him from giving to his curé that minimum of material support which is indispensable. Moreover, there are political factions in the country, as in towns; and, although an anti-clerical peasant will make any and every sacrifice in order to obtain the last consolations of religion on his deathbed, he will obstinately refuse to contribute to the support of his parish priest during his life. That is why I view the separation of Church and State with grave apprehension."

When separation takes place, the Government will retain possession of church and seminary buildings, or sell them at

auction. The millions of dollars which now go out to foreign missions every year will have to be retained to meet home needs. A sudden ending of the Concordat would be almost equivalent to a sentence of death by starvation to thousands of foreign missionaries. To the missions themselves the severest loss would be the crippling of the mission seminaries in France. In view of this dark possibility the rise of a missionary spirit among the Catholics of the United States is seen to be providential.

In Ireland such a spirit is much more in evidence. Hitherto, indeed, Irish zeal has confined itself mostly to the English-speaking world. The splendid missionary seminary of All Hallows is devoted exclusively to the Faith in English-speaking countries. But for some years Irish zeal has been reaching out to the whole heathen world. The College of the Society for African Missions at Cork is sending out well-trained missionaries. And there is an extremely interesting institution at Callan in County Kilkenny. It was founded and is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy for the purpose of selecting and preparing girls who wish to become postulants in convents abroad. Since 1884 this school has sent out about two hundred postulants to become Sisters in the convents of eighteen different Orders in various parts of the world. Nineteen have gone to Asia, eight to Africa, seven to South America, sixty to Australia, six to New Zealand; and forty-six have come to the United States, most of them to States in the South. What a vast area is thus spiritually benefited by a small institution without funds!

A Catholic on one occasion remarked to a Protestant: "I often wonder how you collect so much money for your various works." "And I," retorted the Protestant, "often wonder how you manage to have so many works for the money you collect." The secret is that people who consecrate themselves

to God do not look for more of the world's goods than food and clothing. In the missionary school at Callan the pupils are boarded, educated and allowed the use of books for a hundred and ten dollars a year. This small sum does not indicate the superior quality of the education given. The Sisters conduct the national school at Callan under the exacting conditions of public authority, and this enables them to initiate their pupils in the practical work of teaching.

It must be confessed that among English-speaking Catholics in general the interest taken in foreign missions is not intense. On the Continent of Europe it is a common occurrence that a boy before he goes to college conceives the desire of devoting himself to the propagation of the Faith in heathen lands. Among us such a thing is extremely rare. Why? Chiefly because our forefathers were crushed by persecution. For centuries their whole duty to the Faith consisted in keeping it intact for themselves and their children. In their state of bondage the idea of propagating the Faith could not live. An attitude of aggression is impossible when every energy is absorbed in self-defence. And we have inherited their state of mind. Our duty to the Faith is not the same as theirs, because our means and opportunities are different; but the crushed feeling in great measure still subsists. The weight has been removed, but the spring has not regained its elasticity. Hence we are confronted with such contrasts as this: the Presbyterians of Canada, numbering less than a million, have forty-four missionaries in Asia; while the Catholics of the United States, numbering twelve millions, have none.

The Press vs. the Pulpit.

A SIGNAL service habitually rendered by not a few of the greater newspapers of this country is their prompt challenging of the extravagant theories so often advocated in the non-Catholic pulpits of the land. That far too large a percentage of American journals adopt methods and print news which justly evoke the denunciation of the press by the pulpit may be conceded; but it is no less patent that to the more influential of these journals we are oftentimes indebted for a prompt and effective exposure of many a pulpit fallacy. The distinguished clergyman whose Sunday discourse (on sociology, economics, politics, municipal administration, or what not) is reported in Monday's paper, not infrequently finds in Tuesday's issue an editorial whose ruthless logic lays bare his labored sophistry, peremptorily challenges his gratuitous assertions, and leaves him not an argumentative leg to stand on.

A recent instance of this journalistic dissection of a pulpit extravagance is the New York *Sun's* criticism of the Rev. Dr. Lorimer's discourse on "America's Religious Crisis." The clergyman, deploring the present decline of religious faith, attributes it to the accession to our population of many millions of immigrants "entirely out of harmony with the religious institutions"; and he instances in particular immigrants from Southern Europe. Anent which the *Sun* quietly observes:

All these immigrants, however, are of the Christian belief; and generally they are firmer, more conservative in that faith than is our American population of the older and the oldest settlement here.... The churches in whose tenets these immigrants were reared are crowded at every service.

The assumption of Dr. Lorimer and others of his kind that the "religious crisis" is the outcome of the presence in America of so many of the Latin race, and not the purely natural result of

EVERY day is a fresh beginning;

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,

And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Anon.

“native American” methods in religion, is little less than preposterous, as must be evident to any one conversant with the religious conditions of the country at large. The Rev. Doctor would do well to meditate on this paragraph of his editorial critic:

We receive in the *Sun* great numbers of letters expressive of religious criticism and downright infidelity; and they come from all parts of the Union, but the names of their writers and the circumstances and antecedents they describe indicate usually American birth and rearing. The preachers and teachers of the criticism of the Bible in nominally Christian pulpits and theological seminaries who are doing so much to make church attendance “shamefully small” by assailing the supernatural foundations on which religious faith rests, were not brought to us by this late flood of immigration, but belong to the older American stock.

The Retort Controversial.

THE discriminating reporter who referred to a prayer which he heard offered in a Protestant meeting-house as “the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a congregation” is recalled by a story told on himself by ex-Congressman Proctor Knott:

“There had been a celebration in honor of St. Francis Xavier, which I attended. A host of Negroes in the neighborhood were Catholics. On my way home I met a darky boy and asked him how he liked the Catholic service, remarking that there was one point about it I never liked.

“What is that, sir?” said the boy.

“The priest does all his praying in Latin,” I replied.

“At this the boy threw himself down in the road and rolled over.

“Why, what’s the matter with you?” said I.

“The darky answered: ‘Fo’ de land’s sake, massa, don’t you know de Lawd cau un’erstan’ de Latin as well as de English? In de Cat’lic churches de priest he prays to de Lawd an’ not to de congeration.’”

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic instinct is so strong in all Christendom that, in spite of anti-Catholic theories and professions, it will not be downed even among non-Catholics, but asserts itself continually in their highest devotional efforts. The abiding sense of an invisible world interlinked, as it were, with the things that we hear and see, and still more with the things we feel, announces itself in a hundred ways. The dogmatic denial by Protestant destructiveness of the rightfulness of the invocation of saints and angels is set aside by verse after verse of their hymnals. The great Doxology L. M., that swells its diapason in many a Protestant temple, rolls out:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, ye mortals all below;
Praise Him on high, ye heavenly host,—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

So the heavenly host of saints and angels are invoked by the millions of dissenting Christians who face the Church and deny that it is lawful to invoke them.

Few recent articles in the great reviews of the world have called forth more copious or more divergent criticisms than M. Brunetière’s “Do We Desire a National Church?” in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His contention that there is a veritable danger, in view of the trend of legislation in France, of that country’s being led into a schism is scouted by some, seriously disputed by others, and by still others acknowledged as just. In *l’Univers-Monde* the illustrious Academician is spoken of as one of “those incandescent Catholics who with admirable self-denial have devoted themselves to the task of defending the Church against the Pope and the Episcopate.” On the other hand, the *Semaine Religieuse*, of Paris, says that M. Brunetière has displayed

"singular perspicacity" in putting the question at the present time, and counsels a rather more serious examination of the question's merits than has so far been given to it. The publicists who ridicule the idea would, perhaps, be listened to more attentively had they not, about a year ago, been equally cocksure that the Bill of Associations would never become law; that the Congregations had nothing to fear, etc., etc. In the meantime Leo XIII. seems to regard the programme of the anti-Catholics in France from much the same viewpoint as M. Brunetière. The Holy Father is reported as having recently declared: "Freemasonry, which rules everything, wishes to lay its hand upon the Church and the secular clergy, to bring about separation from Rome—schism." Forewarned is, or ought to be, forearmed.

Berlin, well known throughout Germany as an authoritative writer on sociology, has recently published a careful study of this subject. After citing official statistics in proof of his contention that young suicides are on the increase, he says: "The self-murder of a child is the product of our modern civilization. Degenerescence and folly on the one hand, vicious education and precocity on the other,—these are the causes that explain it....If we wish to discover the veritable causes of the sad facts which we have noted, we shall find them in the moral ruin of the family life, and especially in the ruin of religious convictions." The moral is obvious. Religion can not safely be divorced from education. Godless schools are in their final analysis an abomination, an evil only less monstrous perhaps than absolute illiteracy.

One of the surest symptoms of a decaying civilization is the prevalence of suicide, and the foulest blot on the annals of contemporary society is the increase of self-murder among children. When boys and girls who have barely entered their teens entertain such monstrously distorted views of life and its aims, purposes, and duties that they do not hesitate deliberately to inflict upon themselves the punishment which to normal childhood is naturally and supremely abhorrent, the scheme of civilization to whose influences they have been subjected, and by whose conditions they have been environed, must be radically at fault. It will not do to say that suicides among children are comparatively rare, and that such as do occur are committed not because of, but in spite of, the modern training of the young. Sociologists in many lands have demonstrated that self-murder among children is epidemic rather than sporadic; and that, moreover, it is the legitimate offspring of the social theories and conditions of the age. Dr. Bar, of

"Heads of families," says a recent pastoral letter of Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, "should prevent their children from reading newspapers and periodicals containing irreligious or immoral matter." Thoroughly sound advice for Catholics the world over, and not least opportune in this newspaper-ridden republic of ours. The trouble with too many heads of our families is that they exercise no supervision whatever over the reading-matter to which their children have daily access. Provided a newspaper has attained from any section of the community, and for any reason, the reputation of "a great paper" or "an able journal"; provided a magazine is highly spoken of on account of its critical acumen or its artistic features, such parents seem to think—if they do give a thought to the matter at all—that the journals and magazines in question are necessarily harmless to old or young. As a matter of fact, these publications may be reeking with insidious poison far more noxious to the young mind than would be the

grossly vulgar periodicals from which these same fathers and mothers would turn away their eyes in horror. A professor in a Canadian Catholic college, a friend of ours, whose duty it is to attend to the reading-matter of the students, tells us that to some of these latter there not infrequently come *from their Catholic homes* American papers of the most rampant "yellow" school of journalism, and periodicals thoroughly permeated with the agnostic spirit,—publications which of course he at once consigns to his waste-basket. The man or woman who in this age of universal reading fancies that indiscriminate access to papers and magazines, to many even of those commonly supposed to be good, is desirable or safe, must be lamentably wanting in the good sense and discretion requisite in the trainer of children.

Mr. Robertson James' warm tribute to Quebec loses none of its force by the circumstance that he is a convert to our holy Faith. In a lengthy communication to the *Pilot*, he declares that his observations upon our northern neighbors, and his affirmation that in that district where the Church has such absolute sway over the lives of the people he found fuller religious and civil liberty and purer morals than can be met with anywhere else on this continent, have brought him several letters from "esteemed Protestant friends." They have not succeeded in inducing a change of heart in Mr. James, however; for he only reaffirms, with all the emphasis of convincing proof, that government of the people by the people will best flourish where Catholic influence predominates, and that a religiously educated people alone is capable of self-government. He cites some stirring historical scenes from the annals of New England cities, to show that in time of crisis the government itself was forced to fall back on the clergy for assistance in the preser-

vation of order. "We see," so runs his comment, "the Catholic claim that government is a moral thing treated with utter contempt daily in our public system of instruction; and when the State is powerless to command the respect of the people, when mayors and sheriffs and gatling-guns and armories fail to disperse the lawlessness which the secular instruction is responsible for, a few obscure priests are appealed to to save the State, and they save it from worse horrors."

It will surprise some readers to be told that in the England of to-day it is still a crime, punishable by law, for a man to belong to a religious Order. Needless to say there are numerous large communities in the country despite the obnoxious law. When the Emancipation Act was under consideration the Duke of Wellington assured Father Leahy, O. P., and Bishop O'Connor, O. S. A., that while 'he could not pass the bill without inserting the obnoxious clauses [making it a serious misdemeanor to belong to a religious Order] as a sop to a certain party, he pledged his word that his own government, and, as far as he could, the governments which would follow, would never use the clauses against the Orders.' This promise has been faithfully kept up to the present (though we remember that a few years ago a young priest was prevented from receiving an inheritance on the ground that being a religious he had no legal status in England). Now, however, a few raucous bigots are clamoring for the enforcement of this obsolete proscription. They will fail, of course; and the net result of their efforts will probably be to do away with the barbarous and offensive statutes.

Not long before his lamented death, Dr. Frederick George Lee wrote these sentiments in a letter to a friend: "Throughout sixty-five years I have, I

trust, by the grace of God and the favor of the angels, been always a Christian and a Tory. The unclean, atheistic, anti-Christian agitations of the last half century have left me where I was. Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby-baskets, feeding-bottles, and vulgar villas, that I never go near it. Greek philosophy and morals curse it. I rather prefer to remember it when Routh was a don, Newman its guide, and God its illumination." If what Dr. Lee wrote of Oxford is as true as what he wrote of himself, it is not surprising that the great convert had no desire to "go near it." But, then, "Greek philosophy and morals"—and sometimes modern substitutes that are immeasurably more pagan—curse other places besides Oxford.

"Shouting Methodists" was a familiar phrase to our grandfathers' ears, and the chorus of a popular hymn used to end with these words:

For there's nothing scares the devil like a good
old Methodist shout.

But the practice of making a joyful noise unto the Lord has been refined out of the present generation, and with it have gone the camp-meetings and the violent conversions of an older day. Dr Rice, of Wesleyan University, has lately expressed the change in this interesting way:

One hundred years ago the Christian life was distrusted that did not begin with a violent conversion. Children were baptized but they had no relationship with the church, and it was not until 1856 that baptized children were recognized as having a part in the church. The best type now is that which knows no definite conversion and needs none. With this type we have gone too far, perhaps; and now we distrust those who do begin their Christian life with a violent conversion.

This oracular saying is unlike classical music in one respect: it sounds so much better than it is. Dr. Rice, like most ministers, seems lacking in what Gladstone called "the sense of sin"; there is no "type" that does not need conversion in a greater or lesser way. The "Amen

Corner," with its spiritual groanings and its frantic purposes of amendment, at least represented a deep interest in religion. Agnostics never attended camp-meetings, and the exhorter of the old days would consider many a preacher of the present time as utterly lacking in zeal for the Lord's house.

An interesting memory of seventeenth-century Christianity in China is given in a letter from the Rev. M. Renault, Pro-Prefect Apostolic of the Kwang-Si province. On his arrival last year in the capital city of the province, Father Renault was graciously received by the governor, and treated with such respect that the citizens became interested in him, and some of them asked what was this new religion he came to preach. "'Tis not a new but a very old religion," said a better informed bystander. "Even in the Ming time it had in this city and throughout the province numerous adherents." As a matter of fact, the splendid tomb of the famous Viceroy, Thomas Kiu, is proof positive that under the dynasty mentioned Christ had worshipers in the highest governmental Chinese circles. The epitaph runs:

Tomb Erected by the Emperor Leang
In Testimony of the Fidelity unto Death
Of the Christian Thomas Kiu Chen-Sen,
Native of the Province of Kwang-Si, massacred
In the City of Kouli-Liu about 1656.
He would not Betray His Allegiance and
Remained Faithful to the Last Emperor
Of the Dynasty of Ming.

We gratefully acknowledge contributions as follows to the fund for the orphans in Alaska. The amount has been forwarded to the Rev. J. M. Piet, S. J., of Spokane, Wash., who is in charge of the collection:

M. J. B., \$50; Rev. T. F., \$5; E. F., \$3; Mrs. M. J., \$1; Sr. M. C., \$1; Friend, in honor of St. Joseph, \$10; W. H. E., \$1; Sisters, \$1; R. J. Macklin, \$2; M. J. P., \$5; M. G., B. G., \$1; Friend, Louisville, \$1; C. P. A., \$5; M. R., T. J. R., \$1; J. A. D., \$10; M. O. C., \$1; M. C. F., \$2.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



A Song of Praise.

ALL life proclaims a jubilee,
For Death hath lost its sting:
The Conqueror hath left the tomb
And reigns our risen King.

And every leaf and bud and bird
Sings out a glad refrain,
To hail the King who comes in love
O'er ransomed souls to reign.

Then let each faithful heart pour forth
A song of praise and love
To Him who is Death's Conqueror,
The King of kings above!

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—Two Visits.

MY next duty was to obtain Granny Meehan's consent to Winifred's departure for America. I found her sitting beside the hearth in her accustomed place, with the cat at her feet. Winifred was absent, and in the outer court was the pleasant sunshine falling over solitude. Only the fowl, so variously named by Winifred, disported themselves before the window.

Mrs. Meehan greeted me cheerfully and cordially, and I saw that no shadow of future events had fallen upon her yet. Our conversation at first was on the usual topics—the fine weather, the prospect of good crops. Then, as it were of a sudden, I remarked:

"Well, Mrs. Meehan, I have seen the schoolmaster."

Granny started, and stared at me in silence for a few moments.

"Where, then, ma'am dear?" she asked uneasily.

"In his own house."

"In the cabin up beyant there?" she cried in amazement. "Tell me was it up there?"

"Yes, in the cabin amongst the hills, on the day of the storm," I answered very calmly.

"The Lord be good to us, ma'am! And what took you to that fearsome place,—in such weather, too? Couldn't you have got shelter anywhere else?"

She was quite pale at the thought.

"I went purposely, Mrs. Meehan; for I had made up my mind to ask him for Winifred."

"To ask him for Winifred!" she echoed in astonishment. Then her manner showed something of offence. "It was in my charge the *colleen* was left," she declared; "and 'tis I, and not Niall of the hill, that has the say about her."

"But I was sure of your consent already," said I, quietly.

"And what made you sure of it, axin' your pardon for the question?"

"Your intelligence, your love for the girl, and your fear of Niall's influence over her."

She seemed mollified, and I went on:

"Your intelligence will show you it is for the best, your love for Winifred will make you wish the best for her, while your fear of Niall—"

"Speak lower, ma'am: he may be in hearin'!" she said anxiously. "He's that strange he does be appearin' when least you expect."

"Well, in any case, I knew you would not oppose her going with me to America."

"To America, is it?" cried the woman, bristling up as fiercely almost as Niall himself. "Oh, then, how am I to know

that you're playin' me no tricks,—that you haven't been sent to take her away from us?"

"Mrs. Meehan," I said gravely, "I gave you my word as a lady that I knew nothing of her till I came here."

"I ax your pardon!" she said humbly. "But, O ma'am dear, think of America, over the big ocean, and me sittin' here alone among the hills, powerless to go to her if she needs me!"

"She will be taken good care of," I said. "I shall put her in a convent, where she will be thoroughly educated and prepared for the part she has to play in life."

"And will she be goin' away from the old land forever?" she asked, clasping her feeble hand over her heart.

"By no means. It is my hope and wish that she come back here."

"But him you call the schoolmaster will never allow it!" she cried, with something of the same triumph which had appeared in Winifred's face.

"The schoolmaster has already given his consent," I said quietly.

"Given his consent!" repeated the old woman, flushing and paling; and then a great wonder seemed to overcome every other feeling. "You saw him in the cabin 'mongst the hills and you got his consent! But weren't you afeared, ma'am, to go there by yourself?"

"I was somewhat afraid at first," I admitted; "but I felt that for the child's sake it had to be done."

"And you'll take her away from me?" the old woman cried piteously. "How can you, ma'am?"

"Don't you see yourself how much the best thing it is for her?" I urged. "You are afraid of Niall's influence over her; she can not grow up as she is, roaming the hills, with no companions of her own age or rank."

She was silent a long time, and I thought she was praying.

"You are right, ma'am dear," she said tranquilly; "it is for the best, and

it seems to be God's holy will. But when must it be?"

"We shall sail from here in August, I think," I answered. "And then I can place her in a convent near New York for the opening term of the school year. If she stays there even two or three years, it will make a great difference. And then she will come back to take her place at the castle, if it can be made habitable; or, at all events, in the neighborhood."

"But Miss Winifred's father is in the United States of America?" said the old woman, tremulously.

"Yes; he is in New York. I know him and have spoken to him."

The old woman's face flushed with a joyful, eager flush.

"You know my boy, the pulse of my heart—Roderick?"

"Yes," I answered. "I know him, I may say, well."

A look of trouble suddenly replaced the brightness of Granny Meehan's face.

"Then know too that if Roderick sets his eyes on Miss Winifred, we'll never see her more here in the old land."

There was something indescribably mournful in her tone.

"Himself will take her," she went on; "and who can say that his new wife will give her a mother's love or a mother's care?"

"He has no new wife!" I said,— "no wife at all; and perhaps, among us, we can win him back to the old world—to Ireland, to Wicklow."

"Say that again, *asthore machrec!*" cried the old woman,— "that he has no wife at all. Oh, then, sure there's hope for him comin' back!"

"Niall has made it a condition of his consent to Winifred's going," I observed, "that Roderick shall not see his child nor know of her presence in New York till the old man gives the signal."

"The old rap!" cried Granny, with sudden ire. "'Tis like him, the marplot, the—but the Lord forgive me what I'm

sayin'! And hasn't he been a father to the little one, with all his queer ways and his strayin' about the hills when others were in their beds?"

"He is altogether devoted to her," I said; "and has a right to make what request he pleases."

"True for you, ma'am,—true for you," said Granny. "And my old heart's so full with all you've told me that it seems as if the world was turned the wrong way round. Oh, what a desolate spot this will be when Miss Winifred's gone out of it!"

"Only for a time; and then, if all goes as we hope, think what happiness is in store for everyone!"

"I'll try to think of it, ma'am,—indeed and I will," said Granny. "And, sittin' here in the dark alone, I'll be prayin', mornin', noon and night, that all may turn for the best."

"Your prayers will help more than anything else can," I declared; "be sure of that, and keep up your heart. But now I think I'll call upon the priest—Father Owen, I believe?"

"Yes: Father Owen Farley."

"Very well. I shall see him and tell him all about the matter. He may be a help to us, too."

I bade the old woman good-morning and went on my way, feeling that I had quite overcome the opposition of those interested in the girl. I had only to fear now some wilfulness on the part of Winifred herself, and I counted on Father Owen to help me in that direction. I had already discovered that she had a strong, lively faith, the robust piety so common among the children of Ireland, and the respect for priests which seems to come by instinct. I had heard her speak of Father Owen with a reverence beautiful to see in one so young.

As I went on my way to the chapel, the sun, which had been under a cloud, suddenly burst out from a sky of tender, dappled gray. There was a smell of the woods in the air, which a morning

shower had brought forth; and a robin was singing as I approached Father Owen's residence. The songster sat on the bough of a tree, his red breast swelling with the melody he sent forth. His bright eye catching sight of me caused him to trill out more bravely than ever, as if to say: "See how this little Irish robin can sing! Did you ever hear a finer song than that?"

I think it was at the same thought Father Owen was laughing as I drew near. He stood in his little garden, a fine, venerable figure, with snow-white hair, worn rather long on his neck. He was about the medium height, thin to emaciation, with wonderfully bright eyes and the smile of a child. He turned at my approach. I introduced myself.

"You will know me best, Father," I observed, "as the lady from America."

"The lady from America?" he said. "I'm glad to meet you. Of course I've seen you in church and at the Holy Table. This is a real pleasure, though. Come into my little house now, and let me hear something of your wonderful country beyond the sea."

I followed, charmed with his courtesy.

"I was listening to that rogue of a robin," he said, as he led me in; "and I think he knew very well he had an auditor. Birds, I suppose, have their vanity, like the rest of us."

"The same thought occurred to me, Father," I answered. "He did swell out his little throat so, and sent his eye wandering about in search of applause."

"There's a deal of human nature in birds," said the priest, laughing at the quaint conceit; "and in the lower animals as well—every cat and dog among them."

We chatted on from one subject to another, till at last I introduced that which had brought me.

"Father," I began, "I want to talk to you specially about Winifred, the orphan of the castle."

"Winifred!" he said, his face lighting

up. "A lovable, charming child, but a bit wayward; pure and bright in spirit as yonder mountain stream, but just as little to be restrained."

"I thought I would like to hear your opinion of a plan I have formed with regard to her."

He bowed his head, with an inimitable courtesy in the gesture, as if to signify his willingness to hear, and fixed his dark eyes upon me.

"My idea is to take her to America and place her for a few years in a convent."

"America," he said thoughtfully, "is very far off; and if she has to live in Ireland, might it not be better to select a convent nearer home?"

Then I went more into details: told him of Roderick and of the possibility of bringing father and child together. His opposition—if opposition it could be called—vanished at once, and he cordially entered into the idea.

"Granny Meehan will certainly consent if we all think it best for the child," he said; "but what of that extraordinary being in the mountains up yonder? What of Niall?"

"He has consented."

"You amaze me!" cried the priest, holding up both hands in astonishment. "Surely it takes you Americans to accomplish anything." Then he added after a pause: "Did he mention his relationship to Winifred, which is a secret from all about here?"

"He did."

"He is a most singular character,—a noble one, warped by circumstances," continued the priest, thoughtfully. "A visionary, a dreamer. Poor Niall! he was a fine lad when I knew him first."

"You knew him when he was young, then?" I inquired.

"Yes, I knew him well. An ardent, enthusiastic boy, brave and hopeful and devout. Now—but we need not discuss that. It is as well, perhaps, that the child should be withdrawn from his

influence before she is older; though, mind you, his influence over her has hitherto been for the best."

"So I have every reason to think," I assented; "but, as you say, Father, growing older, the girl will require different surroundings."

After that we talked over our plans for the best part of an hour; and the old priest showed me his simple treasures—a crucifix of rarest ivory, so exquisitely carved that I could not refrain from expressing my admiration again and again. This, with a picture or two of rare merit, had come from Rome; and reminded Father Owen, as he said, of seminary days, of walks on the Campagna in the wonderful glow of an Italian sunset, of visits to churches and art galleries. He showed me, too, his books.

"They have supplied to me," he observed, "the place of companionship and of travel. I can travel in their pages around the civilized world; and I love them as so many old friends. In the long nights of winter I have sat here, listening to the mountain storm while I read, or the streams rushing upon their way when the frost set them free."

As he talked thus there was the sound of hasty, rushing feet in the hall, and Winifred burst into the room.

(To be continued.)

MAGIC-LANTERNS were invented in the seventeenth century by a priest named Kircher. They were, of course, merely scientific toys to their inventor; but they excited such wonder among those who crowded to see them operated that the word "magic" became permanently attached to them. Some think that the mysterious figures which the old astrologers produced in the smoke of their mystic fires were made by crude lanterns similar to those afterward perfected by Father Kircher.

Easter in France and Russia.

BY JULIA HARRIS BULL.

In various out-of-the-way corners of France, so remote from the ordinary line of travel that even in this twentieth century they are not yet in touch with the rest of the world, a certain legend in regard to their village church bells still lingers in the minds of the peasant population. During Holy Week the bells are silent in their belfries; and the devout parishioners will tell you that during these days of fasting and prayer the bells swing themselves noiselessly out from their steeples, and, swaying silently through the night air, float onward until they reach the holy city of Rome. After having been blessed by the Pope, they resume their flight homeward, always reaching their own particular village church in time to send forth a joyous peal on the morning of the Resurrection. It is these joy-bells which French children believe bring them gifts; for Easter to them is like a second New Year's Day. Among its other presents, every child receives an egg dyed scarlet, like the cloak of a Roman cardinal, and is supposed to come from the Eternal City.

Easter in Russia is usually a time of feasting and dancing and general merrymaking. The *menu* for an Easter banquet includes such substantial dainties as boiled ham, roast pig, lamb and veal; and also caviare and curdled cream, which the Russians consider great delicacies. In olden times the nobility had their tables spread with all this abundance of good things; and kept them so provided until Whitsuntide, so that any one who chose to enter their houses might partake of what was set before him. None were denied admittance. In the few localities where this custom is still observed, there is scarcely a case on record of the betrayal of such open-handed hospitality.

A Kind Princess.

The Queen of England is a very kind-hearted woman, and always ready to take any trouble that will be the means of giving pleasure to the sad or unfortunate. While she was still the Princess of Wales there came a message to her from the Danish court. A friend of her mother was very ill and had begged to see the "dear Princess" before she died. "I want to hear her voice once more," was the message sent by the suffering old lady. The Princess could not make the long journey, but she bought a phonograph, spoke into it a long and loving greeting to her old friend, and dispatched it to Denmark by a special messenger.

"That was easy for a princess to do," some one may say. Ah! that is true; but, then, you see, every princess would not have done it.

"Here's the Truth."

A countryman was paying his first visit to Glasgow, and, naturally, became much interested in the sights afforded by the shop windows. One thing, however, bothered him. Each thing that he saw was represented as the cheapest of its kind.

"Now, how can every shop sell the cheapest?" asked Sandy. "It can't be. They are jist a lot o' leears."

At last he reached the plumber's, where he saw a sign which read, "Cast-Iron Sinks."

"Ah," he exclaimed to his companion, "here's the truth at last, Jock! 'Cast-Iron sinks.' Of course it does; but why do they have to put a sign up to tell it?"

"THE greatest pleasure I know," said Charles Lamb, "is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"India, Past and Present," is the title of a new work by W. S. Lilly, just published by Sands & Co. The same publishers announce "St. Edmund of Canterbury," by Monsig. Ward; and "The Convents of Great Britain," by F. M. Steele.

—It is gratifying to learn that the excellent lectures delivered by the Rev. Dr. Driscoll in the University Extension course at Fonda, N. Y., are to be issued in book form. Full reports of these lectures appearing in the Albany *Argus* have been very popular with its readers, and there have been numerous demands for republication in permanent form.

—We have received from the American Book Co. "A Brief French Course," by Antoine Muzzarelli, prepared in conformity with the new laws of syntax promulgated by the French government in 1901. Clearness, combined with completeness and thoroughness, is evident after even a cursory examination of the work. The same publishers have issued three supplementary reading books for use in teaching French—"Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," "L'Enfant de la Lune," and "Une Semaine à Paris."

—It has been well said that people who still pin their faith to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" should be lenient toward those who profess a faith in hobgoblins. Many eminent Protestant scholars have testified to the unreliable character of Foxe's production. He was as little of an historian as Fronde, and quite as partisan and unscrupulous. The Rev. Dr. Maitland, replying to Dean Hook as to the amount of credit due to Foxe, remarked: "He forgot, if he ever knew, who is the father of lies." And yet there be persons who still quote the "Book of Martyrs" as proof of the tyranny and cruelty of the Catholic Church against the so-called Reformers!

—One of the best text-books that we have seen for a long time is "The Rudiments of Latin," by Prof. Alphaeus B. Reynolds, of the University of Notre Dame. It is described as "a year's work for beginners." The author's aim has been carefully to lead the beginner from word and phrase to sentence; from detached sentences to connected discourse; and, finally, to Cæsar himself, from whom the words, phrases and sentences have, with few exceptions, been taken. This seems to us an admirable plan, and we can say that it is excellently carried out. Indeed every page of the book reveals the experienced, practical teacher. Prof. Reynolds does not claim to have originated an easy method of learning Latin; however, he obviates a great many difficulties by not anticipating them. In every case the student is uncon-

sciously prepared to meet difficulties, and he is helped over them in a way which teachers of Latin can not fail to appreciate. The work is issued by the Ellis Publishing Co.

—The spring publications of Messrs. Duckworth & Co. include: "S. Antony of Padua," by the Abbé Lepine; "S. Gaetano," by R. de M. la Clavière; and a "Popular Library of Art," for which the first volumes will be Dürer, by L. Eckenstein; Rossetti, by F. M. Hueffer; Rembrandt, by A. Bréal; and Fred Walker, by C. Black.

—The late Rev. Nicholas J. Stoffel, C. S. C., who passed to the reward of a devoted life on the 20th inst., was reputed one of the best Greek scholars in the United States. For many years he held the chair of Greek in the University of Notre Dame, and was the author of one or two text-books for students of that language. Other works were in preparation and may be published by his successor.

—Do you Believe in Miracles? Will the Bible Save us? Is Confession a License for Sin? Sixty or more questions like these are treated by the Rev. Dr. Stang in a little book entitled "Spiritual Pepper and Salt," just published by Benziger Brothers. It is intended for Catholics and non-Catholics, but we are inclined to think that the former will find it too much like many other books with less fanciful titles already known to them; and we fear that outsiders will be apt to regard it as something inconsequential. A fuller treatment of a smaller number of subjects would have been much more satisfactory. The most practiced writer could hardly hope to convey an adequate idea of indulgences in two very small pages.

—In the course of a scholarly review of "The Epistles of Erasmus," by Francis Morgan Nichols, a work of much value to students and of great attractiveness even to those who read only for amusement, the *Athenæum* contrasts the learning, judgment and sincerity of Mr. Nichols with the superficiality, carelessness and unscrupulousness shown by Froude in his "Life and Letters of Erasmus":

Great as the merits of Fronde's lectures were as a contribution to literature, he treated the letters with amazing freedom, altering here, omitting there, extending or compressing as best suited his purpose, and with nothing to warn the reader except an occasional note to the effect that this or that letter was "abridged." He made Erasmus write as that scholar might have written had he lived in the nineteenth century and shared his biographer's style. The atmosphere of the letters as Froude gave them was hardly distinguishable from the atmosphere of the text. With Mr. Nichols it is otherwise. No one can read his pages without being conscious that the letters there exhibit, as nearly as may be in another language and in a form commonly

intelligible to-day, the very airs and graces, the turns of expression, the lightness and flexibility, which delighted Erasmus' contemporaries four centuries ago.

As to one letter the authenticity of which has been widely called in question it may be stated that Froude presented it to his readers without the slightest indication that any doubt had ever been raised about it.

—"A Flower of Asia" (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers) is not the first book by Cyril, which is the pen-name of an Irish parish priest. The scene is laid in Calcutta, and nearly all the action occurs there. Brahminism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism figure rather slightly in these pages as rivals for the allegiance of the native heroine, who, under the influence of a quack druggist named O'Dowd and an admirable army captain named Halbot, becomes a Catholic and a nun. The story does not subjugate the reader at any stage, partly because the characters are not well "worked out," and partly because the interest really centres in O'Dowd, who is not beautiful either physically or psychically. Indeed, we should say that "Cyril" has been ill-advised in choosing fiction as the vehicle of his thought. A brief introductory page shows that he could write a good strong essay; and the controversial portions of the story, which are the best, also bear out this impression.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.

The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.

Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.

In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.

Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.

The Making of an American. *Jaacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.

Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.

The Portion of Labor. *Mary E. Wilkins.* \$1.50.

The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

The Rev. Julius Becks, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; the Rev. John Quinlivan, archdiocese of Montreal; The Rev. Andrew Toomey, diocese of Sacramento; the Rev. John Leahy, archdiocese of San Francisco; the Rev. Edward Boursaud, S. J.; and the Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C.

Sister M. Calista, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Mother M. Gabriel, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. J. B. Pleasants, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Bailey, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Ellen Eagan, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Blake, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. James Webster, Manistee, Mich.; Mr. John Lindsay and Mr. W. N. Hobbs, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret McGiverin, Marengo, Iowa; Mrs. M. A. Hearn, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Gen. David S. Stanley, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Miss Hannah Burns, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. John Enright and Mrs. Ellen Shannon, Toledo, Ohio.; Ella E. McGuigan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary Smith, Mr. Patrick Crotty, and Mr. Matthew McEnerney, Vallejo, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Herig, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. M. J. Burke, Butte, Mont.; Mr. Thomas Devine and Mrs. Mary Devine, Detroit, Mich.; also Mr. Adam Meinert, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!





The Supper at Emmaus.

Martinetti.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

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Victimæ Paschali Laudes.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

TO the Paschal Victim bringing
Sacrifice, while praises singing,
Christians, thus, the sheep redeeming,
See the Lamb with lifeblood streaming,—
Christ through Calvary's dread reviling
God and sinners reconciling.
Life and Death by dire contending
Brought man's doom to gracious ending.
Answer, Mary: what glad warning
Met thee on thy way that morning?

Lo! I saw where through night glooming
Christ had risen from His entombing.
Angels then the truth attesting,
And the cloths the Lord investing,
Christ arisen, new hope bestowing,
Back to Galilee is going.
Drawn from death by fond affection,
Well we know Christ's Resurrection:
Victor-King from grave emerging,
Hear the prayers our hearts are urging.

Some Pictures by Murillo.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

HOW different are the attitudes in which a Catholic artist and a Protestant one approach the same subject! Compare, for instance, Rossetti's "Annunciation" with, say, Murillo's. Rossetti depicts a timid, ænemic, crouching maiden, terrified by the heavenly visitant, and shrinking back, as it were, from the imperious words of a haughty ambassador. Could a Catholic, loving and knowing the

mystery, have painted such a picture? Could he conceive his subject in such a distorted manner? I do not think so; at least I have never met with such a picture from the brush of an artist who was worthy of the name of a Catholic painter. To us of the Church the veil which separates us from the saints is but thin; they are our brethren; we are fellow-citizens with them. It is given to one whose belief in the communion of saints is an essential part of his spiritual life to catch glimpses of the life behind that veil,—to see the saints as they were; and in the figures he draws of their earthly lineaments he is able to get beyond the material and to open out something of the spiritual world in which they live.

The two typical Spanish artists, Velasquez and Murillo, have been renowned for their insight into character and the masterly way in which they depict the mind on canvas. But while the former has shown his power in secular subjects and has made men and women live before us in his pictures, Murillo has gone higher and deeper in his art. He presents God and His spiritual works for our contemplation. There is no artistic rivalry between the two painters. Velasquez could not grapple with the mystical life which attracted Murillo; nor did the subjects which have made the former master's name appeal to the artist who worked under the shadow of the Giralda at Seville and for the churches and convents of the Andalusian city.

Standing one day before Murillo's pictures in the Museum at Seville, the thought came home to me more forcibly than ever that here was the work of a loving son of our ever dear and Blessed Mother,—of one who had deeply pondered in his heart the Bible stories, and who had grasped, more than it is given to most men to grasp, the hidden sweetness of the mysteries of God. The inner life which the painter led when thus face to face, as it were, with the objects of his belief must have been deep. Love, pathos, tenderness mingle with his visions of the Real, the High and the Divine. The Incarnate Word, drawing men to Himself by the cords of Adam, was the daily object of his contemplation; he looked upon his work as a religious exercise, and prepared himself for it by receiving sacramentally Him whom he was about to paint.

To Murillo there could be no question for a moment of putting Our Lady above her Son, or of derogating by a hair's-breadth from the supreme honor due to Christ alone. Jesus and Mary are united in the mind of Catholics in a way it is impossible for one without the fulness of light to realize. As the fruit of true devotion to the Mother is to lead men nearer to the love and worship of the Son, so, next to giving Himself, the highest gift that Jesus can give us is an increase of love for Mary; this being the surest means of bringing us nearer to Jesus Himself.

Let me take some of the pictures in this Museum and tell what I have discovered of Murillo's mind when painting them. In my musings I have been struck with the eminently theological spirit of his work. He seems to have known the *minutiæ* of dogmatic theology; for we find them all expressed in his pictures. The paintings themselves are well known, so their names will be enough to recall them to the mind of my reader. And those I select are but types of the others.

THE CONCEPTION (14).*

This is, of course, a favorite subject. Our Lady is presented as a young girl at the threshold of maidenhood. Her brown flowing hair is lit up with that marvellous golden light which glows in the background. Her head is in three-quarter profile, and is turned toward the left. Her hands, with delicate long fingers, are crossed humbly over her breast, the right over the left. The blue and the white drapery are exquisite, and seem, together with the figure, to be fashioned out of the light itself. It is a vision of the things that were.

La Purissima in that supreme moment was so possessed with grace that all material substance innate in human nature seemed to have been sublimated into the spiritual. It is the first instant of her being; and the artist, by representing her as so young and yet with such depth of expression, would remind us that she by her prerogative was already exempted from those conditions which sin had brought into the world. There was nothing to keep from her the knowledge of Him who had done such great things for her. Already her Immaculate Heart is swelling with that eternal *Magnificat* which ever sounded there. *Dominus possedet me* ("The Lord possesses me") is the expression of that beautiful face as she turns her eyes up to the inaccessible light in which her Blessed Saviour dwells. 'The Lord possesses me with an entire and complete possession. My being, my understanding, my will, are all His. In the first moment of my existence I am His, and I know it.' Hence that look of unutterable confidence—reverent, yet fearless—with which she gazes upward to her Possessor. We trace it in all her pictures, and it is the thought which connects one Madonna of Murillo with every other.

* The figures in parentheses refer to the numbering on the frame.

Glad angel-boys with winsome faces—roguish some, rapt in adoration others—surround her, bearing up emblems of their Queen, the Mirror of Justice—the lily, the palm, the olive, and the rose. You can see the types of these *niños* any day in Seville; and in God's house the boys are just as much at home and as free and easy (because they are natural) as those Murillo paints about his Madonnas.

MOTHER AND CHILD (15).

This picture is known as "The Virgin of the Napkin," because of the foolish story that Murillo painted it on a napkin for the cook of the Capuchin monastery. Seville is full of such stories. A cursory examination of the canvas is sufficient to disprove such an idle tale. Its size, perhaps, suggested the story. This well-known picture is rich in coloring and full of charming expression. Our Lady seems to be holding herself back, and putting forward, for our love, the Divine Niño. One of His hands is laid on her breast, and the other is on her right hand, which clasps Him. He seems to be eager to come to us, and Mary is giving us her Treasure. It is a joy to trace the likeness between Mother and Son in this sweet picture; and as one gazes, these words of Father Faber come irresistibly into mind:

Oh, His human face and features,
They are passing sweet to see!
Thou beholdst them every moment:
Mother, show them now to me!

The very attitude of Our Lady is suggestive of the great truth that it is her Son who is all in all. She keeps herself, even as the Gospels tell us, ever in the background. But her lowliness has been regarded, and her Son has made her known to the world as the Woman clothed with the sun, with the moon beneath her feet, and round about her head a crown of twelve stars. Her work was, and ever is, to give Jesus to men. She is the minister in the great sacrament of the Incarnation. Her one

desire is that we should obey the advice she gave at Cana of Galilee: "Whatsoever He says, that do ye." This is the expression which dwells in those eyes so full of maternal love,—an expression which shows the intimate union which existed between her will and that of her Child. One learns much by looking at this picture, and it is a veritable meditation book in itself.

THE ANNUNCIATION (20).

This large canvas is one of the deepest of all for spiritual insight. As we stand facing the picture, Our Lady is seen on the left kneeling before a wooden stand, on which lies an open book. In front are a basket of work and a pillow for making lace. She is dressed in the traditional red and blue, but most of the figure is in that wonderful shadow which helps the artist to solve the problem of light. She has been working, and is now reading and meditating on God's words, "As He spoke to Abraham our father,"—when, lo! from out of the shadows that are on the right appears the figure of the Angel, lily-bearing and extending the right hand toward the Power from on high. He is saying: "Fear not, Mary!" She looks up from her reading, taking in his message. Calm and recollected she has listened to the first Ave, and has heard that she is to possess as a mother Him who had possessed her from the beginning.

But there is a look of earnest inquiry in those wonderful eyes; the expression of the hands, with fingers wide apart, is eloquent with the same tale. There is no doubt, no hesitating: the *Fiat* is trembling on her lips. But she wants to see her way how to combine two seemingly opposite things. God will never impose two inconsistent duties. He will not make her give up her cherished vow of virginity, and yet she is to be mother too. That is why she inquires: "How can this be done?"

She is the handmaiden of the Lord, and she only wants to know how to carry out the orders of her Maker.

This is the moment Murillo has chosen for this picture. Already the Holy Ghost, the Creator Spirit, is descending to overshadow her, and waits, in that golden light which lights up all the picture, for her consent to work the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation. Angels, now hushed in this the supremest moment of man's history, are gazing in rapt adoration at God's loving mercy toward sinners. They seem only to be waiting for the moment of Mary's consent to burst out into hymns of exultation and never-ending jubilee.

THE MOTHER OF SORROWS (23).

Lacrymosa! Dolorosa! The Virgin of the previous picture is now at the accomplishment of the task she accepted. Her Son lies dead in her arms, and she is an ocean of tears. Murillo presents her almost full-faced. Anguish and unutterable woe are marked in every line. Such a Son! such a Mother! Her eyes are raised, with piteous expression; her hands are extended in supplication, the palms turned upward and the fingers opened and slightly bent. There is a whole world of desolation in those hands,—a whole world of grief beyond words. Through the darkness there can be just seen glimpses of a red robe, as of one who had also trodden the wine-press of God's wrath. The whiteness of her kerchief gives an additional pallor to her face.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

the Church sings in the *Stabat Mater*.

Stretched out before her on a shroud is the lifeless, pallid body of Jesus. His head is once more pillowed on her lap. Surely all the sweet memories of His childhood come back in a flood over the soul of that Mother, piercing her again and again even to the dividing of the

spirit. The body is stretched, as though tired out,—the Laborer back at eventide, the day's task over. The gaping wound on the right side adds a new pathos to the sight. The deadness of the limbs, the sunken eyes, the matted hair, the pinched nose, the bent knees, with one pierced foot crossed over the other at the instep. A *niño* ventures, most pitifully, to lift up the wounded left arm by the wrist; and see! it droops helpless; while another angel-boy weeps bitterly in the background. The composition is perfect. Every touch tells its own part of the sad story.

Our Lady seems to cry out, through those piteous eyes and agonized hands, that word which fell from her Son but a short while back: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Though mute in her anguish, the cry is loud and eloquent and pierces our heart, awakening there compassion for that Mother beyond all mothers sorrowing. Her eyes are not bent on the body she is supporting, but are cast up to the Father, to the Power from on high who has possessed her from the beginning, and who now, after thirty-three years of closest intimacy, has withdrawn Himself in mystical dereliction, leaving her like Rachel bewailing because He is not.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

THE ASSUMPTION (29).

This large picture, called from its size *Le Grande*, is always spoken of and written of as a "Conception." But I feel sure that, when comparing it with other pictures of the Immaculate Conception, the idea is so utterly distinct, the details so alien, there can be no doubt that here we have an "Assumption" and not a "Conception." No longer is it Our Lady in the first moment of her existence represented by a lovely girl in the first blush of maidenhood. It is now the peerless

type of all womanhood, a Queen in all dignity and majesty. Her eyes are no longer cast up: they are bent toward earth, as though she had grown in consciousness, more and more, of the infinity which separates the Creator from the creature. Her hands are joined before her breast and are held slightly away from her body. It is the look and gesture of the great High Priestess of Humanity at the threshold of the Holy of Holies.

Up through the gladsome light she ascends, and a tress of her hair floats in the air as she mounts ever upward. There is a majestic sweep of her blue mantle, the right end of which floats upward, as though lighter than the atmosphere. The movement is something astonishing. She is not floating, but is borne up with a steady and withal a rapid movement. The cloud that envelops her feet is supported by four *niños*, each with his own expression. One on the left looks up at her, as much as to say: "Is it possible for a creature to be so great?" Another on the right looks down whence they have come and thinks of the blessing to the sons of earth. Another joins him in the down look, as if to say: "Do not forget her: she won't forget you." While yet a fourth, underneath and bearing up the mass of cloud, seems with confidence intent upon the end of the journey.

And what does Our Lady say in that moment of triumph as in all lowliness she casts down her eyes? What but those words in the beginning, "The Lord possesses me"? And through her *Magnificat*, which by the force of its infinite jubilee is bearing her upward in the intensity of her love, comes the refrain: *Et exaltavit humiles*,—"And He hath exalted the humble." The more we contemplate this masterpiece, the more convinced are we that it is the crowning point of Our Lady's life,—the seal set upon the mystery of her

stainlessness. There is no treading upon the serpent, as in a neighboring picture; nor any mysterious figure of the Eternal Father with wide-opened arms taking possession of His child in the first moment of her existence. This picture is all maturity and triumphant home-going. It is the Assumption, not the Conception.

THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD (30).

In the Stable at Bethlehem, in the winter's darkness, just seen through a broken roof and a mouldering archway, is the Maiden Mother on the right, drawing back the veil to show the newly-born Ancient of Days to the adoring Shepherds. Murillo in this picture seems to have lavished all the wealth of his art in depicting her look of tender, maternal love, mingled with reverent adoration. She delights in showing Him to those He has come to save; and withal there is a certain amount of timidity on her part, as though she was not yet accustomed to all the details of the ritual of the Incarnation. Or stay!—is it, perhaps, the timidity of the sweet young Mother mingled with her joy that the Man-God is born into the world?

And the Eternal! But a few minutes old, according to time; true babe, yet the Wisdom of the Father; bearing, as the mighty God and the Counsellor, the government upon His shoulders. He looks up into the eyes of the one He loves most on earth, and in whose soul He has during the long nine months been working those wonders of His grace. Oh, the ineffable love of that look, which pierces through and unites heart to heart!

St. Joseph is near, but in the background as usual,—sweet Saint of the Hidden Life! His hands are clasped on his staff, and he, too, is in rapt contemplation of the mystery. On the left the Shepherds press forward. They have come over to Bethlehem to see this

Word; and the gladsome song of the Angels is still ringing in their ears as they see the Peace on earth in His Mother's arms.

An old man, venerable in his gray hairs, whose furrowed face tells that he has gone through the storm and stress of life and is now in the evening of his days, draws nearer to God. How rapturously he gazes and worships with a love which has cast out all fear! Tears of joy glisten in his eyes, which are soon to be dimmed by death. But now they see Salvation and are bright with love. A younger man, in all the pride of his strength, kneels too and worships. His look is of intense faith and earnestness. His very obvious desire is to offer service and his heart's devotion to the Babe,—to do something great and difficult to prove his faith. He is of the stuff of which apostles and martyrs are made, and he is eager to be called upon to render service hard and painful. And, then, the boy, shy and half afraid and yet wistful, clinging to his mother. He bears gifts, among which is a cock from the poultry pen. Can this be St. Peter already called,—first a shepherd and then a fisherman? Mystical offices he has to fulfil!

A lamb from the flock—touchingly recalling the Lamb of God—lies at the feet of the middle-aged man. Out of the darkness is discerned dimly the ox that knoweth his Master's stall. Angel-boys floating in light are at the top of the picture, and gaze sweetly at the scene below. We are reminded of the lines of Spain's great poet, Lope de Vega:

Angels o'er the palm-trees flying,
Touch their waving fronds to rest;
Bid them give no wind replying:
Jesus sleeps on Mary's breast.
Blessed angels, hold the peeping
Branches still as altar-place;
For the Holy Child is sleeping
Close beneath His Mother's face!

And as we take a last look into Mary's face we read there once more her calm utterance, "The Lord possesses

me,"—not only as her Maker, not only as her Sanctifier, but now with all the rights of sonship.

Murillo has taught us many a deep lesson and has opened out secrets of love. Such pictures, truly religious, are in themselves a kind of sacramental. No one can study them without finding his heart drawn nearer and nearer to the eternal loveliness of the King in His beauty in the land that is far off, but near by faith.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

WHY the deuce you should be in such a hurry to get away, Lloyd, I don't understand."

It was Armistead who spoke, in no very amiable tone, as he sat on the side of his hard, narrow bed in the room the two men occupied together, and watched Lloyd's preparations for departure.

"If you don't understand, it's not because I haven't told you why I'm going," Lloyd replied, rolling up, with the deftness of long practice, a few necessary articles in the *zerape* which was to be carried behind his saddle. "I have nothing to do here; and, not being fond of idleness, I am going out to Urbeleja to look after some prospects."

"There might be a good deal for you to do here, if you were not so confoundedly disobliging, and would do it."

"As for example—?"

"To assist me in getting possession of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"I've told you that I can not possibly assist you in that matter. I made that plain to you before we left San Francisco."

"I didn't believe you would really be such a—um—er—"

"Don't hesitate to use the term you consider applicable. I am not thin-skinned and can stand it."

"Well, you must acknowledge that no sensible man would act as you are doing."

"According to your definition of a sensible man, probably not."

"And I consider that you are treating me very badly besides."

"You haven't the faintest right to think so, in view of our positive understanding; but if you do, the remedy is simple—we'll shake hands now and go our different ways."

"And how about those prospects in the Sierra?"

Lloyd shrugged his shoulders as he pulled the straps of his roll tighter.

"The prospects will remain prospects," he said; "at least I shall not expect you to sell them."

Armistead frowned as he looked at the other.

"You are without exception the most pig-headed and impracticable man I have ever known," he said. "You are ready to throw up a fortune, if half what you say of those prospects is true, rather than help me in a matter that does not concern you in the least."

"It concerns me to hold fast to my own standards of conduct. I don't impose them on any one else, but they are essential to my self-respect."

"Oh, hang your self-respect!" And Armistead rose, moved impatiently across the room, then turned sharply around. "When are you coming back to Tópia?" he asked.

"I don't expect to return to Tópia," Lloyd answered. "I have no business here. From Urbeleja I shall go to San Andrés."

"Well, of all—" Words failed Armistead for a moment, as he stood with his hands in his pockets staring at the other. "Haven't you business with me? I am not going to give up those mines because you are a quixotic idiot."

"In that case you can meet me at San Andrés, where I must go to see about the titles. I will let you know when I reach there, and you have nothing to keep you here."

"You are mistaken: I have a great deal to keep me here. To get possession of the Santa Cruz Mine is my first business in the country, and I find this is the best place from which to direct operations. Then, since you have failed me, I must depend on the Caridad people for help in certain matters. By the by, are you going away without bidding Mr. and Miss Rivers farewell?"

"Certainly not. I shall call to see them as I leave town. And now"—glancing quickly around—"I believe I am ready for the road. Good-bye, old man! I'm sorry I can't wish you success in the Santa Cruz matter, but I hope you'll come to no personal harm over it."

Armistead lifted his brows.

"To what personal harm could I possibly come?" he asked. "Good-bye. Look out for yourself in that fearful Sierra!"

"Oh, the Sierra and I are old friends!" Lloyd laughed, as he went out to where his horse waited for him.

In the saddle and riding up the street, the stimulating freshness of the morning, with its diamond-like air and brilliant sunshine, seemed to brace both body and spirit like a tonic. And so it was a clear-eyed, self-contained man, with mouth and chin resolutely set, who presently rode with the ease of old familiarity into the patio of the Caridad house, and uncovered at sight of Miss Rivers, who was basking in the sunshine on the corridor.

"O Mr. Lloyd!" she cried, looking up as his horse's feet rang on the pavement. "How delighted I am to see you! Oddly enough—and yet not oddly at all,—I was just thinking of you."

"Not anything ill, I hope?" he said, as he dismounted and went toward her;

thinking, when he met the smile on her lips and in her eyes, what a face to match the morning sunshine hers was.

"Not unless it were for slipping away so mysteriously at the San Benito the other evening and not coming near us since," she answered, giving him her hand. "I was just wondering if I should have to send and compel you to come and be thanked for the beautiful sketch of the quebrada you have sent me."

"I am glad if it is what you wanted. It did not satisfy me at all."

"One always finds it difficult to be satisfied with one's own work, does one not? I can account in no other way for your not being satisfied with this. You must pardon me for saying that it seems to me much better done than any of your other sketches, of which Mr. Thornton has shown me a good many."

"Has Thornton kept those fragments? Well, if this is much better, it must have been with me as with old Picot, the French carpenter: you put a spirit into us to make us do our best for you."

She looked at him for a moment in silence before she said:

"I should like to put a spirit into you to make you do your best for yourself."

"I am sure you would," he answered, smiling at her—they had by this time sat down in two large chairs facing each other. "I have never seen any one who evidently possessed more strongly the desire of helping lame dogs over stiles. But, you see, sometimes the dog is ungrateful—"

"You are not that, I am sure, Mr. Lloyd."

"And sometimes he is incapable of profiting by the assistance of the kind hand held out to him. That is my case. The time has gone by when I could care to do anything for myself. It is long since I have even particularly cared about making money, which is understood to be the first duty of an American. But I am going to mend my habits in that particular at least. I am now on

my way into the Sierra to take up some prospects."

"You are on your way into the Sierra!" She glanced at his horse and then across the valley at the eastern heights, where a trail wound upward like a thread to the pass between the crowning cliffs. "I wish I were going with you."

"Needless to say that I wish so too."

"That is more polite than true, I'm afraid. But I am determined to go some day. I shall make papa take me."

"You are going to see Doña Victoria some day, you know."

"I hope so; but"—she leaned suddenly and eagerly forward—"are you going to see Doña Victoria now, Mr. Lloyd? Oh, you don't know how much I have been thinking, wondering how you would contrive to warn her!"

"This seems the only way," he said. "Of course I am not going to see Doña Victoria. I shall simply call at the mine and warn Don Mariano to be on his guard against possible surprise."

"How good, how very good of you to undertake such an errand!"

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve. I am going to Urbeleja, as I told you, about some prospects; and to call at the Santa Cruz will not take me very much out of my way."

"I must believe you, I suppose; but I have my suspicions that the prospects come in very conveniently just now. And if you see Doña Victoria—"

"May I tell her that she owes the warning to you?"

"I would prefer that you did not. I could not give the warning without betraying confidence, you know. As it is, my conscience is not at all easy about the matter."

"It should be, then," said Lloyd, stoutly. "You have told me nothing; in fact, I know nothing of Armistead's plans. I only suspect what his course of action will be; and I shall merely, in a general way, offer some advice to

Don Mariano, which he may or may not heed."

"Will he not think that you are taking a liberty, and perhaps resent it, if you put the matter that way?"

"Possibly; but that is strictly his affair."

"No, no: it is our affair also; for we are thinking of Doña Victoria and her mother, and we don't want them to lose their mine. Take my advice, Mr. Lloyd—perhaps I ought not to give it, but I will,—and make your warning emphatic. Let Don Mariano understand that it rests on knowledge."

"But Don Mariano would be quite justified in wondering why I should betray the confidence of my friend for the sake of strangers. That is how it would look to him, you see."

"Yes, I see. It's rather a difficult matter, isn't it?"

"Very," said Lloyd, a little dryly; "so difficult that the part of wisdom, if not altruism, would seem to be to stand apart and let the opposing forces fight it out alone."

"Oh, but I can't,—I really can't!" said Miss Rivers, distressedly. "When I think of that man in San Francisco and those poor women in the Sierra, I feel that I must take part in the fight, if I have to go and warn Doña Victoria myself."

"You couldn't possibly do that; but it might, perhaps, help matters if you were to give me a credential."

"In what form?"

"Well, the form of a line or two to Doña Victoria, asking her to heed any warning I may give."

"Do you think she would heed that?"

"I am inclined to think so. I know that you won her liking and trust during your journey up the quebrada."

"I am very glad to hear it. Tell me, then, exactly what you want me to say."

"Something like this, I think: that you feel deep interest and sympathy in her struggle for her rights, and that you

hope she will give attention to any advice I may offer her."

Miss Rivers rose eagerly.

"Come into the sala and help me write it," she said. "My Spanish is not faultless, and after '*Muy apreciable Señorita*' I should be at a loss how to proceed."

Lloyd followed her willingly enough into the room she had made so pretty and homelike. He was not sorry to carry away a picture of her as she sat at the desk beside the window and wrote her note, with the light falling on the softly piled masses of her golden-brown hair and the gracious curves of her fair cheek. The few lines which he dictated were, however, soon written; the pale gray sheet, with its stamped monogram and faint violet fragrance, was put into an envelope, addressed to the *Señorita* Doña Victoria Calderon, and handed to him. And then it was time to go. He rose to his feet, slipping the note into an inner pocket; and as he did so his glance fell on his own sketch of the quebrada, which was placed above the desk. Isabel's glance followed his.

"You see I have it there," she said,— "not only to admire, but to remember how near I was to being carried down into those dark depths. That is why I wanted the shadows of evening—the impression of awe; and you have given it so well. I can never look at it without thinking of the moment you snatched me away and the boulder crashed past us, brushing my dress as it went."

He could not resist the temptation to say:

"I am glad you have it, then; for I shall know that you remember me sometimes, if I should not have the pleasure of meeting you again."

She looked surprised.

"But surely you are not going to stay in the Sierra!" she exclaimed. "You will be back soon?"

"Not very soon, I fear; and it can not

be that Tópia will keep you very long.”

“You are as bad as papa. Tópia will keep me for a long time yet; and, besides, I am going out into the Sierra. What is to prevent our meeting there?”

“Nothing, except that the Sierra is very wide, and, like the sad-hearted Moor of ‘La Golondrina,’

Voy á partir á lejanas regiones.”

“Well, I am going into the ‘*lejanas regiones*’ also,” she said, nodding determinedly. “Some day when you have climbed a high mountain, you will find that I have been coming up the other side. We shall meet on the top. You will say: ‘What! you here!’ And I will answer: ‘I told you I would come!’”

“Hasten the day!” said he, smiling. “I shall look for you now on the top of every mountain I climb.”

“I am sure we shall meet,” she said confidently; “but meanwhile I hope you will come back and tell me how you have fared with Doña Victoria. I trust she will heed your warning.”

“So do I, for her own sake. And now”—he held out his hand—“good-bye! I suppose I will find Mr. Rivers in the office?”

“If he is not at the mine. Good-bye!” She laid her hand in his. “And—what is it they say here?—*Vaya Vd. con Dios!*”

“Go with God!” The beautiful parting words still rang in his ears after he had climbed the steep heights and paused an instant at the summit of the pass for a last look at Tópia, lying in its green valley three thousand feet below; and then rode onward into the fair, wild, sylvan ways of the great Sierra.

(To be continued.)

The Stranger at the Tomb.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IN his great eyes the glory ling’ring clear
 Dims all his vesture’s snowy glistening;
 Voice of the lily, cry “He is not here
 But risen!” and let the rose-mouths lisp of spring.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

VI.—CORPORATE REUNION.

THE project of what has been known as Corporate Reunion between the Catholic and Anglican Churches was one which De Lisle cherished from the day of his conversion to the last moment of his life. It must be admitted he was not always happy, nor was he at all times tactful, in his introduction of this cherished scheme, in season and out of season, wherever he thought it might avail. But his sincerity was so well known and appreciated even by his opponents that his disinterested motives counted for much even with those who had no hopes of the accomplishment of that which he was so eager to bring about. He had laid it before Newman time and again while the latter was still hesitating in his own course; but the great leader of the Oxford Movement, more prudent and practical in some respects than his enthusiastic friend, both at that time and later bade him wait till the opposite parties were in a milder temper toward one another,—a thing which it fretted De Lisle’s ardent temperament to do. He believed in the perpetual agitation of a worthy cause.

While the numerous conversions which followed that of Newman drew Catholics more favorably toward the Oxford party, it aroused the latent bigotry of many Protestants, and intensified that of others already violently prejudiced against the Church, and ready to believe in the loud cries of “Papal Aggression” now heard on every side. But this gave De Lisle no pause: on the contrary, he hailed the storm in all its fury as a clearing of the religious atmosphere and an augur of hope for days ahead.

About this time he wrote to Lord Shrewsbury, by all odds the then leader of the Catholic party in England:

“There is a glorious work going on, but many years must elapse before its

results shall rise up to the surface. At present it is but an undercurrent; a generation of old people must die off, then there will be one simultaneous burst of Catholic beauty. I can only compare the present state of England in religious matters to that of a garden early in April. The *external* appearance differs but little from that which prevailed during winter. The trees are still leafless; the grass looks, if possible, more faded than in January; only here and there a solitary anemone or some other insignificant little flower to testify that there is a work going on,—a preparation which, when the hour arrives, will produce a sudden change in the whole scene.

“But how joyful it is to one who has had experience in them to perceive these little symptoms! He knows what a change will ensue in a single fortnight, when once the south wind breathes its gracious influence over the land. So sudden is the change that the superficial observer might think it the work of a moment; but if he reflects he will remember that a silent work had long been going on; the sap had been rising for many weeks, though unseen; the little buds had been gradually swelling; a thousand fibres had been spreading in every direction. The genial moment comes, and with it a sudden burst of all the glories and beauties of nature. *Flabit spiritus tuus, . . . et renovabis faciem terræ.* I can not but think that this is the state of our England,—the silent movement of old Catholic feelings and traditions.”

An utter disbelief in the sincerity of Anglicanism was the excuse of many narrow or apathetic Catholics for any interest in the movement of Corporate Reunion. This incredulity was also shared in no small degree, as it is to-day, by others neither narrow nor indifferent. Many feared also that Catholic sympathy with High Church but still rigidly Protestant malcontents

was being carried too far, holding as they did that the Church of England was no church at all. De Lisle, on the contrary, went as far in a liberal interpretation of the points of resemblance and of difference as a loyal Catholic could consistently go. There were some who thought he overstepped the limits in his zeal for Catholic unity. However that may be, he was instant to fall back within his own lines at the word of command from the proper authorities.

At the same time it would be folly to deny that De Lisle had good cause for complaint against some of his coreligionists, and these to the manner born. There is a surprising lack of charity among Catholics,—the same to-day as it was in those strenuous times of religious ferment. They are very slow to believe that anything higher than natural motives can inspire their Protestant neighbors to deeds of piety, charity or virtue. In the spirit of the Pharisees of old, they take it upon themselves to judge their religious opponents in a fashion which our Lord Jesus Christ would never have commanded or approved. Cardinal Manning's testimony as to the prejudice and arrogance of such people may be quoted here. It applies admirably to our own times. In speaking of the “Hindrances to the Spread of Catholicism in England,” the Cardinal writes:

“A *fourth hindrance* is the unconsciousness of the hereditary Catholic of the spiritual state of the English people. They and their forefathers have until 1829 been so shut out of the society and life of the English people, and so thrown in upon themselves, and so wounded by the pride, suspicion and religious prejudice of Englishmen, that they have ever been in an antagonistic attitude of mind, bitter and hardly charitable. They have, therefore, held with all rigor the axiom, *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.* They have believed Protestants, as a whole, to be without

faith or baptism; or even if baptized, to be none the better. This has so possessed even priests, that I have known of instances of some refusing to receive converts into the Church; and also of a priest who said: 'Thank God I never received a convert into the Church!' They supposed us (Anglicans) to be impostors or to have worldly motives, as we did when Jews came to be received. This temper is now happily passing away.

"I have found among hereditary Catholics a belief that the English people are without faith, without Christian doctrine, without means of contrition; and that therefore the hope of their salvation is most uncertain. This error paralyzes their hopefulness, and without hope men do little. How men that have read the treatise on Grace can believe such things I can not tell. But I see that as soon as they come to know the singular goodness and piety of non-Catholics, they swing round into the other extreme and believe that all religions are the same. This seems to me to be Scylla and Charybdis of no hope and false hope: both are very mischievous, hindering zeal and breeding laxity.... Moreover, I have received into the Church I do not know how many souls in whom I could find no mortal sin. They were evidently in the grace of their baptism. The same is the testimony of priests whom I have consulted; and it was the unanimous testimony of the Jesuits at Stonyhurst in 1848, as Father Cardella—I think, if I remember aright—told me."

The Association for Corporate Reunion was formally inaugurated on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1857, by De Lisle in connection with his friend, the Rev. Frederick George Lee, whose entrance into the Catholic Church has just taken place, after a struggle of many, many years. It was impossible that so good a man, so fervent a Christian, and so devoted a client of the

Blessed Virgin, should not at last take the final step, and set his foot across the threshold of that Home before the portal of which he had hesitated so long. But in the articles as primarily set forth, more especially in the French version, the Holy Office held that there was too much of a concession made to the right of the other churches—Greek and Anglican—to call themselves branches of the Roman Catholic Church; and the faithful were finally forbidden to join or in any way promote this Association of Prayer for the restoration of Christian Unity. This was a great blow to De Lisle, whose zeal often outstripped his prudence. The subjoined letter from Bishop Clifford to De Lisle is a very clear exposition of the situation as it then stood with regard to the scope of the Association, and seems from an orthodox standpoint to be irrefutable:

BISHOP'S HOUSE, CLIFTON,
Oct. 27, 1864.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I have only just returned from Belgium, and this must be my excuse for not sending you an earlier reply to your letter of the 23d inst. about the Unity Association. The letter of the Holy Office has been issued, I believe, on account of what appears to be a new phase in the working of the Association. When first I heard of the Association, through you, some years ago, I understood its object to be to get people to pray for unity, without any view being expressed by the Association as to how this end was to be attained; so that Catholics prayed for unity in the only way in which they could pray: viz., that those who are not united to the centre of unity may become united.

Father Ignatius Spencer used to engage all persons, Catholics and Protestants, to pray for a similar object in this manner. But of late it can not be denied that the theory of there being three Christian communions—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican,—all three branches of the true Church, but all

more or less in error as regards minor points, has become one of the most prominent of the doctrines advocated by the Association. I do not say that all hold it, but by far the greater portion do; and hence the opinion was gaining ground that Catholics who were members of the Association held this view to be true, or at least tenable. The Church could not but condemn this view as heretical.

This is what the letter does in the first place [referring to the condemnatory letter of Cardinal Barnabo]. In the second place, it forbids Catholics to join the Association, because by doing so they give scandal; for, although they hold orthodox views themselves, by belonging to a society which prominently puts forward the aforesaid heterodox view they give people just cause to suppose that they are not opposed to it themselves.

In the third place, the letter says that Catholics by joining the Association favor indifferentism. This seems to you a hard saying; but observe that this letter is speaking of Catholics, not Anglicans. As regards the latter, as a rule, it is not from a spirit of indifferentism that they join the Association. Many a Protestant prejudice and error must be given up before men can conceive a desire to be again united with the Church of Rome; and therefore, even if this desire be an imperfect one and mixed with erroneous notions, it is a step in advance,—a step nearer to truth and further removed from indifferentism. But if a Catholic who is already united to the centre of unity adopts the view that other bodies separated from that centre may be equally right, or seems by his conduct to countenance that view, he is moving backward from truth and favoring indifferentism.

I fear I have not answered all your points; but I must conclude or I shall lose this post, and you will be wondering at my silence. I have no hesitation in

saying that I believe that much that we now see taking place among members of the Church of England in regard to the movement toward unity is the consequences of graces showered down by God on this land. There is, no doubt, a mixture of much that is human; and no doubt the enemy of mankind knows how to sow bad seed with the good. Still, I have no doubt good will come of it. But when the question is plainly put whether a Catholic may join a society which is the result of these different causes, the answer must be that, whereas by so doing he would ally himself to that which is bad as well as to that which is good, he must abstain from joining the society.

I remain, sending you my blessing,

Your affectionate cousin,

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

But De Lisle, firm in his conviction—which opposition never altered—that his native country was to be converted by corporate secession from the Anglican Church, soon applied himself to friends at court, among whom was Monsignor Talbot. But here he was also destined to be disappointed. It seems strange that he could never bring himself to see how impossible it was for the Holy Father to conform to the demands of the Anglicans so long as they would not acknowledge Papal Supremacy.

And now De Lisle had many enemies; people even going so far as to intimate that he was about to withdraw from the Church, because, in spite of the censures attached, he had not withdrawn from the Association. But his faith never wavered nor his obedience; though the sturdy independence of the Englishman made him cling as long as he could to the idea which he had conceived as being the fundamental one in the conversion of England. When at last he did withdraw it was in deep sadness of soul, his naturally sanguine disposition having built up a structure of hope not entirely warranted by the

real facts. But though the Association as it then stood was dissolved, De Lisle did not cease from his efforts to enlist all his friends in the union of prayer, which has never died out since his time, continuing to this day, when it has received a new impetus in all Catholic hearts by the interest the Holy Father has manifested in the conversion of England.

Regarding the association for the Reunion of Christendom, the following letter from Newman can not fail to be of interest. Like everything that came from his pen, it bears the stamp of charity, piety and deep thought on a subject most profound. He writes:

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,

July 30, 1857.

DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS:—Your most interesting letter has just reached me, having been forwarded from Dublin. I thank you for your great kindness, and hope you will give me a good prayer, that as I get older I may get nearer heaven. As to my view of "the Reunion of the English Church" to Rome, I say this: that it is my duty not to set up my own view, but to follow the leadings of God's providence; and if He shows me that I have been mistaken or leads me to suspect it, not to be stubborn. This, even if I had ever so much to say in the way of *proof* against Anglican orders—but I will go further. I never have been able to prove them not valid by any clear logical proofs; and I was surprised when I got to Rome in 1846 to find various persons there in the belief that they were valid, and now, I think, clear that they are not.

But there are many strong *indirect* proofs against their validity, and many reasons for *wishing* them invalid. I will mention only one of the latter description—I mean the ineffable sacrileges offered to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, if the Anglican clergy are priests. You know this as well as I can

tell you (but it seems to me impossible that God should allow this almost universal sacrilege for three hundred years), and therefore that the fact of the contempt of the elements in the Anglican Church is a proof that it is not possessed of the virtue of a real consecration.

Only within this last fortnight one of our Fathers happens to go into a church twenty or thirty miles from this place, and, when waiting for a train, finds the consecrated particles thrown out of the vestry window for the birds. I recollect how shocked Hurrell Froude was, at the Anglican chapel at Rome, at seeing the consecrated wine put back into the bottle. This surely is a very common practice; yet it follows from it, since wine keeps for years and years, that Christ may be confined sacrilegiously an indefinite time (considering how infrequent the administration is in some places) in a vestry closet, or drunk at a vestry merry meeting.

To this you may say (and there is comfort in the thought) that there may be some deficit in the matter,—enough to invalidate the consecration. Perhaps the bread is adulterated with alum, rye, etc., in such quantity as to destroy its qualifications for the sacred purpose; perhaps the tent wine, which is commonly used, is half brandy and half treacle (you saw, perhaps, lately that in one place the communicants were half poisoned with catsup). But I really think it is a duty on the Anglican clergy, who wish their orders acknowledged, to meet this difficulty. Can they wonder, is it any insult to their body, that Catholics should scoff at the notion of their orders, when *love for their common Saviour* ought to make themselves as well as Catholics desirous that those orders should not be valid? They are zealous for themselves: why may not we be zealous for Christ?

I think when Alexander Knox maintained the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Sacrament, we of Oxford at that

day argued thence the doctrine of a priesthood. *For it was impossible*, we said, that God should leave so great a gift at random on the face of the world. If there was a present Christ, there must be a guardian and keeper of the Presence; if there was a sacrifice, there must be a Priest. Thus the apostolical succession is cogently implied in the doctrine of the Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

Now, I continue this argument, and say that in like manner the presence of Christ implies, of congruity, a *rite* in which He should be present. A private ceremonial, a rubric, is involved in the idea of the Supernatural Gift. And the absence of a rubric, guarding the gift, is the strongest of presumptions that the gift is not there. The Greeks *could* not scatter the consecrated particles to the winds of heaven; they *could* not pour back the Blood of Christ upon the natural wine and use it for common purposes. As Solomon discovered the true mother by the instinct of love, so the absence of the instinct in the ruling, directing, service-compiling, rubric-making Church of England is the best of practical proof that that Church has no claim to be supposed to conceive in her bosom, to present to her people in her arms, the Invisible, Incarnate Son of God.

However, I have run on at great length; and, begging you to pardon me and give me your good prayers, I am, my dear Mr. Phillipps,

Affectionately yours in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(To be continued.)

IN our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and still more how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies because they are mingled with rough faults.—*Ruskin*.

A Romance of the Unexpected.

BY JANET GRANT.

“MY word but it is exasperating, Farrand! To think that a fellow can not cross to Europe for a summer outing but his father and sisters must needs be seized with a longing for foreign travel also, and now they arrive in London with the amiable purpose of giving him a delightful surprise!”

Robert Downing stood at a window of the long drawing-room of the Westminster Palace Hotel, moodily looking out at the hoary towers of the Abbey without seeing them or noting the panorama of metropolitan life passing before his restless gaze. In his hand he crushed a postal telegraph slip, which he presently smoothed out again and passed to his friend.

“Read it,” he said laconically.

“*Paterfamilias*, Frances, and I will be at the Langham this evening.

“BEATRICE.”

David Farrand smilingly read the message and then coolly put the scrap of paper into his pocket.

Robert continued bluntly:

“Well, little sister, much as I should like to see your pretty face, I have no mind to play the cicerone for your sake. Luckily, this message was forwarded through my bankers. Betty, dear girl, does not know I am in London, and I won’t be to-morrow.”

“Surely you will not run away from your people!” protested Farrand.

Robert regarded his companion with a quizzical frown.

“Humph! stay in town if you will, old boy,” he said; “but be prepared to make a round of pilgrimages to the Tower, the site of Tyburn, and the like localities. Betty is an enthusiast upon the subject of the English martyrs.”

David looked undaunted as a knight-errant ready to undertake any task to

win the favor of the lady whose colors he wears.

His companion glanced about the room: it was deserted by all save these two American young men.

"See here, David," he said with selfish frankness. "I am not blind to your fancy for Betty, and I would gladly help you to her good graces. But, candidly, if the little girl should take a fancy to you, there would be trouble in the family. Much as father likes you, he has other ideas with regard to his younger daughter's settlement in life; while my widowed sister, Mrs. Schuyler, is bent upon making a brilliant marriage for Betty. You will find small comfort in lingering here."

Farrand's face was a curious study. His usually swarthy cheek flushed a deep red, and he threw back his head with a pride equal to that of the millionaire, Robert Downing, Senior.

"Better come with me to Paris," urged Robert.

"Well, I will," suddenly rejoined David, to his friend's surprise. "You wish to go by way of Dieppe?"

"Yes."

"Then I will meet you at the train this evening."

So saying, Farrand strode from the room. Downing wrote a business letter at the desk in the embrasure of the window, and presently went out to make his preparations for the journey. Thus it happened that Miss Beatrice Downing received no word from her brother until a week later. About the same time there was left for her at the Langham a box of Marechal Neil roses with the visiting card of Mr. David Farrand; and upon inquiry of the messenger, she learned that the order had been forwarded from Paris.

If young Robert Downing's principal aim in life was to kill time, Farrand at least deserved a holiday. As a poor boy he had found employment in the great mercantile house of Downing &

Company, and by his talents and application had risen to a position of trust and responsibility. By reading and observation he had added to the basis of an education received in a High School course; so that his stock of information equalled if it did not surpass the acquirements of Robert, who had gone through college in a desultory fashion. How it was that the two young men became friends is another story; but when Robert proposed that David should spend a well-earned vacation abroad with him, Robert Downing, Senior, at once gave his confidential clerk an extended leave of absence.

"Go by all means, David," he said. "My son is inclined to be reckless and extravagant, but with you as his comrade I know he will not get into any serious trouble."

It was the recollection of this trust reposed in him, and not mere wounded pride, that had decided Farrand to leave London. He would indeed have been loath to force himself into the society of the people who regarded him as their social inferior; but so long as Beatrice was gracious to him he would have braved their disapproval. His heart cried out that 'he was not his brother's keeper'; that Robert had arrived at man's estate, and what he made of his life must depend upon his own character. No: duty bade Farrand go; and whatever his disappointment, he still proved a genial travelling companion.

"All Paris" goes to the country during the summer; that is, the exclusive society of the Faubourg St. Germain, within whose aristocratic precincts foreigners are so seldom received. A few drawing-rooms of the American coterie were, however, still open. Thus it happened that the two young men were bidden to an evening reception given by a wealthy family from the United States who had long made the French capital their home. Having paid their respects to their hostess, Downing and Farrand

stood for a minute in the background surveying the brilliant scene.

Suddenly the eyes of the former became riveted upon a group near by,—the centre of attraction being a piquant and coquettish beauty.

"By Jove, David, did any one ever see a more beautiful woman! What charm, what grace! How gloriously that wealth of red-gold hair frames her delicate face! What fine eyes!"

"We are scarcely near enough to see the color of her eyes," said Farrand. But his sarcasm was lost upon Robert.

The hostess moved toward them.

"I see, gentlemen, that you have already fallen under the spell of my beautiful Russian guest," she said gaily; and therewith hastened to present them.

The next moment David found himself picking up the fan of the lovely Countess Schouloff, who had inadvertently suffered it to fall to the floor. She flashed him a smile; and then, ignoring her other cavaliers, ingenuously asked Downing to take her a turn through the rooms and get her an ice.

From that hour Downing was the willing slave of the Countess; while Farrand appeared to have forgotten a little American girl now travelling in Denmark; for he hovered about the charming Russian almost as persistently as his friend.

But the Countess had no intention of spending the summer in Paris, and she flitted away to the Riviera. Both Robert and Farrand were suddenly seized with a wish to see the Riviera in summer also. It is hot then certainly; but there are the enchanting drives, the flowers, and the blue Mediterranean, whose crested waves gleam in the sunshine.

Here the two Americans found the beautiful Countess Schouloff surrounded by American and English ladies, who pronounced her charming and prophesied that she would not long remain a widow, though it was understood that her marital experience had not been

happy. She had many admirers. Was it because she had heard of Downing's prospective millions that she appeared to regard him with especial favor? Nevertheless, his jealousy was sometimes aroused by her kindness to his friend.

"David, you have not the ghost of a chance," he assured the latter. "Although the Countess has interests in great estates, she is not at present wealthy. Thanks to the fortune which *paterfamilias* has been heaping up for years, she will marry me. Moreover, she loves me; she has more than half admitted it. Therefore I do not fear you, handsome fellow though you are; and I may be glad of your help to smooth matters over with my people. Why shouldn't I marry a countess when Mrs. Schuyler is determined that Betty shall marry a count at least? By the way, you seem to have recovered from your longing for the society of my little sister."

"I am as proud as your father," answered Farrand, laconically; "and the Countess is very beautiful. You do not, I presume, object to my paying her the tribute of my admiration?"

With the gay restlessness natural to her temperament, the Countess Schouloff sought excitement at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. Downing became more infatuated than ever. Her eagerness was so charming, her play so absurd until he taught her. She lost her gold pieces with such pretty lamenting; and when she won, her glee was almost childlike. It is true, he loaned her large sums to play with, and played recklessly himself. Once Farrand warned him that he had almost exhausted his letter of credit, but he paid no heed.

One evening David almost dragged him away from the tables; only the fact that the Countess and her party had been summoned to her hotel by a message from friends who had just arrived, and the lateness of the hour, made him willing to leave. He had won fifty thousand francs.

It was a pleasant September morning in London, and Miss Beatrice Downing and her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, were bound upon a shopping expedition.

"How agreeable it is, after our long tour in the north, to hear again our own language spoken on every side!" observed the young girl as they came out of the Langham Hotel.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Schuyler; "but I wish father would decide to spend the winter on the Continent. You have seen nothing of European society yet, my dear."

"Nevertheless, I am happy that we are to sail for home on Saturday," returned Betty. "If Robert would only join us! How strange it is—we have been abroad four months and yet we have not seen him!"

"Few young men care to dally in attendance upon their sisters," replied Mrs. Schuyler, tartly.—"It is not only Robert but his friend whom Betty is so anxious to meet," she reflected with annoyance.

The ladies had seated themselves in their waiting carriage and had directed the coachman to drive to a fashionable Bond Street address, when Betty caught sight of Robert Downing, Senior, coming quickly down Portland Place toward the hotel.

"Frances, there is father!" she cried. "How troubled he looks! Something is wrong!"

He saw her and waved his hand. Mrs. Schuyler countermanded the order to the driver and alighted. Betty had already sprung from the carriage.

"What has happened, father?" she asked as he came up.

"The unexpected, as usual," he replied grimly, and led the way to the luxurious little parlor of their suite. Once there, he turned to his daughters and said: "I have had a telegraph message from Robert."

"Oh, he is not ill—not *dead!*" cried Betty, in an agony of suspense.

"Robert is well, my dear. I should not have delayed your drive; but I was so disturbed by his message. Well, it is not safe to trust any one nowadays."

"What do you mean, father?" queried Mrs. Schuyler.

"Only this: Robert's travelling companion, David Farrand, has proved a knave and a thief."

"Oh, there must—there *must be* some mistake!"

Betty's cry smote upon Mr. Downing's ears like an agonized appeal to him to unsay the words. The revelation of her heart which it gave him added to his wrath.

"There is no mistake, Betty. The dispatch is lengthy. Robert says that, after repeated losses at Monte Carlo, he won fifty thousand francs. It seems that he and Farrand both fell in love with a woman of position whom they met at a reception in Paris. Rumors of the boy's infatuation have reached me. Now Farrand has gone off with the fifty thousand francs."

Mrs. Schuyler glanced at the white face of her sister, and the sight angered her even as the girl's exclamation had hardened her father.

"The man was of mean origin: I am not surprised," she replied disdainfully.

"I will never believe it!" broke out Betty, passionately. "Mr. Farrand is of honest lineage, and he is fast making a social position for himself. You will find that you have cruelly misjudged him."

"Beatrice!" answered Mr. Downing, testily. "What additional proof is needed? The money is gone and Farrand is gone. That is not all: the Countess has also disappeared; all evidence points to an elopement. Farrand is a handsome fellow, and the couple are no doubt pursuing their bridal journey upon Robert's gains. Still, the sum is not too much to pay to teach my son a lesson."

"Don't cry, Betty, though you have lost a lover. I always told you it

was your fortune he sought," said Mrs. Schuyler.

Betty had already dried her eyes. She raised her head proudly.

"You have never been backward in giving advice, Frances," she replied with dignity. "Mr. Farrand was free to choose a wife where it pleased him. I can not believe that he is a dishonest man."

"That proves how little you know of human nature, child," said Mr. Downing. "Yet I admit I never was so deceived in any one. I am eager to get home in order to set an expert accountant to go over the books of my firm: the man may have defrauded us of thousands of dollars."

Having thus dismissed the discussion, he went out to telegraph a command to his son to join him in London; sending also a remittance, since Robert's dispatch had stated that he was left without funds.

Poor little Betty! her girlish ideal was indeed shattered. David Farrand, by a devoted manner, had given her reason to believe that he loved her; yet now he had married the beautiful Countess! He had been false to her, was it strange that he should have been false to her brother also? But, wounded as her heart was, Betty strove to be just. Perhaps she had misunderstood David's friendliness. Oh, she *could* not credit Robert's accusation.

The day dragged slowly by; another was almost gone. Mr. Downing stood leaning against the mantel-shelf of his parlor at the Langham; Mrs. Schuyler presided at the five o'clock tea-table; and Betty, having declined the afternoon refreshment, had withdrawn to a window. A servant knocked at the door and brought in a card. The gentleman took the bit of pasteboard mechanically; but as he glanced at it his expression changed and he set down the cup of tea which his older daughter had just poured for him.

"Confound the fellow's bravado!" he said. "Our visitor is David Farrand."

Betty uttered a faint exclamation; a dainty bit of China fell from the tea tray to the floor and was shattered.

Mr. Downing reflected a moment:

"Possibly Farrand does not know that his duplicity is discovered; it may be he hopes to avert suspicion by coming here thus boldly. We will hear what he has to say."

He exchanged a glance with Mrs. Schuyler. It was evident that she shared his opinion.

"Say to the guest that the ladies and I will be happy to receive him," he said with an irony that was understood only by Frances and Beatrice.

A few minutes later David Farrand entered the room,—David Farrand, in manner frank and courteous as he had ever been.

The coldness of his reception was certainly repelling; even Beatrice merely bowed a greeting. His first words were a surprise to all.

"Clearly my presence here is unlooked for, Mr. Downing," he said with dignity. "Yet I did not suppose it would be so unwelcome. I have called to tell you of what, in fidelity to the trust you put upon me, I have thought best to do. I have to-day placed with the bankers of your son Robert a sum of money of which I took charge to prevent him from leaving himself penniless. I will not force business matters upon the ladies, but if you will give me an opportunity of explaining the matter to you—"

Robert Downing, Senior, stared at him in blank amazement.

"You offer to explain what seems impossible of explanation," he began. "You say that you placed the money at our bankers here in London?"

"Yes, sir. I see you know something of the matter. Since Robert always left to me the management of his business affairs, I hastened to deposit the money. Surely, sir," he continued with an

incredulous laugh, "you did not think I had run off with it?"

Mr. Downing was visibly embarrassed.

"But, young man, where is your wife?" he queried.

Farrand's glance sought Beatrice. His eyes said plainly: "There stands the woman whom I hope to make my wife." But he answered quietly:

"You know, Mr. Downing, that I am not married."

"Then how do you account for all this?" cried the old gentleman, taking from his pocket-book Robert's telegraph message and handing it to Farrand.

As David read his face grew white and stern.

"And you believed this?—you believed it, all of you?" he demanded, sweeping the group with his eyes and resting them at last upon Beatrice.

"Oh—eh—well, Betty would have it that there must be some mistake," rejoined Mr. Downing, evasively.

The young man's brow had darkened ominously, but at these last words it cleared somewhat.

"I thank you, Miss Beatrice!" he said, with a slight tremor in his voice. His tone grew firm again as he addressed his employer. "Perhaps I was wrong to render myself liable to such a charge. But I left a note for Robert explaining that I was acting in his interests. With it I left a thousand francs. I can not understand how it is that he did not discover the packet."

"But the Countess?" inquired Mrs. Schuyler.

"Not until I was crossing the Channel did I learn that the Countess had hurriedly left the Riviera for Italy. She was said to have been engaged in a political intrigue, and found it best to leave France."

"And is she really a countess?" asked Mr. Downing.

"She belongs to the pseudo-nobility who pose for the benefit of the Americans and English who travel on

the Continent," was the reply. "By birth she is French, not Russian. Save for her passion for gaming, her conduct was irreproachable; but she was bent upon retrieving her fortunes at the tables, and Robert squandered his liberal allowance in an attempt to help her. I was eager to get him away, because, having heard that she was concerned in political matters, I feared Robert might be arrested as one of the plotters. When the turn in his luck came I begged him to leave, but in vain. My act of friendship was rather high-handed, I admit."

"Farrand, I have done you a great injustice," said Robert Downing, Senior,— "a great injustice"—he paused and glanced at his younger daughter.— "I ask your pardon."

Farrand hesitated; then he, too, looked toward the girl. Her smile of entreaty said plainly: "Banish resentment for my sake."

"Sir, Miss Downing's confidence in me more than atones for your distrust," he replied. "And in truth, since Robert did not find my letter, appearances were against me."

Robert arrived at the Langham the next day. After sending the telegraph message he had discovered Farrand's note; but a dishonest servant at his lodgings had made off with the gold pieces. Robert was shamefaced enough because of his hasty accusation of his friend; there were hot words between the young men, and they met but once while the party were in London. The Downings did not sail for home until a fortnight later than they at first intended, however; and during that time David and Betty visited together some of the scenes in which she had a social and a reverent interest. After the return of the travellers to the United States, Betty disappointed the plans of her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, by marrying, with the consent of her father, the husband of her own choice.

On a Certain Silliness.

MOST readers of metropolitan journals are familiar with the periodical discussions carried on in those newspapers by volunteer polemics. A casual correspondent writes a letter to the paper to commend or censure an editorial opinion; to propound a question in theology or philosophy, economics or etiquette; to advocate some social theory or elucidate a point in history,—and forthwith the bacteria of controversy pervade the atmosphere, and the scribbling-fever is epidemic. For weeks thereafter the journal's columns are daily packed with letters long and letters short, with allegations, refutations, answers, replies, rejoinders and surrejoinders, until the subject becomes an intolerable bore, and the editor declares the discussion closed.

That many a writer of such letters makes a needless exposure of his unwisdom and his ignorance is a matter of course. The average glib talker, whose superficial acquaintance with a multitude of matters has won for him some little reputation in a particular coterie, is very apt, when he takes up a pen, to betray that he is notably deficient in logical sequence of thought, and not less wanting in skill to give to his thought adequate expression. If there is one correspondent, however, who renders himself especially obnoxious by the obtrusive silliness with which he thrusts himself into a newspaper discussion, it is surely the shallow-brained critic who denounces some point of the Church's doctrine or discipline and then subscribes himself "A Practical Catholic."

We have before us a dozen such criticisms, thus or similarly signed, that have appeared in print during the past few weeks, and that range over the whole field of faith, morals, and disciplinary regulations. In not a few of

these cases the signature is flatly belied by the tenor of the correspondence. Whether or not the writers be cognizant of the fact, the beliefs expressed can be entertained only by practical heretics; as, supposing the authors to be *bona fide* Catholics, they will readily discover if they will take the trouble to consult their Father confessors. We mention the proviso, that they are really Catholics, even in name; for not infrequently, of course, the signature is simply a constructive falsehood.

Here, for instance, is a correspondent who gravely assures an Eastern editor that a certain sermon "gives rise to the question whether the Church is right in still holding marriage indissoluble." After supposing a case that is deprived of all point by the fact that the Church has always permitted for sufficient reasons separation "from bed and board," this dabbler in religious polemics proceeds to say: "I am a practical Catholic, but I would rather face my Creator on Judgment Day to answer the charge of having married and lived in love and happiness with a woman who had made such an unknowing mistake [a woman whose real husband is still living] than face Him and answer for a married life lived till death without love and peace simply to comply with the laws of the Church, made when belief made duty." It is obvious that this correspondent need not repeat the saying, "I have played the fool"; for it is plain enough. He has written himself down in that character too patently to admit of misconception. Why should so stupid a letter be published? The question is easily answered. Because such effusions add variety to the paper and make it sell. An editor is never adverse to a discussion, because it always excites interest; besides, he can stop it whenever he likes.

Another equally profound censor of Mother Church complains, in the columns

of a secular paper, that the Lenten regulations are not identical in different parts of the country. "Why should I be bound to fast and a fellow-Catholic in the next diocese be exempted from fasting?" Why? For the same reason that when you are a citizen of a state you are bound to obey *its* laws, and may not plead the nonexistence or non-enforcement of such laws in some other state.

It is surely elementary that matters of discipline must necessarily vary according as conditions and environing circumstances are more or less radically different. In some places, for instance, where fish is a luxury which only the wealthy can afford, it is permitted to eat meat on fast-days. Surely a good and sufficient reason. The laws of ecclesiastical superiors are adapted to the needs and interests of those over whom they hold jurisdiction, just as are the enactments of civil legislators; and it is as utterly puerile to demand or expect identity of discipline in different dioceses as to look for absolute uniformity in the statutes of different commonwealths.

It is bad enough for these disgruntled, ill-instructed Catholics to render themselves ridiculous in the narrow sphere of their own social circle; when they will perforce by writing to the papers insist on calling the attention of the general public to their palpable silliness, it becomes a sad pity that they can not be suppressed.

YOUR death and my death are mainly of importance to ourselves. The black plumes will be stripped off our hearses within the hour; tears will dry, hurt hearts close again, our graves grow level with the churchyard; and although we are away the world wags on. It does not miss us; and those who are near us, when the first strangeness of vacancy wears off, will not miss us much either. — *Alexander Smith, in "Dreamthorp."*

Notes and Remarks.

It is a sure indication not only of the spread of religious truth but of a growing disposition to do justice to the Church to find a learned Protestant clergyman taking one of his confrères to task for misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine. If one were not aware of the great change that is taking place in the religious world, one might marvel greatly to read such a letter as the Rev. Dr. Starbuck lately addressed to the editor of the *Catholic Transcript*, correcting misstatements made by the Rev. Dr. Baker, an Episcopalian clergyman of New Haven, regarding baptism as administered by Catholic priests. This reverend gentleman was plainly at fault in giving out opinions of his own as the authoritative teaching of the Church. The offence is not likely to be repeated, however, after a rebuke like this: "Sound information, charity and justice will not imperil his salvation even if exercised toward the Roman Catholics." The notion, once so general among Protestant ministers in this country, that a service might be rendered to Almighty God by maligning the Catholic Church is being dispelled, thanks to the broad-mindedness and large-heartedness of men among them like the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck.

Precisely how despicable Italian politics is may be judged from a reference which the *Tribuna* (Rome) makes to the contemporary agitation in favor of a divorce law for Italy. "The government deemed it its duty to intervene and make the question its own in order to affirm the authority of the State against the Clericals who attacked it." That is to say, because Catholic sentiment was absolutely and unanimously opposed to divorce, the infidel government felt obliged to outrage Catholic sentiment by championing the proposed law. It

is exasperating to think that a measure so far-reaching socially, and in effect so revolutionary, should be promoted for the mere purpose of attacking Italian Catholics; and poetic justice was most acceptably vindicated when the Zanardelli cabinet was forced to resign in consequence. The personage who emerges from the discussion with most credit is the Holy Father. When the divorce campaign opened, the venerable Pontiff denounced it in a vigorous allocution; the young King of Italy followed with a violent counterblast in an address to parliament. But the Catholic people—to their credit be it remembered—became thoroughly aroused; and the absurd young King was another added to the long list of sovereigns who have found, in similar contests with the Popes, that to reign and to rule are not always synonymous verbs.

Excepting Clement XIV., no Pope in history has appealed to the sympathy and the imagination of the non-Catholic world as the venerable Pontiff who now sits upon the Chair of Peter. Even the non-Catholic religious press, without a dissenting voice, pays tribute to his pure and lofty character and his noble mind. The secular press has been in sympathy with Leo XIII. almost from the beginning of his pontificate, and its eulogy of him now is cordial, universal and sincere. From an article widely copied in the daily newspapers we quote these sentences as typical of what all feel for the "White Shepherd of Christendom":

When Leo XIII. will have passed into history—and it will not be so long hence, in spite of Laponi and the other physicians,—there will be a new Pope, but in the eyes of the universe there will always be an old Pope too. Lingering along the shadows of the Papal seat, lurking in the twilight of the Vatican, loitering in the sunny seats, there will always be the shade of a feeble figure,—one that, throwing off physical weakness, strove always to keep spirit within body that he might for one year longer administer the great duties that had been laid upon his shoulders. "Gladly I live and gladly I die," will surely be his last

thought. Of peace with his God he has no need to make any; for between the two—the father on earth and the Father in heaven—there has long been close fellowship. "Translated" will be the better word for his uplifting; for in the ethereal beauty of his face those who have seen the Pope within late years notice the nearness to Him whom the father on earth has striven with all faith for twenty-five years to imitate. And so farewell to Leo,—farewell, if there be no other year granted him!

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The Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who attended the Jubilee service in St. Peter's on the 3d ult., reports that the Holy Father looked animated though pale; and a placid smile played on his features as he gazed over the sea of faces surrounding him. "He rose to his feet again and again, extending his hand in blessing, during the procession to the altar." His voice has naturally become feebler; still, it could be heard distinctly as he gave the blessing at the end of Mass from his distant throne. As many as fifty thousand people were present on the occasion which marked the inauguration of the twenty-fifth year of the Pope's wondrous reign. During the week he gave audiences for several hours every day, on Saturday receiving both morning and afternoon. Many who have had the privilege of seeing him declare that he looks as well as he has done any time these last few years.

Mention was made in these columns some time ago of the fact that a Trappist monastery exists in Japan. Mr. Kanayama Shôshi, one of the secretaries of the Japanese House of Peers, has recently written an account of the community who are settled near Hakodate. He calls the monks "the silent anchorites," and speaks in the highest terms of their life and work. The community are a somewhat cosmopolitan one, as they comprise, besides the native monks, nine Frenchmen, a Dutchman, an Italian, and an American (*Irish-American*, in all probability). The secretary applauds the

laborious life of these religious, and thinks that productive austerities of the kind practised by the Trappists are infinitely superior to the forms of austerity resorted to by non-Catholic Japanese monks and hermits. The beneficent influence exerted by these silent toilers is made manifest in the writer's concluding statement, that "it is quite evident to all observers that these men are all living for the next world, and their self-abnegation can not but arrest the attention of the careless."

Regret for the death of Mr. John Francis Bentley, the architect of the new cathedral of Westminster, is tempered somewhat, so far as the general public is concerned, by the announcement that his plans for the building were in a very forward state of preparation. It is not anticipated that there will be any serious difficulty in carrying them out. Mr. Bentley was considered one of the ablest architects of our time. Like the elder Pugin, and other members of his profession hardly less celebrated, he was a convert to the Church, and his change of religion is said to have entailed great sacrifices. The cathedral at Westminster is the most important undertaking of its kind in recent times, and will be a noble monument to the genius by whom it was planned.

In view of the admirable action recently taken by some distinguished Catholic ladies in France, we hope that the old French proverb "What woman wills, God wills" may once more be verified. A committee of sixteen, comprising a princess, a marchioness, a baroness, nine countesses, two viscountesses, and two untitled ladies, have signed a circular letter to this effect:

In presence of the crisis which France is now traversing, of her moral and material interests threatened, of her liberties violated, and of the ever-growing spectre of socialism, we feel it incumbent upon us to notify our friends who understand

the gravity of the circumstances, as to the line of conduct that we have adopted,—viz.: *1st.* To suppress, each of us, according to our positions and the dictates of seemliness, all superfluous expenses, such as parties, receptions, toilets. *2d.* To enlighten our suppliers [tradesmen] as to the motive which momentarily prompts our action; so that by their votes they too may co-operate in the common work of saving France.—P. S. The unexpended amounts thus saved will be turned over to one of the funds for the promotion of honest, anti-sectarian candidatures.

The example given by these noble ladies merits all praise, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed by Frenchwomen generally. The distinguished signers could, we have no doubt, set the fashion for all France in matters of dress or social etiquette; we trust their influence will prove equally potent in popularizing retrenchment of expenses for the furtherance of a good cause.

Just how "priest-ridden" Cuba is may be inferred from this statement made by a missionary in the island, Father Mothon, O. P., in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith: "In the district of Cienfuegos there are over forty thousand souls, and only one church, with two priests." Indeed, whatever the condition of Cuba may have been in the past, there is now a scarcity of priests throughout the whole island. Father Mothon also makes it clear that the people of Cuba are extremely anxious to receive priests, and equally clear that there is desperate need of shepherds avaricious with the holy avarice for souls.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Thomas W. Hynes, the Commission of Correction in New York, is a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The office is considered one of the most important under the city government, and the man who holds it is required to be a specialist in charity. Mr. Hynes has been president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn for

twenty-five years, and is regarded as one of the most efficient charity-workers in the United States. As evidence of the high esteem in which he is held, the *Saturday Evening Post* mentions that Mayor Low selected him as head of the department of correction in spite of his being a political opponent. Non-partisan appointments like this are sure to excite the rage of those who hold that favors are for friends—a favorite motto with politicians,—but those who can best appreciate the qualities for which Mr. Hynes is distinguished rejoice that the office of commissioner of correction is filled by a thoroughly competent and conscientious man.

A statement having been made, and widely circulated, to the effect that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith collected two millions of dollars for foreign missions during the last century, the *Annals* of the Society authoritatively announces that the money collected for missions by the Society since its foundation in 1822 aggregates more than sixty-five and one half millions. That looks gratifying enough till one remembers that during last year alone more than eighteen millions were collected for Protestant foreign missions. Of this sum the Protestants of the United States contributed five and a half millions, which is considerably more than the Catholics of this country have contributed to foreign missions and to the Indian and Negro missions from the beginning. But it must not be forgotten that American Catholics have supported other works most generously.

The warning of the chiropodist, "Be good to your toes," ought to be heeded by Americans of all people; for there is really no telling what use we may have to make of our feet in the near future. Just at present, as Ian Maclaren

states, "no man walks if he can ride in a trolley car; no one goes in a trolley car if he can get a convenient steam car; and by and by no one will go in a steam car if he can be shot through a pneumatic tube. No one writes with his own hand if he can dictate to a stenographer; no one dictates if he can telegraph; no one telegraphs if he can telephone; and by and by, when the spirit of American invention has brought wireless telegraphy into thorough condition, a man will simply sit with his mouth at one hole and his ear at another and do business with the ends of the earth in a few seconds, which the same machine will copy and preserve in letter books and ledgers. It is the American's regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone; but doubtless some employment will be found for them in the coming age."

Mr. Maclaren is mistaken on this point. Most persons are obliged to preserve the perpendicular while listening at the telephone, and so make use of their feet. The difficulty will be what to do with one's pedal extremities when wireless telegraphy and telephony are perfected, and one is not obliged to go anywhere for anything. The wail of the pessimist will then be repeated with intensified feeling:

Nowhere to stay but here,
Nowhere to sit but on.

The steady growth of the Catholic population in Australia and New Zealand is again attracting the attention of thoughtful persons everywhere. It is stated with great positiveness that the growth is due less to immigration than is the case in the United States. The *London Daily News* said on a recent occasion: "Every impartial traveller has come away from Australia with the conviction that the religious future of that great continent is with the Roman Catholic Church."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Springtime.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I LOVE the laughing April showers
That set at naught old Winter's powers:
And coax the fields to show their flowers,
The trees to dress in green;
I love the warm bright sunlight glowing,
The ice-freed brooklets gaily flowing,
The gentle southern breezes blowing
Instead of north winds keen.

For months I've longed with eager yearning
To have the birds with us sojourning;
I joy to see them now returning
To twitter, chirp and sing;
I love to watch the grass blades breaking
From out the mould, of life partaking;
I love to see the world awaking,—
I love the pleasant spring.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—HOW FATHER OWEN WON THE DAY.



HE threw upon the table an immense mass of bloom she had gathered on the banks of the Dargle; then rushed over to her beloved Father Owen, crying:

"O Father Owen, Father Owen! she wants to take me away with her to America, and it will break my heart,—I know it will!"

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she never noticed me in this wild outburst of grief.

"My child, my child," said Father Owen, "do you hear that robin singing outside there? And you, to whom God has given reason, are crying! The little robin sings in the sunshine and is calm in the storm."

"I can't help it, Father,—I can't help it! The robin has no heart, but just feathers over his little bones."

Father Owen laughed, and even the girl smiled through her tears.

"Let me see sunshine again on your face," the priest said, "and hear the song on your lips. If you are going to America there's no misfortune in that,—is there?"

"No misfortune to leave everything I love and go away with a stranger?"

"Not so great a stranger, Winifred," I ventured, reproachfully. "I thought we were to be friends."

The girl started at sound of my voice and blushed rosy red.

"I didn't know you were here!" she muttered confusedly.

"Well, it doesn't matter, my dear," I replied. "You have shown nothing more than natural feeling at the prospect of parting with the scenes and friends of your childhood. But I want to tell you now in presence of Father Farley that you are free to stay or go. I shall not force you to accompany me; for perhaps, after all, you will be happier here than there."

"Ah, happiness is not the only object of a life!" Father Owen said quickly. "Why, even that little bird yonder has to give up his songs in the sunshine sometimes and go to work. He has to build his nest as a shelter for his family, and he has to find them food."

He paused, looking out of the window at the little workman gaily hopping about as if making repairs in his dwelling, and thus pointing the moral and adorning the tale. When the priest turned round again to look at Winifred, her face was pale but composed, and her tears were dried on the delicate kerchief she drew from the folds of her cloak.

"To my mind it seems clear," said the priest, "that this lady's presence here just now is providential; and that her offer to take you to America is most kind, as it is most advantageous."

Winifred threw at me a glance which was neither so grateful nor so friendly as it might have been; but she looked so charming, her eyes still misty with tears and her curls falling mutinously about her face, that I forgave her on the spot.

"And yet I came here to tell you, Father Owen, that I wouldn't go!" she cried impetuously.

"Oh, did you?" said Father Owen. "Then you came here also to be told that you must go."

"*Must!*" I echoed. "Oh, no, Father,—not that!"

"That and nothing else," insisted the priest. "I shall be sorry indeed to part from my Winifred,"—his brown eyes rested on her with infinite kindness. "I taught her her catechism; I prepared her for her first confession and Holy Communion, and to be confirmed by the Bishop. I have seen her grow up like the flowers on yonder rocks. But she is not a flower: she has a human soul, and she has a destiny to fulfil here in this world. Therefore, when an offer is made to her which will give her every advantage that she now lacks, what are my feelings or Niall's or Granny's or hers?"

Winifred's eyes sought the floor in some confusion, and with a hint of new tears darkening them; for her old friend's words had touched her.

"She thinks, I suppose," he went on, "that because I am a priest I have no heart like the robin out yonder. Why, there is none of the little ones that I teach that do not creep into my heart and never get out, even when they come to be big stalwart men or women grown. But I put my feelings aside and say, 'What is best must be done.' And," continued the priest, "look at

Granny! She will be left desolate in her blindness, and yet she bids you go. Poor daft Niall, too, will be a wanderer lonelier than ever without his little companion; but does he complain?"

"O Father Owen," cried Winifred, "I'll do whatever you say! You know I never disobeyed you in my life."

"That's a good child, now!" said the priest. "And I hope I wasn't too cross. Go to my Breviary there and you will find a pretty, bright picture. And here I have—bless me!—some sugar-plums. The ladies from Powerscourt brought them from Dublin and gave them to me for my little friend."

Winifred flew to the Breviary and with a joyful cry brought out a lovely picture of the Sacred Heart. The sugar-plums, however, seemed to choke her, and she put them in her pocket silently.

"When will you start for America?" asked the priest.

"The first week of August, perhaps," I answered; "so that Winifred may be in time for the opening of school."

"Well, then," said Father Owen, "it will be time enough to begin to cry on the 31st of July, Winifred my child; and you have a whole month before then."

Winifred brightened visibly at this; for a month is very long to a child.

"Meantime you will take your kind friend here, this good lady, to see the sights. She must know Wicklow well, at any rate; so that you can talk about it away over there in America. I wish I were going myself to see all the fine churches and schools and institutions that they tell me are there."

"You have never been in America, Father?" I inquired.

"Nor ever will, I'm afraid. My old bones are too stiff for travelling."

"They're not too stiff, though, to climb the mountain in all weathers," I put in. For the landlord had told me how Father Owen, in the stormiest nights of winter and at any hour, would set out, staff in hand. He would

climb almost inaccessible heights, where a few straggling families had their cabins, to administer the sick or give consolation in the houses of death.

"And why wouldn't I climb?" he inquired. "Like my friend the robin, I have my work to do; and the worse for me if some of my flock are perched high up. 'Tis the worse for them, too."

I could not but laugh at the drollery of his expression.

"My purse is none of the longest either," he said, "and wouldn't reach near as far as America; and, besides, I'm better at home where my duty is."

This quaint, simple man of God attracted me powerfully, and I could not wonder at the hold he had upon his parishioners.

"Some of my poor people," he went on, "have no other friend than the *soggarth*; and if he went away what would they do at all? Winifred my pet, there's one of the geese just got into the garden. Go and chase it away; and I needn't tell you not to throw stones nor hurt it, as the boys do."

Winifred went off delightedly, and we saw her, with merry peals of laughter, pursuing the obstinate creature round and round the garden. No sooner did she put it out at the gate than it came in at a chink in the wall.

"Weary on it for a goosie!" said the priest; "though, like the rest of the world, it goes where it will do best for itself. But I want to tell you, my dear lady, while the child's away, how glad I am that she is going with you and to a convent. It was God sent you here. The finger of God is tracing out her way, and I'm sure His blessing will rest upon you for your share in the work."

At this moment Winifred, breathless from her chase, entered the room.

"Arrange your posy now, and take it over yourself to the church," said Father Owen; "and maybe I'll come over there by and by to play you something on the organ."

For it was one of Winifred's greatest pleasures to sit in the dim little chapel and listen to the strains of the small organ, which Father Owen touched with a master-hand. So the child, arranging the flowers—primroses chiefly, with their pale gold contrasting with the green of the leaves,—prepared to set out. I, taking leave of the priest, accompanied her, and sat down in a pew while Winifred went into the sacristy for a vase. She came out again and put the flowers at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar; then she knelt down just under the sanctuary lamp, and I saw her childish face working with the intensity of her prayer.

Presently we heard Father Owen coming in with Barney, who was to blow the organ for him. The brightness of the day was giving place to the shadows of the afternoon, and the colors were fading gradually from the stained windows. Only the light of the sanctuary lamp gleamed out in the dusk. The priest touched the keys lightly at first; then he began to play, with exquisite finish, some of the simple hymns to the Blessed Virgin which we had known since our childhood. "Hail Virgin, dearest Mary, our lovely Queen of May!" "On this day, O beautiful Mother!" "Oh, blest fore'er the Mother and Virgin full of grace," followed each other in quick succession. He passed from these to "Gentle Star of Ocean!" and finally to "Lead, Kindly Light."

The notes fell true and pure with a wonderful force and sweetness, which produced a singular effect. It seemed as if every word were being spoken direct to the soul. I felt as if I could have stayed there forever listening; and I was struck with the expression of Winifred's face as she came away from the altar, advancing toward me through the gloom. Her face, upturned to the altar, was aglow with the brightness of the sanctuary lamp.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered.

I assented, and I saw that peace was made between us; for there was the old friendliness in look and tone. But I said, to make assurance doubly sure:

"This is a good place to forgive me, dear, and to think over my plan in its true light."

"You should forgive *me!* I ought to have been glad and grateful," Winifred answered quite humbly.

There was a great sadness in her voice, however; for the sorrows of childhood are very real and very deep, though they do not last.

"Father Owen plays every trouble away into peace," I observed.

"Yes," Winifred replied dreamily.

Then we heard Father Owen coming down from the loft, and we stepped outside, thinking to meet him there and thank him for his music. But instead he went directly into the church, and I returned thither to wait for his coming. I could just discern his figure kneeling on the altar-step, the altar-lamp forming a halo about his venerable head; and I heard his voice repeating over and over again, in accents of intense fervor: "My Jesus, mercy! My Jesus, mercy!" No other prayer only that.

I stole away, more impressed than I had ever been, out into the lovely summer twilight. Winifred's hand was locked in mine as we went.

"I hope," I said before we parted, "that you will soon be very happy over my project—or, at least, very brave."

"I shall try to be very brave," she answered; "and then perhaps I'll be happy. Father Owen says so, anyway."

"He is a wise man and a saint," I answered.

"Oh, yes!" she assented, with pretty enthusiasm. "He is just like St. Patrick himself."

After that she accepted the situation cheerfully, and I never again heard her protest against going to America. Father Owen had won the day.

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Timepiece.

About a quarter of a century ago a poor German watchmaker undertook to make a clock that would be more wonderful than the famous one in the cathedral at Strasburg. He has at length finished his task, and his masterpiece deserves to rank among the wonders of the world. But at last accounts he had found no purchaser for it,—a very serious matter; for his years of toil have left him wrecked in mind, health and fortune. He has his wonderful clock, and he has nothing else; and but for the kindness of his parish priest he would not have completed that.

The story of his trials and patience and triumph—for in spite of his trials his clock is a triumph—makes us think of the potter Palissy. There was the same perseverance, the same opposition. And there were afflictions which Palissy was spared; for our poor watchmaker was at one time put in a strait-jacket and shut up in a madhouse, so little faith was there in his endeavors. Finally he regained his liberty by promising to keep under police surveillance; but he was, in the eyes of his friends, more insane than ever; and after parting with almost everything in the house in the attempt to keep the wolf from the door while he brought his clock to perfection, he left his home and henceforth lived among strangers. Many helped him, and the German Emperor, although having little faith in his venture, sent him a considerable sum of money.

And now about the clock itself, which is imprisoned in glass, so that any one can view all its movements. It tells the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week, months, seasons, and all the movements of the celestial bodies, with wondrous accuracy; and its calendar will last indefinitely. It also gives the ecclesiastical calendar with Easter and other movable feasts. There are over

a hundred movable figures and pictures. Angels appear and strike the quarters of the hours; and other angels advance with hour-glasses, scythes or trumpets, as occasion requires.

Allegorical figures represent the four seasons, and the reigning morning and evening stars are in place in the firmament. Five minutes before noon a cock appears, flaps its wings and crows three times. When the picture shows that spring has come, a cuckoo gives its call. At the beginning of summer a quail is the herald. A bull lying at the feet of St. Luke bellows to let us know that autumn's winds are near; and the lion of St. Mark roars to indicate his regret that winter has arrived. Whenever twelve o'clock comes, Christ and His Apostles greet us, and a monk rings the Angelus. After the striking of the even hours a wonderful chime is heard in many melodies, each of which lasts a minute. The clock has twelve bells and twenty-two hundred distinct parts.

Feathered Tumblers.

Few people know that a certain kind of pigeon is a "natural born" tumbler, a regular circus-ring performer. A man living in Kansas has hundreds of these pretty birds, and gladly exhibited them to one who wished to tell our young people about them. They were in nice, comfortable coops, of which they seemed very proud; and they appeared glad to see a visitor too, and would stick their heads out between the slats with little coos of pleasure and flapping of wings.

"Now the circus will begin," said their owner, as he reached into a coop and brought forth two of its inmates. Putting them down, he took a ruler and rapped on the floor. Up in the air went a yellow pigeon, and before he came to the earth again he had turned a fine double somersault. A second one turned a series of single somersaults

directly backward; while a third hopped out of the coop and rolled around on the floor. This last one appeared to be the clown, and he seemed to enjoy the performance as much as any painted jester that ever capered around in the sawdust of a travelling show. When the birds had gone through their antics they stopped, but were ready to begin again at the sound of the ruler.

These performing pigeons can not fly. Why, no one knows, not even the most learned naturalist. They fly a little when very young, but the art seems to desert them when they are about half grown. There is, their owner said, a variety of tumbler pigeons called the flying tumblers; but he likes better these little fellows who keep near the ground. He knows every one; but for convenience has an aluminum band, with the date of birth and the pedigree, fastened about each pigeon's leg from the time it is six days old.

"The Bravest are the Tenderest."

Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was one of the ablest kings and bravest soldiers that ever lived. When danger threatened his country or his people, he was ready to face it; he knew no fear. One day in camp he was told that a swallow was building her nest upon his tent. He gave orders that it should not be disturbed. So the pretty nest, with its dainty, soft lining, was finished, and soon the mother-bird was sitting on her pearly white eggs. But before the young birds were hatched, the army had to break camp. The tents were all struck except the Emperor's. He said: "Let it stand. I can get another shelter, but she can not for this brood. She trusted me for a home: I will not fail her." Surely the bravest are the tenderest.

ONE ought to pray hardest when it is hardest to pray.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new work by Mr. W. H. Mallock, entitled "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," is announced for early publication by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, of London.

—When Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire sent to the Congressional Library the other day for a Bible, an old employee created considerable merriment by declaring that the Holy Scriptures has been asked for by Congressmen only twice in forty-two years.

—Although "Last Essays" (second series), by the late Prof. Max Müller, contains nothing new except the paper on "Ancient Prayers," one is glad to be reminded of the concluding essay, "Why I am not an Agnostic." "Esoteric Buddhism" is also welcome, since that form of delusion still prevails to some extent in English-speaking countries.

—The Society of St. Augustine, Messrs. Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., have sent us specimens of their First Communion certificates, which are very tasteful in design and skilfully printed. There are half a dozen or more different kinds, plain and in colors, some with the text in French, others in English. Our own choice for a souvenir of First Communion would be a bronze medal, and we have seen beautiful ones manufactured in Lyons. However, these certificates from Bruges are entirely appropriate; and they have the advantage of being cheap as well as beautiful.

—A good story is told in Max Müller's essay on "Ancient Prayers" above mentioned. Putting to one of his Japanese pupils at Oxford—whom all that knew them considered incapable of satire—the objection of the unmeaning character of the so-called "prayer-wheels," he received this reply: "After all, they remind people of Buddha, the law, and the church: if that can be done by machines driven by wind or water, is it not better than to employ human beings who, to judge from the way in which they rattle off their prayers in your chapels, seem sometimes to be degraded to mere praying-wheels?"

—The publishers of the *Catholic Directory* are to be congratulated on the general excellence of this volume. A number of improvements have been introduced, and great pains have evidently been taken to secure completeness and accuracy. We have noticed some discrepancies in the general summary of statistics, which we think the editor should have explained. His inability to obtain reliable information may account for most of the shortcomings of this useful work. We venture to suggest, as the volume is now somewhat

unwieldy, that the directory for Great Britain, etc., be omitted, and our new possessions represented. One naturally expects to find information about all the territory of the United States in a book of this kind. The M. H. Wiltzius Co, publishers.

—The late Signor Piccolomini was a popular and prolific composer. His *Ave Maria*, *Stabat Mater*, "Snowflakes," "The Virgin's Lullaby," etc., are familiar to musicians and lovers of music all over the world. Through no fault of his own, this gifted man, who was at one time the organist at St. Peter's in Rome, ended his days in an English pauper asylum. R. I. P.

—Many readers will be interested in the news that the life of St. Patrick compiled by Muirchu Maccu Macheni has been translated into English by the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R. Muirchu wrote this life at the dictation of Aedh, bishop of Sletty, in the seventh century, and it is highly valued by scholars. It is included among the contents of the famous Book of Armagh.

—The *Athenæum* announces that the Société des Bibliophiles Français at Paris has in hand the publication of a whole group of manuscripts of St. Augustine's "City of God," illuminated by artists of the middle and end of the fifteenth century. Numerous reproductions taken from the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris and those of The Hague, Nantes, Mâcon, etc., will be included in this important work.

—The Rev. P. M. Whelan, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, gives out this interesting information for the benefit of those in search of religious books for the blind:

From the Catholic Free Publication Society for the Blind, 27 West Sixteenth Street, New York, may be procured a "Manual of Prayers." A small catechism, as well as "The Faith of Our Fathers," may be obtained by writing to Mr. William Hunstoon, of the Louisville, Ky., Institution for the Blind. This is not a Catholic, but a State institution, in which there are several Catholic pupils. The Sisters of St. Joseph conduct a school for the blind at McSherrystown, Adams County, Pa. The Catholic Free Publication Society for the Blind has placed in the public library in Philadelphia and elsewhere copies of the following works for the blind: "The Will of God in Trials and Afflictions," "The Workings of the Divine Will," and "The Sacrifice of the New Law." The Society is now preparing "What Christ Revealed."

—Knowing as we do how few non-Catholics have any idea of the institution founded by Christ for the salvation of the world, satisfied as they are with shreds and fragments of His teaching, it is always a joy to meet with a good statement of what the Church really is—something to show that when she acts and speaks it is Jesus Christ Himself, though He is hidden and silent. Such a

statement is the recently published sermon by the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B., entitled "Christ Always with Us." As an indication of its plan and scope we quote this passage almost at random:

Is it not as if Jesus were still on earth? His sacred feet trod the plains of Galilee and climbed the hills of Judea. He stood by the lake, on the mountain, under the porch of the Temple. But now, by His Church, He journeys without ceasing over all the earth; He stands under ten thousand church roofs, and makes His call heard wherever man is; and this, in every generation to the end of time.

Our Truth Societies would do well to reprint this excellent discourse and spread it broadcast. It should not be forgotten that a vast amount of what is published for the enlightenment of outsiders appeals only to a minority, whereas explanations of what the Church really is and what she teaches are of interest to all. Only a week or two ago a Protestant said to us: "I have never given a thought to secondary questions like the Supremacy of St. Peter. I believe in the divinity of Christ. Should I become convinced that He founded a Church, I shall soon learn which one it is. All the rest will be easy. My profession [he is a journalist] has taught me to 'get right down to the gist of things.'"

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.

The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.

Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.

In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.

Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.

The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. Peter Somers, of the diocese of Ferns; and the Rev. William Quinn, archdiocese of New York.

Brother Alexius, C. S. C.; Mother M. Emmanuel and Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. B. I. Durward, Durward's Glenn, Wis.; Miss Fannie Bland, Lebanon, Mo.; Mr. John F. Bentley, London, England; Mr. Richard Coghlan and Mrs. Helen Dunn, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Anna Diekman, Mrs. Margaret Monor, and Miss Frances Daley, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Parker, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mrs. Andrew Doyle, Newtonbarry, Ireland; Mr. P. D. Ryan, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Paul Boltz, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary O'Rourke, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Margaret Patterson, Beresford, S. Dak.; and Mr. Edward Jacob, Brookville, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

R. A., \$6; Miss A. T. McI., \$1; Friend, \$5; B. R., \$10; Friend, 50 cts.; Friend, 50 cts.

For the Alaskan orphans:

Mrs. H. V. J., \$2; Miss J. C., \$2.

To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

T. J., \$1; Sr. E., \$1.

For the Indian Missions:

B. R., \$15; M. J. P., \$5; E. F., \$2.

For the lepers of Gotemba:

A. T. L., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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His Peace.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

"MY peace I give you!" So His greeting sped
Whene'er throughout the glorious forty days
His sudden presence fixed their loving gaze:
Then from their spirits reassured swift fled
All haunting fear, all shadow faint of dread;
Serene they walked in their appointed ways,
Soul-satisfied by that transcendent phrase,—
The sweetest e'en His lips divine e'er said.

We hear the living echo of His voice,
Still breathing forth that blessing as of old,
Whene'er from sin's foul bonds we seek release;
Nor less than His Apostles we rejoice
When that our tale of misery is told,
And priestly lips soft bid us: "Go in peace!"

Burke to his Fellow-Protestants on the Catholic Clergy in France.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

THE *Outlook* of New York lately allowed itself the remark that, before the Revolution, France had ceased to be a Christian country. Such reckless words are accepted by readers who remain ignorant of Taine's revelations, just as believers in the decency of the Reformation are ignorant of the Protestant expositors thereof—Maitland, Green and Gairdner.

The last mentioned affirms as to the monasteries of England which the men of affected religion and of greed and fawning destroyed in the sixteenth century: "The old scandals, universally

discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance, are now dispelled forever." And so Taine—with a judgment founded on the study of original documents throughout the country—agrees with the words he quotes from De Tocqueville: "I do not know if, taking them all together, and in spite of the vices of some, there ever was a body of clergy more to be thought of than the Catholic clergy of France when caught in the Revolution; more enlightened, of a better public and national spirit, or yet more full of faith... I began the study of pre-Revolution society with many prejudices against it, and now my feeling is one of respect."

Is it not Burke, too, who says: "A few of your bishops were men of eminent sanctity and charity without limit. When we talk," he adds in his wise justice,— "when we talk of the heroic, of course we talk of rare virtue." And he goes on with his habitual generosity, a true wisdom: "I believe the instances of eminent depravity may be as rare amongst them as those of transcendent goodness. Examples of avarice and of licentiousness may be picked out, I do not question it, by those who delight in the investigation which leads to such discoveries."* How well he judges not only what Mr. Bodley calls "that noxious animal, the anticlerical of the provinces in the France of to-day," but

* "Reflections on the French Revolution," 1790.

the more notable scandal-mongers and gross irreligious persons and papers of Republican Paris:—

“A man as old as I am will not be astonished that several persons in every description do not lead that perfect life of self-denial, with regard to wealth or pleasure, which is wished for by all, by some expected, but *by none exacted with more rigor than by those who are the most attentive to their own interests, or the most indulgent to their own passions.*”*

He writes, looking backward to the time when he placed his son under the care of a French bishop, afterward Burke's exile guest:

“When my occasions took me into France, toward the close of the late reign [Louis XV., c. 1770], the clergy, under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity [i. e., careful inquiries]. So far from finding (*except from one set of men, not then very numerous though very active*) the complaints and discontents against that body which *some publications had given me reason to expect*, I perceived little or no public or private uneasiness on their account.

“On further examination, I found the clergy in general persons of moderate minds and decorous manners,—I include the seculars and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy, but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals and of their attention to their duties.

“With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance; and of

* “The tyrant, Harry the Eighth of England, . . . when he resolved to rob the abbeys, as the club of the Jacobins have robbed all the ecclesiastics, began by setting on foot a commission to examine into the crimes and abuses which prevailed in those communities. As it might be expected, his commission reported truths, exaggerations, and falsehoods. . . . It is not with much credulity I listen to any when they speak evil of those whom they are going to plunder.”

the rest in that class, very good means of information. They were almost all of them persons of noble birth. They resembled persons of their own rank; and where there was any difference, it was in their favor. They were more fully educated than the military noblesse, so as by no means to disgrace their profession by ignorance or by want of fitness for the exercise of their authority. They seemed to me, beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen and men of honor; neither insolent nor servile in their manners and conduct. They seemed to me . . . a superior class; a set of men amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a Fénelon.

“I saw among the clergy in Paris (many of the description are not to be met with anywhere) men of great learning and candor; and I had reason to believe that this description was not confined to Paris. What I found in other places I know was accidental, and therefore to be presumed a fair sample. I spent a few days in a provincial town, where, in the absence of the bishop, I passed my evening with three clergymen, his vicars-general, persons who would have done honor to any church. They were well-informed; two of them of deep, general and extensive erudition, ancient and modern, Oriental and Western, particularly in their own profession. They had a more extensive knowledge of our English divines than I expected, and they entered into the genius of those writers with a critical accuracy. . . . Some of these ecclesiastics of rank are, by all titles, persons deserving of general respect. They are deserving of gratitude from me and from many English. If this letter should ever come into their hands, I hope they will believe there are those of our nation who feel for their unmerited fall, and for the cruel confiscation of their fortunes, with no common sensibility. What I say of them

is a testimony, as far as one feeble voice can go, which I owe to truth. Whenever the question of this unnatural persecution is concerned I will pay it. No one shall prevent me from being just and grateful. The time is fitted for the duty; and it is particularly becoming to show our justice and gratitude, when those who have deserved well of us and of mankind are laboring under popular obloquy and the persecutions of oppressive power.* The priests were punished, after they had been robbed of their all, not for their vices, but for their virtues and their piety, which made them an honor to their sacred profession."

Burke did not strangely forget the Beatitudes' promises, and the fifteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, as do some Protestants—shall we add, some Catholics? Even the "natural" poet might make them reflect about

This earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly.

One may well recall, too, what he says of those of their flocks who fled to England from the anticlericals of that day. And who knew their lives better than Burke? As to their behavior in England as exiles, it "merits the esteem and respect of all honorable and feeling minds. It is wonderful that amongst such a vast multitude of gentlemen as we have seen here—some of them, too, very young, and who have not had time to have their principles confirmed,—not one of them, notwithstanding the pressure of very urgent circumstances, has been known to do a single low and unworthy action."

Do not let us forget that there are two Frances. In a time like this we

* A writer in the *Anglican Pilot* (London, Jan. 4, 1902) notes "the theological revival" in France among the clergy of to-day: "They will soon be at home again in every department of modern culture." The Revolution, of course, like Julian the Apostate, meant to make leisure and learning impossible to them.

should give our hearts to the persecuted, whatever be their weaknesses, shortcomings or mistakes.

It is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
And in Burke's own words, "we are not made at once to pity the oppressor and the oppressed."

Certainly all men of good-will should judge these various persons as they deserve. With Burke as their guide, non-Catholics even may help to create and preserve with regard to the sufferers in France to-day that atmosphere in which sympathy is not withheld, though discrimination is not lost; where one may be generous and yet fair, but may give hearty support to those who, with all their human failings, are the victims of tyranny, of a Cæsarism that hates freedom of soul, of a brutal materialism that scoffs at purity and humility and self-effacement; and whose highest ideals are a socialistic naturalism, or a grand architect's machine. And their victims are the monks and nuns; and, after them, all who aim at the Christian motive in life.

"We can not, if we would, delude ourselves about the true state of the dreadful contest. *It is a religious war...* It is through the destruction of religion that our enemies propose the accomplishment of their other views.... Look at all the proceedings of the National Assembly from the first day of declaring itself such, in the year 1789, to this very hour, and you will find half of its business to be directly on this subject. In fact, it is the spirit of the whole. The religious system called the Constitutional Church was, on the face of the whole proceeding, set up only as a mere temporary amusement to the people, and so constantly stated in all their conversations till the time should come when they might with safety cast off the appearance of all religion whatsoever, and persecute Christianity throughout Europe."*

* Letters, 1793.

"Wonderful," says Proudhon, "how we ever stumble on theology in all our political questions!"—Donoso Cortes adding, by the way, "There is nothing here to cause surprise but the surprise of M. Proudhon."

As to that civic constitution of the clergy, the Catholicism without the Pope, the national, patriotic, French, Erastian, local church—à la M. Waldeck-Rousseau of our day,—Burke again says: "This new ecclesiastical establishment is intended only to be temporary and preparatory to the utter abolition, under any of its forms, of the Christian religion, whenever the minds of men are prepared for this last stroke against it, by the accomplishment of the plan for bringing its ministers into universal contempt."

And that was written in 1790, long before the poor constitutional Anglican-Gallican clergy of the newer and more logical "Reformation" abjured all supernatural religion, following their master-god—the State. Burke, with his insight, added—in 1790, he it remembered—words of warning, of calling to generous sympathy and wise preparation in 1902: "They who will not believe that the philosophical [i. e., anti-Christian] fanatics who guide in these matters have long entertained such a design are utterly ignorant of their character and proceedings."

"Bravo! bravo!" cry M. Viviani and the Socialists. It is quite true. Now, as then, our war is with the Church, with Christianity. The attack on the Orders is only a first onset. And M. Waldeck-Rousseau's affected sympathy for a French national church is vain hypocrisy. All religions, the very idea of religion, that is what we mean by Clericalism, and that is what we mean to destroy.

He is a famous writer who said this, much quoted as a philanthropist and reformer of the social state by our curious puzzle-headed English Liberals,

who never seem to see where their words lead them—slaves of the talk of the hour. They are utterly ignorant.

"It is indeed a most contemptible notion"—are not these Burke's exact words?—"that this Protestant church of England or any other Protestant church can continue to exist, if the Catholic Church be destroyed."

There were two Frances a hundred years ago: there are two to-day. It is the concern of the good Protestant *Outlook* to range itself on the side of the Mother Church, if it values the part of Christianity we have in common. To quote one more favorite sentiment of Burke's: Utter ignorance—invincible ignorance—by that they stand excused, if at all.


Catholicism was the defender of all Christianity, when Burke saw it. And so to this hour. Imagine the extra pucker on Voltaire's face on finding *Outlook* Christianity fancying itself a defender of the faith, after he had crushed the Rock of Peter! As his modern ex-Catholic countryman remarked to the American *Outlook* lady asking him of what Protestant denomination he was now a member: "Madame, I have lost my faith, but I have not lost my reason."

"THERE are," wrote Saint Jerome, "three moments during the day when one should fall upon one's knees before God—namely, the third, the sixth, and the ninth hour, in accordance with the tradition of the Church. At the third hour the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles; at the sixth, Peter being hungry went up into the upper room to pray; and at the ninth, Peter and John went up together into the temple." While Jerome was writing these very lines the Office of Prime was being established in Palestine. He also tells us that the last hours of the day were sanctified by the singing of psalms,—when the lamps were lit, they offered to God what the hermit termed "Evening Sacrifice."

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

 ON the day after Lloyd's departure from Tópia, Armistead, in fulfillment of his expressed intention to obtain the assistance he needed from "the Caridad people," paid a visit to Mr. Rivers and formally asked this assistance. The Gerente of the Caridad leaned back in his chair and looked grave.

"Well, you see, Armistead," he said, "with every disposition to oblige you personally, it is rather a delicate matter for us to touch. We are living and doing business in this country, and we can not afford to antagonize the feeling of the people. Now, I suppose I don't need to tell you that there's a pretty strong feeling about this Santa Cruz matter."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders.

"That is to be counted on of course, where the claim of an alien and one against—er—women is concerned," he replied.

"Rather more than simply against 'women' in this case, you know, my dear fellow," Mr. Rivers suggested.

"I understand perfectly that it wouldn't do for you to give open assistance, and I am not asking anything of the kind," Armistead went on; "but I am left in rather a difficult position by Lloyd's defection. He has such scruples, or such fears for himself, in the matter that he has refused to give me the help I need in getting together a force of reliable men to take possession of the mine; for I'm sure you'll agree with me that *that* is the best and quickest way to end the matter."

Mr. Rivers picked up a ruler and tapped meditatively on the desk before which he sat—for this conversation took place in the office of the Caridad.

"Perhaps so," he said guardedly. "It is a point on which I hardly feel qualified to give an opinion. It's a peculiar situation,—very peculiar; and there are—er—many things to take into consideration. I would like to oblige you in any way possible, Armistead; but I really don't think it possible for us to take any part in the business."

"My dear sir," replied Armistead earnestly, "I don't ask you to take part in it further than to recommend some men for my purpose."

"But that's impossible, don't you see?—because the only men for whom I could speak are the men in our employ, and it would never do for any man connected with the Caridad to be concerned in this matter."

"In short," said Armistead, stiffly, "it seems that I can not count on any friendly services from the Caridad. It's not exactly what I looked for—to have the cold shoulder turned to me by the representatives of an American company."

"I think that we have proved that there is no cold shoulder turned to you personally," Mr. Rivers answered; "and if your business here were of an ordinary character, the Caridad influence and help would be with you. But you must recognize that what you are engaged in is not an ordinary business, but is one in which so much feeling is arrayed against your claim, that I should seriously injure my company with the people if I lent you any assistance. You could not expect me to do that, even if my own sympathy were with you—that is, with Trafford—in the contest; and, frankly, it is not."

Armistead rose to his feet, more angry than he wished to express.

"I see that I have nothing to expect in the way of help here," he said; "so, with apologies for having troubled you, I'll bid you good-day."

Mr. Rivers rose also, and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Be reasonable, Armistead!" he urged. "You are a man of the world, and you certainly must know that Trafford's conduct in this matter is inexcusable. We all like *you*, but we can't possibly let our personal liking lead us into lending a hand to as dastardly a business as any man—again I am speaking of Trafford—ever engaged in. But don't go off offended. Come into the house and see Isabel."

If Armistead had been capable just then of smiling, he might have smiled at the tone of the last words. "Come into the house and see Isabel," Mr. Rivers said, much as he might have offered a sugar-plum to an angry child; and with an absolute confidence, too, in the efficacy of the sugar-plum. But Armistead's feelings were too much ruffled to allow of his accepting the invitation. He curtly declined to pass into the patio, toward which Mr. Rivers' gesture invited him; and, turning his back on its possible seductions, walked out of the front door into the street—or, rather, into the road which became presently the main street of Tópia.

Before he reached the first houses of the village, however, he met Thornton, who, followed by a *mozo* with a bag of coin carried on his shoulders as if it were a bag of grain, was on his way to the office; for this was pay-day at the Caridad, and on such days the merchants of Tópia were frequently called upon to give up all their silver in exchange for drafts on Culiacan and Durango. They were very willing to do so, since the drafts of the mine supplied an exchange which there was no bank to supply; and since the coin with which they parted quickly found its way back, through the hands of the miners, into their tillers.

"Hello!" said Thornton, as he met the man swinging at such a rapid pace down the road. "The express isn't due for five minutes yet. Dreaming, weren't you?" he added with a laugh as

Armistead paused. "Thought you were in the Land of Hurry again, I suppose, with a transaction of a million or so to be settled in five minutes over the telephone. See how much better we do business here!" And he waved his hand toward the *mozo*, who halted patiently with the heavy bag of coin on his bent shoulders.

"Send that fellow on! I want to speak to you," said Armistead, impatiently.

"Go on to the office, Dionisio, and tell the Gerente that I will be there in five minutes," said Thornton in Spanish. "He'll not be surprised now if he doesn't see me for half an hour," the speaker added, as the *mozo* went on. "Such are the blessings of being in what scoffers call the Land of Mañana. And now what can I do for you?"

"A great deal, if you like," Armistead answered. "In the first place, what will you take to sever your connection with the Caridad and enter into my employ?"

Thornton stared for an instant.

"You aren't in earnest?" he said.

"Do you suppose I ever jest on business?" Armistead demanded. "You've been so long in this wretched country that you've forgotten how men do business—at home. Of course I'm in earnest, and to prove it I'll make you a definite offer. If you come to me, I'll double whatever salary you are getting from the Caridad Company, for as long a time as we remain in Mexico; and I'll take you to California with me when I go, and find you a good position there. How does that strike you?"

"Rather overwhelmingly," Thornton replied. "In fact, the effect is so great on a system which, as you remark, is somewhat debilitated by the methods of business of this country, that I—I think I'll sit down."

He sank as he spoke, with the air of one quite overwhelmed, on the spreading roots of a large tree by the side of the road; and Armistead, frowning at this

misplaced levity, followed his example.

"Don't be more of an idiot than you can help," he said, with the frank incivility of an old classmate. "This isn't a time for jesting. I want a man."

"I thought you had one. What has become of Lloyd?"

"He has gone off into the Sierra."

"But isn't he coming back?"

"Not to help me in the business I am here specially to transact."

"And that is—?"

"To get hold of the Santa Cruz Mine. You must know—it appears that everybody knows that."

"Ah!" Thornton looked meditatively at the great heights towering before them. "And why will not Lloyd help you in the matter?"

"For some private reason of his own—probably because he is afraid."

Thornton shook his head.

"Oh, no," he said, "that won't do! I know Lloyd. He isn't afraid of anything."

"He certainly isn't afraid of breaking his contract," Armistead returned. "I found him, dead broke, in the streets of San Francisco, and brought him down here with me on the understanding that he was to give me the aid of his knowledge of the country, the people and the language whenever I needed it. Yet now, when I need it most, he goes off and leaves me in the lurch—for what reason I can't pretend to say. Perhaps he wants to marry the Santa Cruz girl."

"That won't do either. Lloyd isn't a marrying man."

"I don't care what kind of a man he is," Armistead said irritably, "further than that he is not the kind of a man that suits me, or who can be relied on to keep his word. So I want somebody—and want him at once—who has the qualifications I require. I believe that you have them, so I offer you a rare opportunity. Will you take it?"

"I am not sure of possessing the qualifications you are good enough to

take for granted," Thornton answered. "You had better tell me what you want me to do."

"The first business I shall want you to undertake will be to assist me in getting together a number of men sufficient to take possession of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"By force?"

"By the same kind of force you would employ in ejecting a tenant from a house he refused to leave. Trafford's title to the mine is good; but the people who are in possession of it now will neither resign possession nor accept any terms of compromise, so there is nothing to do but eject them. I hope to accomplish this without a conflict, if I can succeed in surprising the mine. But I must have a force of men I can rely on, and some one who understands managing Mexicans. You, I think, are the man for the purpose; and therefore I offer you inducements which are very well worth your while to consider."

"They are certainly very considerable inducements," Thornton replied, rising to his feet; "and I am much flattered by your opinion of my qualifications. But I'm obliged to decline your offer. I'll stick to the Caridad, thank you."

Armistead, rising also, regarded him frowningly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "I never thought that you were distinguished for indifference to your own interest."

"Neither am I," Thornton answered. "I'm as keen for my own interest as most men. But there are some things a man can touch and some he can't. I mean no reflection on you, but I'll be hanged if I touch this business of the Santa Cruz! Good-morning! They'll be looking for me in the office."

As he walked rapidly up the road, Armistead gazed after him with a slightly sardonic expression.

"Some things a man can touch and some he can't!" he repeated. "It's very

plain, my good fellow, where your scruples have been developed. Miss Rivers has got in her work pretty well. What a fool a man is to think a woman thinks any the better of him for accepting her opinions! Take a high tone, let her understand that she doesn't know what she is talking about, and go your own way—that's the only course to adopt with a woman." He turned and went on toward the town. "Evidently there's no help to be had from anybody connected with the Caridad," his thoughts continued; "so where the deuce am I to turn for the assistance I need?"

It was a difficult question to answer, and he was considering it as he walked down the long, narrow street of the town, past the open doors of the one-storied dwellings and shops, until he reached the flowery plaza. Here he sat down on a bench; and, still absorbed in the consideration of his problem, did not observe any of the loungers—few at this hour of the day—who occupied the other benches in sight.

But one person who lounged on a seat not far off observed him closely. This was a man, evidently not a Mexican and probably an American, of dissipated and shabby appearance, but about whom there hung the indefinable and almost ineradicable air of a gentleman. Presently he rose, walked deliberately over to the bench where Armistead was seated, and sat down beside him.

"How do you do, Mr. Armistead?" he said in a refined and educated voice. "I didn't know you were in Mexico."

Armistead started, turned around, and with a single glance took in the condition and probable needs of the man who addressed him. Figuratively, he buttoned his pockets, as he said coldly:

"I don't remember having met you."

"Probably not," the other answered with a faint, bitter smile. "Times have changed with me since we met last. But you'll probably remember me when

I tell you that my name is Randolph, and that I was connected with the Silver Queen Mine when you visited it three years ago."

"Oh!" Armistead adjusted his eyeglasses and scrutinized the good-looking, dissipation-ravaged face before him. Of course he remembered the visit to the Silver Queen—a mine in Arizona which had been offered to Trafford,—and the manner in which he had been entertained by the staff of the mine, of whom Randolph was one. Armistead had thought that he knew something of the way in which managers of mines frequently spend the money of toiling capitalist-owners afar, but even his eyes had been opened at the Silver Queen. Such extravagance of expenditure and unchecked dissipation on the part of all concerned he had never seen elsewhere. The staff had left nothing undone to give him "a good time," and the memory of it was not likely to be forgotten. He thought it probable that he should now have to repay a little of that exuberant hospitality.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Randolph!" he said politely but not more warmly. "Of course I remember you now; but you have—altered a good deal since I saw you then."

"A little, no doubt," said Randolph, dryly. "Those were rare old times at the Silver Queen, but the bottom fell out of that when you reported against the mine (rather shabby of you, by the by, considering all the champagne we poured out to give you a rosy view of it); and since then I've found it rather hard to find or keep a good position."

Armistead did not think this remarkable, but forbore to say so.

"You have been long in Mexico?" he asked.

"I've been at one or two mines, but—didn't stay. Yes"—as he caught Armistead's significant glance,—“of course you can see what the trouble is. My habits are bad.”

"That's a pity," said Armistead. "No man with bad habits can keep employment very long, you know."

"If I had ever doubted the fact, my experience lately would have convinced me of it, so I've sworn off—no, not in the usual way. I believe I've a little will-power left; and it's life or death with me now to exert it. I have got as far down as a man can go and not be a beggar. I haven't come to that yet, though I've seen ever since I sat down here that it's what you are afraid of. *Don't* be afraid. I've no intention of asking you for money; but I would like some work, if you have any to give."

A singular expression came over Armistead's face. He did not reply immediately, but gazed at the other for a moment with eyes so keen and cold that they seemed searching him through and through. Then he said slowly:

"It's a little odd. I am just now in need of a man to do some work for me, and I have not known where to find him. You might do—if I could have any assurance that you would keep sober."

"I can give you no other assurance than my promise," Randolph answered. "But, as I've told you, it's a life and death fight with me now; and if I fail, the remedy's in your own hands. You can discharge me."

"I should certainly do that without a moment's hesitation," said Armistead, coldly. "Meanwhile I'll give you a trial." He rose as he spoke. "Come to my room. We can settle matters there."

(To be continued.)

THERE is in the mythology of the Norsemen a belief that the strength of an enemy we kill enters into us. This is true in character. As we conquer a passion, a thought, a feeling, a desire; as we rise superior to some impulse, the strength of that victory, trifling though it may be, is stored by nature as a reserve power to come to us in the hour of our need.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Lady April.

BY MAGBALEN ROCK.

LADY APRIL'S fair of face,
Eyes are hers of changeful blue,
And she trips with lithesome grace
Vale and glen and woodland through;
Primroses of paly gold,
Speedwell blue as her own eyes,
Myriad daisies brave and bold,
As she passes upward rise.

Gurgling brook and laughing rill
Sing in chorus many a rune;
Gorse fires gleam upon the hill,
Merry is the blackbird's tune;
Butterflies on sunbeams ride,
And aloud the brown bee hums,
Gladness fills the world so wide
When the Lady April comes.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

VII. — DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DISAGREEMENTS.

AMID the multiplicity of good works which constantly occupied the time and activity of De Lisle, none appealed at one period more strongly to his sympathies than the establishment of a Catholic college at Oxford, which at that time seemed not impossible. Such a foundation appeared to him all the more necessary since the bar against Catholics had been removed, in order that, while participating in the intellectual advantages of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, their faith might not suffer from too close association with them. Cardinal Wiseman was also an ardent advocate of the scheme.

While negotiations were yet in an incipient state a certain Mr. Ffoulkes, very zealous, very impulsive, but very unpractical, advanced a plan of his own for establishing a Catholic university at Oxford. He sought to enlist De Lisle in these efforts, and partially succeeded. The experiment failed. Mr. Ffoulkes became refractory, wrote several violent

pamphlets, and finally relapsed into Protestantism. The name of Newman also began to be mentioned as among those who were deeply interested in this proposed advancement of Catholic education, for which he was either loudly praised or vehemently blamed by friends or opponents.

The condemnation by the Propaganda in 1867 of Catholic attendance at Oxford and Cambridge was a great blow to men like De Lisle and Newman. Even to this day Catholics are divided as to its wisdom. Perhaps the times were not yet ripe for the beneficial changes which have taken and are still taking place in England. Newman had often declared, by word of mouth and in public print, that these restrictions were unwise; he trusted that young Catholic Englishmen would be likely to be made more firm in their faith by the consciousness that much was expected of them under these new conditions. Everyone did not share these views. On the contrary, Newman was openly accused of being about to secede from the Church, of stirring up strife, of placing the intellectual before the spiritual, until the pressure against him became so great as to make him lose favor in Rome.

Something that occurred at this time made this displeasure more pronounced, though Newman himself was entirely ignorant of offence; the error in which he became involved and for which he was censured having been due to the indiscretion — however pardonable — of another.

In the year 1866 Bishop Ullathorne, always an enthusiastic advocate of the restoration of Catholicity at Oxford, and hoping that Rome would relent, addressed a letter to the Propaganda asking permission to renew the already proposed work of building a church and oratory at Oxford. The petition was granted, but on condition that Dr. Newman should not be encouraged — we might almost say permitted — to take

up his residence in the scene of his former labors for Truth.

There can be no doubt that counsels, very unwise and prejudiced, prevailed with the Propaganda at that time; and that churchmen more zealous than discreet so misrepresented things in England, both to themselves and the ears of the highest powers, that Rome was alarmed at the menacing dangers of "English Catholicism," of which Dr. Newman was thought to be the most dangerous representative. Dr. Ullathorne, who knew him thoroughly, and felt convinced that moderation would ultimately prevail, with good intent but very injudiciously suppressed the above-mentioned clause in the copy of the rescript which he sent to Newman. He was of the opinion that before any explanation should be rendered necessary the unfavorable clause would be withdrawn.

Newman, all unconscious and desirous, as his friends knew, of accomplishing this task, with the hope that he might be allowed to take up his residence as a Catholic priest and teacher of Catholic faith in the dearly loved spot where he had first felt its blessed premonitions, at once began the work again, which for a short time in previous years he had advocated and advanced as well as he could under the most adverse circumstances. The alarm was raised. Newman was placing himself in direct opposition to the commands of the Church: he was determined to go to Oxford; he was disloyal and disobedient. All of which seemed true on the face of it; while Newman, ignorant of the conditions imposed, could not understand the cause of Roman displeasure.

When it became known, deeply mortified and wounded, Newman retired from the field, and the dream of a Catholic oratory in Oxford was dissolved. With his usual beautiful submission to ecclesiastical authority, he made no outward complaint, but hoped that no private

or personal influence against him might prejudice the work when the transient storm had subsided. But a generation was to pass away before this change occurred.

All these things keenly affected De Lisle, who may be said to have represented the feelings and opinions of the better class of Catholic laity in the following letter addressed to Bishop Clifford:

GARENDON PARK, Loughborough,
Oct. 31, 1867.

MY DEAR BISHOP CLIFFORD:—I write to thank you for your kindness in sending me your pastoral, which reached me yesterday. I am sorry to see from it that the Propaganda has put its definitive veto upon the formation of a Catholic college in the great centres of English educational life—Oxford and Cambridge. I could have sympathized with that Roman Congregation and their prompters if they had confined their censures to the sending of Catholic youth to the *non-Catholic colleges* of these great Universities. But to hinder the formation of a Catholic college in the heart of Oxford is simply in my opinion to hinder the progress of Catholicism in England under a mistaken plea. If the Propaganda people, or those who in England advised them, knew anything of the working of our great Universities, they would know that the alumni of a Catholic college in Oxford or Cambridge would only be brought in contact with the University twice during a three years' residence: at the two examinations—the little go and the final one for a degree. And as for intercourse between the students of the different colleges, it is but small, and would be entirely under the control of the superiors of a Catholic college.

When I was at Trinity College, Cambridge, which I entered at the age of seventeen as a Catholic (which I had been for two years previously), I never knew more than four men out of my own college,—all of whom I knew

independently of Cambridge acquaintance. Of course, in my own college my acquaintance was large, with many who now hold some of the highest places in the Realm; in fact, as a rule, students seldom know many men beyond the students of their own college. On the other hand, a college at Oxford or Cambridge would serve as an example and a light in the midst of Universities in which an extraordinary revival of Catholic principle is manifesting itself; and by its regularity, its piety, and the exhibition of sound Catholic learning, would have done incalculable good. As it is, the policy of the Propaganda will only augment the evil which they profess to deplore. The attendance of Catholic youth at non-Catholic houses of education, and under the restrictions now attempted to be enforced, will tend to alienate them from the Church altogether; while the haughty and imperious tone they use in addressing English bishops, as if they were mere servants of a small clique of Roman ecclesiastics, can not tend to excite any feeling of affection or respect for the Holy See, but rather to encourage the prejudice which three centuries of separation has fostered in the minds of our countrymen.

I am not one of those who would face the flame of such prejudice, but I can not shrink from telling you what I think will be the inevitable effect of such a policy, and especially at a moment so critical in the history of Catholicity. As one of the subscribers to Dr. Newman's intended college *under the High Sanction of Bishop Ullathorne*, I could not do less than tell you my mind. I wish at all events that each bishop had been left to his own individual discretion, and that the odious responsibility of a general measure had not been thrown upon the officials at Rome.

I remain, my dear Bishop Clifford, your affectionate cousin and servant in Christ,

AMBROSE L. P. DE LISLE.

Nothing could be more reasonable than De Lisle's exposition of the foregoing facts. But his natural humility prevented him from recognizing that his was an exceptional case and his an exceptional mind, filled at the immature age of seventeen, when he entered Cambridge, with experiences seldom given to one in a thousand; and fortified by the freshness and fulness of religious truths to a degree unknown to the large number of Catholics to the manner born and bred, some of them clinging to their faith in a confused elemental way, traditional and vague, without being proud of, or in many cases being able to give satisfactory reasons for, belonging to its household. With De Lisle it was far otherwise: he had been tried in the furnace, purified and found worthy.

It is difficult to understand, and probably can be explained only by the intense love of country and his fellow-countrymen which filled the soul of De Lisle—seeming oftentimes, it must be confessed, perilously near to exalting it even above the faith he so deeply cherished,—how Ambrose de Lisle could ever have given his adhesion to the project of a *Uniat* English Church; and more strange still to think that even Newman did not consider it entirely impossible of achievement. We quote from his biographer on the subject, as it is by him clearly and freely explained. In the minds of its originators the plan was as follows:

"[It was to be] a church essentially *English* in all things not incompatible with the absolute and unchangeable law of Christ and the apostolic traditions, such as they are recognized by East and West. This idea supposed an entirely English liturgy, taken directly from the Book of Common Prayer; such additions only being made as would validate the ordination service of bishops, priests and deacons, and make orthodox and perfect the celebration of

the Holy Eucharist; Communion in both kinds to be allowed at least in certain churches and on certain Sundays in the year; the rehabilitation of those other five, 'commonly called sacraments'; the permission for married men to be ordained priests; and even bishops, if they 'be blameless, the husband of one wife; sober, prudent, of good behavior, chaste; given to hospitality,' as St. Paul laid it down to Timothy; but maintaining the apostolic prohibition for men once in holy orders to take to themselves wives, according to the unchangeable practice of the Russian and Eastern churches,—such a *Uniat* Church to accept jurisdiction and orders from Latin prelates, in the first instance, with powers delegated for that purpose by the Holy See. The idea was to perfect all that is Catholic in the actual Anglican Church; to eliminate all that is Protestant—i. e., the Calvinistic, Zwinglian, Lutheran, Hussite, Wycliffite, or Cranmerian errors and practices which have been adopted by English churchmen in the past, and imposed by Act of Parliament; and reintegrate the whole teaching of Augustine, Theodore, Bede, Anselm, Scotus, Grostête, and Pole; accepting the Tridentine and Vatican anathemas in matters of doctrine but not of discipline, as the safeguards of the only true and ancient Catholic Faith, identical or equivalent to those of the councils of old.

"This in brief outline describes the character of the *Uniat* Church. The failure of the plan appears to have led to the formation of the secret society called the Order of Corporate Reunion, which surreptitiously obtained valid orders on the high seas from Old Catholic and Jansenistic sources. The *Uniat* Church scheme met with high favor in De Lisle's eyes; and indeed he always hoped that the day would come when something of the sort would be recognized and authorized by the Sovereign Pontiff, and he endeavored to enlist

the sympathies of Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning in its favor."

Newman wrote, presumably after the plan had fallen through:

"I grieve indeed to hear what you tell me about church matters, and for the severe pain it gives you. It seems to me there must be some divine purpose in it. It often has happened in sacred and ecclesiastical history that a thing is in itself good, but the time has not come for it. Heretics and schismatics have sometimes been preachers of a neglected truth, which they were impatient and disobedient in insisting on in their day. David's reign was a better thing than Saul's; yet he had to wait, and did wait, God's time. And thus I reconcile myself to many, many things, and put them into God's hands. I can quite believe that the conversion of Anglicans may be more thorough and more extended if it is delayed; and Our Lord knows more than we do."

Ambrose de Lisle, like many other English Catholics, was an Inopportunist on the question of Papal Infallibility. But when he saw what the result of the council would be, he accepted it without a single doubt or objection. A controversy arose between him and Gladstone on this subject, which was carried on with great vehemence on each side, without causing any diminution of the personal friendship which had long existed between them. There were many combatants in the fields on this memorable occasion, of greater or lesser calibre; but De Lisle alone, among them all, without conceding an inch on the side of truth and authority, never lost his temper or failed in the generous and kindly sympathy he always displayed toward those whom, though he believed to be in error, he could not but think sincere.

There was a time when De Lisle had hoped to see the great Premier launched safely in the bark of Peter; but the secession of Dr. Döllinger from the Church

alienated Gladstone permanently from any leaning he had hitherto expressed or felt toward it. His admiration for that misguided man was of long standing; all his sympathies were with him. After this time the intimate relations of Gladstone and De Lisle were somewhat strained, particularly as Gladstone drew nearer and nearer to the Home Rule Party, for whom De Lisle never had, and never could have, the least tolerance. He was an Englishman of the English; and, we doubt not, were he living to-day would be as ardent an anti-Boer as he was in his lifetime anti-Irish.

From De Lisle's point of view—a fallacy which no doubt is *honestly* shared by many of his countrymen—Ireland had no grievances to complain of; it simply astonished him to know that her people were not contented under the *liberal* (?) rule of England. He was so good and just a man in every other relation of life that we must charitably seek the root of this misunderstanding and antagonism in the accumulated prejudice and ignorance, and we may add arrogance, of many generations of English landowners and ingrained aristocrats. De Lisle's sense of justice was so intense that we can not but pass over lightly this affiliation with all that stands for injustice and tyranny.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE Blessed Virgin, in the most proper and strict sense, is the true Mother of God. For the Man-God is one sole person, and this person is divine; and therefore the Mother of this divine person is the Mother of God. "If any one," says the Council of Ephesus, "does not confess Emmanuel to be true God, and therefore the Blessed Virgin to be the Mother of God (as having borne, according to the flesh, the Incarnate Word of the Father), let him be anathema."

The Quarant' Ore.

ONE February night in the year 186-, about nine o'clock, a woman was making her way along the crowded thoroughfare of East Marylebone. The night was as disagreeable as an English February could make it; a piercing east wind had raged all the day, and now had risen to a yet higher pitch of cruel intensity, drawing tears from the eyes and searching any tender nerve in the persons of the hurrying throng, which seemed possessed with only one desire—that of getting through the business which had brought it out into such weather as speedily as possible. The chaffering at the costermongers' stalls, which lined both sides of the roadway, was done hurriedly by the uncertain and bewildering light of the gas and naphtha flares, which the wind twisted and twirled, extinguishing them to a vanishing point one moment, and the next spreading them in long jets in all directions.

The wind blew the dust and bits of straw and paper into rude patterns on the ground; and then, merrily sweeping them up again, buffeted them about the bent heads and into the faces of the passers-by. The cabmen on the curb, unable to get away, stamped their feet and went through the time-honored gymnastics with their arms in defiance of the weather; and went for solace, from time to time, into the gin-palace hard by. The swing doors of those palaces and of their humbler fellows, so plentifully ranged along on either hand, seemed to be in perpetual motion, sending hot gusts of their own special atmosphere into the outer air.

The woman we have mentioned had herself paid a hurried visit into one of the lesser public houses, and had come out holding a corner of her thin shawl across her mouth. She felt ill; a dull pain between her shoulders, which had

been present all day, seemed to get worse, and walking and breathing were alike more difficult as she made her way along the bustling street. The struggle against the wind and the jostling of the crowd had become almost unbearable, when a turn in the road brought her suddenly into a quieter part. Here were neither shops nor booths; and the passers-by, on this inclement night, were comparatively few in the short street, leading to an old-fashioned and tranquil square.

For a few moments she drifted along unimpeded and with a sensation of relief, until she found herself stopped by a gathering of people at the doors of an unpretending building—the old Spanish Embassy chapel.

"Wot's up?" she heard a man ask who had stopped simultaneously with herself.

"Cardinal's been preaching. That's 'im getting into 'is carriage now with 'is secre-tairy," came the answer from one of the group.

Hats were raised as the thin, ascetic figure passed, and a hand, almost transparent in its emaciation, was lifted in a quick sign of benediction. The rolling away of his carriage was followed by a full stream of people pouring out of the church doors, whilst a lesser but persistent stream made its way in.

Almost without volition of her own, the woman, like a leaf caught in an eddy, was borne on, and found herself a moment later within the building. Her first sensation was of extreme surprise at the unwonted scene, followed by that of fear lest she should be turned out of what seemed a perfect haven of warmth and rest and peace, after the turmoil and fatigue outside.

No one appeared to notice her, and after a moment's hesitation she crept into the obscurest corner she could find in one of two old-fashioned high pews, under the gallery, which had survived the change to the more modern open

benches in the rest of the church. Glad to sit down to rest her weary frame, which the warmth and stillness soon soothed, she looked with fascinated eyes at the spectacle before her. Within the altar rails two rows of tall and stately palms led up to what seemed at first an ordered confusion of lights and flowers, old lace, crimson damask and gold. Tier above tier, from the row of straight hyacinths, alternating with frail primulas, that stood on the rich carpet spread upon the ground, rose the flowers in a wealth of fragrant color; and a hundred waxen tapers made stars of light amongst their vivid hues and the soft green of trembling ferns; and raised aloft, the central object dominating all, the golden jewelled monstrance, two little golden angels with outspread wings kneeling at its foot. The Flemish craftsman who had wrought those angels some three centuries ago had put into their attitude a rare expression of reverent adoration.

Now and again the woman's gaze detached itself from the beautiful sight and fell upon the people in the benches before her. Old and young, rich and poor, but at this hour chiefly of the working classes, they silently came and went,—some remaining but a few minutes, others motionless as carved statues on their knees. She heard no music, neither was there any service nor discourse; each worshiper seemed busy with his own thoughts.

Presently she fell into a doze, which was half slumber, half hallucination; her mind went back to the green fields of a Kentish homestead, where she, Rosamund Balcombe, the pride of her father's heart, had lived and moved in the round of daily, healthful toil, the modest occupations in poultry yard and dairy, the domestic cares and pleasures which belonged to a small farmer's daughter. How sweet, clean and dear they now appeared as scene after scene passed before her! Then the day of

ill-hap, when her coy beauty caught the eye and the meshes of her golden hair ensnared the heart of the Squire's younger son, come home on furlough. Short as sweet had been the idyll, to be followed, for her, by swift downward steps, each of which at the moment had seemed as fatally inevitable as it was irrevocable,—down the steep path which ended in the whirlpool of London's depths. But the ugly present of her life seemed to slip like a mantle from her shoulders, leaving her so utterly in the fair and comely past that a murmur of "mother!" rose almost audibly to her lips as sensation gradually faded into unconsciousness.

As the night advanced the number of worshipers decreased, and after eleven o'clock no more were admitted into the church. One of the last to leave was a decently-clad elderly woman, whose homely, somewhat worn face had become almost transfigured with the fervor of her prayer when she rose, after a long station on her knees, within a few feet from the poor slumbering waif in the high pew under the gallery.

"Good-night, Mrs. Connor ma'am!" said the man stationed at the door as the woman passed him. "'Tis a coarse night for you to be out in, with your brown-chitis."

"Good-night to ye, Tom Corrigan! Sure 'tis bad I'd have to be that I shouldn't come more than once to the Forty Hours' to pray for poor sinners," came the reply in a soft Irish brogue; and Mrs. Connor stepped out into the wind-swept street.

Most of the lights in the church were now extinguished; and even in the sanctuary only sufficient tapers were left burning to make a halo round the monstrance and to enable the men who were to watch during the night to read their prayer-books. Tom Corrigan, after a hasty look round the church and a more careful scrutiny of the organ-loft and gallery, satisfied that

all the congregation had departed, proceeded to lock and bar the doors, and carry the keys and the money-boxes, in which such of the faithful as had felt so disposed had deposited their offerings, into the vestry.

According to the usual custom during the devotion of the Quarant' Ore, the night-watches, after the closing of the doors until they reopened at six in the morning, were to be kept by men, who had put down their names beforehand on a register—two for each hour or half hour, as the case might be. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, therefore, two gentlemen arrived simultaneously on the doorstep of the clergy house. The older of the two—a short man, with a fine, rugged face and a beard of abnormal length—had his hand on the bell-pull as the other came up and greeted him with a kindly:

"Hello, Sir Geoffrey! Glad to see you! I saw your name entered for this watch when I came on Wednesday to put down my own."

Sir Geoffrey Telam was unfeignedly pleased to meet old John Pulleyne bent on the same purpose as himself. It was a new experience he was about to take part in, and he had all an Englishman's shyness at finding himself in an unaccustomed situation.

"Very glad indeed to meet you, sir, and to share this vigil with a man like you!" he added, with a touch of deference which sat well on his own high-bred features; and they passed down the narrow passage leading from the house into the vestry.

"Old" John Pulleyne, as he was generally called, more in affection than with respect to the number of his years, of ancient lineage and small means, poet, philosopher, and philanthropist, was one of the best-known and best-beloved men of his day. His beautiful young wife had died with tragic suddenness, from a fall from her horse, within a year of his marriage, and he had turned

his whole heart to the service of his fellow-creatures. As popular among his own innumerable kin and allies as among the hard-working men and women of all descriptions and denominations, political and philanthropical, with whom his good works brought him into contact; a devout son of the Church he had joined, with characteristic enthusiasm and simplicity, at the first stirring of the Oxford Movement,—he had managed to retain, by the force of his universal large-heartedness and the charm of his talents and his temperament, the affections of those whom he had left behind, as entirely as he had won the esteem and the trust of that strange medley of rich and poor, noble and vulgar, learned and ignorant, bound by the one tie of a common faith, with whom he had cast his lot, and who were still looked upon with distrust, if not contempt, by the great majority of his own people.

Such was John Pulleyne, whose works live after him. As much at home in the somewhat bare and shabby Spanish Place vestry as he had been in the brilliant assembly he had just quitted in the house of his nephew, the Duke of Rochester, in St. James' Square, he piloted Sir Geoffrey cheerfully about, and showed him where to hang his coat and hat before the sacristan had time to do so. He had little idea that in the tall, soldierly man beside him—now the merest acquaintance—he was to find a coadjutor and disciple,—the man who would become as his right hand and the son of his old age, the successor of his labors.

Geoffrey Telam had adopted his wife's religion on his marriage, some five years ago, with the only daughter and heiress of Humphrey of Humphreys, whose family was counted among the oldest and stanchest adherents of the ancient faith in England. His suit would have been admitted on no other terms; and he was sufficiently in love, sufficiently

proud of a conquest which several worthier men than he had failed in, to lend a willing ear to the instructions of the old chaplain of Humphreys, and to be ready to resign, in a measure, the keeping of his conscience with the whole of his heart to his young and charming and high-souled wife.

And in this manner it had come to pass that, finding themselves for the first time since their marriage in London during the month of February and the beginning of Lent, Lady Telam had suggested to her husband that he should take part in the night-watch of the Quarant' Ore in their parish church. The practice, with the savor of ancient chivalry about it, was common among the men of her house; "and," she added, as her color deepened and something like a tear rose to her eye, "when Billy was so ill, I promised myself I would ask you to do this in thanksgiving, if he got better."

The expression of dismay which had spread over Telam's face at his wife's suggestion changed to one of indulgent fondness, and a memory shot through him of the night last winter when the life of his first-born seemed ebbing faster than the flying moments. "Very well, dear; as you please," had been his answer, not ungraciously given. "Let my name be put down for half an hour at midnight."

A great stillness now reigned in the little church. Outside, the storm had abated, and the distant hum of traffic was almost inaudible; while inside the building an occasional light, tinkling sound, as a morsel of wax dropped into the brass sconce beneath, or a sacristan's quiet movements as he replaced a waning candle, alone broke the utter silence.

(Conclusion next week.)

The White Garden.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A WOMAN—we will call her Frances—had come into possession of an old garden. There was a house attached; but that, save as a shelter from easterly storms, cut no figure in her mind. And there were wide fields and a bit of woodland and a glimpse of the shining river. She loved these, it is true; but it was to the garden that her best affection turned. It was in the garden that she forgot her griefs,—and she had many. It was in the garden that she remembered her joys; and, though they were few, in that sweet place they seemed a host and made her almost happy. It was in the garden that she said her prayers—in the morning, when the birds were awakening; at noon, when the sun was high; at night, when work was done and the lamps of God were in the sky.

It was in winter that she bought her garden, knowing little about it except that a woman before her had loved it, had tended it for many years, and then had died. Frances was glad that it was an old garden. It would, she thought, be such a delight to welcome the flowers, not knowing until they bloomed their color or their kind. Let others set out their bulbs and plant their seeds, guided by prim little labels: she did not wish to know what to expect. Hers was to be a garden of surprises.

It was an early spring. The frost was out of the ground when March was but a week old, and soon the green shoots of the bulbous plants were seen. In April there were blossoms—hyacinths, tulips and kindred flowers; everyone white. Others followed swiftly: the star of Bethlehem, snowdrops, lilies of the valley as white as the hyacinths; while above them hung clusters of lilac,—not of the true lilac hue, but white.

BE persuaded, timid soul, that God has loved you too much to cease loving you.—*Fénelon.*

"It is positively uncanny," observed Frances, and waited. But the flaming bloom did not come. Instead, were roses with pale cheeks and waxen lilies and spectral larkspur; and in the autumn chrysanthemums that looked like curly snowballs.

Their owner sought the old gardener.

"It is like a funeral!" she exclaimed impatiently. "A woman of whims must have planned this garden."

"She was a good woman," was the brief rejoinder.

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" continued Frances. "Some very queer people are often estimable. Can you tell me why she had this absurd fancy for white flowers?"

"Why, you see," he answered, "she wanted them for her little girl's grave. She was never the same woman after Annie died. She had me dig up all the plants and shrubs and bulbs with colored blossoms and start white ones. I might say she just lived in the garden when she wasn't in the burying-ground."

"And how long did it last?" asked Frances, beginning to be interested.

"Thirty-five years."

"Thirty-five years! And you worked for her all that time?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And never told me!"

"I thought maybe you wouldn't care, and she was good to me."

Not even his old eyes were moist.

"James," said his mistress, "this garden shall stay as it is; and you shall start a new one, where the gay flowers may have a chance. And will you show me the little grave?"

They found it easily, and upon it and the larger mound beside it laid some blossoms white as snow.

AN optimist is a man who has succeeded in associating with humanity for some time without becoming a cynic.

—W. G. Jordan.

Notes and Remarks.

From all parts of the country come reports showing that not only is the practice of celebrating Easter extending among non-Catholics, but the spirit in which the day is kept is, despite the moribund condition of Protestantism, increasingly religious. Probably there is closer connection between the decay of sectarian feeling and the spread of the liturgical spirit than many persons imagine; for it is certain that in places and epochs wherein Protestantism was at its best the general attitude toward feast-days was one of animosity. In the Colony of Massachusetts, for instance, in 1670 there was passed an act "for preventing disorders arising in several places within this jurisdiction, by reason of some still observing such festivals as were superstitiously kept in other countries, to the great dishonor of God and offence of others." One section of the act, reprinted in the current *American Catholic Historical Researches*, ran as follows:

It is therefore ordered by this Court and the Authority thereof that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting, or any other way upon any such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offence *five shillings* as a fine to the Country.

As an appropriate companion-piece to this, a contributor to the same periodical quotes from Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantation" this choice morsel, which, happily, will excite no harsher feeling than amusement in our days:

And herewith I shall end this year. Only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of waight. One ye day caled Christmas-day, ye Govr. caled them out to worke (as was used), but ye most of this new-company excused themselves and said it wente against their consciences to work on yt day. So ye Govr. tould them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found

them in ye streete at play, openly; some pitching ye barr & some at stoole-ball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play & others worke. If they made ye keeping of it mater of devotioa, let them kepe their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly.

Like many other old army officers, the late Major General Stanley was a convert to the Church. He was baptized on the field of Shiloh, and was ever after a zealous Catholic. At the battle of Franklin his valor saved the day for the Union forces; and his own life was saved by a scapular, which rested on the lower part of the neck in such a way as to prevent a necessarily fatal bullet wound. One string of the scapular was cut and the other stained with blood. General Stanley often declared that he owed his life to this pious object, which he preserved with reverent care. During the Civil War this brave officer commanded the 4th Corps; afterward he was head of the Department of Texas, and commander of the National Soldiers' Home in Washington. General Stanley had received many military honors, and held the position of president of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland; but the distinction which he valued most was his membership in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Father Sheahan, in the *Freeman's Journal*, rather happily illustrates the difficulty of those who contend that since Our Lord was crucified on Friday afternoon and arose early on Sunday morning, He could not possibly have remained "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth," as He prophesied He would (St. Matt., xii, 40). A foreign lady unfamiliar with American modes of address was once, according to Father Sheahan, with difficulty restrained from instituting a suit

for breach of promise on the ground of receiving from a bright young business man a printed circular beginning, "My dear Madam." These are indeed words of affectionateness, but friends persuaded her that they must be interpreted according to prevailing modes of speech. It is even so as regards the "three days and three nights." In Scriptural language, as numerous citations might show, that expression bears exactly the same meaning as "on the third day."

Emissaries of the sects in Italy have often complained of the difficulty of their propaganda; indeed the obstacles have sometimes been declared insurmountable. A few years ago a foreign missionary—of the Methodist persuasion, we believe it was—returning to New York after a fruitless sojourn among the Italians, expressed the opinion that money expended in efforts to convert them was thrown away. Sometimes a number of poor people would attend the mission for a season,—as long as gifts were forthcoming; but as soon as the supply of picture-books and clothing failed, the converts vanished utterly. One missionary complained bitterly of an old woman who for a time gave promise of sincere conversion; but she, too, proved a backslider; and it was learned that she had expended the alms received at the mission in having Masses said for her deceased husband.

A correspondent of the London *Guardian*, in explanation of the difficulty of turning Italians away from the Church, has this to say:

In the first place, the religion of American and English Protestant bodies can not hope to make an appeal to any but the half-educated classes. It presents itself at the beginning of the twentieth century with as little modern environment as it had in Cromwell's time. It is ignorant of Biblical criticism, while it definitely sets up the unimpeachable authority of the Book in place of the authority of the living voice. There is a complete dearth of all help from the modern arsenal, and the new convert must find himself sooner or later entirely without equipment to meet on an equal

footing any one conscious of the real problems which in our day beset all religions alike.... Another point very germane to the question is that the Latins are accustomed to a logical religion. There is not much to be said for the application of logic to religion [?]; but none the less the differences between sect and sect do not help the Protestant propaganda, and the want of agreement bewilders the Italian. The less scrupulous play on these differences, and get themselves converted in turn by the various sects, if there is any hope of profiting thereby.

The uneducated Italian not being an intelligent or sentient subject, another religion can not be imposed on him; so the Protestants have decided to educate him. They are contenting themselves with creating an educational force in the country in lieu of direct proselytism. With these enter the ideas of modern civilization, freedom of conscience and of thought, notions of the rights and responsibilities of personality. The result of their activity has been to force the Catholic party to adopt some of their weapons.... In calculating the chances of another religion in Italy, the fact that this people represent the vital, external and non-individualistic, while the Germanic peoples, on the contrary, represent the mystic, interior and self-reliant, should not be forgotten. To this the Italians add not only a keen logical faculty, but a sense of history, both of which were conspicuously absent in the Reformers.

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The following summary of the reasons why so few Catholics anywhere become Protestants is to be found in a book that has just appeared in London, entitled "Liberal Religious Thought at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century." It consists of papers read and addresses delivered at an international meeting of Unitarians and "other Liberal religious thinkers and workers" held last year. These worthies thus candidly express themselves:

It is chiefly because Protestantism seems to them an incomplete and somewhat misbegotten solution of the religious problem, because they feel displeased with its Biblicism and dogmatism, because it appears often to them as a simple imitation of the Catholic Church devoid of its beauty and majesty.

Every Catholic knows well that the reason why so many fail to live up to their religion, or fall away from it, is precisely the same that keeps so many outsiders from embracing it. The world,

the flesh, and the devil explain many things. "I have really only one objection to the Catholic Church," remarked a bright lawyer of our acquaintance to a former Bishop of Fort Wayne. "Too many commandments, perhaps?" said the Bishop.—"Exactly: too many commandments, too much insisted upon." It is written, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence"; and the Church of necessity imposes restraints on all who would enter there.

The conviction forces itself upon us, impelled by a pungent remark once made by Ruskin, that the heads of our educational institutions lecture too much for the amount of study they do. The knowledge of an educator ought to be full and exact, and when he makes a "break" in public—the danger of doing so is great unless he lives mostly among his books—he must expect to be subjected to ridicule. Certain of our bright contemporaries have been making fun of the President of Harvard University because in an address to Prince Henry he referred to Erasmus as one of "the heroes of Protestantism." Poor Erasmus! to be harassed by theological mosquitoes while he was living, and going on four hundred years after his death to be classed among the disciples of Luther by a college president! However, most well-informed people know that Erasmus was a dyspeptic, not a heretic. Even Froude admits that he was "as true to the Holy See as Cardinal Newman himself." But, fortunately, Erasmus' letters are extant, and they ought to be in the library of President Eliot. It is easy to learn from them what sort of man Erasmus was and exactly what he thought of Luther. Erasmus was always sufficiently frank; he writes:

An ally of Luther? I have never been an ally of Luther.... I would rather die ten times over than cause a schism.... The Lutherans alternately courted me and menaced me. For all this I do not move a finger's breadth from the teaching of

the Roman Church. . . . Never will I be tempted or exasperated into deserting the true communion.

Now let us quote a reference to Luther in a letter addressed to George Wicelius:

Luther himself will be less violent when he hears how other learned men think of him. His haughty crest will droop and his horns drop off when he is no longer on his own dunghill, and has to defend his theories of yesterday against the sages of Christendom.

Erasmus regarded the revolt of the sixteenth century as a tempest sent from heaven by God's anger, as the frogs and the locusts and the rest were sent on the Egyptians. It is easy to know, he declared, who sowed the seed and who ripened the crop. But that is another question on which many persons have not as yet made up their minds.

Very significant indeed is the prominence given to the question of the Primacy of St. Peter in the remarkable work by an Anglican divine to which we have lately been directing the attention of our readers. We refer to "England and Rome. An Essay toward Reunion," by the Rev. Spencer Jones. It represents the latest development of the Oxford Movement. It brings Anglicans face to face with the idea that the Church is a society, and that as a Visible Head was needed for its formation, a visible head is required for its government.

Mr. Jones shows no disposition to obscure the light of the Petrine texts; on the contrary, his discussion of them is frank and full, and as able as it is candid. He directs the attention of his readers to the prominence of St. Peter in the pages of the New Testament, noting that he is mentioned in the Gospels as many as ninety-one times, whereas St. John the Beloved is mentioned only thirty-eight times. The same predominance is pointed out in the Acts. The manifold instances in which St. Peter is shown to hold the foremost place in the formation and government of the early Church are also set forth. There

is no attempt to evade the logical conclusion—viz., that St. Peter was the head of the Apostles, and that Christ intended him to be so.

We like to believe that there are a great many Anglican divines, quite as honest as Mr. Jones, who will now view the Petrine texts in the same light as himself. We remember well the remark once made to us by an Episcopalian minister to whom we had cited these texts: "I have been reading the New Testament all my life but never realized their force until now." Any one who doubts the prominence and authority of St. Peter among the Twelve ought to give some reflection to verse 15, chapter i of the Acts: "In those days Peter rising up in the midst of the brethren," etc. He was always exercising authority after Our Lord's ascension; and it is unlikely, remembering his fall, that he would have felt disposed to do so, or that the other Apostles would have been disposed to submit—for they were very human, after all,—had he not had received that authority from above.

The Church in Germany has lost a valiant soldier in the late Dr. Lieber, leader of the Centrum. The deceased statesman had had a distinguished career in the Reichstag before he was chosen to succeed Herr Windthorst as the political leader of the Catholics of the Empire, and his large statesmanship was developed in innumerable contests with Bismarck. Dr. Lieber has been singularly successful in holding the Centrum together, and his death finds the party considerably more influential than it was even under Windthorst. Indeed, so firmly does it hold the balance of power in the German Empire that no measure of importance can be passed in the Reichstag without the support of the Centrum. The late leader was a prime favorite among Americans of German blood, and his visit to this country is still pleasantly remembered. May he rest in peace!

Notable New Books.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. By the Rev. L. A. Dutto. B. Herder.

There are few historical personages more attractive than the subject of this biography. The late Professor Fiske, of Harvard, described him as "in some respects the most beautiful and sublime figure in the annals of Christianity since the apostolic age." Beginning his public career as a lawyer, Las Casas became one of the first bishops of America; beginning as a slave-owner, he became the great antagonist of slavery; endowed with enormous energies, he was the most compassionate of men,—a superb subject for eulogy and admiration. Father Dutto tells the story of his life with precision, and without missing any of the great qualities of his subject; but he is, perhaps, a little too solicitous to avoid overpraise or even enthusiasm. There is, therefore, still room for a biographer who will tell the story of Las Casas with imagination, eloquence and color.

It is as "first leaves" of American church history that we chiefly value Father Dutto's volume. The coming of the first priests to America, the beginnings of the missionaries, and the mistakes they made as well as the heroic labors they performed, are set down with discriminating sympathy. Another outstanding fact is that the Spanish sovereigns were strikingly Christian in their dealings with the Indians, whose troubles always came from minor officials of the administration.

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford. Longmans, Green & Co.

A thoroughly charming volume, and one to be secured by the directors of all Catholic libraries, whether of the Sunday-school, the convent, the college or the seminary variety, and whether private or public. Notwithstanding the author's statement in her preface that the destruction of Father Kerr's letters to his sister Henrietta, coupled with the loss of all save very few of the Kerr family papers, renders a "real life" impossible, most readers will declare that she has compiled a very satisfactory biography indeed. As a matter of fact, it would require the inartistic bungling of a writer far less capable and sympathetic than is Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, to present the material available for a life of Father Kerr in such a fashion as to deprive it of genuine and, not infrequently, captivating interest.

The merest outline of the subject's career will suffice to show how rich it was in the elements that make the biographer's task a comparatively easy one. H. S. Kerr, second son of the Anglican rector, Lord Henry Kerr, and grandson of the

sixth Marquis of Lothian, was born in 1838. At the age of fourteen he entered the English navy, becoming a Catholic in 1855, three years after the other members of his family had entered the Church. He served through the Crimean War, and passed some time at various British naval stations in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, Canada, and Newfoundland, at which last-mentioned place in 1866 he took an active part in the laying of the first Atlantic cable. Appointed a Commander of the Royal Navy in that same year, he resigned the command of H. M. S. *Bellerophon* in 1867 to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. The years of his priesthood (1875-1895) were nearly as diversified as had been those of his naval career. Parochial and missionary work in England was followed in 1878 by two years' service as military chaplain at Cyprus. Then came five years in India, as private chaplain to the Catholic Viceroy, Lord Ripon; six years of parish work in England; and finally four years as superior of the Jesuit mission of Zambezi, South Africa, where he died a veritable martyr who gave his life for Christ, though he succumbed to the assaults of the climate, not the savagery of the natives.

The symmetrical filling up and rounding out of the foregoing outline makes exceptionally bracing reading in these days when the *manliness* of sanctity needs to be demonstrated with special insistence. This sailor Jesuit was a thoroughly manly follower of Christ—loyal, hearty, sincere, straightforward, sympathetic, superior to the petty considerations of human respect, and, withal, as humble, obedient and lovable as a child.

Jesus Living in the Priest. By the Rev. P. Millet, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The translator of this really excellent work is, fortunately, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nashville Dr. Byrne has the rare and valuable gift of rendering foreign thought into strong, clear and idiomatic English; and in Father Millet's treatise he has found a congenial field for its exercise. Quite accidentally he came upon an Italian translation—the original was in French and has long been out of print—in Rome three years ago, and was at once impressed with its merit. After an interval he took it up again. "It was even more instructive, edifying and delightful than when first read, thus fulfilling in a measure the conditions of a classic." Most priests who read the volume will heartily endorse the Bishop's estimate of it. In quality of substance, it recalls the much-prized "Meditations" of Père Chagnon (a new translation of which, by the way, would be another task meet for the pen of Bishop Byrne). It deals with all phases of the priestly life—his character, public and private, his ministrations, his trials and triumphs, his social and religious life, etc. The solid teaching is illustrated and

brightened by stories of the saints told simply and always *apropos*. In fine, it is a wholly excellent book for meditation or for spiritual reading.

St. Nazarius. By A. C. Farquarson. The Macmillan Co.

This is a book of many charms, and they are by no means common ones. The story is absorbing enough; but what one admires most is the writer's sanity and sincerity and the tone of his work, which is of unusual distinction. He possesses a rare insight into character and power of analysis, and a deep sympathy with Nature in all her moods. The scene is laid chiefly in a forest, thus affording ample scope for picturesque description; and the human interest centres in the inmates of an old castle and a monastery dedicated to St. Nazarius. There are occasional glimpses of Rome, where one of the characters is absent for a time,—not the Rome of Hall Caine or of Zola, but "the eternal city of God and of the saints." We judge that the author is a Protestant; however, there is very little in his book to which a Catholic could take exception. On the contrary, there are many passages—as, for instance, the following—which will be read with a sense of relief and a feeling akin to gratitude:

So he had felt sometimes in the old Italian churches, when his silent worship of art and beauty had been broken in upon by the loud feet and strident voices of a group of Protestant tourists. Unconscious that they gave offence, counting nothing holy which did not happen to be holy to them, the presence of a worshiper was but one curiosity the more, where all was curious, to their frank and noisy comment. Humphry could not feel that they hurt the heart of his religion, or ruffled the permanent peace of this its dwelling-place; yet they made prayer impossible for the time, compelled retreat, and for days afterward the echoes of them seemed to linger about the quietness of the aisles.

"St. Nazarius" may be cordially recommended to readers with a taste for true romance presented by a writer who possesses all the qualities which go to the making of a really fine novelist.

Father Etienne Pernet. Translated by Mary Elizabeth Herbert. Art & Book Co.

Father Pernet's life was a devoted and a holy one, but his chief title to the honor of a biography lies in the fact that he was the founder of the "Little Sisters" of the Assumption, the nurses of the sick poor in their own homes. The spirit of this admirable community has been enthusiastically praised by Cardinal Vaughan, and indeed by every other bishop in whose diocese the Sisters have labored; and, unquestionably, the story of the life of the good priest who laid the foundations of the institute and formed its spirit is worth telling. But we are not altogether sure that it has been told as well as it might have been. Tastes differ, of course; but surely there are many readers whose enjoyment of this volume will be

marred by certain trivial passages. However, there is abundant matter to inspire both confidence and edification; and sisterhoods especially, as well as young women who are in doubt as to their vocation, will find this book well worth reading.

Anticipations. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers.

This volume is an attempt to forecast, in the light of present knowledge, the world's social, political, commercial and religious life one hundred years from now. Let us say at once that we have enjoyed it thoroughly; and that Mr. Wells has thrown about his prophecies such plausibility that one almost seems to be reading history forward. Whoever, therefore, is curious about the probable condition of the world in many respects a century hence, will find comfort and pleasure in these pages. On questions of religion and morality, however, the author must seem to the Catholic mind hopelessly astray. It is true that he prophesies a revival of Catholicism, the like of which has not been witnessed since the rise of Protestantism. But the grounds on which this revival is promised are far from satisfying; and eventually, according to the prophet, the religious faith of the world will be the filmiest sort of Unitarianism.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. By Basil King. Harper & Brothers.

It is with rare pleasure that one welcomes a novel concerned with the evil of divorce which is praiseworthy in almost all respects. "Let Not Man Put Asunder" is such a novel. The story is long drawn out; but it moves so briskly from start to finish, and is so cleverly written, without flippancy or vulgarity, that the interest of the reader never flags. How lawgivers encourage divorce by making it easy, how so-called ministers of the Gospel fail to combat the evil, how people who insist on the right of a woman to release herself from the marriage contract, turn their backs upon her if she does it, should prove capital reading for New Worldlings, as Coventry Patmore calls us. Mr. King's book may be cordially recommended, and we sincerely hope that it may attain the popularity to which its merits entitle it.

The Art of Teaching. By E. E. White. The American Book Co.

This work for teachers or those having to do with school management in any way is a carefully thought out presentation of the art of guiding the young mind along the path of learning. It is eminently practical, and is characterized by common-sense, not always a prominent quality in works on teaching. The ground covered by Mr. White is surprisingly large, and his remarks and cautions are suggestive. To those in earnest to make the most of helps in pedagogy "The Art of Teaching" will prove very helpful.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The title 'FOR YOUNG FOLK' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. A banner is draped across the letters, containing the words 'UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER'. To the left of the banner, a child is depicted kneeling and holding a cross.

At Easter Time.


BY HOPE WILLIS.

COME closer to me, children, with your bright and joyous faces:
Oh, this is not the only home where there are vacant places!
Bid the tears within the heart upon the cheek to leave no traces,
Though the little rose we all loved is blooming far away.
She is nearer than that day when we parted from each other;
She is closer than that hour when we clung to one another.
O flowers of my garden, I will be a happy mother,
Though the sweetest rose in all the land is blooming far away.

Uncle Peter's Pirates.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

 MERRY party was entertained one evening last week in a large colonial residence in the east end of Pittsburg. While the guests and four members of the family were at dinner, three of the younger children of the home and two cousins of theirs, together with a schoolmate from the country, were in the library, somewhat noisily awaiting a summons to the second table.

Just as the first dessert was being served in the dining-room, there was an outburst of hand-clapping in the apartment in which were the young folk, followed by the rush of many feet across the wide hall. Then one of the sons of the house was seen by the guests to run into the parlor, pursued by all his companions, the most of

whom were rubbing the end of one forefinger with the tip of the other one, in a gesture of derision, and crying out: "Uncle Peter's pirates! Uncle Peter's pirates!"

"No, it isn't!" he replied. "No, it isn't,—no, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is," they retorted; "Uncle Peter's pirates! Uncle Peter's pirates!"

"Children!" called out the father in a calm but severe tone.

Instantly the hubbub ceased and the boys and the girls hurried back to the library.

One of the guests, who is the intimate friend of the eldest son of the family, asked:

"What did they mean by 'Uncle Peter's pirates'?"

"That is a household word with us," answered the lady of the house. "Haven't you heard the story? No? Well, that's fortunate; for, as I know that none of the rest of you have heard it, let me invite you all to dinner on Sunday next to hear the hero of it spin the yarn himself. He's my brother Peter, Captain Morris, of the Anchor Line, who will be with us from Saturday evening until Monday at noon. Now, will you come to meet him?"

In few words, all the guests expressed themselves delighted with the invitation; and without further formality the engagement was made.

The same pleasant company, with the addition of Captain Morris, were gathered on Sunday last around the same hospitable board. There was too much chatter of bright talk during the meal for any long stories. But when coffee was passed around, piping hot, in dainty little cups, the hostess said:

"Brother Peter, I have promised our

friends that you will tell them the story of your pirates."

"Pshaw, Agnes!" he replied, in a bluff but good-natured tone of remonstrance. "I came here to enjoy a dinner, not to play the bore."

"But they want it," she entreated; "and they came at my invitation to hear it from yourself."

"In that case," he answered, "it is a pleasure to comply. I'll up anchor at once and make for port by the shortest route."

The listeners thereupon settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, so as fully to enjoy the tale, meanwhile sipping the fragrant coffee; and the bronzed old sailor, emptying his own cup, at once began:

"When I was a lad of sixteen I ran away to sea. Yes, just like the story-books have it, I left a good home for the hardships of a sailor's life; and, by the way, many a time I regretted it, and often I had good reason to regret it.

"Our family was settled on a farm near Long Island Sound. I got up before dawn one day in July, after hoeing in the cornfield all the previous week—a hot and tiresome work that I fairly hated,—and I made my way to New Haven. There I shipped as a general utility hand on a vessel owned and sailed by an adventurous Yankee named Captain Nat Doolittle. He used to load up with New England products—cotton goods, tools, notions, and so on,—and trade along the Atlantic coast from Cuba down as far as Rio de Janeiro; selling for cash when he could, taking on goods in exchange when he couldn't get the money, and on his way back making up a cargo that he could sell with profit in New York or Boston. He sometimes had on board a valuable lot of stuff. Then, being of an exceedingly nervous temperament, he would be put to distressful agitation when severe storms arose or other dangers threatened.

"I remained with him for seven years,

rising from the position of 'green hand' to be second mate.

"On my last voyage with him we were going down with practically the Captain's whole fortune, outside of his ship and his home, invested in goods suited for the trade in the Antilles and South America.

"We had gotten below Bermuda when a fearful tempest struck us. It came up rather suddenly, accompanied with a heavy rain, fierce winds, and tremendously high seas. The sun was hidden by the clouds. The rain came down in floods, as it does often in the tropics. For the best part of four days the storm continued. We weathered it safely, although we were worn out by the time it abated. But we thanked God for our escape, even when, after taking an observation, we found that we had been driven far out of our course.

"When we obtained the mastery of the ship and took our reckoning, we were northeast of Puerto Rico. Our way, as we had it planned, was down by two of the Bahama Islands, Havana, Jamaica, across to Maracaibo, and so on down. When we discovered where we had been taken by the cyclone, we proposed to go around by the Caribbean Sea, calling at San Juan, Port-au-Prince, and Santiago, thence to Havana, where we had to make a stop, and so on by our original course.

"After this decision was reached, I went aloft to take my turn at the lookout, a post of more than ordinary importance under the circumstances. I was not long there before I descried a vessel coming as if by magic out of the mist not many miles away, with all sails set, headed directly for us. After giving warning below, I scrutinized it carefully through the glasses as it came into better view. It was a long, rather low-lying, black, rakish-looking craft. At once I thought of pirates. We had been warned on our last trip up that sea-robbers had again begun to infest

those waters. So I signalled down to deck: 'They're probably pirates!' This surmise startled the Captain. He came up himself to the cross-trees, took a long look at the other ship, noticed that it was making dead for us, and went down to do his best to escape if possible, or to make a good fight if he were caught.

"In spite of the lingering storm, the Captain crowded on sail and changed his course to make for the nearest port. The other vessel had on all the sail it could carry, but it imitated our tack. This confirmed our suspicions: we were being pursued. It was to be a chase for fortune, if not also for life. Our little crew were mustered on deck, arms were gotten out, and our two small cannon were loaded,—we would not give up our goods without a struggle nor let ourselves be killed like sheep.

"Meanwhile every eye on board was watching the chase. The pirate craft appeared to be gaining on us. Yes, after a while there was no doubt of it. We were heavily laden and had no great spread of sail. The other vessel was light and had on clouds of canvas,—more even than seemed safe, for every stitch had been set. They were evidently determined to overhaul us. No doubt they were well armed. Slowly but surely they drew nearer and nearer. Oh, for at least an equal chance, or for darkness so that we could give them the slip! But the clouds began to roll by and a long day stretched out before us."

(Conclusion next week.)

More Precious than Gold.

A famous naturalist said that he had no time to make money. In this he was anticipated by Anaxagoras, who, when urged by his friends to put his financial affairs in order, said: "You ask what is impossible for me to grant. How can I stop my search for so precious a thing as knowledge, merely to acquire anything souseless as gold?"

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—THE CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The time fixed for our departure was drawing all too near; for the summer had been a delightful one, with much of fine weather and almost constant sunshine,—rare in that land where Nature's tear is always very near her smile. I had visited the Devil's Glen, with its wondrous falls, its turbulent streams, its mountain heights, reached by a path of tangled bloom. I had seen the "sweet Vale of Avoca" and Avonmore, and Glendalough, with its seven ruined churches; and St. Kevin's Bed, and all the other delights of Wicklow, the garden of Ireland.

On most of these expeditions I had been accompanied by Winifred, with Barney and Moira. If we were driving, Barney acted as driver and guide at once; if we were on foot, he carried the luncheon basket. Very often we set out when the dew was still on the grass and the morning-star had scarcely faded from the sky.

But there was one more spot to be visited, and this time Barney and Moira were not to be of the party. Winifred had persuaded Niall to take us to the Phoul-a-Phooka, and show us there a mysterious cavern in which he kept hidden his treasures. I looked forward to this visit with a curious blending of fear and curiosity. Niall was so variable in his moods, and Father Owen agreed with me in thinking that at times his mind was unsettled and his temper dangerous. Still, I determined to take the risk.

One warm day in July Winifred and I set out in company with Niall,—not, indeed, that he gave us much of his society. When we were in the car he drove in gloomy silence; when we were afoot he walked on ahead, wrapped in

his cloak, with an air of gloomy preoccupation, his sugar-loaf hat serving as a sign-post which we were to follow.

When we came up at last to this celebrated spot, my breath was fairly taken away by its wild and mournful grandeur. Waterfall after waterfall came down from a height of two hundred feet, over great, rocky precipices, being spanned by a single arched bridge of Gothic design. On one side of the falls are tasteful grounds, with shaded walks and seats for the convenience of visitors; on the other, all is wild and barren,—rock rising above rock, crag above crag, in a morose solitude.

It was toward this solitude that Niall led us, the noise of the waterfalls completely drowning our voices. We strode on by devious paths, turning more and more away from the water and upward by a steep ascent, till we found ourselves in surroundings shunned by the common folk, and wild, gloomy and forbidding enough to justify all that popular superstition said of this region. Once we paused to take breath, and I looked down from an eminence on the waters rushing madly to the tranquil glen below; and then I turned my gaze from the Gothic bridge, the work of man, to the mountain crag, the work of the Creator.

Suddenly Niall turned an abrupt angle, Winifred and I creeping after him. I was full of fear; but Winifred was fearless and smiling, holding my hand and encouraging me as though I had been a child. We stopped before a tangled mass of vines and brushwood. Niall pushed them aside, disclosing a small, dark entrance in the rocks, through which he passed, signing for us to follow him. This we did, Winifred whispering:

“It’s the cavern. I was here once before—that time I told you I was going to the Phoul-a-Phooka.”

We bent our heads as we saw Niall do, for the entrance was very low; and

we advanced some paces along a kind of passage-way cut in the rock either by the hand of Nature or by some long-forgotten outlaw of the hills. A surprise awaited us, such as is common enough in underground places; for we emerged all at once from the dark into a large and tolerably well-lighted apartment. The rugged walls of rock, moss-covered in places, were dry; the floor was neatly boarded over, and a fire was ready for lighting in a corner. Above it, a cranny in the wall permitted the smoke to escape. In a little alcove apart from the principal cave were a bed, a few chairs, and a table.

“Niall lives here for weeks at a time,” explained Winifred.

Niall had set a match to the fire; for, warm as the weather was outside, there was a chilliness within as of a vault. Presently the sods blazed up, the flames leaping and glowing about the stooping figure of the old man, who seemed like some strange magician. We seated ourselves on the rough, deal chairs, near a table of similar material that occupied the centre of the cave; and Niall opened a curiously contrived cupboard and brought forth some plates and cups and saucers. Winifred, opening our luncheon basket, took out and spread upon the table its simple contents—cold meat, home-made bread, a pat of fresh butter, and a jar of apple jelly, which the landlord had specially recommended.

Niall then abruptly left the cavern, and returned in a few minutes with a pitcher of goat’s milk; but how or where he had obtained it he did not explain.

“I think he keeps some goats out there on the rocks,” said Winifred in a low voice to me, “so that he can drink the milk when he is living here.”

Our walk had given us an appetite; the coolness of the place, despite the fire, was refreshing. Winifred was in high spirits, making a jest of everything and thoroughly enjoying the simple repast. I, forgetting my late fears, was

also disposed to be merry. Niall alone maintained a moody silence, eating but little, and drinking only sparingly of the goat's milk. When the meal was over, Winifred fetched some water from a mountain spring, and we washed the dishes in a rude earthen vessel and restored them to their places in the cupboard built against the rock. When this was done, Niall said abruptly:

"I will show you now what you have come here to see—the treasure which the earth has yielded up to me. Some of these things are from the tombs of kings or warriors; some buried at the time, perhaps, of the Danish invasion. They are all, I believe, of value, greater or less."

When he had thus spoken he began to creep around the cavern with a furtive, stealthy movement, examining every chink and cranny, as though unseen eyes were watching him. At last he approached a certain corner, withdrawing again, and looking all around him with eager, troubled eyes. Then he touched what seemed to be a secret spring, and before us was another dark passage.

This dark passage had been made by some former occupant of the cave, who stood, perhaps, in danger of his life. We entered, and at the end of it was a second and much smaller cavern, the darkness of which was relieved by the gleam of shining metal. I stood still and drew my breath hard. Was I dreaming, or had I gone back to the world of the Arabian Nights? This could not be Ireland, and Niall a prosaic, end-of-the-century Irishman! He must surely be a magician of old—one of the genii sprung from Aladdin's lamp; and the child beside him, in her delicate, aerial loveliness, some fairy showing the treasures of the earth to mortal eyes.

Niall, putting aside his gloom, suddenly brightened into enthusiasm, which lighted up his face as with the fire of genius. He told us of the old warriors,

chiefs and kings, or of the beautiful ladies in shining satin robes, who had worn these costly ornaments—the fibulæ or brooches, the breastplates of thin burnished gold, the crowns, the bracelets, the collars, some studded with precious gems. And there were shining heaps of gold besides, fresh from the mint. These Niall had obtained in exchange for the ore which he had dug up from the bed of streams and also for gold still in the lump.

The time seemed to pass as in a dream. We were never tired listening, Niall of dwelling upon the glories of his treasure-house. The old man had spent hours and days polishing those articles with chemicals, with whose use he was well acquainted, and some of which gave out a strange, pungent odor; for it had been no small labor to clean away the rust perhaps of ages.

"Every year I part with some of them," Niall said mournfully, rather as one who spoke to himself than to us. "And it is hard, hard; but I add a little each time to the pile of coin. When the day comes I shall sell them all—all!"

He motioned us to go out again into the first cavern; and, touching the spring, he closed away the treasures and sank once more into a listless mood, seated at the table, his head buried in his hands. Winifred, who had listened with open-mouthed delight to Niall's tales of the past, and had been as much interested in seeing the treasures as though she saw them for the first time, now sat thoughtfully beside me, gazing into the fire. Presently she grew tired of inaction, and, springing to her feet, began to dance about the cavern,—a graceful, charming figure in that rocky setting. And as she danced she chanted a weird song in the Irish tongue, which Niall had taught her.

Gradually Niall raised his head. The air or the words of the song seemed to have a strange effect upon him,—to rouse him, as it were, from his lethargy.

He fixed his eyes upon Winifred, watching her every movement with a fierce eagerness. Then his eyes turned upon me, and there was the fire almost of insanity lighting them. As he gazed he rose from his chair, coming toward me with a slow, gliding step, while I sat paralyzed with terror.

"Why should I not kill you," he said, in a deep, low tone, like the growling of some mountain torrent, "and bury you here in the hills? You have brought the curse upon me. Like the carrion bird, your coming has heralded evil. My heart is burning within me because of the sorrow that consumes it. You have charmed the child from me to take her away to the unknown land."

"But remember," I managed to say, "that it is with your consent, and that I have promised to bring her back again when you will."

"Promised!" he repeated fiercely. "As if you could control events—govern the wilful mind of a child and force her to remember!"

There was a deadly calmness in his voice, more fearful than the wildest outburst of anger; and I trembled so violently that I could almost hear my teeth chattering.

"Ha!" he cried, "you are afraid of me. I can see you tremble. And you may well; for Niall, in his wrath, is terrible as the mountain torrent in its course."

I fixed my eyes upon him as upon a wild beast whose fury I was striving to tame. Every moment I feared that he might spring upon me, when the voice of Winifred suddenly broke the spell. It was evident she had not at first perceived what was going on.

"Niall!" she said imperiously. "What are you saying to the lady? Why are you trying to frighten her?"

She interposed her slender figure between us as she spoke.

Niall's eyes sought the ground in a crestfallen manner, and he muttered:

"Forgive me, my little lady!"

"I won't forgive you if you act like that any more, Niall!" she declared. "You know how the old chieftains and kings you are always talking about treated their guests. And isn't the lady your guest here in your own cavern, Niall?"

Niall murmured:

"I forgot, I forgot! 'Tis all my poor head. At times I can think only of one thing—that she is taking you away."

"And 'tis you who want me to go for my own good," Winifred said gravely.

Niall turned away with a groan.

"I am willing to go," Winifred went on, "because Father Owen said I should. He knows what is best. He told me it was God sent the lady here."

Niall broke into an uncontrollable fury, which caused even Winifred to step back.

"What care I for Father Owen or the lady?" he exclaimed.

Her face was pale; I think it was the first time she had ever been afraid of Niall. But she faced the old man bravely; though his face, working with passion, his streaming hair and huge frame made him look like a veritable Cyclops.

"Be still, Niall," she cried, "or the lady and I will go away out of your cave this minute, and be very sorry that we came here."

She put her small hand on his arm, and the touch seemed to calm him.

"Forgive me!" he murmured once more, in the helpless, bewildered tone of a little child; and, sinking again into one of the chairs near the table, he buried his face in his hands and so remained for some moments. We did not disturb him by so much as a word; but I, relieved somewhat from my late suspense, though dreading a new access of fury, and eager to be gone, let my eyes rove round that singular place. The rugged face of the rock above our heads and all around was lit by the crackling

flames of the turf which burned so brightly. I was startled from my thoughts by the voice of Niall; but this time it was soft and low as that of Winifred herself. Suddenly rising from his chair, he made me a low bow and offered an humble apology for his late rudeness. After that he was the same amiable and courteous gentleman he so often appeared, and as pleasant as possible, talking a great deal and telling us many interesting things.

"In this cave," he said, "during the penal times more than one priest took refuge. Mass was said here, and the people flocked from far and near to attend it. Here in the troubles of '98 it is said that the patriot O'Byrne took refuge. This may be the precise cavern in which he dwelt, or it may not; but it gives the place an interest,—a sad interest."

He paused and looked about him for an instant.

"I shall love this cave better than ever now," said Winifred; "and I shall often think of it when I am far away in the New World—"

Her voice broke a little.

"Think of it, my child!" cried Niall. "Oh, *do* think of it when you are far beyond the ocean! Think of whatever will make you love Ireland and make you remember."

The tears coursed down his cheeks and there was anguish in his voice.

"Don't cry, Niall!" said Winifred. "I shall always remember you and your cave and dear old Granny and Wicklow and Ireland."

She said the words as solemnly as if they were a vow; and they had a weird sound there in that hole in the rocks which had sheltered many a noble and saintly soul.

"There spoke my own lady!" cried Niall, triumphantly.

"Nothing shall ever make me forget," added Winifred.

"I, for my part," I broke in, "shall do

my best to help you to remember; and so I solemnly promise here on this holy ground, where Mass has been said and where martyrs have trod."

It was near evening when we left that wonderful spot, and, deafened once more by the noise of the Phoul-a-Phooka, retraced our steps in silence.

(To be continued.)

The Lark and Her Little Ones.

A lark and her little ones had their nest in a field of corn which was almost ripe. She was in great fear that the reapers would come and cut down the corn before her young ones could fly. When she left the nest to go for food, she gave them this order—that they were to tell her when she came back what they heard while she was away.

When she was gone they heard the owner of the field say to his son: "I think this corn is ripe enough: go and ask our friends and neighbors to come early to-morrow morning and reap it." When the lark came home, the young ones repeated what they had heard. The mother told them to be easy. "For," said she, "if the farmer depends on friends, he will not have his corn cut to-morrow."

The next day she went out again, and on her return they told her that the farmer had been there, and waited a long time, but nobody came to help him. He then said to his son: "Go and ask our uncles and cousins to help us to reap it."—"If that be all," the old bird replied, "you will be safe to-morrow." The next day again the farmer and his son had no one to help them. "Go, son," he said, "and get a couple of sickles; as none will help us, we must reap it ourselves."

"Now," said the lark, "we must be gone indeed; for when a man resolves to do his work himself, it will surely be done."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Substantial treatises on the religious life are always in demand, and of late years especially industrious pens have labored to supply the need. A modest effort of this kind is a little treatise by Father Reginald Buckler, O. P., entitled "A Few First Principles on the Religious Life." Though slight even to brevity, it is solid and practical. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

—An American edition of Chateaubriand's "Memoirs," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, will soon appear in six volumes. Those who do not know these "Memoirs" in the original will get some notion of their value from these words of Chateaubriand about himself: "I have met nearly all the men who in my time have played a part, great or small, in my own country or abroad." This large claim was literally exact.

—The first volume of an important work, one that will be welcomed by students and general readers, is announced by the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. It is a universal history and is intended primarily to replace the professedly "unsectarian" general histories in use in Catholic educational institutions. At least two volumes will be published during the present year. The first treats of ancient history, down to the fall of the Roman Empire; the second volume, which is in active preparation, deals with early medieval history, to the end of the Crusades. The need of such a work has often been dwelt upon in these pages. Dr. Parsons will be his own publisher.

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* calls attention to a gratifying fact many a time adverted to in these pages:

Half a century after the strongly anti-Catholic novels published during the anti-Tractarian feeling in England and the Know-nothing madness in the United States, American and English novelists have fully perceived the artistic value of a good priest in a piece of fiction. Here and there ignorance puts forward the ancient caricature; but for one novel disgraced by him there are at least two in which the real churchman is seen. The latest is "Fra Donato," in Mr. Clinton Scollard's "The Cloistering of Ursula," a brave friar who dares to protect the innocent even at the peril of his life, who is sufficiently astute to outwit the wicked, and wise enough to be the trusted friend of the rulers of men. Mr. Scollard also presents the case of an archbishopric held by a daring and mercenary layman, and shows how disgrace fell upon the Church through him. It is doubtful if fifty years ago there was a Protestant novelist in the country sufficiently well read in Catholic matters to think of such a situation; and certainly there was not one whose delicacy of feeling would have led him to refrain from any word by which one can guess what weak pope, what scheming cardinal were responsible for yielding to the demand for the appointment.

It is worth noting, too, that when the subject and period chosen for a story do not naturally suggest edification, the treatment adopted by non-

Catholic novelists often goes far to neutralize the evil influence. Thus, reviewing Edith Wharton's latest book, the *Literary Digest* says it brings to the front "the real power and beauty of the old religion" in spite of some passages which would be disagreeable reading for Catholics. So moves the world onward.

—Mary Anderson, now Madame de Navarro, has written an introduction to Miss Clara Morris' pleasant recollections of "Stage Life." Like Mary Anderson, Clara Morris warns young girls against the attractions of life behind the scenes; a warning all the more necessary since the scrofulous and diseased drama seems to have won all along the line against the clean and the legitimate.

—It is worth while to quote some words of Thomas Jefferson on a subject which the Protestants of his day understood far less perfectly than non-Catholics do now. In a letter to Mr. C. W. Peale, written almost a century ago, the author of the Declaration of Independence says: "I have been sensible that the Scriptural paintings in the Catholic churches produce deeper impressions on the people generally than they receive from reading the books [Scriptures] themselves, with much more good to others." The letter from which these words are quoted is reprinted in the *American Catholic Historical Researches*. It first appeared in the *Catholic Telegraph* in 1834.

—Mr. B. I. Durward, of Durward's Glenn, Wis., who was commended to the prayers of our readers last week, was distinguished both as a painter and a poet. Those who have seen the reproductions of his Madonnas, issued last year, must have remarked the elevated religious sentiment that inspired his brush. His poetry, some of which first appeared in these pages, was greatly admired by critics like Aubrey de Vere. Many a true poem characterized by purity, simple pathos and tender piety, a nearness to the heart of nature and a vivid enjoyment of sacred ties, is to be found in a now rare volume entitled "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin." Mr. Durward was a convert to the Church, and for many years was a professor in St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee. Two of his sons are among the most efficient and respected priests of the Northwest.

—The Rev. Dr. William Barry's essay on "The Prospects of Catholicism," as we have already remarked, is inspiring and eloquent. In noble, sonorous periods he sets forth the thesis which he himself summarizes thus:

Let me give my conclusion in a nutshell. Cardinal Newman, reading history on evidence without straining it, has

recognized that the Pope must, at all events, be recognized as "heir by default" of antiquity. The expression gave some little offence to certain of his critics, who did not perceive that he took the lowest ground because it was unassailable. In a like spirit and that I may come to close quarters with my argument, I will say that Catholicism is "heir by default" of primitive Christianity. Though it were true that, on paper, we could trace a system more resembling the organization of which we enjoy glimpses up and down the New Testament than the existing Roman Church, as a matter of fact no such scheme is anywhere visible, or ever was. Strike out Catholic dogma from the ages, imagine the Catholic hierarchy a fiction, and what is left? East answers West that nothing is left. In the concrete, as a religion accepted, acted upon, by nations, and larger than a mere sect or school, the Christian Religion has always been Catholic and is so at the present day. All modern churches are fragments hurled forth, or broken off, from a centre at which the Ancient Faith is still as resplendent as ever. And they remain Christian simply in so far as they keep what they have inherited. Survey them all, from the Anglican on the Extreme Right to the Unitarian or Universalist on the Extreme Left: what have they to call Christian which they have not received from Rome? Christ Himself, the Bible, the sacred ordinances, the creeds,—all were brought to Western Europe and taken thence to America from this single source. Historically, creed and system are not to be divided. Rome is the Mother, as she was during centuries the Mistress, of all the churches with which we have any concern.

It is hard to resist the temptation to quote more where all is so quotable; but the pamphlet may be had for a song from the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco and London.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Duttò.* \$1.50, net.
- Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
- Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
- St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
- Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
- Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
- The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
- Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
- General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
- Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
- George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
- Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
- The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
- Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.
- The Little Flower of Jesus. \$1.60, net.
- The Way of Perfection. *St. Teresa.* \$1.
- Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire. *Marquis of Lorne, K. T.* \$2.50, net.
- Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$2.50.
- Maids and Matrons of New France. *Mary Sifton Pepper.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. Joseph Ryan, of the diocese of Green Bay; the Rev. John Bokel, O. P.; and the Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J.

Sister Vincent and Mother Laurentine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Eugene, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. F. X: Laud and Mrs. Elizabeth Tynan, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Joynt, E. Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Daniel Donohue, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Henry McKerrow, Hayward, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Grusel and Mr. Henry Hild, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Edward Fogarty, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Mary O'Shaughnessy, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. George Weber and Mr. William Nuxhole, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Henry Murray, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. John Govern, Rockford, Ill.; Miss Maud Wheeler and Mr. John Clements, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Anna McSherry, Martinsburg, W. Va.; and Mr. Martin Porter, Logansport, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I. 48.

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The New-Come Spring.

BY ADAM ST. VICTOR. TRANSLATED BY H. M. M.

JOYFUL from her earthy bed,
Spring leads forth her new-born train;
Jesus, rising from the dead,
All things calls to life again;
All the elements obey,
Feeling their Creator's sway,
And keep solemn holiday.

Now He gives serener skies,
And the billows cease to rise;
And the wind breathes still and light,
And our vale is blooming bright;
Green the thirsty uplands grow;
Winter's fetters melt and flow
As the vernal zephyrs blow.

Ice-bound Death thus melts and fails,
And the "prince of this world" quails,
And his cursed empire all
Totters to its final fall.
Satan came and nothing found;
Jesus, whom he would have bound,
Shook his throne to hell profound.

Life from Death thus wins the prize;
For mankind recovers more
Than they lost or knew before—
Aye, the joys of Paradise;
And, as promised by the Lord,
Lo! He sheathes the flaming sword,
And the cherub-guarded way
Opens into endless day.

THE man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for his advance.

The Feast of the Good Thief.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.



OW pathetic and holy of the Church to institute a feast in honor of the Good Thief, and how encouraging to us! There are indeed many things that might be considered in connection with it; but one thing that certainly must not be overlooked is the time chosen for the celebration of the feast. The Church had all the year round to choose from; and we, with our eagerness, would suggest that Holy Week or some day within Passiontide would be the most appropriate time. But no, that is not the time she selects. When the Christian world is rejoicing with Alleluias, when the Christian heart is pulsing with Paschal joy,—that is a strange time to think of agony and shame and death. And yet that is the time; for above all the agony and shame and death there is the one delightful word: "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."

Antiphon: Saith one Thief to the other: We indeed receive what we deserve, but what hath this Man done? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Alleluia.

Church: Christ the King crucified, who gives paradise to the Thief on the cross, come let us adore. Alleluia.—Children: Christ the King crucified, who gives paradise to the Thief on the cross, come let us adore. Alleluia.

Antiphon for the first nocturn: Blessed is that servant who trusted in the Lord and was heard in the holy mountain. Alleluia.

Church: The Lord loved him and adorned him.—Children: He put a stole of glory upon him.

For the lessons of this nocturn, the Church reads what is technically called the "Scripture Occurring." The reader will understand that there is a certain portion of the Scripture laid down by the Church for every week and for every day, to be read by her priests on that week and on that day; and thus the whole Scripture is read in the course of the year. Such was supposed to be the custom of the Synagogue, from which the practice passed to the Apostles and the early Church. This is the "Scripture Occurring."

Antiphon for the second nocturn: The Lord heard His servant call on Him; the Lord heard, and constituted him in peace. Alleluia.

Church: The Lord put on him the breastplate of faith and adorned him. Alleluia.—Children: The Lord crowned him at the gates of paradise. Alleluia.

The Church calls upon St. Chrysostom.

Lesson IV: I know that others before me have spoken of the Good Thief, but the word of God has various meanings. One Thief [he means our Lord Jesus Christ, who was reputed among thieves] purchases salvation; another [the Good Thief] carries off a heavenly kingdom. The latter uses violence to Majesty; obtaining, not by his own power but by faith, the palm of victory. It is the Lord's own word: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."...On the cross the two Thieves represent two peoples—the Jews and the Gentiles. The Good Thief, who repents, is the likeness of the faithful people gathered from the Gentiles; for at first he walked in error and afterward recognized truth. But the other was the likeness of the Jews, who

remained a thief to the end. Up to the day of the cross they walked together in wickedness; but the cross separated them for evermore.

Church: The veil of the Temple was rent and the earth trembled.—Children: And the Good Thief cried, saying: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Alleluia.—Church: The rocks were split, the graves were opened, and many of the bodies of the dead who had been sleeping arose.—Children: And the Good Thief cried, saying: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Alleluia.

Lesson V: He who believed not entered on the way of blindness and perdition; but the path of salvation, he who believed embraced. It was on the cross the Good Thief learned the difference of the ways;—for "the Lord knoweth the way of the just, but the way of the impious shall perish." Observe also the just judgment of God, that even you too might say with the Prophet: "Thou art right, O Lord, and Thy judgment is just!" On account of one act of disobedience Adam is lost; on account of one cry of faith a Thief is saved. One sin casts that one out; one prayer brings this one in, and makes of the outlaw a dweller in paradise. O wonderful thing! Not even to Abraham is the promise given for a cry. He comes into the inheritance, it is true, but it is by faith; to no one before the Thief was the promise of paradise made.

Church: No one before the Thief received the promise of paradise; and to him the Lord said on the cross.—Children: This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise. Alleluia.—Church: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.—Children: This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise. Alleluia.

Lesson VI: And he saw the Saviour, not on His royal throne, not to be adored in the Temple, not speaking from the skies, not governing all things

through His angels; but a companion in pain with himself. He sees Him in torments, and adores Him as though in glory. He sees Him hanging on the cross, and prays to Him as the Ruler of the skies. He sees Him crucified like a slave, and adores Him as a King, saying: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." You see Him crucified: do you proclaim Him King? You see Him hang on the cross: do you think of His heavenly kingdom? O what a wonder, the conversion of the Thief!

Church: O wonderful conversion of the Thief! He sees Him crucified, and proclaims Him King. Alleluia.—Children: Sees Him hanging on the cross, and thinks on heavenly kingdoms. Alleluia.

Antiphon for the third nocturn: O Lord, this saintly one shall dwell in Thy tabernacle! He shall rest on Thy holy mountain. Alleluia.

Church: He shall receive benediction from the Lord. Alleluia.—Children: And mercy from God his Saviour. Alleluia.

Gospel (Luke, 39): And one of these robbers who were hanging blasphemed Him, saying: If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us....

The Church calls upon the venerable Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose.

Lesson VII: Now that in this day's Gospel we have heard mention made of the Thief, let us see who that Thief was, and what kind,—who, when the Lord was on the cross, not alone obtained pardon of his sins but was blessed with the delights of paradise. On account of his sins he was condemned to death, on account of his faith he was translated to glory; and the cross which he bore was to him not an instrument of suffering but an occasion of happiness. For, set on the cross, he believed in Our Lord crucified; and, using well his companionship of passion, he was admitted into a companionship of paradise. Blessed, my brethren, is that Thief, who while suffering punishment acquires a heavenly kingdom.

Behold, he is said to be guilty of death, as one who sought out that very time to be condemned; for he had never attained unto glory had he not first been condemned to death. Let us see, I say, why, being guilty of such enormous crimes, he was promised paradise so quickly by the Saviour, when so many others by the tears of many years and by frequent fasts scarcely obtain the pardon of their sins.

Church: This is the Good Thief, who, hanging on the cross, believed in our Lord Jesus Christ crucified.—Children: And while he endures punishment acquires an eternal kingdom. Alleluia.—Church: He confessed *on the Tree* whom Judas betrayed in the Garden of Paradise.*

Lesson VIII: The reasons, my brethren, are many and important. First, we see that the Good Thief was changed all of a sudden, so as to despise present pain, and rather beg for future remission; and he considers it more useful to make a request about pain in the next life than to ask for freedom from it in this. For, remembering his crimes, and bringing forth worthy repentance, he bewails more what he fears [for the next world] than feels what he suffers [in this]. He who has once believed in Christ, unless he thinks much of the future, might easily murmur at the pains of the present.

Then, moreover, it is largely to the increase of his merit that, when Christ was hanging on the cross, he made a public act of faith in Him; and that Passion, which was a scandal to others, was to him immediate salvation. For, according to the words of the Apostle, the Passion of the Cross became a scandal to many: "We preach Christ crucified, a scandal to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles." Rightly, therefore, does he deserve paradise who

* There is here an allusion to what took place in Eden.

believes that the Cross of Christ was not scandal but power. And so the same Apostle further says: "But to the Jews and to the Gentiles, called [to the Church], Christ is the Power of God and the Wisdom of God."

Church: He who believes that the Cross of Christ is not scandal but power he it is who deserves paradise.—Children: May he intercede for the sins of the people! Alleluia.—Church: He honored Him suffering whom Judas betrayed with a kiss.

Lesson IX: Rightly, then, does the Lord give him an immediate promise of paradise; because while Judas bargained over Him in the garden, he confessed Him on the cross. Wonderful thing! The Thief confesses, the Apostle denies. Very wonderful is it that the Thief should confess Him suffering, and Judas betray Him with a kiss. By the one the comforts of peace are sold, by the other the wounds of the cross are preached. For he says: "Remember me, Lord, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

Now, in this is the perfection of faith, that when blood is seen coming from the wounds of the Lord, at that very time pardon is sought from His power; that when His humanity was most manifest, then His divinity was most feared; that when He appeared but a criminal put to death, then reverence was paid to Him as a King. That Good Thief evidently did not believe Him as going to die whom he salutes as about to enter His kingdom. He does not think Him about to be made subject in hell whom he proclaims going to rule in heaven; nor does he consider Him about to be made captive below by whose power he himself seeks to be freed from it. Though he looks on the gaping wounds, though he beholds the flowing blood,—all the same, he believes Him God, whom he recognizes not as guilty; [on the other hand] Christ declares him just, whom He remembers not as a sinner.

Antiphons at Lauds: 1. The Good Thief saw Christ crucified, and invoked Him as King, saying: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Alleluia.—2. Who confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father who is in heaven. Alleluia.—3. When my soul was troubled, Thou, O Lord, didst remember Thy mercy! Alleluia.—4. Christ my Redeemer saved me; He said: This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise. Alleluia.—5. He who came such a one to the cross by crime, behold what a one he left it through grace. Alleluia.

Short Chapter: Behold, the hand of the Lord is not shortened, that He could not save; nor His ear dulled, that He could not hear. (Isaias, 59.)

Church: He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it to him. Alleluia.—Children: Glory and great honor Thou wilt bestow upon him. Alleluia.

Antiphon: Said one Thief to the other: We indeed have received what we deserved, but what hath this Man done? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Alleluia.

Church: Thou wilt cry, and the Lord will hear.—Children: He will answer and say: Lo, here I am!—Church: But Thou, O Lord, hast saved my soul, that it should not perish.—Children: And all my sins Thou hast cast behind Thy back.

Antiphon: The impiety of the impious shall not harm him, in whatsoever day he shall turn from his impiety. Alleluia, alleluia.

Priest: Almighty and merciful God, who justifiest the impious, we humbly beseech Thee that, with that look of mercy with which Thy Only-Begotten drew the Good Thief, Thou wouldst draw us to a worthy repentance; and that heavenly glory which He promised to him, Thou wouldst deign to bestow upon us: who with Thee liveth and reigneth, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

THE Santa Cruz Mine, over which such conflicting interests were struggling, and around which old wrongs, exasperations and bitterness were waking to new life, lay deep in one of those mountain fastnesses where Nature seems to delight in hiding her richest treasures. The only practicable approach to it was by a cañon which opened out of the valley of Las Joyas, and, with a contrast common in the Sierra, was as stern and wild of aspect as the plain was gentle and pastoral. A narrow road or trail—it was no more than the last,—worn by the passing feet of innumerable mules and men, wound along the side of the cañon, with precipitous heights rising above; while below there was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to dark, green depths, into which no ray of sunlight ever pierced, and where an unseen stream filled the chasm with the tumult of pouring waters. Wild enough at its outset, the gorge grew wilder as it penetrated farther into the heart of the giant hills, until at length it terminated in a natural cul-de-sac, where a great mountain, like a couchant lion, closed the way, and where, high in the side of this height, lay the Santa Cruz Mine.

Six hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge, into which the stream, leaping in a white cataract down an arroyo, plunged with a thunderous roar, was the arched entrance of the main tunnel into the mine; and before this the patio for the sorting of ores, buttressed on its outer side by an enormous dump of waste rock. And here, crowning a mass of boulders, stood a tall cross, the first object to meet the gaze of any one advancing up the cañon.

"*In hoc signo vinces!*" Lloyd murmured to himself, as he rounded a turn of the gorge and caught sight of the great symbol, so high uplifted and so impressively relieved against the mountain side. He felt himself suddenly thrilled, not only by its marvellous picturesqueness, towering at the head of this mountain defile, and by the poetry of the faith which placed it there, but also by a conviction that it stood as an omen of victory for those who held the mine beneath it. The words of Doña Beatriz recurred to his memory. "I swear by the holy cross that stands over the mine!" she had said. And what she swore was that neither the man who claimed it nor any one whom he sent should ever possess the Santa Cruz. At this moment Lloyd, too, could have sworn that they never would. For, as he walked his horse along the narrow way, with the roar of the torrent below filling his ears, the stern heights encompassing him and the majestic cross dominating the wild grandeur of the scene, he saw how admirably situated the mine was for defence, commanding as it did the head of the cañon, with no other way of approach than the trail which he was following, and which, winding along the side of the gorge, finally entered the patio on a level. Unless surprised, the Santa Cruz could never be taken by force, if those who held it were minded to resist. And that they would be so minded he could not doubt, knowing as he did the indomitable temper of one at least of the women who were its possessors. It was impossible not to smile at the thought that Trafford, whose progress had been so triumphant for many years, and whose road to fortune had been marked by the ruin of whoever opposed him, might now at last have a taste of defeat at the hands of his own daughter.

"But they should not allow a stranger to ride unchallenged into their patio!"

he thought impatiently, as he entered, and looked over a scene of a kind very familiar to him—men bringing ore out of the mine; groups of boys seated on the ground rapidly breaking and sorting it into heaps, from which numbers of mules were being loaded, to carry all, save what was known as the export ore, down to the arrastres at the mouth of the cañon, for reduction by the ancient process of Mexico.

It was a busy and animated scene; and so absorbed was each person in his particular occupation that it was several minutes before any one approached the newcomer, who, drawing up his horse, quietly waited. Presently a young man, detaching himself from a group of men and mules, came forward. It was not altogether a pleasant surprise that he proved to be Arturo Vallejo, who on his part was evidently astonished as unpleasantly as possible by the sight of Lloyd.

"*Buenos días, Señor!*" he said coldly and with evident suspicion. "You have business here—in the Santa Cruz?"

"Else I should not be here, Señor," Lloyd answered. "I wish to see your father, Don Mariano Vallejo."

"My father is just now in the mine, Señor. But I am in charge of the patio. You can tell your business to me."

"I would prefer to speak to Don Mariano," said Lloyd. "With your permission, I will wait for him."

The words were civil enough, but it was, perhaps, the manner of the other which exasperated Arturo. At all events, his reply was distinctly rude:

"It can not be permitted, Señor, that you shall stay here. We do not allow strangers—who may be enemies or spies—in our patio."

"A very good rule," returned Lloyd, coolly; "but it would be better if you took more precautions to enforce it. You should certainly not permit a stranger to ride, as I have done, unhindered into your patio."

The young man flushed angrily. The admonition, so plainly justified, would not have been agreeable coming from any one. Coming from this source, it was intolerable.

"I stand in no need of advice from you," he said haughtily. "We are able to take care of ourselves. You would not have entered if the watchman had not been off guard just then. It is, however, impossible that you can be allowed to remain."

"In that case," said Lloyd, with the same exasperating coolness, "I will trouble you to say to Don Mariano when he comes out of the mine that I will see him at Las Joyas."

This was something Arturo had not anticipated.

"At Las Joyas!" he repeated violently. "It is impossible—you can not venture to intrude there!"

Lloyd smiled.

"You may be in charge of the patio of the Santa Cruz, Don Arturo," he said, "but I hardly imagine that you are in charge of Las Joyas. Kindly give my message to your father."

He was about to turn his horse, when the young Mexican laid a quick hand on the rein.

"I may not be in charge of Las Joyas, Señor," he cried, "but I feel it my duty to prevent such an intrusion on the ladies who are there alone. If you must see my father, you can wait in the office yonder"—he waved his hand toward a small building beside the mouth of the tunnel—"until he comes out of the mine."

"You are extremely kind," said Lloyd, with subdued sarcasm; "but I think it will perhaps be better if I go—"

"To Las Joyas," he was about to add when the words were stopped on his lips by the appearance of a figure which suddenly rode into the patio. It was a feminine figure, rebozo-shrouded about the head and shoulders, but not so closely that it was possible to mistake the beautiful face and eyes of Victoria

Calderon. As she entered, she halted, slipped lightly and easily without assistance from her saddle to the ground, and called a boy from one of the ore heaps to take her mule. At the same moment Lloyd also dismounted and advanced quickly toward her with uncovered head and outstretched hand.

"Doña Victoria," he said, "I am happy to meet you!"

She started as she turned toward him, extreme surprise in her face and manner, but, as he felt at once, no trace of suspicion.

"Señor Lloyd!" she exclaimed. "It is very unexpected to meet you here."

"I am sure of it," he answered as he took her hand. "I am here to see Don Mariano, but I am told that he is in the mine just now."

"But no doubt they have also told you that he never remains there very long," she observed. "So you can wait a little, or"—she looked at him with sudden keenness,—"if your business relates to the mine, you can transact it with me. It is as you like."

"It is as *you* like, rather," he said. "My business certainly relates to the mine; but it was because I was unwilling to disturb your mother and yourself that, instead of going to Las Joyas, I came here to see Don Mariano."

"Whatever concerns the mine concerns my mother and myself first of all, Señor," she replied; "and you need not have hesitated to disturb us. What is your business? Do you, perhaps, bring some message from the man who is trying to take the mine from us?"

"No, Señorita. I have no connection with Mr. Armistead in the matter of the Santa Cruz, and bring no message from him. I shall be glad to tell you what I have come to say to Don Mariano. But"—he glanced at the people around them—"can we not find a more quiet place in which to talk?"

At this moment Arturo approached them.

"I have told the Señor that he can wait for my father in the office," he said stiffly to Victoria.

"It is not necessary that he should wait; he can speak to me," she rejoined, with an air of authority which somewhat amused Lloyd. "Give your horse to José," she said to the latter, indicating the boy who had taken her mule; "and we will find a place to talk."

She turned as she spoke, not toward the office as he expected, but in the opposite direction,—toward the outer edge of the patio, which, being enlarged by the vast accumulation of waste rock from the mine, sharply overhung the mountain side. Here, on a pile of timbers awaiting use, she sat down. There was no thought of the surroundings in her mind, but Lloyd could not but be struck by them: the great heights towering into the burning blue of the jewel-like sky, the thunder of leaping waters, the strong sunlight smiting the rocks and pines and wealth of verdure in the wild gorge below. It all made a frame of stupendous grandeur and picturesqueness for the busy scene around the mouth of the mine and for the figure of the girl, whose face looked up at him out of the blue folds of her rebozo with steady dark eyes.

"Will you not sit down, Señor?" she said. "This is a good place to speak, for no one can overhear you here."

"Thanks, Señorita!" he answered. And as he seated himself beside her on the timbers, he drew from his pocket the pale gray note with its faint violet fragrance, which seemed to bring Isabel Rivers' personality before him. "As I have said, I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting you," he went on; "but, nevertheless, on the chance of doing so, I thought it best to bring this."

With a wondering expression she took the note; and the wonder had evidently deepened when, after reading it, she looked at him again.

"This," she said, "is from the *señorita*

Americana—the daughter of the Gerente of the Caridad, with whom I travelled up the quebrada?"

"The same," Lloyd answered. "Miss Rivers remembers you so well that she hoped you would also remember her."

"I remember her very well, Señor; but I do not understand why she should write to me and ask me to trust you, whom I have had no thought of distrusting."

"You are very good to say so, Señorita; but we—Miss Rivers and myself—could not be sure of that; for we remembered that you had only seen me when I was with the man whom you regard as your enemy—"

"He is our enemy," she interposed quickly; "but you, even when you were with him, proved yourself our friend."

"I certainly felt as your friend," Lloyd answered; "but I had so little opportunity to prove myself one that I should not have been surprised if you had distrusted me—perhaps as much as Don Arturo does," he added, with a smiling glance in the direction of that highly indignant young man.

"Arturo is a boy," said Victoria, who was probably three or four years his junior. "It is unnecessary that you should think of him. I would have trusted you without this letter; so now you can tell me at once what it is you have come to say."

"Briefly, then, I have come to warn you that it is Mr. Armistead's intention to surprise the mine and take possession of it by force."

"Ah! He thinks that he can!" A flash of fire leaped now into the dark eyes. "You have learned this from himself, Señor?"

"No," Lloyd replied; "for in that case I could not have told you. I have learned or divined it from an outside source, which left me free to warn you. But I do not think there is any doubt of his intention; and if he succeeds, you will never recover your mine. Your

only hope, as matters stand, is in keeping possession of it. Surely you must know this."

"We do know it," she said sternly; "and we are ready to fight any one who comes to take it."

"You will have no chance to fight if Armistead carries out his plan. Do you not understand? The mine will be *surprised*. Some night men will steal into your patio, overpower the watchman and take the mine. After that you can never retake it; for those who will then be in possession will not only use every precaution against surprise, but they will have the law on their side."

"You are mistaken. We would take it from them if we had to bring every man in the Sierra to do it!" Victoria cried passionately. "But there is no need to consider that; for they shall never obtain possession of it."

"Then," Lloyd said gravely, "you must keep better guard. I, a stranger, rode unchallenged into your patio. Why might not a hundred men do the same?"

She stared at him for a moment, and as she drew her dark brows together over her blazing eyes, he saw all the imperious force of her character written in her face.

"It shall never happen again," she said. "If it does, everyone in charge shall go on the instant. Yonder is Don Mariano now. Wait for me a moment, Señor."

She rose and walked rapidly away to the mouth of the tunnel, where Don Mariano had indeed appeared and was standing, giving some orders. Lloyd watched her draw him aside and speak for a few minutes with low-toned vehemence, and evidently to his great surprise; then both turned and came toward him.

The bronzed, grave Mexican greeted Lloyd with a certain stiffness in his courtesy. It was plain that he thought the warning which had been given the impetuous young woman at his side

should have been reserved for his ear.

"Doña Victoria tells me that you have done us a great service, Señor," he said, after they had shaken hands. "Have you reason to be certain of what you have told her—that it is intended to take possession of the Santa Cruz by means of a surprise?"

"I have very good reason to be certain of it, Señor," Lloyd answered. "But even if I had not such reason," he could not forbear adding, "I should know that it would be the thing most likely to be attempted, and therefore to be guarded against."

"The Santa Cruz is well guarded, Señor. We have many rifles in that office yonder."

"Rifles are only of use in the hands of men," Lloyd replied a little dryly. "You will pardon me for saying that after your mine had been taken they would be of little service to you. I do not, however, wish to take the liberty of offering advice: I am simply here to give a friendly warning. As Doña Victoria has probably told you, I have reason to believe that Mr. Armistead's plan is to take possession of the mine by a surprise, and so avoid the long delay of legal action. I need not tell you that he relies upon the strength of Mr. Trafford's title to hold the mine after he has obtained possession of it."

"He will never obtain possession of it," answered Don Mariano, grimly; "especially since you have been kind enough to put us on our guard," he added, with the air of one who acknowledges an obligation which is not altogether to his taste. "Perhaps we have been a little careless—we have gone on in our accustomed manner, forgetting the treacherous ways of the gringos—"

"All gringos are not treacherous," Victoria interposed quickly. "Señor Lloyd has come here to warn us against his own countryman, to do us a service which we can not repay. But for him

we might—I believe that we should—have lost the mine." She turned to Lloyd, her eyes now all melting and glowing. "How can we thank you, Señor?"

"I am sufficiently thanked, Señorita, if the warning I have given proves of service to you," he answered. "Do not forget that you have some one else to thank besides me." He glanced as he spoke at the note still in her hand.

"Ah, yes: the Señorita! Will you assure her of my gratitude?"

"I am not returning to Tópia, so I shall not see Miss Rivers again. But I hope that you will see her yourself."

"How can that be, Señor? Neither am I going to Tópia."

"I think, if you will allow me to say so, that nothing would give Miss Rivers more pleasure than to visit Las Joyas."

Victoria looked amazed.

"Do you think it possible that she would care to come into the Sierra?" she asked.

"I am sure that she would be delighted to do so," Lloyd answered confidently.

"Then I will write and ask her to come. But you, Señor,—you will go now to Las Joyas? My mother will wish to see and thank you."

Nothing, however, was further from his wishes or intentions than to go to Las Joyas for the thanks of Doña Beatriz. In fact, all that he now desired, having accomplished his errand, was to get away as speedily as possible.

"Many thanks, Señorita!" Lloyd answered, beckoning the boy who held his horse to bring the animal up; "but it is not possible for me to have the pleasure of going to Las Joyas at this time. May I beg that you will present my respectful salutations to Doña Beatriz and assure her—"

But Victoria interrupted his compliments ruthlessly.

"You are going away—after what you have done for us—without entering our house!" she exclaimed. "That is

impossible, Señor,—I can not allow it.”

He held out his hand, smiling.

“I am going to San Andrés, and have come out of my way to visit Santa Cruz; so now I must get on quickly. Another time I will have the pleasure of visiting Las Joyas.”

“When the *señorita Americana* comes?”

“Hardly then, I fear; but later, perhaps. And now *adios, Señorita! Adios, Señor!* My best wishes for your success in holding the mine.”

A few minutes later he was again on the mountain trail, with the great cross of the Santa Cruz behind him, and the memory of a pair of very reproachful dark eyes accompanying him.

(To be continued.)

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.

VIII.—HIS CHARACTER.—DEATH.

IF a man with so many active interests as Ambrose de Lisle may be said to have had any “hobbies,” we may truthfully ascribe to him two which absorbed him for many years—ever since the period of his first conversion. These were the restoration of Gothic architecture in the Church, and the substitution of the Gregorian Chant for what he called the abominations of music perpetrated under the name of prayer and praise. Like everything else he did, he carried these predilections to the verge of extremes; they were the two principal efforts of his pen, and he often lost patience with those who did not share his views on either subject.

Pugin and he stood always side by side in their opinions concerning church architecture, allowing no merit to any school but that which they considered the only proper expression of Christian art. Many, and sometimes not wanting in bitterness, were their controversies with regard to religious art and music. These views even brought De Lisle into conflict with some of his most

revered priestly friends; but these disputes were not productive of any lasting rancor. It would have been impossible for him to hold resentment against so sincere and moderate and charitable a friend as Cardinal Newman, who, in turn, regarded the ultra-enthusiasm of De Lisle as the natural, almost uncontrollable, outcome of an impulsive spirit and intense mind.

When De Lisle found that it was useless to attempt to change the views of his opponents, although he never seriously modified his own, he began to realize as he grew older that where ideas involved expenditure and the clash of words without bearing fruit, it was better to avoid foisting them upon unresponsive friends.

His other literary labors were also mainly performed in the service of our holy religion. His acquaintance and friendship with De Montalembert dated from the time of his translation of that author's “Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.” Later they became very close friends, their tastes being similar, their religion a bond of union stronger than that of brotherly love.

In questions of controversy De Lisle's pen was always ready, always facile, if not invariably on the side which prevailed. There was no public question in which religious politics, morals, or humane endeavors for the alleviation of poverty, the suppression of crime, were concerned that did not actively engage his sympathies and frequently occupy his pen. And yet he found time to be an ideal landlord, husband, father and friend, and to enjoy the beautiful seclusion of his two magnificent homes, Grace-Dieu and Garendon. It was principally on the former place, however, that De Lisle made the most artistic improvements. Here, in the beautiful chapel which cradled his beloved proposed revival of Christian architecture and Gregorian Chant, were blended as far as possible the ancient English

Catholic forms of worship with modern Roman rites.

"No books were ever used by the surpliced choir except the Gradual, Vespers, Processional or Antiphonal, with their square notes and four leger lines; and no High Mass of a maimed character, without Introit, Gradual, proper Offertory or Communion, was ever sung; although Mass was often sung on weekdays as well as Sundays. A feature of the Sunday service was the procession to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament after the *Asperges*, when the proper anthems taken from Scripture, as found in the Mechlin Processional, were solemnly sung as the procession moved along and at the *Statio*.

"After Vespers in the afternoon a procession was formed from the choir sanctuary to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, where the Benediction was sung and given, as it is sometimes to this day in the side chapel at Cologne cathedral. No elaborate music with never-ending repetition of phrases of the *Gloria* or *Credo* was resorted to to mark the greater festivals. Sequences and hymns collated from the Sarum, Rouen, Cologne, Milan and other ancient Missals, were sung after the Gradual,—a custom which the Roman use has preserved only for the Easter, Pentecostal and Corpus Christi festivals....

"On the Feasts of Palm Sunday, Corpus Christi, and the Finding of the Cross, processions were held out of doors through the lovely grounds and woods, or over the granite rocks, and along the gentle, rippling stream and the rhododendron valleys, where formerly Wordsworth mused and wrote."

In 1837 the first Catholic procession of a ritual kind was attempted, since the Reformation, along the public highways. It took place at Whitwick, and started from the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre on the rocks, near High Cademan, which had lately been erected in imitation of the wayside chapels

of the Tyrol by Augustus Pugin. It is in the early English Gothic style, and contains a consecrated stone altar, behind which are two lifelike figures by the artist Petz, of Munich, executed under the immediate supervision of Dr. Döllinger, representing the Mother of Sorrows, with the dead Christ laid at her feet.

Phillipps de Lisle was also the first man to organize in England a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the open air since Article of Religion XXVIII.—"The Lord's Supper"—received the sanction of King and Convocation. The processions were kept up for thirty years, and from an artistic point of view were satisfactory and romantic in the extreme, if from a religious point of view they did not always give that edification which was intended, owing to the lack of faith and reverence on the part of the spectators.

However, all the time at Grace-Dieu Manor was not devoted to religious celebrations. From those hospitable doors issued many a gay and gallant hunting-party, to return at evening laden with the spoils of the chase; many a merry troop of young people on woodland sports intent. Here came bishops and priests for rest and recreation from the long and arduous labors of their charge. From those stately portals went smilingly forth more than one young and happy bride,—some to the homes of worthy and loving husbands, others to the lifetime dedication of their heart and soul to the service of Jesus Christ. There, too, as is always the portion of those who love the Lord, Sorrow brooded many times with her sable wings; for of the nine sons of Ambrose de Lisle, seven died in early or more mature manhood; of his seven daughters, three entered religion.

It was at the Midnight Mass of Christmas, 1877, that Ambrose de Lisle felt the first premonitions of approaching

death. For fifty years he had been wont to join in the chant he loved so well, and it was while thus engaged that he began to grow dizzy, and to hear, as within himself, a voice asking him if he would not like to be at rest. "Yea, Lord, I am ready," he also imagined he replied, without any volition of his own. That service was his last: never again did his foot cross the threshold of that sacred place. As his illness increased, he made a general confession of his whole life. He died, after considerable suffering, on the 5th of March, and was clothed in the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, to which he had belonged for forty years. He was laid to rest in the monastery he had built, at the foot of the altar of St. Stephen Harding, an appropriate place of repose for him who had renewed the Cistercian Order in England after an expulsion of three hundred years.

To those who have followed us through these pages, it must be evident that Ambrose de Lisle was a remarkable man. Called to the true faith in a wonderful, almost miraculous manner, he kept it unswervingly through good days and evil, through storm and shine, during the long period of years that intervened between the day of his baptism and that on which the Master he loved so devotedly bade him, "Arise, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

He had many attributes of saintliness, chief among which may be mentioned that beautiful simplicity which is one of the chief characteristics of real virtue. Perhaps more through this distinguishing trait than any other he was the means of leading many inquiring and hesitating souls to the true Fold. His daily life—one of manifold duties—was so apportioned and directed that every incident connected with it tended to the one great end which ruled his whole existence. His humility was touching. He could on occasions be aggressive,

but never in personal matters. There was always some public or religious interest at stake when Ambrose de Lisle could lay aside his natural gentleness and courtesy to enter the lists of argument or acrimonious controversy.

It is related that one day during his last illness he was praying, unaware that any one was within hearing of his words. "O Jesus, my Saviour!" he prayed aloud, "make me as perfect as it is possible for a poor creature like me to become, in the short space that remains between this moment and my death." No better evidence of the absolute disinterestedness of his religious convictions can be afforded than the fact that he spent so much of his substance in the advancement of religion that he crippled his own resources during his lifetime and those of his children after his death,—a circumstance which in his later years gave him great anxiety and caused him to reproach himself with this expenditure as a grave fault.

In his childhood days innocence and the fear of God met together in his soul and took possession of it, making a safeguard which the youth was to carry through all the temptations of early manhood and the sterner passions of maturity. And as the years passed, and the wisdom of his latter days fulfilled the promise of his youth, he came more than ever to look upon himself as a pilgrim, pausing now and then on his way to eternity to proffer his purse, his labors, his counsel, and his assistance to his brother pilgrims climbing the upward path beside him. To souls like his, rewards are not of earth: they belong to the city whose Builder and Maker is God.

Toward those who did not belong to the Catholic Church he showed the most unbounded charity, often going to extraordinary lengths in the way of meeting them,—such lengths, in truth, as might well have excited surprise that so orthodox a Catholic as he was

could be willing to concede so much. This was sometimes almost a source of disedification to persons who did not know him well; they saw not the high and noble motives lying behind this leniency.

Enthusiastic zeal was one of his strongest virtues; he practised it, we are told, to the very end of his life. While he was on his deathbed, to such Protestants as visited him he made earnest exhortations that they examine the claims of the Catholic Church, assuring them that, only within her fold lay truth and salvation.

We will conclude this sketch by an extract from a discourse delivered by his confessor in St. Mary's Chapel, Garendon Park. No more eloquent testimony could be given of De Lisle's readiness or fitness for the final act of living which opens, according as it is well or ill performed, the gates of perdition or those of eternal life:

"Two hours before his death, when I was about to recite once more the prayers for the commendation of the soul, he asked me to pronounce them loudly and distinctly, that he might follow them in his mind. When I had ceased, 'How beautiful!' he exclaimed. How near to God must that man be who in his very agony bursts out into such a cry! Feeling that his power of speech must soon leave him, he charged his devoted wife, when she could see the flame of life flickering away, to repeat in his stead those last words which our Saviour bequeathed to him from the Cross: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!' And as these words were being recited, consoled and strengthened by a last absolution, he went to meet his Creator, his Redeemer, and his Love."

(The End.)

BEFORE you can be a good Christian you must first be a good man.

—*Lacordaire.*

The Patronage of St. Joseph.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

O HIDDEN Saint, of whom the world says naught
And little knows! From that mysterious day
When, in the Temple, taking Mary's hand
In sweet espousals, to the weary way
Of Bethlehem's quest, with sad discomfort fraught,
To the swift, sudden flight through Egypt's land,
Only the shelter of thy loving care,
Only thy tender, sweet solicitude,
Kept them in city and in solitude,
Jesus and Mary, safely everywhere.
Thou silent Saint, what perfect plenitude
Of joy was thine! Their daily peace thy thought,
Their lives thy holy charge! O may we stand
Near to them both one day at thy right hand!

The Quarant' Ore.

(CONCLUSION.)

S UDDENLY Rosamund Balcombe awoke. Amazed, in a paroxysm of terror and suffering, she struggled to her feet from the crouching position into which she had fallen during her sleep; and, with a wild longing for air and for help, pushed open the pew door and stepped into the aisle. Her shawl hung in folds round her thin frame; and there was about her a certain dignity, born of her very helplessness and pain and her dead youthfulness, as she crept slowly up, steadying herself with her hand from bench to bench. She was bareheaded; for her bonnet had fallen from her head and hung suspended by its strings from her neck.

Sir Geoffrey Telam had just been relieved of his watch—John Pulleyne was remaining for the hour,—and came down from the sanctuary as Rosamund Balcombe emerged into view. Arrested by the unexpected sight of a solitary, bareheaded woman thus creeping up the empty church, he stood still for a moment, and then, struck with the feebleness of her movements, stepped toward her. A moment later and the

dim light sufficed for recognition. Gaze met gaze; and, in a dreadful challenge, soul leapt to meet soul in their dilated eyes. Then, as the jet of a fountain falls again into its basin, with a smothered cry of "Mr. Geoffrey!" the woman fell face downward upon the pavement.

A quick, somewhat peremptory step sounded in the passage, and an elderly ecclesiastic, the red lining and buttons of his cassock denoting his canonical rank, entered the vestry, whither Rosamund Balcombe had been carried by Sir Geoffrey Telam and the sacristan, who had come to his aid at the sound of the woman's cry. The men surrounding the prostrate form gave way as the Canon, with a "Tut, tut! What's to do here?—what's to do?" approached and took command of the situation. With one hand on the woman's pulse, he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket with the other, and sent one of the men for some brandy. The practised eyes, large and keen, which looked through the gold-rimmed spectacles resting on the somewhat broad and prominent nose of his plain but remarkably intelligent face, took in every detail of the poor creature's appearance as he ministered to her with almost motherly deftness and care.

"How did she get here, Tom Corrigan? Locked in, I suppose?" he asked, without taking his eyes from the face into which signs of life were returning.

"Indeed, Canon," apologetically replied the doorkeeper, "I looked everywhere before locking up. She must have been hiding in one of the old pews under the gallery."

"Well, you shall take her home in a cab. Teach you to use your eyes a bit better another time,—though I think it's more likely a case for the hospital," he continued, in an undertone.

"Mrs. Bates is in the kitchen," said one of the men, in a suggestive tone.

"Bless the woman! I told her to go to bed an hour ago. Well, tell her to come here. Mrs. Bates"—as the house-

keeper, a comfortable, elderly woman, in a brown dress and a black silk apron, appeared and uttered an exclamation of pity at the sight of the forlorn creature struggling back into consciousness,— "take this poor soul into the kitchen and give her some hot broth or tea, and get her to eat something if you can. I will see her again. Do you think you can walk, child?" he asked in the kindly voice which alternated so oddly with the sharper tone equally at his command. "That's right! You are worth two dead women yet." And he watched with satisfaction the faint smile which his last words and the tone they were uttered in caused to flicker for a moment over the wan face. The good Canon had a theory that when he could "knock a smile" out of a sick or sorry patient the case was never a hopeless one.

Rosamund Balcombe, in whose bewildered brain all the circumstances of this strange night, including the apparition of Geoffrey Telam, appeared but as the continuation of that vivid dream of her early days which had possessed her at the beginning of it, rose unsteadily to her feet, and, supported by the friendly arm of Mrs. Bates, slowly passed from the scene.

"Want, drink, and misery; but not hopeless for all that," was the silent verdict of the old priest as he watched Rosamund depart; then, as a hand was gently laid on his arm, he looked up, and, suppressing the exclamation of surprise that rose to his lips, said quietly: "You wish to speak to me, Sir Geoffrey? Please come this way."

As the two men, some half hour later, issued from Canon O'Toole's study door, there was on the face of the elder an expression at once grave and tender, as of one who has looked into the depths of a human soul.

"I will do my best; I will let you know," he said as they shook hands. "God bless you!" he added, with a quiet emphasis.

It is not possible to get beyond the language of the Psalms for the expression of the uttermost emotions of the human mind; and so Geoffrey Telam, returning for a few minutes into the quiet church, made experience. In their Latin form, the words, *Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, et a peccato meo munda me*—"Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin,"—had an altogether new significance, and they beat through his heart and brain with a tumult of feeling he had never known before. Slowly and earnestly he repeated again and yet again: "*Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea!*"

At Sir Geoffrey's reception into the Latin Church he had, of course, humbly submitted the secrets of his conscience to that absolving power, the possession of which is one of that Church's most tremendous claims. Now, in the light of this resurrection of a buried chapter of the past—as if the slain adversary of a duelist were to rise from the dead and challenge him once more,—the full consequences of a fault seemed to strike home, repentance became as a living thing, and he began to understand that tears for forgiven sin may yet wear furrows down the cheeks of a man. In this light circumstances seemed to lose much of the extenuating power with which they had invested themselves: the great mutiny in India, his elder brother killed, his own regiment ordered there at a moment's notice, and those five years of foreign toil and danger,—setting his youthful days and Rosamund Balcombe into a dim distance, as if seen through a telescope reversed; his father's death summoning him home at last, to learn with a casual content that Rosamund had "gone into service in London."

As Geoffrey Telam crossed the quiet square on his way homeward, the face he lifted toward the crescent moon, shining in the still beauty of tranquil peace succeeding storm, had gained a

new expression which was never entirely to leave it. There were fresh lines in it, and new thoughts were busy in his mind; while his outer senses were conscious of the beauty of the night and of a subtle, spring-like feeling in the air, which even the thick atmosphere of London could not wholly stifle. A double purpose was forming within him, only one side of which found expression in the words, as he pushed his latch-key into the lock of his own door: "I will get John Pulleyne to put me into the way of things."

Canon O'Toole was seated writing a letter at his study table,—a table so crowded with papers, books, reports, and publications of all descriptions, that the very inkstand and blotting-book seemed to hold their ground with difficulty. The room was characteristic of the man, the erudite scholar, the busy parish priest—though the word "busy" had a calmer meaning forty years ago,—and the ardent investigator into each new discovery in every branch of science. A touch of calm distinction was added to the room by the one picture—a Holy Family, attributed to Memlinc,—which hung over the fireplace, and seemed to bring a feeling of repose as it reigned serene above the turmoil.

The Canon's biretta was slightly tilted to one side as it rested on his abundant reddish hair, slightly dashed with grey. Its angle varied according to his mood, and it was as rare a thing for it to sit squarely on his brow as for the merry twinkle to be long absent from the corner of his eye. This propensity to spring back to a humorous view of things, however grave might be the occasion, was united to so much kindness of heart and so shrewd a knowledge of human nature that it never jarred even on the most sensitive. His gold pen, the gift of a long-dead parishioner, sped swiftly over the paper in a clear, old-fashioned hand, and the letter ran as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:—According to my promise, I write to give you news of R. B., the poor woman who was seized with illness during our Quarant' Ore. I got her admitted to the little hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Duke Street, and she is now doing well, after a sharp attack of double pneumonia. When she was at the worst and not expected to live, her mother was sent for, and I believe the meeting was a very touching one. The mother is anxious she should return home as soon as she is fit to travel, but the poor soul resolutely refuses to face her father. The Sister who has her in charge, and who is well pleased with her in every respect, seems inclined to favor this resolution,—at any rate, for the present. The great question is to know how far the drink-demon has her in subjection, and how best to help her to escape from his clutches. For this reason Sister Frances proposes that a certain interval should elapse before she goes home, and that it could not be better employed than by sending her for a few months to the Good Shepherd Convent.

Here we are confronted with the religious difficulty, but I do not think it an insuperable one. The woman herself seems greatly disposed to accept this chance of rehabilitation, and has, according to what she says, little religion of any sort, having entered no place of worship for several years before chance, or Providence, led her here the other night. On the other hand, although the institute is intended for Catholics only, I think an exception would be made in her favor. And I need not say that no pressure would be used upon her; for forced conversions are not in our line, whatever Exeter Hall may say to the contrary. Afterward it is to be hoped that she may return to her friends at home, and have a good and useful career before her. The sum of money you placed in my hands is amply sufficient to meet all emergencies.

Pray make my compliments to Lady Telam; and tell my friend Master Billy that I hope soon to have another whipping-top competition with him.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

DANIEL O'TOOLE.

As he penned the message to Lady Telam a momentary hesitation stayed the writer's hand; but after a pause he went on resolutely, saying to himself:

"She is as sensible as she is good and beautiful. He might do worse than take her into his confidence. Wonder what induced her to mate with that long-legged soldier?" he added, smilingly.

Ten years have passed since the events above recorded. John Pulleyne has gone to his rest. Canon O'Toole is one of the most militant of school-board authorities, and his name is a power in an ever-widening circle. Militant also, sparing himself never, laboring early and late, lives and moves Sir Geoffrey Telam, helpful and reliable in all good things.

In a modest chapel in the northern suburbs of London, one July day a fresh notice is pinned up on the board by the door which holds the obituary cards of its dead parishioners:

"Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of Rosamund Balcombe, in religion Sister Catherine, of the Order of Penitents, who fell asleep in Christ on the 15th of July, 187-. *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicias.*"

M. H.

WHEN we call the Blessed Virgin the Mother of the Church and of the people of God we mean that she watched over the Apostles and their disciples with an intense maternal anxiety, and used all the resources of her knowledge of the ways of God and of the wiles of His and their enemies to avert danger and secure them the most perfect guidance and protection from Heaven.—*Henry James Coleridge.*

The Grain of Mustard Seed.

A YOUNG priest was complaining to an old pastor of the apparent failure of all his efforts to quicken the piety and improve the morals of his charge.

"Ah, yes! I know you have a great deal to contend with," said the elder man; "but you must not be so easily discouraged. The conditions are about the same I encountered here over forty years ago. I, too, was on the point of despairing, when suddenly the clouds opened, the sun appeared, and gradually things took the shape in which you now see them."

"And very good shape it is," rejoined the younger priest. "You have the model congregation of the diocese, for its size. We all know that."

The good old priest folded his hands meditatively for a moment, then lifted the biretta from his white hairs and, looking upward, answered:

"Thank God, my labors have been singularly blessed! But tell me: do you pray a great deal and with confidence in God's promises? Are you a devout client of His Blessed Mother?"

The other smiled. He was modest.

"Yes, Father," he replied, "I do pray, of course; but latterly, I fear, in great discouragement. My people are utterly indifferent, it seems to me."

"So much the more need for constant, persistent, unswerving prayer. We must take Heaven by storm. It is only the violent who bear it away. When I came here many years ago, the Catholics of the place were just as you have described your parishioners—utterly indifferent. I am sorry to say that a succession of unworthy priests, to the number of three, had done more than anything else to bring about this state of affairs. The bishop, a good, fatherly man—a man without guile, if ever there was one, and therefore slow to believe evil of

others, especially of the children of his household,—had undoubtedly been too lenient in those missionary days, when priests were so badly needed. The result was that several families had gone over to the Methodists, who were very strong in the town at that time.

"Well, I labored for months without avail. Mass was but slimly attended; the children went to the public school—or district school, as it was then called. I never had more than two or three Communions on Sunday; and so, like yourself, I began to grow discouraged. Soon after Christmas I organized a Sunday-school, which was also poorly attended. There were, perhaps, twelve children. The time for preparation for First Communion drew nigh. There were six children eligible—four boys and two girls. These I took daily for instruction. Among the six were two boys—great friends, bright little fellows, and very attentive to my teachings. They were not much over ten, and were the youngest of the group; still innocent,—I could see it in their eyes.

"One day the thought suddenly took possession of me,—suddenly, I say, after I had knelt long in thanksgiving after Mass—that I would ask the prayers of these good children for my particular intention. Our Lord can not resist the entreaties of a pure, fervent child. I did so; they promised to pray with all their hearts. The day after First Communion they came to me.

"'Father,' said one, 'we want to be very good boys after this, and we are going to ask you if we may come every Sunday afternoon and tell you about what we have done during the week, *good and bad.*'

"'Who put this idea in your head, boys?' I asked, in surprise.

"'No one,' replied the spokesman. 'We just thought it would please Almighty God and make you glad, Father, who have taken such pains with us, if we would keep on trying to be very

good, now that we have made our First Communion.'

"The permission was gladly given. The boys came regularly. They told their little tales; and, in turn, I gave them further instructions, and related inspiring incidents in the lives of the saints, which they later repeated to their young companions and in their homes. After a while one of the mothers came to thank me for the care I was taking of her boy and offered to take charge of the altar. The next week the other mother made her appearance, and, not to be outdone by her neighbor in good offices, kindly volunteered to sweep the church once a fortnight and wash the altar linens. Soon came other mothers, asking that I take their boys under my wing for special instructions, the good conduct of my little missionaries had so edified them.

"It was then I reorganized the Sunday-school, which had after the First Communion days become a thing of the past. The children did really well, and very soon a proposition was made to introduce the Sisters for the girls, I offering to teach the older boys in a day-school. The people came forward with alacrity; land was given; an abandoned but excellent house bought and moved for the accommodation of the Sisters, one half of which was devoted to school purposes. With the advent of the Sisters piety increased. Men and women returned to their religious duties; the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was established; every Catholic child in the parish and many Protestants came to the school. The people were generally well-to-do; a small monthly fee was charged. From the first our efforts in behalf of Catholic education prospered well.

"And thus you see, Father, how wonderful and admirable are the ways of God. At the very moment when, humanly speaking, we are ready to give up the struggle, when we can see no

rift in the dark clouds, suddenly it appears. He has been listening to us all the time; He has been gauging our faith, measuring our hope. He knows how long our poor weak natures can stand the strain; He is ready at the proper moment; the whole prospect is changed, and in so simple a manner. To-day I am the pastor of a truly Catholic people; I love them and am beloved by them; they are among the most respected and honorable of the whole community. And it all came, I truly believe, from the earnest prayers of two little uncorrupted hearts; all from the grain of mustard seed planted by those innocent souls in the wonderful grace of their first Holy Communion."

The young priest looked at the venerable man before him, sublimely unconscious, in his childlike humility, that his own had been the hand which had really sown the prolific grain of mustard seed, watered and increased by the piety of the two children upon whose pure souls he had once gently laid part of his burthen. But it would have been cruel to disturb that humility, and the young man said:

"Yes, it is a wonderful story of the providence of God. It has given me strength to begin anew. And what became of the two boys, Father?"

"One is the head of a fine family—father and grandfather now to as handsome a flock as ever any shepherd could boast; the other has long been a zealous Franciscan. I wanted him for my own aid and successor, but God ordained otherwise. The religious life claimed him; he is one of the most successful missionaries of the Order in America."

Dusk.

A BIT of gold in the gray, in the west,
 A bit of light for the gloam;
 A wee wild song in the leaves, in the wind,
 A wee heartache for home.

F. DE S.

A Perennial Evil.

IN the lengthy catalogue of man's offences against the divine law there is doubtless many a more grievous sin, but scarcely a more common one, than uncharitable speech. Serious reflection on this subject during ten minutes, and a vivid recollection of the habitual drift taken by the conversation of ourselves and our friends and acquaintances, will suffice to convince us that St. Jerome had excellent reason to write, "Rarely do we find any one who is not ready to blame his neighbor's conduct"; and that St. James hardly exaggerated when he declared, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

The quasi-universality of this evil explains the affectionate insistence with which the Beloved Disciple St. John used in his old age to reiterate to his flock: "My little children, love one another." Love is, in very truth, the only charm that can effectively tame our rampant desire to impart to others whatever we know to the discredit of our neighbor. We divulge nothing that is prejudicial to ourselves, whom we love very sincerely; we sedulously keep secret anything detrimental to the good name of the friend of our bosom; and, just in proportion to the genuineness of our charity—our loving our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God—will be our reticence concerning that neighbor's vices, crimes, sins, faults, or backslidings.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with this very general sin of detraction is the slight account made of it by those who incur its guilt. It would be difficult to discover any other offence in the whole "table of sins" concerning which so many people, even normally good people, have erroneous consciences. Penitents who are scrupulously exact in detailing their transgressions will gloss over sins of detraction that are unquestionably mortal, as if such lapses scarcely merited the name of

imperfections. Yet it is obvious that neither imperfections nor even venial sins render us "hateful to God," and it is thus that St. Paul characterizes detractors. Indeed, the defamation of our neighbor is anathematized in Holy Scripture in a manner that clearly proves it to be, in its nature, a grievous sin,—a "sin unto death." But, of course, it admits levity of matter; and thus many (let us hope, *most*) uncharitable speeches are only venial. It is well, however, to bear in mind the remark of St. Alphonsus: "O fool! thou dost declaim against the sin of another, and meanwhile, by evil speaking, dost commit a far greater sin than that which thou blamest in thy neighbor."

It is elementary that the detractor is not freed from guilt simply because, as he is wont to declare: "After all, I told only the simple truth." Unless the simple truth that is detrimental to my neighbor's character is generally known, is notorious, I very certainly sin against the justice which I owe to him when I divulge that truth to others. Just as certainly I am bound to repair, as far as is possible, the injury which has been occasioned to him by my detraction. And this is another point that merits some insistence. Exactly as restitution, when practicable, is a condition precedent to the validity of absolution from the guilt of theft, so reparation of the damage done to our neighbor's character must precede our being loosed from the sin of evil speaking.

The knowledge that effective reparation is a most difficult matter should prove a strong deterrent to restrain us from incurring the obligation of making it at all. We have everything to gain—peace of conscience, the esteem of our fellows, and the blessing of God—by strictly adhering to the rule graphically laid down for us in Ecclesiasticus: "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee."

Notes and Remarks.

Militant Catholicity is a wholesome and inspiring spectacle, but it has its perils; and there is observable a tendency in some quarters to arouse it to action, of the wisdom of which there is grave doubt. The Church is not a debating society; its rulers are the bishops, "placed," as the Apostle says, by the Holy Ghost expressly for that purpose. The bishops, in the judgment of Catholics, are superior men both as to zeal and ability; and until they call upon the laity for co-operation in the work of protecting Catholic interests, it is overstraining things to attempt to lash the laity into a bellicose mood. That looks too much like mob rule. It will be humbly remembered that the statesmen of the country were opposed to our war with Spain; but an ill-advised and emotional public opinion overruled the statesmen, and the war came. Wise men asked themselves why we kept up the pretence of deliberative assemblies at all, since the yellow journals and the professional patriots really had power over war and peace; and with equal point one might ask why bishops are "placed" to rule the Church of God, if this function may properly be relegated to the laity. Until the bishops invoke popular protest against the government policy in the Philippines, the faithful may enjoy peace of conscience. The duty of the hour is to perfect the Federation of Catholic Societies, so that a suitable instrument will be ready in case the laity is ever called into action.

The particular school of higher critics which holds that God has inspired men in all ages as truly as He inspired the Prophets and Apostles, has received a peculiar challenge from the Rev. Dr. Eaton, a Baptist editor of Louisville. If there is nothing extraordinary in the inspiration of the Bible, argues

Dr. Eaton, let these modern writers produce a bible comparable with that which Christians hold in reverence. The suggestion of our Baptist brother is well made. It is universally conceded that Plato was one of the greatest philosophers the world has ever known; and Athens in his day, according to Romanes, presented the most extraordinary phenomenon of genius in all directions that the world has ever witnessed. "Plato was, so to speak, the highest representative of human reason in the direction of spirituality." But the contrast between his Dialogues and the Bible is so enormous as to constitute one of the strongest pieces of objective evidence in favor of the inspiration of the Scriptures. The fact is that the best work of the accumulated genius of the human race would not bear comparison with the least of those sacred writings which the modern critics hack and mutilate and botanize upon.

The Governor of New Jersey is a Methodist named Murphy, and that is not the only noteworthy circumstance about him. Recently a bill was passed by the State Legislature, one clause of which directed officials to place pauper children in such institutions or private homes as would ensure their upbringing in the religion of their parents. This clause was bitterly assailed by representatives of various sectarian institutions, and Gov. Murphy announced that before signing the bill he would give its opponents a hearing. Accordingly, on March 31, the eve of April Fools' Day, the Rev. M. T. Lamb, secretary of a Protestant home for children, appeared as chief spokesman for the opposition. His words were few but sufficient. "This bill," he said, "will mean that all children of Catholic parentage will have to be placed in Catholic homes, and the unfortunate children would thus fail to secure the best training during the formative period of their citizen-

ship. We do not," he continued, "place children with Roman Catholic families, because our organization is a thoroughly Christian one. We—" From perfunctory attention the Governor had been roused to astonishment, then to deep disgust. "Do you mean to say that Catholics are not Christians?" he thundered. Then, bringing the gubernatorial fist down with such force as rattled both inkstands and preachers, he bade Brother Lamb hold his peace. "I am neither a Protestant nor a Catholic governor, but I am Governor of the State of New Jersey; and from your own argument I see it is my duty to sign this measure. Get out!" It is safe to say that Mr. Lamb retired with a rather sheepish feeling, and we can not honestly say that we have the least pity for him. Bigotry like his deserves to be thrown down very hard. Meantime, our respectful compliments to Gov. Murphy of New Jersey. He deserves re-election.

Many of our readers whose contributions have considerably ameliorated the conditions in the leper refuge at Gotemba (Japan) will be interested in learning something of the present state of that admirable charity. A copy of the *Japan Mail* recently received has a leading article on the refuge. "Some years ago," says the writer, "a charitable enterprise was undertaken which justly excited admiration. One of the French Fathers, working with materials and resources of the slenderest description but with abundant faith, established a leper refuge at Gotemba, and took upon himself the heroic duty of sharing the ostracism and perpetually ministering to the wants of men afflicted with one of the worst ills that flesh is heir to." After noting that generous subscriptions at that period enabled the brave Abbé Vigoreux to construct some kind of shelter for the unfortunate lepers, the writer continues: "Since that time little has been heard of the leper

refuge. There has not been any blowing of trumpets, any parade of good deeds. But the heroic effort has gone on quietly; sometimes making timid appeals for aid in times of special stress, but always distinguished by nobility of silent resolution."

Commenting on the fact that there are at present 73 afflicted persons in the refuge, the *Mail* states that "the sum spent last year upon food for these 73 unfortunates was 3267 yen,—an average of about 3.7 yen per head each month. [A yen equals about half a dollar.] On such fare as that miserable pittance can provide do they eke out their sad existence. Yet out of the total expenditures on all accounts, amounting to 5629 yen, only 486 yen is assured income, obtained from investments of capital. For all the rest the community of 73 persons have to trust to charity." These statistics make it evident that the refuge stands in permanent need of the benefactions of the charitable. Remembering that some forms of human misery appeal to kindly hearts with special intensity, we are happy to renew our appeal in behalf of the indigent sufferers of Gotemba. We shall gladly remit any contributions that may be sent to us for their support.

Should the question of the annexation of Canada to the United States ever enter the domain of practical politics—and it appears to be further removed from that domain just now than was the case some years ago,—one subject that will at once assume undoubted prominence is religious education. The two or three millions of Catholics in the Dominion will assuredly think twice before exchanging the relatively satisfactory conditions prevailing in their schools for the eminently unsatisfactory state of affairs on this side of the border line. Canadian Catholics support their own schools only: Catholics in the United States maintain their parochial

schools and are in addition taxed for the support of the public schools. Taxation without representation is not a theory at all likely to commend itself to our Northern neighbors; and, as we have repeatedly shown, Catholic support of public schools in many parts of this country is, in its ultimate analysis, purely and simply such taxation.

These reflections are suggested by several editorial articles in a recent issue of a Canadian exchange that discussed the separate (Catholic) schools of Ontario. It seems that the gravamen of our contemporary's complaint is "that the school law of Ontario makes no provision for apportioning to a newly established Catholic school an equitable share of the school property held by the public school board at the time of separation." The complaint is, of course, well-grounded; but what a sigh of relief would be given by many a pastor in this country if *that* were all he had to find fault with! To have the existing parochial schools and their outfits maintained by the government, to be spared the worry and hardships of providing the salaries of Sisters, Brothers or lay teachers,—surely 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished" by American, as 'tis enjoyed by Canadian pastors.

It is not to be wondered at that feverishly eager throngs in Boston should have flocked to hear Prof. E. H. Griggs' lectures on the great moral leaders of the world. Boston is still "the modern Atkins," as Artemus Ward called it; and no Bostonian worthy of the name ever misses an opportunity of improving his mind. According to Prof. Griggs, the great moral leaders number ten, as follows: Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis, Emerson, Savonarola, Erasmus, Luther, Bruno, Victor Hugo, and Carlyle. It was well to include Emerson: he would have been missed by Bostonians. Had there been a baker's dozen instead of ten, we

presume the other three moral leaders would be Mahomet, Plato, and Mrs. Carrie Hatchet Nation. But the original list, short as it is, is so thoroughly mixed that one does not notice omissions or incongruities. Prof. Griggs evidently had the same idea as the Irish waiter who whispered to a priest that called for boiled eggs: "Have 'em scrambled, yer reverence, an' ye won't mind thim so much."

Many of our exchanges will doubtless be relieved to hear that King Edward VII. at his coronation will not take the offensive Oath declaring certain Catholic practices to be idolatrous. It never was intended that he should take it at the coronation. According to the English statute, the King must make the odious declaration at the coronation only in case he has not already made it at his accession or at the first meeting of his parliament; and as King Edward has already gone through that gentle ceremony, he need not repeat the insulting words. The esteemed contemporary which gives the Coronation Oath as the reason for the absence of a Papal representative at the coming function is as far astray as that other one which commiserated the Duke of Norfolk for having to stand so near to King Edward while his Majesty denounced him as an idolater.

If the custom of opening legislative assemblies with prayer is ever abolished in this country, it will probably be more the fault of those who do the praying than of those who need the prayers. Formerly ministers of the Gospel were regarded with much reverence, and their praying and preaching were listened to with some degree of edification by all who "sat under" them, as the expression used to be. But the times have changed. Nowadays the listeners sometimes have to "sit on" the domines for their irreverence and vulgarity. The reverend

gentleman who, in a "prayer" at the opening of the Assembly at Albany, made a joke of Prince Henry's visit and a fool of himself, is thus rebuked by the *Buffalo Commercial*:

Such exhibitions are shocking to the sensibilities of all right-minded men and women. They should be sternly rebuked and suppressed. It would rebound to the credit of religion and conserve the sacred proprieties if the custom of opening legislative sessions with prayer were abolished altogether. Such prayers are perfunctory at best, and at worst a scandal.

Stern words these, and slightly, though unconsciously, satirical. 'Conserving the sacred proprieties by doing away with the prayers' is what takes us.

The unreliability of even Catholic papers in reporting news is one of the trials of life. Some weeks ago we noted the death of an Anglican clergyman whose kindly and zealous offices won even from Catholics the affectionate soubriquet of "Father Pat." The exchange on which we depended for information gave a circumstantial account of his death and of his reception into the Church a few hours previously. It appears, however, that this last item was a bit of newspaper enterprise. "Father Pat" died in a Catholic hospital, but the report of his reception into the Church can not be substantiated. Catholic publications should set an example of sobriety and correctness of statement, and in this spirit we make this correction.

Summing up the results of tabulated census statistics published in a recent issue, *Les Annales Catholiques* says: "Briefly, the situation in France is not ameliorating from the viewpoint of growth of its population. It is practically stationary. The increase of births over deaths noted in 1899 was about balanced by the excess in 1900 of deaths over births." An indication of an improved condition in future is the increasing number of marriages and (an

equally promising sign) the fewer divorces in the past two or three years. From 7460 in 1897, French divorces fell to 7157 in 1900. When the reaction from the laxity of nominal Catholicism to the fervor of practical religion in the family life gets fully under way in France, her census statistics will show still more satisfactory results.

When Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, returns to his own country he may be able to tell puzzled Chinamen just why the white man and brother behaved in so unchristian a fashion in Peking last year. At any rate, he has discovered that any system of education in which religious and moral training does not count is unsuited to produce the highest type of man. Addressing a select audience in Philadelphia last week, Dr. Wu said that he admired nearly everything in America, but marvelled that so clever a people could be content with prevailing ideals of education:

Your chief object in your schools and colleges is to train the boys and girls mentally. In other words, you develop the brains,—you teach them useful subjects that will enable them to gain a livelihood. But does education consist only in mental training? A man is not here simply to learn a useful trade and acquire useful knowledge. Morality should be inculcated. A man may be useful and learned, but what is he without principle? I have seen the most learned men through lack of moral principles reduced to wrecks of what they might have been.

The Chinese Minister is a keen observer and a philosopher, as well as a dignified diplomat, and he has put his finger on the sore spot of the body politic. The majority of Americans literally force themselves to believe that mere secular education in the schools is sufficient; but the effort to keep up that fictitious belief is telling upon their temper. That is why they are so impatient when the subject is mentioned. But the principle of religious education is grounded in policy as well as in ethics, and it is sure to prevail in the end.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



At Once.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

IF you've something hard to do,
Start at once to put it through:

Don't you wait.

If you put it off and fret,
It will only harder get,
Sure as fate.

When you've medicine to drink,
Down with it,—don't stop to think
Of its taste.

You'll feel twice as much disgust
If you wait a while, so just
Drink in haste.

Have you had a falling out
With a friend? Don't sulk and pout
For a week.

Go and find him right away:
Clear things up, and let to-day
End your pique.

When a hard thing *must* be done,
Don't you let it spoil your fun
Very long;
Do it quickly as you can:
That's the way to be a man,
Good and strong.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—IN THE CAPITAL.

THE August morning which was to see our departure dawned at last. The leave-taking with old Granny Meehan was very pathetic. The poor woman, with her deep resignation, her confidence in God's Providence, was a striking illustration of the best virtues of her race. Calmly she bade us farewell, praying many a prayer, invoking many a blessing on the beloved head of her little charge. We left her sitting at her accustomed seat

near the hearth, with Tabby purring against her and the pleasant sunshine flooding the apartment.

Winifred had been up early, as she said, to bid "good-bye!" to every stick and stone. She called each fowl in the courtyard by name, as she had done on that other morning when I saw her feeding them; and her tears fell silently as she bent over them.

When the moment came to say the last farewell, Winifred seized Brown Peter, the cat, in her arms; and the animal blinked knowingly, and purred and rubbed its head against her soft cheek. Then Winifred threw her arms once more around Granny's neck, and that part of the leave-taking was over. Barney and Moira set up a howl and followed us down as far as the inn, where the jaunting-car with the luggage was waiting for us.

Niall I did not see at all. He had taken leave of Winifred the evening before, and then, with a wild gesture of despair, had fled to the hills. He left for me a letter of instructions, recalling all my promises and the conditions upon which he had allowed the child to go. With the letter was a sum of money to be used for Winifred's education. Could I have seen him I would have begged him to take back this latter; for when I had proposed taking the girl with me to America and putting her in a convent, it was, of course, at my own expense. I mentally resolved not to spend a penny of the amount, but to put it at interest for Winifred.

At the inn we found Father Owen in conversation with the landlord. He came forward at once to greet us, crying out cheerfully to the child:

"So there you are, my pet, setting out upon your travels to seek your fortune,

like the people in the fairy books!"

Winifred's grief, which had been of a gentle and restrained character throughout, and unlike what might have been expected from her impetuous disposition, broke out again at sight of her beloved friend.

"Tut, tut, my child!" cried the priest. "This isn't April. Nature is smiling, and you must smile too. You're going away to a great, fine country; and when you've seen everything, you'll be coming back to tell us all about it."

Winifred wept silently, her tears falling down upon her gingham frock, so that she had to wipe them away. Father Owen turned to me, thinking it better, perhaps, to let the bitter, short-lived grief of childhood take its course.

"And so you're leaving Wicklow and Ireland, carrying with you, I hope, a good impression."

"That I am," I responded heartily; "and my most fervent wish is that I may come back again."

"To be sure you will, with Winifred here; and I hope, if it be God's will, we'll all be here to receive you."

"I hope so indeed," I answered.

"I had a letter a few days ago from Father Brady in New York," went on Father Owen. "I was in the seminary with him in France. He knows you well and is glad I made your acquaintance."

"I have known Father Brady for many years," I replied; "he is a great friend of mine."

The old priest nodded as if to express his satisfaction. I thought, perhaps, he had written to make assurance doubly sure as to my fitness for the care of the child. If so, I could only admire his wisdom.

"Niall is in a bad way," he whispered; "and will be, I don't doubt, for days to come. I met him raging and tearing through the woods like a maniac. That is his manner of expressing grief. It was useless to argue with him, so I just had to come away and leave him."

I told Father Owen how shocked I was to hear this, but he answered:

"Oh, he will get over the worst of it in a few days! How different, though, from Granny Meehan! I went in to see her yesterday. She's marked with grace, is that poor blind woman. 'It's God's will for the child to go,' she said; 'and if I never have her with me again here below, why, we'll meet above in glory, and we'll be the happier for this sorrow.' Wasn't that beautiful, my dear lady? And didn't it make me ashamed of my own shortcomings!"

I assented heartily.

"Yes, Father: she has a fine nature and a beautiful faith."

Meanwhile Winifred dried her tears, and was trying to soothe her humble friends, who had accompanied us with lamentations all the way.

"I'll come back again," Winifred said to them; "I won't be very long away, and I'll bring each of you something from America."

Her voice quivered as she made these promises, which caused Moira's face to brighten a little through her tears, and Barney to stammer out, brokenly:

"Och, then, Miss Winifred *alanna*, if you bring us back yourself, it's all we'll be wantin'!"

His red eyes and tear-stained cheeks gave force and sincerity to his words.

"Be a man now, Barney," said Father Owen, "and just tell Miss Winifred you wish her joy in the fine voyage she's going to take. Come, Moira my girl, dry your eyes and say good-bye. Look how the sun is shining, and think how the goodness of God is over those that go and those that stay, just like yonder blue sky. Hear the thrush and the blackbird in the hedges giving glory to God whatever comes."

By this time we were seated in the car. I exchanged a few farewell words with my landlord, who showed real emotion at our departure.

"God be with you, ma'am!" he cried.

"It's yourself has brightened us all up for weeks past. And God be with you too, Miss Winifred dear! Sure we'll be missin' your very pranks. Do you mind the day that you led me astray in the hills above, makin' b'lieve you were a Will-o'-the-wisp?"

And the landlord forced a laugh, which was not very genuine. I think he would have continued his reminiscences longer had not Father Owen judged it best to put an end to the parting scene.

"Don't be keeping them any longer," he said; "let them get away before the heat of the day. And now I'll give you my last blessing, Winifred my dear, and your kind friend too."

Winifred knelt at the old priest's feet in the morning sunshine. I, being already seated in the car, bent my head. Father Owen solemnly raised his hand—the consecrated hand of God's minister,—looking upward, while his white hair framed his face like an aureola. Fervently he invoked the blessing of Heaven upon me and upon the child, upon our voyage and our arrival. His voice broke as he came to the last words, and he attempted to say no more; while I made a sign to the driver, who drove quickly from the door, followed by a parting howl from Barney and Moira.

I stole a last glance at the lovely glen of the Dargle, the waterfall in the distance, and the natural bridge spanning the ravine, on which I had first seen Winifred. The thought flashed into my mind that I had come into the paradise of her youth, disturbing its idyllic peace, whether for better or worse was yet to be seen. I consoled myself with the assurance that, in any event, I had acted for the best.

We took the Enniskerry road to Dublin, and the drive was delightful. At one point in the journey we passed between the rude granite sides of that cleft in the mountains known as "The Scalp." As I looked up at them in their stern grandeur I had an uneasy feeling

that some of the huge masses of rock, which appeared to be quite loose, might tumble upon our heads. Winifred, who was becoming, if not more cheerful, at least more composed, was greatly interested in "The Scalp," and told me the legend of the place.

"The devil," she said, "was once driving sheep to Dublin, and when he reached this mountain he couldn't get through it. So he gave a great kick with his foot and made the passage for himself and his flocks. And that, 'tis said, is why it is so wild and strange. But of course it isn't true," Winifred concluded, eying the great rocks above us with her wistful eyes. "Still, it is different from other mountains."

"It has an uncouth shape," I agreed; "and I suppose that's what put it into the people's heads that the devil must have had a hand in its formation."

We arrived in Dublin somewhat tired after our drive, which was not, however, so very long; and found ourselves comfortably lodged by night in a hotel on Saekville Street, whence we were to set forth again on our travels in a few days. For I had purposely arranged that we might spend a little time in the capital of Ireland, so that Winifred might get at least a bird's-eye view of it. I could not guess what was passing in her mind as we went out, after resting a while, to stroll about in the lighted streets. She had never been in a city before, and must have been interested in so much that was novel. But she said little: she had not yet recovered her natural buoyancy.

The following morning, however, we set out specially for sight-seeing. We went for a walk in the Phoenix Park, and from a vantage-point near the magazine looked down on the entire city, with its splendid bridges, its domes and spires. We saw the Nelson Pillar and the Wellington Monument, and we roamed at will along the verdant banks of the beautiful Liffey. We saw

the Viceregal Lodge and the Corinthian Pillar and the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham. Then, of course, we had to see the churches. It would be tedious indeed to set down here all that we did see.

We were walking along Westmoreland Street one afternoon, just as the sun was setting. There had been a heavy shower, which had relieved the sultriness of an August day, and the ground was damp; but the trees were a brighter green and sent forth a sweeter fragrance for the rain. Winifred said suddenly:

"I remember this place very well—Dublin, I mean. I was here long ago, when I was little."

"Yes? I suppose one's memory does go back very far," I observed thoughtfully. "But can you recall, for instance, where you lived?"

She shook her head.

"It was in a big house," she answered, "with a good many stairs in it and a lot of people. Some of them may have been servants. And I remember a lady in a yellow dress. Perhaps she was my mother."

She stopped abruptly, as though the subject were painful; then resumed:

"Since I came to this place, I remember a good many things. The lady in the yellow dress was standing one evening in a great big room, and she had a flower in her hair. Oh, she was very beautiful! A gentleman came in. He was tall and dark."

"With very bright eyes?" I put in eagerly.

"Yes, they were bright," she assented; "at least I think so. I remember the lady better than the gentleman. They were talking, and I couldn't understand much of what they said; but I am almost sure the gentleman was angry, for his face got very red. Then the lady laughed, and the gentleman went away quickly and shut the door hard. The lady laughed again and said to me: 'I hope you haven't your father's

temper, child. Poor Roderick! he does flare up so quick. He is just raving now because I don't want to go to some outlandish place in the hills.'"

The child stopped, but the little drama of the past which she had evoked told me a great deal. Niall had blamed Roderick for not bringing his wife to the castle; but the wife—a somewhat hard and cold beauty, as old Granny Meehan had once described her—would not come. Roderick had not cared to throw the blame upon her, and so had quarrelled with his kinsman. Winifred seemed to ponder upon what she had just told me.

"I wonder where he wanted her to go?" she said slowly.

I did not answer; for I knew it would pain her to hear her dear old castle described as an "outlandish place."

"And I wonder how he could be angry with her," the child continued, "she was so pretty and had on such a lovely dress!"

"Beauty is not the only thing, and fine dress still less," I urged.

Winifred turned on me with flashing eyes, as though I had cast some reflection upon the phantom evoked from her youth by the presence of familiar scenes.

"But that was my mother!" she cried, as if that silenced every objection. Then she added, more gently: "I am sorry my father was angry with her."

"Yet your father has a noble heart," I declared.

She smiled as if pleased.

"Some day I may see *him*," she said; "but my mother is dead."

There was great pathos in that simple remark; and after that Winifred, in her usual fashion, turned away altogether from the subject. Just then we came to a point whence we had a distant view of the Wicklow Hills. I called Winifred's attention to them. She gazed at them with tear-dimmed eyes, and I think after that took very little interest in the rest of the landscape.

"My own hills!" she said. "Oh, I wonder if Niall is abroad on them now, and if Barney and Moira are leading poor Cusha to the pasture? And Granny, I suppose, is sitting alone—all alone. She can not go out on the hills nor see their beauty."

I tried to divert her thoughts, but for the time being it was useless. That was our last day in Dublin. Early on the morrow we were to set out for Liverpool, whence we were to sail for the Land of the Free.

(To be continued.)

Uncle Peter's Pirates.

BY L. W. REILLY.

II.—(Conclusion.)

"The agony we endured, as hour after hour passed and the distance between the ships was lessened, no words can describe. To lose all our possessions would be a misfortune hard to bear; but to lose life itself in a hopeless contest with bloodthirsty thieves was infinitely worse. Then I repented me of having run away to sea; then I wished myself safe on shore; then I thought of mother. Then I saw the home of my childhood; yes, clearly, as if in an actual vision, there stood the building before my very eyes, with the smoke curling up from the chimney; and the woods, at the side next to the meadow for the cows, looking as green as the day I left. There were father and mother and Bob and Agnes and Lucy and Baby Ben; yes, and Rover and the colt in the lot that was mine.

"The whole scene flashed before me as plain as day. Then I awoke to the reality, and the bitterness of helpless repentance made my very soul sad. Why had I forsaken my people? How sorry they would be when I never got back! They would fancy that our ship had foundered in the storm. Even that grief

was more endurable for them than the horrible truth that we were to be murdered by pirates and cast into the sea, and have our vessel plundered and burned or sunk. If they should ever learn of my fate, how inconsolable they would be!

"When my stay in the lookout was over, I went back to the deck; and although I was horribly frightened, as a youth of twenty-three might well be under the circumstances, I put on a bold front and boasted what I would do if they had no heavy cannon and tried to board us. But my bragging came to an end when I overheard the cook remark to his assistant: 'Mate Morris'll eat dem pirates of his'n, as sure as I live, ef some one don't hold 'im off!'

"At long last, in the afternoon, the pirate ship came fairly close and fired one gun in our direction. If there had been a chance of escape, we would not have noticed that order to come to. But as further flight was impossible, land was still far away, and no other vessel had come in sight, we concluded to obey. We thought that we might preserve our lives and our ship, even though we lost our goods, if we gave no further trouble; and that, if these were refused us, we might as well begin the fight to the death then as a short while later. So we shortened sail and came to. Now the pirate ship came up rapidly. As she drew nigh, we noticed that part of her upper deck was missing. We were surprised, too, to see her fly a signal of distress and an American flag.

"'These are only to deceive,' I said. 'When she's ready for action, they'll be hauled down and give place to the black flag. The injury to her deck was probably the effect of an engagement with some heavily-armed merchantman.'

"The minutes dragged along like hours until the pirates came within hailing distance. Then one of them called out:

"'What ship is that?'

"*The Belle of Hartford*,' answered the captain, 'bound from New Haven to South American ports. What ship is yours?'

"At this we all expected the pirates to declare themselves by running up their flag and firing a volley. And we were ready for them. But we were not ready for the answer:

"*The William Penn*, bound from Philadelphia to Havana; injured by the storm, and the captain and mates lost overboard. We are all nearly crazy for water; two already insane; have you any to spare?'

"Behold our pursuers changed from pirates to shipmates in distress! Well, my friends, we nearly went hysterical ourselves from the reaction of the nervous strain. We shrieked and danced, and hugged one another in a sort of delirium, until the first mate sang out:

"Hurrah for Pete Morris' pirates!'

"The laugh that this sally produced brought us to our senses. We hastily lowered a boat, put in it a barrel of water and made for the other ship. There we learned that it had been in the very track of the storm, had been overtaken by a sort of tidal wave that had swept away the pilot house, all the officers who knew anything about navigation, some of the common seamen, all the instruments, all the boats, etc., etc. By one of those freaks of fate that accompany almost every calamity, the masts had been spared. But tons of water had flooded the ship and almost sunk it, stove in or carried off the water barrels, soaked the food, and did other damage unnecessary to specify. The surviving sailors were nearly dead from exposure, lack of food and water, and from toil at the pumps.

"So the reason why the 'pirates' had pursued us so determinedly was that their one hope of rescue was to overtake us, obtain water and food, and get the services of a navigator who could safely take them to a port.

"We at once relieved their distress; and I, with three of our hands, and a sextant and compass, were sent on board to help them reach San Juan.

"*The Belle of Hartford* kept us company; and a few days later, when *The William Penn* was in harbor, I rejoined my own ship. When I got back to my messmates I found that it had become a stereotyped expression among them, when any one had formed a false judgment or made a wrong accusation, for the aspersion to be passed off with some such sneer as: 'That's another of Morris' pirates!'"

At this the company at dinner in Pittsburg laughed heartily, but the Captain held up his hand for attention and added:

"But that's not the worst of it. On my first visit to my sister and her husband in Pittsburg, about twenty years ago, and some ten years after the little incident occurred, I told the story of our adventure. That was all right. But I had the misfortune to relate how the affair had been used by my messmates as a synonym for any rash judgment. The young folk here seemed to be most struck with that part of the yarn. They took it up and used it so often that it became a byword in the family. So now, my dear friends, instead of being a hero in this house to the younger generation, I am used as a sort of moral scarecrow against jumping at conclusions to the detriment of the neighbors. And when you hear the cry of 'Uncle Peter's pirates!' don't get ready to give up the ship, but look around for some one who in that way is denying that he has been fairly accused, or for some one who is charging another person with making a baseless imputation."

At this a murmur of applause went about the board, while the Captain declared that he'd have to have another cup of coffee; and the intimate friend of the eldest son of the family exclaimed:

"Now I understand what the children

meant the other evening when they called out 'Uncle Peter's pirates!' after Raymond. He had said that the reason why he had not won the gold medal of his class was that Frank Hardy toadied to the teacher, who made a favorite of him. The others knew, as well as Raymond did, that these accusations, just thoughtlessly uttered, were not so."

As the guests rose from table a young lady among them said:

"Here's long life to Captain Morris, and death to 'Uncle Peter's pirates!'"

Facts about Flags.

Flags have always played a conspicuous part in the history of the world. In war they are carried high above the advancing hosts; they cover the bodies of heroes when they are buried; they are the first sign that a victorious enemy has captured a fort or city; they wave from every merchant ship, every pleasure vessel, and every man-of-war; they tell when the ruler sleeps in his castle; they announce the birth of an heir; a little flag of red will call men to an auction, stop a train or warn from malignant disease; and when a hero dies flags at half-mast silently tell the story.

The first flags were called banners. The religious banners were, first of all, the labarum of Constantine and the oriflamme of France, among others. Heraldic devices followed, and at last the square banner was modified until it became the flag as we know it to-day. The king's banner was called the royal standard and bore the arms of the sovereign. When a knight was only a knight he had simply a pennon; but if he performed brave deeds the pennon was enlarged to a banneret, or little banner, and he was henceforth called a knight-banneret. There is another flag called *guidon*. This is a small flag, carried by soldiers, and comes from the words *guide-homme*.

Red, white and blue are the colors most often met with in flags. Yellow, too, is a common hue, but orange is used only once; green is used a few times; and black, which has been disgraced, is now almost unknown.

There is a tradition that the first French flag was made from the blue cloak which St. Martin divided with the beggar. This was followed in time by the red flag of St. Denis. The lilies were added to the blue flag at a very early period. The tricolor of revolution flourished during the awful Reign of Terror. It was replaced later by the white banner, but is to-day the official flag of the Republic.

Those who devise flags usually follow the laws of heraldry, but when Godfrey of Bouillon wished a banner for the kingdom of Jerusalem he defied all existing rules. He would have a banner, he said, unlike all others, as the kingdom itself was unlike any other; so he took the verse of the Psalms: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." The result of his planning was the yellow and white flag which waved over the holy places, and which afterward was used by the Papal States.

The Danish flag is a very old one, and is a record of the fact that King Waldemar of Denmark once, at a most opportune moment, saw a white cross in the sky. Our own flag is just an infant among flags, although it is called "Old Glory."

Some flags are continually changing. That of the Sultan of Turkey, for instance, bears the personal arms of the monarch, and varies with each accession. A number of flags have disappeared as the fortunes of countries have waned; and some of these, now hidden in secret places or waved by loyal hands in solitary spots, may one day fearlessly float again.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new edition of the "Recollections" of Aubrey de Vere is publishing by John Lane, London. Among other literary announcements we find "Studies in Irish History and Biography," by C. L. Falkiner. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

—The house of Dodd, Mead & Co. has undertaken a most important work in the "New International Encyclopædia," the first volume of which will be issued in a few days. The names of the editors—Daniel Coit Gilman, Harry Thurston Peck, and Frank Moore Colby—are auspicious. It is probable that the new and much-needed reference-book will have breadth and depth, as well as the other dimension.

—In honor of Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday, the *Writer* invited a number of his literary friends to unite in a complimentary symposium. The greeting sent by James Jeffrey Roche is characteristically wise and droll. Judged by the standard of the historical romances which live about eighteen months, "The Man Without a Country," Mr. Roche thinks, ought to live "about fifteen thousand years with a fair demand about Christmas and Fourth of July in A. D. 16,902. May the author live, if not so long, at least as long as he likes!" Miss Katherine E. Conway concludes her tribute in this equally characteristic way: "As a Catholic, I gratefully recall his brave word for God in the schools after the assassination of President McKinley."

—A batch of new pamphlets issued by the English Catholic Truth Society includes "Psalm CXVIII, a Meditation on the Law of God," edited by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P. We are glad to see in accessible form this wondrous psalm, of which St. Hilary said: "It contains all the precepts for right living, for believing in and pleasing God." "The Mass: An Aid to Understand It," by the Rev. W. A. Bendon, which shows how wonderfully and beautifully the conditions of divine sacrifice are fulfilled in the Mass. "God in Holy Writ," a discourse full of good thoughts delivered at an oratorio held in the Birmingham Oratory, by the Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, D. D. Brief biographies of St. Margaret of Scotland, St. Cecilia, St. Aelred (by the Rev. A. J. Saxton), Blessed Sebastian Valfrè and Father Faber (by M. S. B. Malins). "The End Justifies the Means," an able refutation by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., of the shameful doctrine so often ascribed to the Society of Jesus. "The Carmelites of Compiègne," by the Comtesse de Courson, a most interesting and edifying account of these famous martyrs of the French Revolution. "Our Church Music," by R. R. Terry, an earnest plea for the use of

early English music written by Catholics for the service of the Church. "The French Associations Bill: Its Authors and Objects," by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.

—The *Pilot* credits the *Irish Catholic* with an article on "The Treasures of the Vatican Palace," which was originally published in these pages. Our Boston contemporary need never feel obliged to credit anything (except the faculty to know a good thing when it sees it and to seize a good thing when it knows it) to the Dublin paper.

—A new undertaking of the University Society will be a "Library of Inspiration and Achievement," in ten volumes. The volume entitled "Heroes and Heroism" will include a brief biography of Father Damien of Molokai, by Charles Warren Stoddard. The editor in chief of this work is Dr. Edward Everett Hale, assisted by Hamilton Wright Mabie and other well-known literary men.

—We note among new hooks for Catholic boys and girls: "Mary Tracy's Fortune," by Anna T. Sadlier; "Bunt and Bill," by Clara Mulholland; "As True as Gold," by Mary E. Mannix; "Recruit Tommy Collins," by Mary G. Bonesteel; "Bob O'Link," by Mary T. Waggaman; "The Golden Lily," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson; and "The Berkleys," by Emma Howard Wight. Needless to say these books are not all of equal interest or literary value; however, the least meritorious of them is a vast improvement over such productions as "Gilded Pills for Catholic Youth" or the "Library of Moral Entertainment." Furthermore, they are attractively published. (Benziger Brothers.) Not so pleasing exteriorly but quite as entertaining as the best of the stories above mentioned is "Belinda," a story of New York, by Maurice Francis Egan. Boys and girls will be interested in it. H. L. Kilner & Co., publishers.

—Among the statues to be seen in Westminster Abbey, the scene of the approaching coronation of King Edward VII., is that of St. Uncumber, known in Italy as *Liberata* and in Germany as *Wilgefortis* and *Kümmerniss*. The Bollandists regard her as a wholly legendary personage, but the Roman Martyrology records that she died in Portugal. In Father Leslie's new "Guide to Westminster Abbey" we read that she was a Christian virgin who prayed to be delivered from a marriage into which her father was forcing her, "and in answer to her prayers God gave her a huge beard." Whereupon she was crucified by her father. Blessed Thomas More, in a dialogue concerning heresies, says that women prayed to her, and made an offering of oats, when they wished to be freed from their husbands. The passage

is so clever and quaint and amusing that we may quote it entire:

And we will come here to Powles [St. Paul's] and put one ensample of both, that is to say the superstitious maner and unfeleful [unlawful] petitions, if women there offer otes unto Sait Wilgefort, in trust that she shal uncöber them of their houshandes. Yet can neither the pristes perceive tyll thei finde it ther, that the folishe women bring otes thyther, nor it is not I thinke so often done nor so much brought at once that the church may make mony of it above the finding of the chanos [canons] horses. Nay quoth he all the otes of an hole yeres offring will not finde III gees and a gäder a weke together. Well quoth I then the priests mayntayne not the matter for any great covetise, and also what the pevish women pray cā not heare. How beit if they pray but to be uncombred me seemeth no great harme, nor unfefulness therfu, for that may thei by mo wayes than one. They may be uncombred if their housband chañge their cumbrous cödicions, or if thesself peradventure chañge their comberous tongues, which is happelye the cause of all their cöhraunce. And finally if they can not be uncöbred but by death, yet it may be by their owne, and so their housbandes saufe enough. Nay, nay quoth he ye finde the not such foles I warrät you. They make their covenates in their bitter praiers as surely as they were peunyd [penned—written] and will not cast away their otes for nought. Well quoth I to all these matters is one evident 'eaise nnswe, that thei nothing touch the effect of our matter, which standeth in this, whether the thing that we speke of as prayeing to Saintes going in pilgrimage and worshiping relykes and images may be done wel, nor whether it may be done evill; for if it may bee wel done, then though many wold myse use it, yet doth al that nothing minishe the goodness of the thyng selfe.

The answer of Blessed Thomas to the objector was sane and moderate, and ought perhaps to be borne in mind by those of us who find fault with certain modern devotions and "unfeleful petitions."

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full sutply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.

Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.

St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.

The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.

Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.

In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.

General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.

George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.

Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.

The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. Hugh Lane, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. John McCarthy, diocese of Newark; the Rev. Patrick Woods, archdiocese of St. Louis; the Rev. W. Herwig, diocese of Detroit; the Rev. M. Steger, diocese of Pittsburg; the Rev. Thomas Ryan, C. M.; and the Rev. Pancratius Friedrich, O. S. B.

Sisters Francis Joseph and M. Isadore, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. George Soule, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mary Ann Hopkins, Waterloo, N. Y.; Mr. John Dolan, Clinton, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Thornton, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Ryan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. B. Kivlan, Branford, Conn.; Mrs. William Harkins, New Brunswick, N. J.; Gen. James Harding, Jefferson City, Mo.; Miss Bridget Hegarty, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Richard Menzer and Mr. William Shortall, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Matthew Murphy, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Thomas McGrath, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. L. Drainer, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Michael Wyrrough, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. James O'Toole, Virginia City, Nev.; Mr. George Sounhalter, Massillon, Ohio; Miss Delia Heffernan, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. Charles McGettegan, San José, Cal.; Mr. John Gaffney, Los Gatos, Cal.; and Mr. Charles Pratt, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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In Paschal Time.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON QUEINFURT.

OHOW unlike the wintry blast!
What Frost had bound in fetters fast,
Now feels the prison-time gone by;
For 'tis unbound and free.
Whether it climb or swim or fly,
Whatever kind it be,
Whether of water, earth, or sky,
'Tis happy now, we see.
The sun smiles with his softest rays,
And sing, dear little birds,—sing out your Maker's
praise!

So many joys hath Spring, but most of all
She hath one day above the rest,
That Christendom with one glad voice doth call
Of 'all bright days the first and best.
We hail thee, then, O chosen Day,
With many a loud and gladsome lay!
Thou art the day that God hath made,
Well may our joy be now displayed!
Fair Spring, thou well mayst speak of hope to man:
Thou hast the Easter Day that ended Death's dark
ban.

Two Deathbeds.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.



HE Parisian world is still ringing—and its echoes reach across to us—with songs and pæans of triumph over the commemoration of the birth of one of France's greatest sons in modern days, the poet, the novelist, and the dramatist—Victor Hugo, whose centenary was celebrated on the 26th of February last.

Perhaps the sole discordant note—or

should we say the Christian voice as distinguished from secularism?—is struck by one of our Catholic contemporaries which, in its monograph of the deceased celebrity, suggests, "God grant that he may have received *no other chastisement* than this equivocal glorification!" It is a graceful and still more a charitable aspiration, which, in varying words, must surely have found place in many a Christian heart while reading what, in the words of a Catholic paper, is described as "Hugolatry!"

We who have known him in this life, who have thrilled with emotion as we clasped the hand which gave to the literary world so many powerful and pathetic creations, "Esmeralda," "Bishop Myriel," and the rest,—has not the unbidden tear sprung to our eye as we read of statue and speech and shouts of triumph from a whole nation; and thus reading, seemed to catch a glimpse of sharp contrast—honor and glory and triumph *here*, and an underlying thought, deep down, of: "God grant it may not be that a Voice beyond the tomb has already pronounced the sentence, 'It were better for that man he had never been born!'"

Reading a recent description of some of those dazzling fêtes, in which delegates from many another nation came to add their tribute of homage to those of France—to "incline before Victor Hugo, the incomparable defender of all oppressed or vanquished peoples,"—it sounds strange to hear that the concert terminated with the duet of *Le Crucifix*

(words by Victor Hugo, music by Faure), sung by Madame Bourgeois and M. Rousslière. We turn to the song in question, whose title seems so strangely out of place, and read its touching words:

Ye who weep, come to this God, for He weeps;
 Ye who suffer, come to Him, for He sorrows;
 Ye who tremble, come to Him, for He smiles;
 Ye who pass away, come to Him, for He abides.

Strange song indeed to be sung at the bidding of Jews and Freemasons; to be penned by one who is claimed as almost the high-priest of modern infidelity,—by one who *rejected the crucifix!*

There is a story which those who are celebrating the centenary of their idol at this moment will probably not willingly recall among their souvenirs of his later life. It tells how toward its end—somewhere in 1883,—when he had returned from exile to the country he so loved, yet refused to enter while the Napoleonic dynasty remained in power—while he was fêted and caressed and held in almost kingly honor in his now historic “hotel,”—there came to the gay city of pleasure and sin a poor, humble Italian priest. Crowds of the religious world of Paris—that “thirty thousand souls who have not bowed the knee to Baal,” as a French priest once expressed it to us,—flocked to see, to hear, to ask counsel of, to venerate this white-haired apostle, who was no other than the saintly Don Bosco, then approaching the end of his career. The antechamber where he received his visitors was thronged from morning till late eve with those who sought an interview, and waited patiently their turn for hours together; and among them, waiting his turn with the rest, was one white-haired old gentleman, whose face must have been familiar to many there, though he chose not to be announced as an unknown.

After some three hours of waiting, he passed in to the inner room; and the two old men, both on the verge of the

tomb, stood face to face. It was a scene for a painter,—the one dowered with gifts beyond the ordinary, with keen intellect, poetic power, marvellous imagination, all that goes to make up that mysterious faculty which we call genius, and which he possessed in so superlative a degree that one of his admirers (no other than Ernest Renan) could venture to say of him without provoking a smile: “*Les autres hommes ont été créés par décret collectif, mais Victor Hugo a été créé par un décret nominatif de la Providence!*” The other was a simple, zealous priest, to whom had been given the gift above all gifts—that of a deep supernatural piety. He had corresponded to grace and he had become a saint. That was all; very little in the eyes of the world, which only wondered at him, and sought to set eyes on him because he was said to have worked miracles, to have performed wonders. His visitor had come, so it seemed, to express his disbelief in all such, as with the first words of conversation he flung out his challenge:

“Above all, I refuse to believe in the miracles which some are so loudly proclaiming.”

“What *do* you believe or admit with regard to a future life?” smiled his host, with gentle acquiescence.

“Oh, we need not lose time discussing that question! I will speak of the future when it arrives,” was the strangely flippant reply from one who had urged, both in speech and song, his own belief in the soul’s immortality.

How pitifully must the aged priest have gazed at that frail form, bent with years and nearing the gates of eternity, which thus essayed to mock at the coming *hereafter!* But he only replied, in simplest language:

“If it is thus with you, what, then, do you hope for? Very soon the present will no longer be yours; of the future you will not hear a word. Now, what is your hope?” He paused a moment,

and then, with redoubled gravity, continued: "You are bound to think of the eternal future. You have before you but a short span of life; and if you profit by it to return to the bosom of the Church and to beg the mercy of God, you will be saved, and saved forever. If not—you will die as an unbeliever and as a reprobate."

The poet hesitated for a moment before replying, and murmured something to the effect that "the most advanced in philosophical thought have never been able to solve the problem of immortality or annihilation"; and added: "I will think over what you have been saying; and, if you will allow me, I will come back another day." So saying, he grasped the hand of his host in farewell, and departed; laying on the table as he went out a visiting card with the name—"Victor Hugo."

Another and another day passed; and once more among the throng of expectant visitors was seen the great poet's bowed shoulders and keen, speaking glance. This time he came in with hands outstretched, as to an old and valued friend, and with his own gracious, almost kingly manner.

"Ah, I was but playing a part the other day when I spoke as I did! I am Victor Hugo, and I want you to be my friend. I do believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in God. *And I hope to die in the arms of a Catholic priest, who will recommend my soul to its Creator!*"

Don Bosco's answer has never been divulged; it was probably distasteful to the proud intellect of one who for years had been "a god unto himself"; and no outward change marked this effort of grace.

Five years afterward Don Bosco lay upon his deathbed, surrounded by the loving care of his spiritual sons, and of those who owed their very life to his self-effacing charity. We are told that as the paralysis of death crept on,

he frequently raised his arms toward heaven, saying, "*Fiat voluntas tua!*" And when the right arm became helpless, he continued to raise his left until all speech and power failed him. One of his weeping sons, Don Rua, held up his paralyzed hand to give them his last blessing, and continued the ejaculation of "*Viva Maria!*" which his lips had uttered again and again during his last hours. Then, as Monsignor Cagliero pronounced the threefold invocation, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I die in peace with you!" the dying apostle gave three faint sighs and rendered his pure soul to God. "In the attitude of a man who sleeps, the head slightly toward the left, the face calm, peaceful, almost smiling; the eyes a little open, as if looking on the crucifix in his clasped hands, Don Bosco rested." And "the prayers begun for him instinctively changed into prayers to him."

In 1885, two years after his interview with Don Bosco, Victor Hugo lay upon his deathbed. The listening world was proudly assured that "Victor Hugo is *well protected* on his bed of suffering against that monstrous Catholic profanation which is exercised over the sick whom nature has laid low, to dishonor their past work, and which seeks to mutilate, more than their bodies, their thought and their glory!"

Alas, poor soul, too well protected! The venerable and saintly Archbishop of Paris, making one last effort for the salvation of a soul, wrote to the relatives of the dying man that he would "deem it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to minister in person to the spiritual needs of the illustrious dying man." But the doors of that death chamber opened to no priest, nor were any suffered to hear the story of the poet's dying hours; only now, in the midst of these jubilant rejoicings, comes a tale from lips long silent, which relates how "a certain actor, who was a great admirer of Victor Hugo and

a friend of his valet, was privately admitted to see the body of the poet within an hour of his decease. He was struck by the expression of the face, which was that of most terrible and despairing anguish; while the hands, not yet composed for their last rest, were clinched as if in agony. 'But what a state he is in!' exclaimed the actor to his friend. 'Ah, Monsieur!' said the valet, 'at the moment of death M. Victor Hugo leaped up in the bed, with clinched hands lifted, and cried aloud: "A priest! a priest!"' The actor went away most painfully impressed, and described the scene to his daughter, saying: 'I do not wish to die like that.'

The grave holds its dead, and Death, the King of Terrors, keeps his secret; but, O Christian mothers, remember this: it was *his mother* who first set his feet in the path of unbelief! She was an ardent disciple of Voltaire, and her influence asserted itself upon her sons from their earliest years. When placing them at college, she objected to the rule that all the boys should attend daily Mass; and when the master urged that it was "an absolute rule of the school," "Then enter them as Protestants," she replied; "for they shall not go!" She also insisted that her boys should be allowed to read books which the librarian considered dangerous. "Let them alone!" said she. "*Books have never done any harm.*" And they read *everything*.

What Don Bosco's sanctity owed to his pious mother's influence, teaching and example, every reader of his life can tell; and when, as a young boy, she once said to him, "You should thank God for having had a good father," the child, with wisdom beyond his years, made reply, "Yes, but I thank Him even more for having given me you for my mother." Who can doubt that ere now he has repeated this thanksgiving at the Eternal Throne?

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVII.

AT that point in the winding gorge where the first and last view of the cross over the mine was to be obtained, Lloyd turned in his saddle for a final glance at the picturesque scene dominated by the great symbol; and then rode on, only to be surprised, if not startled, a minute later, by the sudden appearance of a man in the road before him.

There would have been nothing surprising in this if the man, like himself, had been following the trail; but he sprang down the mountain side into the path; and this Fra Diavolo mode of appearing is, in the Sierra, likely to startle all but those of the strongest nerves. Lloyd's nerves were strong as nerves are made; but when the agile figure landed on the road, his hand quickly and instinctively went to the revolver which, like everyone else in the country, he carried attached to a belt buckled around his waist. He did not draw it, however; for the next moment he saw that the man was Arturo Vallejo, who had taken a short cut across the hill and so intercepted him. His hand left the pistol, but the lines of his face settled sternly as he drew up his horse; for the young man paused directly in the narrow way.

"Have I forgotten anything, that you are good enough to follow me, Don Arturo?" he asked. "There should be some important reason to excuse your appearing in this manner before a horseman on a dangerous trail."

"Yes, you have forgotten something, Señor," Arturo answered, with tone and manner offensive in the extreme. "You have forgotten to apologize to me."

"For what, may I ask?" Lloyd inquired, with the calmness which always

angered the other more than rudeness could have done.

"For your insults—your insolence!" Arturo replied, speaking with set teeth and flashing eyes. "You come—as a spy I believe—to the mine which you are helping your countryman to steal; and refuse to tell your business to any one but a woman, a girl whom it is easy to deceive; but I am a man, and I will not submit—"

"I should call you a foolish boy," interposed Lloyd, with cool contempt. "Be kind enough to get out of my way. I have no time to waste on you, and no desire to do you any injury."

The tone, even more than the words, infuriated Arturo. He made a step forward and seized the bridle of Lloyd's horse.

"You will not go until you apologize to me!" he cried passionately; "until you explain why you have dared to come to the Santa Cruz—"

Forbearance had plainly ceased to be a virtue. The threatening voice, the hand from which the horse reared back, suddenly roused in Lloyd an anger which, when roused, was all the more fierce for his ordinary quietude.

"Take your hand from my rein," he commanded, "or I will knock you down to teach you better manners!"

It is unnecessary to record the reply. Spanish is a language as rich in terms of vituperation and insult as in everything else, and what followed was extremely simple. Lloyd leaned forward, his hand shot out, and Arturo went down.

But he was on his feet again in a moment—for to ride over him was impossible,—clinging to the bridle of the now almost uncontrollable horse, and, in a paroxysm of fury, trying to drag Lloyd out of the saddle. Under ordinary circumstances he might as well have tried to drag from its base a rock like that against which Fitz-James set his back; but the narrow ledge was a fearfully perilous place for such

a struggle, and Lloyd felt that in another instant he and his horse would go crashing down the mountain side together. To dismount was the only hope of saving himself and at the same time of ridding himself of this young wild-cat, for such he seemed.

To dismount from a plunging animal on a shelf only a few feet wide was, however, extremely difficult and dangerous, even if his assailant had not to be reckoned with. It did not even occur to him to use his pistol against the latter; for, as he had truly said, he had no desire to injure him seriously, but only to be rid of him as expeditiously as possible. So, taking his foot from the stirrup, he was in the act of leaping from the saddle, when a plunge of the horse and a blow from Arturo, coming together, sent him backward over the precipice—down—down.

At the same moment the frightened horse, tearing his rein from the hand of the startled assailant, dashed off wildly along the trail, the loud rush of his flying hoof-beats mingling with the crashing sound with which the man fell through the undergrowth that covered the steep hillside. As both sounds died away, an awful silence followed,—a silence in which Arturo stood aghast, a picture of consternation and terror. After a minute, which seemed to him an age of fearful listening, he approached the edge of the abyss and peered over. A few broken boughs and bushes near the edge showed where Lloyd had first fallen, but of his farther progress no sign was to be seen from above. The green verdure of the mountain covered the path his body had made as completely as the ocean covers all trace of the swimmer who has sunk beneath its waves. Somewhere down there in the sunless depths of the gorge—perhaps on the rocks, perhaps in the stream that filled the stillness with its voice—he lay, senseless, of course; dead, almost certainly.

White and shaking, Arturo drew back. What, he asked himself, could he do? Surely this was a terrible and unlooked-for result to have followed so simple a thing as demanding an apology for an insult. But it was an accident,—purely an accident. The man's horse had thrown him,—might have thrown him if he, Arturo, had never appeared. Why, then, should he allow his connection with the accident to be known? There could not be the least doubt that the man was dead. To entertain any doubt of this, to seek assistance and make a search for him, would be to confess his own knowledge and how it was obtained. That he felt to be out of the question. Every instinct of his shrinking soul prompted him to fly from the spot and to be silent. The man might in time be missed and his body found—or it might not. The last was more probable; for no one ever entered, it was hardly likely that any one ever would enter, the wild depths below. And for his share in the deed there were no witnesses. He looked guiltily around, sweeping the green, silent mountain sides with his glance, and turning it half-fearfully, half-defiantly, toward the brilliant sapphire sky, where he knew well one Witness sat. Then, with a wild, overmastering impulse of flight, he turned and the next moment was following in the track of the flying horse down the gorge.

An hour later Victoria left the mine. She was alone as she had come; and, while her mule paced slowly but sure-footedly along the narrow trail, her thoughts were with the man who had so lately preceded her on this road. She was oppressed by a sense of obligation toward him which had found no adequate expression; for after Lloyd's departure, inquiry into the precautions taken against surprise fully revealed the fact that his warning had indeed saved the mine from easy capture. And he, a

stranger, a gringo, had come to give them this warning, and then had gone away without any return for so great a service! This was what she was saying to herself with a passionate regret, which was not lessened by the recollection that Lloyd had put aside thanks and refused to accept even hospitality. It was characteristic of her ardent, self-willed nature that, despite this fact, she was considering how she could reach and force him to allow them to discharge in some way the obligation under which he had placed them. "Obstacles: things to be overcome," was a formula which so far in life had expressed her practice, if not her theory; and she had no intention of being daunted now in her determination to express the deep and growing sense of gratitude which burned within her.

But, absorbed as she was in these thoughts, she was not so much pre-occupied with them as to fail to observe certain significant signs when she reached the point on the road where Arturo had waylaid Lloyd. She drew up her mule sharply, and looked with surprise at the deep prints of iron-shod hoofs where Lloyd's horse had struggled, reared, and partially slipped backward over the edge of the precipice, recovering himself only at the cost of several inches of the path. Noting this, her quick eye also perceived the broken and crushed growth on the mountain side below. Clearly something or somebody had fallen there. Her glance swept the road as it lay before her; and, seeing there also the deep indentations of the horse's hoofs as he started on his frantic run, she knew that *he* had not gone down into the gorge. What, then, had fallen? She sprang from her saddle and, advancing as close to the edge as safety would permit, passed her arm around a tree to preserve herself from falling, and, leaning over, gazed anxiously downward.

Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her keen glance descried something which had

entirely escaped Arturo's shrinking observation. This was Lloyd's hat, lodged in the branches of a shrub where he had first fallen. Instantly she knew that it was he—the man of whom she had been thinking with so deep a sense of the service he had rendered her—who lay in the dark, green depths far below. For a moment horror unnerved her, and she clung to the tree, shuddering and sick. She did not ask herself how such a thing could have occurred, what could have startled the horse, or how so good a horseman could have been unseated. Those questions would present themselves later; just now she only thought of the terrible fact that Lloyd had plainly gone down where it did not seem possible that any man could fall and live.

She made the Sign of the Cross and her pale lips quivered in prayer for a moment. Then, bracing herself with a strong effort as she drew back from the verge of the abyss, she asked herself what was the first thing to do—or, rather, how best to set about that first thing, which was to reach and recover, whether dead or alive, the man who lay below. Seizing the rein of her mule, she was about to spring into the saddle again, when around the shoulder of the height which hid the mine from view came the train of animals laden with ore for the *hacienda de beneficio* at the mouth of the gorge. She threw up her hand, and the gesture, together with a quick word of command, brought the train to a halt; the string of mules stood still, while the men in charge of them hastened forward to her.

"See!" she said, pointing to the hoof-prints at the edge of the road, the broken boughs and hat below. "The señor who came to the mine a little while ago has fallen there. We must get him. Run back to the mine—you, Salvador—and tell Don Mariano to come quickly, to bring ropes and his best men."

"Sí, Señorita," answered Salvador, and was gone like a flash.

The other men meanwhile scrutinized eagerly the signs pointed out to them and agreed as to their significance.

"Yes, yes, it is true," they said: "a man has certainly fallen there,—*pobrecito!*"

And then one of them drew attention to another telltale sign in the road—the print of boot-heels ground deeply into the soil, which, being a rich, black loam, never became very hard.

"*Miré!*" he cried. "The señor dismounted, he struggled with his horse, and in the struggle was thrown down the hillside,—it is plain!"

"Yes, it is plain," they agreed again.

But as Victoria looked at the marks indicated, a sudden fear clutched her heart. What if those were not Lloyd's footprints? What if he had been waylaid and assaulted, killed perhaps, almost at the gate of the Santa Cruz? And if this were so, who had assaulted him? Certainly no man of the lower class; for all these wore the ordinary sandals of the country, which have no heels, being simply flat pieces of leather, cut out roughly to suit the foot and tied on with leather strings. All the men around her now wore such sandals, all the miners wore them, and all the workmen at the *hacienda de beneficio*. If, therefore, the footprints were not Lloyd's, they were those of some other man who wore boots; and at the Santa Cruz only three men wore these—Don Mariano, the foreman of the mine, and Arturo. She tried to recollect if Arturo had been at the mine when she left it. She could not recall having seen him; but if he were there, he would certainly come now with the party of rescue. Surely, surely they were slow, this party of rescue! She wrung her hands together in her impatience.

"Run, Silvio,—run!" she said to another of the men. "Tell them to make haste!"

"They are coming now, Señorita!" called out a man who was watching at the turn of the road.

A moment later they appeared—a number of men bearing coils of rope, and followed by Don Mariano, but not by Arturo! So much she saw at once, then dismissed him from her mind and gave all her attention to the work to be done. Don Mariano, who had been exceedingly incredulous when he received the message delivered by the panting Salvador, was quickly converted to her opinion when he saw the broken boughs and Lloyd's hat on the mountain side.

"I fear there is no doubt he is down there," said Don Mariano; "and if so, he is certainly dead."

"Dead or alive, we must find him!" cried Victoria. "Quick!—who will go down?"

Half a dozen volunteered. Don Mariano selected three men—lean, muscular, lithe as greyhounds, noted even among their comrades for the great strength which distinguishes the native Mexican. These, taking ropes with them, the ends of which were held by those above, let themselves over the edge of the precipice and went down its almost perpendicular side with the mountaineering skill of true sons of the Sierra. Following Lloyd's track, they were soon lost to sight in the dense foliage; but their path could be traced by the sounds with which they broke through the undergrowth as they went downward.

The group above listened and waited in almost complete silence. Now and again a man spoke in a low tone to his neighbor, setting forth how he would have proceeded; or some one uttered a pious ejaculation as the sounds coming up from below made everyone start with fear lest one of the rescuers had lost his footing and fallen to the rocks and torrent; for on entering into the thick growth they had discarded the ropes, which lay slackly on the hillside. How long this suspense lasted no one knew; but presently a prolonged shout far below brought to every lip the cry, "They have found him!"

Then the question arose, *how* had they found him—dead or alive? It was a question impossible to answer, however, until that slow, laborious ascent, hidden from sight but audible to the ear, which now began, should be over. Don Mariano alone uttered a word of hope.

"They found him not more than half-way down the mountain," he said. "He must have been stopped by some tree strong enough to support his body; so there is a chance—barely a chance—that he may be alive."

It seemed a chance hardly worth hoping for; but when the men, after their toilsome climb in the gloomy depths of verdure, came once more into sight, their first shout to those above them was:

"He lives!"

(To be continued.)

A Prayer to Our Lady.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

OWOMAN exalted, high placed on a throne!
 Over life's desert we wander alone;
 Lead us to Elim, Mother, we pray;
 Vessel of Honor, pity the clay.
 Star of the midnight, shining so bright;
 Lily of Eden, spotless and white;
 Mother of Jesus, Spouse of the Dove,
 Take thou our homage, take thou our love.
 Shining thy banners, lovely the feet
 That beside Jesus trod the long street.
 Snowflake of heaven, born without sin,
 Help us the palm branch gladly to win.
 Queen of the prophets, Star of the morn,
 Meekly the sword-thrust by thee was borne.
 Queen of all martyrs, Portal of gold,
 Shepherdess placed by Christ o'er His fold;
 Star of the Ocean, guide thou the ships;
 Queen of Apostles, sweet are thy lips!
Ave! exalted high over Eve,
 With thee rejoicing, with thee we grieve.
 Green are the pastures where thou dost lead,
 Sweet is the honey whereon we feed.
 Bright is thine altar, kind is thy face;
 Great as our need is, so is thy grace.
 Woman exalted high over all;

Ruth, who to Jesus softly dost call:
 "Son of mine, Saviour held on my knee,
 Harken! my children cry unto Thee."
 Mary Immaculate, Mother most pure,
 Thou whose great splendor aye shall endure,—
 Rome bends before thee, Rome owns thy sway;
 Rome crowns thy statue, Mary, to-day.
 Heart that was riven seeing Him die,
 Heart that rejoices, list to our cry!

The Patron of Wales.

BY E. BECK.

IT is told by Ricemarce, Giraldus of Wales, and other ancient writers, that Ireland's great Apostle once looked on the beautiful vale of Rhos, or Rosina, in Pembrokeshire. While he was gazing over the valley an angel of God appeared to him and said the place was destined for a boy who should be born thirty years later, and who should be the patron saint of Cambria. "Ireland waits for you," said the angel; and when the priest or bishop—for authorities differ as to the date when this divine manifestation took place—raised his eyes he saw, as in a vision, the whole extent of the green land of Erin lying fair before him on the Western Sea. So Patrick sailed away to Gaul, the Bollandists relate, and became a disciple of Saints Amator and Germanus; and finally he journeyed to Rome to receive episcopal ordination, and orders from Pope Celestine to Christianize the Irish nation. And at the expiration of thirty years Saint David was born.

The name of the saint's father is given variously as Sanctus, Sandde, or Xantus. He was one of the kings of Wales, and had wedded Nonna, a daughter of an Irish prince named Brecan, who for some reason had settled in Brecknock. Etymologists say that the shire owes its name to the Irish chieftain whose brother was Saint Canoc of Gallen. David was baptized by Ailbe, Bishop of Munster, and was held, while the ceremony was performed, by a blind man,

who immediately recovered his sight. He was educated at the school of Illtutus, and among his companions was Saint Finnian of Clonard. Later he studied the Holy Scriptures under one Paulinus, in the monastery of Whiteland, and was ordained a priest; and soon after he began his missionary career. When some years had elapsed he was told by an angel to visit Jerusalem; and David set out on his long journey in company with two of his companions, Teilo and Padarn. John III. was at that period Patriarch of Jerusalem. He received the strangers with exceeding courtesy, and the Welsh saint was consecrated archbishop by him. When David returned to his own land he carried with him a staff and bell bestowed on him by the Patriarch. These were held in much esteem and were long preserved as relics.

As archbishop, David first resided at the famed Caerleon upon Usk in Monmouthshire; but he received permission to remove his see to Menevia (now Saint David's, a village situated on the coast of Pembroke), in the beautiful vale which God's angel had pointed out to Saint Patrick many long years before. Here he lived, among the monks that had gathered round him, a most ascetic life. Whatever the monks acquired by their labor went to the support of the monastery; and Saint David's days were spent in preaching, teaching and in prayer. The rule of life observed in Menevia required great abstemiousness; the chief food of the community was vegetables, and the poet Drayton says of Saint David:

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
 And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.

To this day the leek is worn in the Principality when the Kalends of March come round. The rest of the holy brethren was short. They rose at midnight and kept vigil till dawn. Their clothing was manufactured out of the skins of beasts. Postulants came to the monastery divested of all worldly

goods, and their patience was tried in various ways before they were finally accepted by the community.

The removal of Caerleon See to Menevia took place during the lifetime of David's celebrated kinsman, Arthur Pendragon, the hero of fabulists and poets from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth down to our own. Alfred of Beverley, Norman *trouveres*, Breton romancists, German meistersingers, have all fallen under the spell of the great King, who nobly vowed

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;

and who also, it would appear, concurred with the Church authorities in allowing Saint David to remove his see from "many-towered" Caerleon to lonely Menevia in the valley of Rhos.

To this latter monastery saints and kings came, attracted by the fame of the saintly superior. Constantine, King of Cornwall, was among the latter. Of the former a goodly number were Irishmen; and old documents mention Aidan, Maidoc, Barr of Cork, and Modomnoc, Saint David's bee-keeper, who, after spending a lengthy period with him, returned to Ireland, bringing a colony of honey-seekers. Saint Kentigern, of Scotland, also visited Menevia in the year preceding that in which the venerable Welsh bishop died.

This event took place somewhere between the years 544 and 590. The exact date is a disputed point, but all writers agree in saying that the saint long outlived the common years of men. He received angelic intimation of his approaching end, and informed his monks that he should pass away on the viii. of the March Kalends. At midnight on that date the citizens of the town were roused from slumber by the songs of heavenly hosts. The monks had just assembled for Lauds in the church of the monastery, and their chanting mingled with the strains of the angelic choir as David passed to his reward.

His remains, enshrined in a portable case, were interred near the high altar of the church.

Saint David founded as many as twelve monasteries, and among these was that of Bath. He it was, an ancient legend says, who gave to the waters of that beautiful town the healing virtues they still possess. We also learn, on undisputed authority, that he restored the ancient religious establishment of Glastonbury, the resting-place of the Holy Grail—that sacred cup, invisible to all save the pure in heart, which

Arimathea Joseph journeying brought
To Glastonbury, when the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord;

and it abode in the rude church among
the rushes and reeds of Avallon till

the times

Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven.

This later reFOUNDATION has attracted much notice. There, if the old Welsh and Saxon chroniclers be at all trustworthy, King Arthur was laid to rest when struck down in murderous fight by the traitor Mordred in the year 542. Gerald de Barri, otherwise Giraldus of Wales, was an eye-witness of the exhumation of his remains and those of Guinevere in the reign of Henry the Second. Ten wounds were distinguishable on the skull of the great hero; and long, plaited tresses of burnished gold remained as testimony of that wondrous beauty which was the Queen's bane no less than Arthur's. Beside the bones of the King a leaden cross was found bearing the inscription: "*Hic Iacet sepultus Inclitus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia.*" And so Merlin's prophecy concerning Arthur's place of burial goes for naught.

In Glastonbury, too, a Saint Patrick from Ireland—commonly known as Patrick Senior—was interred. He had lived thirty years as a monk in the monastery, and his fame drew to Glastonbury many wandering scholars from

Ireland both before and after his death.

Ine, King of the West Saxons, found "an ancient church built by no art of man" at Glastonbury, and by it his kinsman Ealdhelm erected his own abbey of stone. It was not, however, in this edifice that the relics of Saint David were deposited at their translation from Menevia to Glastonbury in the tenth century. Many causes may have led to such translation, the chief of which, no doubt, was the desolated state of Wales at this time. The ceremony took place with much solemnity and religious pomp; and the relics of the great saint were placed by the right side of the altar in the ancient church that occupied the site of the yet more ancient one wherein Joseph of Arimathea had worshiped.

Many miracles, both before and after his death, were attributed to St. David's merits and intercession. Giraldus records many; so, too, does Harpsfield, Dean of Canterbury in Mary Tudor's reign. In the legends of Anglia by Capgrave it is told that a great plague prevailed throughout the district. The Bishop of Menevia immersed the arm of Saint David in water. A few drops of this water given to the sick procured their speedy recovery. Menevia, or old Saint David's, was a place of pilgrimage at the time of the Norman Conquest, and many of the earlier Plantagenet sovereigns visited it.

Almost fifty churches and chapels have been erected in the saint's honor in the districts of which he was archbishop. Saint David was the patron of the old church in Naas, Ireland, now fallen into Protestant hands. A feast in his honor was formerly held in Wexford on the 1st of March; and townlands here and there in the west of the country bear his name. This is not to be wondered at. His mother was Irish, and a close and intimate friendship existed between the saints of Hibernia and Wales.

A Striking Instance of Prescience.

THAT a prominent part in the events detailed in the following narrative was taken by the late venerable Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, lends to the story an atmosphere of actuality which will enhance its interest for the majority of our readers. Apart from this adventitious circumstance, however, the narrative furnishes a very notable instance of the unfailing prescience so often and so wonderfully displayed by the Venerable Curé of Ars.

Among the students in the Grand Seminary of Autun (France) in 1850 was a youth named Jean Pierre Antoine Captier. Convinced that he had received a call from God to the ecclesiastical state, he had generously responded; and for two years lived very happily, pursuing his clerical studies with commendable industry and notable success. Suddenly, in 1852, he became subject to an extraordinary trouble. The nervous reaction consequent thereon was such that his taking part in the liturgical ceremonies, and more especially the ceremonies of the Mass, became quite impossible. For a long time the young levite fought against this mysterious impression; but his struggle was futile. Hardly could he take into his hand any of the objects having to do with divine service before an irresistible force impelled him to throw them away—or, if they were of a fragile nature, to crush them to pieces.

The perspective was plainly a sorrowful one. Could M. Captier be admitted to sacred orders, either at present or at any future period? The authorities decided the question in the negative, and he left the Grand Seminary.

On July 7, the same year, Madame Captier and her afflicted son arrived at Ars. The mother alone first approached the Curé to explain the sad situation. His remark to her was:

"'Tis not your son's body, but his imagination, that is sick. You must not count on him to help your family."

On the following evening, as the Curé was preparing to give Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Jean Captier presented himself at the door of the sacristy. It was the first interview of the two. The venerable priest immediately turned toward the young man. His countenance was resplendent, his eyes luminous. In a strong and vibrant tone, he repeated three times to Captier, who had not as yet said a word:

"My friend, you will become a religious priest."

"In what Order will I be a priest?" asked the young pilgrim, suppressing his emotion as best he could.

"The Order does not yet exist."

"Well, Father, at what time will this take place, and must I return to the Grand Seminary?"

"No: you must wait. Don't enter any Grand Seminary. And if you seek admission into any other congregation than the one for which you are destined, you will not remain in it."

When, on July 9, M. Captier went to say good-bye to the Curé, the latter remarked with impressive benignity:

"The good God will bless you, my young friend."

Somewhat surprised, the youth gave the priest a glance of inquiry. Then, taking him by the arm, M. Vianney said, with combined force and suavity:

"Yes, the good God will bless you."

Two years went by. Tired of waiting, M. Captier entered the Third Order Regular of St. Dominic, at Sorèze. His infirmity persisting, however, he did not long remain there. M. Vianney had told him he would not. Utterly discouraged, the young man again betook himself to Ars. The gentle Curé consoled him.

"Never mind," said he; "willy-nilly, one day you will be a priest."

"But, Father, the difficulties appear insurmountable."

"Don't let that trouble you. The matter will arrange itself without your intervention. The Blessed Virgin will do everything."

"Anyway, I shall have to be cured first, Father."

"Not at all necessary. Your ordination will be your cure."

"And how can I be ordained? Everybody tells me that it is impossible."

"You will find some one who will understand you well,—a stranger, I think, who will remove every obstacle."

These predictions, rose-colored though they were, appeared to the afflicted young man as apt to be rather tardy of realization. He resolved to go to Rome to seek a solution of his difficulties. Moreover, as he had been denounced as one not exempted from military service, the gendarmes were on the lookout for him. Before starting for the Eternal City, he went once more to consult the oracle of Ars. After celebrating Mass for him at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, M. Vianney, who himself had once been similarly situated, said to him:

"Their pursuit of you will stop, and you will not be disturbed."

This prediction was verified at once. From that day the agents of the government seemed to have forgotten all about the illegal situation of the ex-seminarist. There was never any further question of his conscription.

The journey to Rome was bootless. One circumstance, however, offered some little hope. Cardinal Cagiano, Bishop of Frascati, proposed to admit M. Captier into his diocese and ordain him. Funds were required to constitute a "clerical title." The Captier family possessed only one house. M. Vianney was consulted as to the advisability of selling it; and his decision was:

"Sell it. This vocation is so important that everything must be sacrificed for its sake; and the good God will indemnify you."

A purchaser was found who paid for

the house fifteen thousand francs. (The precise amount is a detail to be remembered.) Apart from the persistence of Captier's malady, however, an incident occurred to shatter all hopes. The episcopal notary wished to receive the funds previous to the ordination. The family was advised not to submit to this demand, and his Eminence could do no more.

In the meantime, at Ars, the saintly pastor, firm as ever in his confidence, gave to Madame Captier a note for her son. The message ran:

"You will certainly become a priest, despite your indisposition and all other obstacles."

Fortified by this statement, and furnished with the recommendation of the Cardinal, Jean Captier set sail for the island of Scio, in the Ægean Sea, in the hope of securing from its Bishop, Mgr. Guistiniani, the realization of his desires. His strange and implacable malady, however, again interposed as an insurmountable obstacle. This was in 1857. For five years he had been struggling against his cruel destiny. Returning to France, he hastens to Ars. The invariable promise awaits him there—will always await him.

"You will be a priest; the Blessed Virgin will do everything; live beforehand as if in thanksgiving."

Inaction exasperates certain temperaments, and waiting becomes impossible to them. Despite his previous failures, the pilgrim to Ars now entered the Congregation of the Marist Fathers. Conformably to the Curé's original prediction, he was obliged to leave it at the end of the year. Again, and for the last time, Jean Captier had an interview with M. Vianney, who simply reiterated his former statements.

Once more the baffled young man repaired to Rome. The Curé had told him that this time he would see Pius IX. and he kindly received. As a matter of fact, the Pope, after being informed

of the prediction and of the obstacle, declared that the latter could be set aside. He advised Captier to renew his application to the diocesan administration of Autun. At Autun, however, notwithstanding the encouragement of the Holy Father, Jean was met with an inexorable refusal. Then, at last, Captier found his chalice too bitter, and refused to drink therefrom any longer. He lost all confidence in the Curé of Ars and in his predictions. The better to forget both, he started for the East, and settled in Constantinople as a professor of English. Henceforward he is a simple layman, or, at best, is attached to a *possible*, though as yet nonexistent, Order of monks. Still, in the obscure French village where the unceasing crowds daily fill the church, the great servant of God does not lose sight of this desolate soul.

"He must be brought back," said the holy Curé to Captier's mother. "It is not well with him out there."

A fruitless message. The exile's reply was virtually:

"Don't talk to me of the Curé of Ars! It is to him I owe all my sorrows. Had it not been for his predictions, there would have been no long hopes vainly caressed, no heavy expenses undergone, no years of my life wasted for a dream. France will see me no more. As for the priesthood, I no longer think of it. Have done with the whole subject and leave me in peace."

Despite this bitterness consequent upon his repeated disappointments, however, Jean Captier was not done with the matter of his vocation to the priestly state. From a totally unexpected source he was to receive a prediction quite as positive as had been those of the Curé, and identical with them in import.

No one at Constantinople knew anything of the personal history of the professor of English. His nationality, even, was unknown. He was put down as a son of Albion. Judge, then, of

his astonishment when a friend of his, the Austrian vice-consul, who was a schismatic Greek and an advanced spiritualist, one day gave him this home-thrust:

"The spirits have acquainted me with your history. I can have nothing more to do with you; for you will be a priest, and, worse still, a Jesuit."

Jesuit, in the mind of the spiritualist, was, of course, simply a specific term for the genus *religious*. It is not surprising that this incident made a deep impression on Captier. In fact, it completely reversed his mental attitude; and, as a result, he returned to France. The Curé had once told him that the Congregation which he was to enter would be called the Sacred Heart. Now, while acting as tutor in a family at Parthenay mention was made in his presence of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart recently established at Issoudun, in the department of Indre, France. The news was to him as a new ray of hope. He sought admission into the Congregation; but, on his making known the infirmity to which he was subject, his request was refused. This, apparently, was the end of the matter. His last hope of ever mounting the altar steps utterly died away. Thenceforth he would associate himself with his brother, a druggist at Lyons, and adopt a definitive career. The two accordingly arranged their future plans, and were about putting them into execution when, suddenly, in October, 1868, the brother died.

This calamity might naturally have discouraged M. Captier still more; but it had quite another effect. It brought him face to face with his eternal destiny, and once more he sought admission at Issoudun. This time the answer, though not perfectly satisfactory, was relatively favorable. He was accepted on condition that he gave up the notion of ordination to the priesthood and contented himself with taking temporary vows. In default of any happier issue, he submitted; and

we next find him a professor in the College of Chezal-Benoit.

A situation so precarious was safe to inspire Captier, sooner or later, with a longing for a more stable position, and he was actually considering more advantageous offers when Providence seemed desirous of accomplishing to the very letter every detail with which the Curé of Ars, two decades previously, had particularized his prediction.

In December, 1873, Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, arrived at Issoudun. The prelate visited the mother-house of the Congregation, and expressed a desire to see the College of Chezal-Benoit. In spite of himself, Captier, simple professor, was brought before the Archbishop. In the recreation yard, in the presence of the students, they interchanged a few casual remarks in English.

What was it in the person of the professor that struck this prelate, "a stranger"? Something, assuredly; for on his return to Issoudun, he spoke to the superior about M. Captier. Having heard a summary of the reasons that made his promotion to the priesthood impossible, Mgr. Lynch, addressing the astounded superior, declared:

"I am going to Rome, and I will ask the Holy Father for all necessary powers. I'll ordain M. Captier myself."

On the 15th of February, 1874, the Archbishop was back in the monastery with the desired authorization. On the 18th he sent for the professor of Chezal-Benoit and announced to him that God's hour at last had struck.

M. Captier, who had known nothing of the prelate's intervention, and had not even heard of the conversation concerning himself between Mgr. Lynch and his superior, was almost stupefied at the tidings, and could not but be struck by the touching proof of M. Vianney's prescience. The Archbishop, on hearing the story in detail, merely expressed the desire to hasten its dénouement. Accordingly, on February 20, he gave

his protégé holy tonsure and minor orders, and two days later made him a subdeacon. He had planned that, a little later, the Archbishop of Bourges, the ordinary of the diocese, should confer deaconship and the priesthood. But on second thoughts the Canadian prelate revised his plans. Perhaps, he reflected, there may arise some difficulty on account of supposed obstacles. So on February 25 he ordained M. Captier deacon, and the next day made him a priest. Thus, in six days, the prophecy of the Curé of Ars, which for twenty-two years had everywhere followed the seminarist of Autun, was realized.

After the ceremony the Archbishop said to the newly ordained priest:

"While celebrating Holy Mass I had the intimate conviction that I was the stranger whom M. Vianney had in mind. That is principally why I determined to give you the priesthood myself."

M. Captier was a religious priest. He belonged to the Congregation of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The Blessed Virgin had done everything. Despite an access of apprehension that sought to dominate him, he celebrated his first Mass, and all those which followed, without the slightest difficulty. On February 26 his infirmity disappeared for good. Ordination had really been his "cure." When counselling the selling of the Captier homestead for the sake of Jean's vocation, the Curé had said, "The good God will indemnify you." Now, just at the time of the ordination in Issoudun, the Captier family inherited fifteen thousand francs,—the exact sum for which the homestead had been sold.

Four years afterward, in 1878, Father Captier was at Ars praying at the grave of his first protector. He himself dictated the foregoing narrative and attested its exactitude. In Father Captier's belief, as in ours, the Venerable Curé had for instructor in all these matters (as, for that matter, he himself once said he had) "the same Master as St. Peter."

Two Views of Celibacy.

TO one of the April magazines the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant (P. E. C.) furnishes a paper on "Divorce and the Family." This contribution to the literature of the divorce question is not in any sense remarkable, being a mere repetition of metamorphosed platitudes. If we mention it at all, it is to note the cool assumption of this extract:

Why should not separation be sufficient? If divorce must take place, why remarry? Because such post-nuptial monasticism is as unlikely to be successful as its ecclesiastical prototype. In these matters no one knows what a day may bring forth. The calm decision of a time of disenchantment might become an absurd impossibility when the enchanting personality appears.

Now, Brother Percy Grant, in thus taking for granted the failure of ecclesiastical monasticism, is possibly referring only to his own personal experience. It may be that in the ingenuous fervor of his early days as vicar he was enamored of celibacy; and that, later on, "the enchanting personality" appeared, and he succumbed to the enchantment. In that case, however, he should not argue from particulars to generals,—should not call in question the genuine and consistent celibacy of thousands on thousands of ecclesiastics simply because he found it impracticable to remain in that state which the Apostle St. Paul so highly eulogizes. As a particular statement referring to himself, the assertion in the extract quoted above may be perfectly true; as a general statement, it is the reverse of truth.

As an offset to the Rev. Mr. Grant's calumny, let us quote the testimony of another non-Catholic,—a man not without prejudices, as will be seen, but not too unenlightened to appreciate the merit and advantages of celibacy:

—How wonderful is the wide-extended power of the Church of Rome! Who can travel beyond the reach of her world-embracing arms? Alike on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Rio Grande I have seen the white cross of her chapels,

and on the wild frontier and in the hut of the savage have met her hardy missionaries, bronzed by every sun, and weather-beaten by the storms of every sky, from Pembina to Arizona. Is it any wonder, considering her celibate clergy who make the flock their family, and the holy orders of devoted women to whom suffering and self-denial are sweet for the sake of Christ,—is it any wonder that far more than a quarter of a billion souls attest her power, and, to the reproach of us Protestants, nigh two-thirds the Christian world still own allegiance to Rome?

Thus it is that the widespread influence of the Church, its perfect knowledge of the means best calculated to spread the Gospel and its wondrous power to supply them, draw tributes even from those most bitterly opposed to Catholic doctrine. And it is a significant fact, by the way, that these tributes are more often paid by Protestant laymen than by Protestant ministers.

Notes and Remarks.

The Italian journals make much of the circumstance that during the Jubilee festivities in Rome the Holy Father was very seldom saluted as "Pope-King" by the vast crowd which sent up perpetual huzzas as he was borne along. Mr. William O'Brien, who was present at the celebration in St. Peter's and writes the most eloquent and thoughtful account we have seen of it, says that the report of the Italian journals is quite correct. "I heard only one, and it was reproved by one of those half-spoken murmurs by which a well-bred crowd puts a stop to an indiscretion. To me, at least, it seemed that there is an irreverence akin to insult in linking the title of the Sovereign Potentate who could command such world-wide love and reverence as lay at Pope Leo's feet that day with the poor trade of the kinglets of the earth, who strut through their thread-bare court festivities and amuse themselves with their boxes of soldiers until the knife or bomb of some lunatic subject turns the poor little comedy into a tragedy." A temporal governor as well

as a spiritual ruler, the Holy Father can not, of course, consent to the confiscation of the Papal territory; but doubtless there are multitudes of his most loyal children the world over who believe that, as kings go nowadays, the royal title would not add one cubit to the stature of the venerable Pontiff, whom even his enemies must revere.

As a result of the vigorous action of Monsig. Cannon, the Catholic children of Lockport, N. Y., are no longer required to take part in the daily prayers and Bible-reading with which the public schools of the city are opened. Monsig. Cannon explained their duty to the children, the children protested to the Board of Education, the Board demanded an explanation and Monsig. Cannon gave it,—gave it with such emphasis as left no room for doubt as to the position of the Church on this question. The Board consists of twelve members, of whom only one is a Catholic; but it gracefully yielded to the principle of liberty of conscience, and peace is again restored. Monsig. Cannon's example might profitably be imitated in other quarters. It is only by such action, in season and out of season, that we can hope to effect the revulsion of public sentiment necessary for a satisfactory settlement of the school question.

In President Schurman's newly published monograph on the "Philippine Islands" occurs this wise and sober paragraph, which we reprint without comment:

Those Americans, patriotic but unversed in history, who desire to recreate the Filipinos in their own similitude, will always be able to demonstrate that that Oriental clay is still without shape and seemliness in the American potter's hand; and that for a perfect product, a vessel of honor and glory, the American wheel must be kept going for years, perhaps for generations, or possibly even for centuries. Heaven save the Filipinos from so impertinent and meddlesome an earthly providence! The Filipinos are to develop along their own racial lines, not along ours; and

it is colossal conceit and impudence to disparage them because they are different from ourselves. Capacity for independent self-government does not necessarily mean capacity like ours to administer a commonwealth like ours; but merely capacity of some sort to maintain peace and order, to uphold law, and to fulfil international obligations. It may be a matter of only a short time when the Christian Filipinos of Luzon and the Visayas will be as well qualified to discharge these functions as Mexico, Peru, Argentina or Venezuela. And when they are so qualified, the American Government has no further duty or business in the archipelago. Any decent kind of government of Filipinos by Filipinos is better than the best possible government of Filipinos by Americans.

The Encyclical Letter which the Holy Father lately addressed to the Bishops of the Catholic world is naturally regarded as his testament. While deploring the persecution waged against the Church, his Holiness returns thanks to God for her triumphs and the many blessings bestowed upon him during his long pontificate. The evils of the day, the chief of which are pointed out, the Pope declares to be the result of atheism and the decadence of the religious spirit. He repudiates the charge that the Church is opposed to progress, liberty, and civilization; and affirms that the salvation of society depends upon a return to Christian principles and submission to the authority of the Church.

The ring to be worn by King Edward at his coronation is of great antiquity as an emblem of power, and is preserved with the utmost care at the shrine of the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. It is metaphorically called the "wedding-ring of England." The legend concerning it is thus quaintly related by Caxton:

When the blessed King Edward had lived many years and was fallen into great age, it happened he came riding by a church in Essex called Havering, which was at that time in hallowing and should be dedicated in the honor of Our Lord and S. John the Evangelist. Wherefore the King for great devotion lighted down and tarried while the church was in hallowing. And in the time of procession a fair old man came to the King and

demanded of him "alms" in [the] worship of God and St. John the Evangelist. Then the King found nothing ready to give, ne his almoner was not present; but he took off the ring from his finger and gave it to the poor man, whom the poor man thanked and departed. And within certain years after, two pilgrims of England went into the Holy Land to visit holy places there; and they had lost their way and were gone from their fellowship; and the night approached, and they sorrowed greatly as they that wist not wither to go, and dreaded sore to be perished among wild beasts. At the last they saw a fair company of men arrayed in white clothing, with two lights borne afore them; and behind them there came a fair ancient man with white hair for age.

Then these pilgrims thought to follow the light and drew nigh. Then the old man asked them what they were, and of what region; and they answered that they were pilgrims of England, and had lost their fellowship and way also. Then this old man comforted them goodly, and brought them into a fair city where was a fair cenacle honestly arrayed with all manner of dainties. And when they had well refreshed them and rested there all night, on the morn this fair old man went with them, and brought them in the right way again. And he was glad to hear them talk of the welfare and holiness of their King S. Edward. And when he should depart from them, then he told them what he was, and said: I am John the Evangelist, and say ye unto Edward your King that I greet him right well, by the token that he gave to me this ring with his own hands at the hallowing of my church, which ring ye shall deliver to him again. And say ye to him that he dispose his goods; for within six months he shall be in the joy of heaven with me, where he shall have his reward for his chastity and for his good living. And dread ye not, for ye shall speed right well in your journey, and ye shall come home in short time safe and sound. And when he had delivered to them the ring he departed from them suddenly. And soon after they came home and did their message to the King, and delivered to him the ring, and said that S. John Evangelist sent it to him. And as soon as he heard that name he was full of joy, and for gladness let fall tears from his eyes, giving laud and thanksgiving to Almighty God, and to S. John his avowry that he would vouchsafe to let him have knowledge of his departing from this world. Also he had another token of S. John, and that was that the two pilgrims should die before him; which thing was proved true, for they lived not long after.

Before putting the books away let us quote another delightfully quaint bit

from "The History of Tobit"—that beautiful passage describing the return to Nineveh:

Anna his mother sat every day by the way in the top of the hill, from whence she might see him come from far. And whilst she sat there and looked after his coming, she saw afar and knew her son coming; and, running home, she told to her husband, saying: Lo! thy son cometh. Raphael then said to young Tobias: Anon as thou enterest in to the house adore thy Lord God; and, giving to Him thankings, go to thy father and kiss him. And anon then anoint his eyes with the gall of the fish that thou bearest with thee; thou shalt well know that his eyes shall be opened, and thy father shall see the light of heaven and shall joy in thy sight. Then ran the dog that followed him and had been with him in the way and came home as a messenger, fawning and making joy with his tail.

"My revered predecessor, Archbishop Spalding," said Cardinal Gibbons in a sermon preached in his own cathedral during the celebration of the Papal Jubilee, "died upward of thirty years ago; and at the time of his death he was venerable in years and appearance, for his hair was silvered with age. Yet had he lived to this day he would be a younger man than Pope Leo." The Holy Father is now past his ninety-second birthday, but the words of the revered Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore convey more vividly than figures could do an idea of the extraordinary reign of his Holiness.

It is refreshing to learn that not all the mayors of French towns are either practical atheists or such invertebrate Christians that they sedulously conceal their religious convictions. We have so often read in our French exchanges instances of petty tyranny and aggressive anti-clericalism on the part of these officials that we note with pleasure a striking exception to what we had begun to consider the rule of Gallic municipal potentates. At a banquet recently given to the young conscript soldiery of Saint-Flour, Mayor Doët

made a speech, in which, after scathingly rebuking the subversive theories of men "who deserve, perhaps, the epithet *intellectual*, but will never obtain that of *patriotic*," he proceeded:

Sometimes, perhaps, when you are far from home and the family circle, you will experience moments of sadness and discouragement. Recall at such times the memory of the sweet song with which your good mothers cradled your childhood years. Let the idea of God sustain you in all the trials with which life's highway is strewn. Meditate these words of the grizzled old grenadier to Marshal Ney, when the latter hesitated about accepting the succor of religion: "You are wrong, General," said he. "I am not so famous as you, but I am just as old; and I have never gone under fire without having first commended my soul to God."

Several thousand public men of M. Doët's stamp scattered over France would be an excellent thing for that country—and a disastrous thing for its present rulers.

The death of the venerable Archbishop of Glasgow has called forth many warm tributes from the press of Scotland. He was so highly esteemed by citizens of all classes and creeds that his loss is deplored as a public calamity. No less gentle and conciliatory than zealous and just, he did much to allay the anti-Catholic spirit still rife at the time of the re-establishment of the hierarchy in North Britain; and the wondrous progress of the Church there during the last three decades is due in great measure to his indefatigable and self-sacrificing labors, his wise and paternal government, and the example of his beautiful Christian life. Before his appointment as Delegate Apostolic in Scotland, Archbishop Eyre had exercised the ministry for some years in the north of England; and his memory is still held in benediction at Newcastle, where, during a virulent epidemic of fever, he devoted himself to the Irish immigrants who had fled thither from their native land to avoid the famine then raging there. Father Eyre was struck down at his

post, and for a time his life was despaired of. Considering the virtues and gifts of this noble prelate, it is no surprise to us to learn that the Archdiocese of Glasgow, over which he presided for so many years, is regarded as a model of a perfectly equipped and regulated diocese. *R. I. P.*

Apropos of Mr. Robertson James' declaration that in Quebec, where the influence of the Church is most dominant, he found a fuller measure of civic and religious liberty than is to be found anywhere else on this continent, we may quote the words of a Protestant gentleman regarding the south of Ireland: "I have lived for fifty-eight years," writes Mr. Robert Gibson, of Limerick, "amongst the Catholics of the south of Ireland, where we are in a minority of about one Protestant to forty Roman Catholics. I am well known as being a Protestant and a Freemason, yet I have never been persecuted, insulted or annoyed about my creed by the section of my fellow-countrymen who are supposed by those who don't know them to be 'base, bloody and brutal Papists,' nor by the 'tyrant priests.' The more I know of my Roman Catholic countrymen and women, the more I learn to esteem and respect them." Undoubtedly there is a good deal of human nature among Catholics as well as among the dissenting brethren; but the truth is that, in comparison with non-Catholics, our people are as remarkable for their toleration of mistaken belief as they are for devotion to the true faith.

It is pleasant to hear of yet another member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul filling an important position under the city government of New York. Mr. James E. Dougherty, deputy commissioner of charities, has been president of one of the conferences of St. Vincent for thirty-five years; he is

also vice-president of the Superior Council. Like Mr. Thomas W. Hynes, he was a political opponent of Mayor Low, but this did not militate against his appointment. He was known as a friend of the poor and unfortunate, of whom Mr. Low was mindful in selecting his assistants. The Catholics of New York and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in particular are nobly represented in Messrs. Dougherty and Hynes.

The daily press reports that Col. John McKee, a Negro millionaire who died recently at his home in Philadelphia, bequeathed nearly all his immense fortune to Catholic uses. Chief among the provisions of his will was one for the erection of a college for the education of orphan boys, white or colored. The board of directors of the new college are to be chosen by vote of the Catholic clergy of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Ryan is named as executor of the will. What makes these bequests especially remarkable is the fact that Col. McKee was not a Catholic and was personally unknown to Archbishop Ryan.

A devoted priest of our acquaintance declares that he finds an efficient assistant in the Catholic periodical circulating in his parish, and considers it an obligation to promote its circulation. A Catholic newspaper worthy of the name is an educator in sound opinions of all sorts; a guide, mentor, stimulator, a reflector of Catholic life. The effect of its reading is to make Catholics proud of their religion, zealous for its progress, earnest in their endeavors to live up to its teachings.

We do not like Italics, but we feel that we should have emphasized the words "worthy of the name" when we wrote this paragraph, which has been made to do yeoman's service as an exhortation to support the Catholic press. Not every periodical published under Catholic auspices in the United States deserves encouragement, or can be said to be "a perpetual mission" in the parishes where it obtains circulation. We question whether the influence of

certain so-called Catholic papers, all things considered, is not harmful rather than beneficial. It has often been remarked that periodicals least deserving of support are most clamorous in demanding it; and long-suffering subscribers are coerced to continue paying for publications which they do not value, through fear of not fulfilling their obligation to support the Church and propagate the Faith. The truth is, we have twice as many Catholic periodicals as there is field for or need of; and it is equally true that until the number is reduced, those most worthy to survive will never obtain the support they deserve or be enabled to increase their powers. Out of all our weekly newspapers, there are only three or four—three or four at most—that afford the slightest hope of a Catholic daily. And yet, whether realized or not, the greatest need of American Catholics to-day is an able daily paper. Not a week goes by that this need is not illustrated in some way or other.

Two paintings from the brush of the late Mr. B. I. Durward hang in the rooms of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison. One is a portrait of Bishop Henni, who is credited with having helped Mr. Durward into the Church during the frequent and prolonged sittings required by the artist. According to the *Catholic Citizen*, a compatriot thus relieved his mind on meeting Mr. Durward after his reception into the Church: "We ken hoo it was. You were sent to tek the Bishop, an' the Bishop tuk you."

"Put in a bill!" urged a speaker at a missionary conference held lately in New Jersey. "A dime makes as much noise on a collection plate as a quarter, and both make more noise than a bill. If you don't want your left hand to know what your right hand doeth, put in a bill."

Notable New Books.

The Life of Christ. By the Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers. The Catholic Book Exchange.

Zeal, thoughtfulness, originality and piety are qualities of Father Elliott's character, and they manifest themselves in whatever he does or writes. Certainly these qualities are abundantly present in this new Life of Christ, the result of years of devout study and meditation. Happily, good lives of Our Lord are not so rare as they used to be, but we venture to think that none of them will be more highly valued for daily purposes than Father Elliott's. It is scholarly in a practical way, and without ever descending into a mere academic treatise; it is fervid in spirit, yet there are few *O's* and exclamation marks and saccharine adjectives; its piety is enlightened and virile,—the sort of book that men will appreciate. Its effect on the reader must be a deepening and strengthening of faith, a softening of the heart, not of the intellect. No doubt, too, it has a great missionary purpose to perform; for, while it enforces the truths of our holy religion, it will be read with gusto by earnest men of all faiths and of none. Published cheaply, it is within the reach of all book-buyers. The illustrations are very numerous, but we can not say that they greatly enhance the value or the readableness of the volume, which we confidently hope will have a wide sale.

The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. John Lane.

It would be quite enough to say of "The Lady Paramount" that it is by the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," and that it has all the charms and excellences of that brilliant and delightful book. There is an ever-increasing quantity of good fiction, but "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" is a story not to be forgotten, and we are taking for granted that all our readers have enjoyed it. "The Lady Paramount" turns on a situation quite as novel and ingenious as that of its predecessor, and we are introduced to characters that immediately interest or captivate us. The scenes are charming in their beauty and admirable in their presentment; the episodes unexpected yet never without verisimilitude, the conversations as brilliant and witty as could be. Mr. Harland's art is perfect, with an individuality which there is no mistaking. It may be said in brief that "The Lady Paramount" has all the qualities which distinguish the better sort of fiction, but there is something superadded that makes one feel that one has been benefited as well as entertained by its perusal.

We must be allowed to express here our regret that Mr. Lane should have taken occasion

of the publication of Mr. Harland's new novel to advertise one or more distinctly anti-Catholic books by a writer whose name, according to a leading reviewer, should be changed from Bagot to Bigot. To advertise such productions as "demonstrating, in enlightened and just discussion, the influence of Roman Catholicism on social life to-day" is decidedly misleading, to say the least.

The Ladder of Perfection. By Walter Hilton. With an Essay on the Spiritual Life of Medieval England by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, of the Oratory. Art & Book Co.; Benziger Brothers.

A more enjoyable book than this could not easily be found in the religious literature of any language, so sane, so fervent, so robust and practical it is. As Father Dalgairns observes in the thoughtful and relishable introductory essay, it is highly creditable to the spiritual life of England in the fourteenth century that such a book emanated from it. More creditable still is the fact that, though written for one of the most cocontemplative of religious Orders, it was among the first books issued after the invention of printing, an edition having been published in black-letter by Wynken de Worde at the behest of the Countess Margaret, mother of Henry VII. "Throughout the dismal Wars of the Roses, and the more dismal reign of Henry VIII.," says Father Dalgairns, "many a heart was strengthened and consoled by Walter Hilton. The very copy still exists which must have been seen in the hands of the martyred Carthusians, the glow from whose pallid faces lit up the cell of Sir Thomas More as he gazed down at them while they were dragged on the hurdle to execution." The virtue of this noble book is not less for us who live in more peaceful and less fervent times. It is the sort of book we should like to encourage Catholic publishers to put on the market.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. By E. L. Taunton. John Lane.

It was natural that this monograph on the great Cardinal of York should excite a great deal of comment. Those who hitherto regarded Wolsey as a politician rather than a churchman, and had made up their minds that the charges against him of worldliness and ambition were not to be refuted, have been surprised at the amount of evidence brought forward by Father Taunton to prove that the Cardinal was not only a keen-eyed statesman but a model ecclesiastic—"the greatest churchman of his time." Catholic critics of this learned work have asserted that the author of it undertook an impossible task, and still contend that rehabilitation of Wolsey is out of the question. Remembering the case of a certain Cardinal in our own time, and mindful of the different estimates of prominent ecclesiastics still

living, remembering also how many burning questions there are of which only one side has as yet been heard, we took up Father Taunton's monograph in another spirit. One may not always agree with him, and may sometimes be disposed to find fault with him for overmuch boldness and for not qualifying statements which would seem to have been penned under the spell of indignation. But his honesty of intention is everywhere apparent; and one can not help feeling that if he sometimes overstates what he believes to be the truth, it is through fear of understating, or of holding anything back.

One of the most interesting chapters deals with the famous Divorce. Father Taunton has studied the question thoroughly,—not, perhaps, without a previously formed and unfavorable opinion of the Roman Curia in the period of Wolsey's career; and we think that his hope 'of throwing some new light on a subject which party spirit on either side has done much to obscure' is fully realized. It is evident that a great deal remains to be told about the causes which led up to the Reformation, and it is well that Catholic writers should be among the tellers. We shall be the last to blame them if their attitude is occasionally aggressive.

The work is admirably published, and the illustrations with which it is abundantly supplied are of genuine value and interest. It is a long time since a more perfect specimen of bookmaking has come under our notice.

Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook.

By Jacob Gould Schurman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The President of Cornell, like Judge Taft, is a man of affairs as well as a scholar; in both we are glad to notice a devotion to human liberty, a sense of justice, and an aloofness from petty prejudices, that fill us with hope for the future of American statesmanship. Amid the din of declamation about the conduct of the Friars in the Philippines, we remember with satisfaction that Judge Taft bore himself with admirable impartiality, declaring that evil reports were mostly due to political hatreds. So, too, President Schurman: "I say nothing of the charge of immorality, which, in all probability, has been much exaggerated. It was rather, I believe, as victims of [political] institutions that the Friars acquired the hostility of the natives."

We can not here set forth in detail the policy advocated by the author; but, briefly, he proposes for the Philippines the same sort of government under the United States as Canada or Australia now enjoys under the British Crown,—this arrangement to give place to complete independence as soon as the Christian natives are reasonably fit for it. The Philippines for the Filipinos is his slogan, and it is good American

doctrine; "any decent kind of government of Filipinos by Filipinos is better than the best possible government of Filipinos by Americans." Most of the suggestions made for the reorganization of the archipelago seem to us wise and practicable; but we should like to ask so broad-minded an observer just why it was necessary to banish religion from the schools of a people who admittedly stand in such need of its strengthening and civilizing offices.

The Lady Poverty. Translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael. Tennant & Ward.

This is an English version of "*Sacrum Commercium Beati Francisci cum Domina Paupertate*," the probable date of which is 1227 and the author unknown. At least as many as three Latin and three Italian editions are known to have been printed, yet the work has hardly been heard of except among Franciscan experts.

It is an allegory of the thirteenth century, expressing the spirit and the history of the Franciscan Order with respect to that Lady Poverty whom St. Francis sang so exquisitely and loved with seraphic love. Nothing could be more charming to the devout soul than this glimpse of a spirit which must have been twin to the spirit of Francis himself, in his passionate detachment, his enthusiastic devotion to holy poverty, voluntarily embraced for the love of God. "One of the fairest of medieval idylls," the translator calls it, and the praise is most fully deserved. Mr. Carmichael has done his work as well as he was expected to do it; which, being interpreted, means that his translation and notes are almost perfect. And it is a real joy to note the exquisite taste of the binding, type, paper, and rubricated initials, in spite of the sentimental reflection that the Lady Poverty would disdain such royal adornment. In addition to the very valuable introductory chapter by the translator, the essay contributed by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., deserves mention, as does also the beautiful prayer which forms the first appendix.

The Dangers of Spiritualism. By a Member of the Society for Psychical Research. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

We can not say that we have been greatly impressed by this book, the twofold object of which is to add one more testimony to the reality and objectivity of many of those abnormal phenomena which have in recent years been so frequently the subject of inquiry and discussion, and to draw attention to certain dangers which attend their experimental investigation. That these dangers exist will be admitted by all who have intimate knowledge of the subject; and we may add that they have many times been brought home to our own mind in a striking manner. But we think the warning of the anonymous

member of the Society for Psychical Research might have been rendered much more effective. His personal experiences, to which he confines himself, are not remarkable, in our opinion; nor can it be said that they illustrate in a striking way the moral and mental deterioration resulting from the influences to which those who dabble in spiritism subject themselves. The evil of the thing is best shown by the legislation of the Church for its suppression, and the increasing number of insane persons whose mental derangement began with the indulgence of idle curiosity regarding subjects of their nature inscrutable.

The present reviewer has settled opinions about the votaries of spiritualism. When a boy, he was unceremoniously ejected from a meeting of professed spiritualists into which he had intruded himself. They were all armed with umbrellas; at least that impression was repeatedly conveyed. And what specimens they were—a throng of wild-eyed women with hair cut short, and men with hair worn long! It was the small boy's impression, never to undergo change, that spiritualists are the craziest human beings to be found anywhere outside of a madhouse.

Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. By John Codman. The Macmillan Co.

Benedict Arnold is the best-detested character in American history, also one of the most interesting. Force of intellect and force of character he undoubtedly had; but from the outset of the War of Independence he was a soldier of fortune rather than a patriot, and in the light of Mr. Codman's studies it is not difficult to understand his seeming perversion. The story of his expedition for the capture of Quebec has met with scant justice from patriotic historians, partly because of its utter failure and partly because of the subsequent perfidy of Arnold. Yet it is a chapter of American history which well deserved to be written; for the passion of genuine patriotism never glowed more honestly than in the men who went with Arnold; and seldom in the history of war have soldiers suffered more from cold and hunger than in the awful march through the wilderness. Indeed a more striking picture of the desolation and dreariness of war than is afforded by the account of this journey is hardly to be found in the annals of modern warfare. We except, of course, the retreat from Moscow. Mr. Codman was a scientific historian. He went to the sources—to diaries and letters as well as to books,—and almost every mile of the route taken by Arnold was conscientiously traversed by him on foot or in a canoe. To the completion of this really important work he gave the last years of his life, and it is sad to think that he did not live to see this handsome, substantial volume through the press.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



A Good Anvil.

BY ESTHER ROBERTSON.



IT was Friday afternoon in St. John's Parochial, and Jack Pickachip was at the blackboard in a very bad humor. Sister Dorothea had been letting the pupils "choose numbers," as was the custom on Friday afternoons, and Jack had drawn one that did not suit him. As all may not understand what "choosing numbers" means, we may explain that Sister had a manuscript book with many wise and practical sayings in it. These sayings were all numbered, and each child drew a number on Friday and kept the saying for guidance throughout the week.

Jack had drawn on this particular day, "One must learn to be a good anvil before he can safely give blows." He would not have minded this so much had not Sister given him an emphatic little nod as she read it, and added: "That is for you, Jack!" Then all the children laughed, and that made the boy very indignant. He saw Stephen O'Brien's foot stretched out from under his seat right in the aisle where he stood. Stephen was absorbed in his arithmetic card, and Jack rather rudely aroused him by planting a heavy heel on his great toe. Stephen writhed with pain; but Sister Dorothea's back was turned, and he was not the boy to complain. In the meantime he quietly drew his foot under the desk, but, I fear, with the thought in his mind that at some future time he would test whether Jack had become a good anvil.

Another reason for Jack's ill temper was that he could not solve his card. Sister, to be sure, would help him if

he asked her; but if she helped him he would not get his name written on the back of the card. He wanted to have the most cards at the end of the winter term. The cards were collected. He gave his up still unsolved, and went gloomily to his seat. There he found a source of consolation. He had drawn a picture of "Pharaoh's Horses." They were fiercely breathing yellow flame, and he had put in a fine background with a blue crayon. Then he had cut them out in medallion form, and put a red frame around them. He held them up to Marie Cliffe, uncertain whether he had not better give them to her, since the unpleasant anvil experience; and then Sister sealed her fate. She heard the whisper, and, quickly turning her head from her desk where she was dispensing drawing materials, said in a severe tone:

"Marie!"

"I did not whisper to Jack," said Marie, with a red face: "I only just said, 'How beautiful!'"

Another significant smile passed around. It was too much. Jack held up two fingers, which signal meant permission to leave the room. He was firmly resolved that Sister Dorothea should not become the happy owner of "Pharaoh's Horses."

The Sister nodded her consent. She saw the boy was out of temper, and thought a little change and fresher air might be the best remedy. She then stepped in front of the class and gave a short instruction on drawing a book in different positions, placing three big dictionaries in position so that each row of desks had a model; and all went busily to work.

Sister Dorothea had passed round the room twice before she noticed that Jack

Pickachip had not returned to the class. Much surprised, she sent Stephen O'Brien after him. Stephen returned in a few moments, with eyes nearly twice their usual size, and reported that Jack was not to be found either in the building or about the grounds.

Sister looked very sober. Such a breach of discipline had never been heard of before. A scholar leave the school without permission! The children glanced at one another with wonder. Nothing more was said; the school closed as usual, but a messenger was dispatched with a note to Jack's home.

That evening Sister Dorothea was called to the convent parlor to see Jack's father. He said Jack had not been home since he left for school, and that his mother was nearly crazed with fear and anxiety. He had called to see if Sister could not give some clue as to the lad's whereabouts or some reason why he should have left his home.

"I can not, indeed, sir," said Sister. "Jack has improved so much this year that I can not at all understand this sudden freak of his."

"That's just what his mother says," replied Mr. Pickachip. "She says he has become so fond of reading since the children got Father Finn's books with that soap order that she does not have any trouble keeping him at home evenings, and that he has become so careful in his dress that she can't keep him in collars."

Sister smiled a little, but it was a forced smile; and she said:

"Our boy will be brought back to us,—I am sure of that. Let us have confidence."

"God bless you, Sister!" said the poor father, getting up to take his leave. "We are depending on your prayers."

"You will surely have them," she replied, as she showed him out; "and better prayers than mine."

There was little sleep that night, however, for the nun or the lad's parents.

When Jack left the class-room he made a race down the stairs and paused at the door that looked out into the playground. It was a lovely spring day: the snow was all gone and the yard quite dry. As he looked out something caught his eye which added still more defiance to his present frame of mind. It was the sight of a long ladder leading up to the roof of the three-story building. It had been there at recess, and he heard the janitor tell Sister that they had to repair the roof, and were going to put a wire netting in the bell tower to keep out the pigeons.

Now he was alone in the playground and he meant to go up that ladder. Up he went, his heart thumping hard as he got higher. The ladder reached to the eaves, and another was laid flat on the roof reaching to the ridge pole near the bell tower. Would he dare to stand on the ladder he was mounting and pull himself up on the roof to the other? He reached the top of the ladder and took hold of the eaves-trough, stood up and looked on the roof. His heart was beating fast, but he could not make up his mind to give it up, as he was so near. Slowly he grasped the lower round of the ladder on the roof and gave himself a desperate pull up. Never to his dying day will Jack forget his feelings as his feet left the ladder below and he clung for one dreadful minute balanced on the edge of the roof. In after-life it came back to him in nightmares again and again.

So dizzy he could see nothing, sick, faint, and covered with cold perspiration, he lay for some minutes flat on the roof, and finally crawled slowly up to the bell tower, pulled himself up and looked down. There was no bell hung in the tower. It was intended to get one some day, but as yet it had not been done. Jack remembered thankfully that there was a trap-door leading from the tower into the large hall below.

"I could never go down that roof, I

know; but I can slip in here and get down through the trap and back into school before I am missed."

So saying, he pulled himself through the window and dropped. It was a good ten feet; and the jar, coming so soon after his faintness, made his head ache. The floor was covered with dust and ordure; and when Jack pushed among it with his boot to find the trap-door, he found worms also,—great white maggots that made him shudder. Some pigeons had flown out at his sudden entrance, but one mother-pigeon kept her place on the nest and looked at him with bright little eyes. Jack found the ring of the trap-door and tried to lift it, but it was as immovable as if there were no door there at all. He now remembered with a sinking heart that it was fastened with a hasp below.

"Well, I am in for it!" he exclaimed aloud. "I can never go back down the roof. It was bad enough coming up, but I should certainly fall trying to go down. I shall have to shout out the windows until I get some one to come up to the hall and let me out. I am in a fix!"

He was more in a fix than he thought; for when he turned to climb up to the windows he found a perfectly smooth wall, without a break or crack in the boards which he could use to climb up. He looked about him in dismay, but could see no way to get out. He was fairly caught in a trap. Then he took off his coat and, running the sleeve through the ring on the door, pulled with all his strength. It was all of no avail; the door seemed swollen, for it did not move. He stamped and kicked at it until he was exhausted, and then shouted as loud and long as he could. Finally he sat down in a corner to think.

"I wonder how long it will be until they miss me and hunt me up? Who would ever think of looking here? Suppose they never come? It will be like the lady in the 'Mistletoe Bough';

and when the carpenters come, in about a week, they will find me dead. I think Sister Dorothea will be sorry then she ever punished or found fault with me. Poor mamma!"

He began to cry at the thought, and jumped up once more and shouted and kicked in vain; then he tried to leap up and catch at the windows, but only fell back bruised and exhausted. He knew when the school was dismissed by the distant shouts, and thought bitterly that they little cared whether he was dead or alive. Then it grew dark. The pigeons circled round, and flew in and out, not daring to stay in. This gave him a little hope that the janitor or some one would notice their unusual actions and think he might be up there. No: the pigeons finally went elsewhere; and, as it began to grow dark, poor Jack got very cold and hungry.

The trap-door was formed of narrow pine boards, dovetailed together. As Jack made another desperate attempt to pull at the door he remembered that he had Sister Dorothea's knife for sharpening pencils in his pocket. He had offered to take it home and get it sharpened for her. If he could get a crack between the boards wide enough to put his finger through, he might push out the hook and so unfasten the hasp. He went to work all too eagerly; for the slender blade soon snapped, and Jack tossed it off into a corner and again sat down in a passion of tears.

All night he crouched in the corner, shivering, sleeping and waking. Severe thirst soon began to make itself felt, and a numbness took the place of the hunger. The sunlight and the distant sounds of the children in the school-yard gave him a little more life, and another device occurred to him by which he might attract attention. He filled his Tam O'Shanter full of dirt to make it heavy, and, swinging it round his head, threw it with all his strength out through the window above him.

Then quickly followed both shoes, and finally his stockings, filled in the same way. He listened with satisfaction to their rattling down the slates outside, and waited a while; but, to his great disappointment, no one came or seemed to notice them at all.

At last he took a better way. Falling on his knees, he prayed as he had never prayed before in all his life, confessing his sins of anger, disobedience, and idleness; promising that if his life was only spared he would do better ever after. Jack then hunted up the knife once more, and slowly and cautiously began to cut through the crack with the little blade still left.

Down in the school-yard at recess of the afternoon session Sister Dorothea was walking up and down amidst the children. They were rather silent, only the smallest ones playing as usual; the others watching her sympathetically, knowing how she felt about the missing boy, and full of an undefined fear and dread themselves as to his mysterious disappearance. Suddenly there was a shout. Stephen O'Brien came running toward her holding out a brilliantly colored Tam O'Shanter.

"It's Jack Pickachip's!" he cried.

"Are you sure, Stephen?" asked the Sister. "Where did you find it?"

"It fell out of the pear-tree."

Tommy Twohig next ran up with a shoe, and soon another boy with the stockings.

"Oh, yes, Sister, they are Jack's!" said Marie, bursting into tears. "I would have known them anywhere. But where can he be?"

Sister Dorothea's heart sank within her: these things only seemed to confirm her fears that some terrible fate had befallen the poor lad.

Marie suddenly gave a piercing shriek and pointed to the school door. Sister Dorothea looked, and there stood poor Jack, barefooted, very much dishevelled

and white, holding out his arms to her. She ran and caught him just in time to keep him from falling. Motioning the children back, she carried him into the dressing-room, giving in one breath half a dozen orders—a message to the parents, the doctor, and a hack. On an improvised bed of cloaks and hoods she persuaded him to swallow some tea from a lunch box, and then he opened his eyes and clung shudderingly to her.

"Up in the pigeon loft," he whispered. "I was all alone there with nobody but God; and He was mad—at first—and then we were friends again. I am going to be good—"

"Yes! Do not talk any more now, dear," said the Sister, her grateful tears dropping on the lad's head. "Sometime you may tell me all about it."

A month later the janitor showed a new trap-door to a friend. It was stained red and shining with varnish. He regarded it with complacency.

"Pickachip was in for a new door," he said. "His boy cut a hole in the old one big enough to get a stick through, and unfastened the hasp. It was a close shave, though. I wouldn't like to have found the little fellow dead. Any other boy would have died from staying out all night this time of year; but Jack Pickachip is as tough as shoe-leather. I never seen a boy more changed, though. Pity we can't have a few more up here to larn sense!"

THE most absurd errors are often caused by a misplaced letter. In the report of a Grand Army reunion it was gravely stated in the local paper that more than two thousand soldiers were obliged to sleep on *cats*. The little insignificant-looking hyphen, too, is often the cause of serious blunders. A man wrote to his landlord that he wished to release his house; but as he forgot the hyphen, the landlord inferred that he gave up the house, and promptly leased it to some one else.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

Our voyage to America was a very pleasant one. The weather was excellent. The warm glow of midsummer was over everything, and the cool ocean breezes were most grateful as we sat at evening on the deck and watched the stars burn above our heads in the sky, which always seems so vast when one is on the face of the waters. After the first two or three days, neither of us was seasick, and Winifred took to the sea at once. She loved the salt air, the cool spray blowing in her face as she stood upon the deck, her hair flying about her and her face aglow. Often she spoke of the dear land she had left and of her dear ones, while her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled with emotion.

One afternoon, as we watched the sun glinting on the waves, Winifred said:

"Just now that same sun is lighting all the hills! That was what made people call them, in the Irish tongue, the hills of 'the gilt spurs.'"

"That is a pretty name," I observed; "and well describes how they look at this hour of a fine evening."

"I wish I could see them now," said Winifred; and then she fell silent, as if in thought.

She was very shy of the strangers on board the steamer, and rarely exchanged a word with any of them except at table; though many of them noticed her and spoke with admiration of her charming face and her graceful ways.

It was a lovely, calm morning when we steamed into New York Bay. We were both up early and on deck; and I pointed out to Winifred Staten Island, lying green and garden-like on the water's breast; and Governor's Island, with its forts; and Bedloe's Island,

with its huge Liberty statue, the goddess standing with colossal torch at the entrance to the New World. At last there was New York itself the Empire City, the great metropolis; and over it rested a haze, whence emerged the steeple of Old Trinity, the Custom House, and the tops of various high buildings, which filled Winifred with wonder; she had never seen anything like these "sky-scrapers," as they are called. She talked of them even after we had landed, and as we drove up Broadway to the hotel where I had my quarters. This great thoroughfare seemed to bewilder her altogether.

"The people!" she cried,— "all the people! Why, they are thicker together than trees in a wood," and she simply stopped her ears against the noise. "It seems as if there was a thunderstorm going on all the time!" she exclaimed.

She was much amused also at the swift, gliding motion of the cable-cars, unlike anything she had yet seen.

"Isn't it all wonderful!" she would cry. "Oh, if Niall could see this!"

"He has seen just as wonderful sights and far more so," I reminded her. "You know how much he has travelled."

"Well, if Barney and Moira and the other people from home could see this place, they'd think they were dreaming. I'm not quite sure that I won't wake up,—only," she added, with one of her droll looks, "I couldn't be asleep in such a noise."

We had reached the corner of Twenty-Third Street, and I saw Madison Square and the Fifth Avenue Hotel arising on my vision. There was even an unusual traffic just then. Cars, express wagons, private carriages, vehicles of all sorts, were crowding and jostling one another to the imminent risk of those within them, as well as those who attempted to cross on foot. The carriage in which we sat had to stop for an instant, and in that instant I saw standing at the corner of the street Roderick O'Byrne.

His face was clouded by care or anxiety of some sort, which wholly changed its ordinary bright character. He was looking thoughtfully before him, while he waited a favorable opportunity to make the crossing.

Suddenly his eyes fell full upon Winifred, who was looking out of the window with eager interest. He started as if he had been stung. Yet he could not possibly have recognized the child, who was, happily, unconscious of his regard. It must have been some resemblance he discovered in her. Fortunately, he was so absorbed in his study of her face that he did not perceive me. I shrank back as far as possible in my corner of the vehicle and waited breathlessly, till next moment the carriage swept onward, and those two, so closely bound by the tenderest ties of kindred, were parted in the great vortex.

I felt a sense of relief that Roderick had not glanced in my direction. Had he done so, he would inevitably have recognized me, and I should have been confronted at our next meeting with all manner of awkward inquiries. For I could not tell him that his daughter was in my keeping and then refuse to let him see or communicate with her.

The hotel seemed a most magnificent place to Winifred; for though we had been in very comfortable quarters in Dublin, the luxury of a New York hotel seems quite a different affair. The service in the dining-room, the table appointments, the variety of the bill of fare, the orchestra which played sweet strains during all the meal, were dreamlike, almost, to this child of the hills. The elevator seemed to her as something very amusing. She would like to have gone up and down in it several times. She had a charming little room adjoining mine, all done in gray and pink, and an outlook upon the gay street.

She could scarcely tear herself away from the window in the few days that elapsed before I had decided upon a

school for her and made some simple preparations. Indeed, I found it rather difficult to decide upon a school for the child, not because there were no good ones, but for the opposite reason that there were so many. But to one thing I made up my mind: she must be out of town. The presence of her father in New York made that a necessity. Yet, on the other hand, I could not send her too far away, as I wanted to see her often, mark her progress and the effect of austere school-life on one who had been accustomed to a free, wild existence on the beautiful Wicklow hills. It was this circumstance which finally determined my choice. I must be in easy distance of the child, so great was my responsibility.

I took her to her new home one evening just as the shadows were deepening and New York lay like a great map traced out in lights. They gleamed and glowed through the gathering darkness, and through the smoke clouds which arose from the countless factories. I felt a curious sense of desolation, and I was certain that Winifred would suffer from this when she found herself enclosed in an unfamiliar building, to become a mere atom, as it were, in a multitude.

The child was grave and quiet, but did not seem to shrink at all from school-life. In fact, she had rather entered into the prospect of going there with the enthusiasm of her age, and had begun to plan out the details of her new existence. She told me after that she had experienced an awful sense of loneliness when going to bed in a strange dormitory, with its rows of curtained beds, amongst so many whom she had never seen before. During the night prayers and the final hymn she had cried all the time.

These sensations are common enough to all who go into new scenes for the first time; but for some weeks after Winifred's arrival at the convent she reminded me of nothing so much as a

bird in a cage. I am sure the ordinary little restraints of school-life must have been intolerable to one brought up, as she had been, unrestrained upon the hills. In the austere convent parlor, with her black dress, and her curls fastened back from her face with a ribbon, she was like a spirit of her former self. She told me, in her quaint speech, that she only lived from one visit of mine to another. Usually she was pale, sad and listless. The spirit of mischief seemed to have gone out of her, and the religious who presided in the parlor told me that she was docile to her teachers and very diligent in her studies.

"If I study very hard perhaps I will get home sooner," Winifred explained to me as we sat hand in hand in the corner of the parlor. "My heart aches to see Ireland again, and the Dargle and the hills and Granny and Niall and Father Owen, and everyone."

"It will not be very long till you see them all again," I observed soothingly. "Time passes very quickly."

She heaved a deep sigh, as if to signify that time did not pass so very quickly for her.

When I rose to go that day I told her that I was going to get permission, if possible, for her to come down and spend a day with me.

"To spend a day with you in the big city down there!" she cried. "Oh, it will be lovely! We can see so many things and we can talk about home."

That seemed to be indeed her greatest pleasure. The permission was granted, with even better terms than I had expected; for she was to come down on the following Tuesday morning and remain with me till the day after.

"It is a privilege we do not often grant," the nun said, smiling. "But in this child's case we think it is really essential. The change from a widely different life was so very sudden."

"So you are to come on Tuesday,

and this is Sunday," I told Winifred.

Her eyes fairly sparkled with delight, as she danced along by my side with something of her old gaiety. "There is only one day between. To-morrow I shall study very hard, and say all my lessons and practise for my singing lesson on Thursday, and do everything well."

I smiled.

"Father Owen would say you should do that every day," I reminded her. "You remember how he pointed out that the robin did his work in storm or sunshine."

"Oh, but 'tis much easier to work in sunshine!" Winifred cried out.

"I suppose it is," laughed I; "but that is no reason why you shouldn't try to do what is harder."

"I do try," Winifred said earnestly. "I get up the moment the bell rings in the morning,—though I don't find that as hard as some of the girls do, for I was often out on the hills at sunrise. Then I'm one of the first in the chapel; and in class I study my lessons and I hardly ever talk. At recreation I don't feel much like playing yet, but perhaps I shall after a while—when I know some of the girls better."

"Yes, I am sure you will. How do you like your companions?" I asked.

"I think a good many of them are nice. But it takes me a long time to know strangers, I suppose because I scarcely ever saw any."

"And your teachers?" I inquired.

"Oh, they are all very kind, especially to me, because I come from so far away and have no mother! I like my music-teacher best, though. I wish you knew her."

"I must make her acquaintance some time," I remarked; "I want to know all your friends."

"The French teacher is the crossiest. She isn't a nun, though, and doesn't wear a nun's dress. She scolds me if I don't know the verbs or if I make

mistakes in spelling. I told her the other day that I didn't want a stranger to speak so to me. The girls all laughed, but she didn't understand what I was saying."

"Just as well in that case." And I laughed, picturing to myself the little girl addressing the Frenchwoman with her princess air.

We were standing all this time in the hall, which was not altogether according to rule, as I well knew; for farewells are usually made in the parlor. But I had not the heart to send Winifred away, and the presiding religious did not appear to notice. I fancy the nuns often strained the rule a little in her regard, taking the circumstances into consideration.

"Good-bye till Tuesday!" Winifred called after me, as I stepped out into the porch; "and thank you for all the nice things you have brought me!"

For indeed I never went empty-handed to see the child, remembering my own school-days. I had visited Maillard's that afternoon before taking the cars, and had chosen from the dainty confections which so temptingly fill the glass cases and adorn the plate-glass windows. I was told that she always distributed my gifts amongst her companions with a royal generosity, often keeping but little for herself. While I was still in the porch I heard her telling a companion:

"I am going to town on Tuesday. Isn't that splendid!"

"Oh, you lucky girl!" said the other. "I wish I had come from Ireland or some other place: then I might get out oftener."

I went homeward, musing on that happy time of life when a day out of school, a promised holiday, gives a keener delight than anything in after life.

"Why does youth ever pass away, with its glow and glory?" I thought. "And how dull its going leaves this prosaic earth!"

(To be continued.)

Mary and her Little Lamb.

Everybody knows the story of Mary and her little lamb; but not everyone knows that Mary E. Sawyer, who was born near Worcester, Massachusetts, was the heroine of the poem.

When Mary was a little girl she found a new-born lamb nearly dead with hunger and cold. She tenderly nursed it back to life and became devotedly attached to her gentle charge. The lamb was her constant companion and playmate, and was to her what a doll is to most children. For hours she would dress her lamb and "make believe" it was her baby. One day her brother suggested that she take the lamb to school with her. The thought so delighted Mary that she started earlier than usual for the school-house, reached there before the other scholars, and put the little lamb under her seat, where it lay contentedly.

When Mary's turn came for her recitations the lamb ran down the aisle after her, to the intense delight of the scholars and the surprise of the teacher. The lamb was put outside, and it waited on the doorstep for Mary and followed her home. A young man named John Roulston chanced to be a visitor at the school, and the pathetic incident led him to compose the stanzas, which he presented to the owner of the lamb. Some years after Miss Mary Sawyer was married to Mr. Columbus Tyler.

When the lamb was old enough to shear, Mary's mother knit her two pairs of stockings of the wool; and Mrs. Tyler kept these stockings until she was eighty years old. When the "Old South Church" of Boston was raising money, she unravelled a pair of the stockings and wound the yarn on small cards, upon which she wrote her autograph; and these cards were sold for upward of one hundred dollars. Mrs. Tyler died in December, 1889.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Wilfrid Ward, it is announced, has undertaken the task of editing some correspondence left by the late Mr. de Vere and docketed as "To be published."

—Anent the ever-recurring question of the part taken by Irishmen in the War of Independence, we find this sentence in the history of "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," by Mr. John Codman, recently published by the Macmillans: "Even at that time America was glad to accept the aid of the sons of Erin, and there were in the little army nearly two hundred 'emigrants'—fully a sixth of the detachment—from the old country, a large majority of whom were from Ireland."

—By the will of Aubrey de Vere, the copyright of all his works except his "Recollections" goes to Cardinal Vaughan "in trust for the religious education of Catholics, and especially of Irish Catholics in England." Bequests were also made to the Trappist monastery of Mount Melleray and to the Catholic Poor School Committee. Thus the venerable poet was mindful of Cardinal Manning's saying that "it is a poor will which has not God among its beneficiaries."

—The average man with the hoe has a fine scorn of all sorts of literary labor. "Writin' for the press" is a mere pastime in his estimation. "Mandy," said one of these worthies to his better half, "I am afraid that boy of ours is goin' to be a literary feller."—"He ain't writ nothin', has he?" asked the old lady, in alarm.—"No, he ain't writ nothin' yet, but I notice he is doin' less an' less work every day, an' doin' it carless an' careless."

—Among the publications forthcoming from the University of Chicago press is Wager's "Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene," an old English morality play, with introduction and notes by Prof. Frederic Ives Carpenter. Students of Chaucer will also be interested in the announcement that Dr. Eleanor Hammond, of the University of Chicago, is about to publish a monograph "On the Text of Chaucer's Parlement of Foules," which claims to establish a new genealogy for the manuscripts of this poem.

—Illuminated and other MSS. formed an important part of the extensive library of the late Mr. Henry White, recently sold under the hammer in London. The collection included twelve manuscript copies of the Bible of the thirteenth century and three of the fourteenth; one of the former is ornamented with 136 finely painted initials. There were also fourteen MSS. of the four Evangelists, one of which is a precious Byzantine codex, dating

from about A. D. 1000, with full-page miniatures of all the Evangelists; another, of about the same period, is decorated with a very fine early full-page miniature of St. Matthew. The printed editions of the Bible included copies of the first translations into French, Saxon, Dutch, Danish, Icelandic, etc.

—In a pamphlet of twenty-nine pages, entitled "Find the Church," the Rev. William Poland, S. J., answers the questions, Where does the name "Church of Christ" belong? and, How shall we get the doctrines taught by Christ? He shows that "we have to get the doctrines of Christ either by a personal revelation which Christ makes to us—and this revelation we have not; or we have to get them from a writing which Christ left for us—and Christ left no writing; or we have to get them from an authority which Christ established and continues." This authority is shown to be the Church. B. Herder, publisher.

—An esteemed correspondent assures us that a statement of the *Literary Digest*, quoted by us, to the effect that Edith Wharton's new book brings out "the real power and beauty of the old religion" is utterly untrue. "I would like to be informed as to the passages which would not be disagreeable reading for Catholics or even right-minded people of any or no religious denomination." There really was no excuse for being misled about Edith Wharton's novel, even without reading it. She was the author of an offensive poem about St. Margaret of Cortona, for publishing which the Harpers felt constrained to offer a public apology to Catholics.

—The Holy Father evidently does not share the opinion of those timid critics within the fold who consider Pastor's "History of the Popes in the Middle Ages" too outspoken. In a recent letter to Dr. Pastor, Pope Leo says: "Continue, beloved son, to devote the rich gifts of your intellect to portraying and placing in their true light, with fidelity to truth, the deeds of the Roman Pontiffs." Another passage of the same letter runs thus: "We can congratulate ourselves more every day upon having thrown open the Vatican Archives to the researches of learned men. Apart from the fact that it can no longer be affirmed that the Church is afraid of historical research, this measure has made possible the compilation of learned works which are both serviceable to the confirmation of the truth and adapted to the progress of historical science."

—Matthew Arnold, as is well known, was no ardent admirer of America or American institutions; however, his knowledge of our country was as superficial as his prejudices against it

were deep, and it is unlikely that his criticisms of us will be perpetuated. But we could wish that what he said about the American newspaper might be remembered and heeded. Few will deny that these strictures are deserved:

It is often said that every nation has the government it deserves. What is much more certain is that every nation has the newspapers it deserves. The newspaper is the direct product of the want felt; the supply answers closely and inevitably to the demand. I suppose no one knows what the American newspapers are, who has not been obliged, for some length of time, to read either those newspapers or none at all. Powerful and valuable contributions occur scattered about in them. But, on the whole, and taking the total impression and effect made by them, I should say that if one were searching for the best means to efface and kill in a whole nation the discipline of respect, the feeling for what is elevated, one could not do better than take the American newspapers. The absence of truth and soberness in them, the poverty in serious interest, the personality and sensation-mongering, are beyond belief. There are a few newspapers which are, in whole or in part, exceptions. . . . The Americans used to say to me that what they valued was news, and that this their newspapers gave them. I at last made the reply: "Yes, news of a kind!"

Since the free rural mail delivery was established the daily newspapers have had a great "boom" in circulation, and as a result they are driving the weeklies to the wall in many communities. It is sad to think that, with a Catholic population of perhaps 12,000,000, there is not a single Catholic daily in English to combat the evils to which Matthew Arnold referred.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.
- The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.
- The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.
- The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.
- The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychical Research.* 75 cts., net.
- Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.
- The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.
- Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.

- The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.
- Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
- Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
- St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
- Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
- Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

Obituary.

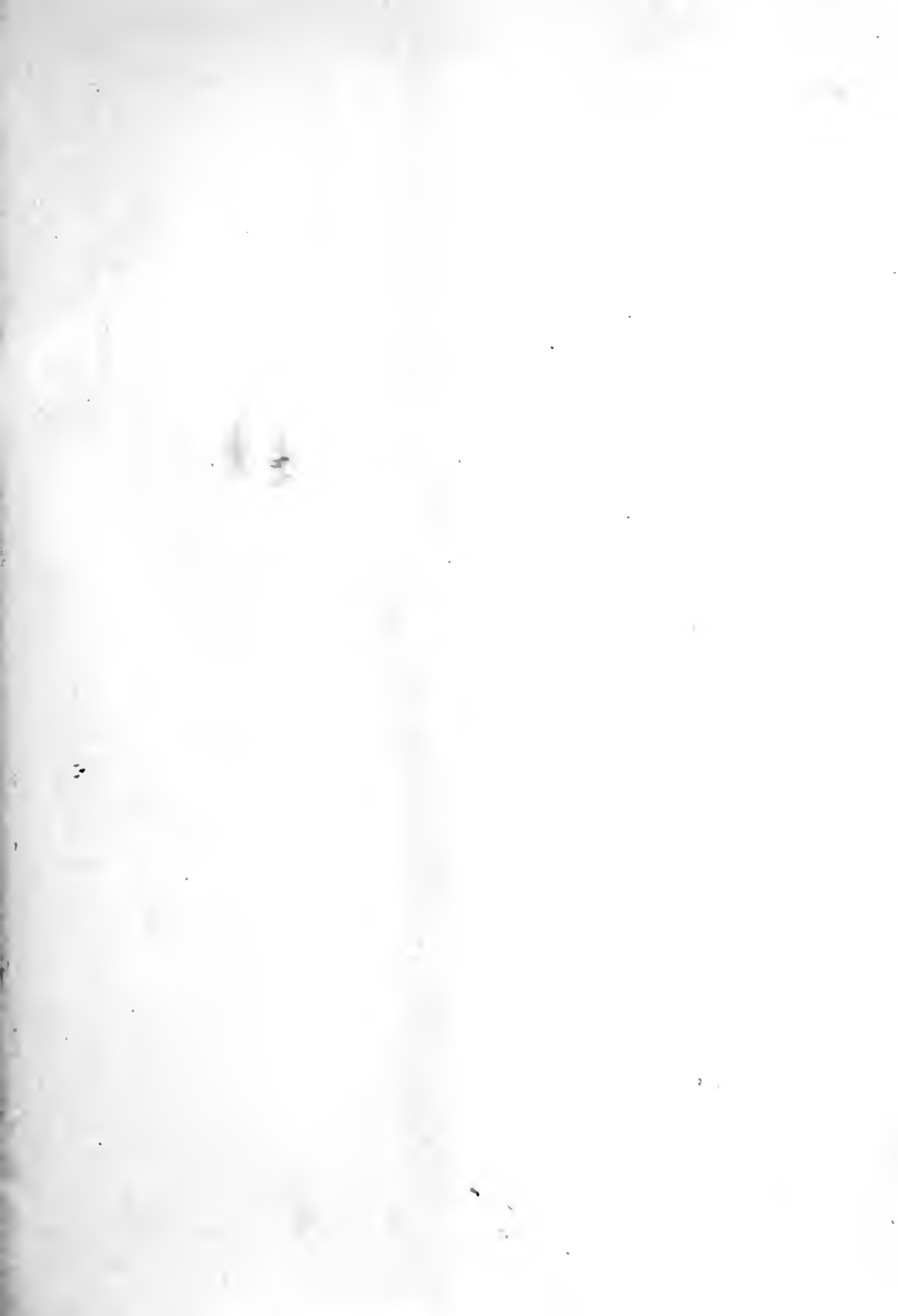
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. Anthony Bogacki, of the diocese of Grand Rapids; the Rev. Peter De Fraine, diocese of Louisville; and the Rev. Dominic Marzetti, O. M. C.

Sisters M. Leontine and M. Eulalia, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Cleophas, Sisters of the Holy Family; and Sister M. Theckla, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Walter Ross, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. F. W. Young and Mrs. Frederick Christoph, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. C. U. O'Connell, New York; Mrs. Bridget Shea, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. James Bonner and Mr. P. J. Buckley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Anthony Lavelle, Statford, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Deinzer, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mrs. Alice Kelly, Mrs. Bridget McDermott, and Mrs. Mary Cast, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Michael Clark, Stafford, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Dawkins, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Thomas Coc, Big Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Arthur Morgan, Dover, N. H.; Mr. A. G. Gutierrez, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mr. William Broderick, Oakland, Md.; Mr. George Laurent, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Frank Tracy, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Goggin, Peoria, Ill.; and Mr. J. V. Hornyold, Worcester, England.

Requiescant in pace!





Mater Purissima.

F. Moro.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Strophes.*

BY THOMAS WALSH.

OUT on the lonely road afar I wander
 Where through the mist the flinty pathways
 gleam;
 Still is the night; on God the spaces ponder,
 And melting star tells unto star its dream.
 Heaven arches round with all its awesome splendor,
 Earth slumbers fast beneath her film of blue;
 O grief of mine, what crav'st thou keen and tender?
 Sorrow of old,—and com'st thou back anew?
 For me life holds no more: I now but sorrow
 For freedom, for oblivion and rest;
 Yet not the grave's cold lethe would I borrow,
 But living sleep with force to heave my breast.
 Sleep, with dear voices day and night caressing
 Like love's far music in my drowsy ears,
 While darkly o'er me breathed an oak's green
 blessing
 Of foliage languorous with the passing years.

Life without Mary.

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



LOSS is the truest appraiser of worth. We never estimate at their full value the best things of life until we have been deprived of them for a time or bereft of them forever. No man adequately appreciates the blessing of perfect health until, weak and worn, feverish and feeble, he tosses restlessly on the bed of sickness; none gives to freedom its due meed of praise till he has endured the miseries of incarceration. Those who

have been stricken with blindness rate most truly the boon of vision, just as the parched travellers in the desert are the most competent judges of the value of water.

So with all our goods or gifts or possessions. We use them freely from day to day, scarce giving a thought to their genuine excellence, or heeding their bearing upon our comfort and happiness; then comes a time when they are taken from us, and we suddenly realize the importance of the rôle they have hitherto played in our scheme of life. Shakespeare's lines but formulate a universal law:

It so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
 Why, then we reck the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours.

Now, if there is one class of blessings which, being ours, we "prize not to the worth," it is assuredly the spiritual, the supernatural. The magnificent privileges accorded to us as members of the one true Church, the inestimable graces, favors, and blessings that are daily lavished upon us, or that we may secure by mere volition, are as habitually undervalued even by practical Catholics as they are disregarded, made light of and neglected by nominal ones. Not until our earthly pilgrimage is over shall we be able to form an adequate estimate of the spiritual advantages we now enjoy; and well for us if that

* After the Russian of Lermontoff.

fuller knowledge dawns upon us in the midst of temporary, not eternal, exile.

In the meanwhile the more thoroughly we appreciate the value of these advantages, the more likely will be our determination to profit by them; and, since it would be the part of folly to ignore their worth until we experience their loss, we may wisely forestall that loss by serious reflection. While yet we enjoy their possession, we may figure to ourselves the barrenness of our life if we had them not; and the more vividly we sketch our supposititious bereavement, the more thorough will be our appreciation of their real worth. To take a particular instance, appropriate to the present gladsome month, we may profitably spend an occasional hour in considering what our life would be were we deprived of the character of children of Mary.

If there were no Blessed Virgin—if we had to live our life without the assurance that we enjoy the love and favor and protection of a heavenly Mother, if we had to encounter the multifarious trials and troubles and temptations that fall to our portion without expectation or hope of help from Mary,—can we realize the oppressive loneliness, the poignant and enduring grief of a life thus orphaned? True, God would still be our merciful Father, Jesus still our loving Saviour, the Holy Ghost our unfailing Comforter. True, we should still have the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass and those perennial fountains of grace divine, the sacraments of the Church. But what ineffable woe would assail us, notwithstanding! What additional arduousness would life's battle not take on! How redoubled would be the confidence of our enemies in their attack, how diminished our resistance and our hope withal to conquer! To eliminate the Blessed Virgin from the spirituality of a genuine Catholic would be to bring about a condition wellnigh insupportable; to rob life of much of

its joy and most of its hopefulness; to intensify the spirit of discouragement that often enough assails him even now; to remove full many a barrier that protects from disastrous falls; and to dismiss from the awful solemnities of coming death and judgment the benignant Advocate on whose presence he relies for mercy and for peace.

Life without Mary! What would it mean to individual personalities in the thronging crowds that on these May evenings cluster around Our Lady's altars in thousands on thousands of churches and chapels throughout the land? Consider attentively a few representative figures in one such crowd now turning aside from the noisy clamor of a busy city street, passing through the swinging portals of a stately cathedral, and quietly betaking themselves to the kneeling-benches before the softly-lighted and flower-bedecked shrine of the Virgin. 'Tis a heterogeneous gathering, as are Catholic congregations everywhere. Wealth and poverty, and the safer modest competence that lies midway between the two; social pre-eminence and exquisite culture as well as their antitheses; professional distinction, commercial success, prosperous labor, and their opposites; childhood and youth and maturity and feeble age,—of each the crowd contains a type; for each has urgent need of Mary.

See those two maidens whose fingers touch at the holy-water font. They represent opposite extremes in the city's social life—the elegant leisure of millionism and the long day's labor for scanty food and clothing. Widely separated as are their ordinary spheres of action, here they meet on common ground, and for common needs seek the aid of their common Mother. Take from either the belief in Our Lady's power and tender love; rob them of the conviction that Mary hears and heeds their pleas for strength to vanquish multiform temptations, exterior and

interior; dethrone the Immaculate Queen of Purity whose transcendent loveliness has ravished their very souls,—and you will have effected a veritable catastrophe. Bereft of Mary, the one may well become of those

Who mince through life all purposeless for good,
Contemptuous, and mindful but of self,
Consuming time with well-bred vanities;

while the other will have lost the sheet-anchor that most effectively has kept her from drifting down to the outcast horde of those

Who bear the name of woman to degrade
To hideous wreck all graces womanly.

Note that trio of sturdy young men who hush their laughter as they approach the cathedral door, and assume a reverential aspect while they pass within. A mechanic, one; the others, office-clerks or salesmen. All three are "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," when "contagious blastments are most imminent." To all three Pleasure in a hundred varying and attractive forms is appealing in siren accents to join her merry train, nor hints that her joyous course leads down the primrose path of dalliance to scenes beyond of license, vice, and crime. What talisman protects their passionate young manhood from the toils that in myriad modes beset them along the highways and byways of city life? What but the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, learned a few years since at their mothers' knees, and fostered by their teachers in the parochial schools? Has not the slender cord of Our Lady's Brown Scapular, hanging from their shoulders, full often proved of cable's strength in resisting the forceful drawing-power of bad example? Deprive them of the Help of Christians on whose prompt and loving succor they have so frequently called—and never called in vain,—and you increase a hundredfold the difficulties they will encounter in giving to God a truly loyal service; you very appreciably magnify the obstacles to

their moral rectitude, their high thinking and clean living.

To pass from youth to age, observe the stooping form of this old lady on whose brow care and sorrow, not less than time, have left their patent traces. The years beneath whose burden her shoulders droop have evidently brought her full many a bitter trial, full many a struggle sore. Her children, it may be, have been wayward and weak; have ill requited the loving care with which she guarded their infancy and childhood; have forced her to drink the very dregs of filial ingratitude's bitter cup. Yet radiating from her wrinkled visage there glows a spirit of patient resignation, a luminous peace that tells of perfect conformity to the will of God. Where, think you, has she learned that precious lesson if not at the Virgin's shrine, whither she is going even now to receive additional consolation from the Comforter of the Afflicted and gain new strength from meditation on the incomparable woes of the Mother of Sorrows? Could you banish belief and trust in Mary from that long-trying, suffering soul; could you persuade her that the rosary, whose beads are worn with her constant fingering, is but an unmeaning and a superstitious toy, not all the wealth in the city's treasure-vaults, not all the sympathy in the hearts of the city's millions, would be compensation for the irretrievable loss.

Now mark this other figure that approaches. It, too, is bent and feeble, though not with age. The face is a comparatively young man's, but dissipation has done the disintegrating work of years. Recklessness and passion, riot and it may be crime, have stamped their ineffaceable seals upon that countenance, though now its most dominant trait is a sad and chastened regret. What brings *him* to the May Queen's shrine? Need we ask? It is the old, old story of a sinner's yielding to the irresistible persuasiveness of Mary's pleading. Through

all the folly and shame and wickedness of his wasted years, he preserved, perhaps, one saving sentiment of his innocent boyhood; practised at times, perchance, some devotional act habitual with him ere he fell away from virtue; continued to wear his Scapulars, or said occasionally the three Hail Marys of his school-days. And, in return, to him, as to countless thousands of other penitents, Mary has shown herself the Mother of Mercy. Filled with remorse, overwhelmed with shame, urged by the taunting tempter to despair, he dared not raise his eyes to his outraged Maker or to the crucified Saviour whom he had dastardly betrayed. But Mary's intercession has known no ceasing; and to-night he seeks her shrine, humbled and contrite, to pour his whole soul forth in the suppliant cry, "Refuge of Sinners, pray for me!"

But see! Here comes a goodly band of bright-faced, round-eyed boys, marching two by two; and at their head a white-capped Sister. After all, she, the nun, is the "bright consummate flower" of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Of her unwittingly did Milton sing:

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Catholic Sisters, counted by hundreds of thousands in this twentieth century, are the undoubted offspring of love for Our Lady. Admiration of the Virgin's spotless purity, gratitude for her maternal affection, confidence in her stupendous power with her Divine Son, and reliance on her unceasing care,—these sentiments have much to do with the inception of every religious vocation, with its progress until profession, and with faithful perseverance therein until death.

Inquire not of the Sister what the loss of Our Lady would mean to her; ask yourself, rather, what would be the condition of women generally if there

were no Blessed Virgin. Would you seek one logical outcome of life without Mary? Alas! you can find it within half an hour's walk of this cathedral May-shrine. Less than a score of blocks away, the very antipodes of the saintly spouses of Christ are revelling in all the wantonness of shameless and drunken debauchery; outdoing Magdalen in her public sinning, though destined only in rare instances to copy her repentance. Another outcome of a Mary-less life you may see in the legalized concubinage that desecrates the holy forms of matrimony by pronouncing them over the flippant seekers of the divorce courts,—an outcome not radically different from the unabashed shamelessness of the wanton.

Why prolong our questioning the faces of the crowd that move toward Our Lady's altar? Each tells a tale that simply re-echoes the spontaneous answers of our own heart and soul. To each individual of the throng, as to ourselves, the loss of Mary would mean a calamity more dire than we can thoroughly realize. It would be an overwhelming disaster whose baneful effects would complicate the already difficult problem of righteous living, darken the prospect of our tranquil death, and seal the fountain from whose refreshing streams we expect our greatest solace in purgatory. Supremely grateful that we have, and need never lose, our Heavenly Mother, let us, too, prostrate ourselves at her May altar, thanking her for innumerable graces and favors already received, protesting our filial love and tender reverence, begging the grace of her continued protection, and vowing a more strenuous effort to render her our most gratifying homage—the imitation of her virtues.

WHAT harm can happen to him who knows that God does everything, and who loves beforehand everything that God does?—*Madame Swetchine.*

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

EVERYONE agreed that it was hardly less than a miracle. For when Lloyd's insensible form had been brought again to the road from which he had fallen—drawn by ropes from above and supported by his rescuers below,—it was found that he was not only living, but apparently without serious injury. At least there were no bones broken; although how serious the injury to the brain might be it was, of course, impossible to tell. Evidently he had been immediately deprived of consciousness by falling on his head; and his body had then crashed downward through the dense growth until stopped by the heavy, outspread branches of a great pine, in which it was found lodged, half-way down the mountain side.

"I do not think that his skull is fractured," said Don Mariano, after feeling all over the head. "It is marvellous that a man could fall so far and break no bones, unless—" He paused and put his hand to the back of the neck, knowing himself unable to detect injury there, but knowing also how fatal such injury would be. "It is possible that he is only suffering from a shock to the brain," he added, looking at Victoria, who knelt on the other side of the prostrate figure. "He may recover consciousness after a time, perhaps. We will take him to the mine—"

"No," interrupted Victoria quickly. "He must be taken to Las Joyas."

"To Las Joyas! That is too far," Don Mariano objected.

"Far or near is the same to him," she answered; "and it is better he should be taken there at once. Do you think"—she flashed an indignant glance at her elderly relative—"that I wil-

allow a man who has just done us so great a service to lie without care or attention at the mine?"

"Then we can take him down to the *hacienda de beneficio*," said Don Mariano. "There are good quarters there."

"He shall be taken to Las Joyas—nowhere else," she said, rising from the ground as she spoke. "Let the men make a litter on which to carry him."

Don Mariano rose also, with an air of strong disapproval; but he knew his impetuous young kinswoman too well to utter further remonstrance.

"Come!" he said to the men grouped around; and walked away toward the mine, followed by them.

Left alone, Victoria knelt again by the unconscious man and gazed with passionate anxiety into his white, still face. Through the thick foliage of the trees overshadowing the narrow way, some rays of sunshine flickered down on them—on the outstretched, motionless form of the man, on the pale, tragic face of the girl—and seemed to mock, as sunshine in its gladness always seems to do, the suggestions of tragedy in the scene. Steadfast and calm—with that unchanging calmness of the hills, which is a better type of eternity than the restless ocean,—the great forest-clad heights around looked down, the stainless turquoise sky spread its dazzling expanse above, and only the unceasing voice of the stream, fretting over the rocks far below, filled rather than broke the solemn silence.

How long the interval of waiting lasted Victoria did not know. During these moments something new and strange, a feeling such as she had never known before, was born within her. What there was in the face on which she gazed, beside its piteous deathliness of aspect—what lines of pain, now clearly to be traced,—to produce the passion of pity which merged into a flood of tenderness, she did not ask. Who does ask when that powerful influence which

we call the heart is suddenly, deeply, strongly touched? It is an almost terrible truth that over the rise of these tides of feeling from their unknown depths, we have no control; although it rests with us afterward to resist or throw open all our gates of being to them. But the time for such decision had not yet come to the girl, in whom swiftly and irresistibly a flood of emotion rose, as she looked at the man who had, perhaps, lost his life as a result of bringing to the Santa Cruz the warning which had saved it.

And beside pity, pain and tenderness, indignation possessed her. For more and more she was convinced that this which had happened was no result of accident. And if it were not, if Lloyd had been waylaid and assailed, who could have been his assailant save Arturo? She recalled the bitterness with which he had spoken of Lloyd on his return from Tópia. "I met that gringo called Lloyd in the plaza," he said, "and he tried to make me betray my business to him. Then, when I told him that Mexicans were not such fools as he supposed, he insulted me." And again, only an hour or two ago in the patio of the Santa Cruz, had not Lloyd himself called her attention to young Vallejo's angry face? There was no doubt whatever that Arturo, to whom no one took the trouble to explain matters, had deeply resented the visit of the obnoxious gringo to the mine; and, knowing him as she did, Victoria had very nearly an exact idea of what had happened later—of the passion which made him follow Lloyd—of the altercation—struggle—*this!* She had no belief that he had deliberately intended to injure, much less to kill, a man who had never harmed him. But the result was the same as if intention had directed it; and her own anger toward the agent was also as great as if he had been aware of the black ingratitude of his deed.

It was such thoughts as these which

occupied her mind and gave its tragic intensity to her face as she knelt on the forest path, her lips murmuring prayers, her hand now and again laid gently on the brow of the insensible man. Would those eyes, which but a little while before had looked so kindly and honestly into her own, ever unclose again? Or had fatal injury indeed been done to the brain, and would this unconsciousness only pass into the deeper unconsciousness of death? There was no one who could answer. Doctors are not to be had in the Sierra. Those who fall ill or are injured there must trust to Nature, greatest of physicians; aided, or perhaps retarded, only by a few simple remedies employed by the people with a large faith and a still larger ignorance. Suddenly she rose again to her feet, threw back her head and listened. There were sounds of voices, tread of approaching feet. The next moment the men from the mine, accompanied by Don Mariano, appeared around the curve of the trail, bearing an improvised litter made of blankets fastened to two long poles. Into this Lloyd was carefully laid; and the ends of the poles were lifted to the shoulders of four men, who, with four more in attendance to relieve them when necessary, started down the gorge. Don Mariano then assisted Victoria to her saddle; and, looking around, beckoned for his own mule (which a boy had brought), with the evident intention of accompanying her. She caught her breath sharply. Here was a means of learning, without direct inquiry, where Arturo was.

"Is it necessary for you to come?" she asked. "Would it not be better to—send Arturo?"

"He is not at the mine," answered Don Mariano, flinging himself as lightly into the saddle as if his years had been two-score less. "I called for him but he could not be found. He must have gone to the *hacienda de beneficio*; so I will ride with you as far as that, and then

send him on, if you are still determined to take Señor Lloyd to Las Joyas."

"Nothing would induce me to allow him to be taken anywhere else," she answered with decision.

Don Mariano either possessed or had learned the wisdom of abstaining from useless words. He made no reply, and they rode silently, in single file—as the narrowness of the way rendered necessary,—in the rear of the men carrying Lloyd.

Where the cañon opened into the wide valley of Las Joyas stood the *hacienda de beneficio*—an immense enclosure like a fort, its walls twenty or thirty feet high, and each corner bearing a tower loopholed for defence. The memory and tradition of lawless times still abide in Mexico; and a stranger in the land would think it sown with fortresses, like the strongholds of mediæval barons, if he did not know that these erections are peaceful factories and mills. This of the Santa Cruz was no exception to the rule. Only artillery could have gained an entrance into it if the gates were once closed, so strong were the walls within which were the arrastres, sheds and buildings for the reduction of the ore. At the end of the cañon the road divided, one trail going to the *casa grande* of Las Joyas, a mile or two farther down the valley; and the other leading directly to the gates of the *hacienda de beneficio*. Don Mariano turned into the last.

"Ride on," he said to Victoria. "I will send Arturo immediately, and he will soon overtake you."

Victoria rode on, but she said to herself that she had little idea that Arturo would overtake her. And she was right: he did not.

The surprise of Doña Beatriz when the procession reached the *casa grande* may perhaps be imagined. But it said much for the genuineness of that virtue of hospitality, which in the Sierra does not merely mean receiving friends or

repaying social obligations, but literally fulfilling the divine saying, "I was a stranger and ye took Me in," that she was ready without question or demur to receive and care for this stranger, whom she had only known as the companion of one who came to do her an injury. It was not until he had been brought in, laid down on the best bed the house afforded, and given every attention within the power or knowledge of the household, that she heard from her daughter the story of their obligation to him.

Then, indeed, had there been anything further in the power of Las Joyas to do, it would have been done; but there was nothing. The few and simple remedies employed usually in cases of illness or accident were plainly useless here. There is, however, one supreme remedy which these people of childlike faith never fail to employ, and to this Doña Beatriz had prompt recourse.

"If we can do nothing else," she said, "we can pray for him." So, drawing her draperies about her, and followed by all the household except Victoria, who would not leave the bedside, she led the way to the chapel. Here, having lighted some candles before the sweet face of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the group, kneeling on the pavement, began to recite the Rosary.

The sound of their voices came, in a rising and falling murmur of supplication, across the patio to the room where Victoria knelt also by the injured man, her clasped hands resting on the side of the bed, her eyes fastened on his face, her mind striving to follow the prayers. Her mother's voice, which was leading the devotion, she hardly heard; but the full-toned response of the others reached her distinctly: "*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte!*" The familiar words came like a constantly recurring strain of music to her ear, as her lips joined

in murmuring their syllables. "*La hora de nuestra muerte.*" Was that hour of death near at hand for this man, whose face almost seemed to her fancy to grow more deathlike as she gazed at it? She put out her hand fearfully to see if the fatal chill was upon it, when suddenly a shadow darkened the open door, and, glancing up with a start, she saw Arturo standing in it.

She sprang to her feet, her dark brows drawn, her dark eyes burning with sudden fire.

"You!" she said in a clear, vibrating tone. "Have you come to look at your work?"

Arturo, whose nerves were already sadly shaken, was too confounded to answer for a moment. It was the last thing he had expected—to be met by such words as these. His father's complete unsuspectingness when, finding him at the *hacienda de beneficio*, he had bidden him ride fast and overtake Victoria and the men carrying Lloyd, made him sure that no one would suspect him. He had therefore, with much inward reluctance but prompt outward obedience, mounted and followed the procession,—being careful, however, not to overtake it. Nothing was further from his wish than to see the injured man, although at the same time he had an intense desire to know his exact condition. When he reached the house, he had waited outside until the sound of the prayers in the chapel told him how the household was engaged; then, supposing that he would find only some servant left with Lloyd, he went to the chamber—to be confronted with avenging fate in the person of Victoria.

"My work!" he at length stammered, while he shrank under her gaze. "I—I do not know what you mean. I have heard that the Señor Lloyd has been hurt by falling into the Santa Cruz cañon, and I have come to see how he is—that is all."

"Come, then, and see!" said the girl,

pointing to the figure before them. "Come and look! He is not yet dead, but he will be dead soon, no doubt, and you can feel yourself a murderer."

"Victoria!"—it was hardly more than a gasp, for surely this was as terrible as it was unexpected. "What right have you to say such things!—to charge me—"

"With this!" she said, in the same clear, vibrant tone, as he paused and her hand still relentlessly pointed her words. "I charge you with it, because I know, as well as God knows, Arturo Vallejo, that you did it."

"I did not!" In his effort to be emphatic Arturo's voice rose almost into a scream, the harshness of which drowned the murmur of the voices in the chapel. As he paused they floated in again:

"*Ruega por nosotros pecadores—*"

"You are lying!" said Victoria, with the assured severity of a judge rather than of an accuser. "It was you, and no one else, who attacked Señor Lloyd and threw him down the mountain. And you did this on the land of the Santa Cruz, almost within sight of the mine which he has saved for us by the warning he came to give! Oh, I tell you"—and severity rose into passion—"if he dies—and I believe that he will die,—I myself will declare what you have done, and will see that you are punished!"

"*Amen, Jesús!*" came the voices from the chapel, as Arturo, now white and thoroughly shaken, strode forward into the room.

"Victoria," he said, "you are wrong,—quite wrong. I will swear to you—yes, on the crucifix—that I did not throw him down the mountain. I followed him because he had insulted me; and we were talking—quarrelling, if you like,—oh, I will admit that!—and he attempted to dismount and his horse threw him into the cañon. Then I thought he was killed, and I—ran away."

"*Ahora y en la hora de nuestra*

muerte!" the chorus floated in as Victoria regarded the speaker with flashing, scornful eyes.

"I know you ran away," she said. "You are a coward as well as—worse. By your own admission you did a more cowardly and cruel thing than if you had killed him outright. You left him, not knowing whether he were dead or alive, not caring how terribly he were injured; you left him to die alone on the rocks of the cañon—this man who had served us,—while you ran away! I am ashamed of you,—ashamed that you belong to me, however remotely. You are not fit to be here in his presence. Leave the room!"

"*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros*—" The supplication came strangely into the momentary pause that followed the words with which the air still seemed vibrating. Although he was not aware of hearing or heeding it, perhaps this supplication suggested to Arturo his next action; for he suddenly fell on his knees by the side of the bed, and, stretching out his hand, laid it on Lloyd's.

"See, Victoria!" he cried. "I lay my hand on his and I call the Holy Mother of God as my witness, while I swear that I never meant to injure him, and that I never doubted he was dead when I left him."

The intense passion which filled his voice was of a kind that could not be feigned. It carried conviction to Victoria, and it did more: it touched some chord in Lloyd's mind, which was slowly struggling back to consciousness. He opened his eyes and looked at Arturo.

"Don't be frightened!" he murmured, recognizing instinctively the agony on the pale face. "It was an ugly fall, but—you see—I am not dead!"

(To be continued.)

A SHOWER of stones is unconvincing to the reason, yet it may stun and bewilder the brain.—A. C. Farquharson.

The Song of Mary.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

"SLEEP, little Son,
Most holy guest!
Sleep, little Son,
On Mother's breast!"
So Mary sang in far Judea;
God sent His angels down to hear.

"Sleep, little Son!
Upon Thy brow
A thorny crown
I saw but now:
'Twas but a shadow,—sleep, my Child!"
So to her Son sang Mary mild.

"Ah, holy Babe
On Mother's knee,—
In all my dreams
A cross I see!
God keep Thee safe, mine own dear Son!"
So Mary sang when day was done.

"Sleep, little Son,—
Ah, sleep, my Child!"
So to her Son
Sang Mary mild.

Auricular Confession.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

I.—IN APOSTOLIC TIMES.

A PART from holy baptism, it may be truly said that no other means of grace has been so fruitful in conducting souls to eternal life as the Sacrament of Penance. Countless millions of the blessed will forever look back to this sacrament as the second plank that saved them from shipwreck in the wild abyss of never-ending woe.* A means of grace which can so directly affect the eternal salvation of every Christian capable of sin is deserving of serious attention, whether that means be considered doctrinally or historically. If to

* The early Fathers, and among them St. Jerome, in speaking of the Sacrament of Penance, sometimes call it "the second plank of the shipwrecked." Vid. Patr. Lat.

know God is to love Him, to know His principal works is to value and love them also.

The nature and effects of this great sacrament are subjects which naturally find their fullest treatment for the layman in books of catechetical instructions. Not unfrequently, however, the historical aspect of sacramental confession, especially with regard to the earlier ages of Christianity, is barely alluded to. That it is useful from time to time to direct attention to this important side of penance may be gathered from the occasional utterances of literary men, who, being too well-read to deny that the practice of confession has always existed in the Catholic Church, yet do not hesitate to affirm that in primitive times confession was always public; and that secret, or auricular, confession was the invention or the development of a later age. It is hoped that in the following article it may be convincingly shown that such an opinion is altogether lacking in historical accuracy.

Like many other institutions belonging to the Christian religion, confession had its foreshadowing under the Old Dispensation. Moses was commanded by God to speak thus to the children of Israel: "When a man or woman shall have committed any of all the sins that men are wont to commit, . . . they shall confess their sin. And [if their sin regarded wronging their neighbor] they shall restore the principal itself, and the fifth part over and above, to him against whom they have sinned."* The chapter continues with directions to the priest as to the sacrifices and amount of satisfaction for different offences. The purpose for which this confession was made was twofold: to enable the priest to determine the kind of sacrifice required for expiation, and in order that the sins of the offender might be imposed on the

head of the scapegoat.* In accordance with this recognized institution, it is not astonishing to read of the converts of St. John confessing their sins when they received baptism from his hands on the banks of the Jordan.†

Turning now to the life of our Blessed Lord, we find Him completely occupied with the ills of men. Corporal maladies He frequently healed; but He did not overlook those spiritual diseases which, according to St. Paul, place a barrier between the soul and God, and thus exclude from the heavenly kingdom.‡ True it is, Christ instituted baptism with its special grace of the full forgiveness of all past sin; but that sacrament could never be repeated, for there is but one baptism for the remission of sins. But is there to be no remission of guilt for those who fall after its ministration? Our Lord, who knew the proneness of man to sin, would provide for this emergency also. As He came not to destroy but to fulfil, He took the practice of confession, elevated it to the dignity of a sacrament, adding to it the gift of absolution; thus establishing in His Church a remedy for sin committed after baptism.

Christ promised this new power of absolution to His Apostles more than once,§ but in the first place it was to be exercised by Him from whom it flowed. Magdalen heard from His lips, "Thy sins are forgiven thee"; the palsied man received the same consoling absolution as a testimony that the "Son of Man" could forgive sin; the penitent thief too, during Our Lord's dying moments, was absolved, and, moreover, received a plenary indulgence.||

* Vid. Levit., xvi, 21; Josh., vii, 19; I Esdras, x, 10-16, for references as to the practice of confession among the Jews.

† St. Matt., iii, 6.

‡ Gal., v; I Cor., vi.

§ St. Matt., xvi, 19; and xviii, 18.

|| St. Luke, vii, 48; St. Matt., ix, 2; St. Luke, xxiii, 43.

* Num., v, 7.

THE INSTITUTION.

But the solemn institution of the full Sacrament of Penance, with confession and absolution, was reserved for the first Easter Day, when Jesus Christ had risen from the tomb, after having offered Himself in sacrifice by pouring out His blood for the sins of the whole world. Standing in the midst of His disciples, Our Lord first of all made them His delegates: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Then, with ceremonious action, He breathed on them to impart new spiritual life to their ministry, saying: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Then followed the bestowal of the august power of absolution: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."* It is difficult to see how Our Lord could have spoken more explicitly or more emphatically; and here, too, it may be noted that His words are exceedingly forcible. He does not say that the sins upon which the disciples are to pronounce judicial sentence "shall be" forgiven, but that they "are" forgiven. Christ's words no longer constitute a promise, but they bestow a gift—the Easter gift of the Redeemer to His Church.

A Catholic reader hardly needs to be reminded that the power to forgive sins was not intended to remain with the Apostles only, or that the judicial power to absolve bestowed by Christ involves the obligation of confession. Just as sin needed forgiveness in the Apostolic Age, so does it need forgiveness in all times and in all places. Then again, God's minister, according to the plain meaning of the divine words, can not absolve indiscriminately every one who presents himself, but he must exercise the discretionary power of a judge. The penitent sinner is to be forgiven: not so those unworthily disposed. But how can the priest form a judgment unless

the state of the sinner be made known to him? And how can this be brought about except by a sincere and complete confession?

THE APOSTLES AND CONFESSION.

That the Apostles exercised this power of forgiving and retaining sin may be gleaned from the scanty records that have come down to us in the pages of the New Testament. It is remarkable what force of expression St. Paul employs when he speaks of the "ministry of reconciliation," which he believed himself, in common with other ministers of God, to have received.* Now, to reconcile to God is to remove that barrier which stands between man and his Creator—that is, sin. This is precisely what St. Paul did when, "in the person of Christ," he pardoned the incestuous Corinthian,—that is, with Christ's authority.† That the ministry of reconciliation implies the act of confession can hardly be called in question; for it can not be left to the discretion of the priest to reconcile without first hearing the cause. He is the intermediary between God and the penitent, and it is not fitting that he reconcile to God a sinner before he knows the state of the sinner's conscience. Hence he is bound to exact a confession.

The converted Ephesians, knowing full well their duty in this matter, came to the Apostles "confessing and declaring their deeds."‡ These words imply no mere general acknowledgment of their being sinners, but rather a particular confession of sin on the part of individuals. Nor can it be urged, as Cardinal Bellarmine explains, that the confession was not auricular, for the reason that others were present in the place at the time; for every Catholic is aware that there are occasions when, on account of the concourse of people and the lack of

* St. John, xx, 21-23.

• I Cor., v, 18-21.

† II Cor., ii, 10.

‡ Acts, xix, 18.

accommodation, penitents kneel before a priest in the open church and yet make secret confession.* Furthermore, as to the obligation: the Ephesians were either bound to confess or they were not; if they were free in the matter, is it to be supposed that the Apostles would have undertaken so burdensome a ministry, or advocated the practice so strongly?

The words of St. John, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity,"† are likewise understood as having reference to the Sacrament of Penance. Here again it is not the mere confessing in general that we are sinners, but a confession of sins that is spoken of. Christ is faithful and just to forgive; but it must be borne in mind that the divine power to declare forgiveness had been given to the Apostles, St. John among them, to be exercised in God's name. In this sense is Our Lord faithful and just; otherwise the conferring of the power to absolve would have been futile and unnecessary.

Passing to the testimony of another Apostle, St. James, we find that, after urging the sick to summon a priest for the administration of Extreme Unction, he further subjoins the admonition: "Confess one to another."‡ Extreme Unction, as is well known, does not take away unconfessed mortal sin which the sick man is both conscious of and able to declare; hence the apostolic injunction. Secret confession would, therefore, according to St. James, be made to a priest previous to the anointing. Moreover, it is obvious that it would be useless to confess to those who can not absolve, to say nothing of the scandal

that might arise from such indiscriminate confessions. The confessions, therefore, to be made "one to another" and the praying for "one another," urged by the Apostle, are generally interpreted by the Fathers as referring to priests, who, though the same with the sick man in sinful nature, are nevertheless endowed with powers that are divine.*

On leaving the inspired books for the works of the early Fathers, we shall find in their writings not indeed a complete theological treatise on the Sacrament of Penance, such as we might expect from the pen of a modern professor of moral theology, but here and there carefully worded references which amply justify the following authoritative definition of the Holy Council of Trent: "If any one shall deny that sacramental confession was instituted, or is necessary, by divine right, to salvation; or shall say that the practice of private confession to a priest—which practice the Catholic Church at all times observed and now observes—is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, and is only a human invention, let him be anathema."†

The same holy Council also declares that all mortal sins, as far as the memory can recall, must be confessed in order to obtain forgiveness after baptism. This is understood to be the ordinary means of obtaining pardon. There are occasions, however, when perfect sorrow, joined to at least an implicit desire of the sacrament, suffices to reinstate the soul in grace. This implicit desire of using the means of grace ordained by Christ may exist, of course, even in those outside the visible pale of the Church.‡

PUBLIC PENANCE.

Before adducing the testimony of the early Fathers in order to show that auricular confession was practised in

† Bellarmine, *Controv. De Pœnit. Lib. iii, c. 6.*—The custom of using confessionals is of comparatively recent date; some say from the sixteenth century. Before that time people confessed, generally speaking, kneeling before a priest in the open church. Vid. Roek's "Faith of Our Fathers"; also Artie. "Confessional," *Catholic Dictionary.*

* St. John, i, 9.

‡ St. James, v, 14-15.

* Bellarmine, *Controv. De Pœnit. Lib. iii, c. 6.*

† Sess. xiv, c. vi.

‡ *Catholic Dict., Art. "Sacrament of Penance."*

primitive times, it seems necessary to refer to the nature of public penance, as the ecclesiastical writers of the sub-apostolic age not unfrequently speak of private confession and public penance together when treating of repentance in general.

It is a fact well known to all students of church history that, under certain circumstances and for grave and public crimes, public confession formed part of the penitential discipline of the early Church. The right of punishing members for offences against its laws, and depriving them altogether or for a time of its privileges, belongs to every well-constituted society. This principle was acted upon in the Old Law, and Christ sanctified its use in His Church.* St. Paul availed himself of it,† and his example was often followed later on.

The sins for which public penance was inflicted were idolatry, murder, and adultery (in their different degrees), committed after baptism.‡ The work of reconciliation was severe; and, like the preparation for baptism, was more or less protracted, according to the enormity of the crime. Previous to the open acknowledgment of guilt in the assembly, advice was sought from a discreet priest, whose duty it was to give directions as to whether the sin should be publicly confessed or not.§ In the first two centuries the penance enjoined, although more or less severe, was not usually of long duration, and there was no formal division of penitents into classes before admitting them to Communion. Later, however (in the fourth century), in the East, penitents were divided into groups, and named according to the positions they occupied within or without the churches. Thus, the "Weepers" were placed outside the

church door; the "Hearers" were admitted within to listen to instructions with the catechumens; the "Kneelers" also came inside, but knelt for a blessing and imposition of hands before leaving; the "Co-standers" were allowed to be present at Mass, but did not communicate.*

In the West these distinctions were not observed. During a certain period so severe did the discipline become that for some sins a lifelong penance was imposed; but in every case public penance was allowed to be performed only once. Repeated lapses into idolatry or gross immorality were sometimes punished with deprivation of Communion even at death. At the beginning of the third century Popes Zephyrinus and Callistus relaxed this extreme severity, and finally all sinners were admitted to Communion after penance.† But the Synod of Elvira, in Spain (306), maintained the greatest rigor for certain kinds of crime.‡ Here, however, it must be remarked that sacramental absolution, canonical absolution from penitential discipline and censure, and giving Communion are three distinct things. Hefele, and others capable of speaking authoritatively on this matter, believe that sacramental absolution was never denied, although such was not the case with canonical absolution and Communion.§

Another point to be borne in mind with regard to the duration of canonical penance is that sometimes a partial or even a full remission of the course was granted, owing to the great earnestness and exemplary perseverance of the penitents. This concession was called an "indulgence," and was frequently the result of a request of one about to suffer martyrdom or of a confessor for the faith.||

* St. Matt., xviii, 15-17. † 1 Cor., v, 1-5.

‡ Cyprian, *De bono patientiæ*, C. 14, T. iv. Ed. Migne.

§ Origen, *Hom. II. in Ps. xxxvii.* P. G. xii, Migne 6.

* Catholic Diet., Art. "Penitential Discipline."

† Ibid. ‡ Hefele's Councils, Can. 63, 66, 71, etc.

§ Arnold's Cath. Diet., Art. Penit. Discip.

|| Alzog, "Church History," vol. i, p. 296.

THE PENITENTIARY.

During the persecution under Decius (252) the number of those who lapsed was so great that bishops could no longer administer penance to all individually; consequently priests were appointed to aid in the work of reconciliation. The Novatian schism was an additional cause for further developments in penitential discipline, leading finally to the institution of a Penitentiary. It was the duty of this priest to hear the public confessions, prescribe penance, watch the progress of the penitents and decide when they were to be admitted to Communion. Owing, however, to a scandal that occurred in Constantinople in connection with the Penitentiary there, Nectarius the patriarch decided to abolish the office (A. D. 390), and at the same time to discontinue public confession.* From that time, although public sins were confessed privately, the practice of performing public penance remained.

Soon after this date it began to be feared that in imposing public penance ordinary confessors might act in too arbitrary a manner; this led to the formulating of practical instructions on the subject by such famous doctors as St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Ambrose. Later on regular codes—or "penitentials," as they are called—were drawn up, in which each specific sin had its prescribed punishment laid down. Several of these penitentials, bearing the names of Columbanus (615), Theodore (670), and Bede, have come down to us.† In course of time these strict laws, which presuppose a fervor wanting even in medieval times, were considerably modified, and eventually

altogether set aside by the commutation of canonical penances into other good works, and by a more liberal concession of indulgences. Before leaving the subject of public penance, however, it should be remarked that while the system was in full vigor, not unfrequently some of the faithful undertook a course of public penance as a voluntary act of self-humiliation.*

Subsequent to the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great, public penitents were formally excluded from the Church on Ash Wednesday, and the canonical course began with the blessing and imposing of ashes. The form of expulsion is still printed in the modern Roman "Pontificale." When the practice of excluding penitents at the beginning of Lent became of rare occurrence, the custom grew up of admitting all the faithful to a participation in public penance; hence their share in the initiatory ceremony of receiving blessed ashes on Ash Wednesday. The solemn reconciliation of penitents, according to the use of the Latin Church, took place on Maundy Thursday; and the beautiful formula used on the occasion may still be seen in the Pontificale.

Curiously enough, the only remaining fragment of ancient canonical discipline regarding penance is to be found in the Rule of St. Benedict (480-543). In the forty-sixth chapter of that Rule, the Patriarch of Western Monks enjoins that all faults of regular observance are to be confessed publicly, before the abbot and the brethren. This duty, known as the Chapter of Faults, is carefully maintained by members of practically all religious Orders even at the present day. St. Benedict, moreover, lays much stress on public satisfactions for faults; having, no doubt, been influenced in his legislation by the penitential practice and tradition of the fifth and sixth centuries.†

* *Ibid.*—The office of Cardinal Penitentiary still exists in Rome, and on certain days in Holy Week the Penitentiary sits publicly in the three chief basilicas to hear confessions, should any one present himself, and to absolve from reserved sins. (*Vid. Diario Romano.*)

† *Vid. Alzog's "Church History,"* vol. i.

* Hunter's "Outlines of Dog. Theol."

† *Regula S. Benedicti,* cap. 43, 44, 45, 46.

A Telephone Message.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was half-past nine o'clock in the evening; the girls who had been on duty at the western exchange of the New Century Telephone Company left their switchboards one after another, and chattered as they put on their jackets and hats. Two young women who had just come in, with a cheery "Good-evening!" and a slight contribution to the general conversation, took their places at the desk. Patrick, the rheumatic janitor, hobbled up to it and paused in doubt.

"I am to leave the keys with the operator in charge, and I suppose that is the older of ye," he said with perplexity. "But faith how am I to tell the same, for ye both look younger than each other?"

Anne Messler, a fair-haired young woman of Alsatian parentage, who was ever ready to bandy words with the old Irishman, laughed gaily.

"Oh, I am in charge, but Miss Graham is the older; and thus we divide the responsibility!" she replied, banteringly.

"It is as like to be the other way. But every woman has a right to call herself of whatever age she pleases, since if she were to tell her real age no one would believe her," he retorted, glancing toward the dark-eyed Mary Graham, who had smiled, but rather absently, at his passage at arms with her companion.

"I accept the charge, at any rate, Patrick," she said pleasantly, and held out her hand.

Patrick delivered the keys and limped away. The girls whose working hours were over ran lightly down the stairs; the heavy spring-door of the building closed with a dull sound. Miss Graham locked the door of the office and returned to the desk. She and her sister operator

were alone with their work. It was not altogether a pleasant occupation, this charge of the night desk of the telephone exchange. But the office was warm and well lighted; and, then, the weekly wage double what was paid for the day.

For two hours the operators were kept closely employed; then there came an occasional interval between the calls. After the clock in the tower of the City Hall had struck twelve, they became so infrequent that Anne Messler left her place and set out upon a little table the collation the girls had brought. Now, until the world should be astir again in the early morning, there were likely to be only the hasty summoning of physicians, the messages of late arrivals at the hotels, or possibly a fire alarm to be rung in.

"You look tired, Mary. To be sure we are neither of us accustomed to the night work yet; but after a while, I think, it will not seem so hard. I will take your place in just a minute," Anne rattled on.

Whr-r-rr tink-tink! came a sharp ring at the 'phone.

"What number?" inquired Mary, mechanically. How many hundred times had she put the question since she had taken her place at the switchboard? How many times more would she continue to ask it before she could go home? She felt that were the X-rays flashed upon her brain, they would disclose those words imprinted there.

This time, however, she received no reply. The individual who had rung must have left the 'phone. Mary wearily leaned her head upon her hand. No, she was not in her usual spirits. Since her father's death how hard she had worked to keep the little home that had been left to her mother! The wealthy Mr. Johnson who held the mortgage was not willing to renew it. Mary had promised to do her best to pay the interest; but, as there were three younger children to

be supported, the rich manufacturer saw small chance of getting it regularly. To-day he had sent word that he would foreclose next month.

"Ah, how father's death has changed my life!" sighed the girl to herself. "How bright the future seemed when Matthew Neal asked me to be his wife! And now I have been forced by circumstances to take back my promise. I can not leave mother and the children without a roof over their heads. Matthew would gladly share my cares, but to marry him would be an injustice to him. Only a poor bookkeeper, he would never have a chance to rise. Well, God knows best."

Whr-rr-r tink-tink!

Was it the same call? Yes, from 1483. Mumbling and faint came a voice over the 'phone.

"What is it, please? Speak louder!" directed the girl.

"The Notification! Quick—the Notification Company."

"What address shall I give them? Speak louder!"

"I can—not!" came over the wire. Then, in an unnatural, scarcely audible whisper, followed the words: "I'm very—ill—or hurt. I—can't tell."

There was a jarring sound in the receiver, as if some one had fallen against the instrument at the other end of the line. Thoroughly alarmed, the girl called again and again. Then she tried to ring the number, but the receiver was down and she could get no answer.

"What is the trouble, Mary?" cried Anne, coming back to the desk. "One would think that a tragedy was being enacted on your circuit."

"There may be," replied Mary, hastily informing her of what she had heard. "I must get Number 1483. There are two on this line: one, *two bells*; and the other, *three bells*. I wonder which it is?"

Miss Messler looked them up in the directory.

"One is a meat-market; the other,

the office of the Johnson Paint Works," she said.

It could not be the market. The factory—who could be there at this hour? Who but Mr. James Johnson? That he never allowed any one to remain there after hours was well known.

Mary Graham's heart beat fast. James Johnson, the man who was going to foreclose the mortgage on her home, was there in his office alone and in mortal agony! How it happened she could not surmise, but she must send aid to this man who had been so merciless to her family.

Whr-rr-rr tink-tink! she rang up the Notification Company.

"Hello! Where to?" came the answer over the 'phone.

"Go at once to the Johnson Paint Works. You will find there a man injured or ill; it is no doubt a case for the Emergency Hospital," she explained.

Half an hour passed. The volatile Miss Messler felt the suspense, but to Mary Graham it was a time of fierce combat with herself. As in a dream, she answered other calls and made the required connections. But all the while her thoughts were upon Number 1483. Had Mr. Johnson been stricken with paralysis or heart failure? What if he should die? Well, no doubt his death would make a great difference in the affairs of the Grahams. Young Mr. Johnson was not so hard and grasping as his father. He had told Mrs. Graham that, were the property his, he would be willing to let the mortgage run a while longer. Mary did not hope that the elder Mr. Johnson would die; had she not done what she could to save him? But why should she concern herself further? The driver of the Notification Company's wagon would bring him a physician or take him to the hospital.

Whr-rr-r tink-tink!

Now the driver of the wagon called on the line from a drug-store.

"A plague to you, telephone people! You have sent me on a fool's errand. There is not the sign of a light in the Johnson Paint Works; and, although I have 'halloood' and pounded on the door as if to wake the dead, the silence within is unbroken. I am going back to the stables. Good-bye!"

"Oh, wait—wait a moment!" pleaded the operator. "I am sure that some one is there. Give me a chance to try once more to communicate with him."

"Hurry, then! With the thermometer at zero, it is not particularly jolly to be out in the wind and snow," grumbled the man.

"Why not let him go? Probably Mr. Johnson had recovered sufficiently to set out for his home," the counselled spirit of indifference to Mary. She silenced its promptings and rang up 1483 once more.

There was a slight response, as if some one were endeavoring to lift the receiver. That was all. Miss Graham notified the driver of what she had heard, and bade him break in the door of the building.

Again there came a faint sound from the factory office.

"Be of good courage, Mr. Johnson!" she cried. "The driver of the Notification Company is at the door of your building. Did you fall? Are you badly injured? Try to make your way to the door and open it. Shall—shall—I call up a priest and send him to you?"

Mary Graham marvelled at her own temerity. Although bred a Catholic, James Johnson had not practised his religion for years. But now, in reply to her question, an eager "Yes! yes!" was returned.

The girl felt a strange happiness—the sweetness that comes of rendering good for evil. How pitifully mean now seemed the affair of the mortgage! Yonder, surrounded by his wealth, a man lay helpless, and, in all probability, dying; there in the darkness a soul waited

for the ministrations of the Church.

Mary rang up the pastoral residence of the cathedral, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of knowing that a priest was on his way to the unfortunate man. The girl prayed fervently. After what appeared a long interval, the driver called up the exchange again.

"It is all right," he assured the anxious and frightened operators. "I found the policeman of the beat, and together we forced the main door of the factory. All was dark inside, but by the rays of my lantern we groped our way to the office. Here we stumbled over the body of a man who lay unconscious on the floor. As we brought him out the priest arrived. He got into the wagon and supported the wounded man, who had a cut on his head. We took him to the hospital. It looks like a case of robbery."

It was well for Mary Graham that she still had her work to do, and had no leisure to give way to the conflicting emotions which surged through her heart. At 6.30 a. m. she opened the office to the operators who were to replace Miss Messler and herself.

When she reached home, Mrs. Graham met her, with the morning newspaper in hand.

"My dear, my dear, did you hear what has happened?" inquired the poor lady, tearfully.

"Yes, mother, I know: the news came over the 'phone," replied the girl. "Give me a cup of coffee, please."

Mrs. Graham stared at her daughter.

"Indeed I think you do *not* know, Mary," she said, putting the journal into her hand.

The girl scanned it in a dazed way. Yes, there was the item in double-leaded headlines:

"Attempted Robbery of safe at Johnson Paint Works."

But what was this?

"Gallant struggle of a young man with the would-be robber. Matthew

C. Neal, expert accountant, stunned by a blow. Extent of injury unknown."

Faint and hysterical, Mary sank upon a chair in the breakfast-room.

"I must go to the hospital at once, mother," she faltered.

Mrs. Graham poured a cup of coffee for her; she drank it hurriedly, and got upon her feet again.

In distress, the mother turned her gaze from the pale face of her child and stood looking abstractedly down the street. Suddenly she caught sight of a priestly figure coming toward the house.

"There is Father Coyle! He is coming here," she said, and therewith hastened to admit him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Graham! I have brought a message from the hospital to your daughter," he began. "She has no doubt seen the morning paper?"

"O Father, will he live?" cried Mary, as she entered the little parlor.

"Yes, Miss Graham, he will recover, thanks be to God and to the promptness with which aid reached him last night! For an older man there would have been small chance, and the surgeons would have had little hope for him had he lain on the floor in the factory until morning. He asks to see you."

"I was going at once," broke out Mary.

"Let me tell you the circumstances first; for Neal will be permitted to speak only a few words," continued the priest, quietly. "It was a strange happening that struck him down and spared his employer."

"But Mr. Johnson is not Matthew's employer. I can not understand how he came to be there at all," protested the girl.

"For the time he was in the service of the management. It seems there were irregularities in the accounts of the Johnson Paint Works; and Mr. Johnson has been spending the evenings at his office going over the books in an endeavor to discover to whom the

inaccuracies might be traced. Failing in this, he engaged young Mr. Neal as an expert accountant. Last night the dishonest clerk whose speculations were suspected, having remained in the building, entered the office, presumably to rob the safe. Thus he came unexpectedly upon the worker whom, it is thought, he supposed to be the senior partner. A struggle followed; fortunately, the assailant had no other weapon than a club. He finally got away. Neal was stunned by a blow on the head, but he will be about again in a few days."

Despite her anxiety, Mary's heart sang to itself, as in an undertone, a song of thankfulness. How good God was to her! She had used her utmost endeavor to return charity for unkindness by sending help to Mr. Johnson, as she surmised; and the sufferer she had aided was not the man who had been harsh and unfeeling to those she loved, but Matthew Neal, who loved her truly and would not relinquish the hope of making her his wife.

And Matthew's patient persistence was in the end rewarded. Old James Johnson, startled by the realization that Neal had been felled by a blow meant for himself—a blow from which he could scarce have recovered,—experienced a change of heart, and returned to the practice of his religion.

A short time later Matthew Neal and Mary Graham were married; for Matthew had accepted the position of head bookkeeper at the Paint Works; and Mr. Johnson had sent word to Mrs. Graham that she need not worry about the mortgage, which he would permit to continue indefinitely or until she could pay it.

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

—Robert Browning.

Some Varieties of Stealing.

IF there is one of God's commandments of which Catholics of ordinary uprightness and honor are apt to think themselves particularly observant, it is the seventh—Thou shalt not steal. In examining his conscience preparatory to going to confession, the average penitent probably spends very few minutes in reflecting upon his possible transgressions of this elementary law of justice, and practically skips that portion of the "table of sins" which deals with the various methods in which the commandment may be, and very frequently is, violated. He is quite willing to acknowledge himself a miserable sinner; is conscious that he has offended God in manifold ways,—but, a thief! Well, thank Heaven, he has not descended so low as that!

It is quite possible, nevertheless, that his gratitude is premature, that his self-conceit is deceiving him somewhat; and that, as an undoubted matter of fact, he has been more than once guilty of actual stealing. He has not, perhaps, committed theft in its technical sense—the secret purloining of another man's goods contrary to the rational will of their owner; but technical theft is not the only way in which the Seventh Commandment may be broken. What concerns the penitent is the theological definition of stealing, and that is: "The unjust taking or keeping of the goods of another against his will, when he rightly wishes not to be deprived of them."

The felonious *taking* of another's property is, of course, uncommon among people of average honesty; yet even this species of deliberate theft is sometimes perpetrated by individuals whom none would suspect of kinship with the criminal classes. The unjust *keeping* of another's goods against his will is a far more common occurrence than is their abstraction or theft. I am bound

to restore to my neighbor goods that have been stolen from him and are in my possession, even though in securing such possession I was guilty of no injustice. If I find a purse or other article of value, I may not use it as my own, but must endeavor to discover the real owner. In case such discovery is impossible, the money, or the money-value of the object found, must be applied to the benefit of the poor or to other good works. If I borrow a book or anything else from a friend, his lending it is not to be interpreted as a free gift of the object, nor does my retaining it for an inordinate period endow me with a prescriptive right to its continued possession. If one can not strictly follow Shakespeare's advice, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," one should at least recognize the patent demand of commutative justice, that the thing borrowed should in due time be returned. "The sinner," says the Psalmist, "shall borrow and not pay again."

The non-payment of legitimate debts is obviously a kind of stealing, and is unfortunately all too common even among the class known as good practical Christians. Not many of these, perhaps, delude themselves as to the degree of sinfulness involved in refusing to pay their servants, work people, or tradesmen; but very many contract debts about the timely payment of which they are the reverse of scrupulous. Their doctor's bill, for instance, is a burden that in no way inconveniences them; its liquidation is cheerfully postponed to an indefinitely remote by-and-by. Their dues to the Church, their debts to their pastor, to whose support they are in strict justice bound to contribute, are allowed to accumulate for months, even years, without perceptibly ruffling the serenity of their conscience. And as for subscriptions to papers or magazines—

There is more stealing in the world than is recorded in the police courts, or even avowed in the confessional.

Notes and Remarks.

It will be remembered that during the last five years of the nineteenth century four international congresses in honor of the Blessed Virgin were held: viz., at Livourne (1896), at Florence (1897), at Turin (1898), and at Lyons (1900). Arrangements are well under way for assembling another Marian congress at Fribourg, Switzerland, during the third week of August this year. The purpose of these gatherings is not only to make an impressive demonstration of love and loyalty to the Mother of God and to make reparation for the indifference and blasphemy of unbelievers, but also to discuss questions of Marian theology. Thus the program of subjects for discussion at Fribourg is divided into five sections, as follows: Dogmatic Questions; the Worship of the Blessed Virgin; the Blessed Virgin in History; the Apostolate of the Congregations and Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin; and the Blessed Virgin and the Social Question. Papers to be read before the Congress may be written in French, German, Italian or English.

The following paragraph, credited to a Unitarian paper (the *Christian Register* of Boston), is one of the most remarkable statements that we have ever read from such a quarter:

Out of all the diversities and controversies concerning religion in our time, an issue is slowly emerging which will make all other questions seem unimportant. Is any religion given by divine revelation and supernatural authority? If so, which religion has been so given, what are its credentials, and what is its authority? When we come to the final test, there is no escape from the most extreme position of the Catholic Church or a total rejection of faith. Revealed religion is infallible, if God knows the truth and knows how to tell it. A religion given by supernatural authority is not to be neglected or resisted. It has the right to command the allegiance of every human being. Outside of this religion, there is no truth that can be set over against it; and beyond its jurisdiction no human being has

the right to live; or, living, to choose his own course of action. Under the claim of supernatural authority there can be no room for doubt, there can be no liberalism and no liberty.

It is curious how the want of logic in Protestantism as a system appeals to the Unitarian, the agnostic, and the secularist alike. And it is an impressive fact that while these enemies of all revealed religion may not love the Church, or even respect it, they never put it away contemptuously as they do the sects. The Catholic Church, they hold, is the only religious institution that can give a logical account of itself; and while it, as they think, *may* be wrong, the sects they are certain *must* be wrong.

The account of a visit to the remote parts of his vast diocese by the Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, recalls the toilsome and perilous journeys of St. Paul. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, the good Bishop might say: "In perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea. In labor and painfulness, in much watching," etc. Not, however, in perils from false brethren; for he was accompanied by devoted priests, who willingly shared his dangers and fatigues; and he was everywhere welcomed with cordial thanksgiving by the people, many of whom came sixty and seventy miles to receive Confirmation. An extract from a pastoral letter in which the tour is described will be of interest and edification. The Bishop writes:

We embarked on a little steamer called the *Jane Douglas*. Alas! instead of arriving at our destination in due course, we were tossed about at sea, unable to land for eight days and eight nights, our only shelter during the unceasing storm being the low-lying land known as Open Bay Island. More than once we feared to lose the ship's only anchor and be dashed upon the neighboring rocks, against which we struck twice. In the midst of our well-grounded fear and anxiety, it was a great comfort for us to know that our priests and religious and faithful, especially our dear little children, were praying to the Almighty in our behalf. We ourselves sent up many a fervent

supplication to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to St. Joseph, our own and the patrons of the diocese. We implored the help of the Holy Souls, to whom we promised a number of Masses if we escaped from the perils of the deep. At length the captain said he thought we might land. Before doing so we were invited to meet the passengers and crew and offer up fervent prayers to the Most High for our merciful deliverance. With heartfelt gratitude we landed at Jackson's Bay. Though already midday, we had the consolation of offering up the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass beneath the humble but hospitable roof of one of the inhabitants....

With the pastor of Ross we started for Okuru. To reach this distant spot we had to cross one of the largest and most dangerous rivers in the country,—one where a zealous priest wellnigh lost his life. We had barely crossed when we were obliged to bear the brunt of one of the most violent storms ever witnessed in the South. We had not even the shelter of a hut, but were forced to ride the whole day through the bush or along the sea-beach, amid unceasing thunder and lightning and a continual downpour of torrential rain. Literally drenched to the skin, we arrived after night at Okuru, and remained a few days ministering to the wants of the faithful. Wherever we went the warm-hearted people vied with one another in offering us the hospitality of their homes, whilst they displayed the utmost eagerness to receive the consolations of our holy religion.

The inclemency of the weather, the roughness of the tracks, the dangers of the swollen rivers and creeks to be crossed on horseback every day, and frequently through the day; the huge boulders and perilous cliffs to be climbed, despite their many landslips, made this our visitation one of the most vivid experiences of our life. Long after we had escaped innumerable perils on sea and on land, so great was the shock to the system that both the priests who accompanied us and ourselves found it almost impossible to shake off the effects. But, on the other hand, our consolations were not few.

It is an interesting fact that converts, as a class, think even less highly of religious controversy than "born" Catholics do. Newman's answer to an earnest Protestant who challenged him to dialectic combat is famous; and the lamented Aubrey de Vere, who knew the non-Catholic temper thoroughly, was keenly alive to the fact that though faith, as St. Paul says, comes from "hearing," it seldom comes from hearing

impassioned wrangling on the most solemn of all subjects. In a letter, published in *Mosher's Magazine*, to an unnamed friend in this country, the lamented poet speaks of another friend, also unnamed, in this manner:

And — I always think of as among those who at this present time must have a high mission in your country. I do not mean in the way of religious *controversy*, which seems to me to effect little good; but simply by the mode in which Catholics who live the Catholic life, while they understand the Catholic faith and cherish Catholic instincts and tastes, unconsciously diffuse Catholicism; and, without waging war on a false idea of the Catholic Church, the cause of dislike to it, practically refute it by substituting a true one.

Another sentence from the same letter is not less interesting: "How much the destiny of Catholicism in the near future must depend upon its fortune in America, and how much that must depend upon the *spiritual* part of Catholic education!"

We have often had occasion to refer to the pastoral letters of the Bishop of Newport, all of which contain something notable and quotable — earnest, outspoken words of general application. An editor man, of all men, cares least for unfounded criticism, and nothing at all for occasional ebullitions of temper on the part of his readers, — outbursts that may do them some good and can do him no harm. He has only to bide his time and possess his soul in peace. We have been charged with exaggerating the obligations of the laity to co-operate with priests in works of zeal and charity. The subject is touched upon in a recent pastoral by Bishop Hedley, who says:

A consequence that results from our belonging to the Catholic Church is the duty of being zealous for that kingdom of God which that Church embodies and carries on. The laity, as you need not be informed, are bound to interest themselves in the means of promoting God's glory, forwarding the interests of our Saviour's Passion, and saving the souls for whom He died. These things are not by any means exclusively the business of the priest. If a church is wanted, it is the flock, as well as the priest, who are responsible to Almighty God. It is the business of the flock,

each man or woman in his or her degree, to help on the elementary school by contributing, by seeing that every child attends, and sometimes by sharing in the management and the collecting. Provision for orphans, for workhouse children and for youthful offenders is of the most absolute necessity, if the kingdom of God is not to suffer heavy loss. . . . No one can be a thorough Catholic who is not animated with this zeal for souls, and ready to make sacrifices in the cause of the great Shepherd of souls. To wrap one's self up in one's money-making, in one's family, in one's comforts, and take no share in saving the souls of the children of poverty, is to be a poor and contemptible Catholic.

Surely we have never used stronger words than these in pointing out to the beloved laity the duty of being zealous for the kingdom of God.

The appointment of Archbishop Ryan as member of the Board of Indian Commissioners has seemingly pleased all classes of people, regardless of religious or political affiliations. The secular press is unanimous that "the President could hardly have made a better choice"; and, as the position is not a remunerative one, even the politicians are satisfied. It is a curious commentary on our boasted liberality in this country that no Catholic ever served as Indian Commissioner before, despite the large share which the Church has had in religious work among the Indians. In appointing the venerable Archbishop of Philadelphia to this responsibility, President Roosevelt sets an admirable example of fairness, and shows judicious appreciation of the apostolic interest which Mgr. Ryan has always taken in the redman and brother.

Protestant travellers who are so often startled by certain popular forms of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which it is usual to brand as "pitiably superstition," would at least be amused if they could know how frequently the ignorance of "non-Christians" is commiserated by the "benighted peasant." "Poor creatures! perhaps they come

from the wilds of America and never heard of Our Lord or His holy Mother," was the remark of an old woman, as she gazed after a party of chattering tourists who had just passed a wayside shrine at which she had been kneeling.

The Rev. T. Mozley, in his "Reminiscences of Oxford," relates that when on a visit to Normandy he was disposed at first to indulge in accusations of superstition and indulgence of pity in witnessing certain forms of Marian devotion; but he checked himself by this very apposite reflection:

For more than a thousand years saints, theologians, martyrs—the salt of the earth,—the men that had held fast the faith and preserved it for us, and that had continually rescued the civilized world from relapsing into prehistoric savagery,—had done what these simple folk were doing. They had undoubtedly worshiped and invoked the Virgin, and bound themselves in special devotion to her service. But for the place long held by the Blessed Virgin in the heart and mind of man, I should not have been a Fellow of Oriel, for Oriel would never have been; and I should not have gone to Normandy—nay, I am very sure I should never have been at all.

The assertion has often been made by a certain Presbyterian preacher in this country—he reiterates it every 17th of March—that St. Patrick, instead of being a very good Catholic, as is commonly believed, was in reality an out-and-out Presbyterian. The contention that the Apostle of Ireland was a genuine Englishman is more credible, for the simple reason that Britannia was "in it," as an Irishman would say, and Presbyterianism certainly was *not* "in it" when St. Patrick first saw the light. An array of evidence to show that he was a native of Northampton is presented in a striking article from the pen of the late Mr. Cadwallader Bates, appearing in the *Ushaw Magazine*. The *London Tablet* informs us that he was a learned antiquarian, and a considerable landowner in Northumberland, of which county he had published a history. He was a convert to the Church, and his death

is of recent occurrence. It is remarkable that Mr. Bates' theory should have been arrived at independently by three other writers. The contention is sure to meet with strong protest, and it is to be hoped that these gentlemen may be prepared to defend it.

No doubt Mr. W. P. Andrews, who writes in the *Christian Register*, is not the only Protestant who has asked, "Why are there so many children in Italy to be cared for by charity?" But we fear all have not found an answer so true and so satisfactory as his. "The explanation, of course, is that the Catholic Church still lays great stress on the Scriptural doctrine; and as a result children come into the world naturally, and no means are taken to check their appearance on this earthly scene." This earnest man is grieved because "old Puritan communities like Salem, Mass.," are converted into "Catholic towns presided over by Catholic mayors"; but recognizes that the change is due to the cleverness of the old Puritan in keeping down the population. "You will live to see our old city of the Puritan a Catholic community," said a Protestant physician to Mr. Andrews once; and now "the person so addressed has returned to his native land to find that serious prophecy a fact fulfilled."

A Passion Play was recently produced in one of the Montreal theatres. After having thoroughly informed himself of its tenor and its presentation, Archbishop Bruchési forbade its continuance. The venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, in withholding his approbation from a similar drama, "The Mystery of the Passion," recently made public the reasons for his action. "Two considerations," says Mgr. Richard, "influence me in keeping the representation of the Passion out of a theatre or a hall destined for profane (secular) spectacles. The first

is that there is danger of the public's coming to consider the holiest mysteries of religion as a merely human drama; hence a weakening of faith. The second, which has to do with truly Christian souls, is that they will allow themselves, unconsciously it may be, to substitute for the serious meditation of our mysteries, and especially that of the Passion, a sort of pious recreation, and thus lose by degrees the idea of true and solid piety." The Passion Play, which at Oberammergau is a really religious act, can scarcely be transferred with advantage to the ordinary stage, no matter how reverential may appear the attitudes of its producers.

All in all, we consider M. Hugues Le Roux the most satisfactory of the Parisian celebrities who have come to this country under the auspices of Harvard University to lecture on French life and literature. The worst enemies of the Republic, he told his Harvard audience, are the men who raise the cry of anti-clericalism. He told them, too, that the foreigner has an utterly false view of French home life:

He goes to Paris and sees the *parvenus*, from every corner of the globe—a cosmopolitan aggregation,—and imagines that he sees the French people. He also reads the novels of such men as Paul Bourget and Guy de Maupassant, which he thinks mirror French life. Their heroes are often men who are wealthy, skeptical, who hold that suffering is not for them but for others. If it snows in France, they go to Egypt. These men represent women and their actions who are not even Europeans. The harm they have done the character of good Frenchwomen is irreparable. To undo this idea I would recommend the reading of Anatole France, who has given us in his admirable works of art true sketches of our life.

On our part, we can assure M. Le Roux that he has rather a mistaken idea of the foreigner. The American who goes to "gay Paree" to see the sights is as little representative of the character and intellect of his countryman as the *parvenus* and the neurotics who misrepresent France.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Maytime Catch.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WHAT of the month?

The month is vowed to Mary:
The May month, the gay month,
The month of life and love;
So we'll echo Nature's chorus
To Our Lady reigning o'er us,
To the Queen of our Home-land above.

What of the flowers?

The flowers unfold for Mary:
The fair blooms, the rare blooms,
All blooms that glad the eye;
So we'll cull them each May morning
For her altar's chaste adorning,—
For the shrine where they love best to lie.

What of the winds?

The winds croon hymns to Mary:
In sweet strains, in meet strains,
In breathings soft and low;
So we'll freight each wind-note vagrant
With Our Lady's praises fragrant,
Joyed to pay her the homage we owe.

What of our hearts?

Our hearts uprising to Mary:
In long flights, in strong flights
Of love from day to day;
And we promise her that never
Shall or sin or sorrow sever
Those true hearts from the Queen of the May.

POTATO BUGS were once the means of giving work to 8000 miners in Cornwall. The insects were brought from America for some scientific purpose, and not only escaped, but destroyed 1,000,000 tons of potatoes in two years. Nothing but arsenic would kill them, and a thousand tons a month were needed. The ore of arsenic is mined in Cornwall, and it went up from \$5 to \$70 a ton. The mines were all opened, and the idle miners given employment once more.

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

THE COMING OF MARY.



IT was the opening of spring in fair Nazareth of Galilee. The winter was past, the rain was over and gone; the little flowers were springing forth, timid and almost hidden in unexpected nooks and crannies, yet perfuming every hillside with their sweetness. The turtle-doves—those gentle birds unto which the Scripture likeneth chaste and humble and faithful souls—were cooing forth their sweetly plaintive lays amid the tall green grasses. Fields of barley, wheat and clover, in full verdure, were slowly waving in the cool, fresh breezes of the opening year. Little streams, let loose from their mountain fastnesses, leaped and tumbled and gurgled through the meadows, rejoicing that the winter was over, that the beauteous spring had come.

Up among the groves of oaks and myrtles and olive-trees, down in the vineyards, the fresh, young leaves whispered the glad tidings one to another—The winter is past, the spring has come! Outlined against the "pale and silvery sky of Galilee," the towering heights of distant Lebanon hid their snowy peaks within the clouds. Off to the north uprose the sacred Mount of Thabor. On all sides gentle hills enclosed the vale of Esdraelon, within whose confines nestled that "fair and smiling town of Nazareth, the birthplace of Mary, the cradle of the Messiah."

Upon one of the nearer hills surrounding that chosen city, a holy man named Joachim had, while yet the fields were

white with wintry snows, built himself a little hut, wherein he had now dwelt fasting forty days and forty nights, praying God with sighs and tears and endless supplications to grant him the boon for which he had craved and sighed during twenty long years—a little child, just one little child to gladden his home and comfort the heart of his wife, who was sorrowing even as he.

Yet Joachim was a just man, who came of the tribe of Juda, of the royal race of David. His wife Anne was likewise a holy woman of distinguished lineage, her ancestors being those of the priestly tribe. Every year this pious couple divided their substance into three parts: one they set aside for the service of the temple, one for the poor and the stranger, and the third for their household. Yet that which they desired above all things God had heretofore withheld from them; and thus, despite their great love for each other, their house was lonely, their hearts were often sad.

Many an evening the pious yet sorrowing Anne sat alone at her casement in the silvery moonbeams, lost in a dream of that child for whom her maternal heart so longed. In her dreams, tiny, tender arms were clasped about her neck, a soft little mouth was pressed close against hers; innocent eyes of heaven's own azure hue looked searchingly, tenderly, trustfully into her own. Alas! it was but a dream; and Anne would turn away, seek her couch in her darkened chamber, her great, dark eyes filled with tears.

While Joachim sought God upon the hilltop in solitude and fasting, the blessed Anne, whose name in Hebrew signifies the "gracious one," dwelt lonely within her deserted home, attended only by one handmaiden. Judith was that maiden's name, and she was devoted to her mistress; for all loved and truly grieved for the gentle, stately Anne. Judith, being a favored maid, wore upon

her brow a silken fillet of a brilliant color and of exquisite texture. As the last day of one of the great Jewish feasts drew near, Judith respectfully approached her mistress, whose mourning seemed but to grow in intensity as the spring sunshine brightened across the land.

"Madame, my Mistress Anne," began the handmaiden, "how long wilt thou thus afflict thy soul? Behold the feast of the Lord is come, and it is not lawful for thee thus to mourn. Take this silken fillet, which was bestowed on me by one of high degree whom I formerly served, and bind it round thy head. It is not fit that I, who am thy handmaid, should wear it; but it is fitting for thee, whose brow is as the brow of a crowned queen."

The old legend* recounts that Anne, hearing these words and not understanding their purport, was, if anything, more sorely troubled. Yet, considering them in her heart, she laid aside her mourning garments and adorned her head as the maiden wished, and even allowed herself to be clothed in her bridal attire. Then, going forth into her garden, she seated herself beneath a laurel tree and prayed earnestly. And as her eyes were raised supplicatingly to Heaven, lo! she saw within the branches of the laurel tree a sparrow's nest, whereon sat the mother bird jealously guarding her young.

"Alas, alas, woe is me! Even the birds of the air are blessed and fruitful. I alone am desolate!"

But even as the last sorrowful words left her lips, on a sudden a wondrous radiance grew around her; balmy odors as of ten thousand roses perfumed all the air; sweet, faint music floated downward from the evening skies; and

* Celebrated artists, among them Taddeo Gaddi, Albert Dürer, Cesi, Luini, Ghirlandaio, and Andrea del Sarto, have reproduced on canvas or in fresco beautiful representations of scenes depicted in this legend.

lo! an angel of the Lord stood beside the weeping one.

"Anne, weep no more!" said the heavenly messenger. "Thy prayer is heard of God, . . . and thy child shall be blessed throughout the whole world until the end of time."

And even as the celestial spirit spoke, behold, another angel descended and stood before the wondering, fearing woman. Pointing toward the distant hills, now growing indistinct in the gathering shades of night, "See," he said, "thy husband Joachim cometh with his shepherds; for an angel hath spoken to him also and comforted him with promises." And in the garden the evening shadows came down again, and the angels were gone.

But Anne, with a great joy in her heart such as she had not known in all her years, and with a glory on her face that all could see, rose up in haste and went forth to meet her husband; and Joachim came from the pasture with his herds and they met at the Golden Gate. And Joachim and Anne, blessing God and singing His praises, returned home together. And with them all earth, in its beauteous robes of spring, sang a canticle of joy.

And, lo! spring grew into summer, and summer faded away into autumn; and one morning in the blessed month of Tisri, at dawn of day—a dawn which came "furrowing all the orient into gold,"—a little daughter was born into the family of Joachim and Anne. And Anne said: "This day my soul magnifieth the Lord!"

And Joachim called the name of his child Miriam (Mary), which in the Syriac language means lady, sovereign, mistress; and in Hebrew, star of the sea.

(To be continued.)

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVIII.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was a curious coincidence that on the very Sunday evening after I had visited Winifred and arranged for her to spend Tuesday with me at the hotel, I should have gone to supper with a friend of mine who was also a great friend of Roderick O'Byrne. She was an exceptional woman, of rare gifts, of warm heart and of long purse. She had the social talent in its greatest perfection, and gathered at her house a most brilliant and entertaining circle. She lived in a part of the city which is rapidly becoming old-fashioned—in the once desirable Murray Hill region,—and her house was what is known to New Yorkers as an English basement-house: that is to say, the dining-room is on a level with the street, while the drawing-room, or suite of drawing-rooms, is reached by mounting the first stairs. A very handsome suite of rooms had my friend, appointed with the utmost elegance, and containing innumerable souvenirs of travel, artistic trifles of all sorts, with exquisite pictures and priceless statuary, arranged to give the best possible effect.

I had a standing invitation for the Sunday evening suppers, which were an institution of the house, and where one was always sure of meeting very agreeable people. The conversation was usually of everything interesting under the sun. As the guests began to assemble that evening, I saw amongst them, with very mingled feelings, the familiar figure of Roderick O'Byrne. It was my first meeting with him since my return from Ireland, and his presence made me conscious of a curious sensation. I had heard so much of his past history, the most hidden pages of his life, that it seemed strange to meet him

A WISE bishop used to say that our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well: while one ascends the other descends.

there in an ordinary drawing-room. When I thought of Niall, of the old castle with its romance and mystery, it was hardly credible that this tall and slender gentleman in the well-fitting evening clothes should be the central figure in such a drama. And all the time I was withholding from him such a secret as the presence of his only child in America.

While Roderick stood exchanging a few words with his hostess, I thought all at once of that little scene which Winifred had recalled—when he parted in anger from the lady in the yellow dress, who must have been, of course, his wife. As soon as he saw me he came forward to shake hands, and dropped into a chair at my side. I found a change in him: he seemed more silent and preoccupied than I had ever seen him. However, he was never given to talking commonplaces, and I waited till his mood should change. He sat near me at supper, and on the other side of him was a young and very gushing lady. Roderick seemed amused at her efforts to interest him.

"I have just heard," she exclaimed, "that you are Irish, Mr. O'Byrne; and I am so glad! Our hostess has told me that you are not only from Ireland, but intensely Irish. Now, I think that everything that is intensely Irish is intensely nice."

"Thanks so much!" replied Roderick, carelessly. "I am glad you approve of my nationality; for I have to plead guilty to a very unfashionable love for my country."

"Oh, you needn't plead guilty at all!" cried the charmer. "It is so refreshing nowadays. And you Irish are so delightfully enthusiastic and impressionable, and all that."

Roderick raised his eyebrows ever so slightly.

"By the way," he observed, turning abruptly to me, "I wonder if you will agree with the sentiment expressed by

my neighbor,—you who are so lately back from Ireland?"

"That everything that is intensely Irish is intensely nice?" I asked. "I am prepared to endorse that sentiment; for I am more Irish than the Irish themselves. I know I have borrowed somebody else's saying; but, really, I have fallen in love with the dear old land. Its hills and glens have got into my heart."

There was a softened look on the man's face and a moisture in his eyes; for he was deeply affected. Presently he said in a low tone:

"Do you know I am very homesick of late? I am pining for a sight of the beautiful hills of the Gilt Spurs and the glorious Dargle. Oh, what would I not give for one good look at the Dargle, glen and river both!"

"Why don't you take a trip to Ireland?" I asked.

"Oh, for many reasons!" he said hurriedly.

He did not go into detail and I could not ask.

"But you will go back some day?" I urged.

"Go back?" he repeated. "I used to think I should: indeed, at one time I longed for the day and hour of my return; and now—"

I wanted to ask the question which rose to my lips, but I dared not; and just then the conversation became general. Our hostess liked to strike sparks from all her guests, and especially from the brilliant Roderick O'Byrne. After we had all returned to the drawing-room he gradually drifted back again to his chair beside me. We had always been friendly, but I knew that my society had a special attraction for him just then, as a link between him and Ireland. He very soon, in fact, reverted to the subject of our previous talk, inquiring as to this or that place near his old home; though I observed that he never once mentioned any person

or persons in the neighborhood. It was evident for some reason that he did not wish to bring Niall into the discourse, and I was just as anxious at the time to avoid that part of the subject.

Suddenly Roderick said:

"I was struck very much the other day by a face which I saw just for a moment."

My heart stood still. I knew what was coming, and I almost dreaded it. But, happily, he did not associate the incident with me.

"It was that of a child," he said, somewhat gravely. "It was a beautiful face, I suppose; but it was not that which specially attracted my attention. I only caught a glimpse—the merest glimpse—of it, but it brought back the past to me as in a flash."

"Strange!" I commented mechanically; for I scarce knew what to say.

"Yes, it was very strange," went on Roderick. "I was standing at the corner of Twenty-Third Street, waiting to cross, and it must be owned that I was thinking of anything else than Ireland and my past life there. You know what a crowd there is at that particular place. Suddenly a carriage stood still an instant, delayed by the traffic; and out of it looked that exquisite child-face, full of wonder, of curiosity, and, I thought, of sadness."

I concealed my emotion by an effort; and had he not been so occupied with his subject he might have perceived at once that the story had an unusual interest for me.

"Would you believe," he said, "that New York faded from before me, and instead I saw the Dargle, the glen and the river, with all their lovely surroundings,—yes, I saw them as distinctly as I see you now? The Dargle and—other places about there," he concluded, after a brief pause.

I wondered if he were thinking of the castle.

"By the way," he asked of a sudden,

"were you in that part of Ireland at all,—I mean Wicklow?"

"Oh, yes!" I said, trying to speak indifferently. "I saw most of the show places there."

"Did you meet any people thereabouts?" he inquired, speaking very slowly and playing with a paper knife which he had taken up from a neighboring davenport.

It was my turn to hesitate a moment before I replied:

"I met the parish priest, Father Owen, as he is popularly called."

"Father Owen Farley!" exclaimed Roderick, apparently carried away by a sudden burst of enthusiasm; "the dearest, the best, the kindest of men!"

"You know him, then?" I asked.

The glow faded from his face almost at once.

"I was brought up in that part of the country," he said in a reserved way, as if anxious to drop the subject; "so that of course I knew him when I was a boy."

"Well, he certainly is all you say of him," I declared cordially; "he charmed me from the very first."

"Yes, he has an unusually attractive way with him," Roderick said,— "or used to have long ago."

And then he dismissed the subject and began to talk of some matter of current interest. However, he very soon reverted to that one topic which seemed to be occupying his thoughts. Waking out of a reverie, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I wish I were a miniature painter, and I should try to put on ivory, just from memory, that exquisite child-face."

"Perhaps you will see her again," I ventured.

"I never expect to," he said decisively. "New York is not Ireland. People are swallowed up here as in a quicksand."

"Life has many surprises," I observed tentatively.

He looked at me keenly for an instant; then he resumed his indifferent air and continued to play with the paper knife.

"You will think me altogether a dreamer," remarked Roderick, "to be so impressed by a passing face."

I do not know what impelled me to say then:

"Perhaps there was some special reason. Possibly she may have reminded you of some one whom you once knew."

He started; the paper knife fell from his hands, and he was long in picking it up. But the flash of his dark eyes in that brief moment recalled Niall. The incident was not without its value. I saw my way clear before me. I should gradually try to revive his interest in the past: to forge a chain which should lead him inevitably back to the castle of his ancestors, to Winifred and to his eccentric but devoted kinsman. And at the same time I might chance to discover his motive for so long neglecting his only child.

When Roderick raised his head again, and replaced the paper knife, with a hand which trembled somewhat, upon the davenport, he said, in a tone of studied carelessness:

"Don't let us talk of this any more. It does seem very absurd. I am half ashamed of having told you anything about it. And there is the professor going to the piano."

During the music Roderick lay back in his chair, and as he listened to the dreamy, soothing sound of the "Songs without Words," I knew that his mind was running on the sweet child-face which had so impressed him, and on the train of associations which that chance meeting had conjured up. I had no further conversation with him on that occasion, and very soon after I took my leave and went home to ponder over the situation, which I found most interesting. It seemed as if I were holding the thread of a tangled skein, which must sooner or later straighten itself out. I lay awake half the night, picturing to myself Roderick's delight when he should discover that the sweet child-face

was that of his own Winifred; and his sorrow, and perhaps remorse, for the past, when he had neglected her. I wondered where and when the disclosure should take place and how it would be brought about. I also resolved to interest Winifred in her father. I could see that she clung much more to the memory of her mother, and seemed to remember Roderick only as the dark gentleman who had got angry with the beautiful lady and slammed the door.

I rose early next morning, for I wanted to go down town. I was going as far as Barclay Street to buy a small statue of the Sacred Heart, which I wished to give Winifred as a present. I was impatient for her coming; for, besides the fact that I was really attached to the child and took a sincere pleasure in her society, I felt a new interest in her since my late conversation with her father.

I looked out the window. It was a drizzling fog. The shops opposite looked dreary and uninviting, and the people who were hastening down Broadway had all the same miserable appearance, looking spectral in the fog. My heart sank. If it were the same kind of weather on the morrow there would be no chance of having Winifred with me. In the first place, she would not be allowed to come; and in the second, there would be very little pleasure in bringing her down from the convent just to spend a few hours shut up in my apartments at the hotel.

I dressed and went out. The streets were glazed over with a thin coat of frost, which made the walking treacherous and unsafe. The snowfall of two or three days before had entirely disappeared. I picked my way along, making one more in the procession of spectres, till I reached the nearest elevated station, which was in the square at Thirty-Third Street, near the *Herald* building. I was soon flying through the air, and in the twinkling of an eye was almost in the heart of the

business portion of the great "down-town." Warehouses arose on all sides: from some came a fragrant odor telling of coffee and spices; from others flashed visions of delicate china, rich bronzes, and beautiful glassware. And finally I was set down within a block or so of my destination.

I picked my way carefully along the narrow lane-like street, and emerged just opposite old St. Peter's, the mother-church of New York. Its sombre walls looked gray and dismal in that dreary fog; but within it was warm and cheerful, and imposing in a massive, old-fashioned way. I prayed earnestly for the success of all our scheming—that is, Niall's and mine; and, above all, for the happy reunion of father and daughter.

After that I went out again to purchase my statue. I was now in the region of the Catholic publishers, which is full of many memories of other days and the various phases of Catholic life in New York. There much has been done for the Catholic cause; much has been discussed, much has been attempted, and many attempts have failed. It is historic ground. I bought my statue and hurried home, glad to be housed on that chilly and disagreeable day. I had a few other preparations to make, on the chance that the weather would clear up; but I resolved to leave them till the morning, when they might be easily accomplished by the aid of the telephone.

(To be continued.)

The Finest Sauce.

A good appetite is the finest sauce. After the luggage of Artaxerxes had been lost in a rout his army had sustained, he was obliged to subsist for several days on dried figs and coarse barley bread; but he declared that until then he had never known what it meant to have delicacies set before him.

A Madonna in Tapestry.

A lady whose home is in Dresden has executed a wonderful piece of embroidery, the subject being the Sistine Madonna. Indeed, she has with her needle copied the famous painting so perfectly that those who behold it are amazed when they are told that it is done with silken threads instead of oil-colors. She was engaged upon the task for more than five years, using variously colored silk floss and a number of different stitches.

In this sort of work, which may be called tapestry painting, the eyes are the most difficult parts to represent. Many persons have succeeded with the main portions of an embroidered picture and failed with that; but Fräulein Clara has kept to the very expression of the eyes of Our Lady.

As soon as this marvellous picture was completed the King and Queen of Saxony came to see it, and it was afterward exhibited at St. Petersburg and London; finding its way eventually to the Paris Exposition, where it received a gold medal from the judges.

"Mr." Washington.

There is a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York bearing a message from General Howe addressed to "Mr. Washington." The Father of our Country took the letter from the hand of the English soldier, glanced at the superscription and said: "Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I'll keep it, however, and give it to him at the end of the war." Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. In an hour another letter came back addressed to "His Excellency General Washington."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The late Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, was one of the foremost antiquarians of Scotland. Besides a number of important pamphlets, he wrote a life of St. Cuthbert which is considered a valuable contribution to history as well as hagiology.

—Additional books for the Catholic blind will soon be issued by the English Catholic Truth Society. The Hon. Mrs. Fraser, assisted by Miss Margaret Kerr, has undertaken to form a lending library of books written in Braille suitable for the Catholic blind.

—"The Faith of Old England," by the Rev. Vincent Hornyold, S. J., a recent publication of the English Catholic Truth Society, is further described as "a popular manual of instructions in the Catholic Faith from a doctrinal and historical standpoint." The writer shows how England was forced into schism, and how, as a nation, she fell away from the Truth; he then presents a brief exposition of some of the principal doctrines and practices of the Church. The arguments are drawn from Scripture, the Councils, and the teaching of early Christian writers. It was a happy idea thus to combine history and dogma.

—"The Lady Paramount" and "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" are books that can not be too highly praised for their brightness and delicacy; and they can not be too widely circulated for the benefit, as well as the pleasure they are calculated to confer. It was to such books as these that Aubrey de Vere referred when he wrote: "They will have antiseptic influences in modern society, which will undo the mischief effected by centuries of misrepresentation." It is not too much to say of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," now in its eighty-fifth thousand, that it has removed mountains of prejudice. We rejoice over the popularity of Mr. Henry Harland, who is unquestionably among the most brilliant of contemporary novelists.

—We welcome a new and enlarged edition of "The Sacristan's Manual," by the Rev. J. D. Hilarius Dale. No pains have been spared to render this work indispensable to lay sacristans. Besides being an authoritative guide to enable them to fulfil their duties with ease and method, it affords much useful information concerning the care of church furniture, the cultivation of flowers, etc., not to be found elsewhere. There is a carefully prepared index from which we quote a few titles to show the importance and excellence of this manual: "*Altar Breads*, how to be preserved; *Altar Cards*, not to be left upon the altar out of Mass; *Communion Cloths*, their material and sizes; not to be allowed to fall to the ground, etc.; *Servers at Low Mass*, two not allowed to

simple priests," etc. Every sacristy should be provided with a copy of Father Dale's little book, and every sacristan should feel obliged to make use of it. Published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

—Miss Alcott's books still hold a charm for the young; and the new edition of "Little Men," illustrated by Reginald B. Birch, and published by Little, Brown & Co., will delight the children of to-day. It is attractively gotten up and is in every way worthy of commendation.

—A manuscript Bible of the eighth century, lately brought to this country by Mr. J. S. Morgan of New York, excited much interest among the bibliophilists who were called upon by the Custom House officials to estimate its value. It is highly illuminated, bound in gold, and set with precious stones. The front cover has a crucifix, also studded with jewels. This precious manuscript is said to be the work of an Italian monk.

—It will suffice to give the titles of three new publications by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago—"Agnosticism," by Archbishop Ryan; "Church or Bible," by the late Father Damen, S. J.; and "The Popes in Rome" (1. Answer to William E. Curtis, 2. Historical Sketch of the Papacy, 3. Questions and Answers). The Society will soon issue its first series of essays in book form. This is gratifying evidence both of its prosperity and the usefulness of its publications, for which the demand is constantly increasing. The Chicago branch of the Catholic Truth Society has the honor of being the first in the United States to bring out books.

—New and important productions announced by English publishers include: a second series of "Carmina Mariana," an anthology in verse in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by English, American and Irish authors and translators, collected and edited by Orby Shipley, M. A.; "Select Essays of John Henry Newman," an addition to the "Scott Library"; and "The Dominican Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence," a historical, architectural, and artistic study, by the Rev. J. Wood Brown, M. A., author of "Michael Scot," etc. Among new editions issued in this country we note: "Catechism of Christian Doctrine," by Rev. Jos. Deharbe, S. J.; and "May Devotion," compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O. F. M. Both of these books are issued by F. Pustet & Co.

—Some words that occur in a letter of George Washington to Benedict Arnold on the eve of the famous Expedition to Quebec throw light on the attitude of the Father of his Country toward the Church. The letter appears in John Codman's

newly-published history of the Expedition. Washington wrote: "I also give it in charge to you to avoid all disrespect of the religion of the country [Canada], and its ceremonies. Prudence, policy, and a true Christian spirit will lead us to look with compassion upon their errors without insulting them. While we are contending for our own liberty, we should be very cautious not to violate the rights of conscience in others; ever considering that God alone is the judge of the hearts of men, and to Him only in this case they are answerable."

—It has often been said that the music composed by women never rises above the mediocre. This assertion may be true in the main, but the members of the harmony class of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, have proved that it is incorrect in certain instances, by the publication of a collection of sacred compositions called collectively "Chapel Thoughts," in which musical settings of *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* have a prominent place. The work is interspersed with reproductions of photographs illustrating familiar and charming scenes about the institution, and the artistic binding is worthy of both music and illustrations. This beautiful souvenir testifies not only to the excellence of the musical training afforded by the teachers of St. Mary's Academy, but also to their refined taste where the canons of art are concerned.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sacristan's Manual. Rev. J. D. H. Dale. 60 cts., net.

Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. Jacob Gould Schurman. 66 cts., net.

The Life of Christ. Rev. Walter Elliott. \$1.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. \$1.50.

The Lady Poverty. Montgomery Carmichael. \$1.75, net.

The Dangers of Spiritualism. A Member of the Society of Psychical Research. 75 cts., net.

Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. John Codman. \$1.75.

The Ladder of Perfection. Walter Hilton. \$1.75, net.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. E. L. Taunton. \$6, net.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. Rev. L. A. Dutton. \$1.50, net.

Jesus Living in the Priest. Rev. P. Millet, S. J. \$2, net.

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. \$2.50.

St. Nazarius. A. C. Farquarson. \$1.50.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. Basil King. \$1.50.

The Message of the Masters. F. Hugh O'Donnell. \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. Rev. Michael Maher, S. J. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. J. F. Debrue, of the archdiocese of Chicago; the Rev. Donald McDonald, diocese of Charlottetown; the Rev. Joseph Barry, archdiocese of Baltimore; and the Rev. Frank Scanlan, C. S. S. R.

Mr. Richard Shaw, of Edina, Mo.; Miss Mary Repetti, Mr. Robert Kearon, Mrs. Elizabeth Tharp, and Mr. L. J. Connell, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Slavin and Mr. P. F. Farrell, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Katherine Tucker, Petaluma, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Gilligan, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Charles Suhr, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. A. Garry, Marietta, Ohio; Mr. James McMahan and Miss Mary McEvoy, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. George Desmarais, St. Charles, Canada; Mr. Thomas McDonald, Jamaica Plains, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Schrader, Lafayette, Ind.; and Mr. William Land, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

To supply prisons, hospitals, etc., with good reading:

G. B. T., \$3.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

John Phelan, \$3; Friend, \$1.

For the Gotemba leper refuge:

Mary Ober, \$20; Sr. M. C., \$1; Friend, Oregon, \$1; Richard M. Cook, \$21; J. B., \$5; Rev. Thomas Finn, \$5.

To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

The Rev. L. Hinssen, \$5; M. A. C., 50 cts.; Friend, \$1.

For Holy Cross Mission, Alaska:

M. E. M., \$1; John Phelan, \$2; Edward Phelan, \$1; J. S., \$1; Sr. M. A., \$1; John Mulhern, \$1; Minneapolis, \$5; S. L. E., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 19.

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Love Purified.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THAT day I knelt to worship her
She seemed a being from the skies;
But the soft peace within her eyes
Changed to sweet scorn and sad surprise,—
That day I knelt to worship her.

That day I knelt to worship her,
Turning aside her beauteous head,
With cheek and brow flushed rosy-red,
"Man kneels to God alone!" she said,—
That day I knelt to worship her.

That day I knelt to worship her,
When from those pure lips fell His name
Who for us both knew death and shame,
Oh, then it was to God I came,—
That day I knelt to worship her!

A Tribute to the Power of the Blessed Virgin from a Protestant Minister.

HERE is scarcely any one point of our holy Faith which is so often misrepresented, so little understood as our belief in the intercessory power of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord. To us this devotion seems so natural, and is so direct and necessary a consequence of the Incarnation, that we can not comprehend the difficulties of our separated friends.

There has been compiled, I believe, a volume which contains tributes paid by Protestant writers to Mary; and while none of these writers would probably admit all that the Church teaches and

we love to practise concerning her, yet their testimony is most valuable; for it shows what reason unaided of faith has found. It is a beautiful tribute, too, to the divine character of the Church of God; for it shows how wisely she has provided for the wants of our nature and answered the needs of our hearts.

Some time ago a Protestant minister told me of an experience of his own, which so well illustrates the foregoing that I have concluded to send it to THE AVE MARIA. The story is absolutely true. I suppress the name of the narrator, but give the story as nearly in his own words as I can remember them. Several years ago I was rector of a church in the same city where he then resided, and he lived in my immediate neighborhood. Some cause of dissension arose between himself and the vestry, and he resigned. Two or three years after he came to the city where I now live, for the purpose of taking charge of a church during the temporary absence of the minister; and while on this visit he one day told me this story:

"I was rector of a church in L— before coming to the city where we first met, and my aunt lived in the same place. She and her family were staunch and devoted Roman Catholics. One evening I called on them, and was very much surprised when the servant told me they were downstairs at tea; for I knew well it was fully an hour ahead of their regular supper-time. I asked no questions of the servant, however,

but went downstairs at once; and was warmly welcomed as usual.

"I had no sooner taken my seat at the table than one of my cousins said she was very sorry I had come, because they were going out immediately after tea; that there was a mission going on at the cathedral and they were all anxious to attend. One of the children asked me, in a hesitating kind of way, if I would mind going with them. I may as well say that my curiosity led me to accept the invitation, as I had never been present at a mission in a Roman Catholic church. On my assuring them I would be glad to accompany them, we hurried through the meal, and, having gone upstairs for our coats and hats, we started off.

"We had not far to walk, and when we reached the cathedral we found it crowded. After some preliminary service (which must have been what you call the Rosary, and to which, by the way, I was glad to hear the people respond clearly), the priest ascended the pulpit. He was a man apparently about forty years old, clean-shaven and with dark complexion. His face did not impress me at first as being at all attractive, but after he had been speaking a while I forgot all about such impressions. He was, I judge, a foreigner; though I must confess his command of our language was wonderful. He was dressed in a black cassock, or robe, which was fastened at the waist by a belt, or cincture; and on his breast was a heart of some white material, with, I think, the three nails.

"After crossing himself, he stood for about ten seconds with hands clasped on his breast and eyes closed. The pause, or delay, seemed much longer to me, and I began to feel somewhat restless. I fancied I saw a look of nervous tension in the faces of those near me. At last he spoke:

"I am standing here, my brethren, and as I gaze into your faces I know

you have come to hear the blessed word of God. I am sent here to preach it to you.'

"Again he paused and stood with bowed head and closed eyes; and then, raising his head and looking at us intently, he went on:

"I have been far away these few seconds, and in another church in my own dear home. The church and the faces I saw therein were as clear and distinct to me as this church and the faces I now see before me. I was sitting in the little church where Sunday after Sunday I sat as a child, and by my side sat my mother. True, I know she went to her reward five and twenty years ago, and she grieved that God called her before she saw her son a priest at the altar. I was a child again, and I sat by her side as she told her beads; and I was playing with them as they passed through her fingers; and she bent down and, with gentle smile, took the rosary from my hands; and I saw her beaming face and felt the soft touch of her hand on mine.

"May it not be, my brethren, that the good God has permitted this scene to come back to me to-night that I might be better prepared to speak to you? For such a memory tends to strengthen one to speak of the holiness and beauty of the home of Nazareth, and best prepares one to recount the tender love and boundless pity of the Mother of Our Lord. I opened my eyes and the vision had passed, and once more I beheld your beautiful church and saw your faces looking into mine.

"Ah, my brethren, what a wondrous thing is not this faculty which transports us to other lands and other scenes and makes the dead past as vivid and real as the living present! What a multitude of scenes and faces may we not evoke at will? No stretch of land or sea may bind our fancy or imprison our imagination; but like lightning flash it runs around the world and drags into

almost noonday splendor the scenes which a dim and distant past had wellnigh buried in oblivion.

“And, yet, methinks I hear some one say that if we could always control this wondrous faculty, all would be well. But it does not brook control; and oftentimes it does not bring comfort and happiness, but rather annoyance. How very annoying it is, when one wishes to think only of God and one’s needs, to have Memory bringing up scenes of the past, ludicrous or grave, yet both so foreign to the present need and the present duty! How frequently do we not all have distractions in our prayers!

“Ah, too well I know the force of this objection! And how often have I not wished that in this wonderful age of ours some genius would discover a means infallible of bridling this unruly faculty and making it subject to our will and inclination; so that, fixed and immovable, our mind might remain wholly absorbed in the thought to which it had directed its attention! I know, not what the genius of man may yet do, but I fear that this passes the bounds and limits of his power. Yet I do not complain; for I know that we, the children of the Church, have a means, easy and accessible, which, while not entirely curing the evil, reduces it to a minimum of annoyance.

“Let me tell you, my brethren, of my experience when I arrived here yesterday. I had been on the road all day and a part of the night before, and when I reached your pastor’s house I begged him to allow me to retire to my room and take a much-needed rest. He very kindly agreed; and I was shown to my room, where I at once prepared to retire. As I knelt down to say my prayers, I saw before me a beautiful crucifix. The figure was of carved ivory and the cross of ebony. I could not but admire the exquisite work; still, its very beauty only served to emphasize more and more the dreadful tragedy. The outstretched

hands and delicately carved feet bore the cruel nails; and, though the white surface had no trace of blood, its death-like pallor appealed to me even more strongly. What a dreadful death! What a dreadful part I bore in it! And as I closed my eyes, the selfsame thing took place that marked my opening words to-night. The room and its surroundings were far away, and again the tragedy of Good Friday was enacted in my sight. I heard the dying cry of my Redeemer; and as the last sigh escaped His blessed lips, I saw His head droop on His breast, his swollen lips part, His eyes glaze—and He was dead!

“There stood His Mother, whom but a moment ago I heard Him commend to John, and through John to you and me. Were it possible, my dear brethren, for distracting thoughts to intrude there? And as I opened my eyes once more and found myself back in the room, I gazed upward and saw hanging on the wall a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*,—a sad, sweet face, which appeals to everyone for the deep intensity of resigned sorrow, and yet which more strongly makes an appeal to Catholic hearts; for it suggests the foot of the cross and the great part played by the Second Eve in the redemption of mankind.

“I thought of Bethlehem and the Shepherds, and saw the young Mother with adoring love bending over the crib where her Child—our God—lay asleep. I saw the Wise Men coming with their presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh; and saw them fall down and adore the Child whom Mary presented to them; and I saw that Mary’s knee was Jesus’ throne when first the homage was paid Him which was His due. I heard the Wise Men tell the Mother of their journey and its difficulties, and how all was forgotten when they gazed on the blessed face of Jesus. I heard them tell her this and more, that, treasuring it up in her heart, she might in after days, when the Child was grown, repeat the story.

And I could not but think that, after our painful journey through the desert of this life, we should forget all the perils passed when Mary would show us the blessed face of Jesus.

“I saw her again at Cana, when Jesus changed the water into wine to please His Mother and spare embarrassment to His hosts; and I could not doubt that at her prayer He would turn our cold and careless hearts into warm and loving ones. Then back to the cross I came once more, and saw her standing there—

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa;

and could I fail to bow down before this one whom Jesus must have loved so tenderly? For her comfort was one of the thoughts which filled His mind during His three hours' agony on the cross.

“What better thoughts could find a place in my memory when I would fain pray to God than these? And have I not spoken the truth, my brethren, when I claimed that we Catholics have means at hand which, when used, will control our vagrant fancies and subdue our wandering memories? For it had been hard to think of aught else when such thoughts came almost unbidden. And I dare assert that no more fervent prayers were ever said than those which come straight from our heart to our lips as the story of Good Friday unfolds itself to us, or Mary's place in God's scheme comes out in detail.’

“I do not pretend to quote the priest's remarks verbatim, but I feel quite sure I have given you as well as I could the part of his sermon which so much interested me. Strange as it may seem to you, I had never thought of the use of such aids to devotion as pictures, crosses or images,—in fact, I think I should have discountenanced them. But as the priest told of his own experience I followed him with growing interest; and I could not help asking myself: ‘If such things helped him, why should they

not assist me?’ At any rate, on the next day I bought a copy of the *Mater Dolorosa* and hung it in my bedroom, so that every night and morning I saw it as I said my prayers.

“Some months afterward my oldest boy was taken sick with scarlet fever. The doctor and my wife were unremitting in their attention, but the child grew steadily worse. One evening the doctor told us that there was no hope for the boy, and that he could not pass the night. I went back to the bedside, and, carefully wrapping the little fellow, I placed him in my lap and laid his head on my shoulder, determined that God should literally take him from my arms.

“As I sat there, with the tears streaming down my face, I chanced to look at the picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and the sermon came back to me in a flash. I gazed upon her, and I prayed as I never prayed before that she would pity my grief. I reminded her, as I sat there with my little boy's head resting on my shoulder, of how she bore her Son in her arms that night in the far past, when at Joseph's word she went through Bethlehem's street on her way to Egypt. I bade her remember how she must have feared lest, perchance, some news of Herod's orders had reached the city and guards were already at the gates. I recalled in my great sorrow the anxious moments that she passed, even when Bethlehem was far behind, for fear of pursuit; and I begged the Mother of Jesus to pity me and give me back my child.

“The night passed, and the dawn found me with my boy sleeping in my arms; and when the doctor came he told me that a change had taken place during the night and my boy would recover.”

I know I am going to disappoint many when I add that the man who related the foregoing story is yet a Protestant minister. He recently told me that one of his troubles was that he dared not tell the people all that he believed.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIX.

NOTHING more was heard of Armistead by the Caridad people for several days after his interview with Mr. Rivers. It was known that he had left Tópia, but for what purpose or what destination was not known; although it soon transpired that he had found some one to fill the place which had been vacated by Lloyd and declined by Thornton.

"Dissipated fellow, named Randolph," the latter said in answer to a question of his chief. "Formerly with the Silver Queen in Arizona, then drifted down to Sonora; been with one or two mines there, but didn't stay long. I met him in the plaza one evening and he asked me if there was a chance for him with the Caridad. I couldn't give him much encouragement—"

"I should think not," said Mr. Rivers, dryly. "I never take a man of that kind into my employ."

"I felt rather sorry for the poor devil, though," Thornton went on. "I'm glad Armistead has given him a chance. It's a pretty good proof, however, of Armistead's desperation," he added with a laugh; "for benevolence isn't his strong point. I should be sorry to go to him for a helping hand if I were down on my luck."

"This man may serve his purpose," said Mr. Rivers; "although he has the disadvantage of being a stranger and not knowing the people here."

"Great disadvantage, too, in a place like Tópia, with a floating population of miners, some of whom are a pretty bad lot," said Thornton.

"Armistead is very bitter about Lloyd," remarked Mackenzie, who was sitting by,—for this conversation took place in the patio one evening, when

the men with their cigars were grouped around Miss Rivers in her special corner under the Moorish lantern. "Says he did him a great favor by bringing him back here, and now he—that's Lloyd—has deserted him—that's Armistead—because he's afraid to have anything to do with the Santa Cruz business."

"He should reserve that story strictly for people who don't know Lloyd," said Thornton. "I told him so the other day when he offered me the place Randolph now fills."

The speaker was modestly conscious of the interest with which three pairs of eyes were turned upon him.

"So he offered the position to you!" said Mr. Rivers. "I might have guessed he would. I'm a little surprised you didn't accept it. To serve Trafford's interest would be to open many lucrative chances for yourself."

"Oh, yes! I know that," Thornton answered; "but—" (he looked at a fair face smiling approvingly on him) "I suppose scruples are catching. At least I couldn't make up my mind to serve Trafford's interest in this particular case."

"Scruples are very much in the way of a man who wants to get on in life," Mr. Rivers remarked; "but I am glad you haven't discarded yours, and also that the Caridad isn't to lose your services."

"Thank you, sir!" Thornton replied, flushing a little; for the Gerente was usually more caustic than complimentary to his subordinates.

Miss Rivers was yet more complimentary when he found himself alone with her a little later.

"You do yourself injustice," she said, "by talking of scruples being catching. I grant that Mr. Lloyd's example was inspiring, but I am sure that even without it you would have refused to help in this shameful business of the Santa Cruz."

Thornton smiled as he looked at her. "I don't remember saying anything about Lloyd," he answered. "I certainly was not thinking of him at all. The scruples I mentioned were suggested by—another person."

"Oh!" she laughed. "The other person is delighted to have exercised an influence. But, again, I think you do yourself injustice. I'm sure you would not have needed any suggestion at all in such a plain case."

"It's very good of you to be sure, but I am not," said Thornton, candidly. "I'm afraid I should have looked upon it simply as a matter of business if I had not had the benefit of your views."

"I am glad they were so illuminating; but you must perceive they did not have the same effect upon Mr. Armistead, which proves that your disposition is very different from his, and so you could not have done what he is doing."

"My disposition is certainly different from his," Thornton agreed; "though whether or not the rest follows—but I must not quarrel with you for thinking better of me than I deserve. Only," he added, his voice changing a little, "it is quite certain that whatever I am in this matter you have made me—I mean that you have given me a standard by which to try things, and—and I've merely followed it, that's all."

Isabel Rivers leaned forward and laid her hand for an instant, in a touch light as a snowflake, on his own.

"Thank you!" she said sweetly and frankly. "That is a very kind thing to say, even if you are giving me too much credit; for I am confident you would have acted in the same manner if I had not been here. Now tell me something of this man Mr. Armistead has picked up. First of all, do you think he can do for him what Mr. Lloyd or yourself could have done?"

"On general lines, no doubt, pretty much the same; though in some respects

he'll be handicapped by the fact that he is a stranger."

"And so doesn't know anything about the different characters of the men here?"

"Naturally not."

"Therefore will not know whom to select for—a surprise party, let us say?"

Thornton stared.

"So you know about it, too?" he said.

"Since it seems that it is no secret, I may admit as much."

"Oh, it's a secret fast enough! But, you see, Armistead was obliged to mention it when I asked what he wanted me to do."

"Yes, I see."

Miss Rivers leaned her soft chin on her hand and looked out over the sleeping valley to the great eastern heights, their cliffs cutting sharply against the purple sky, with one deep indentation marking the pass over which she had watched a horseman disappear several days before.

"How long does it take to go from here to the Santa Cruz Mine?" she asked abruptly.

"Two or three days,—depends, of course, on how fast one travels. I don't think Armistead has gone there," he said, as if reading her thoughts.

She smiled, for they had not been with Armistead.

"Why do you not think so?" she inquired.

"Well, he went in another direction—though that might have been a blind,—and he had only Randolph with him. He can't surprise the Santa Cruz without having a force large enough to hold it after it is surprised."

"He may have that force waiting for him somewhere in the Sierra."

Thornton shook his head.

"He hasn't had anybody to get up the men. No: you may take my word that it will be some time yet before he carries out his plan; and if the Santa Cruz people are only wide enough awake, it will never be successfully carried out."

"Surely they will be wide enough awake,—surely they will suspect something of this kind!"

"I hope so, for my sympathies are all with them," said Thornton, cordially. (His interest, however, was not very keen.) "And now if I bring the guitar will you sing a little?" he asked, in the tone of one turning to more agreeable things.

A few days later Armistead returned as quietly as he had gone away, and still accompanied only by Randolph. On the evening of the day of his return he presented himself at the Caridad house with all his usual air of self-complacency, and Miss Rivers received him with the friendly cordiality she showed to everyone.

"We have been wondering what had become of you," she told him, quite truthfully. "You have been away for some time."

"Yes: I have been over to Canelas and to one or two other places," he answered. "Charming place, Canelas,—buried in fruit-trees and flowers, with a picturesque old church that would set an artist wild. You ought to go there. It is just the kind of place you would enjoy."

"I intend to go there some day, but just now I am going into the Sierra. You are in time to bid me *bon voyage*. I leave to-morrow for Las Joyas."

Armistead looked as startled as he felt.

"It can't be possible," he said, "that you are going to that place?"

"Not only going, but charmed, enchanted, delighted to go!" she answered gaily. "Why should you think otherwise? Haven't you heard me say again and again how much I have wanted to go out into the Sierra?"

"I have never been able to believe that you were in earnest in saying so."

"Which proves how little you know me. And haven't you also heard me declare that I fell in love with Doña

Victoria when we came up the quebrada together?"

"One allows much for—ah—feminine exaggeration, you know."

"I really don't know; for I am not accustomed either to exaggerate or to be allowed for. As a matter of fact, I meant exactly what I said in both cases; so you may judge whether or not I am pleased to accept an invitation to her hacienda which Doña Victoria has kindly sent me?"

Armistead looked grave.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you should think of going into the enemy's camp."

Miss Rivers lifted her brows.

"The enemy's camp!" she repeated. "I'm afraid I don't understand—whose enemy?"

"Why, mine, of course! You can't have forgotten that I represent a claim which the Calderons are fighting."

"By no means; but surely you have not forgotten that I told you they have my best wishes for their success in the fighting."

"Telling me that and going off to their stronghold is a different matter. Although I regretted the first, I haven't much minded it because—er—"

"You were kindly disposed to overlook the inherent unreasonableness of the feminine mind. I know: you have been good enough to tell me so before."

"Inherent unreasonableness! Oh, no, no! You have mistaken me greatly. I should rather say the delightful enthusiasm, the proneness to be influenced by—er—sympathy."

"All of which means precisely the same thing. Well, unreasonableness, enthusiasm, sympathy, or whatever you will, pray understand that I am a Calderon partisan; and if I could, I would help them to fight for their rights."

Armistead succeeded in achieving a very reproachful expression.

"You would help them against me?" he asked.

"Against you or anybody else who fights for injustice and greed."

The reproachful expression changed rapidly to one of offence.

"I really didn't know that you regarded the matter in quite that light," Armistead said stiffly.

"I regard it exactly in that light, as far as Mr. Trafford is concerned," said Miss Rivers. "Of course I understand that you are acting merely as his agent."

"Reluctantly, I assure you. But, as I have tried to point out to Lloyd—"

"Who has manifested an almost feminine degree of unreasonableness on the subject, I believe."

"A donkey-like obstinacy would be describing it more correctly. Well, as I have tried to point out to him, if I gave up the matter, I should simply do myself an injury and accomplish nothing for the Calderons, since some one else would at once be sent here to conduct the fight against them."

"I remember that you have explained this to me before, and I think that I fully understand your—point of view."

"And the difficulty of my position, I hope—placed as I am between two fires."

"Mr. Trafford is one fire, I suppose; and the other—"

"The other is the fear of alienating your sympathy, of doing what you disapprove."

"Oh, really, you are very kind! But you give too much importance to my opinion," protested Isabel, hastily. "I thought you were going to say that the other fire is the fear of injuring the Calderons, who have been already so deeply injured."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders.

"I confess that I haven't given much thought to the Calderons," he said frankly. "Their feelings and their injuries are altogether outside of my business."

Fortunately for himself, he did not understand the expression with which Miss Rivers regarded him. He was not

the first man who had been unable to see anything beyond the beauty of those deep, brilliant eyes. He leaned forward suddenly.

"Why should we talk of the Calderons?" he asked. "The subject is not an agreeable one, because we do not agree in our view of it, and I would never wish to disagree with you."

"That would be very stupid!" laughed Isabel—a past mistress of the art of fencing. "If we never disagreed, we should soon have nothing to talk about."

"Oh, there are topics!"

"Without doubt. The weather—but that doesn't exist as a topic in Mexico,—not to speak of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. But I think I prefer the Calderons, or rather the Santa Cruz. Have you forgotten that you told me, when you first came to Tópia, that you intended to take possession of the mine by means of a surprise?"

"I have not forgotten, though I am afraid I was indiscreet in confiding my plans to one whose sympathies are with the enemy; although, of course, this does not mean that I imagine for a moment that you would betray my confidence."

If there is such a thing as an inward blush, Miss Rivers was conscious of it at this moment. She had not betrayed his confidence in the letter, but her conscience told her that she had come perilously near to doing so in the spirit; and yet to regret it was impossible.

"I have been thinking of this plan of yours a great deal since I received Doña Victoria's invitation," she said. "You can see for yourself that it makes my position difficult. How can I accept or enjoy her hospitality, with the knowledge that any day, even while I am under her roof, the mine may be taken from her?"

"If it were so, you would have had nothing to do with it."

"Nothing of course, unless it were that I knew and had failed to tell her

all I knew, and that I should be connected by nationality and acquaintance with those who had done it. So"—she smiled, and few indeed were the men who had ever been able to resist that smile—"I want you to promise that you will defer your surprise until after I have made my visit to Las Joyas."

Armistead hesitated a moment, then suddenly saw his way to the advantage of doing a favor at not the least cost to himself.

"How long shall you be at Las Joyas?" he asked.

"Probably a week, then a week in the Sierra—going and coming."

"Two weeks!" he reflected. "It will be inconvenient—my plans are nearly completed for an earlier date,—but since you ask it, for *you* I will promise to wait two weeks before surprising the mine."

"Thank you!" she said gratefully. "You have made my visit possible; for really if you had not promised, I don't see how I could have gone. I should not have been able to enjoy anything, whereas now I shall try to forget about the Santa Cruz."

"I hope that you will forget it," he said significantly. "If I had imagined it possible that you would be going to Las Joyas, I should never have mentioned the mine or my plans to you."

"Please believe that nothing will induce me to say a word of them or of you to Doña Victoria—to any one at Las Joyas," she said earnestly. "I will not even think of the mine if I can avoid it—"

"Don't add that you will not think of me; for if you do I must reconsider my promise."

"On the contrary, I shall think of you as having obliged me very much and helped to give me a great pleasure," she said graciously. "But here comes papa! Papa, did you know Mr. Armistead had returned?"

(To be continued.)

Mary is Our Queen.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I KNOW an island blest—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!*—
Where Mary's servants rest—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
Oh, 'twas beautiful and green
In its robe of morning sheen,
And sweet Mary was its Queen—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

And scattered through the land—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
By river, vale, and strand—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
Ruined fane and forest cell
Still the ancient story tell,
That they loved sweet Mary well—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

Virgins like the rose,—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
Maidens pure as snows,—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
Thick as stars our Marys be,
Yet they keep religiously
One sweet Name untouched for thee, †—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

God bless the olden days!—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
The days of Mary's praise—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
When, a white-robed myriad band,
Saints arose on every hand;
And sweet Mary ruled the land—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

But still to God be praise—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
As in the olden days—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
Ireland's hills are still as green
As through ages they have been,
And sweet Mary is our Queen—
A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

* The Irish of "O Mary Mother of God!"

† The Irish is the only language that, out of respect for the Blessed Virgin, has one form of the name Mary (Mwirra) for her, and another form (Maurya) for ordinary Marys.

God gives us always strength enough
and sense enough for every thing He
wants us to do.—Robertson.

Auricular Confession.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

II.—IN PRIMITIVE TIMES.

IF so much severity was required in early times in the reconciliation of one who had sinned and by his own act given scandal to the faithful, are we to expect that no external ordinance of a similar nature will be required for him who has sinned by an offence known only to himself? In the light of faith we know that a sin, whether committed with the knowledge of others or merely in the secret of the heart, is equally an offence against God, and the sinner must remain guilty till his reconciliation has been brought about. If, then, a public crime necessitated penance and absolution, surely we may infer that secret grievous sin—even should it be only of thought—required an equally efficacious remedy. That such was in reality the belief of the early Christians may be gathered from the authorities about to be adduced.

In the first place, let it be understood that the primitive Fathers when speaking of the Sacrament of Penance use, as a rule, the Greek word *exomologesis*. This is a term which not only embraces confession, but the contrition and satisfaction also which necessarily accompany it, and which form the component parts of penance.

St. Clement (91-100),* a disciple of St. Paul, "whose name is in the Book of Life," speaks thus of confession: "Let us repent, while we are in the world, of those evils we have done in the flesh; for after we have gone out of the world we can no longer make *confession* there or any more do penance."† Here the

* This date and those which follow are generally taken from the chronological table of "Faith of Catholics." The years given are those between which the Father flourished or wrote.

† St. Clem., II Epist., 8. T. i, P. G. Ed. Migne.

saint includes all sins, and not only those crimes subject to public penance.

Hermas, who also lived during the first century, wrote a book usually called "The Pastor," wherein it may be gathered that even at that early time there existed a regular system of penance. When speaking on the Fourth Commandment, he says: "If any one go astray he hath one opportunity of penance."* And whether these words be taken as applicable to public confession or not, it must be granted that the doctrine is admitted. In that collection of ancient canons known as the Apostolic Constitutions, bishops are enjoined to pronounce absolution when penitents present themselves and confess their sins.†

Cardinal Bellarmine, in his monumental work on Controversy, quoting from the works of St. Irenæus (177-202), gives several examples of cases wherein sins were openly acknowledged, though the sins themselves had been made known only by means of auricular confession. The first is that of some women who had repented of a certain secret crime, but who came afterward and did penance in the church. There is also the case of the heretic Cerdon, who, as St. Irenæus relates, came frequently to the church making confession; at one time he remained teaching in secret, and then again making confession (*exomologesis*); but at last, having been denounced for his corrupt teaching, he was excommunicated.‡ Now, as public penance was permitted once only, it follows that Cerdon had been making secret confessions on those several occasions.§

TERTULLIAN AND ORIGEN.

Tertullian (194-216) has left us a whole treatise on penance. He speaks appealingly to sinners in order to con-

* Tom. ii, P. G. Lib. ii, Mand. 4. Ed. Migne.

† Constit. Apos. Lib. ii, c. 18. T. i, P. G. Ed. Migne.

‡ Iren. adv. Hæres. Lib. iii, c. 4. T. vii, P. G. Migne.—St. Irenæus was a disciple of St. Polycarp, who in turn had been a disciple of St. John Ev.

§ Vid. Bellarmine, De Pœnit. Lib. iii, c. 6.

vince them of the necessity of confession, in spite of the false shame inseparable from the act of making one's secret sins known to a priest.* We happen to know for a fact that secret sins were not subject to the ordeal of public self-accusation; and that those public crimes only were allowed to be divulged in the assembly of the faithful which had been submitted to the judgment of a confessor. Hence, in this place, Tertullian could not be speaking only of public but of private confession also.† The following quotation from the same early writer is also to the point: "Let your mind turn to that eternal fire which confession will extinguish; and, that you may not hesitate to adopt the remedy, ponder over the greatness of future punishment. And as you are not ignorant that against that fire the aid of confession has been appointed, why are you an enemy to your own salvation?"‡ An argument which Catholic preachers use as effectively in the twentieth as did Tertullian in the second century. It seems clear that confession in Tertullian's mind was a necessary remedy for mortal sin; and if necessary, as he says, in order to avoid eternal damnation, no discretionary power as to its use or omission could be exercised on the part of the repentant sinner. God in this matter could appoint His own means for granting pardon, and man's part was simply to obey.

Origen (203-254) bears strong witness to the same doctrine and the same practice in various homilies. Let us notice his words upon Leviticus. Having enumerated prayer, almsdeeds, etc., as so many means by which pardon may be gained, he continues: "There is,

besides, a seventh, but it is a severe and arduous mode of obtaining the remission of sins—namely, by penance, when the sinner...blushes not to lay open his sins to the priest of the Lord (the soul's physician), and seek for medicine."* In another homily, after affirming that a confessor is as necessary to a sinner as a cure for a sick man, he adds this piece of practical advice: "Let him be careful in choosing a confessor. Let him select as the physician to whom he is about to disclose his weakness a man who knows how to become weak with the weak, to lament with the sorrowful, and who understands the science of compassion and sympathy...Should he think your disease to be such that it should be declared in the assembly of the faithful, whereby others may be edified and yourself more easily healed, you should consent; but this should be done after much deliberation and with the skilful advice of the physician."† In these words we have not only advice on auricular confession, but also a plain statement that secret confession preceded both public confession and public penance, regulating and modifying them. Surely, these words of Origen can hardly be gainsaid by those who would have us believe that secret confession was merely an outcome of the public practice.‡

OTHER FATHERS.

One of the earliest apologists for the Christian Faith is Minutius Felix (c. A. D. 210). His book, bearing the title "Octavius," has come down to us and illustrates in a remarkable manner the nature of the calumnies urged against Christianity. The story of the conver-

* Origen, Hom. ii, in Levit. 4. T. xii, P. L. Ed. Migne.

† Origen, Hom. ii, in Ps. xxxvii, T. xii. Migne.

* Tert. De Pœnit. c. ix and x.

† Bellarmine, De Pœnit. Lib. iii, c. 6.

‡ Tert. De Pœnit. c. xii. T. i, P. L. Migne.—Tertullian, in speaking of penance, says that "repeated sickness must have repeated medicine"; as public penance was permitted once only, the passage should be taken as referring to repentance by means of private confession. (De Pœnit. c. vii.)

‡ Vid. Billuart, Theolog. Moral. xii, p. 216.—Other striking passages of Origen on this subject may be seen in Hom. x, T. xii, in Num.; and Hom. xvii, T. xiii. Migne, in Lucam. Cardinal Bona says it is heretical to hold that private confession originated from public penance. (Rer. Liturg. ii, 1.)

sation between Minutius and Octavius and their pagan friend Cecilius is of deep interest. In a hot discussion, Cecilius repeated one by one the usual accusations, and among them a calumny originating clearly, according to Baronius and others, from the practice of secret confession. The kneeling down and confessing in a low tone of voice had apparently become known among the pagans; and, being misunderstood by them, they took occasion of it to accuse Christians of a most repulsive form of idolatry.*

St. Cyprian of Carthage (248-258) wrote a work on a subject connected with those who fell during persecution, and in this work he makes frequent allusion to confession. Among other matters he speaks of those who confessed even their secret thoughts to God's priests,—“making a clear and full confession of their conscience and seeking a wholesome remedy, however small and pardonable their failings may have been.”† Now, as has been previously pointed out, sins of thought did not form matter for public confession; hence in this passage we must conclude that the saint is making reference to auricular confession. Continuing his admonitions, St. Cyprian observes: “I entreat you, my brethren, let each one confess his faults... while his confession can be received, and when satisfaction, and pardon imparted by the priests, are acceptable before God,”‡—words which sound like an echo from St. Clement's Epistle, a century earlier.§

The following is the teaching of Lactantius (300-325). Legal circumcision,

* P. L. Tom. iii, pp. 271 and 344. Ed. Migne; also (1) Baronius, *Annales*, Tom. i, A. D. 56.—(2) Lepicier, “*Indulgences*,” note on p. 110.—(3) “*Butler's Lives of Saints*,” S. Cecilius, June 3.—Cf. Tertullian's remark that it is part of penance “to cast oneself on the ground before the priests, the beloved of God.” (*De Pœnit.* c. ix.)

† *Cypr. De Lapsis*, c. xxviii, P. L. T. iv. Migne.

‡ *Ibid.*, c. xix.

§ *Vid. supra*, quotation from St. Clement.

he maintains, was symbolical of penance; so that if we would cleanse our hearts, we must lay bare the secrets of the soul by confession, and so obtain pardon. Furthermore, he contends that the Catholic Church is distinguished from heretical sects by this very practice of confession and penance.*

THE GREEK FATHERS.

Passing on to a Greek Catholic Father, St. Basil (369-379), we find him saying: “In the confession of sins the same method must be observed as in disclosing the infirmities of the body; for as these are not rashly made known to every one, but to those only who understand by what method they are to be cured, so the confession of sins must be made to such persons as have the power to apply a remedy.”† Later on he tells us who those persons are: “Our sins must be confessed to those to whom has been committed the dispensation of the mysteries of God.”‡ The same holy doctor, in regulating penitential discipline in the East, declares that, in accordance with the teaching of the Fathers, sins of adultery should not be made public, for fear of the serious consequences which might ensue.§

It is not possible here to insert the numerous quotations from all the Fathers who teach that sacramental confession is of divine authority in the Church of God; but a few striking references from St. John Chrysostom (397-407) can not well be passed over.||

* *Instit. L.* iv, c. 17, P. L. T. vi. Ed. Migne. Translated in vol. iii, “*Faith of Catholics*.”

† Basil, in *Reg. Brev. quæst.* ccxxix. T. ii. Ed. Benedictina.

‡ *Ibid.*, cclxxxviii.

§ Basil, *Ep. excix*, ad Amphilocho. Can. 34, T. iii. Ed. Benedictina.

|| Translated passages on confession from the following Fathers may be found in vol. iii of that great work “*Faith of Catholics*”: SS. Gregory of Nyssa, James of Nisibis, Ephrem, Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory Nazianzen, Innocent I., Leo I., Prosper, Nilus, Gregory the Great, John Climacus, Bede,—representing the belief of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries.

In his 30th Homily he says: "Lo! we have now, at length, reached the close of holy Lent; now especially we must press forward in the career of fasting... and exhibit a full and accurate confession of our sins.... For as the enemy knows that having confessed our sins and shown our wounds to the physician, we attain to a perfect cure, he in an especial manner opposes us."* Again he says: "Do not confess to me only... those things that are manifest among men, but... also thy secret calumnies," etc.† In his work "On the Priesthood," the saint constantly refers to the wonderful power possessed by priests to absolve sin.‡

Here it may be noted that in some incidental passages of his works, St. Chrysostom affirms that confession to God alone is necessary, and it is on these particular passages that non-Catholics rely when opposing our teaching on this subject.§ But of these passages, suffice it to say that some are addressed to catechumens, who had not necessarily to confess; others refer to a public disclosure before undertaking public penance; others, which concern in some way secret confession, are to be explained either of the preliminary preparation made before God in prayer, or of the confession itself, which (although made to a priest) in a strict sense is made to God alone. If one bears in mind the many passages of the saint's works which contain clear and decisive teaching on the duty of confession, it is obvious that this great

doctor differed in no respect, on a point of general belief, from his contemporaries and predecessors.

SS. AMBROSE AND AUGUSTINE.

A very beautiful trait in the character of St. Ambrose (374-397) has been described to us by Paulinus, the saint's secretary. It is said that when he was engaged in hearing the confessions, so great was his sympathy and compassion that he wept over his penitents, and by his tenderness drew tears from the sinner. Of the sins confessed, Paulinus says, he spoke to no one but God.*

This long catena of witnesses to the doctrine of auricular confession, during the first centuries of the Church, can not be more fittingly brought to a close than by quoting the words of St. Augustine (391-430): "As we are never free from the wounds of sin, so should the remedies of confession be never wanting. God does not demand from us the confession of our sins on account of His ignorance of them: He desires that we confess our sins in this life that we may not be confounded for them hereafter."†

FURTHER PROOFS.

If an additional proof were wanting to what has already been said, the unchanged practice of Eastern schismatics might be adduced. Some of these sects broke off from Catholic unity as early as the fourth century, yet they retain confession as one of their most sacred ordinances.‡ Among the Copts, for instance, the penitent has to render an account to the priest of all his thoughts and actions.§ And, according to the present discipline of the Russian Church, the penitent is expected to make

* Hom. xxx in Genes., p. 273, T. L. iii, P. G. Ed. Migne.

† Ibid. Comment. in St. Matt. T. vii, vid. transl. in Card. Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," p. 397.

‡ Joan Chry. De Sacerdotio, Lib. iii, c. 5. T. xlvii, P. G. Ed. Migne. Vid. also quotations in (1) Billuart, Teolog. Mor., xii, p. 218, and (2) references vol. lxiv, p. 202, P. G. Ed. Migne.

§ A discussion is still in progress on St. Chrysostom and regular secret confession, between Bp. Egger of St. Gall and the non-Catholic Bp. Herzog. (Revue Internat. de Théologie, Jan.-Mars, 1902.)

* In Vita S. Ambrosii, n. 39. T. xiv, P. L. Ed. Migne. Vid. Billuart, vol. xii, p. 232.

† S. Aug. Ser. ccliii, in append. T. xxxix. Ed. Migne.

‡ Card. Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," p. 401.

§ Butler's "Ancient Coptic Churches," vol. ii, c. vii.

clear to his confessor the nature and degree of the greater sins.*

From the many different authorities that have been quoted in this article, it is hoped that it will appear clear to all intelligent readers that the practice of secret, or auricular, confession has come down to us from the times of the very Apostles themselves. That public confession before the assembled faithful was made at certain times and in particular places no one can deny; but it is equally certain that sacramental, or private, confession, which had been instituted by Christ, always preceded it. Sacramental confession, in this sense, being of divine right, has subsisted and will subsist in all ages; public confession, on the other hand, being of ecclesiastical origin, after remaining in use for a limited time was discontinued, for good and sufficient reasons, by the same authority by which it had been introduced and regulated. †

Finally, perhaps the strongest argument in favor of our contention is to be found in the fact that throughout the twenty centuries of the Church's life there is a complete absence of opposition to the practice of auricular confession on the part of both clergy and laity. It is simply inexplicable that a burden so onerous as that which (under pain of eternal damnation) binds all Christians, be they kings, princes, priests, bishops, or even the Pope himself, to confess their most secret and heinous sins to a priest, could have been introduced by any human agency into the Church without protest or contradiction. Down to the time of the rise of Protestantism, no opposition to the practice of auricular confession, so hard to flesh

and blood, can be seriously produced.* Is it not lawful, therefore, to conclude that a practice so alien to man's pride, so impossible for human authority to impose, has its source in Christ's institution alone?

The ignorant objection that obligatory sacramental confession arose only in the thirteenth century is scarcely worthy of notice. That the Fourth Council of the Lateran passed a decree in 1215 binding the faithful to confess their sins at least once a year, is a fact of history; but this very decree supposes the practice of confession, and merely legislates for the limit of time beyond which Catholics may not go unconfessed.

The need of confession and of the assurance of some sort of pardon are making themselves felt even in bodies outside the pale of the Catholic Church. This is especially the case with advanced Anglicans, who nowadays endeavor to practise confession on the lines laid down by Catholic theologians. And the "experience meetings," so common among Methodists, are frequently little less than a detailed confession of sin.

In conclusion, let it again be affirmed that auricular confession, as the adequate and proper fulfilment of the divine command, has always been the doctrine of the Catholic Church. That same teaching was insisted on by the Council of Trent; it is taught now, and will continue to be taught till the last of the faithful, needing to be cleansed in Christ's Blood in the Sacrament of Penance, shall have passed from earth to heaven.

* The Novatian heretics held it to be a dishonor to God for the Church to forgive certain sins; but at that time confession was everywhere practised, and Catholics regarded the opinion as heretical. On this matter the Novatians were combated by St. Ambrose. (Munford's "Catholic Scripturist," p. 93; also St. Liguori's "Council of Trent," p. 214.)

* Palmer's "Russian Church," chapter lxvii.

† Cf. note in Berington's "Faith of Catholics," p. 311.—That confession was practised in the early Celtic Church is clear from the Life of St. Columba by Adamnan. The "soul friend" of the Columban Church was neither more nor less than the Father confessor of our own days.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—*Abbé Roux.*

The Downfall of a Tyrant.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE village of Hilltop was a limited monarchy, tyrannized over by a green and white despot in the shape of a teapot, which was popularly supposed to have come over in the *Mayflower* with one of Mrs. Floyd's forebears. The summer visitors did not know what a forebear was,—one of them thinking it an aboriginal animal of high degree. But they knew all about the *Mayflower*—or thought they did,—and they gazed upon the relic with awe as at stated times during the summer they drank Mrs. Floyd's weak tea at ten cents a cup, for the benefit of some worthy object. Once the dimes were invested in a pretty bonnet for the minister's wife; again, the old tombstones in the graveyard were cleaned and propped up. It was difficult to find ways for the money to go; for the Hilltoppers were a frugal and a thrifty folk, and well able to look after their own charities. But the various functions furnished an excuse for displaying the village idol, and provided at the same time a mild excitement for both visitors and residents.

As the summer waned there was a universal opinion expressed that the last of these entertainments should excel all the rest, with tickets at fifteen cents, and some one to talk about something or other. The rotund little professor from California referred tentatively to the big redwood trees, but no one heard him. In some way the talk must relate to teapots; and the village teapot, the cherished *Mayflower* souvenir, should queen it upon the occasion.

At last a happy thought seized one of the committee of arrangements. The great Mr. X, archæologist, traveller and expert in the plastic art, was stopping at the big hotel on the other side of the

mountain. Could he not be secured to deliver his address upon Ceramics? A brief correspondence divulged the fact that he could: that he would be pleased to talk to the people of Hilltop in Mrs. Floyd's parlor, or other place, on any afternoon they might designate. He, however, politely forbade them to make the occasion one for raising money for any object, no matter how laudable.

"Invite your townspeople," he said. "I have a special fondness for Hilltop, and hereby beg leave to subscribe one hundred dollars to its Society for Village Improvement."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the astonished committee.

"It do beat all!" remarked Grandsir Floyd (pronounced Flood by the older people).

Invitations were promptly sent out as soon as a list was prepared.

"Shall we ask Mrs. Duncan?"—that was the burning question.

Mrs. Duncan, a widow, the new owner of an abandoned farm at the east end of the village, had never offended the proprietaries, and was undoubtedly an educated woman of great refinement. So far so good; but on Sunday morning, rain or shine, she drove through Hilltop, bound for the Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, over at the Beach. Now, the Hilltoppers, out of deference to the teapot, drew the line at Catholics.

"Can we," they asked, "who have in our midst the very utensil in which a Pilgrim Mother, if not a Father, brewed her tea, countenance one who upholds the vile tyranny from which they fled?"

"Who hung the Salem witches?" inquired Grandsir Floyd, and was promptly suppressed.

It was finally concluded to ignore Mrs. Duncan. Some of the more timorous of the committee ventured to speak in her behalf, mentioning the generosity she had always shown when tickets were for sale, the diphtheria cases she had nursed, the flowers she had sent

the minister's little boy all through a long fever; but the belligerent element prevailed.

"It's a matter of principle," said Mrs. Floyd.

"Yes, of principle!" echoed the others, thinking of the teapot and Governor Bradford.

The minister, to do him justice, was upon the side of the dissenters, and momentarily rose above his faith:

"She was wonderfully kind to Willie—"

"Mr. Hopkins, I'm surprised at such sentiments!" interrupted Mrs. Floyd; and the minister meekly sat down and said no more.

The teapot was greater than the minister in that community.

"Who will entertain him?" asked one,—the "him" referring to the lecturer.

"I," said Mrs. Floyd.

"I," said the sparrow,

'With my bow and arrow,'"

quoth Mr. Floyd, in reminiscent mood.

"As the possessor of a valuable relic of the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers, it is meet that Mrs. Floyd be hostess of our distinguished guest," remarked the minister, who had forgotten Willie, and remembered only that the teapot's owner paid the largest pew rent of any one in Hilltop.

So it was settled. The lecture and succeeding reception were to be in the town hall; Mr. X was to partake of the hospitality of Mrs. Floyd, and Mrs. Duncan was to be ignored.

Mrs. Duncan stopped the next morning to leave some lilies for Willie, and he told her the great news; but she did not seem surprised.

"He knows a great deal about pottery and porcelain," she remarked, "and he is a pleasant talker. I shall be very glad to hear him."

Just then Willie, suddenly remembering the peculiar state of things, thought best to change the subject.

The afternoon of the last Thursday in August arrived, as all days will if one

waits long enough. The hall was brave in its garnishing; the summer people, and all-the-year people as well, waited in their best gowns or frock-coats, according to their sex; and the teapot was ensconced upon a marble-topped stand, close to the conventional water-pitcher and one of Mrs. Floyd's best tumblers. There was no delay. Mr. X, as befitted one accustomed to keep engagements, was on time to the minute, driving up in a smart Stanhope, with a man in livery sitting on the rumble behind. This bit of worldliness caused the townspeople to draw their breath in rapture; the lecturer was received "like a crowned head," as one lady remarked, curtesying low in a way which caused Grandsir Floyd to flourish his cane in the air and break out into a song about "Brave Wolfe."

The lecture—or talk, as you please—was received with rapt attention. If at times it soared over the understanding of the listeners, that was put down to its credit. On through the ages the pleasant narrative ran; while Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman and modern specimens of the potter's art were brought forth from strong cases and passed from hand to hand. Lastly it treated of colonial and early American china, and came gracefully to an end.

"Now, if any one has any questions to ask," gently said the speaker.

Mrs. Floyd's time had come, and she promptly arose.

"You see," she said, "the green and white teapot on the stand! We are not quite sure about its marks. How old should you call it?"

Now the teapot was to assert itself, to prove its claims beyond cavil.

Mr. X picked it up.

"It is a very fine specimen of sprigged porcelain," he said; "made in France about seventy-five years ago."

A murmur ran through the room. Hilltop believed in the teapot; so Mr. X must be at fault.

"That teapot," said Mrs. Floyd loudly, apparent indignation struggling with pride, "came over in the *Mayflower!*"

"My very dear madam," replied the lecturer, "there wasn't a teapot in the *Mayflower*, nor a teacup, nor a china dish of any sort; neither the people of England nor the colonies drank tea until many years after the Pilgrims landed."

Grandsir Floyd was one of those deaf people who hear when they choose; and he heard, though dimly comprehending, the speaker's words; and, with an exultant "He landed at Quebec!" threw his stout walking-stick at the teapot and shattered it into a hundred pieces.

Chroniclers know everything, and I happen to know at just which curio shop in Portsmouth Mrs. Floyd bought her beautifully-sprigged treasure, and understand why her grief was not greater when it was broken past mending. The memory of the pretty humbug would still be her possession; and, though she had made the mistake of her life in thinking she could deceive Mr. X, it would be easy enough to say, after he was gone, that even experts were liable to be mistaken. One triumph remained to her.

"You are to go home with me," she said to the distinguished lion of the occasion, after a social half hour which he had spent in trying to extricate himself with dignity from admiring groups of ladies.

"I should be delighted," he answered; "but my sister is looking for me."

"Your sister!"

"Yes: Mrs. Duncan. I suppose you know her. I can not understand why she is not here to-day."

"They forgot to invite her," announced Grandsir Floyd, having emerged from the disgrace into which his latest exploit had plunged him.

"My mother lived here when a child," Mr. X went on. "The farm my sister has bought was our grandfather's. I have a real love for Hilltop, so has she;

and I trust you will all be neighborly, for we are to settle down here in the old home."

Then another vision of the glittering equipage, a word of parting, a kindly smile—and he was gone!

Mrs. Duncan had many calls during the next week, but she was in no hurry to return them. She took some excusable delight, however, in watching the faces of her visitors when her brother referred to the cargo of the *Mayflower*.

The reign of the teapot was over.

A Place without a Name.

LONGFELLOW, in his "Golden Legend," makes Lucifer, hovering at night over the city, say:

I have more martyrs here, within these walls,
Than God has; and their lives are full of pain,
Wild agonies of nerve and brain.

What I have to relate is of the happenings that belong to the border-land where we wonder if the senses are deluded or if the universe holds undefined and terrible powers. I speak purely from the point of an observer, and do not presume to pass any judgment on what these may mean, either as scientific or moral facts.

There is a place in this continent sad beyond expression. You might look upon its gardens and fields from the heights that surround it, and see it embowered in rich foliage, a picture of plenty and beauty. Live there, and you find it possible to realize the existence of an evil spirit.

For fifty-three years, during which the valley has been settled, no service has ever been held in honor of the True God, publicly; nor could it now be done in safety by any one. Persons have tried to teach the truths of Christianity; but they have, as far as I know, left after various unpleasant experiences. Purity is regarded as an "iridescent dream." Yet it occasionally exists for a time.

But the chronicles of the Nameless Valley must remain unwritten: they are not the matter of which it is profitable to make a record for family reading. One of its hallowed memories is of a day when, long since, a wagon train of emigrants was captured,—men, women and children cruelly slaughtered, their bodies stripped and left to the wolves.

Children are proudly named after the author of this crime, but—of one of the party this was commonly known: he never dared to be alone. He died a year ago, after a life whose iniquity must forever remain unrevealed, but a leader of his party to the last. Another, still living, is of intemperate habits; and at such times complains pitifully that he sees the face of a girl whose story he tells.

He was but eighteen when ordered to the work of murder. A fair girl ran up to him and begged for mercy. He tried to save her life, but his companions drew their guns upon him and compelled him to cut her throat according to orders. But she does not leave him to forget, though he is now very old. The people there believe their bodies to be the "tabernacles" of lost spirits, who, through human birth, come into the "kingdom." What is seen of their works in the flesh does not, however, bear witness to their redemption,—quite otherwise.

While the place is the headquarters for a great variety of dangerous criminals, it does not report to the papers the theft of stock by herds or the disappearance of the unwary stranger. There is not a State in the Union which may not have representatives there, temporarily embarrassed by the nature of their pursuits. Yet with all this license happiness does not exist. Pain haunts the place, an ever-present demon.

One incident is characteristic. A married woman who came there went astray and left her home. She died under very sad circumstances. The

night of her death she appeared to her husband, her hair flying wild. "Look," she said, "how they have left me, after all I have done for them!"

My own knowledge of her was less than limited, and she was personally hostile to me, having been told that I disapproved of her actions. Yet she came to me in a dream, expressing sorrow beyond words, and bespeaking an aching sense of pity I could not help. I thought I told her that God was Infinite Compassion, but she gave me to understand that there was no way open for her. This might be traced to imagination, yet I had no thought of her in my mind when this happened.

Another time I saw women who passed me in a procession, each face partially blackened,—young, handsome and well dressed. "And every face a heart-break!" said a woman beside me. It was true: one saw on each countenance an expression of such woe that it could not be described. It pierced to the very soul.

I learned later that—call this what you will, hallucination or vision—facts were happening that made it true. At the time I knew nothing of those facts. I lived for many years within thirty miles of this place, yet I did not know, until a short time before I left the neighborhood, of the real condition of affairs, so close was the secret kept. It has been a mystery to others that, after learning the truth, we ever got away alive. We had about us an ordinary Western settlement, neither better nor worse than the average, now practically in despair. There are very many places in the same or worse conditions. Would not a little missionary labor be desirable,—that is, if the missionary desired martyrdom, as we know that spiritually-minded people who face the danger do desire it?

There is no law there but the law of strength or of craft; and this is one of the results which flow from the abolition

of Christian doctrine: that in time, as it disappears, the laws growing from a recognition of the spirit of Christ—laws guarding life, honor and property—will be abolished practically, and only remain as written curiosities. Does not the thinking world begin to realize that a movement in that direction is now perceptible in public life?

We are on the verge, as a nation, of adopting one of the seven deadly sins into our official life. Perhaps portents and warnings are due.

M. M. R.

The Ascension of Our Lord.

ONE would think that the Apostles must have felt a certain sadness darken their souls whenever, after the resurrection, Our Lord appeared among them and conversed with them. For as they gazed into His eyes and watched His heavenly smile, and listened to the words of wisdom that fell from His adorable lips, the consciousness of their approaching separation must have forced itself upon them; and knowing, as they must have known, how uncertain and fraught with trials the future was to be to them, this consciousness could not help, from its very nature, but be sad and dispiriting. True, they had faith in His promises, and had nerved themselves for the parting; still, the household is lonely when the master is no longer there, and the flock is desolate when the shepherd has left them.

Peter, repentant for his weak and bitter sin, must have endeavored in those days to treasure in his memory every word that fell from the lips which the cowardice of his denial had touched with even a deeper sadness than was usual to their expression; he must have been continually seeking new proofs of forgiveness in the compassionate eyes. And John, keeping very near to Jesus always, must now have grown specially solicitous of each token of affection that

his Saviour gave. And how was it with Mary, His own Mother? Let us be sure that she saw Him many times, and conversed with Him, finding compensation for the past and consolation for the future in the sweetness of those last days.

And when the day was at length come, we can imagine the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that filled the hearts of the disciples as they proposed to accompany Him to Mount Olivet,—joy that His glory was to be manifested to them, and through them to the world; sorrow that they were to lose Him from their lives.

They stood upon the mountain height at last. Standing in the midst, He conversed with them upon the future of the Church; bidding them prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit, who would give them light and strength to bear witness to Him in the uttermost parts of the earth; for He knew their human nature and how weak it was. And as moment followed moment, and the flush of sorrowing expectation arose on every cheek, the divine light that ever shone in His countenance grew more beautiful and radiant still. As they looked up at Him a cloud encircled Him and He was lifted from the earth and gradually lost to their gaze in the clouds of heaven. "And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel." And after the angels had spoken to them, they turned from the spot to go down into Jerusalem, without Him who had been their Lord and Master for three wonderful years,—alone, and not alone; without the blessing and delight of His bodily presence it is true, but with the promises He had left them, with the seed He had planted in their souls, needing but a breath to complete its fructification—the breath of the Holy Spirit.

And so they returned sadly, yet hopefully, into the city and awaited the

coming of the Holy Spirit, who was to sanctify them for their great work; to transform them, who had been the most insignificant of men, into apostles of the ages and soldiers of Christianity; to nerve them for the mighty contest which was so soon to make barren fields of the world's greatest kingdoms; to strengthen them for the martyrdom of the sword and the crucifixion and the caldron of boiling oil.

And so, in like manner, coming down from Olivet and the scene of this ascension, we should await in silence and recollection the coming of the Holy Ghost, whose gifts, if we so receive them, will be our shield as well as our weapon in the great battle of soul and body unto the end.

Individual Cult of Mary.

THE advent of May, and of the special exercises which throughout its progress unite the Catholics of the world in daily suppliance at Our Lady's altar, renders this a timely season for examining with some particularity the genuineness and extent of our personal devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the quality and quantity of our individual cult of Mary. Of the perfect congruity, propriety and justice of our according to God's Mother a veneration inferior only to the supreme worship due to God Himself, we do not, of course, need to be convinced. Every Catholic child is aware of the incomparable prerogatives which give the Blessed Virgin an indubitable right to a degree of reverence far and away higher than may be claimed by any other creature; just as he knows that his Heavenly Mother is, nevertheless, a finite being, in every respect inferior to the infinite, illimitable being of God. "Above her is God only, below her is all that is not God," as St. Bernardine of Siena says.

No really honest and well-informed non-Catholic, nowadays, persists in

charging us with Mariolatry,—with offering to the Blessed Virgin veritable worship such as we owe and render to the Godhead; the most that such an opponent will maintain is that our veneration of Mary, although different in kind from the homage of adoration which we pay to God, is still excessive; that our reliance upon her assistance is unwarranted, that our love of her is exaggerated. Now, a strict examination of our daily life, and of the rôle which devotion to Our Lady habitually plays therein, will probably convince most of us that, unfortunately, we are not so open to these latter accusations as in strict propriety we ought to be. While it is, of course, eminently proper that the charge of Mariolatry should be repelled as false and calumnious, it is distinctly regrettable that, in their character of children of Mary, individual Catholics do not give more color to the charge than is commonly the case. Our personal devotion to the Blessed Virgin is far more likely to be defective than excessive.

As a matter of indubitable fact, once we protest our conviction that Mary is inferior to God, that she has no power save what she derives from God, that she is entirely dependent on God for her existence, her privileges, her grace and her glory,—once we make this clear, and add that all our prayers to her are petitions for her *intercession*, are prayers for her prayers to God in our behalf, then there need be no limit to the homage we pay her, the confidence we repose in her, the love we bear her. The greater and more sincere our homage, confidence, and love for God's Mother, the closer are we drawn to her Divine Son, and the more faithfully do we walk in His footsteps.

The truly appropriate attitude of every Catholic toward Mary is that of an affectionate child toward its natural mother. "Amen I say unto you," Our Lord declared to His disciples, "unless

you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven"; and the history of the Marian cult in every century of the Christian era teaches the lesson that unless we view our Heavenly Mother with the genuine affection and the unbounded confidence of unsophisticated childhood, we are depriving ourselves of a most effective aid in the prosecution of a truly Christian life. She is our Mother, our model, our advocate. Our confidence in her should be proportionate to our veneration.

Theoretically, we all possess this confidence. We yield our intellectual assent to the proposition that since Jesus gave us Mary for our own Mother, she merits our fond and unflinching trust. But is our practice quite consistent with our theory? In the thousand and one crosses, trials, griefs, worries, temptations, heart-sinkings and discouragements that beset us daily, do we turn to Mary for aid and comfort as instinctively as the troubled child seeks its loving mother? When confronted with sudden perils and dangers unforeseen, does an ejaculatory prayer to the Mother of fair love and of holy hope arise unbidden to our lips? Do we habitually confide to her our sorrows and our struggles, with the firm conviction that she will comfort the one and strengthen us for the other? If not, we are no true children of Mary; and the exercises of the present month may well be offered with the intention of meriting the grace really to become such.

CHILDREN are often overanxious and acutely sensitive. Man ought to be man and master of his fate, but children are at the mercy of those around them. Mr. Rarcy, the great horse-tamer, has told us that he has known an angry word to raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Think, then, what must be the effect of an angry word on a child!—*Lubbock*.

Notes and Remarks.

If all non-Catholic writers who concern themselves with the doctrines of the Church were like the Rev. Spencer Jones, Anglican rector of Batsford, England, Catholics would have no cause to complain of false witness; and, it may be confidently asserted, there would soon be an end of religious controversy. His remarkably able and interesting book, "England and the Holy See," shows that he has taken pains thoroughly to inform himself about the Catholic doctrines there discussed,—discussed with a fearlessness and fair-mindedness worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Jones is plainly a lover of truth, the interests of which are his only concern. His object is to prove to his coreligionists that a right understanding of the controverted doctrines of the Church constitutes the greatest help to reunion, whereas the travesties of Catholic doctrine as propagated by the Protestant pulpit and the secular and religious press are the greatest obstacle. In the course of an excellent review of Mr. Jones' book the *London Tablet* appositely remarks:

It is, of course, an unhappy truism that in the vast majority of cases the "Romanism" attacked by Protestants is but a wretched caricature of the beliefs which the Church really holds and teaches. If our beliefs were anything in the least like what such Protestants imagine them to be, they would deserve all the opposition and all the reprobation which Protestants, conscientious and otherwise, could direct against them. As a matter of fact, there is about the same difference as that which exists between Christianity as pictured by Ingersoll or Voltaire and Christianity as known to the faithful believer. Hence, as Mr. Jones very aptly puts it, an Anglican, misled by such travesties, is often very right in opposing, but quite wrong as to the belief which he opposes. The obvious remedy for such misconception is the patient fairness and judicial honesty which determines at any cost to get at the authentic meaning of the doctrine under discussion, and which does not rest content until it has gone straight to headquarters in order to obtain it. Of this, the only Christian and straightforward method of inquiry, the chapters of Mr. Jones' book are in themselves an excellent

illustration. Non-Catholics will see in them how wondrously much the magic of a little charity and intelligent good-will can do to strip their favorite notions of Catholic belief of their most repellent aspects, and reveal them in all the simplicity and sweetness of a reasonable service. There are chapters on the Jesuits and on the Roman Congregations which Catholics themselves may read with much edification and profit; and which a certain few amongst them might do well to digest, even if in doing so their cheeks should burn with shame in the thought that it has been given to one outside the fold to see and to grasp what they, children of the Church as they are, in the pettiness and peevishness of their worldliness and insularity, have failed to appreciate.

It is to be hoped that this remarkable work may have many readers among our separated brethren, especially Anglicans; and that some chapters of it may attract the attention of a certain class of Catholics whose Mivartizing Latitudinarianism, as it might be designated—*Liberalismus*,—has so often been animadverted upon in these pages.

Correspondents writing from Manila and other places in the Philippines have often referred to the pure morals and deep piety of the civilized natives. In passing along the streets of Manila at night, we are told, one may hear families reciting their prayers in common,—praying God to deliver them from their enemies and to have mercy on those who persecute them. A Catholic missionary in Cape Colony writes of the Boers: "In every house a chapter from the Scriptures is read every evening, with singing and prayer; this not alone on Sundays, but every day alike. This is done whether there are guests present or not. I have very often been asked to read the chapter from the Bible and to offer prayer, which I was naturally always willing to do. On Sunday every family rides to church; and when the distances are too great, the neighbors within five or ten miles assemble at a farm, chosen beforehand, to hold public worship in common. But every family travels to church at least twice a year,

however great the distance may be. The journey often lasts several days, so that the visitors to the church spend a week or longer in their wagons and tents. The Boers are Protestants and I am a Roman Catholic priest, but I speak of them just as I have found them."

God is patient because He is eternal. But the day of retribution seems to have already dawned for England, and sooner or later it will surely come for the United States.

The assertion made by Dom Edmonds in his learned articles on "Auricular Confession" in apostolic and primitive times, that the need of confession and of the assurance of some sort of pardon are making themselves felt even in bodies outside of the pale of the Church, is borne out by a sermon delivered in Baltimore a week or two ago by the Anglican Bishop Grafton. Preaching on the prophetic, priestly and kingly ministrations of Christ, he urged his hearers to "go to confession."—"One of the best means of overcoming temptation and of keeping the soul pure is in going to confession. I have gone to confession ever since I was young, and I would not think of giving it up."

Thus it is that those outside the Church are slowly beginning to realize what a great help to sanctification and salvation was forfeited by the religious revolt of the sixteenth century.

The *Catholic Citizen* publishes a long letter "from an American gentleman now travelling in the Philippines," who confirms the statement made several months ago in this magazine to the effect that the public schools of Manila have been placed in charge of Protestant clergymen. The Rev. F. W. Atkinson is superintendent of schools for the whole archipelago; the Rev. M. S. Stone is superintendent for Manila; the Rev. E. P. Bryan, who has often bitterly denounced the friars and the Church

from a Protestant pulpit, is superintendent of normal schools. There are just two American Catholic teachers in Manila and seventy Protestant teachers. Not one Catholic is to be found in the normal schools in which natives are being "trained." The correspondent was proudly informed by one teacher that "nearly all her pupils had been induced to attend her Sunday-school classes." "The bigoted principal of the chief school in the walled-in city (a Mr. Oliver) said the other day that the sight of any Catholic priest makes him crazy, and he always feels like wringing their necks when he meets them on the streets." Native teachers who apostatize receive preferred places and higher salaries than others.

These are some of the surprising statements made by this American traveller. Whether they are exaggerated or not, the truth is that the minds of American Catholics are ill at ease regarding the situation in the Philippines, and nothing short of a thorough investigation will allay their apprehensions. There is no Archbishop of Manila now, and it would be a sorry business if the Church or the Filipinos suffered detriment through the schools, with American Catholics supinely looking on.

The vulgarity of a certain class of Americans has become active regarding the coming coronation of King Edward, and in return English contemptuousness has not altogether succeeded in concealing itself. It is said that some of our countrywomen are spending fabulous sums on costumes and jewelry, and a king's ransom is not thought too high a price to pay for the privilege of looking upon the making of a king. Things have gone far astray, it would seem, since the day when Jefferson rode on horseback and unattended to the Capitol to take the oath of the presidential office; and republican simplicity is now only a phrase. Yet there is doubtless enough

of it left among good Americans to fill them with comfort at the rebuff which our yellow pushes have suffered. "There must be no admittance for the representatives—male or female—of foreign shoddyism," says the editor of *London Truth*. We can bear this particular bit of British exclusiveness with a good deal of fortitude.

Love for the saints of the Church among non-Catholics is one of the signs of the times. Mrs. Jameson wrote of St. Charles Borromeo, "He was a saint that Jews might bless and Protestants revere"; and perhaps no English writer has done more to make the saints of God's Church known to outsiders than this gentle art critic. Be this as it may, devotion to the saints among Protestants has greatly increased, and in consequence many a one is asking himself: What of the tree that produces such wondrous fruit? Strange as it seems to those within the Fold, the saint having the strongest attraction for our separated brethren is "the Poor Man of Assisi." No doubt much of what is said and written nowadays about "the sweet St. Francis" is mere sentiment; but the appreciation of him by the Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, of the Protestant Episcopal body—the latest appreciation of St. Francis,—is of a different order. Few non-Catholics have written of him in this strain:

He had an iron will, indomitable courage and constancy, combined with a wonderful meekness and humility. Men of strong will are often hard and masterful, but in St. Francis firmness was combined with sweetness; an inflexible purpose with great gentleness of execution; a high ideal with a large charity; a horror of sin with unfailing mercy for the sinner. His love for men knew no limits. In everyone he saw one for whom Christ died and for whom he was willing to die. There was nothing he was not willing to do for the weakest and the worst. To the sick and the sorrowful he was tender as a mother. But it was the poor who especially claimed his heart. In every poor man he saw an image of Christ and a possible reflection of Christ. Everything that interested his fellowmen interested him—the

aspirations of the people, their struggles for freedom, their literature, their song, their amusements, the trials of their daily lives, moved his ever-ready sympathy. Perhaps no other man, unless it was St. Paul, ever had such a wide-reaching, all-embracing sympathy. And it may have been even wider than St. Paul's; for we have no evidence in him of a love for nature and for animals.

Not less noteworthy as a sign of the times are the eager welcomes which books such as the one from which these lines are quoted receive from the reading public, and the sympathetic treatment of them at the hands of the reviewers. Writing of Dr. McIlvaine's work in a leading daily newspaper, a reviewer says: "It is welcome to the lovers of humanity in its highest developments. Those who love to read of a holy, high and noble life should read Dr. McIlvaine's book. If they do not rise from the reading bettered and strengthened in ideal and purpose, there is no appeal that could have power to reach them."

We do not, of course, recommend this book to Catholic readers. There are incomparably better lives of St. Francis; as, for instance, the work by the Abbé Lemonnier.

Silver jubilees of all sorts are common enough, but rarely do such occasions excite general interest or more than local enthusiasm. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, however, is a notable exception. The influence of his voice and pen has been so beneficent and far-reaching, he is so widely known and so highly esteemed, it was but natural that his Silver Jubilee should be regarded as an event of unusual interest and observed with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It drew together from all parts of the United States a large number of eminent priests and prelates, all eager to offer their congratulations and good wishes; and from distant lands came greetings no less cordial, and felicitations no less sincere.

It is not always the case that men are

held in highest esteem and most beloved where they are best known. Nowhere, however, are the worth and work of Bishop Spalding more thoroughly appreciated than in the fair city of Peoria, whose name is forever associated with his own, and where for a quarter of a century his presence and example have been an inspiration and a benediction. By his books the Bishop has multiplied himself, and in innumerable places outside of the city and diocese of Peoria they take his personal place, enunciating the highest truths, teaching the most needful lessons, inspiring the noblest enthusiasm. Let us hope that an influence so great and so ennobling may be exerted for many years to come.

The Holy See is generally credited with a pretty thorough knowledge of the religious and politico-religious conditions of the world generally, and of the European world in particular. For this reason one sentence of the Pope's address to the pastors of Paris who attended his Jubilee celebration may, perhaps, convince a number of sapient cisatlantic critics that their persistent pooh-poohing the idea that French Freemasonry is at all as active or as pernicious as Catholic French publicists and others declare it to be is simply an unnecessary exhibition of ignorance. "Work," said the Holy Father to the Parisian *curés*, "to rid yourselves of the yoke of Freemasonry. The blessing of the Pope and the exhortations of the parish priests will succeed in effecting this result, which is the most ardent wish of my heart."

The London *Tablet* observes that the honor of producing the first martyrs of the twentieth century belongs to Brazil. On the 15th of April, 1901, several Capuchin missionaries and some Italian nuns were massacred at Alto Allegre by the pagan Indians whom they had gone out to evangelize.



May Promises.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

LADY of the joyous Maytime,
Help us honor thee aright;
Hold our thoughts throughout the daytime,
Visit us in dreams at night.

Like the sunshine warmer glowing
With each swift succeeding day,
Let thy favor ever growing
Bless thy children through the May.

May sweet visits to thine altar,
Decked with every fairest bloom,
Strengthen souls inclined to falter,
Dissipate each sorrow's gloom.

Daily prayers, petitions fervent,
Meekly proffered at thy shrine,
Mark each true and faithful servant
Proud to be a child of thine.

These we promise, Mother dearest,
Queen of earth and heaven above,—
These, and with them our sincerest
Vows of e'er-increasing love.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.—WINIFRED GOES SIGHT-SEEING.

THE next morning I woke earlier than usual; and, getting up at once, looked out of the window. Every trace of the fog had vanished, and there was the sun leaping and dancing as merrily as if it were mid-summer instead of December. I hurried off to Mass, and got back again, to take a hasty breakfast and sit down in my room to wait for Winifred. It was about ten o'clock when, with my eyes glued to the window, I saw her little face looking out of the carriage which I had sent for her. I ran down

to the Ladies' Entrance to bring her in. She looked brighter and better than I had seen her since she left Ireland. She wore her black school costume, but her hair was no longer brushed painfully down to comparative smoothness: it broke out into the same saucy curls I knew of old. She darted out of the carriage and in at the open door, throwing herself into my arms.

"Here I am!" she cried. "And so glad to see you again!"

"I began to be afraid yesterday," I observed, "that we were both going to be disappointed."

"Oh, so was I!" said Winifred. "I went to the window the first thing, to be sure that the sun was shining and the fog gone away."

"So did I. But there couldn't have been much sun at the time you got up."

"Oh, it was there! And I saw there wasn't any fog and that it was going to be a fine day."

I brought her up to my room and installed her in a chair to rest while I got on my things.

"For of course we must go out as soon as we can," I declared. "It will never do to miss a moment of such a perfect day, and it will be all too short."

A shade seemed to pass over Winifred's sensitive face at the words. But I called her attention to the street below; for Broadway on a sunshiny morning is a very pleasant and cheerful sight, and to Winifred it was all new; so that it was certain the constant panorama of human beings, all jostling one another, eager, excited, apparently in a fearful hurry, would keep her fully occupied while I completed my toilet. Once the child called me to the window to see a Chinaman. She had never seen one before, and she went off into a peal of

laughter at the odd sight. This particular John was dressed in a pale blue silk shirt over his baggy black trousers. His pigtail was long and luxuriant, denoting rank.

"What is he?" cried Winifred. "You have such funny people in America. I don't think there are any like him in all Ireland."

"Not in Wicklow, at any rate," I answered. "Indeed, I don't know what they would think of him there. He looks as if he had just stepped off a tea-caddy, straight from China."

"Oh, he is a Chinese, then! I never saw one before except in pictures."

The next thing that attracted her attention was one of the great vans, drawn by enormous dray-horses.

"Look at their big legs and feet!" laughed Winifred,—*"as big as a tree almost! Oh, I wish Barney and Moira could see them!"*

The ladies' dresses, too, astonished her,—especially those who drove in the carriages; for she had never seen such costumes before.

At last I was ready, and we passed down the stairway, with its heavy piled moquette carpet, to the street without. Just across the way was a florist's, and I told Winifred we should make our first visit there. We had to wait a favorable moment for crossing Broadway. The child was naturally fearless, but she was somewhat afraid of the multitude of vehicles—cars, carts, and private carriages—which formed a dense mass between the two sidewalks.

"Yet crossing the street up here is nothing," I said. "Wait till you try it some day down on lower Broadway,—at Wall Street, for instance, or near the City Hall Park."

"This is bad enough!" cried Winifred. "You feel as if some of the horses must step on you."

However, we got safely across, with the aid of a tall policeman, who piloted us through the crowd, putting up an

authoritative hand to stop a horse here, or signing to a driver there to give place. We entered the florist's shop. It was like going from winter to a lovely spring day. The fragrance from the many flowers was exquisite but almost overpowering. Masses of roses, of carnations, of chrysanthemums were there in the rarest profusion; flowering plants, palms, costly exotics, made the place seem like some tropical garden under Southern skies. The sight of the violets brought the tears to Winifred's eyes: they reminded her of her home beyond the sea. But when she heard the price of them she was amazed.

"Why, we get them for nothing in the Dargle—as many as we want—coming on the spring," she whispered. "Don't give so much money for them."

She persisted so much in the idea that it would be fearful to waste money on flowers which might be had at home for nothing, that I bought her roses instead. I made her select a bunch for herself from the mass. She was charmed with their variety of color, varying from the pale yellow of the tea-rose to the deepest crimson. We recrossed the street, and I made her go back to the hotel with the roses, so that they might keep fresh in water. When she came down again to where I was waiting on the sidewalk, I said:

"Now there is going to be a circus procession on Fifth Avenue. It is just about time for it; so we will go round the corner and see it."

"What is a circus procession?" she inquired gravely.

"You shall see for yourself in a few minutes," I answered briefly.

We went across Twenty-Ninth Street to Fifth Avenue, and stationed ourselves on a high brown stone stoop, which, fortunately for us, was not yet crowded. All along the streets people were waiting in serried rows. Small boys were mounted on trees, calling out jeering exclamations to those below; fruit

venders and venders of peanuts elbowed their way about, or stood on corners with furnaces aglow for the roasting of chestnuts. It was a busy, animated scene; while the cheerful laughter and the shrill, gleeful voices of the children added to the general mirth.

Presently the arrival of the procession was announced by the small boys and the blowing of a bugle by a man on horseback. The first to appear was a train of magnificent horses, some with Arab riders, some controlled by wonderfully dexterous women. Next in order was a beautiful lady, clad in a gorgeous, bespangled costume, seated in a gilt chariot and driving with the utmost skill six snow-white horses.

"A gold carriage!" whispered Winifred, awestricken. "Oh, if Barney and Moira could only see that!"

"All is not gold that glitters," I replied promptly. "But the white horses are certainly beautiful."

"Oh, what are these?" she asked.

I looked. It was the camels that had attracted the child's attention. Their appearance so astonished and amused her that she went off into peals of merry laughter, which caused many a responsive smile around us.

"What funny things you have in America!" she exclaimed. "Just see how these things walk and the queer men on their backs."

"The animals are called camels," I said; "and their drivers are supposed to be Arabs from the desert."

"Oh, I have studied about the camels and the desert!" Winifred said, and she looked at them with new interest.

Her astonishment reached its climax when she saw the elephants.

"What are they at all?" she cried, gazing at their enormous bulk with startled eyes, as they slowly plodded on. Her glance wandered from their trunk to their great legs and huge sides. I told her what they were, and I think her studies had supplied her with some

information about them and the ivory which is obtained from their tusks.

She was charmed with the monkeys.

"I'm sure they're little old men," she said,—"just like those Niall used to tell about, who were shut up in the hills."

She was never tired of watching their antics, and only regretted when they were out of sight. Two or three of them were mounted on tiny ponies; and, to Winifred's great glee, one tumbled ignominiously off and had to be picked up out of the mud by an attendant.

"What's coming now?" she cried, as one of the vans containing a lion hove into sight. The great beast lay tranquil and unmoved, gazing at the passers-by with that air of nobility which always belongs to his species. His appearance seemed to fascinate my companion and she gazed at him very earnestly.

"That is a lion," I remarked.

"Oh, the king of the forest!" put in Winifred. "He looks like a king."

"A very fierce one at times," I replied. "But that next is a tiger,—a far more cruel and treacherous beast."

"I don't like him," said Winifred, decisively; "although he is something like a big, big cat, only for the stripes on his back."

The leopards next passed by, fidgeting up and down the cage, with their spotted coats glittering in the sun. Hyenas, wolves, foxes, jackals, passed in quick succession, giving place at last to a giraffe. I pointed this animal out to Winifred.

"He has a long, long neck," she observed; "he looks as if he had stretched it out so far that he couldn't get it back again."

The doings of the clown, I think, puzzled more than they amused Winifred.

"Is he a man or another kind of animal?" she asked me gravely. She was not at all sure what kind of being he was, or why he should be so dressed up and act in such a manner. I told her that it was to amuse people.

"But he isn't half so funny as the monkeys," she declared, contemptuously. "Why, you never told me that there were such wonderful things in America!"

"I'm sure I never thought of it," I replied, laughing. "But I am glad you have seen the circus. It is quite an education in natural history. Now you will know an elephant from a giraffe, a lion from a tiger, a camel from a zebra, and a monkey from a fox. But, dear, we must hurry on and see what sight-seeing we can do. I declare it is almost noon already."

Presently, indeed, we heard the shrill sound of many whistles and the ringing of more than one bell.

Winifred put her hands to her ears.

"What a noise!" she cried; and she laughed merrily as she did so, her feet fairly dancing over the pavement in the pleasant sunlight of that winter day. And so we pursued our way up Fifth Avenue, with its rows of imposing brown stone houses, toward the cathedral, which was our destination.

(To be continued.)

A Bird's Clever Device.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut-tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. We could look right into the nest. One day, when there was a heavy shower coming, we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. When the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by, and laid this leaf over the nest so as to cover it completely; then she flew away. On examining the leaf, we found a hole in it; and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to, or hooked upon. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

II.—THE ANGELS OF THE ROSES.

And so the dream of Joachim's wife—the mother's dream, dreamed so many nights beneath the quiet stars or in the soft moonlight—had, after all, come true. Baby arms now indeed clung about that mother's neck; soft eyes—eyes "so sweetly grave, so gravely sweet"—mirrored back the mother's loving glances; baby accents, sweeter, sweeter far than the sweetest music earth ever knew, cooed infant joys into that mother's listening ears; while the little form—oh, *such* a form! so wondrous fair and beautiful—nestled in helpless love close against her bosom. Truly no mother since time began ever watched over her only child with more adoring tenderness, with deeper gratitude to the great Giver of all good gifts, than did the holy Anne.

It is recorded that of her darling's bedchamber the mother made a holy place, allowing nothing common or unclean to enter therein; and called to her child's service "certain daughters of Israel, pure and gentle," whom she appointed to attend on her.

Still, Anne, though she outwardly conformed to the usages of her time, was jealous of any hands touching that precious little body except her own; and in an old illuminated manuscript in the Vatican there is a tiny miniature picturing the wife of Joachim in the act of tenderly placing her babe in a little bed, or cradle, and covering her up.

And yet with all this mother's joy a sorrow already mingled; for eighty days after the birth of the child the father and mother had, according to the law of Moses, journeyed up to the great Temple at Jerusalem, there to make a thank-offering for the birth of their daughter. This thank-offering on the

part of a mother rich in this world's goods usually took the form of a lamb; the poorer mother offered two doves. Of the latter sort was the offering of the wife of Joachim. But the blessed Anne's gratitude went further than this obligatory sacrifice. She offered to the Lord in addition a victim more pure than the snowiest of doves, more innocent than the most spotless of lambs. "She had," says one who has written very beautifully about Mary's mother, "no votive crown of purest gold wherewith to adorn the walls of the Temple; but she laid at the feet of the Most High the crown of her old age—the child whom He had given her; and solemnly promised to bring her daughter back to the Temple and consecrate her to the service of the holy place as soon as her mind was capable of knowing good from evil." Joachim joined his wife in this vow, which then became binding.

Thus early the loving mother began to perceive that she would soon—very soon—be called upon to part from this peerless babe, in fulfilment of that vow. The mother's eyes, noting jealously every trait in her darling, saw that her child, her precious one, was not as the children of her friends and neighbors. Artless, innocent, pure and lovely as a lily truly she was; but in addition the mother's quick mind noted that her intelligence was developing, even from the hour of her birth, far beyond that of other children; while a sense of mystery and spirituality, which enveloped the baby presence, strangely and thrillingly impressed all who came in contact with her. Anne, seeing all this, often recalled, and in her inmost heart pondered upon, those prophetic words spoken by the angel beneath the laurel tree: "And thy child shall be blessed throughout the whole world."

So as Mary sweetly grew from infancy to childhood, her mother wondered, not unduly, that her little one, as she knelt at her knee conning over the sublime

passages of Holy Writ, as was the custom of that time, should discover meanings wondrous, beautiful and wise in that great Book of Wisdom, over whose pages the mother and daughter together spent many a precious hour.

Surely it was the finger of Jehovah Himself which, according to the tradition, in Mary's little hands daily opened the ancient roll at that wonderful Book of Wisdom, and most of all at that wonderful seventh chapter wherein are shadowed forth so many of the excellencies of the future Mother of God:—"For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars; being compared with the light, she is found before it."

As mother and daughter lingered over these divinely inspired words—the child putting questions to the mother which were in themselves answers luminous and wise, for surely God's future Mother knew the Scriptures even from her tenderest years as no other mortal ever did before or since,—companies of angels, unseen but mysteriously felt, hovered above the little group. And these angels were called by the old painters "the angels of the roses"; for as mother and daughter prayed and read, the blessed angels, according to the old legend, scattered roses all about them.

And one day as the ancient roll was opened at one of the beautiful songs of David, a rosebud newly opened and passing fair fell full upon a certain verse. Tenderly lifting the blossom, Anne bent her stately head low till it was on a level with her child's sunny curls; and these were the words which mother and daughter read: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord." There was one moment's long, long silence, and then Anne, with a sublime courage, looked full into her daughter's eyes. And in those beautiful eyes, lifted so trustfully, so confidently to hers, the mother read the longing and

the wish which filled her child's heart. Mary had counted but three summers of her young life, yet Anne knew that the hour was at hand. The Almighty called for the fulfilment of the parents' vow. For a moment—just one weak, human moment—the mother's eyes dimmed with tears; then a glory more of heaven than of earth lit up her countenance, and the valiant woman praised God with all her heart in that He had accounted her worthy to offer Him such a gift.*

The Inventor of the Camera.

Wherever one goes he is sure to see the man or woman with the kodak capturing bits of scenery or homes of famous people for his collection of views. It is generally thought that the camera is a new invention, but it was really in use as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century, when an Italian named Battista Porta made use of a dark room into which light was admitted through a small hole in one corner. The rays made a brilliant picture on the opposite wall, where one could see the natural objects outside reproduced as if in a looking-glass, although they were upside down, as your picture is in the lens of the camera when the photographer is posing you, and as it was when the polite son of Erin asked: "My dear sir, wouldn't it be easier for you to take my picture if I stood on my head?"

Porta finally improved his little dark room by the use of mirrors and lenses until he had a real camera obscura; and this unknown Italian may be called the inventor of photography.

* Murillo, the great Spanish painter of Our Lady, has made a beautiful picture from this legend of "The Angels of the Roses." Rubens and Müller and Ittenbach also pictured these scenes from the childhood of Mary with brushes almost inspired.

The Origin of the Liberty Cap.

When the Phrygians from the shores of the Euxine conquered the east of Asia Minor, they distinguished themselves from the primitive inhabitants by wearing their national cap as a sign of their independence, and it was stamped on their coins. The Romans adopted it, and when a slave was freed, placed a small red cap, called a "pileus," on his head, proclaimed him a free man and registered him as such. When Saturnus took the capital in 263 B. C., he hoisted a cap on a spear to show that all slaves who joined him should be free. When Cæsar was murdered, the conspirators raised a Phrygian cap on a spear as a symbol of liberty. In England the symbol of liberty is a blue cap with a white border; and Britannia is represented holding such a cap at the end of a spear. The American cap of liberty has been adopted from the British, and is blue with a white border, or bottom, on which are thirteen stars. It was adopted by the Philadelphia Light Horse Troop, in 1775, under whose escort Washington went to New York. It was the token of freedom, and was stamped on American coins in 1783.

The Smallest Painting in the World.

The smallest painting in the world is the work of a Flemish artist, and is painted upon the smooth side of a grain of corn. If you examine it with a strong magnifying glass you can easily see a miller, a mill, and surrounding trees, all drawn with perfect accuracy.

More wonderful even than this are pictures in mosaic constructed from the scales found on the wings of butterflies, and so small that the pictures can hardly be seen with the naked eye. How limitless must have been the patience, as well as the skill, of the artist!

With Authors and Publishers.

—We are glad to see in a neat pamphlet the interesting and informing article on the "Origin and Causes of the Chinese Crisis," contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* by the Rev. J. Freri, D. C. L.

—The late Mr. Charles Kent had an intense personal devotion to our Divine Lord. His favorite book was Lacordaire's "Conferences on Jesus Christ," a copy of which, according to his wish, was placed in his coffin.

—A new edition of *Orationes and Meditationes de Vita Christi*, a devotional treatise attributed to Thomas á Kempis, is among the new publications of B. Herder. It is edited by Dr. Pohl, of Kempen, who, a few years ago, wrote a small work to settle the question of the authorship of the long-neglected treatise.

—"Mary Our Mother" is the title of a timely treatise from the pen of the Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J. Its object is to explain the meaning of those words spoken by our Divine Redeemer on Calvary, "Behold thy son," "Behold thy Mother"; and to prove that *Hyperdulia Mariana* (special veneration of Mary) is a characteristic and an infallible mark of the true Church. A welcome addition to our devotional literature. B. Herder, publisher.

—A gentleman out in Kansas, Mr. George Campbell, has written a book which he calls "A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology." He essays to show that the primal condition of the earth was aqueous not igneous; and that instead of undergoing a cooling process, our planet is now progressing toward fusion,—a theory which Mr. Campbell considers eminently Scriptural, and more in conformity both with the Mosaic account of Creation and with the prophecy: "The elements of the earth will melt with fervent heat." Needless to say the book is of original quality and contains some startling statements, and no doubt there are many persons in Mr. Campbell's own State and elsewhere who will read it with deep interest. Crane & Co.

—The learned Benedictine who is best known as Dom Gasquet (now the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet) publishes a severe but on the whole a just arraignment of book-reviewers in the current *Dublin Review*. Some much lauded works sent out under the auspices of Oxford and Cambridge and of certain learned societies are shown to be of the shoddiest quality, and in fact almost the whole tribe of English critics who deal with books of erudition is convicted of want of thoroughness. The examples cited by Abbot Gasquet are incredibly fragrant, and we heartily agree with the

writer's main contention; at the same time we would suggest that a reviewer is hardly called upon to undergo the same labor in reading a book as the author in preparing it.

—Three articles on the French Associations Law, by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., which first appeared in the *Month*, have been reprinted in pamphlet form by Longmans, Green & Co. These articles treat in a general way of the origin of the law, its apologists, and administrators.

—The Art and Book Company, London, has issued a new edition of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," in Latin and English text. It is a very satisfactory issue, and commends itself by reason of the large, clear print, the directions for saying the Office, and the evident painstaking care with which the work was prepared.

—"A Daily Thought," from the writings of the Rev. Father Dignam, S. J., will be a help in the sanctification of the passing days. For religious particularly should this little book be a source of consolation and inspiration. The common-sense spirit of the reflections adds to the efficacy of the spirit of piety which animates each thought. Benziger Brothers.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will soon publish "The Path to Rome," by Hilaire Belloc, late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, author of "The Life of Danton," "Paris," "Robespierre," etc., with eighty illustrations from drawings by the author.—A new humorous novel by Barry Pain, entitled "The One Before," has just made its appearance in London.

—Two years ago the "Booklovers' Library" was founded in Philadelphia, and to-day it distributes and exchanges new books in nearly every city and town in the country, the total cost to the reader being a small membership fee. This plan works very satisfactorily with fiction, but its usefulness in popularizing serious works is extremely doubtful. Persons who read serious books generally read them carefully; they want to annotate them and keep them for further reference. We understand that a similar institution for the circulation of Catholic books by the method of exchange is thought of in an Eastern city. Catholics everywhere will watch the development of the project with interest.

—The *Evening Post* (N. Y.), commenting on General Smith's command to "kill and burn and make Samar a howling wilderness," and the gallant General's further instruction to "kill everything over ten," says that we will now have to rewrite our histories. "In Prof. Worcester's book

on the Philippines, for example, there is an account of the Spanish expedition to Samar in 1649, to capture a revolted chief named Sumoroy. 'They failed to take Sumoroy, but found his mother in a hut; and, true to Spanish traditions,' adds the complacent American historian, 'literally tore the defenceless old woman to pieces.' In his next edition, Prof. Worcester should have an honest footnote to say that the villainy which the Spanish taught us we executed, and even bettered their instructions, in that same island of Samar."

To be sure our histories ought to be rewritten, but Prof. Worcester's book isn't history—it's fiction; and, as we took care to point out when it first made its appearance, it shouldn't have been written at all. The Michigan man was honest enough to state in his preface where he got his information, and his principal authority has since been discredited. There have been many partisan publications dealing with the Philippines, but the work by Dean Worcester is perhaps the most unreliable of all of them. It is hardly worth while to say so in the face of so much ignorant prejudice; but the fact is that instead of being an exterminator like the Anglo-Saxon, the Spaniard has always been a civilizer. It ill becomes Americans to denounce savagery anywhere, and to talk of "Spanish traditions of cruelty" is to talk nonsense.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Sacristan's Manual. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts., net.
- Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.
- The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.
- The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.
- The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.
- The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychological Research.* 75 cts., net.
- Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.
- The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.

- Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.
- The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.
- Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
- Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
- St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
- Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
- Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. F. E. Couture, of the diocese of La Crosse; and the Rev. Adam Feigen, diocese of Indianapolis.

Sister Mary Augustine (O'Connell), of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Joseph Ganss and Mr. John Wagner, of Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Madigan, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Maria Horan, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. John Caulfield, Mr. R. A. Redman, and Miss Genevieve Marsh, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Richard Kelly, Derby, Conn.; Mr. Maurice Reilly, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Mary Vensel, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Mary Roland, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John Cussen, Kilcolman, Ireland; Miss Eva Sweeney, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Tuomey, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. George Leah, Edwardsville, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Elston, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. T. J. Lane, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. W. P. Healy and Mr. James Austin, Montreal, Canada; Mr. John Collins, Mrs. Catherine Fisher, Mrs. John Murphy, Mrs. Sarah Lee, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Crossey, Lonsdale, R. I.; and Mr. Frederic Demars, Ishpeming, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, ii., 48.

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A Refutation.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HOW fully have the centuries undone
False theories of heretics perverse
Who shamed not Mary's honor to asperse;
Declared her clients underrate her Son
And rob of glory meet that Saving One;
Called fond reliance on her aid a curse;
Denounced sweet prayers to her as vain, or worse;
Proclaimed, in fine, her cult a snare to shun!

Refuted by the probing test of time,
These falsities no longer credence claim;
One only Church preserves Christ's faith sublime:
'Tis she who aye hath honored Mary's name.
Reformers placed the Mother 'neath their ban:
Their heirs to-day proclaim the Son mere man.

A Shrine in Paris.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



AMONG those of our readers who have visited Paris there are probably few who, at one time or another, have not knelt in prayer before the gay city's best-known and best-beloved shrine. Notre Dame des Victoires has none of the poetic surroundings of Lourdes or of La Salette. Instead of snow-capped mountains, tall houses rise on all sides; instead of the rushing Gave, we have the noisy roar of the Paris streets; instead of Nature under her grandest and calmest aspect, we are hemmed in in every direction by the busy flow of human life, with its varied phases of pain and pleasure.

Nevertheless, few pilgrimages are more popular than this sanctuary, standing as it does in the very heart of the French capital, which, according to the light in which we behold it, may be called with equal appropriateness the modern Babylon or the City of Saints. Both names have a true meaning; for Paris is essentially and above all things a city of contrasts, where the extremes of good and evil meet.

The origin of the pilgrimage is comparatively modern. The parish of Notre Dame des Victoires was, toward 1836, in the hands of a holy priest named M. des Genettes, whose body now rests just in front of the shrine which owes its existence to his efforts. A zealous and pious pastor, he was painfully impressed by the apparent uselessness of his labors among his parishioners. Not half a century had passed since the French Revolution had swept away every vestige of religion throughout the country; and the glorious revival of which Lacordaire, Montalembert and others were the leaders had not yet begun. Middle-aged men were, as a rule, imbued with the freethinking doctrines of the eighteenth century; and the efforts of the good *curé* failed to overcome the stolid indifference, or, worse still, the opposition, of his parishioners. The sight of his empty church went to his heart; during four weary years he had, to all appearances, preached in a desert, and at times his courage failed him to continue the thankless task.

On the 3d of December, 1836, these

discouraging thoughts rushed upon him with peculiar force as he was saying Mass. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear that his ministry was useless; his people had hopelessly lost the faith; he had far better retire from a vain struggle against adverse circumstances, and solicit another post from his ecclesiastical superiors. He did his best to drive away suggestions in which he recognized the tempter's evil influence; he concentrated his attention upon the Holy Sacrifice and prayed that the haunting thoughts might pass away. Suddenly a ray of light seemed to flash across his inward vision, and another voice whispered: "Consecrate thy parish to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary!" At the same time a sensation of deep peace came over him, and he finished his Mass with unusual recollection and fervor. During his thanksgiving he could not refrain from thinking over his strange experience; and as he rose to leave the church he again heard the same distinct whisper: "Consecrate thy parish to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary!"

He went home, and then and there, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, drew up the rules of an association, the object of which was to pray for the conversion of sinners, through the intercession of the Most Pure Heart of Mary. A few days later the association was approved of by Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris; and on the morning of the 11th of December M. des Genettes informed his congregation that he intended that evening to read certain prayers for the conversion of sinners, and he earnestly begged them to be present.

All his endeavors having failed so far, he had small hopes that this new attempt would succeed. However, when he returned to the sacristy after Mass he was pleasantly surprised to receive the visit of two men—both having a certain standing in the community—who begged him to hear their confession.

They had neglected the sacraments for many years, and their unexpected request seemed to the good priest a direct sign from Heaven that his undertaking was inspired by God. Greater still were his surprise and delight when that same evening five hundred persons filled the church. Never, except at Christmas and Easter, had so large a congregation been gathered together.

After Vespers M. des Genettes delivered a short discourse. He briefly explained the object and organization of the new association; then the Litany of Our Lady was sung, and at the invocation "*Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!*" the whole congregation spontaneously fell upon their knees and repeated the invocation three times. The good *curé* was moved to tears; but he was still diffident, and with childlike familiarity begged Our Lady to give him another and more tangible proof that his newly founded confraternity was approved of and blessed by her in whose honor it was established. "O Mary!" he cried, "I beseech thee to adopt this association; and, as a visible proof of thy protection, to grant me the conversion of Monsieur Joly, whom I will go to see to-morrow." M. Joly, a former minister of Louis XVI., was advanced in years but in full possession of his faculties; he was an unbeliever, and had hitherto refused to see the *curé*.

The next day M. des Genettes went to call upon him, and after some difficulty was allowed to enter. At the end of a few minutes' conversation on indifferent subjects, M. Joly said: "Will you give me your blessing, Monsieur le Curé?" Then he added: "Your visit has done me good. Since you have entered my room I feel a peacefulness such as I never experienced before." As our readers may imagine, M. des Genettes made good use of the opportunity thus afforded him. M. Joly began his confession at once. A few days later he received Holy Communion; and until his death, which

occurred some months afterward, his faith, devotion and submission to God's will were most touching.

In January, 1837, six weeks after its foundation, the confraternity numbered two hundred and fourteen members; it has at the present day as many as twenty-six million associates scattered throughout the Christian world. By degrees, under the influence of the Queen of Heaven, the parish was entirely transformed; the church itself became the favorite place of pilgrimage for the people of Paris. M. des Genettes died in 1860, after having witnessed the steady increase of his work; and we may imagine the fervent hymns of thanksgiving that must have burst from his lips when he remembered his past days of discouragement and the gracious answer granted to his prayers by Our Lady of Victory.

The exercises of the confraternity are carried on with unchanging regularity and undiminished fervor every Saturday morning at nine and every Sunday evening at half-past seven. This last function is especially interesting. After Vespers and a short sermon, the director of the confraternity reads fragments of letters relating the different favors that have been obtained through the intercession of Notre Dame des Victoires. Many of these have a clearly miraculous character. The director's post is no sinecure: he receives at least ten thousand letters a year, either requests for prayers or accounts of blessings received. The marble tablets that literally cover the walls of the church from the pavement to the roof, the thousands of gold or silver hearts, the swords and military decorations that are hung round the shrine,—all these tell the same tale of a Mother's tender love and powerful care for her suffering children.

It has been calculated that on an average several thousand people visit the sanctuary daily; over a thousand bishops and priests, from every part

of the world, say Mass at the shrine each year. In 1888 two thousand nine hundred priests officiated at Notre Dame des Victoires, and over one hundred and forty-five thousand persons received Holy Communion at the shrine.

The popularity of Notre Dame des Victoires can not be estimated rightly save by those who, like ourselves, have had occasion to spend a whole day in the shadow of the holy image. It is an established custom that every day in the year one or other of the works of charity that are established in Paris should be permitted to solicit the alms of the faithful who visit the church. It was in the interests of one of these charitable works that, this spring, we spent many hours within the church, and thus became initiated into the daily, familiar life of prayer of which the venerable shrine is ever the centre. We saw how the changing hours of the day bring pilgrims, differing in rank and age, but united by a common impulse of love and trust, and often by a common sorrow. The sight has not the soul-stirring aspect of Lourdes on the memorable days of the National Pilgrimage, when heaven seems open and supernatural influences stand clearly revealed; but it has a silent, subtle, yet powerful charm of its own. The lesson it conveys is the same, and the impression produced is scarcely less deep and lasting.

At six o'clock in the morning the church opens and Masses begin. The congregation then consists chiefly of persons living in the neighborhood,—humble and pious souls, workwomen and servants. As the morning goes on these disappear: they have to begin their day of labor, perhaps of struggle and of pain; and they carry with them into the great city the peaceful remembrance of those quiet moments when God seemed so near to their tired souls. Their place is taken by men and women of the world; but under the delicate silk

and lace beat hearts as anxious and as sad as under the rough garments of the earlier worshipers.

Between twelve and one the church is nearly empty, and we are almost alone with the Divine Presence. Then the stream begins again; and among the afternoon visitors are many business men on their way to and from the neighboring Stock Exchange. Strange to relate, the *curé* of the parish has assured us that some of the best known and most flourishing stockbrokers of the Paris "Bourse" are faithful clients of Notre Dame des Victoires.

Some of these men have anxious, weary countenances; some kneel for only a few minutes before the shrine, for to them "time is money"; others, on the contrary, linger as if they found it difficult to tear themselves away, and their faces have a wistful, pathetic expression that is unspeakably touching. We noticed one young man whose whole soul seemed to speak through his eyes, which were intently fixed on Our Lady's image; and we wondered what the trial was that had made his cheek so pale and his eyes so unutterably mournful.

From two to six the coming and going is incessant. Men and women, rich and poor, young and old; men of business and soldiers, ladies in rustling silks, priests and nuns,—all these pass by in an uninterrupted flow. Among them we notice a band of peasants fresh from Lourdes, who still wear on their breast the pilgrim's badge. Their *curé* is leading the way, and they cluster around him, brown, sturdy, with wide-open eyes; the women in picturesque *coiffés*, the men in blue blouses. Before returning to Brittany or to the pasture land of Normandy, they have come to pray before the Patroness of the great city, whose streets they probably tread for the first and last time. Close behind them a refined-looking woman, in trailing silks, is leading by the hand a frail little child, pale as wax; and it needs

not much skill to guess what petition bursts from the mother's trembling lips as she kneels by her boy's side, close to the altar. It is more difficult to imagine what may be the history of a dark, middle-aged man who, with bent head and folded arms, kneels motionless as a statue, his face lined with care.

Toward seven o'clock the crowd grows thinner; the altar, with its blaze of lights, stands out a bright spot in the dusk of the great church. Other figures move to and fro in the shadows, and among these late visitors we recognize many Parisian work-people: small, slight, pale-faced girls, whose simple dress is often a marvel of skill and taste, and whose manners and language have an innate refinement all their own. The sight of these workers moves our hearts; for experience has taught us how heroic in their simplicity are many of these girls, who walk through the temptations of the Paris streets with hearts unsullied in their childlike innocence.

At eight o'clock a priest appears, and Benediction is given to a variegated congregation where women, workingmen, and little children are more numerous than the fine lady visitors of the afternoon. They kneel here and there—some on benches, some on the pavement; for at Notre Dame des Victoires there is less formality than in any church in France. To many of these poor souls, weary after a hard day's work, this evening service is their one brief glimpse of holier and happier things than the daily round of dreary duties unrelieved by early joys.

When the service is over, all present join in a popular canticle, and its stirring accents ring through the darkness. Then the last lights are extinguished, the congregation slowly disperse, and we find ourselves under the starlit sky, feeling as if we had spent the day in a haven of rest and were going forth with renewed strength and courage to meet the future.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

INTO the life of Las Joyas a new element entered when Lloyd was borne senseless across its threshold. It was not only that he was the first of his race to be received there as a friend, since the one who had so basely betrayed the friendship he had found and the love he had won in this spot, but the circumstances surrounding his advent gave it a significance and influence which in its ultimate effect could hardly be exaggerated.

The first immediate effect was the conversion of Arturo Vallejo from an enemy into a friend. Those words of generous reassurance uttered by Lloyd as his mind struggled back to consciousness, not only won the gratitude of the young man, but his affection as well,—an affection which he showed in a devotion of personal service that at times annoyed Victoria. For she was not inclined to delegate to any one her right of caring for the man who had incurred his injury as a direct result of service rendered to herself; and she impressed upon Arturo so frequently and so forcibly his responsibility for this injury, that Lloyd was at last driven to beg that the matter might be allowed to be forgotten.

"It was purely an accident," he urged; "and it is not right to make Don Arturo feel so badly about it."

"It was no accident which made him deliberately waylay and quarrel with you," said Victoria.

"Perhaps not; but it was a foolish, youthful impulse, of which he has thoroughly repented."

"It is right that he should repent," she said inflexibly.

"But it is not right that you should continue to drive the occasion for

repentance so remorselessly home," he answered, smiling. "No great harm has been done. I have neither a broken head nor a dislocated neck—"

"It is no thanks to him that you have not."

"Very true; but our acts must be judged by their intention, and he had no intention of causing either the one or the other. Besides, he is now my *amigo*."

"So is everyone at Las Joyas," said Victoria, gently.

Which was quite true. For Las Joyas soon discovered that it was entertaining, if not an angel unawares, at least an altogether unique gringo. Don Mariano, who had much experience with the species, declared this solemnly. With the usual type—men who possess no manners worth speaking of, who exhibit a rough contempt for all habits and standards which differ from their own, and who pursue with a fierce intensity the precious metal which they hold at a value far transcending that of their own souls—he was familiar. It is a type very well known in Mexico, and considered to be representative of the genus *Americano*. But here was a man who was quiet, gentle, courteous as any Mexican, with a singular indifference toward everything, even the gold he had come so far to seek. One and all of these people—so easily won by consideration, so bitterly resentful of rudeness and contempt—opened their hearts to him, and he speedily became "Don Felipe" to them, as to the woodcutters and miners and small rancheros all through the Sierra.

The only exception—in some degree at least—was Doña Beatriz. And it was not strange that Doña Beatriz could not open her heart as the others (even her passionate, gringo-hating daughter) opened theirs to this gringo who had suddenly invaded her home in the irresistible strength of his weakness, and taken it by storm. She remembered how another had once entered there.

And so subtle a thing is race that Lloyd's accent, voice, manner, constantly reminded her of Trafford; although it would have been difficult to find two individuals less alike. His presence revived memories which even after the lapse of long years had a torturing power. It wakened the old bitterness, the old passions, and drove her to kneel for hours on the hard bricks of the chapel floor, praying for strength to overcome these terrible feelings and recollections. This being so, it was natural that she could give no more than gratitude and tolerance to the man who had indeed laid her under the obligation of service rendered, but whose presence recalled so much which she would gladly have given all the wealth of the Santa Cruz to forget.

And there was another reason, stronger yet, for shrinking from him. She had caught now and then a look on her daughter's face which made her ask herself if the old tragedy was, in any form, to be repeated. It seemed incredible that it could be so; but life had taught Doña Beatriz with very convincing force that it is often the incredible, as well as the unexpected, which happens. She said nothing to Victoria nor to any one else save God; but she carried about with her an abiding fear that the past would repeat itself; and that, through association with this alien, her daughter, in one way or another, would be called to follow in her own steps along the *Via Dolorosa* of a broken heart.

It said much for her, and for the traditions under the influence of which she had been reared, that these feelings and these fears never betrayed themselves in her manner. Toward Lloyd her gentle courtesy was unvarying; and on his side there was no one at Las Joyas for whom he felt such admiration and such deep respect as for this woman, with her noble presence and her eyes of haunting sweetness, who bore her great

wrongs with a dignity and reticence which a queen could not have surpassed. He had no suspicion of her fears with regard to himself; for nothing was further from his thoughts than that he could ever be suspected of playing the part, however modified, of Trafford; and he would have laughed to scorn the suggestion that Victoria could find anything attractive in one who (he would have said quite honestly) possessed no qualities to win a girl's fancy. They were simply good friends—Victoria and himself,—he would have said. He knew that she was grateful to him; and he was not only interested in her from the pathos of her position, but he found a singular charm in her character and companionship. It was the charm which Isabel Rivers had discerned when she quoted Wordsworth's lines about her:

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

It was this "breathing balm," this "silence and calm," which Lloyd liked. Under these traits—far inherited characteristics of a race living for untold centuries close to Nature, amid the everlasting hills—he knew that there existed depths of passion which could leap into fire, and a fund of energy which made her the dominating power on the hacienda and at the mine. But this energy, however resistless, was never feverish or restless. Generally speaking, people of much energy have no repose. They not only wear themselves out by the unceasing fret and turmoil in which they live, but they "get upon the nerves" of others to a degree which is very trying. Victoria never got upon any one's nerves. When not in immediate action, she was an embodiment of repose, to which her noble beauty lent itself as a vessel to the use for which it is perfectly fitted. Every movement, every gesture, expressed this repose; and when she spoke—she never

chattered — the lovely Spanish words dropped from her lips like slow music.

One day she came out to Lloyd on the corridor which ran along the front of the house. Here had been placed for his benefit one of the couches peculiar to the Sierra—a wooden frame about two feet high, on which was tightly stretched the hide of a bull. Such a couch makes a Spartan bed; but sweet is the sleep which comes to the wanderer who rests on it, especially if he lies under the stars of heaven, in the forest-scented air. Stretched out now on the drum-like surface Lloyd was lying, his arms forming a pillow for his head, and his eyes fastened on the distant hills, in a state of dreamy ease of mind and body, when Victoria's shadow fell over him and he looked up at her with a smile.

"Well, Lady of Silence!" he said, for neither her footfall nor her garments had made the least noise. "Have you come to share my *dolce far niente*?"

She smiled. The Italian term was new to her, but the beautiful sister tongues of Latin birth are so much alike that she had no difficulty in understanding it.

"Yes, if you wish," she answered, and sat down on a chair near by. Then, after a moment, added: "Do you find it sweet—this doing nothing?"

"Very," he replied concisely.

"It is not usual with grin—with Americans to like to be idle, is it?" she asked. "I have heard that they are always in what you call 'a hurry.'"

He laughed at the familiar words on her lips.

"There are Americans and Americans," he answered. "I come from the South, where life still flows in easy, reposeful fashion; and where the people have not yet learned—although I grieve to say the lesson is being taught very fast—that existence is given us merely to be spent in a mad, breathless, demoralizing chase after money."

"You are not chasing it, then?" she asked again, with interest.

"Not very breathlessly, as you perceive. 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live,' and I could never believe that it is well to spend that short time in laboriously gathering together a little wealth which must all be left behind when we go hence. There are, it seems to me, better and higher things to do with life's short golden hours."

"And that is why you like the Sierra?"

"It is one reason. In the Sierra there is no sordid struggle of man with man for low and perishable ends; but there is the great majesty of Nature, which has power to uplift the mind and the soul to noble and eternal things." Then to himself he murmured:

"What now to me the jars of life,
Its petty cares, its harder throes?
The hills are free from toil and strife,
And clasp me in their deep repose.

"They soothe the pain within my breast
No power but theirs can ever reach;
They emblem that eternal rest
We can not compass in our speech."

Victoria regarded him curiously.

"What are you saying?" she inquired. "I do not understand English."

"I was merely quoting some fragments of verse which have lain in my memory a long time," he explained. "They express better than I can the charm which the Sierra holds for me. When I am among the great hills and the deep woods, I feel that there is a healing process going on within me, as if balm were being poured into all my wounds."

"Have you many?" asked Victoria, with the directness to which he had by this time grown accustomed.

"Who has not?" he asked in turn, evasively. And then, more from desire to change the subject than from curiosity, he added, glancing at her hand: "But what have you brought with you? It looks like—a letter."

"It is a letter—from the señorita of the Caridad. What is it you call her—Mees Reevers?"

"You would call her Doña Isabel," said Lloyd, lifting himself up to take the letter which she extended to him. It was indeed from Miss Rivers, stating that she would leave Tópia for Las Joyas on the next—no, on the present day. Lloyd stared for a minute or two at the graceful writing on the pale gray paper, as if he found it hard to decipher. Then he looked up.

"You lost no time in following my suggestion about asking her to visit you?" he remarked.

"Why should I have lost time?" Victoria returned. "I could not do anything to please you too soon."

"You are very good—much too good," he answered; "but—er—there was really no question of pleasing me in this matter. I am glad that Miss Rivers is coming: I know you will like her; but it chances that I must leave Las Joyas to-morrow."

"Leave—to-morrow!" Victoria was aghast. "It is impossible. You are not able to go."

"Oh, yes, I am thoroughly able! Nothing but your kindness and my own indolence has kept me here for a week past."

"I am sure that your head is not 'all right' yet," she said, using the English expression which she had caught from him.

He gave the head in question a shake, as if to test its condition.

"It feels as right as I have any reason to hope that it ever will," he assured her.

"Not as well as it did before your accident?"

"Yes, quite as well, I think."

There was a pause, during which Victoria regarded him with the intentness which characterized her. He was conscious of the steady observation of the dark eyes, but he did not meet them. Sitting on the side of the couch, he drew a pipe from his pocket and began to charge it with "short-cut," which required to be pressed down in

the bowl with great care and attention.

"I do not understand why you should go away as soon as you hear that the señorita is coming," Victoria said at length. "I thought you liked her."

"So I do—very much," Lloyd replied quickly; "and I regret not to have the pleasure of seeing her. But I was due at San Andrés ten days ago, and I must really go to-morrow."

"I am sorry that I asked her to come, if her coming is to be the cause of your leaving," Victoria went on.

"But why should you think it the cause?" Lloyd asked. "On the contrary, I have business at San Andrés—"

Victoria waved the business aside with an imperious gesture.

"You had not thought of going before you read that letter," she said with positiveness. "And I do not see why the señorita should drive you away—"

"She is not driving me away," Lloyd interposed, with what he felt to be perfectly futile protest.

"Unless you dislike her—" Victoria proceeded.

"I assure you that I like and admire her extremely," he now interposed eagerly.

"Or you are in love with her," Victoria ended calmly.

"I!—in love with her!" Lloyd was vexed to feel the blood mount in a tide to the roots of his hair, so entirely was he unprepared for this. "Why should you think anything so absurd?" he demanded almost angrily.

Victoria continued to regard him for a moment longer, and then she looked away—out over the green valley to the steadfast heights. "I have seen it in your face and heard it in your voice, when you spoke of her," she answered quietly.

There was again a silence, in which it was Lloyd's turn to stare at the speaker. He knew well this power of reading the primitive emotions which children, savages, the unlearned, and some persons who share the traits of

these—their simplicity of character and feeling—possess. He felt that to argue against such divination, however much it overleaped the actual truth, was useless; and, moreover, a sudden idea, a sudden fear struck him with a sharp shock. What expression it was on the face somewhat turned from him which suggested this idea, this fear, it is impossible to say; but under a compelling impulse he spoke, very gravely:

"You are mistaken, Señorita. As I have said, I like and admire Miss Rivers as much as—well, as you will when you know her. But the feeling of which you have spoken is impossible on my part. It has no place in my life—I can not offer it to any woman."

She faced him now quickly.

"Why not?" she asked peremptorily.

"Because, for one thing, the power of it has been burned out of me," he answered. "I will speak to you very frankly, because I think—I am sure—we are friends."

Her eyes met his with a gaze full, frank, direct.

"Yes," she said, "we are certainly friends."

"And friends should know the truth about each other, so as to avoid mistakes like this you have made in thinking—"

"In *feeling*," she said, as if to herself.

"That it is possible for me to fall in love with any one." He paused a moment. It was evidently hard for him to go on. "I would rather not tell you what happened to me long ago. But it was an experience which has made me an exile from my home for years, and which has also made it impossible for me ever to make another home for myself. So I have wandered here and there—a lonely and unhappy man—until I came into the Sierra, and the Sierra gave me peace."

"I knew that you had suffered," said Victoria. "I have thought: 'Perhaps he has lost that which he loves best.'"

"There is a sorrow deeper than losing

that which one loves best," he said, with stern bitterness. "It is learning that one never had anything worth losing; it is learning that there is nothing in the world worth striving for, and nothing that gives any satisfaction after one possesses it. That is a sickness of the soul which not even the Sierra can heal. But I do not want to talk of myself," he added quickly and impatiently. "I only want to make you comprehend that the things called love and happiness are not for me. They lie far behind me. I have been cast out of Eden long since, and there is no flaming sword necessary to warn me from its gates: I would not enter them again if I could. The fruit of the tree of knowledge is too bitter."

Victoria leaned toward him with the almost divine pity, which women are quick to feel for wounds such as these, shining in her eyes.

"I wish that I could help you!" she said in a low tone.

Low as it was, there was a passion in it which startled Lloyd.

"No one," he answered, with the sternness which had been in his voice before, "can help a man who has ruined his own life. I have done that, so waste no compassion on me. And don't think that I complain: I only want you to understand."

"I think I understand," she said. Her glance turned again toward the great hills, the deep, encompassing woods. "I am glad that the Sierra has given you peace," she added softly. "Some day it may give you happiness as well."

"If so," he answered—and his gaze turned also, with something of longing, toward the mountains and the forest—"it will only be, I think, in the form of the deepest peace which can come to man."

(To be continued.)

"WHAT has he done?" is the divine question which searches men and transpierces every false reputation.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

COME, O come, Most Holy Spirit,
From the heaven we would inherit;
Shedding down one ray divinely!
Come, of poorest, love paternal;
Come, O source of gifts supernal,
Light of hearts that sink supinely.

Thou of solacers completest,
Thou of soul-loved guests the sweetest,
Sweet repose in dereliction;
Heavenly rest mid toil and anguish,
Healing shade for those who languish,
Comforter in dire affliction.

Light benefic! Light divinest!
Fill the inmost heart, Benignest,
Of Thy faithful Thee adoring.
Hide Thy grace, Celestial Spirit,—
Nought is left in man of merit,
Nought but weeds, his soul's abhorring.

Wash the guilt that soul imbuing,
While its barren drought bedewing,
Heal the blains about it squandered;
Bend each will most stern and rigid,
Warm each bosom cold and frigid,
Guide aright what steps have wandered.

Give Thy faithful strength abiding
In Thy heavenly aid confiding,
Shadowed by Thy sevenfold splendor;
Give them virtue's worth immortal,
Give salvation at death's portal,
Endless joys Thy praise to render.

The Critics Criticised.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

TIME was when things in print received a reverence nearly equal to that paid to the Gospel. The phrase, "I saw it in the paper," clinched an argument. That golden age has gone and the printed word nowadays must take the chances for credence along with other exposed deceivers. Journalism has been found out—or, to put it more mildly, we have learned that the press is no better than the people behind it. That a statement has been printed is no longer

a guarantee of its truth, nor even a guarantee that the printers believe it to be true. Journalism is not alone in this predicament. Much written history finds itself floundering in the same swamp. Of the liars that have flourished since the days of Munchausen, certain historians have shone as the loftiest, brazenest, and most artistic. Experts have discovered, among the makers of history in the past, conspiracies against the truth,—conspiracies to write history for posterity, by which the plotters hoped to hold the world's esteem to the end of time. The case of Mary Queen of Scots is an instance in point. The sturdy honesty of the race human, however, has refused to aid the conspiracy; and now the conspirators stand, bedraggled and forlorn, at the bar of justice. The posterity which they tried to deceive is ready to strip them justly of their forged fame.

For various reasons it has taken long to expose these sinners, and will take longer to undo the evil they have wrought. Even in regard to present tricksters and mummers, who ape greatness on the world's stage, exposure is difficult. In the flood of matter roaring from the press to-day nonsense and falsehood escape together. Few have time to expose the liar and his lie, or even to study his lineaments so that he may be known again. The impostor has only to wait for the storm of discussion to blow over, to begin his mendacities anew. People forget the charges made against him. Where he is a respectable man, not consciously a knave, his mendacities may be temperamental rather than deliberate. Froude wrote picturesque history until his death. Josiah Strong still turns out his annual batch of lies on all things Catholic with Oriental lavishness. The labor of refutation has proved so great as to breed an indifference which accepts falsehood as one accepts the Canada thistle in his garden. They are inevitable.

Once in a while exposures are made, not to ease conscience, but rather to voice the common feeling, and to convey to the exposed appreciation of their clever or bungling wickedness.

In the present instance the case of the literary critics, who have multiplied in the last ten years, is to be considered. Not so long ago the literary critic was held in esteem as the honorable remnant of a well-informed, cool-tempered, well-bred generation, removed from the reckless journalism of the time, and unstained by the sins of the hour. He received the credit of having mastered the art of criticism, of bringing to his work as fair a spirit as his temperament and training permitted; of reading and studying the books which he reviewed or edited. Readers accepted his judgment with respect. They made allowance for the inevitable bias which exists in all men, and knew how to measure that bias in John Morley when he took up things Christian, in Edmund Gosse when he discussed the Poles, and in Edgar Poe writing upon Longfellow. No one thought of charging the average critic with such cardinal sins as incapacity, ignorance, pretence, malice, falsehood. This was the condition. Has it changed? Let us look at some interesting facts.

Not many months ago the *Bookman* printed a review of Christian Reid's latest novel. The precise words of the article are not at hand, but the substance of it ran in this fashion: 'A charming story, evidently written by a gentleman of fine talent and some experience; he has the gift of the story-teller, and with time and practice may reach eminence. The faults of the beginner are prominent, but he must not be discouraged, since everyone has faults.' To the initiated this sounds funnier than the gayest farce. But what will be thought of the editor who soiled his pages with such a blunder? Yet no one is surprised at an occurrence which is becoming too frequent to deserve

mention; and no one took the trouble to remind Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, editor of the *Bookman*, that either his oversight was large or his knowledge of modern novelists slight.

To many, disillusion as to the character of the critics came with the rise into public favor of "Quo Vadis." When this book appeared present methods of advertising were unknown, or at least not practised by the publishers. It was possible for the interested to overlook a masterpiece, and so "Quo Vadis" was for some time in obscurity. It crept into favor quietly and slowly but powerfully. The critics did not make much of it. One might be more precise and say that the critics did much to discredit the book and its author. An examination of the popular reviews and press notices at the time shows that the tone of the critics was cold and sneering. They admitted its popularity with the multitude, but deprecated the people's taste. Faint praised the book with such phrases as, "It smacks of the midnight oil." An echo of this criticism turned up the other day in the following notice of Sienkiewicz, the author of the book: "He is more popular than ever: the appeal to sentiment and to superficial learning made by his novel of Rome under Nero has increased greatly the number of his admirers." Some ministers denounced the book for one reason or another, and some priests put it on their private index.

Unquestionably the novel is one of the greatest of the day. The indifference of the critics or their sneering hostility becomes an interesting problem in consequence. Why should they slight a book of undoubted talent, which ordinary readers could see to be the production of a brilliant mind? The verdict of readers was as unanimous in its favor as that of the critics was hostile. This unanimity on both sides made the situation extremely interesting. A closer examination of current reviews showed

that, as usual, the lesser reviewers were repeating the phrases of some remote but high authority. A search brought to light a long review of the general work of Sienkiewicz by Edmund Gosse in the *Nineteenth Century*; and also a fragment from Andrew Lang, quoted in Littell's *Living Age*, giving his view of what he called sarcastically the "Early Christian" novel.

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Lang do not need any introduction to the reading public. Their capacity has been proved, their reputation is beyond reproach, and their bias may be put down as zero. All the more astonishing was their treatment of the brilliant Pole. Mr. Lang was the lesser sinner. He ridiculed the novel treating of the life of the early Christians on *a priori* grounds. From his point of view, genius itself could not make such a theme interesting. One might regret the position taken by Mr. Lang, who has shown himself conscientious; yet no one could dispute his right to take it. It remained for Mr. Gosse—serious Mr. Gosse, poetical Mr. Gosse, professional critic—to make even astonishment turn pale.

This is what he did. Perhaps at the request of the editors, he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* (April, 1897) a review of Sienkiewicz's novels. One expects a great deal from this magazine in such matters as correct statement in its articles, and fitness of the writers. Edmund Gosse has a reputation for fitness and for correct statement. It may seem extravagant, therefore, to say that the review in question did not rise to the level of the *Bookman's* productions, that it disgraced both the magazine and the author, and was little short of an insult to the intelligence of the reader.

It is difficult to believe that a professional critic would take the risk of publishing a review against which could be brought charges so severe. Yet one may not doubt the evidence of his own senses. Bear in mind that a search was

being made for an authoritative opinion on "Quo Vadis,"—for a criticism that might explain the indifference and hostility of average critics to a book of extraordinary cleverness. Even if "Quo Vadis" be not the best work of Sienkiewicz, it is undoubtedly the finest novel in any language on its subject. In a review of the Polish novelist's work the critic may not pass over in silence this picture of Christian and pagan life in the days of Nero. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Gosse had the effrontery to do. To silence he added scorn. Here are his own words:

"If I have not read 'Quo Vadis,' it is partly because life is short, and partly because I have an invincible dislike to stories written for the purpose of 'contrasting the corrupt brilliance of paganism with the austere and self-reliant teaching of early Christianity.' One knows all the business by heart: the orgies, the arena, the Christian maiden with her hair let down her back, the Roman noble's conversion in the nick of time, the glimpse of the 'bloated and sensual figure of the Emperor.' It all lies outside the pale of literature; it should be reserved for the Marie Corellis and the Wilson Barretts. That Sienkiewicz has taken up this facile theme, and that (as I gather from epitomes of his plot) he has treated it in very much the old conventional way, lessens my respect for his talent.... I fear that I shall never contrive to read 'Quo Vadis.'"

Before the brazen effrontery of this paragraph one stands in awe. Its errors are naught before its appalling confession. Mr. Gosse reviews Sienkiewicz without reading "Quo Vadis." However, the discovery has its proper effect. A critic who permits himself such latitude will stumble often. It is a question if he is worthy of credence in anything. Naturally one proceeds to analyze the entire review with this suspicion in mind, and the result is stupefying. The

critic has not read the author at all, except by leaps,—jumping across the pages with his eye on the plot and the characters, that he may speak with an appearance of intimacy. Hence every paragraph breeds innumerable blunders, misstatements, errors, foolish inferences. As to criticism, Mr. Gosse hardly allows himself this luxury. Conscious of his own unfitness, he walks through the article like a circus performer on his tight-rope, balancing his pole delicately from side to side but never arriving at a conclusion. It is a despicable exhibition both for the critic and the editor who printed his review.

The explanation is simple: the *Nineteenth Century* wanted a review for its April number; and Mr. Gosse had to read his author and arrive at conclusions in short order, to provide the article. But the incident had its evil effect. The lesser reviewers took their cue from Mr. Gosse, and repeated his foolish utterances, which turn up five years later in the stupid remark quoted above about Sienkiewicz's 'appeal to sentiment and to superficial learning.' To those who followed the dubious utterances of Mr. Gosse after the discovery of his dishonesty in the "Quo Vadis" matter, and who took the trouble to examine the dicta of other professional critics with like results, the question arose: Have we among the professional critics and reviewers sufficient capacity, learning and honesty to insure a capable and sincere judgment on the literary output of the time?

The professional critics are not very numerous. In the whole civilized world there may be a hundred. The little army of "puffers" whose book-notices fill the journals and magazines, and the battalion of sincere writers whose opinions on books get some space in current journalism, do not possess the qualities or the training required for true criticism. Among the one hundred, then, have we that average of capacity,

training, and good-will, which insures us a reliable judgment in literary matters? He would be a bold man who would discuss the question. Yet, so far as the English literary world is concerned, one man has presented the question and answered it with daring confidence. His conclusions explain and illuminate the conditions so far described. He has no hesitation in charging the professional critics with incompetency, ignorance, and pretence, whether they be the lights of Oxford and Cambridge or mere poets like Edmund Gosse and Andrew Lang.

Mr. John Churton Collins is himself a critic of taste, learning, and undoubted courage; and for many years has contributed to the leading English reviews searching papers on the authors and the books of the day. A little over a year ago he gathered in a single volume the more significant of his critical essays, and sent them out under the title "Ephemera Critica." They are just what their title would suggest, and something more. This additional thing provides the reason of their being. The criticism of the professional critics contained in them, the exposure of humbug, the analysis of incompetency masked by pretence, delight the soul even while they sadden it. The book derives its unity from the arraignment of the professional critics. In exposing their inefficiency and pretence, Mr. Collins found it necessary to discourse on true criticism, to discuss the sources of degeneracy in criticism, and to provide examples of honest, capable, adequate criticism. After reading the book one is no longer astonished at Mr. Gosse's treatment of Sienkiewicz. There remains only wonder that intelligent readers can be so easily hoodwinked.

Mr. Collins' thesis is that criticism has fallen into utter decay for reasons so various and numerous that space is lacking here to recount them. In the English universities he finds prominent

(and denounces with vigor) a party of educators for whom the study of literature means only the study of philology. The display of imagination, the music of poetry and prose, the lofty sentiment and overpowering passion, in the great authors, have little or no influence over these men, whose chief concern is the derivation and history of single words. Without enthusiasm for works of genius, these professors can communicate none to their students; while as editors of literary masterpieces, they make themselves ridiculous.

With the great universities committed to a puerile study of the masters, Mr. Collins is not surprised at the capers of the critics, at their incapacity, their indifference to public opinion, their brazen disregard of decency. He arraigns Prof. George Saintsbury for a history of English literature of which this critic was guilty some years ago, and devotes several pages to an exposure of a few of the Professor's errors. It would take a volume to describe all. Mr. Frank Raffety receives a scorching analysis of his volume entitled "Books Worth Reading." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, at present in America filling space in the yellow journals, is hauled over the coals for a vain and foolish essay in criticism called "Retrospective Reviews." Mr. Edmund Gosse, for a history of English literature, is displayed as a reckless, untrustworthy, incompetent historian, masking his ignorance under ridiculous phrases, which make him the laughing-stock of the average reader. Finally, the editors of Stevenson's letters, the puffers of the Scotch poet Dunbar, and the compilers and commentators of De Quincey's rubbish, are reproved for giving to the public stuff that properly belongs to the wastebasket, since Mr. Collins does not think a famous writer entitled to having his nonsense published in half calf on the strength of his best achievement.

If this stinging indictment of eminent

critics, to whom we have all looked for enlightenment, were merely the denunciation of an embittered soul at odds with the universe, the book might be slighted; but Mr. Collins states his case with dignity and with regret, formulates specific charges, gives page and paragraph, and brings every charge home. There is no escape for the delinquents, and no escape from the conclusion. Criticism is proved decadent, and the reading public is shown to be at the mercy of incompetence. The book is an exposure. How Saintsbury, Le Gallienne, and Gosse found heart to face their public again after Collins' arraignment, can not be explained. Froude was not disheartened when the critics tore him to pieces; Kingsley lived after Newman flayed him; Josiah Strong—but this gentleman belongs to a different class. Perhaps they have learned caution since Mr. Collins invaded their field. Richard Le Gallienne assuredly has learned nothing; for his latest ventures in criticism read as foolishly as those which stirred the ire of his critic.

These are the facts. What are we to think of them! Incapacity, ignorance, and pretence in our leading critics; malice and falsehood added among the lesser lights; and for the mob all the petty vices that flourish among the venal-minded. One expects nothing from the mob, whose outpour has just two dimensions—length and thickness. Fortunately, honest men of capacity are often inspired to fly to our rescue: they assume for the moment the office of critic, and we learn by accident the true status of our literary men and the exact value of our literary problems. Had we to depend upon the professional critics, who in America would ever dream that in Europe there existed a Catholic literature? Who in Europe would believe that Americans professed some sort of religion? It seems evident that the art of criticism, in common with all the other arts, has fallen upon evil days.

The Conversion of Elizabeth.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

"MOTHER, there is a young man coming in at our gate," said Elizabeth, laying the stocking she had been darning on the table and stepping closer to the window. "Yes, there really is; and he has a valise in his hand."

"A little premature, I should think," replied Mrs. Ashton, taking a position beside her daughter from which she could see without being seen by the approaching visitor.

The door bell rang. Mrs. Ashton went down. In a few moments she returned, a smile on her care-worn face.

"Well, he is coming," she announced. Elizabeth's face brightened.

"That is nice," she said. "Wasn't that a good idea of mine, mother,—that we should rent those two rooms? Now, with Miss Deloy's at seven dollars and this one at ten, we shall find our income considerably increased."

"You are a dear child, Elizabeth!" said her mother,—"so good in every way that I can not understand *why* you do not join the church,—and your father a minister, too!"

"Now, mother," said the girl, with one of her brightest smiles, "don't you worry. You know how I feel about it. It was born in me: I can't help it. I've never yet felt drawn to make any profession of faith; but maybe I shall some day. And meanwhile I'll try to do my duty."

"The Rev. Mr. Markley said, when I went to see about the pew-rent, that he thought you a subject for earnest and constant prayer—"

"When is he coming?" the girl asked abruptly.

"Mr. Markley? Really, I do not know; but I am sure he would be glad to drop in at any time if he knew you wanted to see him."

"I can't bear him, mother," said Elizabeth. "He is too oily. I meant the new lodger. I had better see if Maggie has everything in readiness."

"He is here now: he stayed. Maggie will attend to that," said her mother. "I didn't tell you, my dear, but he is going to dine with us."

"Well," replied Elizabeth, after a short pause, "I suppose it won't matter."

Elizabeth Ashton was the daughter and the granddaughter of a Methodist minister, both good and sincere men, but extremely narrow, as the majority of Methodist ministers are apt to be. Elizabeth herself was far too conscientious to unite with a church which did not satisfy the needs of her soul. Of other denominations she knew but little, and that little did not prepossess her in their favor. She had gone to Sunday-school regularly all her life, and since the death of her father had accompanied her mother to the eleven o'clock service and also to the weekly Wednesday night-prayer meeting. But what she saw and heard there did not appeal to her.

About a week after the arrival of their guest, the Ashtons sat at dinner. He had begun to feel very much at home, and mother and daughter were equally pleased with him.

"Mr. Courtney," said Mrs. Ashton, "would you like to accompany us to the Methodist Episcopal Church to-night? There is to be a very interesting lecture by a former priest of the Roman Catholic Church."

"No doubt it *will* be very interesting," responded Mr. Courtney, dryly.

His tone did not escape Elizabeth. She wondered what lay beneath his words.

"You will come, then?"

The young man seemed to hesitate.

"Well, yes," he replied at length. "I don't suppose it can hurt me."

"Hurt you!" exclaimed the widow. "On the contrary, you will receive a great deal of information about the

errors and hypocrisy of the Roman Catholic Church."

"Probably that man will abuse it," said Elizabeth.

"You could not expect him to defend it, my dear, since he has been brought away from the error of its teachings," said her mother.

Elizabeth made no reply, but the expression on her countenance did not escape the eyes of the young man.

In due time they set out, accompanied by Miss Deloy. The church was crowded.

The lecture had not progressed more than fifteen minutes when Elizabeth whispered to her mother, who sat on her left, near her friend, Miss Deloy:

"Please excuse me, mother! I can not stay here."

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Ashton.

"No: only disgusted. I can't stay,—and I don't see how any decent person can. I am going home."

"He is a little strong and somewhat vulgar," murmured Mrs. Ashton. "But don't go yet. It will excite remark."

"I can't help that," said the girl. "It would choke me to stay here. Mr. Courtney and Miss Deloy will be with you coming home. I am going now."

"Dear child, you are so strange!" said her mother, impatiently.

Mr. Courtney sat at the end of the row, Elizabeth next to him.

"I beg your pardon!" she was saying, wishing him to make way, unconscious, in her agitation, of the fact that he had already risen and was excitedly waving his hand toward the speaker.

"That is a lie, and you know it is a lie!" he cried.

So saying he strode from the hall, followed at a short distance by Elizabeth with crimson cheeks and downcast eyes. In her wake came a flurried-looking usher, carrying the young man's hat, which he had forgotten.

Suddenly, as they passed from the vestibule, he became aware of Elizabeth walking by his side.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he exclaimed. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied,—“not ill but angry. I could not stay there. I think you were very brave.”

"Not at all! I am a coward; else I should not have gone to hear my religion abused. I am a Catholic."

"A Catholic! And you could go there! What made you do it?"

"Curiosity I suppose, and the desire not to seem ungracious to your mother and yourself, who have been so kind to me. But when I heard those atrocious lies I could not contain myself."

"I admire you for it! It is impossible that they should be true. All my life long I have heard Catholics maligned, but I have never spoken to one before."

"Never spoken to a Catholic before!" said her companion, incredulously.

"Never—to my knowledge."

"Well, Miss Ashton, you are speaking to one now—an unworthy one, I admit, still a Catholic, and nothing else. I have not practised but I have not denied my religion."

"You believe in it, then?"

"With all my heart."

"And why not practise it?"

"A woman can hardly understand how a man knocked about the world grows careless with regard to such things, Miss Ashton."

"You are not ashamed of it, then?"

"Ashamed of it! And why? It is the only religion in the world."

"I know nothing about it but what I have heard from those who were prejudiced against it," said Elizabeth, in a hesitating manner. "But I can not imagine myself going to hear the religion I professed abused and calumniated."

"I came away, didn't I?"

"Yes: we came away," said Elizabeth, smiling; "and I must confess that I am ashamed of the minister who could permit such vile assertions to be made from his pulpit, even though he knew them to be true. To me, the pulpit

should have a certain sacredness—”

“Which in your churches it has not,” he interrupted.

“You are right,—altogether right,” she answered.

Elizabeth was sitting by the fire when her mother returned. That good woman herself was disgusted, as was also her friend, Miss Deloy. But loyalty to her pastor made her very cautious in her criticism. Several persons had left the church before the lecture was finished; the collection in aid of the impecunious apostate had been very meagre.

No allusion was made to the subject until the next evening at dinner. During the meal Elizabeth said:

“I presume you read the morning paper, Mr. Courtney?”

“No, I did not,” was the reply. “I spent the day on the water.”

“I saw that they are having special services at the Catholic church. I believe it is called a mission. From what I read, I should judge that it is something like a Methodist revival, is it not?”

“As you would understand it, a little like it. But there are no experiences related—no mourner’s bench or anything of that kind.”

“But there are conversions, no doubt. What do they do then?”

“Oh, they go to confession!”

“To confession!” said Mrs. Ashton. “You mean that they tell their sins to one of the priests—or all of them, perhaps?”

“Only to one.”

Mrs. Ashton had the ugly flavor of last night’s “Tale of the Confessional” still in her nostrils; she said no more, but looked exceedingly grave.

“If I were in your place, I should go to that mission,” said Elizabeth, with an arch smile.

“It might purge me of yesterday’s offence you think, perhaps?” observed the young man.

“Yes,” she replied, “it might. But in any case it seems to me you ought to

join in the services of your own church, especially on occasions like the present.”

“Well, I will take your advice, Miss Elizabeth,” said Mr. Courtney. “I will go to the mission this very evening.”

The next morning and the next, and for several mornings thereafter, Elizabeth was awakened at five o’clock by the Catholic church bell not far away. Shortly after she would hear a gentle stirring in the room next to hers; then a light, slow step on the stairs, and the front door softly close. And she knew that Mr. Courtney was going to “the mission,” as from the daily newspaper accounts she had already learned to designate it in her mind.

Sunday evening at the dinner table she suddenly asked:

“Mr. Courtney, will you think me very presuming if I ask to accompany you to the Catholic church to-night to witness the conclusion of the mission?”

“I shall be delighted to have you,” he said, at the same time glancing somewhat doubtfully at his hostess, whose mild countenance had grown slightly clouded at her daughter’s request.

“Mother, may I go?” asked Elizabeth. “I have never been in a Catholic church in my life.”

“And I never thought you would want to be,” said her mother; adding hurriedly: “I beg your pardon, Mr. Courtney, but I have some peculiar ideas about your religion, I am afraid,—which it is not necessary to say do not extend to yourself.”

“Many persons have those same ideas,” answered her guest. “Usually, I think, it is because they do not know any better,—more from ignorance than malice, Mrs. Ashton.”

“May I go, mother, please?” persisted Elizabeth.

A bright thought flashed across Mrs. Ashton’s mind. She knew her daughter well. One visit to the Catholic church could not harm her; on the contrary, it would give her a glimpse of the senseless

mummings which were carried on there, and cure her of any wish to repeat it. But a refusal might only whet her desire to go, and the present circumstances were as favorable as could be wished. Mr. Courtney was beyond doubt a gentleman; neither monk nor priest could lay any spell upon her while under his protection.

"It is a great concession I am making, my dear," she said, after a moment's further reflection; "but I do not wish to be rude or discourteous to Mr. Courtney. You may go, Elizabeth."

"Thank you, mother!" answered the daughter; and Mr. Courtney bowed his acknowledgments.

Elizabeth never forgot that evening: it separated her old life from the new, forming a sharp dividing line; marking the transition from dissatisfaction to hope, from doubt to inquiry. All through the solemn Vespers she sat as one in a dream, rising to her feet with the congregation in the grandeur of the *Magnificat*, because she felt that such a hymn of praise should not be heard otherwise than standing,—ready, eager to soar. The final sermon of the mission was just the kind best suited to her need and temperament—a clear exhortation to faith and a terse condensation of all that had gone before, with the means necessary for perseverance.

Awed and impressed as she had never been before in all her twenty years of life in the "religious atmosphere" which had been her inheritance as well as daily portion, she felt the tears trickle down her cheeks during the sublime moments of the general profession of faith and the Papal Benediction. Though she understood very little of what was being done, and even in the midst of her emotion was still logical—well aware that music and the magnetic influence of many minds converging to one central idea are responsible for much that goes to make up at such moments the climax

of religious enthusiasm,—it was, after all, her mind that was reached rather than her heart. "Oh, the faith of them!" she murmured to herself,—“the faith of these people! This is religion,—this must be truth.”

They walked home almost in silence. Mr. Courtney saw that Elizabeth was deeply impressed; his own thoughts and good resolutions were of such a nature that he had no desire for speech.

They found Mrs. Ashton in the parlor. Mr. Courtney said "Good-night" and went to his room immediately. After he had gone, Mrs. Ashton looked up inquiringly from her Bible.

"Well?" she said. "Was it—was it very amusing or silly, my dear? Were you greatly shocked?"

"Amusing! Shocked!" said Elizabeth, drawing off her gloves with a quick, nervous gesture. "Mother, it was the most solemn, the most impressive, the most earnest, the most *sincere* thing I ever saw in my life."

Mrs. Ashton closed her Bible.

"Elizabeth!" she exclaimed. "You are the most extraordinary girl I ever saw in my life. What will you do next?"

"Don't worry, mother," she replied. "I can't tell what I shall do; but at this moment I certainly mean to go to the Catholic church again, if Mr. Courtney will take me. For the first time almost I *prayed* to-night."

"You are so emotional," said her mother. "It was the music and so forth that excited you, dear. To-morrow you will be in another mood I hope."

"Perhaps," said Elizabeth; "but I hope *not*. I don't think I am emotional, mother; rather cold and hard, like grandfather,—at least that is what you used to say."

"Oh, not that exactly, my dear! You are very good."

"I *want* to be good," answered her daughter, kissing her. "Come, let us go to bed."

The Tenderest of Mothers.

AN old soldier who for more than forty years had led a life of irreligion and dissipation, and who was not known by his companions or neighbors ever to have been a Catholic, suddenly stopped the priest one day as he was passing the little cottage where he lived, and surprised the good man by telling him that he wanted to go to confession.

"But are you a Catholic?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, Father," was the reply,— "that is to say, I was once a Catholic."

"Certainly you may come to confession whenever you wish," said the priest. "But I am curious to know what has impelled you to this step. It can hardly be fear of immediate death, for you look as well and hearty as ever I saw you."

"I never was better in my life," replied the man. "For the past fortnight I have been feeling unusually well. But something has taken hold of me, Father: a vague unrest which I can not describe. For several days I have been saying to myself that the next time I saw you I would ask if I might not be permitted to go to confession."

"And afterward?" queried the priest. "You intend to lead a good Christian life to the end of your days, I hope?"

"That is my intention," responded the soldier,— "with God's help, Father."

"With God's help, of course," observed the priest. "Without His help we can do nothing. I am rejoiced at your good dispositions, my friend; and you may come this evening at seven o'clock."

"Very well, Father. But you will help me, I hope. I have forgotten all about confession, and I do not know any prayers."

"No prayers at all?—not the 'Our Father'?"

"I have forgotten it."

"Or the 'Hail Mary'?"

"I have forgotten that also."

"Well, well! But you must have said *some* prayer now and then to have received the grace which Almighty God is working in your soul."

"No, I have never said any prayer, because, as I told you, I do not know any. But there are a couple of little verses my mother taught me more than fifty years ago. Often at night when I am in bed they come into my mind—a matter of habit, you see,—and frequently I have fallen asleep while murmuring them to myself."

"Will you say them for me now?" asked the priest, quietly. "I would like to hear them."

The old man began, without the least trace of self-consciousness:

"I put my trust forever,
O Mary pure, in thee!
Then show thyself a mother,
And daily succor me.

"And when Death's hand shall touch me,
Thy pity I implore;
Oh, lead me, dearest Mother,
To God—for evermore!"

"My dear friend, don't you know," said the priest, "that, though you may have been entirely unconscious of it yourself, the Blessed Mother of God, whom none have ever invoked in vain, has always had you in her keeping? You have great cause for gratitude. Come to me this evening; it will not take long to restore to your memory the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' and the Act of Contrition."

As the priest pursued his homeward walk he said to himself: "I believe, in spite of his apparent good health, that the hand of Death has touched him."

And so it proved. The old man made a good confession, and received Holy Communion the next morning. The following day he was found dead in his bed.

NARROW minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

A Beautiful Idea.

AN attractive feature of one of the literary magazines is the department devoted to extracts from the latest books. These selections are evidently made by one who has read, line by line, the volumes under contribution; and it must be said that in some cases the single quotation represents the worth of the book—an oasis of beauty or truth in a desert of dreariness or barrenness. If such a department were maintained in THE AVE MARIA, we should wish to reproduce the following passage from "The Lady Paramount," Mr. Henry Harland's new novel; and we should not fail to observe that there are many similar passages:

When a musician composes an *Ave Maria*, he instructed them, what he ought to try for is exactly what those nice old fifteenth-century painters in Italy tried for when they painted their "Annunciations." He should try to represent what one would have heard if one had been there, just as they tried to represent what one would have seen. Now, how was it? What would one have heard? What did our Blessed Lady herself hear? Look! It was the spring-time, and it was the end of the day; and she sat in her garden. And God sent His Angel to announce the "great thing" to her. But she must not be frightened. She, so dear to God, the little maid of fifteen, all wonder and shyness and innocence,—she must not be frightened. She sat in her garden among her lilies. Birds were singing round her; the breeze was whispering lightly in the palm-trees; near by a brook was plashing; from the village came the rumor of many voices. All the pleasant, familiar sounds of nature and of life were in the air.

She sat there, thinking her white thoughts, dreaming her holy daydreams. And, half as if it were a daydream, she saw an Angel come and kneel before her. But she was not frightened, for it was like a daydream; and the Angel's face was so beautiful and so tender and so reverent, she could not have been frightened, even if it had seemed wholly real. He knelt before her, and his lips moved, but, as in a dream, silently. All the familiar music of the world went on—the bird-songs, the whisper of the wind, the babble of the brook, the rumor of the village. They all went on; there was no pause, no hush, no change—nothing to startle her,—only, somehow, they seemed all to draw together, to become a single sound. All the

sounds of earth and heaven—the homely, familiar sounds of earth, but the choiring of the stars too,—all the sounds of the universe, at that moment, as the Angel knelt before her, drew together unto a single sound. And "Hail!" it said,—"hail Mary, full of grace!"

Only a master of literary art could indulge in digressions of this sort,—digressions which are not merely pardoned but welcomed. Mr. Harland manages his dialogues admirably, and he makes his characters talk upon a variety of topics. Their chatter is always bright and witty, often brilliant; but sometimes they touch upon serious subjects and converse in a way to make one realize that the art of conversation is indeed among the arts that are lost.

Notes and Remarks.

It is curious to note how conservative and intelligent opinion in this country is slowly veering round to the old-fashioned American ideals. Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mark Twain contribute articles on the Philippine situation to the *North American Review*, and both speak out plainly for a new policy in the Orient. 'So fundamentally right-hearted are our people,' says the humorist, 'that to-day they are facing back for home; they are laying aside their foreign-born, foreign-bred imported patriotism, and resuming that which is American and the only American. Doubt that we did right by the Filipinos is rising steadily higher in the nation's breast; conviction will follow doubt.' Mr. Carnegie, too, laments our position as "the invaders of a civilized Christian land." It is pleasant to think that Catholics, as a body, have throughout the entire discussion of this question borne themselves as true lovers of liberty,—indeed, they and a section of the old hereditary Americans have been almost the sole custodians of the ancient principles. There will always, of course, be a few "leading" Catholics to practise the

virtue of prudence in a heroic degree. If these men do not actually shout with the mob, they at least do not strain their lungs shouting against it; they get the name of "broad-minded" and "safe" men, and are never accused of sore-headedness or of shrieking against destiny. But to plain, blunt men these prudent ones very often seem wanting in courage and independence; they lead public opinion very much as the wheelbarrow leads the workman who pushes it.

There will doubtless be forthcoming during the next few weeks many and elaborate explanations of the deplorable result of the French elections. We expect to read of the immense leverage possessed by the party in power; of the thousands of functionaries, big and little, scattered over the country and permanently filling the rôle of political agents for the government; of this, that, and the other cause of the approval which popular suffrage has accorded to Wáldeck-Rousseau and his policy. When all is said that can be said in excuse or extenuation, however, the one patent underlying reason of Catholic defeat and anti-Catholic—nay, anti-Christian—triumph stands forth manifest to the vision of all who are not wilfully blind: practical Catholics in France are a minority of the population. On any other supposition, the recent action of France's millions at the polls is simply incomprehensible. French missionaries are winning bright and unfading laurels in many a foreign clime, but home missions would seem to be at present a still more fertile field for their impassioned fervor and heroic endeavor.

The maudlin sympathy and gushing sentimentality frequently lavished upon noted criminals who have been brought to the bar of justice are too cosmopolitan, perhaps, to be denounced as

characteristics of any particular nation. Seldom has this perverted sentiment been carried to such grotesque extremes as in the case of the brutally murderous and ludicrously vain desperado who has recently been, we might almost say, dominating the judicial court, the press, and the people of Italy. We read that "the poet-dramatist D'Annunzio, the poet Pascoli, and the famous psychologist Lombroso, all seem to have been fascinated by this picturesque ruffian"; that "a hundred women of decent position in Florence" have published a letter stating that they pray for his acquittal and look forward with pleasure to his personal acquaintance, and the like lamentable aberrations of sane humanity. A vulgar assassin poses as a hero, and in this twentieth century of Christian civilization has his claim practically allowed. *O tempora! O mores!*

It is impossible for those who read Mr. W. H. Mallock's essays in the magazines not to be reminded of the new arrival who was "agin the government." Evidently his motto is the Donnybrook law—"Whenever you see a head, hit it." In the *Nineteenth Century* he wields a shillaly on the learned heads of Prof. Ward, of Cambridge, and Prof. Munsterberg, of Harvard, both of whom in their latest books have attempted to supply a new basis for faith. Mr. Mallock's contention is that these well-meaning gentlemen are astray; that free-will, for example, is something which can neither be set aside nor yet scientifically justified; that life in its totality is incomprehensible; that reason does not go far before it meets its necessary limitations; that "philosophy is a coat which we can button over our stomachs only by leaving a broken seam at our backs." We do not care to advert to the article—which, like all Mr. Mallock's work, is sprightly and thoughtful—further than to note two paragraphs which show how general is the convic-

tion that science, once so aggressive, has been forced into a defensive attitude. We quote:

The observation is now beginning to be often heard that the world is about to experience a great reaction of thought; and that, having for three generations submitted its faith and philosophies, with growing humility, to the dictatorship of positive science, and having found such science after all to be incapable of explaining life, and incapable more particularly of explaining what is highest and best in it, it is being once more driven to betake itself to transcendentalism, metaphysics, or idealism; and will find that here alone is the source of intellectual truth.... The statement in question is at all events true thus far—that in Germany, France, England and America alike a number of thinkers are endeavoring, on metaphysical principles, not indeed to deny that in a certain limited sense the facts of science are true facts and form a coherent system, but to upset every conclusion which scientific philosophy draws from them, in so far as it has any bearing on our general conception of life. Nor are these thinkers by any means mere uneducated enthusiasts. On the contrary, they are men who are remarkable for their intellectual acuteness; and in attacking science they do not attack it in ignorance. Indeed, many of their criticisms of scientific philosophy are most just, and will probably produce in it many considerable modifications.

By and by this consciousness will percolate through to the newspapers and the preachers, and the seat of the scornful and the sceptical will be pleasantly empty.

The unexpected death of the beloved Archbishop of New York is mourned as a loss to the Church and the country. He was a devoted prelate and a model citizen. Those who had known him long and intimately held him in highest regard; and by the public at large he was respected as the chief pastor of the most important religious province of the United States, and admired for his faithfulness to duty and the many Christian virtues of which his life was an example. A brother-prelate who was a fellow-student of Archbishop Corrigan in Rome and remained closely associated with him ever afterward,

declares that he was always his model of a perfect ecclesiastic—pious and learned, humble, obedient and zealous.

During his administration the Archdiocese of New York prospered as never before. Churches were multiplied, educational and charitable institutions founded, religious Orders established; in a word, nothing was left undone for the advancement of religion. In all that concerned the glory of God and the salvation of souls the Archbishop took the liveliest interest; and to the utmost of his power he co-operated in every good work that came under his cognizance. Sincerely pious and wisely zealous, he prayed as if success depended upon prayer, and labored as if everything depended upon human endeavor. To the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of New York Mgr. Corrigan has left a precious example of piety, zeal, and dutifulness. May he rest in peace!

It is no satisfaction to have to count the Rev. H. K. Carroll, who has done some very praiseworthy things in his time, among the clerical slanderers of the priests and people of Porto Rico; nor does the fact that he was supplying misinformation to the Methodist Missionary Board, of which he is secretary, excuse his recklessness. But most evils have a remedy, and Brother Carroll's diatribe is offset by an amusing and informational letter written by a clever American convert, who has lived two years on the island and personally knows most of the clergy of Porto Rico. He writes in the *Freeman's Journal*:

I do not know nor can I learn of a single instance of immorality among the priesthood of this island; but I can tell you of instances without number, during the past three troublesome years, of these same "immoral priests" who, pale, emaciated and bloodless, have stood manfully at their posts. Subsisting upon a little—a very little—bread, milk and fruit, not tasting meat for weeks at a time, nourishing with the Bread of Life those whose bodies were perishing for lack of the bread which perisheth; sharing (these

grasping "Spanish priests") their last few pennies with starving women and children; while the "sleek, well-fed, well-groomed" missionaries, drawing with regularity their fat stipends from American missionary hoards, were "scheming, planning, plotting" to steal away all that was left on earth or in heaven to these poor children of God—the faith of their fathers.

This statement recalls the fact that the Bishop of Porto Rico, to put a stop to just such calumnies as those uttered by Dr. Carroll, long since offered a reward of \$100 to any person who could substantiate the charge of evil-doing against any missionary in the island. There has not yet been a single claimant for the money.

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The ways of the sectarian missionaries who go into Catholic countries have long been a source of wonder to the ordinary mind; but we do not remember any recent exploit of theirs which surpasses this method of "Christianizing" the Porto Rican:

The missionaries in the beginning made what they soon discovered was a fatal mistake—they belittled the Blessed Virgin, and told the poor people that they were worshipping dolls (*muñecas*). This was met by a storm of indignation; for nowhere is "our dear Mother" more loved and honored than here. So the missionaries took another tack, and sermons have been preached in which they set forth the love and reverence which Protestants have for the "Virgin Mary." "Of course we do not regard her 'quite' as the Catholics do, but—" I am credibly informed that one (woman) missionary has in her house statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John the Baptist (the patron of Porto Rico), for which she professes ("upon occasions") the greatest devotion.

The principle of arbitration which has proved so effective both in international quarrels and in great industrial conflicts is now appealed to in European countries as the twentieth-century preventive of further meetings on the so-called "field of honor." An international league against duelling is in process of formation. The French delegates to the league recently assembled to complete their organization and draw up the rules to

be followed in cases of threatened conflict. To the tribunal of arbitration are to be submitted all differences arising between members of the league; and the tribunal will indicate the reparation to be made for the damage occasioned, the ointment to be applied to the would-be challenger's "wounded honor." While one may easily grow ultra-optimistic in picturing the probable benefits of the new association, it is certain that its existence marks a long stride in the direction of utterly abolishing in civilized countries that tenacious relic of old-time barbarism, "gentlemanly" homicide.

In his modest address at the Jubilee dinner in Peoria, Bishop Spalding expressed these sentiments, which will be heartily endorsed by all who have deep and wide knowledge of priests and religious:

When the office of bishop was offered to me, if I hesitated to accept the burden and the honor, it was largely, if my memory deceives me not, from a dread lest my opinion of man's high estate, as revealed in the lives of the priests and nuns, should be lowered by the more intimate knowledge of them which necessarily comes to those who are placed in authority over them. A personal experience of twenty-five years is a broad basis for the judgment of an individual; and it is a source of inner strength and freedom to me to be able to feel and to say in perfect sincerity that, though priests and nuns be not exempt from the infirmities which inhere in all that is human, I have found them to be the kindest, the most unselfish, the most loyal, the most pure-minded and the most devoted of men and women.

There are critics, lay and clerical, who sometimes speak in a contrary spirit; they differ from Bishop Spalding in the matter of experience—and in other matters also.

The average agnostic who takes the newspaper-reading public into his confidence is, to put it mildly, a peculiar logician. As a rule, he entirely ignores the elementary truth that mere assertion is no more argument than moonshine

is liquid silver; and he seems fondly to imagine that once he gratuitously declares a position to be untenable, the matter is disposed of: there is nothing further to be said about it. The amusing part of his mental make-up is that when called upon to prove his assertions, or to conform to the legitimate conditions of debate, he invariably switches off to some side-issue and whines about his opponent's unfairness, ridicule or sarcasm. We all remember the doughty Colonel Ingersoll's writhing under the merciless lash of Father Lambert's logic; and the Colonel's intellectual progeny are not all dead yet. One pretentious follower of his has recently been engaged in discussing (save the mark!) the question of immortality, and two brief extracts from his contribution will illustrate the methods of the whole genus:

If men would but consider with Tennyson that each one was [is] "an infant crying in the night—an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry,"—we would [should] be much further ahead than an ocean full of cynicism and sarcasm could put us.

Excellent advice, assuredly; and how thoroughly consistent with this statement made in a preceding paragraph of the same letter!—

Whether I like it or not, however, I can not become an apologist for the Biblical account of the Creation, the Garden of Eden and its appurtenances. Neither Mr. W— nor any other man of common-sense nowadays can presume to view the narrative as other than mythical or chimerical.

Exactly! Wise men are those who agree with me; fools are those who don't. Verily, this is unanswerable logic,—and, shade of Zeno and Aristotle, how common!

The wisdom of the Church in discouraging to the fullest practicable extent the practice of mixed marriages is recognized by all Catholics who have opportunities of observing the legitimate outcome of such unions. A graphic commentary on their disastrous effects is furnished in the following extract from a statistical

account of the church-going young men of Boston,—the account being a fairly exhaustive one, prepared by the Young Men's Christian Association:

Where both parents are Catholics, only 8 per cent of the young men are not church members; where both parents are Protestants, 32 per cent of the young men are not church members; where one parent is a Catholic and one a Protestant, 66 per cent of the young men do not belong to a church.

We have no doubt that these figures are correct, not only as regards the Massachusetts city but for the country generally. And if they are, their lesson is a striking one: two-thirds of the sons of a mixed marriage are practical infidels. Catholic parents need to exercise supervision over the intimacies formed by their children, and more especially their daughters.

The venerable Archbishop Williams of Boston completed his eightieth year on the 27th ult., and his clergy and people united in a peculiarly appropriate celebration of the day. The priests of the archdiocese made a memento of the Archbishop in their Masses; the religious communities offered Holy Communion for his spiritual and temporal welfare, and the Young Men's Catholic Association and other bodies of the laity did likewise. In his own cathedral Archbishop Williams assisted at a Solemn High Mass, having previously directed the preacher of the day to take his text from the Gospel of the Sunday, and to ignore, so far as possible, the personal character of the occasion. These admirable features were properly typical of the modesty and piety of the revered prelate, and they have a peculiar impressiveness in a day when the non-Catholic pulpit seems given over to secularism and sensation. Later on, however, the clergy of the diocese met the Archbishop at dinner, and gave plenary and touching evidence of their affection and loyalty to him, and—what is quite as admirable—their fraternal interest in one another.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Daisy and the Star.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

“WE are sisters!—we are sisters!”
Sang the Daisy to the Star,
As she watched her softly shining
In the vesper sky afar.

“Though *you* bloom within the heavens
And *I* gem the earthly sod,
We are Love’s own blest creation,—
We are each the smile of God!”

“Aye, we’re sisters,—happy sisters!”
Sang the Star in sweet reply
To the meadow’s starlike blossom,
From her gleaming home on high.

“*I* the flower of fields celestial,
You the star of earthly sod:
We are Love’s own blest creation,—
We are each the smile of God!”

Thus they sang their joyous greeting,
As they bloomed in beauty bright,
While the swift-wing’d hours were fleeting
Of the fragrant summer night;
Downward from the azure star-fields,
Upward from the emerald sod,
Rang their chorus: “We are sisters,
And the tender smiles of God!”

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.—ANOTHER UNEXPECTED MEETING.

COMING to the cathedral, where it stands on the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, we stopped to observe its proportions, at once noble and graceful, its white marble façade and tall spire being one of the ornaments of the Empire City. Entering the edifice, we knelt a while in prayer before we began to examine all its beauties in detail. The rich glow of the beautiful stained windows was a revela-

tion to the child, and the stories which they tell of saints and martyrs appealed to her strongly. She watched their varied tints falling upon the marble altars with a visible delight.

“I must write a letter about this to Father Owen,” she said as we came out again upon the dignified bustle of Fifth Avenue, so unlike the activity of Broadway, but still noticeable after the quiet of the great temple. “It is all so grand in there!” she said,—“grand as our own mountains and beautiful as the Dargle. It reminded me of heaven. Perhaps heaven is something like that.”

I smiled and did not contradict her; for the calm and repose of a great cathedral is very far removed indeed from earth.

“Of course there are several other churches I want you to see,” I observed; “but perhaps that one will do now. As we had breakfast late, and are not in a particular hurry for our luncheon, I think we will take a trip in the elevated car first.”

Winifred, of course, consented eagerly; and, having procured the child a cup of hot bouillon at a druggist’s as a preventive against hunger, we climbed up the great iron stairs of the elevated station at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, and were soon seated in the car.

It seemed very wonderful to Winifred that we should be flying through the air at such a rate of speed; but she was delighted with the swift motion and had no thought of fear. She kept looking in with eager curiosity at the houses or the shops as we passed by their second or third-story windows, and down at the pigmy-like people on the sidewalk, making continual exclamations of wonder or interest.

We got out at the Battery; and before

taking the East Side car up town I let Winifred take a run in Battery Park, so that she might have a glimpse of the bay and the huge ferry-boats landing their load of passengers, and the funnels of the steamers or the masts of tall vessels in the offing.

"Across all that water," she cried, stretching out her arms with a pretty and graceful gesture, "is my home—my dear hills, the Dargle, and the people that I love!"

She sniffed the salt air as though it had been wine; and ran about in the alleys, gazing longingly at the green grass, while I sat upon a bench and waited. At last I reminded her that time was flying, and that she would be a very hungry little girl by the time we made our trip up the East Side of the city and got down again to luncheon.

We were soon seated in the Third Avenue elevated car and passed up Chatham Street and the Bowery—that great thoroughfare, where such curious people congregate; where the very shops have a different air, and the oyster-saloons and other places of refreshment seem to revel in strange sign-boards and queerly-worded advertisements. The Jews are there in large numbers, as also Syrians, Chinese, and other Orientals, so that it has a strange and foreign air.

It all amused and interested Winifred, and she called my attention every now and again to some grotesque figure on the sign-boards or to some poster on the wall. I pointed out to the child Stuyvesant Park and Fourteenth Street Park as a rest to the eyes tired with so much sight-seeing. Then we jogged up the uninteresting and uninviting Third Avenue till finally we were in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge and away up in the open country, past Harlem and Mott-Haven, and well up toward High Bridge itself.

At last I called a halt, and we alighted and began the descent again. I resolved to take the little girl to

luncheon at the Waldorf as a special treat, so that she might see modern luxury, so far as hotels are concerned, at its height. We sat in the Empire dining-room, with the imperial eagle of the great Napoleon on our chair backs and a large bunch of fragrant pink roses on the table before us. Our soup was brought in small silver bowls, which reminded Winifred of Niall's treasures. She much enjoyed the very choice and daintily served luncheon which I ordered for her, particularly the sweet course and the dessert. An orchestra was playing all the time of luncheon, changing briskly from grave to gay; and its strains helped to make the whole scene dreamlike and unreal to the child of Nature, accustomed only to the glory of the hills.

Other wonders awaited her: the *café*, with its ever-blossoming trees, and the gold-fish swimming in its ponds; the onyx stairway, and the Louis Quinze salon, with its inlaid cabinets, its brocaded furniture, and above all its gilt piano. This last object seemed to cap the climax of splendor in Winifred's eyes. I think, indeed, that very modern hotel seemed to her a page from the Arabian Nights—some Aladdin's palace which the genii had built up. She was very much pleased, too, with the private dining-room upstairs, where the turning on of the electric light showed such a display of china of all sorts.

When we were tired of exploring, and had, in fact, seen all that was really worth the trouble or that was open to the public, I sat down at a table in the Turkish parlor to write a note, bidding Winifred rest a while. She coiled herself up in one of the great armchairs, keeping so still that I almost thought she had gone to sleep.

The rugs in that room are very soft and the draperies ample, and sound is very much deadened, so that I did not perceive any one coming in. Looking up suddenly from my writing, I was

surprised to see Roderick O'Byrne. I grew pale and red by turns; my heart sank within me and I could not meet his glance. I thought of Niall, his anger, his threats, my own promises. Yet what was I to do in such a situation? Unconscious, of course, of the tumult he had raised in my mind, Roderick came directly toward me, making a few indifferent remarks on the weather, the last political event, the hotel. Finally he asked, abruptly:

"By the way, do I remember aright, that you said you were in Wicklow during your recent trip to Ireland?"

"Yes—no!" I cried, confused. "Oh, yes, of course I was there!"

He looked at me in some surprise; then he asked again:

"Of course you saw the Sugar Loaf Mountains, as the Sassenach call them, but which we Celts loved to name the Gilt Spurs?"

"Of course," I assented, more uneasily than ever; for I heard a movement in the chair.

"The Dargle goes without saying," he continued.

Another rustle in the chair.

"But I am not going to put you through a catechism on Irish local scenery," Roderick said, with a laugh; "I am almost sure you told me that you knew Father Owen Farley."

"Oh, my dear, dear Father Owen!" cried Winifred from the depth of her chair. The mention of that beloved name had aroused her from the spell of shyness, or some other cause, which had hitherto kept her silent.

Roderick turned quickly, and at the same moment Winifred stood up and faced him. There they were together, father and daughter, as any one could see at a glance.

"Do you know Father Owen, sir?" the child asked; and at her voice Roderick started. He did not answer her question, but, gazing at her intently, asked instead:

"Who are you, child?"

Something in the question abashed or offended Winifred; for she drew her little figure to its highest and replied not a word.

Roderick smiled involuntarily at the movement; and I, stepping forward, interposed myself between the father and daughter and drew the child away.

"Come!" I said: "we are in a hurry." And, with a bow and a few muttered words of farewell, I hastened out of the room; and, rushing from the hotel as if a plague had suddenly broken out there, I almost ran with the wondering Winifred to Broadway, where we took a cable car as the safest and speediest means of leaving that vicinity behind us. I had left the note which I was writing on the table; but, fortunately, I had sealed and stamped it, intending to put it in the post-box in the hall. I was sure it would be posted, and gave myself no further concern about it.

I knew Roderick would come to me sooner or later for an explanation of that strange scene—the presence there of the child and my own singular conduct. His impetuous nature would give him no rest till he had cleared up that mystery. But at least the child should be safe back in the convent before I saw him; and I could then refuse to answer any questions, or take any course I thought proper, without fear of interference on the part of Winifred.

"We shall go on up to the Park," I said to the child; for I had some fear that Roderick might come straight to my hotel.

Winifred made no answer, and we took the car to Fifty-Ninth Street, where we got out and were soon strolling through the broad alleys, thronged with carriages; or the quieter footpaths of that splendid Central Park, justly the pride of New Yorkers.

"Why are you afraid of that gentleman?" Winifred asked me in her abrupt fashion as I led her by a secluded path

to show her a statue of Auld Lang Syne which had always appealed to me.

"I am not afraid of him, dear."

"But why are you trembling, and why did you run away?" she asked again.

"Because it was time for us to go. I still have much to show you."

"I like that gentleman," she said.

"Do you?" I cried impulsively. "I am so glad! Go on liking him just as much as ever you can."

She did not seem so much surprised at this statement and at my apparent inconsistency as a grown person would have been; but she went on:

"Only I thought it was rather rude of him to question me like that."

"He did not mean it for rudeness."

"No, I suppose not," the child said slowly. "I'm sorry you took me away so quickly. I would like to have talked to him. He reminded me of Niall."

"Of Niall!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," she answered. "Of course he hasn't gray hair and he doesn't wear the same kind of clothes that Niall does, but it's his face."

I remembered how the same thought had on one occasion occurred to me.

"Then I think he knew my dear Father Owen," the child continued. "I wonder how he knew him? Father Owen never came to America."

"Perhaps he heard of him," I suggested; for I was not anxious that her curiosity in the subject should be too keenly aroused. I tried to divert her mind by showing her various monuments and busts of celebrated people as we went, and at last we stood before the stone group of Auld Lang Syne. It is so natural, so easy, so lifelike that one would think it represented three old men, boon companions, whom we had known. The very buttons on their surtouts, the smile upon their faces, are to the life. Winifred stood by, smiling responsively, while I recited to her the familiar lines of that homely ballad which has found an echo in every land.

We could not see everything in the Park that day, especially as we began to feel tired. So, leaving the rest for a future occasion, we returned home again and had a rest before dinner. The gaily-lighted dining-room, the well-dressed guests, were a new source of pleasure to Winifred; but every once in a while her thoughts reverted to the dark gentleman. I was haunted by a fear that he would come that very evening for an explanation, and I did not linger either in the hotel parlors or the corridor. But the evening wore away and there was no sign of him. I took Winifred out to show her a little of New York by gaslight, and to lay in a stock of chocolates and other sweets for her to take back with her on the morrow.

Next day, faithful to promise, I brought her back to school, where I left her somewhat depressed and despondent, as the returning pupil is apt to be for a day or two. Then I set myself to await Roderick's visit with what heart I might.

(To be continued.)

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

III.—ISRAEL GREETES HER QUEEN.

It was a modest and in outward appearance a somewhat undistinguished-looking little group—the man no longer young, slightly bowed indeed with the weight of years his venerable head white with the snows of many winters. His companion was a tall and stately woman, past her first youth, yet in the very prime and vigor of her womanhood; and bearing upon her veiled countenance, as the breeze now and again swept aside its drapery, the great and generous joy which filled all her heart; for close to her bosom Joachim's wife carried the most precious burden a mother's arms had ever yet held, and she was about to present that gift to Him who in

His mercy had granted it to her prayers.

Little Mary, childishly wearied with the long journey, lay sweetly, calmly happy within her mother's arms. The hour had struck which God, in His great plan for the redemption of mankind, had foreseen from all time; and she through whom the Star was to arise upon Jew and Gentile alike was hurrying to perform the first great act in her long life of love and service and sorrow. The little Virgin was hastening to the Temple to give her whole heart, her whole being to God.

And how miraculously triumphal was the entry of the lovely child into the ancient and venerable house of God at Jerusalem! The journey indeed from the happy home at Nazareth had been one full of vicissitudes,—a little of it pleasant, the greater part, however, filled with hardships and trials. It was in the winter season, when the green mountains of Galilee were beginning to put on their snowy covering, that father, mother and child, together with their few attendants, had set forth.

The travellers had before them a journey of several days, during which their way lay through a varied and changing landscape. Descending by the woody slopes of Mount Carmel, they reached those beautiful plains which extend from the mountains of Palestine to the coasts of Syria. This is a fair and favored region, having a climate so mild that orange-trees and all the flowers of summer blossom in the depth of winter. Passing through groves of palms, banana-trees and pomegranates, they reached the banks of the little river Gaas, a limpid stream overhung by graceful willow-trees. Still onward they pressed, their way now lying through the pretty town of Ramatha, whose clusters of white dwellings, surrounded by blooming gardens, have been compared to a "cameo laid in a basket of roses."

Soon, however, the aspect of the country through which our little party

was travelling underwent a marvellous change. There were, alas! no more flowers; there was no more green grass; there were no more soft breezes laden with the perfume of the citron-tree. Instead, all around were jagged rocks, deep ravines, through which the wind swept in mournful echoes; high, dark mountains where only the scream of the eagle broke the midnight stillness, and where the asses (the travellers' sole means of conveyance) kept their footing only with the greatest difficulty; in a word, surroundings the most grand, yet the most desolate which can be imagined. It was while toiling painfully along a rugged path which led across the top of one of these mountains that the weary travellers, coming to an abrupt turn of the road, beheld at last, not very far in the distance, the magnificent and glorious sight which told them that the end of their journey was at hand.

Joachim and Anne had already looked upon that vision many times in their pious lives, but little Mary's first remembered glimpse was given to her now. With a childlike cry of joy, which had in it, too, a deeper note—a note of adoring love far beyond her years,—the little Jewish maid threw out both arms in greeting to the glorious vision. For, set in the midst of gloomy valleys, dizzy heights, and wellnigh inaccessible rocks, there had suddenly burst upon the horizon a city,—a wondrous city of marble, of cedar and of gold. Three great stone-walls, guarded with ninety forts, enclosed it. Enormous towers magnificent as palaces, and palaces fortified like citadels, upreared their lofty summits above the surrounding walls; while on a narrow table-land of the highest mountain, its front so thickly covered with plates of gold that in the daydawn it stood forth no less dazzling than the rays of the rising sun, uprose the Temple of Jerusalem, the future home of little Mary.

On those sides of the Temple where there were no plates of gold the stones were so white that at a distance the great pile of buildings looked like a mountain covered with snow. "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" The blessed child's heart echoed the words, though her sweet lips voiced them not; for Mary's adoring joy was beyond any spoken language.

Quietly approaching the Holy City by the gate of Rama, the little party now took their way through long, dark and winding streets, passing between heavy-looking, flat-roofed houses without any windows. Within one of these they took up a temporary abode of seven days; all the while praying and doing penance before, according to the Jewish law, they were thought worthy to appear in the presence of the Most High. At the end of that time the little pilgrimage made ready to set out for the Temple.

Joachim, dressing himself in garments of purest white, and, carrying in his arms a gentle little lamb, gathered about him such of his friends as were then in Jerusalem; and together with Anne, who bore in her arms her dear little baby daughter, they all set forth. Passing through the magnificent gates of Corinthian brass—gates so huge and so heavy that it took the combined strength of more than twenty Levites to close them every night,—they entered a vast courtyard paved with black and white flags and surrounded by lofty piazzas. Crowds of strangers from all parts of the world, as well as native Jews clothed in gorgeous Oriental colors, walked to and fro in this space which was called the "Gentiles' Porch." No one who was not a Hebrew dare venture nearer to the Temple under penalty of death.

Apart, and at some distance from this miscellaneous crowd, were gathered together the proud aristocrats of Israel. Clothed in scarlet and purple, or in

long Babylonian robes embroidered with gold, they stood beneath the Porch of Solomon awaiting the hour of prayer and contemplating the rabble with glances of contempt. And yet, disdainful as they were toward strangers, these proud people were like brethren among themselves, and especially so when they belonged to the same tribe.

Joachim, whose birth, notwithstanding his modest share of this world's goods, was as noble as that of any of the princes of his people, knew this national trait, and bent his steps in the direction of Solomon's Porch, trusting to be received kindly. Nor was his trust misplaced, for now a wonderful thing happened. Hardly had these great ones, among whom was the flower of the Jewish nobility, noticed the approach of the humble little party, than a number of illustrious ladies, warriors and princes of the House of David, after conferring a moment among themselves, as if moved by a common and irresistible impulse, suddenly formed in column, and thus impressively advanced with dignified grace to greet them.

Joachim paused, not knowing how to account for the greatness of the honor done him; he had expected a greeting indeed, but hardly *such* a greeting. Anne, however, her mother-pride illumined by heavenly intuition, held her little daughter high in her arms and presented her to the advancing relatives. Anne *knew*—though *how* she knew she could not have told—that this was her child's day and hour. And truly all the multitude saw her and declared her most blessed. For the murmurs of admiration and delight which greeted the vision of this little maiden of peerless beauty, as the ladies and the gallants crowded round to kiss her tiny hands, seemed to testify to the correctness of the mother's intuition—or was it the whisper of the angel at her ear? Thus had Mary her triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A welcome announcement is made by the *Dolphin* press—an English translation, with notes by the Rev. H. T. Henry, of "Poems, Charades and Inscriptions of His Holiness Leo XIII." The collection will include the revised compositions of his early life in chronological order.

—We learn from the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., that their "New International Encyclopædia" will consist of sixteen volumes, the first to appear about the 1st of June, and the others to follow at the rate of one each month. We hope to review the volumes as they appear.

—"Corpus Christi" is the title of an attractive little book made up of selections from Father Faber's works. The first and last chapters of "The Blessed Sacrament" are herein given in part; and as we reread Father Faber's beautiful words on Triumph and on Reparation, like the disciples on Emmaus, we feel our hearts burning with new love and desire toward the Dweller in the Tabernacle. R. & T. Washbourne.

—The Eclectic School Readings, published by the American Book Co., are a valuable aid to teachers in making the young observe and think. Late additions to this series are "Stories of Country Life," by Sarah Powers Bradish, dealing with the varied activities of farm life; and "Ten Common Trees," by Susan Stokes, which presents in interesting story form simple nature lessons about trees and their relations with the soil, moisture, winds and insects.

—Miss Ellen Stone, the American missionary who was held for ransom by Bulgarian bandits, is by no means one of those rolling stones that gather no moss. Rather one should say, perhaps, she gathers in "the rocks." She has been engaged for a lecture tour under the management of Major Pond; and we learn that Mr. McClure journeyed all the way to Constantinople to offer her ten thousand dollars for the serial rights of a book the first word of which is not yet written. There are a lot of well-seasoned authors who would feel somewhat like a bandit themselves if Mr. McClure were to make them an offer like that.

—In "Lectura y Conversacion," by T. Silva and A. Fourcant, published by the American Book Co., the general principles of the Spanish language are presented in brief. The treatment of the verb is somewhat different from that given in the grammar of the Spanish Academy; this, however, does not detract from the merits of the work, which is evidently prepared for those desiring to obtain in a limited time a reading and ordinary conver-

sational knowledge of the beautiful language of Spain, which present conditions have made so important. Exercises from the English into the Spanish would, we think, enhance the value of the work and make it a complete first year book.

—There is a special unction in the works of devotion compiled by the Rev. F. X. Lasance; and his latest publication, "The Little Manual of St. Anthony" (Benziger Bros.), will find many appreciative readers among the clients of the Saint of Padua. The book, handy in size, contains prayers and novenas, and suggests various other exercises of devotion in his honor.

—Recent publications of the Oxford University Press include a work which will be welcomed by all lovers of Dante—a work designed to widen our knowledge of Dante's sources and inspirations. We refer to Mr. H. J. Chaytor's "Troubadours of Dante," being selections from the writings of the Provençal poets quoted by the great Florentine. Mr. Chaytor's work contains an introduction, lucid notes, a grammar and glossary.

—The death is announced of the well-known English Redemptorist, the Rev. Thomas Livius, at the venerable age of seventy-three. For more than thirty years he was one of the most devoted and efficient missionaries in Great Britain. He deserves to be remembered also as the author of those excellent books—"St. Peter, Bishop of Rome," "The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries," and "Mary in the Epistles." Father Livius was formerly an Anglican parson and was at one time curate to the future "Bishop of London." He had been in ill health for a long time, and suffered much in his last illness. Like many another English convert, he exchanged a life of ease and honor for one of toil and privation.

—The workings of the Newspaper Guild, an institution which flourishes among the Catholics of England, deserve to be better known in this country. The primary object of the Guild is to supply at least one first-rate Catholic paper to public libraries and reading-rooms, and its success in this work may be gauged from the fact that whereas Catholic publications were never found in such places a few years ago, they are now regularly placed in more than two hundred reading-rooms. The Guild has met with courteous treatment in nearly all cases, and some of the public libraries have even defrayed the expense of supplying Catholic reading to their patrons. Other objects of the Guild are to urge the purchase of standard Catholic books by the libraries and to supply the British army with religious reading. All these purposes are at least as feasible and

as important in the United States as they are in England. Zealous individuals have seen the necessity of the work here and there, but of organized effort to make it general and efficient there has been little. This magazine has for years been sending out hundreds of Catholic periodicals to prisons, hospitals, etc.; but it has never succeeded in arousing sufficient public interest in the apostolate to include books, or even, at times, to pay the expense of postage.

—An Irish penman complains in a London journal because a local Catholic editor declined to publish any more of his work in consequence of certain rather abusive letters that he wrote against the Irish bishops. "This," says the penman, "is a happy illustration of the proceedings of the Holy Inquisition." The editor was quite within his right. Furthermore, an editor's duty to his publication requires him to dispense with the services even of those contributors who publicly appear in bad company. If an author otherwise acceptable cheapens himself or casts away respectability by associating himself with disreputable movements, parties or publications, he ought not to complain if his copy becomes "unavailable." The printed as well as the spoken word derives a part of its power and value from the personality whose word it is.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Sacristan's Manual. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts., net.
- Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.
- The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.
- The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harkand.* \$1.50.
- The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.
- The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychical Research.* 75 cts., net.
- Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.
- The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.

- Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.
- The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.
- Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
- Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
- St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
- Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
- Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. Charles McCabe, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; and the Rev. William Brennan, archdiocese of San Francisco.

Sister M. Victor, of the Mission Helpers, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Joseph Arth, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Jacob Erb, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary Coffey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McKay, Homestead, Pa.; Miss Margaret Eckles, Mrs. Bridget Kennedy, and Mrs. Mary Glossenkamp, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Charles Doherty, Fairville, Canada; Mr. J. D. Keiley, Miss Teresa Cody, and Mrs. Harriet Wierichs, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. A. G. Tuohy, Miss L. T. Forsyth, and Mrs. D. W. McGrath, Washington, D. C.; Mr. E. J. Kennelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Ellen Bryerton, Rome, N. Y.; Mrs. T. W. Smith, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. Joseph O'Loughlin, Williamsburg, Iowa; Miss Delia Cosgrove, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary McCarthy, Dorchester, Canada; Mr. George Vagt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. T. Kilcullin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Anna McGlennan, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. William Pfeifer, Bridgewater, S. Dak.; Mrs. P. H. McManus, St. Anthony, Minn.; Mr. John O'Hanlon and Mrs. Anna Prendergast, Potosi, Mo.; Mr. R. J. Williams, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Mr. August Louhart, St. Peter, Minn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 21.

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The Comforter.

BY MARION MUIR.

IN the dark hour, with none to save,
The time when fiends and tempests rave,
That stuns the wise and cows the brave,

Cometh the power of light and love,
The Messenger of Heaven's Dove,
Bearing the strength that rules above.

Then we perceive, unseen before,
The nearness of the eternal shore,
The glories of the crystal floor.

He maketh sweet the bitter bread,
Lifts with new hope the fallen head,
And dries with joy the tears we shed.

Gleanings from a New Guidebook.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY," not long published, by Methuen,* and written by Dr. Windle,† an Irish Trinity College convert, he will allow us to say, now Dean of the Medical Faculty in the new Birmingham University, is a most charming guidebook, if it is not rather a little essay, exquisite and cheap, full of England's history and romantic past; bringing abbeys and castles before us, country-houses and

villages, and the life and doings of towns and cities still known or famous.

In Shakespeare's country or out of it, the book is specially interesting to Catholics who love to linger in Catholic England and to think of the days that are no more; in these new days of the resurrection of the Church, when if Bath Abbey of this West country is gone, Downside, not far off, shows Benedictines again in some of their glory.

Readers can find in our book the wonders of Elizabeth at Kenilworth, the legend of the Lady Godgifu discussed, or the story of Amy Robsart investigated. But we pass into the churches.

And so to Warwick, St. Mary's, with still empty "Easter Sepulchre, . . . in which the . . . Host was placed on Holy Thursday, surrounded by lights and guarded by watchers." The book adds (p. 97), "until Easter Sunday morning," according to the old custom. There is no slip here.* But there seems to be a slip (p. 181) as to the tapestry made just before the Reformation representing the Blessed Virgin "adored [*sic*] by the Apostles." We would not have

* In German churches, a presanctified Host is consumed indeed during the Office of Good Friday; but a second specially reserved Host is carried to the repository—on *Good Friday*,—and throughout that day and Holy Saturday it receives special adoration, exposed in a monstrance covered with a white but transparent veil in sign of mourning. Late in the afternoon of Easter Eve there is the bringing back of the Sacred Host, with great pomp—the beginning of Easter. These ceremonies are known as the burial and the "Auferstehung," or Resurrection of Our Lord.

* 36 Essex Street, Strand, London.

† Author also of "The Malvern Country," showing the lordly Catholic towers of Malvern, Hereford and Worcester. He has told which of the "Roads to Rome" he took, in the volume of that name (1901).

continuity with such a church; nor yet, indeed, with that which in Elizabethan epitaphs herds conscience-seared sinners in the same prayerless hope with innocents of not four years—Elizabeth's "Sweet Robin," the Leicester of "the worst qualities of both sexes," with his little son.

Here, in the chapel of Our Lady (popularly called Beauchamp Chapel), is the tomb inscription of even "the good Earl of Warwick," dying under the new-old naturalism of Elizabeth's world:—

Heare under this tombe lieth the corps of the L. Ambrose Dudley, who, after the deceases of his elder bretheren without issue, was sonne and heir to John Duke of Northumberlande, to whom Q: Elizabeth, in ye firste yeare of her reigne, gave the manor of Kilworth Beauchamp.... And so on; how she gave him offices and titles, made him Livetenant Generall in Normandy, and Knight of ye Noble Order of ye Garter; and finally how he died and "his corps was interred near his brother... and others his noble ancestors."

So Dr. Windle's book gives it, telling of the glorious remains of this Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, built one century only before men "waxed fat and kicked." But on the preceding page (102) read the tomb inscription of one also great, and an Earl of Warwick, who died when Shakespeare's country was Catholic:—

"Preieth* devoutly for the sowel whom god assoile of one of the moost worshipful knightes in his dayes." He had "grete lordships" indeed; but he "decessed ful cristenly." He left money to found the chapel; and to it "his executours dide Translate fful worshipfully the seide Body into the vout abouseide. Honored be god therefore."

Indeed it is an instructive contrast—a great, an awful change.

The will of the founder of Beauchamp Chapel directs that his body should be interred in the collegiate church of Our Lady in Warwick, where—

I will that there be made a chapel of Our Lady, well, fair, and goodly built, within the middle of which chapel I will that my tomb be made. That there be said every day during the world, in the aforesaid chapel, three Masses. Whereof one every day of Our Lady, God's Mother, with note as the

ordinal of Salisbury doth assign. The second, without note, of Requiem. Third also without note; to be: Sunday, of the Trinity; Monday, of the Angels; Tuesday, of St. Thomas of Canterbury; Wednesday, of the Holy Ghost; Thursday, of Corpus Christi; Friday, of the Holy Cross; and Saturday, of the Annunciation of Our Lady. Also I will that there be in all haste after my decease, and before all things, to be said for me five thousand Masses. Also I will that in the name of Heryott to Our Lady, there be given to the church of Our Lady in Warwick mine image of gold and of Our Lady there to be abide for evermore.

"For evermore." So, soon after, Henry VIII. himself willed that Masses should be said "during the world" for his "hard-ruled" soul, which he learned not to rule; and therefore it was that in his own daughter's reign, one of her own-made-bishops, as she called them, was spouting his little-corner-of-the-world-blasphemy, that "the Mass is abolished." This man's successors are longing—the good, piously-disposed, restless, disorganized crowd,—longing, with the late Archbishop Benson, to see the poor again round cathedral altars, "as I see them abroad," he said; as his Catholic predecessors saw them at Canterbury, he might have said; as Ridley saw them at old St. Paul's, before he smashed the altars of God and His poor, and broke down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers. That was a new sort of "bishop."* In hiding-places, the Mass still united earth to heaven,—in the land of St. Augustine, Roman monk; of King Alfred, Roman pilgrim; of St. Edward and the succeeding founders of

* The following, from William Cobbett's "Rural Rides," is dated from a quiet English western city, August 31, 1826:

Yesterday morning [Wednesday] I went into the cathedral about seven o'clock. When I got into the nave of the church, and was looking up and admiring the columns and the roof, I heard a sort of humming in some place which appeared to be in the transept of the building. I wondered what it was, and made my way toward the place whence the noise appeared to issue. As I approached it, the noise seemed to grow louder. At last I thought I could distinguish the sounds of the human voice. This encouraged me to proceed; and, still following the sound, I at last turned into a doorway to my left, where I found a priest and his congregation assembled. It was a parson

* Middle English imperative.

Mass-houses, king and noble, burghess and cardinal, and penitent and sufferer, while yet charity flowed free, in veins drawing their life from Rome.

Parent of our Religion! whom the wide Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven! Europe, repentant of her parrieide, Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven, Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

No citizen of Rome—ancient Roman, or later receiver of her freedom—will forget this to the heir of desecrated Newstead Abbey. *There* indeed the world had come in, to live without God; but for his own daughter, anyway, did not Byron will the safeguards of the Church, that she might be least like her father and most acceptable to the Lord he denied? He that is without sin cast a stone at him. He would not have betrayed that Lord of Eucharistic Love whom the anointed hands of His poor despised priests were holding, in England's catacombs, after England's churches were left desolate.

Of one such refuge of Mass-priests, in "Shakespeare's Country" (p. 69) we read:

The turret in the northeast corner of the Tower chamber contains, like so many of the old houses of the Midlands, a priest's hiding-place, in which a portable altar-stone with its consecration crosses was found some time ago. It is now in the beautiful Catholic church which has been crected in the grounds of the court.

This is a consolation to hear, in these days of mere antiquarian interest in religious rites. But the family of the Throckmortons has always remained Catholic. And may one hope its mem-

bers are now not only as religious but as polished as in the days when even Cowper willingly praised Benevolus and the "nymph" translator of Horace?

Again, at Compton Wyngates, that great and beautiful house—

Three staircases lead from the council chamber to the priest's chamber in the roof, where the services of the Catholic Church were performed when proscribed by law. This room contains a most interesting relic in the shape of a shelf under the southwest window, on which are carved five crosses in the positions which they would occupy on an altar slab. This shelf can not actually have been a consecrated altar, not being of stone; but it was doubtless the spot on which the portable altar-stone was laid during the celebration of Mass, and was consequently marked in this way. It is believed to be the only object of its kind in the country.

What a fascination have these relics of the Catholic past! And though, as Bishop Spalding reminds us, we must be of the Catholic present and the greater Catholic future, still we can not but give ourselves up to the charm of these things. Does not even the world thrill with their romantic touch? And when we look at them with the Faith, we have feelings which a more than sacred pity has engendered.

Why does one—why do so many,—even when non-Catholic, value beyond measure these relics? There they are, as Aubrey de Vere said, to call men back to the religion ever new indeed and ever young. Yet these do not always see and understand. As a boy I recollect seeing Glastonbury; and such sights made the soul feel little at home in Protestantism.

of some sort, with a white covering on him, and five women and four men. When I arrived, there were five couple of us. I joined the congregation until they came to the litany; and then, being monstrously hungry, I did not think myself bound to stay any longer. I wonder what the founders would say if they could rise from the grave, and see such a congregation as this in this most magnificent and beautiful cathedral?

Cobbett, Church-of-England Protestant as he was, goes on to say of cathedral revenues:

There is one thing, at any rate, that might be abstained from by those that revel in the riches of those endowments; namely, to abuse and blackguard those of our forefathers from whom the endowments came, and who erected the

edifice, and carried so far toward the skies that beautiful and matchless spire, of which the present possessors have the impudence to boast, while they represent as ignorant and benighted creatures those who conceived the grand design and who executed the scientific and costly work.

Cobbett speaks of their railing "against that, Catholick religion, which had given them their daily bread":

For my part, I could not look up at the spire and the whole of the church without *feeling* that I lived in degenerate times. Such a thing never could be made now. It really does appear that if our forefathers had not made these buildings we should have forgotten before now what the Christian religion was.

Nor did I then know the story of the holy Abbot Whiting. The gracious Anglicans with whom I was staying in those parts had a horror of sacrilege, and told of its fate thereabout. They had stories of the sacred vessels of the abbey buried for safety at the Reformation, and to be found, they hoped, some day—for use in the Reformation Establishment,—that Gallio that will not care and will not believe. May God forbid! Near by, in a private garden, was a little chapel, and in it an altar of old, with the five crosses marked. To us outsiders even, it was worth piles of churches built out of communion with Rome, as we then were. Strange infatuation! Yet this homesickness for the home of the Mother of Churches, how wonderful it is, how awful!

In Ireland, too, have any of your readers seen the old altar-stone in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick—in a side chapel, now used as some meeting-place for officials? But there, near the baize-covered table, it lay, of full long size, and only slightly broken at one end. A good Protestant visitor cared for all the "old" things shown to her one day not long since: she cared for nothing new, she said. And indeed who could care—from the prim little communion table and skimpy fittings, down to the well-meaning, pompous verger who wished to show us over this place which his fathers visited as a house of prayer? One almost would recall Burns: "What a poor pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship—dirty, narrow and squalid, stuck in the midst of old Popish grandeur, such as... Melrose!"

What a soul in these names, these "sacrament houses"—Melrose, Glastonbury, Evesham, of which last abbey Dr. Windle tells that the last abbot, builder of the beautiful bell-tower, was forced in 1539 to hand over the abbey to Cromwell; at which time, says Grose, "we have reason to conclude that, out of Oxford and Cambridge, there was not

to be found so great an assemblage of religious buildings in the kingdom." So great and beautiful were they that even the heart of Cromwell was touched, and he wished to preserve them for educational purposes; but Henry VIII. was obdurate, and granted the lands to Sir Philip Hoby, who let out the abbey as a stone quarry. As a result, the stones of the abbey are to be met with in many of the older houses of Evesham; and of all its magnificent buildings only the bell-tower, the almonry, the gate-house, and the entrance arch of the chapter house survive to the present day." (p. 71.) Thus, too, the road from Glastonbury to Wells is paved with the noble buildings from St. Dunstan's holy home.

Destroyers, indeed, had always existed, in spirit, among men,—and in act, also; as when one William de Beauchamp plundered the abbey church, even in days when there was in the land something stronger for God than a national church of Cæsar. But mark the result then. "He was excommunicated by the abbot, his castle razed to the ground, and its site turned into a cemetery." (p. 75.) Fairly sensible people ask us now, 'How is it the Church thus suffers at the hands of men?' Yet they themselves may be followers, by intention anyway, of that Just One put to death by wicked men. Or the poet might, naturally, teach them:

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly.

We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.

Strange it is and saddening to find those who love beauty and reverence, who are pitiful, and care for the poor, who even will quote such words of Christian longing from Protestant exile as Johnson's "I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement,"—strange to find them blind to the evil

of violence, insolence, ignorance and brutality, shown by those who hated Christian holiness, whether in the Lord thereof or in those who come nearest to His beauty. Yet the poet's natural reflection might teach again that—

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.

The great prose contemporary might well say: "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished." And in the days of Shakespeare and Bacon there had been a fine triumph of Cæsar and worldly glory, of worship of the body and the pride of life. Many a page of this book suggests the incidents then of the everlasting war. It was not Queen Elizabeth, Gloriana, the bright Occidental star, who would rise as a poor penitent soul by nights to pay humble homage to Him before whom in His true worship princes and beggars were one in nothingness: it was not she, but the last in the old line of Catholic Queens, Katherine of Arragon, who thus kept to the old teaching of the real standing of mortals; she with her—

rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Her meekness saintlike, wifelike government.

But all that had fallen from favor; and the aged daughter of Queen Katherine's vain maid of honor, now, as Green puts it, "hunted, danced, jested with young favorites, coquetted, scolded, and frolicked at sixty-seven." "Gorgeous she was like an Eastern princess," a contemporary foreigner saw her; "with false red hair surmounted with a crown of gold, ... continually painted, not only over her face but her very neck and breste also." And she not reckoned a poor sinner—as one less sinful might be under the Christian yoke of Rome,—but held to be nigh perfection,* and a worthy supreme governor of a church.

* The canopy made to be borne over the Blessed Sacrament in Queen Mary's days was borne over Queen Elizabeth in a procession to her honor,—she who had been crowned with the Catholic Pontifical, and had taken Christian oaths [not blasphemy] and received Holy Communion.

This was the time when palaces for the rich were built out of the sanctuaries for all men; when the memorials of the dead were not sacred from greed; and when the treasures offered to God for His service through generations to come, were scattered among the spoilers in the days of "the great pillage."

And what a lesson from this book where some Catholics fall in with these uncatholic and therefore, of course, unchristian ways, making specious claims for a personal religion of the spirit only, and really putting aside the God of the Incarnation! "The monuments of the dead," says a writer in words just put before me, "no longer breathe a prayer for the soul, but proclaim their virtues and their renown before men. The church bell is no longer inscribed with the name of a saint, but with his who gave it." So much for the naturalism of reformed religion. But do we not see in modern Catholic churches stained-glass windows "erected to memory," but bearing no demand for Christian charity in prayer for the soul? Do not Catholic societies also thus abandon their members' souls, while recounting in vulgar platitudes the virtues of the good fellow gone? It was not so with the guildsmen of the Catholic past who built in "Shakespeare's country." But it was so with those who are our allies when we hide our religion—those destroyers of the outward and visible signs of piety, after whose desolating passage "the altar-stone may be sought in the pavement, the holy-water stoup in the nearest stable-yard."

Read even Washington Irving's solemn and impressive musing among the tombs in Westminster Abbey, to him the great mausoleum, but no house of prayer. Beautiful sounds float from an evening service, but with no suggestion to him of anything but the proud religion of those who have never sinned. "How did you enjoy the service?" might be asked; as we hear nice Anglicanism

whisper, with no sense of humor. But what produced these Catholic minsters and abbeys, asks Montalembert,* indignantly answering a dilettante society—non-Catholic, but would-be Catholic,—what produced them but two doctrines: the Real Presence, that is the Mass; and the Communion of Saints, that is their Invocation,—the cloud of witnesses round the Sacrament of the Altar?

This is the way: walk ye in it. And it is thus the old places make their appeal to us, as to our fathers—before some of these, from one corner of Christendom, in ignorant or barbarous fanaticism, learned to batter down rather than to build.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXI.

AMONG the many quebradas which abound in the Sierra, the greatest and deepest, as its name implies, is the Quebrada Onda. This vast chasm cuts clear across the range, and is of such extent that no trail following the course of the Sierra can avoid it; so that those who journey there must of necessity consume at least half a day in going down into its depths and climbing out of them again. It is all up-and-down work; for the quebrada, though several thousand feet deep, is so narrow at the bottom that it would be possible to fling a stone across it. Hence the traveller who has followed the trail as it zigzags for miles down the steep mountain slopes to the depths of the abyss, must immediately face a similar acclivity on the opposite side, and has an opportunity to decide which is worse—to journey painfully and perilously downward or to strain laboriously and perilously upward.

Most travellers pause a little between the two experiences, in order to rest themselves and their animals. But it is not likely that the marvellous picturesqueness of the spot appeals to many of them. The tourist has not yet penetrated into the Sierra; and to those who journey among these mighty heights, the tremendous cañon is only a very unpleasant feature of the way. "Ah, que mala!" the *arrieros* say, shaking their heads, when the Quebrada Onda is mentioned; and this is the sum of popular opinion concerning it.

Occasionally, however, chance brings a pair of eyes into these scenes which are capable of perceiving their picturesque grandeur, their wild, entrancing loveliness. Such eyes belonged to one of two travellers who on a certain day rode down into the Quebrada Onda. The first of these was a Mexican—a *mozo* of the type found in rich men's households,—a man of muscular frame and honest, trustworthy face, wearing tight-fitting breeches of leather, girded about the waist with a red sash; short jacket, also of leather, elaborately braided; wide, heavily-trimmed *sombrero*, high boots and great spurs. The second was a young woman dressed in a habit of waterproof serge, and heavily veiled to guard against the sunburn which even men dread in these regions; but not so heavily as to hide the outlines of charming features, nor to obscure the luminous glances of eyes which lost no detail of the beauty through which their owner was passing. These eyes were shining with delight when, as the two riders reached the bottom of the quebrada, the *mozo* who had led the way down the steep trail drew aside, and the girl—Miss Rivers, in brief—rode forward toward the crystal-clear stream which flows through the gorge. For Nature has lavished on this spot, hidden deep in the everlasting hills, everything which is hers to give. Here are great masses of rock like titanic bastions and

* "A Voice from the Dead." Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London S. E.

towers, luxuriant verdure, groups of stately, tapering pines, flashing water, stupendous overshadowing heights, and far, far above a sky of lucent sapphire.

"O Manuel," she exclaimed in Spanish, "how beautiful—how wonderfully beautiful! You never told me the Quebrada Onda was so lovely!"

"No, Señorita," responded Manuel, gravely. "It is bad—very bad indeed, the Quebrada Onda."

The girl laughed, not only at his words but for very joy in the beauty around her.

"Oh, it is heavenly!" she cried. "I must have a picture of it. Quick! give me my camera and bag."

She sprang lightly to the ground as she spoke; and the Mexican, who had already dismounted, lifted from his shoulder the straps of a camera case and a small bag and brought them to her.

In an instant she had the camera out, and, going a little farther up the stream, where the channel was strewn with rocks, sprang from one to another until she gained a mid-point in the current. "Perfect!" she said to herself, as her eye took in the view of the water, the rocks, the foliage, and the majestic heights, with their jutting cliffs, which closed the vista. But while she gazed into the "finder," endeavoring to bring as much of this picture as possible into her photograph, a figure suddenly passed into her field of vision and paused there. A horseman had ridden into the stream where the trail crossed it, and sat motionless, while his horse drank,—his face turned with what she felt was astonishment toward herself.

It was not necessary for her to look up to recognize this horseman. She knew him even in the "finder," and was conscious of a distinct throb of pleasure, while the eyes behind the silvery veil shone a trifle more brightly. But she did not speak. She only smiled as she gave the touch which moved her shutter, and then quietly proceeded to

wind up the camera for another view.

Meanwhile Lloyd knew almost as soon as herself what fortune—good or bad—it was which had befallen him. His heart did more than throb: it gave a great bound as he recognized the graceful figure, veiled though the face might be. For a moment he remained quite still. Then, touching his horse with the spur, he rode up the stream toward her.

"So you have come into the Sierra, after all!" he said, as, drawing up beside the rock where she stood, he leaned from the saddle to take her hand.

And Isabel, looking up at him, replied: "Did I not tell you that I would come? You were very discouraging about the prospect of our meeting. Yet, you see, we have met—'after all,' as you say."

"Yes, we have met," he observed, in apparently unnecessary confirmation of her statement. "It is *kismet*."

If it occurred to her that he had not said he was glad to meet her, she showed no sign of any consciousness of the omission. Her manner had never been more brightly frank than when she said:

"And this is better than the mountain top on which I foretold that I should meet you. The Quebrada is the culmination of all the enchanting picturesqueness through which I have been travelling, and therefore it is the most appropriate place in which I could thank you for the invitation to Las Joyas which has brought me into the Sierra. I am sure that I owe it to you."

"Only in a very limited sense. But are you wandering in the Sierra all alone, like a lady in a romance?"

"Oh, no! Papa is behind, with *mozos* and mules galore. But I ride in advance, in order to have time to stop and take pictures when I like. Manuel—you know our majordomo—is in charge of me, and very sensible of his responsibility."

"He had better exercise it, then, by hurrying you on at present; for there is a heavy cloud coming up. You can not

see it from here, but it may overtake you before you reach the top of the mountain, if you do not make haste."

"A cloud!" She looked up incredulously at the strip of brilliant sky overhead. "I know it is near the season of the rains—everyone told us we should have come into the Sierra earlier,—but there are always clouds for many days before it begins to rain, are there not? And even if it should rain, how would we be any better off at the top of the mountain than here?"

"Not better off than here, perhaps; but better off than climbing a steep and dangerous trail, hanging between heaven and earth."

"Then, cloud or no cloud, I shall wait here for papa. And meanwhile it strikes me that, unless you are in haste to go on, fate seems to have clearly intended that you shall make a sketch for me of this wonderful place."

"I should be very happy to do so, but I have no materials for drawing."

She motioned toward the bank where her bag lay.

"I have everything there; for I, too, make attempts at sketching sometimes. So if I am really not detaining you—"

It would have been easy to say that he could not delay, to express regret at his inability to gratify her, to utter a few platitudes of farewell, to shake hands, to ride away; but he did none of these things. A great hunger leaped up within him to enjoy for a little while the delight of her society, to taste for a little while the things he had renounced. What did a few hours more or less matter? It would be no more than that—a few hours or minutes of pleasure such as might never again come into his life. And if this pleasure was to be paid for afterward with pain—well, had he not learned that pain is the price which, sooner or later, must be paid for all things?

"You are not delaying me," he said. "Wherever night finds me in the Sierra

I lie down and sleep. But even if you were, there are delays which are pleasures. Can I assist you to the shore?"

She shook her head.

"There is no need. I shall be there as soon as you, and then we'll decide on the best point of view. I want those grand cliffs, which I couldn't bring into my photograph."

And so it came to pass that, far down in the depths of the wildest cañon of the Sierra, Lloyd, putting all thought of past or future away from him, knew some entirely happy moments. For if he had found Isabel Rivers charming when he met her in Tópia, where the atmosphere around them was in a certain sense conventional, what term could fitly describe what he found her now, when the spell of the Sierra, its wild freedom and surpassing beauty, seemed to have entered into and to possess her "like a passion"? While they sat together and he sketched the scene before them, she talked to him of the other scenes through which she had been passing, and every word was full of keenest pleasure and deepest appreciation.

"I have been in many picturesque countries," she said, "but I have never felt in the same degree the exaltation of which one is conscious here. One does not feel as if breathing common air. It is an elixir of the gods. And the untrodden freshness, the majesty of these great heights—" Then, abruptly: "You have read 'Prince Otto,' of course?"

"Long ago—at least as long as is possible."

"Do you remember—but if you are a lover of Stevenson you must—the flight of the princess? Some of the words have been singing in my memory during the last two days. Do you remember this, 'Upon all these things, as she sped along in the bright air, she looked with a rapture of surprise and a joyful fainting of the heart; they seemed so novel, they touched so strangely home, they were

so hued and scented, they were so beset and canopied by the dome of the blue air of heaven'?"

"I remember them," he said; and to himself he added that they would ever after be associated with a voice which was like a haunting strain of music, and the shining of a pair of eyes full of golden light.

"I am not very much like the princess," Isabel went on, with a laugh; "but the description has seemed to suit my case. I, too, as I have 'sped along in the bright air,' have 'looked with a rapture of surprise' on scenes so beautiful that they have seemed to touch and thrill in the deepest, strangest, yet most familiar manner. Is there a strain of the dryad in some of us,—or the gypsy, perhaps?"

"The dryad in you, I am sure—ah, there it comes!"

What came was a blaze of white light around them, and simultaneously a crash of thunder over their heads which seemed to shake the encompassing heights. Lloyd sprang to his feet almost as hastily as he had sprung when they sat together at the San Benito and he heard the sound of the loosened boulder on the mountain side above them.

"Come!" he said. "There isn't a moment to lose, if you don't want to be drenched to the skin."

"But—where can we go?" she asked bewildered, snatching up her camera, while he stuffed the drawing materials into the bag and threw it over his shoulder.

"You'll see," Lloyd answered. "Only come quickly, for the rain will be here in half a minute."

She asked no more questions, but ran with him toward Manuel and the animals. The former stood a picture of consternation.

"Ah, Don Felipe!" he gasped, as Lloyd came up. "*Las aguas* have arrived! I told Don Roberto—"

"The mule of the señorita—quick!" Lloyd interrupted.

He seized the bridle of the animal, held out his hand, and the next instant she was in the saddle. He flung himself into his own, and, bidding her follow him, dashed across the stream. On the other side he turned down the quebrada toward a mass of towering cliffs which projected from the overshadowing mountain. Another blinding flash of lightning, another terrific crash of thunder, and the rain came down in a pouring sheet just as he led the way, at breakneck pace, up a steep incline to the shelter of a great overhanging rock, which formed the roof of a deep cave. Here he sprang quickly to the ground as Miss Rivers rode up.

"Any port in a storm!" he said. "Here we can at least keep dry."

"Why, this is an admirable port!" she gasped breathlessly. "Who could have imagined such a perfect place of shelter within reach!"

"There are many of these caves along the trail—regular camping places of the *arrieros*. But I think not many know of this in the Quebrada Onda."

"It is lucky for us that you knew of it. Manuel, what should we have done if we had not met the Señor?"

"Very badly, Señorita," Manuel, who had now ridden up, acknowledged. "For I did not know of this place, although I know many like it farther along the way. The blessed saints must have sent the Señor to assist us."

"I did not think of that," said Isabel, looking at Lloyd; "but it is quite evident that fate—or the blessed saints—had a kinder purpose even than I imagined in sending you into the Quebrada Onda. You have certainly played the part of a guardian angel, although it has been somewhat unwillingly. For if you knew of this place of shelter, why did you want to send us on in the face of a coming storm?"

Lloyd felt himself flush.

"When I advised your hastening on," he said, "I didn't think of this shelter.

I thought only of your getting over the dangerous part of the trail before the storm came up."

"Would we have been over it now, if I had gone on when you advised?"

"No: you would not have been half-way up the mountain. Your position would have been frightfully exposed and very perilous. So I am exceedingly glad you didn't follow my advice."

"And your own position—where would you have been?"

"At a corresponding elevation on the opposite side of the quebrada."

"Then, by remaining here, I saved you as well as myself from a thorough drenching—to speak of nothing worse?"

"There is no doubt of it, and I beg that you will accept my best thanks for the service."

"I am glad that I have slightly repaid my obligations to you. I have saved you from getting wet, if I have not snatched you from under a falling boulder or made artistic sketches for you. This is a pleasure which enables me to forgive you for so plainly desiring to get rid of me."

"My dear Miss Rivers—"

"Ah, don't deny it! You *did* want to get rid of me. And it was very ungrateful, for I was so glad to see you—oh! not for a selfish reason (I caught your glance at the bag), but because I wanted to thank you for all the pleasure I owe to you, since but for you I should probably never have come into the Sierra; and to talk to you about it as I can not talk to any one else. For we feel alike on that subject at least."

"And on many beside, I hope," said Lloyd. "But you can not really think me so churlish as not to appreciate—by Jove, what a blaze and what a crash! No wonder Manuel crosses himself. You had better draw farther back into the cave, Miss Rivers; for the storm is increasing in violence, and the very windows of heaven seem opened."

(To be continued.)

In Unison.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

SINGING once again the story
Of Our Lady's Maytime glory,
Earth and sea and sky their accents blend in full
and sweet accord:

How the universe is voicing
Gladsome strains of deep rejoicing,
Timely homage paid to Mary, Virgin-Mother of the
Lord!

From the skylark's treble, filling
All the dawn with raptured trilling,
To the rumbling diapason of the ocean's mighty roar;
From the tiny leaflet's flutter
To the storm-notes torrents utter,
Nature's multifarious voices forth their hymns to
Mary pour.

Sing we, too, this Maytime pæan!
Far beyond the empyrean
Let our canticles triumphant daily soar to Mary's
throne;
For of homage all, the meetest
And to Mary aye the sweetest,
Is the heart-song of her clients breathing love in
every tone.

The Passing of Kings.

Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

SHAKESPEARE puts these words into the mouth of perhaps the most tragic-fated of the kings whose lives he has portrayed—Richard II. They haunt us and make an undercurrent to all the impressions and emotions which crowd upon the mind as we progress from room to room, from picture to picture, of this wonderful loan-collection of the monarchs of England now gathered together at the New Gallery, London. It will soon be dispersed; and this memento of its existence may interest the English-speaking race across the Atlantic who claim a share in the great inheritance of its history.

Richard's own portrait (A. D. 1377) is the first of the unbroken series stretching to the present King—taken

in the bloom of youth and ruddy beauty, with bright auburn hair, in royal robes of red and ermine, in a chair of state, perhaps halfway along his kingly course: crowned at eleven, betrayed and done to death at thirty-four. Pathetic as are his words in the scene of his betrayal in the play, they are not more so than were his own as the old chronicles give them: "We are betrayed; but remember that Our Lord was also sold and delivered into the hands of His enemies." And, surveying the host of his enemies from the tower of Conway Castle: "Good Lord God! I commend myself into Thy holy keeping, and cry Thee mercy, that Thou wouldst pardon all my sins. If they put me to death, I will take it patiently, as Thou didst for us all." Then he made his gentlemen—the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scrope and Sir William Feriby—sit at his own table at dinner; 'for since they were all companions in misfortune, he would allow no distinction among them.' And there is a kingly dignity in his, "Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome!" when, with repeated obeisances, his betrayer comes before him. With all their faults, the Plantagenets knew how to meet adversity and die like gentlemen and kings.

If tragedy is the keynote which keeps resounding as we pass, it is broken in upon by many another—excursions, alarms, and the dash of steel—trumpet-calls to joust and battle; of knights

Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

pæans of victory and glad rejoicings at the marriage-feasts of kings. Here stands John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," painted by Luca Cornelli, helmeted and in armor, with emblazoned surcoat of gorgeous colors; a sceptre in his hand, the symbol of his pretence to the Crown of Leon and Castile through his wife, Constance, daughter of Don

Pedro,—a claim which cost him much and availed him little. We note with interest how his long nose, brown eyes and firmly-cut mouth are reproduced in the three Henrys—his son, grandson, and great-grandson.

We could wish that Henry V. had had as good a limner as his father, Bolingbroke, whose fine portrait must have been a striking likeness, full of sombre character and life. But the hero of Agincourt, the epitome of fame and kingly valor, is all unworthily represented in the three portraits, so much alike that, were it not for the differences of dress and background, they might be replicas of each other. The heads are all in profile to the left, perhaps on account of the scar of the wound in his face received at the battle of Shrewsbury when Prince of Wales.

There is but little expression save of seriousness in the thin face and spare figure of him who was "Prince Hal" and the idol of his people. The hair is cropped quite short, as is the case with his father and with his son—perhaps for the convenience of men who were never for long without their helmets. And we are inclined to wonder whether in those days the hair did not grow more rapidly than it does nowadays; for in Henry VI. it is now cropped like that of any convict, and again flowing in brown locks almost to his shoulders, as in the picture of his marriage with poor Margaret of Anjou. Virtuous, religious, humane, forgiving and benevolent, he did not escape the chastisement of that mysterious law which visits the crimes of men upon the third and fourth generations. The manner of his death was almost identical with that wrought upon King Richard by his great-grandfather, Bolingbroke,—the very words with which it was sought to satisfy the credulous after their murders being the same: that they had died of grief—"pure displeasure and melancholy."

Margaret of Anjou, in her wedding

robes, is the first of the queens-consort whose portraits are here; a few princes and princesses of the blood; and those Arthurs, Henrys and Edwards, heirs-apparent, princes of bright promise and great parts, who did not live to wear the heavy burden of a crown, and were the happier so. A few also of the most famous men who adorned their age are here, among them none more worthy of a place than the "Achilles of England," John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, Henry V.'s lieutenant, the hero of forty battles and skirmishes, and falling at last at Châtillon, aged eighty years. We look with respect at his rugged face and burly figure, and with a vague wonder how even he could be able, at the age of eighty, not only to wear the armor of those days but to fight in it. Here his hands are joined in prayer, as he looks to a golden glory to the right of the picture; and he wears brassards and a tabard.

Of the pleasure-loving and handsome prince, the most accomplished of his day, Edward IV., we have three portraits. Time has laid a heavy hand upon them, and has dulled the glories of the cloth of gold and rich brocades, of the pearls and jewels on the dress of him who was one of the most magnificent of kings in his attire. The Croyland chronicler tells us that the Christmas before his death he appeared in a new dress. "His robes were furnished with sleeves enormously long and deep, lined with the most precious furs, and folded back on his shoulders." The chronicler adds that few princes had indulged more freely in the pleasures of the table. In one of the pictures he holds between his thumb and dexter the emblem of his house—"this pale and maiden blossom," the white rose of York; and we can not but recall Warwick's words:

And here I prophesy—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
Ten thousand souls to death and deadly night,—

in this "poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!" When death approached, the spirit of the King rose to meet it with the courage of his race. He spent the few days preceding it in the exercises of religion; and directed that out of his treasures full restitution should be made to all whom he had wronged, or from whom he had extorted money under the name of benevolence.

The last of his portraits is separated but by two inches of space from that of "that monster in human shape," Richard of Gloucester. Their eyes are on a level and the faces are turned toward each other; so we can leisurely compare the beautiful, effeminate face, with soft brown eyes and uncertain mouth, of the one, with the cold grey eye glittering like steel, the inscrutable expression, and thin lips closed like a trap, of the other. Between them, in fancy, we can see arise the pale little murdered ghost of the Fifth Edward, the only one of England's monarchs of whom there is no record here, except in the cases holding the great seals. Short-lived as was the reign of this poor imprisoned child, it had its great seal of kingship; and we know that thirty-three writs were published in his name on the 23d of April, 1483, a few days after the death of his father.

In one of the three portraits of Richard he holds upright in his right hand a broken sword. It is not probable that such an emblem of disaster should have been painted during the King's lifetime. The point of the sword may have been painted out after his death; and it is curious that Shakespeare makes the ghost of Clarence in the dream-scene in the play speak of his "edgeless sword"; and that of Vaughan, of his "pointless lance." In none of the pictures is there any indication of the deformity which earned him the name of "crook-back." Perhaps the artists had not the daring to portray it.

Including Holbein's splendid cartoon, and the plaster-cast of his effigy in

Westminster Abbey, executed by Pietro Torrigiano, there are eight portraits here of Henry VII., and in four of them he holds in his right hand "the red rose of Lancaster." His wife, Elizabeth, "the White Rose of York," holds that emblem of her house in her right hand; and in the interesting picture of her marriage her white dress is ornamented with roses. Jan de Mabuse is the painter of several of these portraits of Henry VII. and of the marriage scene. The likenesses may, therefore, implicitly be trusted; and the shrewd, dissimulating character of the King seems stamped upon his face—"No one knew what to believe or what to expect." "All things," writes Sir Thomas More, "were so covertly demeaned—one thing pretended, another meant—that there was nothing so plain and openly proved but that yet, for the common custom of close and covert dealing, men had it ever inwardly suspect, as many well counterfeited jewels make the true mistrusted."

As we approach the next Tudor, the note of tragedy enters a strange, new key. If among the queens-consort of the past—the Constances, the Margarets or Elizabeths—some have suffered indignities and imprisonments, it has been from the enemies of their husbands. Now it is the King himself who dishonors, who repudiates their children, and wields the axe about the slim necks of the unhappy ladies who called him lord, and the very air seems tinged with red. They are all here—the three Katherines, the two Annes, and Jane. There is one portrait of the King late in life, bloated, red, and corpulent, with small wicked eyes, in which he looks capable of all. In some of the earlier ones he looks well enough, but none of them justify the ecstatic terms in which Ludovico Falier, the Venetian Ambassador from 1528 to 1531, describes the King in a letter to the Senate in 1531:

"His features are, I will not say beautiful—they are angelic. His look is

commanding but gentle. Contrary to the English fashion, he wears his beard. Who can look at him, when he is in action, without astonishment, so surpassing is the beauty of his person, so winning the ease and gracefulness of his manner! He sits well on horseback; he is completely master of his steed; he tilts and bears his lance nobly; draws the sword and the bow admirably, and plays at tennis with extraordinary skill. He applied to the belles-lettres from his childhood, afterward to the study of philosophy and theology; so that he has acquired the name of a learned and accomplished prince. Besides the Latin and his mother-tongue, he learned the Spanish, French, and Italian languages. He is affable, gracious, and courteous; he is liberal in his presents, especially to men of learning. Yet, with all his knowledge and acuteness, he allowed himself to fall into amorous pursuits so far that, thinking only of his pleasures, he left the government of his kingdom to his most trusty ministers, till the time when he began to persecute the Cardinal of York. From that moment he has been enamored with his own management, and is quite another man. He was generous, is now covetous; and as formerly no one took leave of him without a satisfactory present, now everyone goes away in discontent.

"He appears to be devout. He generally hears two Low Masses, and the High Mass also on festivals. He is exceedingly charitable to orphans and widows, to young maidens, and persons wounded or maimed, to the amount of about ten thousand ducats a year. He is beloved of all. He is determined to be effecting a divorce. . . . He will assuredly marry his favorite, a daughter of the Earl of Wiltshire. There can not be a doubt that such a marriage will take place; after which it is possible that his Majesty may be troubled with insurrections on the part of those who favor the Queen; for she is so much

loved and revered by the people that they have already begun to show their discontent. My lady the Queen is low of stature, inclining to corpulency; a handsome woman, of great repute, full of goodness and devotion. She speaks English, Spanish, French, and Flemish. She is beloved by these islanders far more than any queen they ever had."

It is interesting to note that this letter was written nearly two years before the divorce was effected. Falier was succeeded by Carlo Capello, who seems to have been a less enthusiastic person, to judge by his description of her who turned a monarch's head so completely and had so tremendous an influence upon the destinies of her country. Capello writes to the Senate on the 7th of December, 1532: "My Lady Anne is no beauty. She is tall of stature, with a sallow complexion, long neck, large mouth, and narrow chest. In fact, she has little in her favor besides the King's great passion for her, and her eyes, which are indeed black and beautiful." One of her portraits, attributed to Janet, does not bear out this unflattering description. On the contrary, it gives some idea not only of decided beauty, but of the cleverness with which she gained her ends, and kept the King in hopes and fears which wrung from him the following letter, written in 1527 or 1528: "*Ayant été plus d'une année atteint du dart d'amour non étant assuré de fallir, ou trouver place en votre cœur et affection.*"

Good sense, intelligence and firmness seem to shine in Katherine of Arragon's expressive features:

Of her

That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the King.

That the last two lines should be true of Katherine, holy, pious soul, inured to much patience and long-suffering, does

not surprise us; but when we read that Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, at the moment of laying their heads on the block, and when they had no more to hope or fear from earthly kings, acted almost in the same manner, it denotes a degree of Christian charity approaching the heroic. On the day of Katherine of Arragon's funeral, disregarding the King's instructions for mourning, Anne put on robes of yellow silk and declared herself "at last a queen."

This seems to have been her last outrageous act. When, four months later, she was condemned to death, after a first outburst of terror and bravado, there was nothing in her departure but what was admirable: she who had been crowned a queen humbly kneeling at the feet of Lady Kyngstone, the wife of the Lieutenant of the Tower, begging as a last favor that she would throw herself in like manner at the feet of the Princess Mary and, in Anne's name, 'beseech her to forgive the many wrongs which the pride of a thoughtless, unfortunate woman had brought upon her.'

We learn from Kyngstone himself that she displayed an air of greater cheerfulness than he had ever witnessed in any person under similar circumstances, and his experience must have been great. That, after commending herself to Christ, and begging the prayers of those around her for the repose of her own soul, she should bid them pray for the King also, is only natural. It is her last sentence which sounds a little surprising: "For he is a very noble prince, *and full gently hath handled me.*"

We have the account of an eye-witness also of the death of Catherine Howard, and of Lady Rochford, included in the same condemnation. Otwell Johnson, in a private letter to his brother, describes their demeanor as most exemplary: "Theyer sowles, I doubt not, be with God; for they made the most godly and Christyan end that ever was hard tell of, I thinke, since the world's creation."

Henry VIII. wept and put on mourning at the death of Katherine of Arragon; at the death of Anne Boleyn, as if in contempt for her memory, he dressed himself in white on the day of her execution, and married Jane Seymour the next morning. How his further losses affected him we do not know.

One great panel is covered with portraits of Mary I. and Elizabeth; and we seem to be in an atmosphere of molten gold, thickset with precious stones: jewels as beautiful in shape and setting—for Holbein had put his mark upon them—as they are rare in size and brilliancy. The dress in Mary's pictures has a certain sobriety in its magnificence of cloth of gold, rich furs and velvets; but in that of her sister fancy runs riot in excess of ornament, embroidery and lace, overlaid with pearls and gems. Never, before nor since, has dress reached such a pitch of elaborate magnificence. We must again turn to the Venetian Ambassador for a description of their persons. Mary he calls "a lady of short stature, thin and delicate in person, utterly unlike her father and her mother; her eyes are so vivid that they induce not only reverence but fear." The eyes are well reproduced, and to them we may add an uncompromising, thin-lipped and somewhat cruel mouth. "Elizabeth is rather graceful [*graziosa*] than handsome; tall in person and well-shaped, fair of complexion, fine eyes, and, above all, beautiful hands, which she is fond of displaying."

Of all royal portraits those of Mary Queen of Scots are the most perplexing. They differ so greatly from one another, and, except the beautiful drawing by Janet, hardly one of them answers to our ideal of her whose name still holds its sway over the hearts of men, and seems the synonym of queenly romance and sorrows. Janet must have taken her soon after the death of her first husband, Francis II., of France, when she was eighteen or nineteen years of

age; for she wears white mourning, a custom not unusual in those days.

Brantôme, speaking of the *blanc atour* of Mary, admires with a sort of rapture the brilliancy of her complexion. Infinitely surpassing in interest all her other relics gathered together here—her necklace of pearls, her golden rosary, a piece of lace, the work of her hands, and even the Book of Hours she took with her to the scaffold—is the letter she wrote to the King of France six hours before her execution. We contemplate the large square sheet of paper, yellow with age, the clear, steady writing of the Queen; and feel impelled to touch with reverent lips the firm signature, "Mari R.," probably the last she ever wrote. The letter, poignantly interesting as it is, is too long to quote in its entirety. It begins, "*Monsieur mon beau-frère!*" And, after telling him that, having cast herself into the arms of this Queen her cousin, and suffered much for nearly twenty years, "I am at last condemned to death by her and her estates." She tells him her papers have been refused her and that she can not, therefore, make her will; nor can she obtain that after her death her body be conveyed to France, where she had had the honor of being queen. Having this day, since dinner, had her sentence pronounced to her that she is to be executed at eight o'clock in the morning, she has not time to write him a long letter; but asks him to believe her doctor and her other *désolés serviteurs*: they will tell him the truth. She thanks God that she despises death and is innocent of all crime. The Catholic religion and her right to the Crown are the two points of her condemnation.

She complains that her chaplain has been taken from her, and that she can not obtain that he should be allowed (although he is in the house) to give her the last sacraments before her death; "and they much insist that I should receive the consolation and the

doctrine of one of their ministers." She commends her servants to the King, begging him earnestly to reward them for her; and that out of any monies that may be due to her, the usual alms may be given at her death. As for her son, she commends him to his Majesty as far as he may deserve, of which she knows nothing. She begs the King's acceptance of two rare stones as her dying gift, and promises to pray for him at the hour of her death. She signs herself, "Your very affectionate and good sister, Mari R.;" and dates it, "This Wednesday, two hours after midnight."

In the "Memorial" picture—poor as a work of art, but of great interest historically—of Mary's execution, a gentleman stands in a corner with a note-book. This was the reporter sent by Burleigh to give him an exact account of the proceeding. He did this minutely, and a few extracts from his letter will show us with what heroic constancy she met her end:

"Then she began to kiss hir crucifix, and to cross hirself, saying these words, 'Even as Thy armes, O Jesu Christ, were spreadd heer upon the cross, so receive me into the armes of mercy!' Then the two executioners kneeled downe unto hir, desiring hir to forgive them hir death. And shee answered: 'I forgive you with all my harte; for I do hope this death shall give an end to all my troubles.' They, with hir two weomen (Jane Kehmethie and Elizabeth Curle) helping, began to disroobe hir.... Shee made hirself unready with a kind of gladness and smiling.... At lengthe unattired and unapparelled to hir petticoat and kirtle, the two weomen burst into a great and pittiful shrieking and lamentation, crossed themselves and prayed in Lattin. The Queen said, '*Ne criez, vous, j'ai prié pour vous*'; and so crossed and kissed them, and had them praye for hir. Then, with a smiling countenanece, shee turned to hir man-servantes, Melvin and the rest,

crossed them, bad them farwell and pray for hir to the last. One of the weomen having a Corpus Christi cloathe, lopped it up three-cornerwise, kissed it, and put it over the face of hir Queen, and pynned it fast to the coule of hir head. Then the two weomen departed. The Queen kneeled downe upon the cushion resolutely, and, without any token of feare of deathe, sayde allowde in Lattin the psalme, *In te Domine confido!* Then shee layde hirself upon the block most quietly, and, stretching out hir armes and legges, cryed out: '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!*'"

Of him whom his adherents still call the "Royal Martyr," and of his beautiful wife, there are several noble and graceful portraits by the hand of the painter *par excellence*, Vandyke. Of relics there are many, among them a lock of the King's hair, his watch, a piece of the ribbon of the garter worn by him at his execution, his blood-stained shirt, and a piece of the velvet of his pall. Sir T. Herbert, in his "Memoirs," says: "This is memorable, that at such time as the King's body was brought out of St. George's Hall the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast as by that time they came to the west end of the Royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white (the color of innocency), being thick covered over with snow. So went the White King to his grave, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-second year and tenth month of his reign."

With the Stuarts, the keynote of tragedy dies away; and that glorious symbol, the Crown, is no longer in the same sense the

Polish'd perturbation! golden care!
which sat "so troublesome" upon their heads. The death of kings has become, however great the issues at stake, much as that of other men.

The Conversion of Elizabeth.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

II.—(Conclusion.)

ELIZABETH was not destined to accompany Mr. Courtney to church again. On Tuesday morning he received a telegram announcing the sudden death of his father in New York, thus cutting off his sojourn in California. He had barely time to catch the Eastern train. He had been a pleasant guest, and the mother and daughter were sorry to see him go; though the widow almost experienced a feeling of relief, thinking that perhaps his going away had been timed by a special Providence in behalf of Elizabeth. She breathed more freely than she had done during the two past days, trusting that her daughter would now be sure to forget the impressions of Sunday evening. But the poor woman did not remain long in this cheerful state of mind. The morning after he had left them Elizabeth came into the sitting-room with a book in her hand.

"Mr. Courtney forgot this, mother," she said. "Did he leave his address with you?"

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Ashton, taking it from her hand. "It does not appear to be of any great value. I see it is paper-backed."

"But the contents may have seemed valuable to him, mother," observed the girl, mischievously. "Just look at the title, please."

"The Path that Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church," read Mrs. Ashton. Then she laid the volume on the table. "Shall you burn it?" she asked. "Would it not be justifiable, seeing that it is not likely we shall ever hear from him again?"

"We have no right to burn it yet," said Elizabeth, "even if we wished to do so. He may miss it and send for it."

"That is so," mused the widow. "But

put it away out of sight, Elizabeth, where no one may be likely to see it or get hold of it."

"I shall read it first, mother."

"I beg that you will not," said her mother, excitedly. "It is no doubt a very evil book."

"Now, mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, "it was written by Judge Burnett, the first American Governor of California! Grandfather knew him; he was not a bad man. On the contrary, he was respected by all classes of people. He could not have written an evil book."

"Well, perhaps not *evil*," rejoined her mother. "But he must have been misled,—he certainly *was* misled. Those Catholics are so wily."

"That may be," was the reply. "I do not know. I want to see what this good and learned man has to say about them."

"I can not prevent you from reading it, of course," said Mrs. Ashton. "It may not do you any harm either. You are so headstrong, my dear, that I am afraid you would read it whether I forbade it or not."

"I think I *might*," answered Elizabeth, thoughtfully. "But you are no tyrant, mother: I am certain you would never do such a thing."

Mrs. Ashton sighed.

"Well, if you must read it, child, be sure that you put it out of sight after you have finished," she said,—"*be sure* that you do."

Elizabeth reserved the perusal of the book until night. When in the solitude of her own room she read it through twice, then put it aside as her mother had requested; and, as she made no mention of its contents, her mother supposed she had forgotten all about it.

A fortnight elapsed. The word "Catholic" had not been mentioned between them; Elizabeth had gone dutifully to church with her mother on both Sunday evenings. On Monday afternoon she went out for a walk, as was

her daily custom. Her mother noticed that her color seemed unusually bright as she laid aside her wraps; and was about to remark upon it when Elizabeth, seating herself beside her, said briefly:

"Mother, I went to the convent this afternoon to see the Sisters. Something impelled me as I passed: *I had to go in*. And I am going to-morrow to see the priest at St. Mary's. I have decided to become a Catholic,—that is, if on learning more about it I still find that the religion is all I believe it to be."

It had cost her a great effort to speak; her voice quivered and the hand that now nervously sought her mother's was tremulous and cold.

Mrs. Ashton burst into tears.

"My child," she said,—*"my dear, dear child!* What dreadful thing is this you tell me! The convent—*you* to the convent! The Catholic priest!"

"Mother," said Elizabeth, now grown more calm as she saw her mother's agitation, "it had to come. It would have happened anyhow: I am sure of it. I shall do nothing clandestine. I *may* change my mind as I go along; but I can not stop, now that I have begun, until I know more than I already do. I must, mother,—*I must!*"

Mrs. Ashton said no more. She rose, went upstairs, put on her bonnet, and after a few moments Elizabeth saw her walk hurriedly down the street, at once divining where she was going. Her suspicion proved correct. Nothing was said at dinner, but about three o'clock the door bell rang and the Rev. Mr. Markley was ushered into the parlor. He asked for Elizabeth, who went in at once. We shall not here relate in detail what took place; suffice it to say that he used every argument possible to shake her resolution, but his mode of procedure served only to strengthen it. Vituperation and calumny are but poor weapons with which to attack intelligent minds. Finally the minister slowly fell upon his knees.

"Let us pray," he said, pointing to the floor as if motioning her to join him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Markley!" she said. "I can not pray with you. I am not in the proper disposition for prayer. I do not see the need of it just now. I prefer to pray alone."

For answer the minister threw himself with a groan against the back of a plush-covered armchair and was soon lost in loud and tearful petitions to the Almighty. When he rose to his feet Elizabeth was gone. Not a very courteous manner of treating a visitor; but hers was a peculiar character in some respects, and it is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. Markley was not a typical representative of his church.

The following day a package of books came for Elizabeth from her would-be spiritual adviser, accompanied by a polite note asking that she read them carefully, adding he felt confident that after doing so she would change her attitude toward the "Romish" Church.

Elizabeth had been carefully reared. The first page her eyes lighted upon sent a vivid blush to her cheek. She opened the second book, with the same result. Without saying a word to her mother, she replaced them in the paper in which they had come, and, going directly to the house of the minister, asked to see him. When he made his appearance she said, pointing to the package which she had laid on the table:

"Mr. Markley, I have come to return those books. Fortunately, I had barely glanced at both of them when I saw that they were unfit for any decent person to read. You could have used with me no better argument against the Methodist Church than that any man calling himself its minister could put such books in the hands of a young girl, *even though the contents were true in every particular*. More than that: I am now fully convinced that a church which is so traduced and held up to execration by its enemies, and at

the same time can number among its members those who are distinguished in every rank and relation of life, *must* be traduced and persecuted because it is good. It is a case, in this instance at least, of malice overreaching itself."

She paused, almost choking.

The minister, nervously fingering his watch chain, had looked at her aghast as she spoke. With a short preliminary cough, he was about to make some sort of reply, when Elizabeth, partially recovering herself, continued.

"Please do not speak," she observed imperatively. "There can be nothing said. I shall never again put my foot in this house nor in the Methodist Church, whatever may be the result of my investigations,—at least not while you are its pastor," she added, as with an after-thought. "How I wish that I could promise the same for my poor little mother!"

The door of the parsonage stood open; she passed through it before the minister could realize what had happened. In a moment he saw her walking rapidly away. She broke down completely when she reached home, and things were greatly perturbed in the household for many days thereafter,—Mrs. Ashton defending her zealous pastor on the plea that extreme cases require extreme measures, while persistently refusing to believe that the books had been as bad as Elizabeth represented.

"You are not in your normal state of mind," she would reiterate.

Meanwhile Elizabeth pursued the course she had decided upon: made the acquaintance of the Catholic priest, told him her story, her mother's objections; and he also gave her some books to read. She soon became a frequent visitor at the convent, where she learned to love the Sisters and to be loved by them. Father Dunn wisely advised her not to be precipitate: to investigate thoroughly, to pray fervently, and to place herself under the special protection

of the Blessed Virgin. When she reported this to her mother, the good woman could see in such course of action only a wily scheme on the part of the priest to allure her daughter into the fold of the devourer.

From this time forward she attended Mass regularly on Sunday; going out very often at six o'clock, to the despair and even alarm of her mother, who had such a horror of everything Catholic that she really believed some means might be taken by what her pastor was pleased to call "those arch-schemers the priests, and their satellites, the nuns," to spirit the girl away.

So a year passed. Elizabeth's mother gradually accepted the situation; and the girl was baptized, received her first Holy Communion and Confirmation on the same day. So great was the anger of the Methodist minister, so spiteful the gossip concerning the step she had taken, so active and outspoken the sympathy of her coreligionists, that Mrs. Ashton at length began to feel a certain resentment against them; particularly as the Rev. Mr. Markley reproached her for having, by her "misguided motherly weakness," allowed matters to reach so disastrous a crisis.

She was a just and kindly woman; it soon became evident that Elizabeth's change of religion had improved her in every way: softening a nature honest and impulsive, but somewhat brusque; making her more gentle and patient, and especially tender to the mother whose heart, by her defection from the faith of her fathers, she had touched in its most sensitive chord. Gradually the lady began to be less assiduous in her attendance at church; soon the weekly prayer-meetings were given up; and once or twice Elizabeth found her reading Catholic books of instruction, several of which always lay upon her own table.

The reader will have anticipated the end of all this: Mrs. Ashton became a fervent Catholic. For one happy year

the mother and daughter shared the blessings and consolations of their united faith; coldly saluted or entirely ignored by their old friends, and, we regret to say, receiving very few overtures of friendship from their Catholic neighbors. However, it is doubtful if either of these facts gave them any concern: they were all in all to each other.

One day in December, on returning from an errand, Elizabeth found her mother dead in her chair. She was now alone in the world, and prepared to carry out the design she had had in her heart ever since the day she first set foot across the threshold of the convent. In a few months she entered the novitiate, where she fulfilled every anticipation of those who from the beginning of her life as a Catholic had believed her to be a child of predilection.

In the summer of 1894, ten years after the opening of this recital, Mr. Courtney was again travelling in California. A priest, with whom he had become acquainted on the train, had taken the vacant seat beside him. Behind them were two Sisters *en route* to a new mission in the West. The priest, being a little deaf, had requested his companion to speak louder.

"That young girl was the instrument of my conversion," Mr. Courtney was saying. "I had been a careless Catholic for some years. But, thank God, I have been all right since then."

"A fine character!" rejoined the priest. "Have you kept track of her?"

"No, I have not. My acquaintance was too short to permit of any correspondence. But I'll tell you what I did, Father. On leaving the place I left a copy of Judge Burnett's book on the table, with the hope that she might be tempted to look into it."

"A good idea," said the priest. "I hope she profited by it. God takes care of such souls as hers."

"I mean to look her up when I

go South," said Mr. Courtney. "The chances are, however, that she is long since married or gone away. People are migratory in this part of the country."

"That is true; but I hope you may find her or tidings of her. It would be interesting to know what resulted from your little plan."

The train came to a standstill: the Sisters had arrived at their destination. One of them paused a moment on her way to the door, lightly touching Mr. Courtney on the shoulder. A roseate flush suffused her pure cheek, her eyes and lips were smiling.

"I beg your pardon!" she said. "She *did* read the book, Mr. Courtney, and has often wished she could have the opportunity of thanking you. You have always been remembered in her prayers, and will always be while she lives. God bless you and good-bye!"

Courtney sprang to his feet.

"What a pleasure! What a strange coincidence!" he began. "But this—this is too bad—that you should be going now."

Still smiling, she allowed her hand to rest lightly an instant on his extended palm; then quickly passed on to join her companion.

"Well, is this ill luck or a special providence?" said Courtney, resuming his seat. "I should like to have had a talk with her."

"I should call it a special providence, my son," answered the priest, "and a very remarkable thing."

"But, Father, I do not even know her name nor the Order to which she belongs nor where she is stationed. Is it not unfortunate?"

"Not at all," responded the priest. "You are not likely to meet again in this world, although it is possible. But whether or no, partially to borrow in a certain restricted sense the words of the catechism, there exists between you a spiritual affinity which will always remain."

Notes and Remarks.

A subject which, though not new, is receiving much attention from the sectarian press in the Eastern States is the rapid decline of the Protestant ascendancy in New England. *Zion's Herald*, lamenting the inrush of Catholic immigrants, says: "We have for years noticed this painful and inevitable drift in New England and the enduring consequences. No one can observe the facts and their prophecy for the future without foreboding alarm for Protestantism." Our Methodist contemporary frankly acknowledges that the sects have no power over these newcomers, and advises the brethren to turn their energies toward "Christianizing the remnant of New England stock left." The *Congregationalist*, on the other hand, publishes a statement which would seem to show that the old stock is not yearning for the Christianizing process; for in spite of the falling off in the number of ministers the profession is still overcrowded. "Within nine years," it says, "the [clerical] students in attendance on the seven Congregational schools in the United States have decreased from 522 to 359. Yet on a recent Sunday forty ministers were ready to preach the next day at the call of the Ministerial Supply in Boston, as we learn from its secretary, and only two churches were asking for preachers!"

Special thanksgiving services, it is announced, will be held by order of the English bishops on the coronation of King Edward next month. The attitude of the clergy and the representative laymen of England has been one of dignified firmness throughout the whole discussion of the offensive "Declaration," and dignity and firmness are clearly a part of their program for the future. The King will be acclaimed with all the loyalty of the thorough-going Briton to his pet institution, but the movement

to erase the Declaration from the statute books will be resumed after the coronation. Meanwhile it is comforting to note in the current publications that Catholics are not alone in their protest against the words which even Lord Salisbury declared to be a stain upon the statute book; though it is not so comforting to reflect that the interest of the noble Lord and his colleagues in the revision of the Declaration is the fruit of political sagacity rather than a sense of justice or decency. When the multitudinous protests began to flow in from the Catholics of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Malta, and elsewhere, the words of the Colonial Secretary were: "Gentlemen, a new factor has entered into the politics of this country: in future you will have to take account of the opinions of your colonists." Not very high moral ground!

One of the most appalling catastrophes of history was the volcanic eruption which sent 25,000 people—we adopt the lowest estimate—to sudden death and in a few hours converted the beautiful island of Martinique into a vast mausoleum. Of the population of the island, practically all were Catholics; and Mr. Lafcodio Hearne is only one of many Protestant travellers who have paid tribute to the gentle and pious character of these people. To its credit be it recorded, the government of the United States was the first to send aid to the unhappy survivors. The fate of the people of Martinique is an impressive warning of the insecurity of life; we are glad to see, too, that it calls into immediate play the noblest qualities of our Christian civilization. *R. I. P.*

The price to be paid for the extinction of the Boer republics has already staggered humanity; more specifically, of course, that portion of humanity which pays the British taxes. The war has brought England not glory but loss of

prestige; yet to defray the expenses of the war the very bread that Englishmen eat is taxed. The net result to humanity will be the wholesome conviction that large states can no longer seize and assimilate small states at will, and that war is both an expensive and a savage business. "It would be utterly impossible that any financial machinery could extract the whole expense of this war out of the present generation," writes Mr. Justin McCarthy; and the British government has no recourse but "to borrow by far the larger part and to leave the repayment to be a load on posterity." Fortunately for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, posterity is not here to protest against this convenient policy; but when posterity reads the history of the Boer war, and learns that it was as cruel as it was unnecessary and unsuccessful, there will be much honest grumbling and a stronger conviction than ever before of the utter savagery of war.

Two weeks ago the newspapers regaled the public with alarming reports of revolution and anti-Catholic agitation in Belgium; and, remembering recent reports from France, Spain and Italy, many persons were doubtless tempted to ask, What is the matter with the so-called Catholic countries? Sober, truthful news is always slow-footed; and it is only now that word reaches us that the disturbances in Belgium are purely economic and political, and only indirectly religious. The Socialists of the kingdom have stirred up the masses by promises of easy work and big wages under the millennium of their party, when the King shall have been banished and the property of the wealthy divided among the poor. The Church in Belgium, as it must elsewhere, antagonizes this demagogic doctrine, and in consequence gets itself hated by the rabid partisans of Socialism. And it is curious that the moulders of public opinion in this

country—as the newspapers grandly style themselves—have joined in the hue and cry against the Church, as if it were not its plain duty to do what it did. If a strong party were suddenly formed in the United States to replace government with anarchy and to do away with property rights, every sensible man would expect the Church to join with other conservative influences in putting down that party. That is precisely what the Church is trying to do in Belgium, with the result that our press ignorantly lauds the anti-clerical mob as usual, and as usual stigmatizes steady and law-abiding Catholics as reactionary!

The action of the Secretary of War in officially stating that Judge Taft has gone to Rome only in a personal and not in an official capacity is instructive. The purpose of the Judge's visit is to consult with the Vatican regarding the purchase of lands held by the friars in the Philippines, and to secure the Holy Father's influence in inducing the friars to sell. As soon as this bit of news was published, Judge Taft was deluged with letters protesting against the proposed visit, and threatening dire things if the Administration officially recognized the existence of the Pope at all. The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Chronicle* tells the rest of the story:

Governor Taft looked at these criticisms seriously, and warned the President and Secretary of War that unless an official explanation of his visit, coupled with a specific denial that he was going in the capacity of ambassador, was issued, serious political consequences might result. The President and Secretary of War at first were not disposed to view the matter as Governor Taft did, but finally came around to his way of thinking.

This is the sort of thing that tries the serenity of American Catholics. The Administration may treat with the Sultan of Sulu without fear of criticism, and may even pay him a heavy annuity for his good-will; but the

White Shepherd of Christendom must not even be addressed officially. Out of regard for the feelings of the Sultan, the Mohammedan religion is respected in Sulu to the point of squeamishness, and slavery and polygamy are ostentatiously tolerated; but the teaching of the Catholic religion to Filipino school-children is anathema, and the schools are handed over to the tender mercies of bigots who, if all accounts are true, left this country for this country's good. Theodore Roosevelt, Police Commissioner of New York, spoke out like a man against the spirit of intolerance; will Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, permit it to lift its head without rebuke?

The death of Mr. Sol Smith Russell reminds us of a pretty story that he was fond of telling. One day, while he was nearing home after a long walk with a little relative of his, he imprudently told the child that there would be sweets at home to refresh her on her arrival. She at once began to importune the tired actor to run home,—a course which dignity and weariness alike forbade. At length the child dropped on her knees and, with hands joined and eyes raised to heaven, prayed: "O God, make Uncle Sol run home!" In telling the story Mr. Russell used to say: "I saw it was a case of my losing my dignity or that child's losing her faith in God; so I took her hand and together we ran home as fast as we could." Mr. Russell's character was altogether in harmony with this kindly simple action.

One of the most regrettable articles we have seen in a twelvemonth is Father Shinnors' paper on "Ireland and America" in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Living all our life in this country in close touch with both Catholics and non-Catholics, we were wholly unprepared for the "revelations" which this Irish priest makes as the result of

hasty observations, or "information" derived from pessimistic Americans, speaking with no sense of responsibility. That Irishmen who come to the United States are ridiculed on all sides because of their religion; that they can not keep the faith on account of the all-pervading spirit of indifferentism; that our young people are hopelessly depraved in childhood; that Irishmen commonly change their names through shame—"Thus it is not unusual to find that Joseph O'Reilly becomes Ebenezer Riley, and James O'Keefe blossoms into Job Quaiiffe";—that they lose their love of Ireland, fail to contribute to Irish political funds, and forget the old Irish tunes,—these are some of the amusing or startling statements laid down complacently in this amazing preachment. Most American Catholics sympathize thoroughly with the efforts of the clergy of Ireland to stem the tide of immigration to this country, but even a theologian could hardly justify Father Shinnors' article as a means to that end.

It has been found that the Tamil heathens of Ceylon rejoice in the possession of 330,000,000 of gods, including the genii or lesser deities, all of whom, in Tamil mythology, are intelligent super-human beings. The caste system is strongly established among this people, and it is chiefly the members of the lowest caste who make any response to Christian teaching. Those who are converted, however, make good Christians. A writer in the *Missionary Record* furnishes this interesting note about them: "The good old custom of chanting the Passion at home during Lent is still in vogue, at least among many Tamil Catholics. After the worry and heat of the day, it is soothing to sit and listen to the plaintive tones of the quaint vocalist who, in the first silence of the night, reclines close to his poor lamp and sings away loud and long to his heart's content."



Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.—A MYSTERY SOLVED.

WHEN Winifred had returned to the convent, I waited patiently for Roderick's coming, which I knew could not be long delayed. Indeed, before the week was out his card was brought to me where I sat at my sitting-room fire. I glanced up at him as he entered the room. His face was grave, even stern in its expression, reminding me forcibly of Niall. After the ordinary salutations had been exchanged, he stood before me silent a moment; then he said, with an abruptness quite foreign to his manner:

"I think you will agree with me that this is no time for commonplaces. I have come to know the meaning of this mystery."

"Mystery!" I repeated vaguely; for, with all my planning and thinking what I should say when he came, I was still hopelessly at a loss, and resolved to be guided by the event.

"Yes, mystery," he declared emphatically. "I saw in your company the very child of whom I told you I had had a glimpse and whom I was so eager to see again."

"But how could I know that the child with me was the one who had attracted your attention?"

"Well, in the first place," he answered, looking at me keenly, "I gave you a tolerably accurate description of the girl in question. The type is not a very common one, and might, I think be easily recognized."

He paused; and I remaining silent, he went on again:

"I hope you will not consider it rude if I say that I think you did know it was the child I was in search of."

"And why?" I asked, still with a mere helpless idea of gaining time.

"Because of your manner and your course of action the other day in the parlor of the Waldorf. I saw at once that, for some reason or another, you were disturbed at my presence there. When the girl spoke and thus attracted my attention, you were distressed; and while I was in the act of addressing her you seized her by the hand and fled from the hotel." (An irrepressible smile came over his face at the recollection.) "You left in such haste that you forgot the letter you had been writing. However, I posted that for you. And you went along Thirty-Third Street, I should be afraid to say at what rate of speed. Did you suppose I was going to pursue you and forcibly wrest away the child?"

I could not help laughing in sympathy at the drollery which shone out through the anxiety of his face, like sunshine from a cloud.

"Well, not exactly," I observed; "but, truth to tell, I had no desire to hold any conversation with you just then. And, besides, I was in a hurry."

"Oh, you were in a hurry,—there was no possible doubt about that!" he assented, still laughing.

"Will you not sit down?" I inquired. "You look so very unsociable standing, and the night is cold enough to make this fire agreeable."

He took the chair I indicated, but he did not turn from the subject.

"May I ask," he resumed, "if the child whom I saw on that occasion is here with you?"

"She is not," I responded briefly,

elated that I could do so truthfully.

"Where is she?"

"That I can not tell."

"Can not tell!" he repeated musingly.

"Surely that is a very strange answer. Perhaps, at least, you will tell me *who* she is?"

"I am not at liberty to tell that either," I replied firmly.

"Mystery on mystery!" he cried, with an impatient gesture. "What in the name of common-sense—if you will forgive my bluntness—is the purpose of this mystification?"

"The mystification arises," I declared, "from the fact that I am solemnly pledged to keep both her identity and her whereabouts a secret."

"From whom?"

The question was a shrewd one. I hesitated how to answer it; but at last I said:

"From all inquirers."

"Are there likely to be many?" he asked, quizzically.

"That I can not say."

Roderick lay back in his chair and pondered, keeping his eyes fixed upon my face.

"Under ordinary circumstances," he said, after a pause, "I should, of course, respect your desire for secrecy and say no more about the matter. But there are reasons which make the identity of this child of vital interest to me."

I could not answer: there was now nothing I could say without revealing the secret I was pledged to keep.

"You will pardon me for saying further that I strongly suspect *I* am the person toward whom you are pledged to maintain this secrecy."

"You!" I repeated. "Why, surely you are in a singular mood to-night, full of fancies and suspicions!"

"For which I have good and sufficient reasons. Are yours equally so for maintaining this secrecy?"

"I believe that they are," I replied gravely.

He rose and paced the floor a while. Then he sat down again, and drew his chair nearer mine, as if impelled by some sudden resolve.

"Since you will not give me your confidence—" he began.

"Since I can not," I corrected quietly.

"Well, since you can not or will not, I shall give you mine instead, and open for your inspection a page of my life which I fancied was closed forever."

He paused, and an expression so sad and troubled crossed his face that, in my deep pity, I almost regretted my promise to Niall.

"I was brought up," he went on, "in the neighborhood of the Dargle. That beautiful glen and stream were alike familiar to me. I inhabited an old family mansion, which, to say the least, stood sadly in need of repair. I was under the guardianship of a kinsman who, though eccentric, was of sterling worth."

There was a touch of emotion in his voice, as he thus referred to Niall, which pleased me.

"When I was about twenty-three we had a serious difference of opinion, which arose in part from my marriage. For at that time I married a very beautiful girl, who lived only a few years, and left one child—a girl."

He hurried over this part of the story, which seemed deeply painful to him.

"It is always unpleasant to go into family affairs, but my relations with my wife's family were such that I removed the child from their influence and took her back to the old dwelling. There I placed her in charge of an old woman who had been my nurse. I refused to accept any of my wife's money, even for the maintenance of the child; and, my own circumstances being not of the best, I came to America. I had but one object in view—to make money, that I might return, claim my child and restore the old dwelling of my fathers to something of its former state."

Again there was a long, troubled

pause; and I did not interrupt him by so much as a word, nor did I give any sign that some of his story was already familiar to me. When he resumed it was in a different tone. His face was drawn and haggard, his voice tremulous:

"For some time I sent the half-yearly remittance faithfully to my little Winifred, and I was happy in so doing. Then I received a letter—from whom precisely I know not, though I believe it purported to be from a priest. It was written in the third person and it simply informed me that my child was dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed,—“dead! How cruel!—how—”

I was about to say untrue, but I checked myself in time. Roderick glanced quickly toward me but said nothing.

"It was indeed a cruel blow," he resumed at last; "and after that I gave up all desire to see Ireland again. I drifted on here, doing whatever good I could and working still, but with little personal hope or interest to cheer me in my labors."

His weary, despondent tone went to my heart, which was beating just then with exultation; for I was truly rejoiced to know that Winifred's father was worthy of her, that poor Niall's dreams might one day come true,—at least in so far as seeing the reunion of father and child, with Roderick's return to the home of his youth. I resolved to write to Niall without delay, tell him of what I had discovered and obtain his permission to reveal all to Roderick. In the meantime, however, I must, of course, be true to my promise and give Roderick no hint of the knowledge I possessed.

"And you never found out from whom that letter came?" I inquired.

"Never: there was no means of finding out. Father Owen was at that time absent in Rome. I presumed it was from the priest who had replaced him. I wrote to him; the letter followed him to a distant parish in a remote part

of Ireland, whither he had already returned. He had never written to me, he replied, and had no knowledge of the matter at all. I wrote to Granny Meehan, the woman who had charge of Winifred. She never answered. I suppose on the death of the child she had wandered away. I then sent a letter to Niall, the eccentric kinsman to whom I before referred. He, I suppose, was either dead or away on some of his wanderings."

"Your story is indeed a sad one," I put in, grieved that I could do nothing to dispel his sorrow. I could not let him know that Granny Meehan was still faithful to her post, that Niall was still dreaming and planning for his welfare and for the restoration of the old place; and that, best of all, Winifred was still living and such a child as might delight a father's heart,—in fact, that she was the child who had so deeply interested him already. Whether he suspected that such was the case or merely saw in her some chance resemblance I could not yet tell.

"You may well say it is a sad story," Roderick answered. "To me it seems all the more so that since the receipt of that letter which dashed all my hopes Fortune has smiled upon me. Everything I touch seems to turn to money. The novel, rejected before, has since been accepted, and has run through several editions; articles from my pen are in demand by leading magazines; all my speculations have turned out well, and my insurance business has prospered. It is the old, old story of Fortune coming too late."

I sat still, joyful, yet amazed; thinking within myself:

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence! Niall's dream of restoring the old place shall certainly be realized now. Father and child, reunited, shall dwell amongst those lovely scenes; while the faithful hearts of Niall and Granny Meehan shall be filled with joy.

How seldom does life work out events so happily!"

"Would you like to see the old place again?" I asked.

"What use now?" he cried. "Some day I may take the journey to see if Niall be still amongst the living; but I shrink from that as yet."

We sat silent after that for some moments, I afraid to break the spell lest I should in any way betray the knowledge which so filled my heart. But presently Roderick roused himself with the remark:

"That child whom I first saw in the carriage on Broadway, and whom I next saw in your company, has awakened a strange train of thought in my mind. I have even dared to hope that I have been the victim of a trick and that my child still lives. Her voice, when she spoke in the Waldorf parlor the other day, seemed as an echo of my vanished youth. It was the voice of my wife; and when the child rose from the chair and confronted me, for an instant I believed that the grave had given up its dead. It was my wife herself as I saw her first, many years before our marriage."

"Resemblances are very delusive," I said lamely.

"But was *this* resemblance delusive?" he asked, leaning forward and looking me in the face.

"How can I answer? I never saw your wife," I replied.

It was an evasion, and perhaps he saw it; but he only sighed deeply.

"I had expected better things of you," he went on; "for we are old enough friends that I might have looked to you for help in clearing up a mystery. As it is, you will not or can not; and I must drag on in the same weary, hapless fashion or follow out the clue for myself. Indeed, I trust you will think it no discourtesy when I tell you that I *must* and *will* find out who this child is."

His resemblance to Niall was once

more almost startling; though, needless to observe, there was no wildness nor violence of any sort in his manner.

"I wish I were able to give you the information you desire," I said formally. "But at present it is impossible."

He rose to take his leave.

"In that case I must not intrude upon you any longer," he answered coldly. "I am afraid I have been thoughtless in occupying so much of your time with my personal affairs."

I felt at that moment that a valued friendship of many years was endangered, but I could not be false to my trust. Niall must hear all, and then it would be for him to act. I held out my hand. Roderick took it but there was no warmth in the handshake; and as he disappeared down the corridor, I stood looking after him sadly, fully realizing that for the time being I had lost much in his estimation. Yet I hoped to be able to repair all and explain all in good time.

I did not lose a moment in getting out my writing-desk and writing to Niall a full account of all that I had heard. My pen moved rapidly and joyfully over the page. I had so much to tell! Roderick still true to his child, his kinsman, and his old home; Roderick having acquired wealth which he would be only too happy to spend in fulfilling the old man's dreams. I also wrote to Father Farley and begged him to let Granny Meehan know the good news as speedily as possible. How I wished that I could fly over the ocean and be myself the bearer of those good tidings! I fancied the patient old face of Granny brightening, and the loving, tender voice giving forth thanks to her Creator.

The scene rose so vividly before me that I sat back in my chair, with pen uplifted, to ponder it over. There was the hearth in the great kitchen, near which Granny Meehan sat. A fire was burning there,—a clear peat fire; beside it the tranquil figure of the blind

woman, with the cat, Brown Peter, purring against her dress; and Barney and Moira in the background, hanging about to hear the great news which good Father Owen had to tell. And I conjured up the fine face of the priest beaming with the glad tidings; and I seemed to hear once more his genial voice reading aloud the welcome letter from America.

I returned to my task and wrote on, while the clock on my mantel tolled out eleven, and the din of the street below began to give place to the silence of night. I had a curious impression that Winifred stood beside me as I wrote, her image seemed so very vivid. I resolved to go to see her on the morrow, which was Thursday—visiting day at the convent. But I knew it would be another trial to refrain from telling her of her father and of the mystery concerning him which had just been cleared up. My original intention of striving to kindle her affection and admiration for the father she scarcely remembered was strengthened by the knowledge I had gained. Knowing her father to be entirely worthy of her love and to be devotedly attached to her, I could with a clear conscience describe him as he really was, and clothe the phantom she remembered with the lovable attributes of the real man.

My letters finished, I rang for a bell boy, and had them posted at once; for it seemed to me that they would never get over to Ireland, and that I would never have an answer back again. Then I stood for a moment at the window and looked out at the still brightly lighted streets, where the passers-by were fewer; though many still hurried to and fro from the theatres, concerts, or lectures,—all intent on business or pleasure. Carriages swept by, cars with belated passengers in them still ran, and the hum of the great city was audible from afar even at that late hour.

(To be continued.)

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

IV.—BEFORE THE GOLDEN GATE.

She was a wondrous fair and lovely vision, that sweet, winsome maid; and Zachary, unbending from his usual gravity, smiled indulgently upon her delicate beauty, as, with folded hands and gently drooping head, she knelt before him.

Joachim had already offered the sacrificial lamb; this done, he had turned to fulfil his voluntary promise to the Almighty—to lay upon Jehovah's altar the most pure and radiant Mary, the joy and crown of his old age.

But the eagerness of the holy child outstripped that of her parent. As Joachim descended from the Temple of sacrifice, the "last sounds of the priestly trumpets, dying away along the arched roofs," smote upon his ears, while the incense of the sacrifice still burning upon the brazen altar came to his nostrils. With these sounds and scents, however, mingled others, for which Joachim could give no true explanation; for they were such as he had known but once in his life before, and never expected to know again. On the night of the angel's visit he had heard just such heavenly music. On that night the breeze had come to him laden with just such intangible but exquisite perfumes.

Joachim glanced about him. Were others hearing and feeling as he? No, it would seem not,—though a hush had fallen upon the great assemblage; for before the Golden Gate, which was approached by a flight of fifteen steps, a beautiful procession was forming. First in this pageant walked the stately Anne. Joachim's eyes, across the space which separated them, sought out and met those of his spouse. No: the multitude could not hear that music; but one glance into *her* eyes, and he

knew that Anne was hearing it, and wondering and rejoicing even as he.

By her mother's side, lightly holding her hand, walked little Mary, clothed in a robe and mantle of heavenly blue, her arms and neck encircled with garlands. In her right hand she carried a taper ornamented with flowers. On either side of her walked three little girls, in white robes embroidered in gold. These children also carried tapers and wore wreaths of flowers.

It is hard to describe Mary's radiant yet delicate beauty in words as she appeared that day; for truly if ever one of God's creatures was "all fair and without spot," it was the little maid whose beauty and excellencies had been foreshadowed by the prophets from all time. Those inspired and learned men had seen her in vision, "arising amid the daughters of Juda like a lily among thorns, her eyes soft and mild as those of the dove, her lips red as a fillet of scarlet, her voice clear and melodious as the sound of the harp which inspires Israel in the battle, her step ethereal as the breath of perfumes, her beauty radiant as that of the rising morn."

The chroniclers of the time have left us a word-picture of a superlatively beautiful child,—so beautiful indeed that "scarcely any one could gaze upon her countenance." They describe her as of medium stature, her face oval, her eyes brilliant and of an olive tint, her hair of a pale brown and slightly curled; her eyebrows arched and dark, her complexion fair as wheat. These, however, are but the words of one description. No words, even those of the Song of Songs, could do justice to the exquisite beauty, not of earth but all of heaven, which looked forth from Mary's face, and afterward stamped its lineaments upon that of her Divine Son. All the chroniclers agree in saying that Jesus in His human features bore a striking resemblance to His Blessed Mother.

Reaching the foot of the marble flight

leading up to the Golden Gate, the blessed Anne tightened her clasp upon her child's hand that she might thus more effectually assist her up the steep ascent. But the little maiden, gently smiling into her eyes—asking and taking permission in a breath,—withdrew her little fingers from her mother's clasp, and, quite unassisted, tripped lightly, joyously, up the steps, coming reverently to her knees before her kinsman the high-priest who stood awaiting her.

It was then that Zachary unbent from his usually grave demeanor and smiled benignly upon the loveliest maiden that had ever knelt before him at that Golden Gate. As Mary knelt there, all drooping in sweet humility like a lily in the evening breeze, yet ardent for the sacrifice, unseen angels spread their snowy wings about her, jealously guarding her from slightest soil or stain; and again Joachim and Anne heard faint, far-off echoes of melodies not of earth.

Then took place the real Presentation of the little Virgin; for the high-priest led her to the altar, before which, in the quaint words of the chronicler, "she danced with her feet, so that all the house of Israel rejoiced with her and loved her." Her father and mother then extended their hands over her head, after which the priest cut off some of her curls and burned them in a brasier. Thus Joachim and Anne offered their child to God.

Then the priests placed a brown veil upon the little Virgin's head; and she, turning, descended the steps of the altar and was led into another apartment, where a great company of young maidens of the Temple came to meet her,—six of them casting flowers in her pathway, while the remainder played upon musical instruments and sang so sweetly that their voices sounded like angel choirs.

Close upon this came the moment of parting between parents and child.

Joachim set his face sternly, the better to hide the tumult in his heart; for, just man though he was, he was yet a father and imbued with all a father's adoring tenderness for his one little woman-child, his single ewe lamb, the crowning joy of all his life. And so with Joachim the parting scene was brief. A moment—one terrible, wonderful moment—and it was over; and the strong man had turned aside, the better to hide the great tears which dimmed his sight.

With Anne, however, a loving mother's natural emotion had full vent. She caught her child to her bosom, once, twice, thrice; she wept hot, scalding tears; she kissed and kissed and kissed again those lovely lips, those delicately blooming cheeks, that broad white baby brow, those sunny, sunny curls; and her heart said—poor mother-heart!—"O God! why so much? Why so great a sacrifice?"

But little Mary's flower-soft hands gently wiped away the tears from those dear eyes; her tender arms—arms which were one day to cradle the God of heaven and earth—softly and yet with infinite love clasped her about the neck; tears from her own lovely eyes mingled with those from her mother's; while into that mother's ears the little one whispered sweet words of consolation—such words as she, and she alone, can ever whisper to sorrowing hearts.

At length, strengthened and miraculously consoled by these divine accents, both mother and father tore themselves away from the presence of their adored child, carrying in their hearts a blessed memory of her which eternity itself could but intensify.*

*There is a beautiful fresco by Taddeo Gaddi representing the Presentation of the dear little Virgin. There are also many exquisite paintings of the same subject; one by Ghirlandaio, another by Albert Dürer, another by Carpaccio, and, most celebrated of all, Titian's glorious painting in the Caritas at Venice. This famous picture is no doubt well known to all our young people through numerous engravings.

How Japanese Boys are Named.

A Japanese boy is never very sure what his name is, for every little while he receives a new one. The first is given him when he is a month old. He is then taken to the temple, where three different names are written upon slips of paper; these are tossed into the air while prayers are made to the particular god of the family. The first name that reaches the holy floor is the one by which the little fellow is known until he is three years old. At that time his baby clothes are laid away, and with his new garments, bound by a tight girdle, he gets a fresh name and his education begins. At fifteen he attains his majority, and is thought to be a man; so, naturally, another name is given him; and at the slightest advancement in office or position, and especially at his marriage, the name is changed once more. His last name, the one that never changes, is bestowed upon him when he dies.

Some Facts about the Horse-Chestnut.

The horse-chestnut came to Europe from Asia. There its nuts had been used as food for horses, as they still are in Turkey. On this account, and because they look like the sweet brown chestnuts, they are called "horse-chestnuts." In Southern Europe they are fed to sheep, cattle and poultry. In Ireland they are used in the bleaching of linen. In this country they are sometimes used by foolish people as a charm.

Chestnut-trees have been known to live to an age of several hundred years. One on Mount Etna, in Italy, is a hundred and ninety feet around. It is called the "Tree of a Hundred Horses," for it once sheltered a queen with her followers. It is a Spanish or Italian chestnut. Other very old ones are found in England.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Admirers of Bishop Spalding—a fast-growing company—will learn with pleasure that a new book of his will appear next month. Its title is "Religion, Agnosticism and Education."

—The Encyclical issued by the Holy Father at the opening of the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate was written not in Latin, as is usual, but was published simultaneously in French and in Italian.

—"Das Spielmannskind" and "Der Stumme Rathsherr," by F. H. Riehl, edited with notes and a vocabulary by George M. Priest, and published by the American Book Co., furnishes in suitable form for class reading two interesting studies of folk-life in the Middle Ages. Both of the stories are among those recommended by the Modern Language Association.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. are planning an extensive series of reprints of Americana. The series will begin in autumn with Father Hennepin's Travels, to be edited by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, of all Americans, perhaps, the man best qualified for the task. The text will be that of the edition of 1698, the maps and illustrations being reproduced in facsimile. Mr. Thwaites will furnish notes, introduction and index. The work will be in two volumes, and the edition will be elegant form and restricted to one thousand copies.

—We look forward to a revival of interest in the writings of Lacordaire as a result of the celebration of the centenary of his birth on March 12. Eulogies of the great preacher were spoken and written by churchmen and litterateurs, but the best tribute to Lacordaire would be to give new currency to the eloquent words that stemmed the tide of freethought in France and popularized religion anew among the men of Paris. One hook of his, in particular, has still a great work to do—his "Letters to Young Men." A new handy-volume edition is a desideratum.

—The Book-Lovers' Library must be regarded as a strictly sectarian enterprise with a fine zeal to exploit Protestant controversy. Among the thousands of books circulated by this concern there are two by Catholic writers catalogued in the department of "Current Religious Thought." One is glorified in a foot-note because it "heaps up condemnation" for a certain pope, and the other is frankly included as evidence of the backwardness of Catholics in historical criticism. A remonstrance from a zealous and competent Catholic gentleman, Mr. Jesse Albert Locke, elicited the curious information that Catholic books were excluded not on account of any prejudice but

"for strictly business reasons." No doubt this expression finds some justification in the consciences of the gentlemen who used it, but to the benighted Catholic it looks like a plain case of dust-throwing.

—Messrs. George Bell & Sons are bringing out a new set of English History Readers for use in Catholic schools. The series is to be edited by Abbot Gasquet, which moves us to say that the school-children—and their teachers—in England are fortunate.

—"Teaching Truth" is a pamphlet in which Dr. Mary Wood Allen aims at preparing parents to speak to children about delicate matters which it is essential they should know at the right time. The author's contention is that when parents do not convey such knowledge in a helpful way the child will surely acquire it from others in a hurtful way. Reverence for children and for the function of motherhood is markedly present in every page.

—Briefly stated, the argument of "A Lay Thesis on Bible Wines" is that there is no such thing as "unfermented wine," and that temperance, not total abstinence, ought to be inculcated by reformers. Each reader may estimate for himself the importance of this thesis; we need only say that the author, Mr. E. R. Emerson, shows cleverness and uses the Bible freely and reverently, though not always with depth of understanding. Mr. Emerson is a maker of wines, but claims to be disinterested. Merrill & Baker.

—Miss Emily Hickey, a recent convert and a writer of reputation in England, publishes a collection of rather notable Marian poems under the title "Our Lady of May." There are twenty-two in all, and each deals with an incident or a mystery in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Tenderness and imagination, combined with a beautiful spirit of piety, lift these lines above the commonplace and strongly remind the reader of Christina Rossetti. Indeed, we should say that among the numerous poetic tributes to Our Lady in English there are not many worthier than this. Catholic Truth Society, London.

—We have thoroughly enjoyed a pamphlet by Mr. Dudley Baxter, a well-known English Catholic, entitled "The Holy Rood." Mr. Baxter pleads almost as strenuously as Pugin—of whom an unsympathetic rival once said that he was a great authority on rood-screens and a vigorous writer of *rude* letters—did for a return to the rood-screens which were practically universal throughout Christendom before the

blighting influence of the Reformation fell upon it. We do not know of a single rood-screen in this country, though there are many imposing cathedrals and some exquisitely designed churches. Most readers will agree with Mr. Baxter at least so far as to say that the crucifix ought to be the most prominent image in every church and chapel. These twenty-eight pages are fairly crowded with curious, interesting and edifying facts on a subject hardly understood at all in these latter days. Art and Book Co.

—A little book bearing the name of "Dante," by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, is an epitome of what is generally known as "Hettinger's Dante," and is at the same time an illustration of the good work done by the English Truth Society. Father Bowden was the editor of the English version of Father Hettinger's able German exposition of the Divine Comedy; and in this little reprint we have important points from the chapters entitled the "Life of Dante," "Vita Nuova," "Convito," "De Monarchia," and "Commedia." The appendix gives diagrams of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise after the Rossetti illustrations.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Sacristan's Manna. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts., net.
- Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.
- The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.
- The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.
- The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.
- The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychological Research.* 75 cts., net.
- Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.
- The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.
- Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.
- The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.

- Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
- Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
- St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
- Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
- The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
- Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
- Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
- The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
- Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
- Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
- The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.
- Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
- In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
- Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.
- A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.
- The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.
- Luke Delmege. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.50.
- General History of the Christian Era. Vol. II. *A Guggenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.
- Communion Day. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 60 cts., net.
- George Washington. *Norman Hapgood.* \$1.75.
- Andrea Mantegna. *Maud Cruttwell.* \$1.75.
- The Making of an American. *Jacob A. Riis.* \$2, net.
- Held for Orders. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Pulcheria and Sister Mary Dorilda, Sisters of Charity of Providence, Vancouver, Wash.

Mr. Thomas Elston, of San Francisco, Cal.; James F. Delaney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine McGuigan, Mr. Michael Hagerty, Mr. Andrew Hagerty, Mrs. Bridget McFadden, and Mr. George Burkley,—all of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Andrew Flynn, Providence, R. I.; Miss Claire Barry and Master Maurice O'Leary, Menlo Park, Cal.; Dr. Joseph H. Doyle, Redwood City, Cal.; Miss Margaret Murphy, Pontoosuc, Mass.; Mr. Edward Beausejour, Chelsea, Mass.; John C. Hogan, Fairhaven, Vt.; Miss Mary Ann O'Reilly, Shenandoah, Pa.; Dr. Allen Fowler, Salt Lake City, Utah; and Mr. P. M. Donnellan, Chicago.

Requiescant in pax!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, i., 48.

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

The Warning.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SHE slept—each deep-drawn breath so light
 We did not heed the warning:
 With words of cheer and hopes grown bright,
 We waited for the morning.
 Something flashed swiftly through the night—
 God's smile? An angel's warning?
 Lifting her arms to clasp the Light,
 She wakened—in the morning.

Mary the Mother of God.*

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys.
 —*Song of Solomon*, ii, 1.



WHEN we affirm that our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, we do but follow Holy Church in most intimately linking together the sweet and blessed names of Jesus and Mary in one confession of faith. The truth which we thus maintain in the Creeds, we find set forth both in the Gospel narrative and in the formula of St. John the Divine—*Verbum caro factum est*,—"The Word was made flesh." The foundation of the doctrine of the Cross is the dogma of the divine

maternity of Mary. To deny this latter is to deny the whole mystery of the Incarnation and to lose all reasonable hold of the Christian religion.

No definition nor further explanation regarding this doctrine has ever been put forth by Holy Church but what is a plain and simple defence of St. John's original formula. As he saw and regarded the doctrine, so does the Church still see and regard it; though, in like manner as the Gospel of St. John supplemented the previous Gospels, so does the Constantinopolitan symbol assert more emphatically, and detail more fully, that same unchanging and unchangeable faith, previously embodied in what is known as the Apostles' Creed. Now, in order rightly to comprehend the doctrine that Mary is the Mother of God, and her exalted position in the economy of grace, it will be necessary to point out expressly that errors bearing on the subject were brought to light and formally condemned by the undivided Church in bygone times.

1. In the fourth century Arius and his followers categorically denied the divinity of our Blessed Saviour, — maintaining that Jesus Christ, though the first and greatest of created beings, was *only* a created being, and not of one substance with the Eternal Father; they refused

* From a collection of twenty "Sermons, Parochial and Occasional." The following notes of passages from the Fathers and early writers testify to the true position of the Blessed Virgin in the economy of grace, and form the foundation of this discourse: St. Justin Martyr, *Dial. cum*

Tryph., 100.—Tertullian, *Lib. de Carn. Christ.*, cap. xvii.—Irenæus, *Adv. Hæres.*, lib. iii.—St. Ambrose, *Exhort. Virgin*, lib. i cap. v and *Serm. iv*, xxii and xlii, tom. ii.—St. Peter Chrysologus, *Serm. cxliii* and *clx* *Patrol.* lii.—St. Ephrem Syrus, tom. v, *Orat. ad Dei Genit.* and tom. iii, p. 210, *ed.*

to hold and believe that He was really and truly God. In thus denying the divinity of the Son of Mary, they denied the truth of St. John's assertion—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,"—and thus denied also the divine maternity of Mary. So, under the guidance of the Blessed Spirit, the Fathers of the Church met at Nicæa to refute the errors which were rife, and expressly and plainly to declare what was the faith. "We believe," they maintained, "in One Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made." And the Church throughout the world—the whole Christian family—has accepted this definition.

2. Three generations passed, and then another error, from an opposite point of view, arose and called for fresh action on the part of authority. Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople, likewise practically denied the Incarnation, maintaining that a personal union of the Divinity with the Humanity was degrading to the former. Hence he taught that Christ was divided—that in Him there was one person, the Son of God; and another person, the Son of Man. Thus the Divine Word was not made flesh: God was not born of Mary, and Mary was not the Mother of God. Now, formally to make this latter assertion is to deny that Jesus is

Rom., 1598.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Opera, lib. vi, in Joan. c. 15, and Homil. contra Nest.—St. Augustine, lib. de Nat. et Grat., cap. xxxiv.—St. Jerome, Ep. xxii ad Eustochium Opera, tom. i. Opera in Psal. lxxvii. Adv. Elvid., tom. ii, p. 69.—St. Basil in cap. ii Luc.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Serm. de Nat., xxxviii.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Catech. Lect., xvii, pp. 138 and 223, ed. Oxon., 1838.—St. Gregory of Nyssa, Hom. de Nat., Christ.—St. James of Nisibis, Sermones *in loco*.—Theodoret, lib. iv, De Hær., c. xii, sec. 4.—St. Athanasius, Serm. in Annunt. Opera, tom. ii, p. 401, ed. Ben.—Opera Omnia, S. Bernardi, Paris.

the Son of God, and so to undermine the foundation of the Christian religion. Consequently a council was gathered in 431 at Ephesus, where this teaching of Nestorius was solemnly condemned; the title of *θεοτόκος*—Mother of God—was given to Mary, and those were anathematized who maintained that Christ was not verily and indeed both God and Man.

3. Soon after this, on the other hand, Eutyches, abbot of a monastery near Constantinople, being unable, as he thought, otherwise to frame an answer to the Nestorian heresy which had divided the person of Christ, went on to confuse and confound our Blessed Lord's two natures. He maintained that, through the Incarnation, the divine and human natures became confused into one; and that the latter, being totally absorbed by the former, lost its separate existence. This error was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, the judgment of which was accepted and ratified by the whole Church. For justice requires that the person atoning should be truly of the same nature as those who have offended; and at the same time that the act of atonement should be of infinite value, so that he who makes atonement must be God. In the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, therefore, there is unity of person, but two natures. Moreover, Jesus Christ being truly God, and Mary being the Mother of Jesus Christ, she is consequently the Mother of God.

Now, if we admit this most exalted title, and allow the claim which the possession of it advances—and no Catholic can refuse to do so,—it follows that Mary deserves, and ought to receive, our honor, respect, veneration, and love. For in the Gospels and in the Creeds, as well as in the writings of the Fathers of Holy Church, the name of Mary stands very near to that of Jesus. "I believe in Jesus Christ, His [God's] only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of

the Virgin Mary," is but St. Luke's simple record of the Incarnation, formulated in a confession of faith everywhere received. "The Angel came in unto her and said: Hail, thou that art highly favored! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!... Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the House of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end.... And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word."

Here is the record of the union betwixt God and man. Here is set forth the mystery to which we owe all that we have of supernatural gifts. She, then, who was so intimately connected with this plan and work must have obtained, in a supereminent degree, of His fulness which we have all received, and grace for grace. The personal privileges owned by members of the Apostolic College, as such, even those of Peter its chief, were notoriously shared by their fellows; but the singular privilege of being the Mother of God was necessarily limited to one. "He hath exalted the humble." When, therefore, Blessed Mary consented to participate in the work of the Incarnation, the mystery of God manifest in the flesh was accomplished. Her will and sufferings were thus united to the will and sufferings of her Son. In her pure and spotless womb the Author and Source of every grace enriched that virginal Mother with graces and gifts unparalleled.

Thou wert happy, Blessed Mother,
 With the very bliss of heaven,
 Since the Angel's salutation
 In thy raptured ear was given.
 Since the Ave of that midnight
 When thou wert anointed Queen,
 Like a river overflowing
 Hath the grace within thee been.

From the Annunciation to the birth, grace was being added to grace during the months that Mary bore her precious Burden. So, too, throughout the sacred infancy and hidden life. The prophets of old had been enriched with special blessings and fortified with divine privileges. Moses and Elijah, Malachi and John the Baptist, had been supereminently blessed; but Mary alone—*Regina Prophetarum*—was the Mother of God. None other, therefore, could have loved as she. Here she was unapproached. Hers alone were watchful care and maternal anxiety. She had brought forth her Lord. The Child in swaddling clothes on Mary's lap was the very God whose voice, ere the dawn of creation, had broken the stillness of eternity. She tended and watched over Him; she sorrowed and suffered with Him and for Him; while He who had "emptied Himself" became in love subject and obedient unto her. O adorable mystery of God manifest in the flesh! O sweet and blessed names of Jesus and Mary! "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." Meditate we on the subject before us, so that the graces of the Incarnation may be ours in time, to be completed and crowned in the eternal home of the heavenly Jerusalem hereafter.

Three points still remain for our pious consideration: (1) The martyrdom of Mary; (2) the fact that Mary is the Mother of the faithful; and (3) the veneration due to the Mother of God.

1. That the Blessed Virgin was to be in conflict and to suffer had been declared by the Almighty to the tempter after Eve had brought sin into the world. "I will put enmity between thee and the Woman, between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." So when our Saviour was presented in the Temple in the substance of our flesh after He had been delivered by Mary into the hands of the priest, and so

was offered by anticipation as a perfect sacrifice and satisfaction for the sins of the world, the just and devout man of Jerusalem, who had waited for the glory and consolation of God's people Israel, declared the future sufferings of our Blessed Lady. For we read that "Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary His Mother: 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."

This prophecy was fulfilled in its fulness on Calvary. There were, however, foretastes of its woes before. The shadow of the cross fell on the Child Jesus, and therefore on His Mother Mary, at His Circumcision. It fell on her more deeply in the three days' loss, which typified the three hours of the Passion. Whenever, again, by taunt or unbelief or malicious saying of His enemies, Jesus suffered, the Mother of Jesus suffered likewise. As the "better Eve," Mary, St. Ephrem tells us, was to participate by her deep interior sorrow in the adorable Passion of her Divine Son. For as His Mother she could not be passive when woe and suffering indescribable were His lot. Whatever was involved in becoming His mother, that she accepted by her immediate response to Gabriel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word." On this account she is looked upon as the chief or Queen of Martyrs; for deep were her sufferings in witnessing constantly for her Divine Son.

To the natural love of a mother for her child, so deep, so mysterious, so true, was added the most perfect supernatural love. If the sufferings of the patriarch Abraham were deep when he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, what must have been the anguish and woe of Mary when, standing beneath the cross, she gave up her Son to die? Moreover, her martyrdom, so to speak, was not

like that of the martyrs in general—indescribably bitter but soon over: it was continual. She had suffered with Him at Bethlehem, in His helplessness and destitution; and continued to suffer until the bloody sacrifice of Calvary was consummated after the three hours' agony.

And her sorrow was without consolation. In the case of the martyrs of Christ, we know full well that divine love soothed the pain of the fires and the bitter torments of the arèna and the wheel; for, in writing of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, in his "Twenty - Seventh Tractate," declares that the fire of internal love by which he was inflamed was more active and potent than the external fire by which his body was consumed. Not so, however, with Mary. The divine love which ruled her heart augmented her woe and became the formal instrument by which her grief was increased; for her grief grew great in proportion to her love. The more she loved Him—and who can penetrate the depths of her love!—the more bitter was the martyrdom she endured. Thus a sword keenly pierced her own soul, and the prophecy of Simeon was fulfilled.

2. We now proceed to consider the dogmatic fact that our Blessed Lady is the Mother of the faithful. "Behold thy Mother!" To the truth of this the great St. Augustine of Hippo plainly bore witness. "She is the spiritual Mother not of our Head, who is the Saviour"—for of Him she is the natural Mother,—“but of us, His members.”* St. Ambrose, too, does but explain the commendation of St. John to Mary when he maintains that our adorable Saviour, by making His will on the cross, left all Christians to be the spiritual children of Mary—her children by grace; and, consequently, made Mary the spiritual Mother of all Christians.

* De Sanct. Virg., lib. i cap. vi.

St. Cyril of Alexandria, in his "Exposition of the Gospel," declares that Christ appears on Calvary not simply and mainly as the Son of Mary, but as the Second Man Adam. Mary appears not as the Mother of God, but as the Second Eve. The first Adam and Eve had ruined the whole race of mankind: the new Adam had, with the co-operation of the new Eve, restored that spiritual life which had been lost. "Eve," wrote St. Epiphanius, "was the pretext of death to mankind, inasmuch as by her acts death came into the world. But Mary, on the other hand, was the pretext of life; for by her co-operation the Life Himself was born for us men." St. Peter Chrysologus, in his "Sermons,"* consequently maintains that "woman, by grace, is now truly made the mother of the living, who had been by nature the mother of the dying. Mary, therefore, was made our spiritual Mother by our dying Master, Jesus Christ; and should be at once acknowledged as such by all Christians.

On Calvary, then, Mary was formally appointed the spiritual Mother of the faithful. "Behold thy Mother!" Not by nature was she the Mother of the Beloved Disciple, but through grace, by the divine grace and special disposition of our merciful Redeemer. There, at the foot of the cross, St. John represented the family of the new creation. He is a brother in grace of all who have received and co-operated with grace. The spiritual links which bind regenerate souls to one another make all members of the one family, of which Christ is the Head. What the prerogatives of the mother of a family are in the natural order, such, at least, are the prerogatives of Mary in the supernatural. And what our Blessed Saviour from His altar of suffering said to St. John on the first Good Friday, that Holy Church still declares continually to the

faithful soul in his earthly pilgrimage: "Behold thy Mother!"

Side by side with the name of Jesus, our one Mediator of redemption, stands the name of Mary, our Mother by grace. We confess it in our Creeds: Christ was "born of the Virgin Mary." We acknowledge it in loving affection and profound veneration. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." The two names can never with safety be separated. Therefore in deed as well as in word the Church daily shows forth Mary. When the sun sinks in the west and the day declines, when the evening star comes out, and round our earthly altars are lit up the symbols of the light of the new creation—Jesus, God of God and Light of Light,—Mary's sweet canticle of thanksgiving—*Magnificat!*—is the chief feature of our Vesper song. As Gabriel greeted her, so may we. Moreover, in honor of that Blessed Lady churches are solemnly dedicated, while five of her festivals are still observed by our own national communion.* A love of the Mother consequently is thus authoritatively set forth as a collateral duty of the love of the Son. The two go together. This we may see when we note that those Christians who have ever scrupulously honored the Mother still worship the Son, while others who have avowedly ceased to confess and adore the Son began their descent into unbelief by first rudely scoffing at the Mother.

3. And now we pass on to consider the third point selected, being one of some practical importance—viz., the veneration due to Mary. If it be reasonable, then, to honor in the world those who have rendered great services to mankind; if the successful general, the public benefactor, the scientific discoverer, may be duly and properly venerated because of their noble public deeds, can

* The Anglican communion, of which Dr. Lee was a member when this sermon was written.—Ed. A. M.

* Serm. cxl, tom. ii.

it be otherwise than right to apply this principle in the order of grace to the saints and to the Queen of Saints? The inferior honor and veneration given to the saints not only interfere not with the honor rendered to God, but, when given to His saints in consideration of what His grace has made them, adds to the honor which we render to God Himself. The honor given to the saints is precisely the same in kind that we give to our fellow-creatures—to our parents, pastors and masters, tutors, governors, and king. But the honor offered to God is different in kind. This latter is supreme and absolute, of the highest character; due to Him for His own sake, resting in Him alone and not passing to another.

Now, it is quite evident that in ordinary language we constantly use terms bearing different meanings according as they are made use of or applied. The bearing of the context evidences our meaning. The terms "honor," "reverence," "veneration," and "worship," each expresses duties we owe to God; yet to certain living people, dignitaries in church and state—putting aside the saints,—we formally apply the words "honorable," "reverend," "venerable," and "worshipful"; but no one could venture to maintain that in so doing we were dishonoring God. Now, let this argument be applied to the pious practices of Catholic Christians, both Eastern and Western, and the difficulties which some experience will soon appear baseless and of no importance.

Again, to take another illustration. There are two kinds of love: the love of God, which belongs exclusively to Him and which may not be lawfully given to another; and secondly, the love of our neighbor, which is different in kind from that which God expects from His children, and which we are specially commanded to put into practice in dealing with mankind. Now, if this be allowed—and who can refuse to allow

it?—the answer both with regard to the love and honor given to the saints is identical; the honor rendered to Mary, for example, in no way infringes on the honor due to God, because it is another kind of honor commanded as regards our fellow-creatures, and consequently equally commanded as regards our fellow-creatures when they are redeemed, sanctified, saved and crowned in heaven through Jesus Christ their and our Lord.

We have already pointed out the peculiar and important part taken by Mary in the work of the Incarnation. It is of faith that she is the Mother of God. Of grace, the source of all blessing, we know that she was full. Our own term, "highly favored,"* most inadequately expresses the force of the Greek original. The address of Gabriel should rather run, "Hail, full of [or overflowing with] grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!" Blessed amongst virgins, blessed amongst mothers, because the Mother ever-virgin of Him who is the only-begotten of the Father, the Lord of men and of angels, the great King of heaven and earth.

"Full of grace." To use grace well is to obtain more. For "to him that, hath shall be given." Grace overflowing, duly co-operated with, can but merit glory. "Wherefore," wrote St. Peter, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure." The grace that Mary possessed expanded and deepened, both because of her divine maternity and of her constant co-operation with grace. To Jesus, her Divine Son, she continually ministered; with Him she sorrowed, with Him suffered. Now, if, as St. Paul declares, "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," what shall be her glory who was so near to Him both by nature and grace as to have been His Mother? For His faithful children and

* St. Luke, i, 19, *ἡεχαριτωμένη*.

followers, for His obedient servants and sons, heart can not conceive the reward prepared in the eternal kingdom. What, then, has Mary, who carried Him in her virginal womb and brought Him forth in the stable at Bethlehem? What is there for her whose patience and obedience, whose fortitude and self-surrender, were so great and high and admirable?

Christ has promised that where He is there shall His servants be. And so it is with His Blessed Mother. True, she paid the debt of nature. Out of the sight of men she had lived, and she fittingly died in private. Throughout the Christian family there spread the sweet belief that grew up round her empty resting-place: that she is now body as well as soul with her Son in heaven, first of creatures in splendor and first in sanctity too,—a beautiful and acceptable tradition with those who venerate and love. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." Jesus the Son and Mary the Mother are together once more. "Upon the right hand did stand the Queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colors."

Ever, therefore, while meditating on her high prerogatives, and learning more and more of the adorable mysteries of God manifest in the flesh, let us strive to love and venerate her whom all generations call "Blessed." For she is ours and we are hers. To repeat the Angelic Salutation, the "memorial of the Incarnation," as the ancient Church of England so accurately termed it, is a salutary lesson in thus learning to practise that love. Moreover—God be thanked!—we are not of those who need a Christianity without Christ and a Creed. So likewise an Incarnation without Mary is utterly impotent to satisfy our longings or suffice our love. Not for the husks of a hard and unloving system of negations, here and now breaking up by inherent weakness,

or by the reasonable assaults of its allies, do we ask; but for Christian liberty to proclaim on the housetops, by deed as well as by word, the veneration of her who was made the Mother of the faithful, and to whom the faithful were commended by no less an authoritative voice than that of her Son and her God.

We look onward, therefore, in faith from this vale of tears, this parched wilderness, this treeless desert, to a garden of peaceful beauty, over which no cloud passes to dim the unchanging splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, and where flowers never fade. Memories of the Paradise of old help us to dream of that upon which our tearful eyes have not yet rested, and where sin shall hold no sway. Over our path the evening shadows are lengthening and night comes on apace. But the stars are out, and the way, though narrow, is straight.

When the work of the new creation, all its mysteries made clear, is crowned by its Source and King, we shall know—but not until then—how the prayers of the saints in white and the intercessions of the Mother of Mercy, as well as the ministration of angels, have aided us sojourners in our heavenward journey, and wrought out in mystery the perfect work of divine love. For that change may we prepare; so that to that garden we may be transplanted, where bloom in everlasting beauty the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of Eden.

A WISE man was asked: "Who is successful and who is unsuccessful?" And he answered: "He is successful who gives away all he has before he dies; he is unsuccessful who dies with his riches in his grasp. The first goes where he finds his treasure laid away for him; the second, if so fortunate as to enter heaven, will find that he has lost his wealth somewhere on the way."

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXII.

KISMET!—"It is Fate!" Lloyd had said when he found whom he had been journeying to meet in the Quebrada Onda; and he repeated the words to himself while he sat beside Miss Rivers in their place of refuge during the hour or so that the rain lasted. It was a torrential downpour, accompanied by lightning which filled the air with the blinding glare of its white fire, and thunder which echoed in crashing peals from crag to crag. Lloyd arranged a seat for Isabel in the back of the cave, where the rock shelved down nearly touching their heads; and he was relieved to note her fearlessness in the face of a storm which tried even the iron nerves of Manuel, and made the animals now and again start and quiver from head to foot, as some particularly vivid flash of electricity seemed to envelop them, some terrific shock of thunder to shake the solid foundations of the granite hills. At such moments he found himself glancing apprehensively at his companion; and he had a new realization of what a great thing is courage when he met her eyes, bright with excitement and something like pleasure.

"Isn't it magnificent?" she cried to him once or twice; and he shouted back: "Wonderful!"

But Lloyd had occasion to repeat "*Kismet*" again, when, after the storm had passed—the cloud rolling away, with its thunder still echoing sullenly among the heights, and a great flood of sunshine breaking forth and making the world brilliant,—he went out like the dove from the Ark, to learn how matters were; and, like that adventurous wanderer, found that the waters covered the face of the earth,—at least all

that part of the earth which at present concerned him. The river, which even in its normal state flowed very near the foot of the height in which the cave was situated, had now risen until it swept the base of the cliff, completely covering the path by which they had gained their eyrie; so that to leave it was impossible without incurring certain discomfort and possible danger.

It was with a very grave face that he returned, shook his head in answer to Manuel's eager inquiries, and went up to Miss Rivers, who was now standing on the verge of the great rock, gazing rapturously out over the marvellous beauty of the rain-drenched, sun-bathed scene, and listening to the sound of the streams, which formed a wonderful diapason of harmony. For blending with the deep voice of the river below, was the music of unnumbered waterfalls, leaping in white cascades over rocks and down defiles where before the rain had been no drop of water; their flashing, tumbling beauty glimpsed through the wealth of verdure which was already fresher, greener, more delightful to the eye for the gracious gift of the rain; and their hurrying waters singing as they poured into the gorge "to join the brimming river." Isabel held up her hand with a silencing gesture as Lloyd came to her side.

"Listen!" she said. "Is it not like a grand *Te Deum*? As if Nature were calling aloud, praising and thanking God!"

He was silent for a moment, listening as she commanded. Then he said:

"Yes: the Sierra is speaking. I have often gone far out into the mountains after a storm to listen to its voice. There is nothing like it, when the great hills, unlocking their fountains, send up a cry to Heaven—though whether it is a *Te Deum* or not I can't say."

"Isn't it worshipful enough to be one?"

"What is worshipful, like the pros-

perity of a jest, rests in the ear of the listener. To me it only expresses the spell of the Sierra, its austere loneliness, its wild and perfect solitude."

She looked at him now with a smile.

"It is the loneliness which appeals to you most, is it not?" she said. "I begin to understand why you do not care to meet your friends in the Sierra."

"And yet," he parried reproachfully, "you said only a little while ago that you, too, felt the charm of the loneliness of these enchanting solitudes."

"I do," she eagerly affirmed. "Indeed I can understand how the charm might become so great that one would break away from all the attractions and restraints of civilization to bury oneself in the wild, green recesses of the hills, and to say with all one's heart:

Now thanks to Heaven, that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place!"

It was his turn to smile. "I hope you will remain thankful to Heaven for leading you to this particular lonely place when you hear that all these melodious waters have made you a prisoner," he observed.

"A prisoner!" She stared. "Impossible! How could they—in so short a time?"

"You don't know the resources of the Sierra. Besides, that rain was a veritable cloud-burst, concentrated in this quebrada. Look down—but give me your hand before you do so,—and you will see how the river has risen over our path."

She gave him her hand, and, leaning out over the edge of the beetling cliff, glanced down at the river, which, churned to white foam over its rocks, swept in turbulent, rushing flood below. When she drew back she looked a trifle startled.

"It has certainly risen very high and has a very wild aspect," she said; "but it can't possibly be deep. We must simply ride through it. A little wetting will not matter."

"You would get more than a little wetting if you attempted to ride through that water—even if your mule could keep his footing, which is doubtful," Lloyd answered. "There is a terribly strong current. I tried it."

"You tried it!" Miss Rivers' glance swept over him and rested on some soaked garments. "Plainly *you* don't mind a wetting."

"Oh," he said carelessly, "I turned back when the water rose over my boots! I saw that it would not do for you to venture. There is really nothing for it but to stay here until the stream goes down."

"And how long will that be?"

"Not more than a few hours."

"A few hours! What will papa think has become of me? And what will *he* do?"

"If he comes down into the quebrada, he will have to remain on the other side of the river until it falls."

"In absolute uncertainty about my fate—whether I have been swept away by the flood or struck by lightning!"

"I don't think Mr. Rivers has a sensational imagination. I have no doubt he will be anxious about you, but he will not be likely to anticipate anything worse than that you have been thoroughly drenched."

"As I certainly should have been but for you. I suppose there is no doubt, alas! that *he* has been drenched?"

"Not much, I fear. But he is an old Sierra traveller, who knows how to take care of himself and to accept the inevitable with philosophy."

"Which we must practise also. Manuel, do you know that the river has made us prisoners here?"

"Yes, Señorita," Manuel replied; "but that is better than that we should have been without shelter in the storm. We can wait until the waters go down."

"What do you think Don Roberto is saying?"

Manuel shrugged his shoulders. Plainly

he did not care to commit himself to any conjecture on this point.

"He will be glad when he knows that the señorita has been so safe," he replied.

The señorita laughed as she sat down on a stone.

"Really," she said, "this is quite unexpectedly adventurous! I think I should positively enjoy it if you were a shade more hospitable, Mr. Lloyd."

"What can I do?" Lloyd asked. "My castle is yours, but the possibilities of hospitality are somewhat limited—unless I can offer a little tequila—?"

Miss Rivers declined the tequila by a gesture.

"You might sit down and look as if you, too, were enjoying the adventure," she suggested.

He sat down promptly.

"There is no trying required," he declared. "I have only been repressing my enjoyment because I felt that I ought to sympathize with your anxiety to get away."

"But you see I am not suffering from anxiety. On the contrary, I am resigned to being a troglodyte as long as necessity requires. And now what shall we talk about? Oh, of course the Santa Cruz! You have not told me anything about it."

"There is nothing to tell. The enemy's forces may be mobilized, but they have not yet made a hostile demonstration. In other words, there has been no attempt to 'jump' the mine."

"I am able to assure you that no attempt will be made for some time. Mr. Armistead has promised that nothing of the kind shall be done while I am at Las Joyas."

"Did he give you an explicit promise to that effect?" Lloyd asked with some surprise.

"Quite explicit. Why do you smile? You don't—you can't think he would break it?"

"I merely smiled at the proof of your power over him. I could not have

believed that Armistead would yield a point of business even for you."

"He has not yielded it,—you quite overrate my influence. He has only agreed to delay a step which, frankly, I don't think he is altogether ready to take. You see your defection has embarrassed him greatly."

"No doubt," said Lloyd, a little dryly. "By the by, whom has he now to assist him? When I left Tópia he expected to obtain assistance from Mr. Rivers."

"Papa could not think of helping him, and Mr. Thornton refused; so he has picked up some one—an American named Randolph, I believe."

"Randolph!" Lloyd frowned, as if the name had unpleasant associations. "Who is he,—where does he come from?"

"Arizona, I think—or perhaps he was only connected with a mine there. But is it possible that you have heard nothing at all of these important matters since you left Tópia?"

"Perfectly possible. One hears very little in the Sierra, thank God!"

"You have been living in a cave, perhaps?"

"Very far from it. I have been at Las Joyas, laid up with a broken head."

"Mr. Lloyd!"

"Or if not broken exactly," he corrected himself, "sufficiently near it to be damaging and uncomfortable. Briefly, there was an accident. I fell down the mountain of the Santa Cruz, was picked up insensible and taken to Las Joyas—"

"A moment, please!" interrupted Miss Rivers, regarding him closely and a little suspiciously. "You have not said how the accident occurred. I am sure you are far too good a mountaineer to have *fallen* down a mountain."

"You are very kind; but, owing to the attraction of gravity, even the best of mountaineers must fall if he is thrown over the edge of a precipice."

"And you were thrown—"

"By my horse. Now, lest you should say that so good a horseman should not

have been thrown, I had better admit that Don Arturo Vallejo had hold of the-bridle of the horse, and there was something in the nature of—er—a struggle going on."

"Where?"

"On a shelf-like path leading out from the Santa Cruz Mine, admirably adapted for accidents of the kind."

"Did this occur when you went to the mine to give the warning?"

"Exactly!"

He was surprised by the look that came into her eyes.

"And I sent you!" she said in a low voice. "And you might have been killed!"

"But I wasn't killed," he hastened to assure her, somewhat unnecessarily. "I wasn't even badly hurt; and Don Arturo is now my very good friend; so there is no harm done."

"I don't know"—she was quite pale as she continued to gaze at him. "I feel as if this matter had almost touched tragedy, and as if it may touch it again."

He did not care to tell her how very nearly it had come to touching tragedy. Instead he said lightly:

"Let us hope not. As for my accident, I should not have mentioned it, if it were not certain that you would hear of it at Las Joyas."

"Yes, of course I should hear of it," she said. "And Doña Victoria—what part has she played in it all?"

"Doña Victoria has left nothing undone to show her gratitude for the warning conveyed to her."

"Ah!" Miss Rivers looked for a moment over the wild beauty of the gorge, where white mists were rising like fairy phantoms from the defiles of the heights, before she said, meditatively: "It sounds very like the first chapter of a romance."

"Only it happens to be the last," said Lloyd, a little curtly. "After this I shall leave the Santa Cruz to fight its battle unaided by me."

Miss Rivers shook her head.

"No," she said. "I am convinced to the contrary. I have an instinct that you are destined to play a further part in the fight over the Santa Cruz."

"I shall promptly prove to you that no reliance is to be placed in such instincts. I am on my way now to San Andrés, and I shall not return to this part of the Sierra."

"You are on your way!" She laughed a little mockingly. "Very much on your way, thanks to the storm and the river and—me!"

"The storm is over, the river will go down, and I shall have the—"

"Pleasure?"

"No: regret of bidding you adieu when we leave this cave, since our ways lie in exactly opposite directions."

"Mr. Lloyd," said the young lady gravely, "have you not learned that no man is stronger than Fate?"

Lloyd looked at her with a slightly startled expression. How was it that she should utter the words that had been in his mind ever since he rode down into the river and saw her standing on the rocks?

"Yes," he said, with a gravity more real than hers: "I have learned it."

"Then why do you say such futile things? You may go to San Andrés, you may go to the other side of the Sierra or of the world; but if you are to play a part at the Santa Cruz, you will be there to play it at the destined time, just as you were in the Quebrada Onda, as if by appointment, to meet me, whom you had said in Tópia you would not meet."

"This grows serious," said Lloyd, rising to his feet and trying to speak lightly. "If you not only make prophecies but bring about their fulfilment, I must endeavor to remove myself from the sphere of your influence. Therefore I will go and dare the raging flood, to see if anything is to be perceived of your father."

"Oh, you must not! Sit still, and I will prophesy pleasant things—that we will never meet again, for example—"

"You are growing so unkind that I must go. Seriously, I want to test the water, and also, if Mr. Rivers is in the quebrada, let him know that you are safe."

Unheeding remonstrances, he mounted and rode away. The two left behind watched anxiously as the swirling water rose deeper and deeper about horse and rider, until it almost covered the former's back.

"In another minute they'll be swimming," said Manuel.

But that minute carried them around the jutting point of the cliff, where the river, unable to spread out, had reached such dangerous depth, and they were lost to sight, as they gained higher ground in a wider part of the quebrada.

It seemed an age, but it was really not more than half an hour, before Lloyd came splashing back, riding up the ascent into the cave and dismounting with a graver face than he had worn before.

"Miss Rivers," he said, "I am very sorry to tell you that your father has gone on."

"Gone on!" the girl cried, aghast. "But you said he could not cross the river."

"He evidently crossed it at the beginning of the storm, before it rose so high. Then, thinking you were ahead, he pushed on as soon as he possibly could. The tracks are very plain."

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed, with deep concern. Then, seizing the only practical conclusion, added: "We must follow as soon as possible."

"Yes," said Lloyd: "we must follow as soon as possible."

(To be continued.)

"A HUNDRED men," says a Chinese proverb, "may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home."

King Robert's Hymn.*

TRANSLATED BY H. M. M.

HOLY SPIRIT, God of light,—
Come, and on the inner sight
Pour Thy bright and heavenly ray!

Father of the lowly, come;
Here, Great Giver, be Thy home,
Sunshine of our hearts, for aye!

Inmost Comforter and best,
Of our souls the dearest Guest,
Sweetly all their thirst allay!

In our toils be our retreat,
Be our shadow in the heat;
Come and wipe our tears away.

O Thou Light all pure and blest,
Fill with joy this weary breast,
Turning darkness into day!

For without Thee nought we find
Pure or strong in humankind,
Nought that has not gone astray.

Wash us from the stains of sin,
Gently soften all within,
Wounded spirits heal and stay.

What is hard and stubborn bend,
What is feeble soothe and tend,
What is erring gently sway.

To Thy faithful servants give,
Taught by Thee to trust and live,
Sevenfold blessing from this day.

Make our title clear, we pray,
When we drop this mortal clay;
Then—O give us joy for aye!

Molokai the Blest.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

A RARE and perfect flower, that had blossomed bravely in the sands of accursed Molokai, beside the path leading down to the shore, drooped its lovely head in the scorching sunlight, while across its petals stole the dull brown tinge that told of decay and death. The pathway held its own pathetic story of daily vigils kept on the beach by those for whom the snow-

* Robert II., King of France, fl. 997-1031.

white sails, seen far out upon the water, would call nevermore. One whose feet had helped to make that path well trodden leaned heavily upon his stick and eyed the perishing beauty of the flower with something akin to sympathy.

"It is the way of life. A little hope, bursting into bloom and looking upward to the sunlight; and then the hand of Death descends, blasting and destroying."

"Yet even the plant carries the germ of immortality," said a voice beside him; and with a quick, graceful movement the woman, whose approach he had not observed, stooped, and, brushing back the fading petals, showed the tiny ovary of the flower, swollen with the promise of seed-time.

Had she answered his thought or had he spoken aloud? For an instant he glanced toward her curiously. She was clad in a dull blue gown, and about her head was draped a veil of some silvery tissue, drawn closely across the lower portion of her face, wholly concealing her features.

"You have a penetrating vision to discover evidences of immortality on this God-forsaken island," he said repellently, and there was neither lightness nor invitation to further parley in his tone.

"Here more than anywhere else in all the wide world," said the woman steadily, although her voice had dropped to little more than a whisper.

"You—who are one of us?"

He knew her now, although he had previously seen her only at a distance. This was the nurse who had mysteriously come to the island in the pride of her youth, to minister to the needs of the afflicted, and who had worked among the women for so many years without harm that the superstitious natives had come to view her as one under the special protection of the gods. Of late, however, there was a rumor that the hand of Fate had descended upon her,

and that she was doomed to share the common lot.

"I, who am one with you!"

A stranger from the outside world might have been startled at this triumphant announcement that hopeless disease had set its loathsome seal upon her young body. In Molokai the chords of commonplace emotion do not readily vibrate, so keyed are all her inhabitants to the profoundest depths of despair.

A sudden wind rushed up from the southern coast, almost sweeping them from their feet with its violence; and heavy clouds obscured the sky, seeming to rest upon the island's topmost crags, shrouding them in a cloud of mist. They hurried for shelter to a great boulder a few rods away, standing close within its tilted wall, where they caught only a spatter of the rain that descended in a deluge. As suddenly as the shower had come it lifted, and before them the sea shimmered in the afternoon sunshine. A pair of honey-birds, with curved beaks and plumage like scarlet velvet, twittered in the branches of an ugly little hibiscus tree, discussing plans for nest-building with frantic insistence and objection. On the horizon line a faint trail of smoke marked the passage of a steamer far out at sea. Over the hill that rose between them and the white dwellings of Kalawao, now crossed by needles of light from the sun setting behind sharply-cut peaks, trooped a band of natives,—the women, many of them painfully disfigured, wearing leis, intertwined of bright-hued flowers, on their heads, their arms around each other, their happy voices rising and falling in a musical cadence.

"Even here life is made beautiful by self-forgetful love and sympathy."

It was the woman who spoke again, persistent in her efforts to win some response from one who during all his long term of life in the leper colony had been known as "the man who walked apart."

"Love and sympathy! I resigned all claims to them years ago."

He whose confidence no fellow-sufferer had been able to win on the island of doom was conscious of a dull surprise that he should be talking in such wise to this acquaintance of an hour; but he went on mechanically,—the story had been rehearsed so often in his own tired brain.

"I was married when it came upon me. Living in the States. It began in my right hand."

He lifted the mutilated stump, neatly swathed in bandages; then let it drop again to his side.

"It started in the usual way. Numbness and pain, followed by a swelling of the joints. The doctors in our little country town, unfamiliar with leprosy, did not recognize it in its first stages, and treated me for rheumatism. The trouble progressed. All the while I had suspected; and when I went to a celebrated physician in a large city not far away, and he told me what the matter was, I was prepared. My business at home was all in good shape, with sealed instructions in the hands of my lawyers. I had arranged for it as a man makes ready for the grave. My wife was a gay, bright little woman, with a thousand resources for entertainment and pleasure, and a constitutional dread of disease and suffering. Fortunately, there was no child. I sent her a letter, saying that I was going away for an indefinite period, and advising her to return to her mother. To have made explanations would have been to inflict upon her a lifelong horror, perhaps a fear that she herself might develop the disease. She was a dear, lovable little being, but of the kind that readily forgets; while I—God! Her face followed me across seas: it has never left me. And her voice I am always hearing. It comes on every breeze that blows; it echoes in other women's voices. When you spoke to-day I had to pull myself together and bid

the dreamer close his ears to idle fancies. There is plenty of grim reality here."

His sound hand gripped the hibiscus tree, so that it shook as if in the grip of a sudden tempest. The birds, terrified, ceased their playful bickerings and flew away, disappearing like flashes of crimson light along the hillside.

"The only quarrel I have with Fate," he resumed in a cold, even tone, "is that Death comes so slowly. Nature is more merciful to the flower."

The woman stood looking quietly out to sea, her hands clasped low against the folds of her gown, stray wisps of gold-brown hair tossing with the light stuff that draped her head and hid her face.

"Women are not always so short of memory as you men think them," she said gently. "Twelve years ago a woman in my own town was deserted by her husband. She was of a light, gay disposition, like the woman you describe. Everyone said he had gone off with another woman: she alone believed in him. There had been a single message from him—a strange, unnatural message,—and then silence. At first she imagined he had been stricken down by illness, and might be lying sick and helpless in an Eastern hospital. She had the country scoured for a trace of him, but found no sign. Her friends ridiculed her folly and denounced her faith; but she still believed. Grief and anxiety brought her nigh unto death; but the feeling that wherever he was, or in what condition, he needed her, helped her to rally. Lying on a sick-bed, groping among past memories for some clue, she remembered: recalled a strange ailment that had troubled him—his crippled hand; remembered that he had been born in Honolulu; that his young mother had died of a mysterious malady, the nature of which he had never known.

"She arose from her bed to cross continent and sea to reach Hawaii; and

there she found one, a physician, who had been to Molokai, and who told her of a white man who had lately joined the leper colony, and who walked apart. She applied for permission to visit the island, and was refused. The law raised barriers which she could not pass. She asked to be sent out as a nurse; but she found—and thought better of her race for the finding—that hundreds of good men and women were before her in their applications; and that only a few, and those specially qualified for the service, could be chosen. For two years she humbly toiled in a Honolulu hospital; and when she came out and presented a trained nurse's diploma as her credentials, they gave her the permission she craved. There was no more thankful heart in Hawaii than her own the day she went aboard a little schooner loaded with supplies and carrying some native patients; and when they at length came in sight of an island shaped like a willow leaf, with stern, rocky battlements rising like a barrier erected by nature to ward off intrusion; but beyond, green hills and a long stretch of sunny beach thronged with people,—she could have dropped on her knees and wept for very joy; for beyond the troops of natives, the stricken, careless, merry throng, she saw and recognized a lonely figure, and knew she had come to her journey's end."

The woman in the nurse's garb could no longer have complained of inattention on the part of her auditor. The man's face, hardened by years of silence and repression into a mask of corpse-like indifference, was aglow.

"Do you mean that she—my wife—has come to Molokai?"

"I am speaking of a time years ago," she said; and went on in the same soft, low, monotonous tone:

"She dared not disclose herself to him; for she knew that were he to learn of her presence here, unblemished, he would move heaven and earth to have her sent

away while she was still free from disease. So she joined the gentle Sisters in their work among the women and children, known to all by another name, and wearing a garb in which she would not readily be recognized should chance bring her face to face with one who knew her. She worked and waited, but the time was long. Living a life of service, surrounded on every hand by misery and misfortune, she came at last to learn the lesson of patience and resignation. Childless herself, she found the way to the hearts of little children torn from their parents' arms. Sorrow linked her to the suffering, but she carried about with her a perpetual heartache; for day after day, year after year, she saw one man going about in the silence of despair, and she could not stretch out her hand to him. At night she knelt by her open window and watched the lights of his little cabin until they were extinguished. Although the man who walked apart thought himself friendless and solitary, he was never alone; for, waking or sleeping, her heart followed him, keeping step with his grief. Others who worked beside her, and who had come to the island sound and robust, sickened and died. They thought to comfort her by telling her that women were not so susceptible to the disease as men; citing an instance of a native who had come to the island with her leper husband, and when he died had married another leper, and afterward another and another, until she had buried in all four leper husbands, and was still well and sound. But the white woman looked on her own fair skin and hated it.

"One day, after many years, she looked into her mirror and saw on her cheek a livid ridge, which looked as if a lash had stung it. It flushed to rose-red, and day by day grew more plainly marked. Doctors and nurses, who were not yet tainted, observed the blemish on her skin, and whispered to each other, look-

ing pityingly upon her. They brought lotions to her with which to bathe it, and she tried them faithfully; but the ridge did not disappear, and grew angrier of hue. And day by day she stood before her glass and laughed back at her image reflected there; for she knew now they could never send her away from Molokai—Molokai the accursed, Molokai the blest!"

The ring of the victor was in the woman's voice. She stood proudly erect, fronting him.

A storm of emotion shook him, as the cona wind, pouncing upon a stanch ship, snatches it out of its course and sends it reeling over the waves.

"Who are you that tell me these strange things? Is my wife living or dead? Would you point my way to happiness or to a grave? Merciful Heaven! Are—you—"

Tremulously she spoke his name; and at the sound the frozen heart of the leper of Molokai seemed to leap the icy barriers that had restrained it, as a mountain rill answers the sunshine of spring. She loosed the filmy scarf that bound her head, disclosing a cheek paled by long vigils, but fair and firm as a child's, a white bandage concealing the stamp of disease on the other. She reached out her hand, and on the third finger a wedding-ring appealed to his blurred vision. She lifted her eyes, where the joyousness of youth had been quenched by many tears, but which shone with a deathless love.

"O my husband! you can not send me from you now!"

THE man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms—in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions,—is not properly a personality at all. Such men are reckoned and weighed merely as so many bodies: they have never been individualized by conscience after the manner of souls.

—Amiel.

Leaves from My Spanish Note-Book.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

TO the east of the great cathedral at Seville, and near the line of old walls which still in part encircle the city, is the little parish church of Santa Maria la Blanca, or *de la Nievés*. Its history is interesting. It was once a mosque, and there is still on the south side a beautiful horseshoe doorway which tells of the old builders who ruled the city from 712 until St. Ferdinand the Conqueror, in 1248, put the Cross once more above the Crescent. His wise son Alonso X., called the Learned (1252-84), who lies with his father and mother in the chapel royal attached to the cathedral, gave this mosque, with several others in various parts of the city, to the Jews as a synagogue; and the Children of the Dispersion held it for some time as the central place of worship of the Seville Jewry.

But the intolerant spirit which has ever followed them took away what the Learned King had given. They were deprived of the building in the fourteenth century, and the hand of the restorer was laid upon it. A sanctuary was added in place of the ancient *Mirâb*, and the edifice became a Christian church under the dedication of Our Lady of the Snow. Once more, in 1657, the building was altered to suit the depraved artistic taste of the day; and the heavy plaster foliage, with its boy-angels sprawling on the low roof, spoils and weightens the whole effect of a graceful little church.

High up above the central altar, in the gilded *retablo* which fills all the eastern wall, is the statue of *Nuestra Señora la Blanca*, robed, as most Spanish images are, in garments of silk and precious stuffs, which are white in color. A large silver crown is on her head and another encircles that of the Divine Child she bears in her arms. The Jewish

Maiden and the Son of Royal David find a fitting home in this whilom synagogogue of their race. On the northern wall is a wonderful picture by Murillo—"The Last Supper." It is the only one left of the many which once adorned this church and were taken away either by the French or by one of the many Spanish governments. I wish some one else would take it away and save it; for, like so many things in Spain, it is in a very neglected state, and the large canvas is actually in holes. The heads of some of the Apostles are splendid in their grasp of character and mental insight. St. Peter is specially forcible; and I was much struck with another head which I had great difficulty in distinguishing, as dirt has been allowed to gather on this priceless picture. The head of St. John is a portrait of the artist himself.

But it is not of Murillo's picture I am going to write. Santa Maria la Blanca is remembered by me for a very touching sight I saw one Sunday morning at eleven. The military from the cavalry barracks with their officers were assisting at the Mass. Some two hundred soldiers in the blue and white uniform of the Alfonso XII. regiment, whose barracks are in this parish, filled the nave and part of one of the aisles. The rest of the church was crammed by a body of worshipers, who stood or knelt or sat on the ground, as Spanish congregations do in their seatless churches. It was a poor congregation, for it is a poor quarter of the town; but I have not seen a more devout one. Few of them could read; for, alas! I am told out of a population of some seventeen millions, nearly eleven millions can neither read nor write. But this sad state will, I hope, soon pass away, and compulsory education will be the first step toward a regenerated Spain. But if the congregation could not read they could pray,—and, after all, that is what one goes to church for. It has been

held that prayer-books have done much to destroy praying; and Cardinal Manning was of opinion that modern prayer-books full of fanciful devotions, mostly of French origin, are some of the hindrances to real devotion. But this by the way.

The officers for the day were in command of the squadron. A sergeant and four men went into the little sanctuary. Two stood on the Gospel side facing two others on the Epistle side, while the sergeant stood opposite the altar. The gallant men, at the word of command which rang through the church, drew their swords and held them at rest on the shoulder. Thus they formed a guard of honor round the holy place and the throne of the King of Heaven. The light from the bright Andalusian sun, as it stole in through the open doorway and touched up the gilding of the roof, flashed also on the bright steel of some, while the paler and more golden gleam of the altar tapers found out the brightness of those who stood in the shade. The swords round about the throne of the Prince of Peace reminded one at least of the worshipers of the vision of the Son of Man, from whose blessed mouth proceeded the double-edged sword—that sword which He came to bring on earth,—the sword of faith which destroys by healing. Behind this guard of honor a dozen or more buglers stood before the men in the nave.

As the priest came out for the Low Mass, the bugles sounded "Attention!" and at once the military sprang into that statuesque attitude which is the first lesson of their military drill. At the *Sanctus* once more the bugles rang out, and immediately the guard of honor presented arms by holding their swords straight up before their faces. In this attitude of respect they awaited the supreme moment when the King of kings became present on the altar. As the Consecration took place, these

five knelt on one knee, and in token of submission and service laid their swords, point downward, on the ground. At the same moment the trumpets played a solemn fanfare. It was the Royal March, a melody which dates from the days of the "Catholic Kings" and is used solely for God and the King. The general effect, needless to say, was overwhelming. It was indeed an act of royal homage, and was the soldiers' way of expressing the *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini!*

I have seen elsewhere other military Masses; I have heard the rolling of drums and the blare of trumpets re-echoing through mighty churches or under the blue vault of heaven; I have heard the sharp word of command ring out in vast minsters and the rattle of muskets with the hissing of steel as swords leapt out to salute Christ the King; but I do not think I have been more impressed than I was in the little church of Santa Maria la Blanca at Seville, when I worshiped with the soldiers of the cavalry regiment of Alfonso Doce that Sunday in March.

Longfellow and the Lilacs.

EVERY year when the lilac buds begin to burst their sheaths and until the full-bloom clusters have spent themselves in the early summer air, the remembrance of Longfellow—something of his presence—wakes with us in the morning and recurs with every fragrant breeze. "Now is the time to come to Cambridge," he would say; "the lilacs are getting ready to receive you." It was the most natural thing in the world that he should care for this common flower, because, in spite of a fine separateness from dusty levels which everyone felt who approached him, he was first of all a seer of beauty in common things and a singer to the universal heart.

Notes and Remarks.

The Cubans have reason to rejoice and to be grateful to the United States. They are free at last, and to our government they owe their independence. Of the encouragement—and support—they received from this country to rebel against Spain while our relations with that nation were supposed to be friendly, nothing need be said. The fulfilment of the pledges given four years ago is certainly creditable to the United States, and for a long time to come we may expect the press and the pulpit—especially the pulpit—to rejoice that we are not like other nations—land-grabbers, extortioners, etc. Cuba was once called the Isle of the *Ave Maria*, and it was appropriate that on a day in May the new republic should be inaugurated. We have some serious doubts about the stability of President Palma's government; but we bid the new nation Godspeed, and we hope that the Masses celebrated throughout the island on the day of the inauguration may draw many blessings upon it and its inhabitants for all time.

Our readers are aware that there is now before the British Parliament a bill which would virtually grant to the Catholics of England just what the Catholics of the United States desiderate in the matter of primary education. The bill, as drafted, provides for a *per capita* distribution of taxes among those denominational schools in which the secular branches are taught as satisfactorily as in the public schools; the denominational schools retaining the right to add religious instruction to the secular curriculum. That such a bill could be thought of as within the domain of practical politics shows how far we are still behind Englishmen in at least one important matter; for it is a curious fact that even bright and sane Americans lose their head when-

ever the school question is discussed. Thus the *Sun* (New York), in an editorial on the new English bill, says that non-Catholics "will denounce as oppressive a piece of legislation that compels them to maintain not only the board schools but also other educational establishments, the pupils of which are compelled to receive religious instruction of a distinctly sectarian kind." The foggy reasoning here would discredit a freshman. In the name of conscience, how can non-Catholics feel that they are supporting Catholic schools when, as a matter of fact, Catholic taxpayers are simply reserving a portion of their own contributions to educate their own children?

Last week the body of Major-General William S. Rosecrans was moved from its temporary resting-place in Los Angeles to the national cemetery at Arlington Heights, near Washington, where lie so many of the nation's heroes. President Roosevelt and Speaker Henderson were among those who paid tribute to the great soldier; and grouped around the open grave was an eminent company of officials and citizens. The burial service was read by Father Stafford, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington. In his address Senator Foraker pointed out that among the soldiers who served under Rosecrans in an humble capacity were two who afterward officiated as President of the United States—William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes. The Senator did not add that if General Rosecrans had been a Protestant or an unbeliever instead of the loyal Catholic that he was, he might have been elected President too.

For some time past a number of European journals have been devoting considerable attention and space to the discussion of spiritism. Such a discussion is worse than unprofitable: it may easily disturb a certain class of minds, and the

polemists are more apt to propagate error than to keep within the confines of dogmatic truth. A recent issue of the *Osservatore Romano* has this to say of the matter: "The theory of the Church, based on Biblical history, is that the world of spirits exists, and that the apparition of spirits is classed among events that have occurred or may occur or will occur, if it be God's will. In the meanwhile the Church condemns the evocation of spirits and everything relative or pertaining thereto." Spiritism, or spiritualism, in its modern phases is much like pitch: whoever touches it is apt to be defiled.

An enterprise which on the face of it impresses one as being economically sound and fairly practicable is that promoted by the Abbé Cros, founder of the "Work of Colonization for Orphans." In a recent address delivered at Poitiers, the Abbé made an eloquent and a vigorous plea for his project. He maintains that the only useful colonization is that of colonists—that is, of organized families, not of traders, merchants, or commercial traffickers of any class. There are in France, it seems, 300,000 abandoned children, and the French colonial empire has an area of 8,000,000 square kilometres. Abbé Cros' plan is to educate these children for the colonies; and not only that, but to marry them and establish them in the different sections of colonial France. An arduous task perhaps, but one well worth working at.

Alfonso XIII. was solemnly crowned King of Spain last week; and some of our secular contemporaries have expressed surprise that our government, which has dispatched a special embassy to the coronation of King Edward VII., should have taken no official notice of the appearance of the boy-king on the stage of public action. Certainly no apprehension was to be felt regarding

the reception an American embassy would have received at Madrid: the Castilians are too well bred to manifest their real feelings toward a nation which forced upon them a war of conquest in the name of liberty, and which is indirectly responsible for the internal troubles of Spain at the present hour. In spite of evil auspices, however, the good-will of the world goes out to the youthful monarch, who is neither sickly nor timid, as the gossips have represented him; but a sturdy and soldierly lad, with the spirit and refinement of his race, and with a well-developed conscience. And equally the admiring reverence of all good men goes out to the regent-mother who now lays down the burden of state,—the valiant woman who, amid all the vicissitudes of her country, has borne herself as a Christian matron and a virtuous queen. To her Spain will be indebted for all that is good in Alfonso XIII.

Referring to the refusal of an ecclesiastical court to sanction a divorce, obtained apparently without much difficulty in the civil courts, the *Des Moines Daily News* remarks that the case affords another illustration of the impregnable position of the Catholic Church on the divorce question, and shows very strikingly the gulf that exists between the Church and the civil courts. "Thus stands the Church of Rome a strong bulwark of the sacredness of marriage. An occasional injustice may be done; but, says the Church, it is better that the individual suffer than that society should suffer."

It is interesting, though we must fain confess not particularly surprising, to note, that the complete and triumphant vindication of Mgr. Favier's action in China during the Boxer outbreak has apparently escaped the notice of many a journalist whose vigilant eye pounced at once upon the charges made some

months ago against that venerable prelate. The imperial decree ordering the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs to confer with Mgr. Favier as to the measures to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the troubles, and the official qualifying of the Bishop as "just and good," one "to whom their Imperial Majesties accord all confidence and respect," merit passing mention, to say the least.

The late Mgr. Zardetti, formerly Archbishop of Bucharest—a position which he resigned to relieve the Pope of an embarrassment,—was widely known and much beloved in the United States. For some time he was a professor in St. Francis' Seminary, and before his appointment to the diocese of St. Cloud had been Vicar-General of the Vicariate of Dakota. He was a native of St. Gaul, Switzerland, where he was educated. A beautiful character, an amiable personality, pious, learned, cultured and experienced, Archbishop Zardetti seemed destined for a distinguished career. He was a favorite of Cardinal Manning, who once assured him that his vocation was to train candidates for the sanctuary. Of late years Mgr. Zardetti had been in failing health and led a life of prayerful seclusion. *R. I. P.*

Our French exchanges comment on Dr. Branly's invention of a "receiver of hertzian waves" as a prodigious event which relegates the work of Marconi, Slaby, and others of the wireless telegraphy scientists to the remote background. Victor Popp, president of the French Telegraphic Society, says of the new receiver: "It is a triumph for France and for science. It is the last word for wireless telegraphy." The claim has long been made in France that Dr. Branly is the original inventor of the new telegraphic system, and that Marconi and Slaby have merely made varying applications of his principles.

Notable New Books.

Universal History. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Published by the Author.

It is fortunate for the schoolboys of our day that Dr. Parsons in early youth had experience of the distortions and perversions of the usual "non-sectarian" text-books of history; for to that circumstance we owe the preparation of the present work. The period covered in Vol. I. is Ancient History, and extends from the beginning of things down to the Fall of the Roman Empire. Dr. Parsons, as readers of this magazine know, is a historian of very unusual quality; for to a vast store of erudition and an intimate acquaintance with the sources he unites the judicial temper and the cosmopolitan spirit. But the Christian student must look at all history from the viewpoint of revealed religion; hence Dr. Parsons' work differs from most other manuals in that it not only records past events, but assists the reader to estimate them in the light of Christianity. In other words, his text-book is frankly Catholic, not "unsectarian," in character. Needless to say it is learned, concise and readable, in spite of the inevitable abridgment and occasional ponderosities of expression. We commend it to teachers in Catholic high schools and colleges.

The Americanization of the World. By W. T. Stead. Horace Markley. London and New York.

The trend of the twentieth century is herein set forth with the same absolute geographical precision as is the Gulf Stream or the direction of the trade winds on modern maps. Mr. Stead has a good newspaper touch; hence the chapters read with the familiar offhand ease with which the great dailies have made us acquainted; and in them we have valuable and even surprising and startling statistics in proof of the theory that America is to dominate the world. True, the signs are toward a marked commercial expansion; but even so, there are voices raised in foreign lands protesting against goods that in quality of make do not compare with their home manufactured articles. In some countries men still believe that "what is gained in speed is lost in power." Far from questioning the growth of American commerce, we realize its possibilities; but we should feel better satisfied if the United States would secure permanent position as a foreign merchant by sending out only the best.

The chapters on "Religion," "Literature and Journalism," "Art, Science and Music," "Marriage and Society," and "Sport," may be considered conclusive by some American readers; but we doubt that they will make the English any more anxious than are the people of the United States

to enter into an alliance with Great Britain; and that such a consummation is Mr. Stead's evident hope is unmistakably shown in Part Fourth of a book which, though by an Englishman, is thoroughly American. We like better the series of articles in *Scribners'*, by Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, on "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe"; or "Europe and America," by Mr. Sidney Brooks, in the *Atlantic* for November, 1901.

Lucius Flavius. By the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. B. Herder.

Father Spillman has chosen as a background for this story the period of the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, an epoch rich in dramatic possibilities and not too far removed from the time of Christ to prevent him from introducing some of the characters that figure in the Gospel narrative. Briefly, it is the story of a Jewish girl Thamar, and her brother Benjamin, whom a series of providential occurrences finally leads to the true Faith. The interest is well sustained throughout, and the volume shows in this respect a marked advance from the author's earlier work in a similar field. Its chief merit, however, lies in its very successful reconstruction of the historical period with which it is concerned—the middle of the first century. The rivalry between Jew and Roman, the decaying power of the Synagogue, and the timid activities and sequestered life of the little Christian community, are portrayed with vividness and power. Historical novels are just now "the vogue," and we hope that Father Spillman's story may share in the popular favor, despite its wholesome tone and its strong religious character. At any rate, the directors of Catholic libraries on the lookout for fiction that is interesting, informational and edifying, will give it a cordial welcome.

The Political Freshman. By Bushrod Washington James. Bushrod Library, Philadelphia.

The author of this work is known as an original thinker and earnest writer on many subjects; also as one of those fortunate scribes who are their own publishers, and who can afford to care more whether a book be read than whether it be sold. Mr. James here attempts to catch two sorts of reader—the reader who wants meat and the reader who wants confectionery. We are not sure that he will catch either. He has cast a good deal of serious writing into the form of fiction; but we fear that the fiction is rather solemn for novel-readers, and the serious writing is a trifle gay for the other kind of reader.

In spite of this, however, we hope the book may circulate widely. It is the story of a bright, energetic young man, who, in spite of warnings from preacher and politician alike, succeeds in carrying the Decalogue into public

life; succeeds also in marrying the woman of his choice in spite of the rather unmaidenly efforts of the woman's rival. As between "the historical romance" of the hour and a political story like this, the latter has, in our judgment, a shade the better of it in point of interest and importance.

St. Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Marlier & Co.

It is with the eyes of the spirit that art is best studied, and in no other way are many of the world's masterpieces to be approached, if we would rightly interpret them. In this collection of sketches we have the true artistic touch and the really religious tone, which show a proper appreciation of the technical side of art work while calling attention to its essence—its soul.

St. Anthony is the subject of the opening sketch, and is treated with a loving sympathy. Five conceptions by famous artists—Murillo, Ribera, Van Dyck, and Von Schrandolph—illustrate the tribute to this saint. St. Cecilia, "music's saintly votary," is the theme of another of Mrs. Nixon-Roulet's admirable sketches, and this is enriched with seven representations by masters of the old and modern schools. "Fra Angelico," the painter of angels; "Angels in Art," "St. Catherine of Alexandria," "Famous Assumptions," and two chapters on Murillo, make up this book, which should be in every art or general library. It is true, as the author remarks, quoting from a non-Catholic writer, that "the difficulty which Protestants, especially Americans, find in placing themselves *en rapport* with medieval art arises from an ignorance of the legends of the Church. We know enough of the erratic doings of the Greek demigods, and it is time that we were better informed concerning these spiritual heroes and heroines to whom we owe so much." Mrs. Nixon-Roulet's book will further the movement toward such conditions.

A Manual of Ascetical Theology. By the Rev. A. Devine, C. P. R. & T. Washbourne.

The reviewer took up this volume with pleasurable anticipations. He had in mind many of the old books on this subject, and remembered how few and simple and naked were the principles they enunciated in spite of the cumbrous vesture of anecdote and illustration, often ineffective and sometimes repulsive, in which they were clothed. The word "Manual" in the title of Father Devine's new work filled us with hope, which further examination amply justified.

A satisfying explanation of the terms *natural*, *supernatural*, and *preternatural*; an account of grace, merit, and the theological and cardinal virtues; an analysis of the means of increasing supernatural life in the soul; a statement of the conditions and instrumentalities of the perfect

beatitude in heaven,—this is the subject-matter of the present work, which may be considered a digest in good English of the theology and theological opinion on this complex theme. No one will complain of lack of substance in Father Devine's volume, and all will doubtless agree that more real advancement in the spiritual life will be had from the habitual study of theological truths than from any amount of watery and fictitious "edification." There is a deserving and well-deserved index.

A Tale of True Love and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin. Harpers.

This latest collection of the poems of England's Poet Laureate is evidently designed to be of special interest to Americans. Not only is the volume dedicated to President Roosevelt, but the preface thereto is a message delivered with "unhesitating frankness" to the President's fellow-citizens. The gist of the message is that many Americans are mistaken in supposing "that the office of Poet Laureate is a mere court appointment, and that the holder of it is expected, on stated occasions, to publish courtly sentiments in verse"; but Mr. Austin goes on to say that he feels that "whenever the Poet Laureate expresses the racial thoughts and racial sentiments of the British people, he must perforce be expressing those of the American people no less."

Imitating his "unhesitating frankness," we feel constrained to deny utterly and absolutely the identity that is here asserted. The racial thoughts and sentiments of the British people on several subjects of major importance are radically different from those of Americans. They are, for instance, rather antagonistic than identical on the Irish question; and we should like to see a "counting of hands" of those Americans who sympathize with this poet's sentiments concerning the Boers. One can understand, of course, even a sane Englishman's persuading himself that his country was altogether right and the Transvaal altogether wrong in the matter of the South African war; but to characterize the Boers, as Mr. Austin does in his "Tale of True Love," as "a crafty, freedom-loathing race" is an aberration which neither ardent patriotism nor poetic "fine frenzy" can justify.

As for the title poem of the volume, "A Tale of True Love" is as much a descriptive as a narrative poem. The story is not particularly interesting, not so romantic as prosaic, and not at all so ennobling and elevating as its author evidently conceives it to be. The incidents are so few and the plot so uninvolved that two or three lines would suffice for a summary.

That there are poetic excellences in this main poem, as in the eight or ten shorter ones that complete the volume, need, of course, hardly be

stated. Notwithstanding all the ridicule that has been thrown upon Mr. Austin's work, he is, if not a great poet, still surely a poet. It must be confessed, however, that his technique is not always faultless. In the very first poem of this volume, a sonnet to Stevenson, occurs this line,

But this I know, if along unseen strand,...

which no ingenuity can scan as iambic pentameter. Occasionally, also, he is guilty of obscurity, as when he writes of unherded deer

That look up as you pass from brackened sod,
Then flee with step as fleet as that whereon they trod.

Nobody less gifted than a Browning devotee can guess the import of this last clause. The Poet Laureate still preserves his fondness for alliterative effects, and also his habit of eliminating the article from phrases where the English idiom imperatively requires its presence.

The publishers have treated the author generously in the matter of the setting given to his work,—so generously, in fact, that with such slender material as a sonnet and a quatrain they manage to justify eight pages of the book. As the paper is thick, the volume is fairly large. It is also attractively bound. It will adorn the parlor table or the library-shelf; will afford pleasure, no doubt, to many; but will scarcely induce any competent judge to agree with the statement with which it is heralded—viz., that "it is by far the most important contribution to recent poetic literature."

A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey. By the Rev. Eric William Leslie, S. J. Sands & Co.

We fear that the title of Father Leslie's work will suggest to some readers a book of local interest primarily, or a book in the dry-as-dust style that is common to guidebooks. As a matter of fact, it is so absorbing that most readers will wish it were larger. The magnificent minster, whose least claim upon our attention is that it was the burial-place of the kings of England, has a multitude of memories that are dear to Catholics. Every stone, one might almost say, has its story; and that story Father Leslie tells, if not with a satisfying fulness, at least with evident delight in the telling. We hope that some day he may take courage to elaborate this work,—if in no other way, at least by the addition of such quaint and enjoyable annotation as he supplies regarding St. Edward and St. Uncumber. The illustrations are excellent specimens of their kind, and add much to the reader's pleasure.

A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. Harpers.

The first half of this story arouses expectations which we can not honestly say are fulfilled in the other half. It looks as if Mark Twain had set out to write a story of the ingenious vengeance

of a mistreated wife, and was overcome either by the tedium of serious composition or by a sudden impish temptation to burlesque the Sherlock Holmes tales. The result is a mutilated work with enough of the author's quality to make it mildly amusing throughout, with notably good passages here and there. We may note that Mrs. Hogan would not have said, "Oh, my God! oh, blessed Virgin!" (p. 86); though this is a fine point which we must not expect a non-Catholic writer to understand. The episode in which this expression appears, however, is one of the best parts of the book, and is marked with a reverence and sympathy we shall be glad to meet oftener in the writings of Mark Twain. The volume is just about half the length of the usual novel; and, though it is elegantly published, we think the price (\$1.50) rather excessive.

What is Shakespeare? L. A. Sherman. The Macmillan Co.

One is not quite sure that this work on the great dramatist is a distinct addition to Shakespearean literature. Mr. Sherman calls his book "an introduction to the great plays," but we think the majority of readers and teachers would hold that to read the plays themselves is better than to read them drawn out and explained in a sort of story style. It is no doubt true that if Shakespeare were writing to-day, the novel would be his medium of self-expression; but the fact is he used the drama. And while the relation between the novel and the drama is close, each is a distinct form; and to try to make one of Shakespeare's plays—Cymbeline least of all—read like a novel, thereby to show dramatic artifices, leaves us neither Shakespeare nor a new novelist. Of course any serious book on Shakespeare must be suggestive to the reader or student, and there may be some who will be drawn by Mr. Sherman's method of exposition to a better appreciation of the great master.

The Little Imperfections. Translated from the French by the Rev. Frederic P. Garasche, S. J. B. Herder.

Even the most faithful of Christians know "the little foxes that destroy the vines"—the daily imperfections which sully the soul's purity. To these this book will be helpful; and to those who have not given much thought to the matter, it will be of still more value. Among the subjects treated simply and helpfully are: antipathies and rivalries, littleness, indolence, curiosity, levity of mind, superficial devotion, and similar common failings. Those who know social life will recognize the insight and sincerity of the writer of these counsels. As a book for retreat days or for remote preparation for confession, this volume may be warmly recommended to our readers.



Lazyland.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IN Lazyland are fields untilled,
And barren valleys broad and low;
Its spreading meadow-lands are filled
With weeds that tall and rankly grow.
The birds therein sing listlessly,
The waves lap drearily on the strand,
No light winds blow o'er hill or lea
In Lazyland.

Oppressive is the languid air,
And heavy are the clouded skies;
No stately towns, no cities fair
Beside its sluggish rivers rise.
No argosies along them glide,
No palace walls show tall and grand,
And ill befalls all those who bide
In Lazyland.

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.—AT THE CONVENT.

WENT up to see Winifred next day, and, in the light of my new discoveries, to talk with her over past, present, and future. She came into the dimly-lighted convent parlor with something of her former brightness. Her little figure was particularly graceful and symmetrical in the sombre black of the costume. An attempt had been made to brush her curls as smooth as the regulations required, but they still broke out mutinously; her eyes shone; while her complexion, though paler than before, was clear and healthful. All present in the parlor—for it was visiting-day—turned to look at her, and I heard more than one whispered inquiry concerning her in the groups that sat around.

I inquired first about her school-life—

her lessons and all those little details of convent life familiar to girls who have ever been at boarding-school.

"I am singing in the choir now," she told me; "and I like that very much. Did you ever sing in a choir when you were little?"

"No," I answered; "for the best of all reasons, that I had no voice."

"Well, we practise a great deal," she went on; "and that is always nice. I think my voice sounded best on the hills. Do you remember when I used to sit on the tree over the Dargle? Well, I could raise my voice very high then."

"I remember well," I replied; "and those old ballads you sang suited your voice. But I am glad you are getting interested in the choir and in your singing lessons."

"Yes, and some of my other lessons I like very much. And, then, we are to have a play, in which I am to take the part of an Indian."

"You ought to do that well," I remarked, "because you have lived so much in the open air."

I thought as I spoke that she had indeed the free, wild grace of movement peculiar to the children of Nature.

"That's what Sister said when she gave me the part," Winifred assented. "It is great fun being an Indian. I have to wear feathers on my head and some paint on my face, and a beaded skirt and a blanket embroidered with quills and things. Wouldn't Barney and Moira stare if they saw me!"

And she laughed at the picture she conjured up of their amazement.

"Granny Meehan would stare too, were it possible for her to see you," I observed; "though that she could not do even if you stood before her."

"Poor old Granny!" Winifred said

softly. "I wish I could see her. But there's no use wishing."

And she dismissed the subject with that curiously unchildlike composure and self-control which I had often perceived in her.

"Winifred," I finally asked, "do you remember your father at all?"

She looked startled, but answered:

"I suppose it was he who shut the door hard when the lady in yellow made him angry."

"Yes," I said: "I suppose it was."

"He was very dark," Winifred went on, thoughtfully. "I think it was the same one who took me away. He was all dressed in black and he looked very sad. He took me by the hand and we went out of the house and through some streets, and then he put me before him on a horse and rode off. He was very kind and not at all angry that day."

"They say he is living, Winifred my child," I ventured. "Would you like to see him again?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried; "though perhaps he would be like a stranger; it is so very long ago."

"Niall believes you will see him yet," I continued; "so you ought to get accustomed to the idea. I used to know him, and he was noble and good and kind-hearted."

"You never told me before that you knew him," Winifred remarked, looking at me curiously.

"And yet I did, and he was all that I have said," I declared.

"But he does not care for me," said Winifred suddenly, "or he would not have gone away and left me."

I was startled and at the same time touched by the deep sadness of her tone.

"Perhaps he thought you were dead," I suggested.

"Thought I was dead!" repeated Winifred, in surprise.

Then she burst into a peal of laughter.

"Winifred," I cried, bending toward her, "think that—think anything rather

than that your father has forgotten you or does not care for you."

The tears came into her eyes, but she suddenly turned away from the subject, as she usually did when deeply moved,—a habit which she had in common with her father.

"You never saw my classroom, did you?" she inquired.

I answered that I had not.

"Then I will ask if I may take you up to see it," she said, darting away for the desired permission.

We went up the great, broad stairs and along the shining corridor to a room with a half glass door and a pair of broad, low windows. Within it were rows of desks familiar to all convent girls, and a desk for the teacher standing upon a raised platform. There was a small statue of the Sacred Heart and one of the Blessed Virgin resting upon brackets, with flowers before them; and a fine engraving or two of sacred subjects hung with the maps upon the walls. An immense blackboard occupied one side of the apartment. The room was empty as regarded occupants; and Winifred, dancing across the floor to one of the desks which stood near the window, cried:

"This is mine!"

I went and sat down on the chair, fastened securely to the floor, which looked out upon the wintry landscape. At that moment a bird came chirping and twittering about the window-sill, and cocking his bright little eye as he looked in at us through the pane.

"He comes very often," said Winifred, regarding the little brown object with a kindly glance. "Sometimes I feed him with crumbs. He always reminds me of Father Owen's robin far away over the sea, and I wonder if he will ever fly so far."

I laughed at the idea.

"Perhaps he may go and take a message to that other bird," I suggested.

"Not until the spring, anyway,"

Winifred answered gravely. "But when I see him out there on cold, stormy days I think how Father Owen said that the robin did his work in storm or calm and tried to sing and be merry."

"And I suppose you try to imitate him?" I put in.

"Yes," she said, "I think I do; but I'm not always merry in the storm, and my teacher tells me I'm too wayward and unstable: that I'm never two days the same."

I said nothing, and she went on:

"All my life people have told me that I'm wayward. I used to be called Wayward Winifred. Perhaps it's from living so much on the hills; for you know they change often. Sometimes they're beautiful, with the sun shining like gold on their heads; and again they're dark and threatening."

"Like Niall," I added.

"Don't say anything against Niall,—O poor, poor Niall!" she interrupted, almost vehemently.

"Well, that is not exactly against him. But he is rather variable," I declared. "But now you are in a place where everything is the same day after day."

"I found that hard at first," Winifred said,—“very hard; but now I don't mind so much. And I suppose if I stay long enough, I shall come to be always the same too."

Inwardly I doubted if such a result were possible, but I did not tell her that. I asked her to show me what was in her desk, and she began to take out, one by one, pencils, pens, colored crayons, exercise books, a slate, a pile of lesson books. She had also her beads and her prayer-book in there. The latter contained some very pretty lace pictures, given her by her teachers as rewards of merit on her birthday or some other festal occasion. One of the pictures, however, she took from between the leaves of the book and handed to me.

"Do you remember the day Father Owen gave me that?" she asked.

"Was that the one he told you to get out of his breviary?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Winifred; "and it was on the day that you told me you were going to bring me to America."

"Yes, it was that memorable day."

"I hated you then—oh, so much!" cried Winifred; "and I thought I should always go on hating you, till we went into the church and Father Owen began to play the organ."

"Music has charms," I quoted, "to soothe—well, I won't say the savage breast, but the angry feelings of a certain little girl. I am very glad, though, that it had that result; for I should not have liked you to go on hating me. That would never have done; and I'm afraid in that case we should have had to give up our trip to America."

She had a mischievous look about the eyes, which made me say:

"Perhaps you think that wouldn't have been so great a misfortune, after all, my Wayward Winifred!"

She laughed merrily, and replied:

"Don't think me ungrateful. I'm glad in some ways I came. 'Tis a wonderful country this America; and I have seen such beautiful, strange things."

"Not the golden streets," I observed; "nor the trees with gold leaves nor the birds with jewelled wings."

"No," she agreed; "I haven't seen anything like that, and I know those stories weren't true."

She sighed, as if for the dream that had vanished, and added:

"But I have seen so many beautiful things, and I am learning a great deal that I could never have learned with Granny and Niall."

Her shrewd child's wit had reached this conclusion unaided.

"And you have been so kind; I am grateful, and I do love you."

She said this with such pretty fervor and yet with that sweet condescension that always made me feel as if a little princess were addressing me.

"You are getting to like the convent too?" I said.

"Oh, yes!" she cried; "it is so quiet and peaceful, like a church; and every one speaks nicely, and we hear so many things about God and our Blessed Mother and the saints. I am interested in a lot of things I never knew before; and my teachers are different from any people I ever knew before."

I was well satisfied; and when we returned to the convent parlor I had a talk with the religious who presided there, while Winifred went off to get her wraps,—she having obtained permission to accompany me as far as the gate. The religious gave a very good account of Winifred. She declared that her training had made her different from other girls, and somewhat wayward and hard to control by ordinary means.

"At first," she said, "the rule and the monotony of convent life seemed most irksome to her, as well as the indoor existence, accustomed as she had been in Ireland to spend nearly all her time in the open air."

I nodded assent.

"Being quite undisciplined, too," she went on, "she was inclined to a certain waywardness of character, which it was hard to fight against."

"I can understand," I agreed.

"She was a very independent young lady when she first came, I assure you," the religious said, smiling; "but, on the other hand, she is such a sweet, bright temperament, so wholesome, so generous, so innately refined—a thorough little lady. And she is so genuinely pious: nothing sentimental or overstrained in her devotion. She has the faith and fervor of her country. Altogether, her nature is one susceptible of the highest training. Her very faults are lovable."

"I am so glad to hear you say all this!" I declared cordially; "for it fits in so well with the impressions I had formed of her; and, though I met her as a stranger last summer, I have now the

best of reasons for feeling a particular interest in her."

"Her intelligence is quite remarkable," went on the religious. "Her mind is in some directions far in advance of her years, and she has really a fair share of education."

"You see she had for her teacher," I observed, "an eccentric but really learned kinsman."

"Oh, that accounts for it! And she has a good voice. Our music-teachers are quite enthusiastic about it."

"She has a voice of uncommon sweetness and power," I assented. "I heard her singing on the Irish hills. Altogether, I hope the best from her stay with you."

We were here interrupted by Winifred herself, who appeared in her hat and coat. She made a graceful curtsy to the teacher, and together we went out arm in arm, walking over the crisp snow which had fallen over night and which sparkled in the sunlight; and looking away into the distance, where the afternoon was beginning to darken and the gray sky to take on a warmer glow. When we reached the gate we stood still a few minutes, Winifred looking wistfully out, as though she would fain have gone with me.

"It will be study hour when I get back," she told me; "and we have a lot of hard things for to-morrow. Did you find globes hard when you were at school?"

"Indeed I did," I said, remembering my own bewildered floundering about in that particular branch of study.

"Well, we have them, and ancient history and algebra—oh, that awful algebra!—to-morrow. So I think I must be going."

"Good-bye!" I said; "and, Winifred, don't forget to say a prayer sometimes for your father, that you may see him again in this world, and both be happy together."

"I won't forget!" Winifred promised.

"I always pray for my mother, who is dead."

"That is right, dear; but you must remember the living as well. And now good-bye again!"

"I am going to run all the way back," she announced.

"Very well; I will stand and watch you. Now for the run! Let us see how quick you can get up the avenue."

She was off like a deer darting to cover; and it reminded me of the time when I had seen her running amongst the hills, springing lightly from peak to peak and almost horrifying me by her reckless movements.

"I should like her to have had a few years at the convent," I thought; "the refined atmosphere there would be just what she needs to tone down her high spirits and give her the touches she requires. But I suppose when Niall hears all he will be too impatient for the reunion with those he loves to wait. Besides, it would be unjust to Roderick. I must explain everything to him as soon as I get Niall's permission."

I pondered thus all the way to town, and wondered how soon I could hear from Ireland, and how I should pass the intervening time till my letters arrived. But in New York time flies, and the days seem all too short for the multitude of affairs; so that week followed week and ran into months before I realized that my letters remained unanswered.

(To be continued.)

Foolscap.

Several reasons have been given for the strange name given to foolscap paper. Some say that it was thus called because of a remark made by Charles II., who, when restored to power and about to use some paper upon which was stamped a liberty cap originated by Cromwell, exclaimed: "Take it away! I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

V.—THE VIRGIN'S DREAM.

Mary, now being fully received among the *almas*, or virgins, of the Holy House, was gently conducted by her illustrious kinsman, Zachary the high-priest, within the fortified enclosure of the Temple, where rose that portion of the sacred edifice set apart for the virgins consecrated to the Lord. Here Zachary left her among the young *almas*, her future companions, and in the company of the holy women who were set over these young girls for their guidance and instruction. In honor of the advent of their new companion, this was declared a fête-day for all the little *almas*. They were served with a feast, and permitted all manner of innocent amusements till the sound of the priestly trumpets called them to prayer at the sunset hour.

After this sublime service in the Temple, in which the *almas* took part from their "places of honor" in the galleries especially reserved for these pure young virgins, Naomi—the holy woman to whose tender care Zachary had committed his lovely little kinswoman—conducted Mary to her cell in a retired position in one of the upper portions of the glorious Temple, and just opposite to the Holy of Holies. Though the floors and walls of this little cell were of precious woods, smoothly polished, and enriched with golden leaves carved in the wood as befitted even the humblest portions of the Temple of the Most High, yet the furnishings of the apartment were plain and simple.

The bed whereon the blessed little maiden was destined to lie was merely a stuffed rug, usually rolled up in the daytime and at night extended upon the floor. In the middle of the room stood a small table holding a plate of berries and a pitcher of milk. A niche in

the wall supported a lamp; just beneath this was a stool, to which Naomi, as she busied herself getting the little bed in readiness for the night, pointed with a tender smile.

"Thou art such a little virgin, dear child," she said, "that I bade them place the step there that thou mightst reach to the roll of the Scriptures."

Mary's eyes followed Naomi's gesture, and there beheld, just beneath the lamp, but at considerable distance from the floor, the sacred parchment roll containing those portions of the Scripture which had been chosen for the reading of the young *almas*. The child's sweet voice faltered a moment as, raising her beautiful eyes to Naomi's face, she thanked her thoughtful guardian.

Naomi's arm was around her in an instant.

"Dear little one!" she pleaded, "what is it? Tell it to thy Naomi!"

Mary spoke not for a moment, but hid her eyes on Naomi's bosom. Then, with just one little sob which the child-heart had so bravely yet in vain tried to suppress, she murmured her trouble into her comforter's ear.

The loving little Mary was grieving for her mother, most of all grieving for that mother's grief, which yet rent her own tender heart; for the familiar sight of the roll of the Scriptures had recalled sweet memories of the peaceful home at Nazareth, and of those happy, thrice-blessed evenings when mother and child lovingly bent together over the passages of Holy Writ. And now how lonely would that dear mother be!

Naomi, the great tears standing in her own eyes, soothed and caressed the little form upon her bosom; and Mary, overcoming this burst of natural and childlike emotion, presently suffered her kindly guardian to take her gently by the hand and lead her to that upper and outer gallery encircling the Temple, and upon which her little chamber gave; where, while both looked forth upon

the glorious outlook, the elder woman discoursed eloquently of what they saw, essaying to find solace for the child in the sublimely beautiful surroundings of her future home.

Naomi had, in truth, no need to remind Mary that the spot whereon they stood was sacred ground,—sacred even before David had chosen and Solomon had been deputed to erect thereon a Temple to the Most High; for here it was, upon this very Mount Moriah, "in the land of vision," that Israel's traditions had kept holy the spot where Abraham, in obedience to the voice of Jehovah, made ready to sacrifice Isaac, his only-begotten son.

Mary had already heard the tradition from her mother's lips, and together with that dear mother had many a time and oft conned over that beautiful story in Genesis, so pathetic in narration, so sublime in faith, so glorious and significant in its ending. With her little hand clasped in Naomi's, the vision came back to her now,—the patriarchal figure of Abraham carrying in his hands fire and a sword; the fair young boy who stepped beside him bearing upon his shoulders the wood for the holocaust; and as they two went on alone together, the boy's innocent questioning: "My father?"—And he answered: "What wilt thou, son?"—"Behold," saith he, "fire and wood: where is the victim for the holocaust?"—And Abraham said: "God will provide Himself a victim for the holocaust, my son."

Mary remembered it all. And her tender young heart knew that the God so merciful, who had spared Abraham after He had called upon him for the life of his son, would even so comfort her sorrowing parents, now journeying toward their distant home. Thus reflecting, little Mary was glad and her own heart was comforted.

And from the towering height from which she and Naomi gazed down, what wonderful and significant views

met their eyes on all sides! It was the hour of eventide, the soft, mysterious twilight time, and a hush was over all the earth. Down behind those Judean hills the sun had long since dipped in a glow of golden glory. Long, purple shadows trembled upon the bosom of the sacred river as it wound like a gleaming ribbon east of the Holy City far beneath; for Jerusalem lay at the foot of the Temple, quiet and peaceful now, nor dreamed of the wonderful, terrible days so soon to come.

Far below also lay the deep and wooded Valley of Jehoshaphat, whose name alone conjures up vision upon vision. Beyond lay the Brook of Cedron, the Garden of Gethsemani, the Mount of Olives. And far off again, upon the western declivity of Mount Moriah, the shadows gathered deep and sombre upon—the Mount of Calvary! Hereon, tradition said, was Adam's grave.

Naomi pointed out each sight in turn to her lovely little charge, thrilling the child-heart, and her own even more; for as the good woman talked, and looked into Mary's eyes, a nameless grace folded her all about, and a love such as she had never felt for any creature, even for the little child whom she herself had once borne, uprose in her heart toward the peerless maiden committed to her care, and whose tiny hand she held within her own.

And Mary—ah! who can say what were the thoughts filling her heart?—the heart of that little child who had already begun to pray that she might live at the time of the coming of the Redeemer; that she might be chosen as *handmaiden*—most humble little handmaiden—to the Mother of the Christ. *That* was ever Mary's childish and maiden dream.

HUMILITY is, to say the least, always safe. "If you go through the world stooping," said Benjamin Franklin, "you will save yourself many a hard knock."

Lincoln's Kindness to a Bird.

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a practising attorney and "rode the circuit," as was the custom at that time, he made one of a party of horsemen, lawyers like himself, who were on their way one spring morning from one court town to another. Their course was across the prairies and through the timber; and as they passed along by a little grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a little fledgling which had fallen from the nest and was fluttering by the roadside.

After they had ridden a short distance Mr. Lincoln suddenly stopped, and, wheeling his horse, said simply: "Wait for me a moment: I will soon rejoin you." And as the party halted they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the little bird lay helpless on the ground; saw him tenderly take it up and carefully set it on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions one of them laughingly said: "Lincoln, why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?" The reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said Lincoln, "I can only say this: that I feel better for it." Is there not a world of suggestion in that rejoinder?

A Round Robin.

It often happens, especially at sea, that men who have a grievance wish to present a petition for redress to those in authority over them, yet no man wishes to make his name prominent. So some one invented the fashion of signing the names in a circle in which it is impossible to tell which was written first. This peculiar petition is called a round robin, which is merely a corruption of the original French name *rond ruban* (round ribbon).

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. J. E. H. Murphy, Professor of Irish in Trinity College, Dublin, will soon publish an Irish dictionary on which he has been at work for several years.

—The latest edition of "Father Damien," an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, by R. L. Stevenson (Oxford, H. W. Bell), contains some interesting portraits and a letter in fac-simile written by Father Damien. An original copy of the famous open letter, "with Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments," containing a few textual corrections by the author, was recently sold at auction in England for £41.

—The Rev. Dr. Matthias J. Scheeben, for many years before his death a seminary professor in Cologne, is rightly regarded as one of Germany's great theological writers. His "Dogmatik," translated and adapted by Fathers Wilhelm and Scannell, ought to be adopted by Catholic colleges as a text-book of Christian Doctrine—we mean for students of collegiate standing only, of course. A paper of Dr. Scheeben's on "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century" has just been translated by members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of Holy Trinity Church, Boston. It makes an attractive pamphlet and is pleasant and inspiring reading. Benzigers.

—A thoughtful and luminous exposition of the state of religious affairs in France is contained in the paper recently contributed to the *Etudes* by Father James Forbes, under the heading "The Evangelization of the Men and Some Urgent Catholic Reforms." The writer of this notable study undertakes to supply the true answer to the questions so often put: If there are 37,000,000 Catholics in France, how comes it that they allow themselves to be trampled on by 25,000 Freemasons? How comes it that the mass of the electors vote against the Church? Reduced to its tersest expression, the answer is that the great majority of these thirty-seven millions are Catholic only in name.

—As illustrating the reformation of publishers in matters relating to the Church since Catholics of the English-speaking world have begun to exercise their right to have falsehoods eliminated and the truth told in publications which were submitted to them as to their fellow-citizens, a line or two from a letter of Grant Richards, published in the *New York Times* (*Saturday Review*, May 17), may be quoted. Mr. Richards, discussing some complaints of a writer employed by him to prepare "The Chronicles of the House of Borgia," says: "Mr. Corvo undertook to recopy the manuscript, removing from it the portions that were

likely to—offend, shall I say? And I had removed a short passage dealing with Pope Joan, and an appendix, the nature of which I did not discover until I saw it in print." It is only of late years that such care as this has been taken.

—From Baraboo, Wis., comes a volume of verse by Mrs. Eliza L. M. Mulcahy. "Wandewana's Prophecy," from which the book takes its title, is a metrical narrative of considerable length and of unequal quality, as one might expect in a sustained effort. We much prefer some of the shorter pieces, which deal with simple themes and sometimes suggest the work of Will Carleton. Published by the author.

—For those who desire something outside the circumscribed field of Plain Song nothing could be more pleasing than *Vespers*, No. 3 in D, for solo, quartet and chorus, with organ accompaniment, by Paolo Giarza. (Theodore Presser, publisher.) The average choir will find some difficulty in mastering its intricacies, but will not regret the effort. The part for the organ is at once an example and a reproach, differing widely from the ordinary inadequate accompaniment.

—The quality of Mr. Francis W. Grey's verse is fluency rather than vigor, yet there are many rugged and thought-compelling lines in "Love Crucified," the attractive brochure in which he publishes some of his select compositions. The author is a convert now living over-seas, though for many years he resided in Canada. Some of his best verse has appeared in these pages, and doubtless there are among our readers many who will welcome this readable and devotional booklet. Published by the author, at Bruges.

—The London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has just published "The *Te Deum*, its Structure and Meaning and its Musical Setting and Rendering." Together with a revised Latin text, notes, and translation. By the Right Rev. John Wordsworth, D. D.; "Saint Berin, the Apostle of Wesscx." The history, legends, and traditions of the beginning of the West Saxon Church. By the Rev. John Edward Field, M. A.; and a new edition, revised, of "Cædmon, the First English Poet." By Robert Tate Gaskin.

—An Italian journalist of the liberal school has recently been convicted of a species of disingenuousness that amounts to actual mendacity. Ugo Ojetti published in the *Giornale d'Italia* an interview with M. Brunetière, and reported that eminent Catholic publicist as saying that "the Roman question is absolutely of the internal Italian order, and consequently can interest only

Italy." M. Brunetière states that he told M. Ojetti that the Roman question should be considered under three different aspects: the purely Italian, the European, and finally the Catholic and international aspect, the last phase making it of interest to the faithful throughout the world. Ojetti's suppression of the French Academician's real sentiments on the matter is roundly condemned as unworthy journalism.

—The *Cornhill Magazine* tells how Robert Browning, whose religious beliefs were sincere and strong, once mounted an outdoor rostrum to reply to a ranter who had inveighed against the possible existence of God. "Some twenty years ago he told his neighbor at a dinner-party that on his way home to dress he had stopped to hear an open-air preacher in Hyde Park. The man was developing free-thinking theories, and at the moment Browning arrived was emphatically inveighing against the possible existence of God, and defying his hearers to disprove his arguments. 'At last I could stand it no longer,' said Browning; 'so I asked him to get off his tub and to let me get up and try to answer him. He did so, and I think,' he added modestly, 'that I had the best of it.'"

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey. *Rev. Erie William Leslie, S. J.* 70 cts., net.

What is Shakespeare? *L. A. Sherman.* \$1.50.

A Manual of Ascetical Theology. *Rev. A. Devine, C. P.* \$2.50, net.

Lucius Flavius. *Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.* \$1.50.

St. Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches. *Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.* \$2.

The Sacristan's Manual. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts.; net.

Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.

The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.

The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.

The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychological Research.* 75 cts., net.

Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.

The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.

Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.

St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.

The Perfect Woman. *Charles Sainte-Foi.* \$1, net.

Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.

In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.

Text Books of Religion. 4th Grade. *Rev. P. C. Yorke.* 45 cts.

A Glimpse of the Mystery of Evil. 30 cts.

The Catholic Church from Within. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. P. J. Andre, of the diocese of Detroit; the Rev. Richard Kerr, archdiocese of New York; the Rev. Henry Imoda, S. J.; the Rev. G. L. Langlais, C. S. V.; and the Rev. Gregory Maria, O. M. Cap.

Mr. Thomas Kent, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. L. G. Guilmartin, Quebec, Canada; Mr. Patrick Finnigan and Mrs. Anna O'Malley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Bicknese, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Egan, New Brunswick, Md.; Mr. John Auer, Plymouth, Ohio; Mr. Peter Reilly, Red Bank, N. J.; Mr. Robert White, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Derrig, Sligo, Ireland; and Mr. Jacob Metzger, Canton, Ohio. *Requiescant in pace!*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 42.

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Nature's Invitation.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

TIGHT-PACKED with stars as perfumed buds
with seeds

Are all Dawn's skies. Come thou to me this hour
And pluck the Sunrise with the morning flower;
Here, at the table where the red rose feeds,
Sit down near God and eat: the spirit needs
Such meats and vintage as give young Day power.
Eat thou of stillness in the woodland bower,
And drink of dewdrops on the shining meads;
Touch mind with current larks; come thou and snare
That shy, wild thing—the laughter of the brook;
Unite with clouds and forage heaven's air;
Trap all the sunbeams in their bluest nook;
And, resting thy whole soul in Morning's chair,
Take up the green world like a well-loved book.

Concerning Coronations.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

THE coronation of a British sovereign—of one who, like King Edward VII., rules over so vast an empire—is naturally regarded as an event of more than ordinary importance. Indeed, it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the approaching coronation celebrations will surpass in magnitude and brilliancy everything of the kind that has been witnessed in bygone ages. The time has long since passed when an English Catholic king was crowned by a Catholic prelate within the historic walls of Westminster Abbey; nevertheless, the present occasion is one when

one may opportunely revive the story of coronation rites in pre-Reformation days, and note how far they have survived in modern Anglican formularies.

Previous to the introduction of the Catholic Faith into the British Isles, the kings of these countries were doubtless inaugurated according to the custom usual among Northern tribes. The ceremony was of a simple description. The rude chieftains selected one among their number to be ruler; and, after hoisting him on a buckler, they carried him round the camp to receive the recognition of his sovereignty. This recognition was obtained by the vociferous acclamations of the fighting men. But with the spread of Christianity there came the introduction of formal prayers and symbolical rites, among which the anointing with sacred oil and the imposition of a crown hold a conspicuous place. The anointing with holy oil was intended to denote the outpouring of divine grace requisite for the sovereign to discharge his duties befittingly; as also to symbolize special consecration to God, apart from whom kings can not rightly reign. The act of crowning signified the assumption of the highest power of ruling in temporal concerns. Both the anointing and the crowning are recorded to have been in vogue with the ancient people of God.*

The earliest known instance of a British king receiving the blessing of the Church on his commencing to reign is that of

* I Kings, xvi, 1 and 13; II Kings, iii, 39.

Aidan of Dabriada, in the sixth century. St. Columba performed the rite in Iona, and it consisted of prayer and the imposition of the abbot's hands. And, although no explicit mention is made of either anointing or crowning, we know from Gildas the historian (A. D. 547) that these practices were familiar in Britain at that very time.*

The most ancient service we possess for the consecration of a king is to be found in the Pontifical of Egbert of York (737). According to the rite therein laid down, all the bishops took part in the ceremony. It commenced after the Gospel of the Mass. The oil, in true Scriptural fashion, was poured out from a horn upon the king's head; a sceptre was delivered into his hand, and the function concluded with coronation. After the king had received the homage of the peers, the Mass was resumed. The most highly developed service for an English coronation, however, is not to be met with until the fourteenth century. The book containing it is still preserved among the treasures of Westminster. From this "Liber Regalis," as it is generally called, all subsequent coronation ceremonial has been derived.

According to this mediæval rite, on the eve of coronation day the king rode from the Tower through the principal streets of the city of London to the royal palace of Westminster. Having arrived there, he passed under the paternal care of the abbot of the adjoining monastery. This prelate, by means of spiritual exhortations and ceremonial instructions, prepared the king for the sacred rites of the morrow. When day dawned, the king rose for Matins and Mass before the more elaborate function began. At an appointed

hour, all the peers of the realm assembled in the great hall to meet the king, preparatory to his passing into the church for the solemn rite of his coronation. A throne, adorned with cloth of gold, had been previously prepared in the midst of the hall; and, in memory of those ancient days when kings were raised aloft on shields, the English sovereign was reverently lifted into this chair, which is still known as the "King's Bench."

At this stage of the proceedings a procession of bishops, together with the abbot and monks of Westminster, arrived in the hall. They came, according to ancient custom, arrayed in rich copes, and bearing crosses, censers, and jewelled Books of the Gospels, to conduct the king to the minster. The golden spurs, the stone chalice of St. Edward, the swords, sceptres and other royal insignia having been delivered to special dignitaries, the augmented procession set out for the church. The king wore his robe of state over a long silken shirt especially arranged to open for the anointing. Over him the Barons of the Cinque Ports supported a blue silk canopy, the silver staves of which were adorned with tinkling bells. On his right walked the Bishop of Durham, and on his left the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Having passed under the portals of the great church, the monks intoned the antiphon *Tu es Petrus*, in honor of the patron saint of the abbey. When the prelates and nobles had filed into their places, the king passed to the lofty platform which had been erected in the centre of the church, in sight of all the assembled multitude. There and then took place the formal Recognition of the Sovereign by the people. The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the king at each of the four sides of the platform, and the assembly by their acclamations manifested their willingness to acknowledge him as their lawful ruler.

On the completion of this ceremony,

* Maskell, "Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," vol. ii.—For the materials of this article the writer has had recourse to the valuable liturgical publications of the "Henry Bradshaw Society," as also to such standard works as Martene, Catalanus, Stanley, etc.

the primate assumed his sacred vestments, and, standing at the altar, received the first oblation of the king, consisting of a poundweight of gold, and a pallium or cloth for the altar. This act was intended to fulfil the divine precept of not appearing empty before the Lord God.

After the prayer *Deus humilium*, a sermon was preached by one of the assisting bishops. The sermon over, the king, with much solemnity, took the coronation oath, in which he swore to maintain intact the laws, constitutions and liberties granted to the clergy and people of the realm by devout kings and especially by the glorious St. Edward. The oath was confirmed in presence of the Blessed Sacrament,—an act contrasting sadly with the Declaration made by Edward VII. at the opening of his first Parliament, when it was required of him to declare emphatically his disbelief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

As is usual in all undertakings of ecclesiastical importance, the aid of the Holy Spirit was invoked in the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Two bishops, acting as cantors, now sang the Litany of the Saints, which was followed by the Seven Penitential Psalms, four prayers and a preface. During all these solemn invocations the king had been lying prostrate before the altar; he now arose and prepared for the anointing. The silver hooks of his under robes were first of all unfastened; the Wardens of the Cinque Ports meanwhile brought forward a canopy to screen the king; and the archbishop, approaching the kneeling sovereign, imparted the sacred unction. In the first place he anointed the hands with the Oil of Catechumens, while the choir chanted the antiphon *Unxerunt Salomonem*, etc. A prayer followed; then came the anointing of the breast, between the shoulders, both shoulders themselves, the joints, or "boughs," of the arms, and lastly the crown of the head. To this last anoint-

ing there was added the Sign of the Cross with holy chrism. The Abbot of Westminster then closed up the royal garments, and the primate sang two prayers of benediction.

The anointed king now stood up to be invested with his coronation robes and other royal insignia. In the first place, an amice, or coif of linen, was adjusted about his head to prevent the holy oil from flowing down upon his garments. It was the abbot's duty to vest the king; he therefore proceeded to clothe him with the *colobium sindonis*, a robe corresponding to our alb. It was usually made of fine linen or lawn, sometimes of silk. Buskins and sandals, resembling those worn by a bishop at Pontifical Mass, were also provided for the king's feet.

Special blessings were imparted to the other regal ornaments, and the vesting then continued. First came the dalmatic, in form not unlike that used by a deacon, or by a bishop under his chasuble when he celebrates High Mass. In its regal shape, however, it was long, and richly embroidered with figures in gold. From the time of Charles II. the dalmatic has been made with an opening down the front, probably for the sake of convenience.

The sword, having been blessed and presented, was girded on over the dalmatic. The royal spurs were also fastened to the king's sandals. The vestment next imposed was the "armilla," or stole. It was arranged round the neck as an ordinary stole; but instead of hanging pendent like that of a bishop, or crosswise like that of a priest, it was fixed by means of ribbons to the arms, both above and below the elbows; hence, perhaps, the name "armilla," signifying a bracelet.

The king was next arrayed in the most important of St. Edward's robes—namely, the pallium, or royal mantle. This vestment resembles a cope in appearance, and is woven throughout

with golden eagles. The crown, having been blessed, sprinkled with holy water and incensed, was next placed upon the head of the king; the archbishop meanwhile repeating the form, "God crown thee with the crown of glory and justice," etc.* Then came the delivery of the ring, symbolical of the union between the sovereign and his kingdom.†

After the ceremony of offering the sword at the altar and redeeming it again had been duly performed, the sceptres were delivered into the hands of the sovereign. That with the cross, symbolical of royal authority, was held in the right hand; that surmounted with the dove, and more correctly styled the rod, being supported in the left. Here it may be noted that the orb and cross is in reality the same ornament as the sceptre; its separate delivery dates only from the time of James II., when it was erroneously regarded as an independent ornament. The king, now fully arrayed in all the insignia of his exalted office, seated in St. Edward's Chair, was blessed by the archbishop, after which all the prelates present were received to the kiss of peace.

What may be termed the culminating act was reserved for this point of the service. During the chanting of the *Te Deum* the crowned king was conducted with great pomp to his royal throne on the elevated platform. After taking his seat thereon, the primate recited the words, "Stand and hold fast from henceforth," etc., still read at modern coronations. When the enthronization had been completed, all the peers of the realm, kneeling before the king, paid

* The present crown of the British sovereign is double-arched and is ornamented with jewels of great value. Inside the crown is a cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine.

† The coronation ring has a legend attached to it. It was miraculously restored to St. Edward after he had bestowed it as an alms on St. John the Evangelist, who had appeared in the guise of a beggar. See THE AVE MARIA, present vol., p. 529.

their homage and swore fealty to their sovereign lord.

At this part of the service would follow the coronation of a queen consort. The ceremony was of a shorter and simpler kind than that for the king. The anointing was imparted to head and breast only; crowning and enthronization concluded the rite.

The Introit of the Mass then began, the solemn tones of the *Protector noster* echoing and re-echoing along the vaulted roof of the magnificent abbey church of Westminster. The Collect chanted by the celebrant was the prayer English Catholics are accustomed to hear for their present sovereign on Sundays. One of the assisting bishops sang the Epistle, and another bishop sang the Gospel. The king was privileged to kiss the sacred Text of the Gospel in the same way as a bishop does when assisting at High Mass. A striking part of the Offertory ceremonial consisted in the king's oblation. His Majesty, attended by prelates and nobles, came down from the throne and presented at the altar a mark of gold, and bread and wine for the Holy Sacrifice. The wine was poured into the great stone chalice of St. Edward. Another peculiarity of the Mass was the blessing inserted before the *Agnus Dei*, a rite which was usual in England and France on grand occasions.

When the time for Communion arrived, the king, having previously received the kiss of peace, approached the Holy Table and laid aside his crown. After the reception of the Sacred Host, the Abbot of Westminster ministered an ablution of wine to the king from St. Edward's chalice, and the Mass concluded in the usual manner.

Preparations were then made for the departure. A procession of thurifers, acolytes, prelates, and nobles escorted the king to St. Edward's shrine, where the primate removed the crown. Within a traverse, or pavilion, the lord chancellor assisted the king to unvest, and

at the same time an opportunity was afforded him of breaking the prolonged fast. Prolonged it certainly had been; for in several instances we are informed that this gorgeous service did not finally terminate till two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The king, having been revested in a silken tunic and robe of state, received from the hands of the primate a lighter crown. Thus arrayed, and bearing his sceptre in his hand, the king and his numerous suite returned "with great glory" to the Palace of Westminster for the coronation banquet.

A pleasing diversion occurred during the subsequent proceedings. The king's champion, mounted on his charger, entered the hall and challenged to defend in single combat the king's right to the throne against all comers. On the occasion of the coronation of Richard II. it is related that the banquet was so crowded with guests that it would have been wellnigh impossible for the waiters to serve the multitude, had not royal princes and newly-created earls, mounted upon their war-horses, kept riding up and down between the tables in order to keep the passage clear. We are also told that in the centre of the hall stood a marble column, and on its summit was a golden eagle, from the feet of which flowed continuously four streams of four different wines; and everyone, no matter how poor, was allowed to drink freely that day.* This flowing stream must have been a source of considerable attraction, and explains, perhaps, the drastic measures taken to preserve order during the royal banquet. Festivities of this kind may have passed off without mishap in the fourteenth century; but one shrinks from contemplating the results of similar kingly largess, should it be granted in the century that now is.

In more modern times it has become

customary for the sovereign to modify the several adjuncts to the coronation outside the abbey; hence we are not surprised to learn that Edward VII., by virtue of his royal authority, has dispensed with the ecclesiastical procession from the hall to the church, with the banquet subsequent to the service, and with the appearance of the champion. Notwithstanding this, at the forthcoming coronation the celebrations are not to be confined entirely to the ceremony within the abbey church. On the day following the function there is to be a royal progress through the city of London, and at the King's own expense half a million poor persons are to dine.

But to return to the coronation service itself. The Catholic and Latin form was used for the last time when Elizabeth became queen. On the accession of James I., in 1603, the authorities were satisfied with an English translation of the ancient rite; but as the Protestant prelates had naturally no holy oil for the anointing, they were forced to invent a "blessing" to be used before the actual service began.

As time went on, several modifications were introduced into the ancient Catholic ceremonial. These modifications include changes in the prayers, reduction of the number of anointings, abolition of the blessing of material objects, placing the crown on the king after the delivery of all the other ornaments, introduction of the presentation of a Bible, discontinuance of the use of a communion cloth, etc. Despite these changes, it is astonishing to find a church so professedly Protestant as is the Anglican retaining so large an amount of essentially Catholic ritual.

Since the days when Queen Victoria was crowned, a great change has taken place within the Church of England, owing chiefly to the introduction of High Church principles. One result of this movement has been the intensified

* "Westminster in the Olden Times," by Bishop Brownlow. (Westm. Cath. Record, July, 1896.)

appreciation of every vestige of ritual which appears to link the present Anglican body with the Catholic Church of pre-Reformation times. Unfounded as are the modern pretensions of continuity, they have not been without effect on the service which is about to take place at Westminster. Advanced Anglicans have been on the alert lest any curtailment should be made in the traditional rite of coronation. In some respects they have succeeded in preventing certain suggested changes, notably with regard to the anointing and the celebration of the communion service.

England, as a nation, was lost to the Catholic Faith in the sixteenth century; since then her national church has had a chequered existence. But may it not truly be said that no more striking spectacle of her rejected Catholicity is presented to the world than when she performs the coronation of her sovereign within the historic walls of the abbey church of Westminster?

A Daughter of the Sierra.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIII.

TWILIGHT falls soon in the Quebrada Onda. Long before the sun has ceased to gild the upper world, shadows gather in the great earth-rift and darkness falls there, while yet all the lovely spaces of the sky above are filled with light. Under the mighty rock which formed the roof of the cave where the little party of three had taken refuge, these shadows naturally gathered earliest; and it was the perception of advancing darkness which presently brought Miss Rivers to her feet with an air of determination.

"Mr. Lloyd," she said, "I have made up my mind. If *you* could ride through that water, *I* can. It is only a ques-

tion of getting wet, and that doesn't matter."

"I am afraid you will find that it matters very much," said Lloyd, as he also rose, conscious of a sense of relief; although he felt bound to remonstrate, for the falling shades had filled him with a disquiet which was reflected in the gravity of his face. "You will be wet to your waist," he added, warningly.

"It doesn't matter," she repeated. "We must get away from here. Night is at hand. Could we ride up that mountain in the night?"

"It would be extremely dangerous to attempt to do so."

"Well, you see, then, how necessary it is to lose no time in starting. My father must be very anxious about me, and the only way to relieve his anxiety is to go to him. Please look that my saddle is all right—"

"I will change it to my horse, if you have no objection. He is taller than your mule."

The exchange was made, the young lady mounted, and they rode down from the eyrie which had so unexpectedly become a trap, into the current of the swirling river. To Lloyd's very great relief, the water had fallen a little. It was still high—very high,—and once or twice there seemed danger that the animals would lose their footing; but they passed safely around the cliff and then to the higher ground at the edge of the quebrada. Isabel laughed a little as they splashed through the shallower water.

"To dare is generally to succeed," she said. "Why didn't I ride out with you when you tried this before, or at least as soon as you came back?"

"It was higher then," said Lloyd; "and I really think that you are sufficiently wet as it is."

He dismounted as he spoke—for they had now reached dry ground,—and regarded her soaked feet and skirts a little ruefully. But she laughed again

as he assisted her from the saddle, which was now to be changed again to her mule.

"What does a little wetting matter?" she asked. "I am sure I shall suffer no harm from it; and as for discomfort—bah! One would not come out into the Sierra without expecting to rough it a bit. I should have been very much disappointed if I had met with no adventures."

Lloyd laughed in turn, so delightful was her gay good-humor.

"It is plain that the Sierra intends to give you all that it has to give, adventures among the rest," he said as he unbuckled girths and assisted Manuel to change the saddles.

Miss Rivers meanwhile looked up at the sky, which seemed so very far above their heads.

"It is not as late as I thought," she observed. "Possibly the sun may yet be in evidence somewhere. If only we can gain the top of the mountain before dark—are you quite sure papa has gone on ahead, Mr. Lloyd?"

"I don't think there can be a doubt of it," Lloyd replied. "There was every sign of a party having passed across the river and up the mountain about the time the storm began; and as I suppose Mr. Rivers was not very far behind you—"

"Certainly not very far."

"It must have been his party. So—why, halloo! what's that?"

Isabel's gaze followed his, which had suddenly fixed itself on a point across the river, and she saw at once what had arrested his attention. It was the leaping blaze of a camp-fire, kindled on a low spur of the mountain which rose on the other side of the quebrada. The same thought came to her as to him.

"Can it be papa?" she exclaimed.

Lloyd turned to Manuel.

"Do you think that is Don Roberto?" he asked.

The Mexican gazed keenly for an

instant across the quebrada, and then shook his head.

"No, Señor," he answered, "that is not Don Roberto. Those are not the mules or the men of the Caridad."

Lloyd looked at Miss Rivers.

"I think he is right," he said. "Shall we go on—or would you like more certainty?"

"We can have more certainty," she answered. She held out her hand to Manuel. "Give me the glasses," she said.

Manuel started with recollection, opened a sack filled with miscellaneous articles which hung by a strap across his shoulder, and produced a leather case which he handed to Miss Rivers, who took out of it a pair of opera-glasses.

"They are not field-glasses," she said, as she handed them to Lloyd; "but they are very good of their kind, and will enable you to tell who is over there."

Indeed as soon as Lloyd had adjusted the focus to his vision he saw with perfect clearness that the group of men and animals on the hillside was not the Caridad party. But, although immediately convinced of this, he did not lower the glasses from his eyes, but continued to gaze through them for a minute or two.

"Certainly not Mr. Rivers nor any of the Caridad people," he said positively. "But I'd like to know who they are."

"Arrieros, perhaps?"

"No; for they have no packs, and they seem, from the number of animals, to be all mounted. It is a travelling party clearly, and I am a little curious to know if a suspicion I have is correct. Here, Manuel, take these glasses and tell me if you ever saw any of those men before."

Manuel took the glasses, and had hardly looked through them before he uttered an exclamation.

"But yes, Señor," he said, "I know almost all of them. They are men from Canelas, and even—yes, there is Pepe Vargas from Tamezula, and Tobalito Sanchez and Cruz and Pancho Lopez.

Caramba! but it is wonderful to see men's faces like this at such a distance."

"Do you know the señor who is with them?"

Manuel hesitated before replying.

"He has his hat pulled over his face so that I can not be sure," he said; "but he looks to me like an Americano whom I have seen in Tópia with the Señor Armistead."

Lloyd nodded as his eyes met those of Miss Rivers.

"It is as I thought," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly. "It can't be that you think it is the party for the Santa Cruz?"

"It is just that, I am pretty sure."

"But Mr. Armistead promised—"

"Sometimes the undue zeal of subordinates can be made to account for broken promises, or there may really be no intention of breaking the promise. I'll find out what is intended as soon as possible. The river is too high to cross now."

"How will you find out?"

"By a few discreet inquiries when I return here, which will be as soon as we find Mr. Rivers."

A smile came into Miss Rivers' eyes and curved her lips.

"I believe you mentioned a little while ago that you were resolved to leave the Santa Cruz matter severely alone in future," she remarked demurely.

"The Santa Cruz matter will not leave me alone, it appears," Lloyd answered a little grimly, as, with his hand under her foot, he lifted her lightly into the saddle.

"I wish you did not feel it necessary to go so much out of your way by accompanying me," she said, as she gathered up her reins. "Manuel can very well take care of me."

"You must know that it is impossible for me to think of leaving you until I have seen you safely with your father," Lloyd replied, as he swung into his own saddle.

And something in his tone—a shade of stern resolution rather than of pleasure or of compliment—made her feel that further protest was useless. It also amused her a little; for such was not the tone usually employed by men whom fortune gave the opportunity of serving her.

So they commenced the toilsome ascent out of the deep chasm, along the difficult and perilous trail which Lloyd had descended earlier in the day. Its difficulty and peril were very much increased by the torrents of rain which had lately fallen upon the mountain side, washing away soil, dislodging rocks, in places entirely effacing the path. The animals struggled gallantly over the obstacles of the way, the slender-legged mules climbing like cats; but such vigilant attention was required on the part of the riders that not even Isabel had any attention to spare for the noble view which opened as they climbed higher—the great world of heights, cleft by dark gorges and faced by sun-smitten cliffs, that unrolled like a scroll around them, spreading until its blue distance blended into the blue infinity of the sky.

But when at last they gained the final summit and paused for their panting animals to rest, they found themselves not only "ringed with the azure world," but in a realm of radiant light. For dark as had seemed the gathering shades in the quebrada, the sun had been, as Isabel conjectured, in evidence elsewhere, and was now just sinking with magnificent resplendency toward the far, blue western heights; while in the eastern heaven the moon floated like a great silver balloon in the pellucid depths of sapphire. Over the whole vast scene, the wide expanse of this virgin world, so full of primeval grandeur, so high uplifted into the bright sky, was breathed a charm of freshness, remoteness, repose altogether indescribable. Isabel drew in a deep breath of the marvellous air; while she

opened her arms as if she longed to fly away out over the trackless wilds, the towering heights, the hanging woods and falling waters, straight into the dazzling glories of the golden and rose-red western heaven.

"Oh, for the wings of a dove!" she sighed.

If Lloyd remembered how he had once prophesied to her that she would wish for those wings, he did not say so. He only smiled at her delight.

"Be satisfied," he said. "You send your imagination like a bird to gather in all the beauty you do not see."

"But there is so much that I shall never see!" she replied,—and then she laughed. "How foolish I am," she said, "when what I have seen and do see is too much for me to take in! And now I suppose we must go on?"

"Yes, and ride fast."

Which proved to be possible; for now the trail led them over a plateau, level and open as a royal park, though covered with superb forest, where the great pines and evergreen oaks rose in columned stateliness to immense height, their interlacing boughs forming overhead a canopy of foliage through which the faintest wandering breeze woke a murmur like the voice of the sea. And as they rode, fast as their animals could be urged to go, down these enchanting vistas, with the breeze which fanned their faces bringing to them all the wild fragrances of hundreds of leagues of mighty woods, the delight of motion added to the delights of sight and sound and scent seemed to make life for the moment a thing of simple rapture.

And then the trail carried them along mountain crests, where the wooded steeps fell sharply away toward a lower world of glorious blues and purples, which gleamed and glowed between the straight stems of the giant trees and through their crowns of verdure; or it skirted the tops of foaming torrents, which flung their waters over tremen-

dous precipices into green abysses far below, or led them through glades of sylvan beauty deep between bold hills. But through whatever scenes it passed, there was ever about the way that sea-like murmur of unnumbered leaves, together with the music of swiftly flowing streams; while the earth breathed forth perfume like a censer, and the sweet air was like a sensible benediction from the radiant, bending sky.

And as they rode, day melted into night so softly that it was difficult to tell where one ended and the other began. But the last tint of sunset color had faded, and the moon was flinging her fairy light over their way and marking it with delicate shadows, when they finally overtook Mr. Rivers and his party in a stream-fed glen, where a halt had been made as if for camping. But none of the usual cheerful preparations for the night were in progress. Indeed, Mr. Rivers was in the saddle, with the intention, he explained, of returning to the Quebrada Onda, when his daughter rode up. The relief with which he greeted her was very great, and the expression of his thanks to Lloyd left nothing to be desired in the way of cordiality; but after this it was natural that there should be some expression of the irritation which had mingled with his anxiety.

"I have had scouts after you in all directions," he said to his daughter; "and when it became clear that you were not ahead, there seemed nothing to do but to go back to that infernal quebrada. It was so clearly impossible that we could have passed you under ordinary circumstances, that I was forced to think you must have met with some serious accident."

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much anxiety," Isabel murmured regretfully.

"I've had a pretty uncomfortable afternoon, I assure you," her father went on; "and have quite determined to

keep you under my own eye in future.”

“If you had kept me under your own eye, I should have been as thoroughly drenched as you no doubt were in the storm,” Isabel said; “whereas, thanks to having met Mr. Lloyd, I had the pleasure of watching it from the shelter of a delightful cave.”

“Hum!” said Mr. Rivers. “It was very lucky for you that you met Lloyd, and keeping dry was highly desirable; but as for finding pleasure in that downpour, in a cave or elsewhere—I can only say that *I* was extremely far from doing so; having been not only drenched, as you observe, but harassed with apprehension about you. Well, I’ll take care that you don’t wander out of sight any more. Now, men” (peremptorily in Spanish), “go to work and make the camp.”

A little later, when this labor was over—the tent pitched, the fire made and supper prepared,—Mr. Rivers’ mood underwent a change. Irritation was forgotten in the pleasant relaxation and sense of comfort which is nowhere to be experienced in quite such degree as in a camp in the greenwood after a day of hard riding. There was only light talk, pleasant laughter and jesting as they gathered around the fire, which threw its rich radiance over the rocky escarpment of the hillside overhanging the camp, over masses of foliage and the figures of men and animals. The stream near by chanted the sweetest possible song as it hurried over its stones; and all the fragrant, pungent odors which night and recent rain draw forth in the forest filled the air, mingling with the aroma of the delightful Mexican berry from the coffee-pot placed on some red embers at the edge of the fire.

With appetites agreeably sharpened by the keen air, and spirits filled with the charm of this delightful gypsying, they feasted well on the varied contents of Lucio’s well-stocked provision chest; and then came an hour or so of smok-

ing on the part of the men, and more pleasant talk on the part of all; while Isabel reclined on a bright-colored blanket, and the firelight played over her sunny hair and lit up the smiling loveliness of her lips and eyes, frank as those of a thoroughbred boy, charming as those of a nymph. And then it was that that other camp-fire down in the depths of the Quebrada Onda was remembered and mentioned. Mr. Rivers looked grave when he heard of the revelations of the opera-glasses.

“I don’t like this at all,” he said. “Nothing could possibly be more awkward, more undesirable in every way, than that we should be the guests of Doña Beatriz Calderon when her mine is attacked by Americans.”

“I can’t believe that anything of the kind is possible,” remarked Isabel. “Mr. Armistead promised me that no attempt to take the mine should be made while I am at Las Joyas; and I think”—she glanced at her father appealingly—“that Mr. Armistead is a gentleman.”

“Oh, yes, undoubtedly a gentleman!” Mr. Rivers replied hastily. “But—er—even gentlemen permit themselves to do strange things occasionally. If Manuel really recognized those men, and if that fellow Randolph is with them, it looks—well, it looks very much as if we had better turn around to-morrow morning and go back to Tópia; for I have no intention of being mixed up, directly or indirectly, in this affair of the Santa Cruz.”

“Papa, I can’t—I really can’t go back to Tópia!” Isabel declared. “If Mr. Armistead has been guilty of such treachery, I—want to stay and help to fight him.”

“That is exactly what can’t be permitted, my dear,” her father answered. “I am afraid I was very wrong to yield to your desire of coming out here at all just now. But you see”—he looked at Lloyd—“I wasn’t altogether sorry to show in this way my sincere respect

for and sympathy with Doña Beatriz."

"Doña Beatriz deserves all the respect and sympathy which can possibly be shown to her," said Lloyd; "and, if you will allow me to offer advice, I think you should permit Miss Rivers to continue on her way to Las Joyas. Her visit there is expected and will be deeply appreciated."

"But if these men behind us are going to seize the mine?"

"They will not seize it. Of that I assure you. An attempt to do so will only result in injury to themselves. But, like Miss Rivers, I find it difficult to believe that even an attempt is to be made now. Armistead, within certain limitations, is a gentleman, and he would not violate his own word so flagrantly."

"What can those fellows be after, then?"

"That I am going back to see as soon as my horse has finished feeding. It is a beautiful night for riding."

"But not for going down into the Quebrada Onda,—no night is beautiful enough for that. Wait until morning."

"No; for then they will be on the road, and I want to get them in camp. That is the place to find out things."

"And if you find that they are going to the Santa Cruz?"

"Then I may be able to offer Randolph some advice which will induce him to turn back."

Mr. Rivers glanced a little curiously at the quiet face on which the firelight shone.

"Do you know the man?" he asked.

"I think that I do," Lloyd answered slowly. Then, perhaps to escape further questioning, he rose to his feet. At the same moment Miss Rivers rose also.

"This is delightful!" she exclaimed. "But I am sufficiently tired to find my thoughts turning to the sleep awaiting me in my tent."

"Pleasant dreams," observed Lloyd, stepping over to her with a smile. He

held out his hand. "Good-night and—good-bye!"

"Do you really wish me to have pleasant dreams?" she asked, looking up into his face as she laid her hand in his.

"Can you doubt it?" he asked, with some surprise.

"Then don't go down into that quebrada to-night," she said; "else I shall certainly dream of you as falling down some terrible abyss from that fearful trail."

"Do you think it a habit of mine to fall over precipices?"

"No, no; but to go down—over that way we came up—at night! The mere thought of it makes me shudder. If you want me either to sleep or dream well, please promise that you will not do it."

"Very well, then,—I promise that I will wait for daylight to make the descent. But that means that I shall leave here considerably before daylight. So—*adios!*"

She did not echo the beautiful word; but, looking at him with a smile which had in it something a little mischievous, she answered, "*Hasta luego!*" and then vanished into her tent.

(To be continued.)

Through May to June.

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

'TIS woven quite, the coronal of praise
 Wherewith we joyed to deck Our Lady blest
 Throughout the gladsome Maytime's gracious days,
 The while around her flower-decked shrines we
 pressed,
 And fanned to fuller radiance the blaze
 Of love for her that glows within each breast.
 Farewell to May! But welcome, May's bequest,
 The Sacred Heart June proffers to our gaze!

O Love all infinite! O Love Divine,
 Outgushing o'er a world of sin and shame,
 The homage of the summertide is Thine!
 In adoration bowed we hail Thy name,
 And grateful come, as Mary's days depart,
 Through Mary e'en to Thee, O Sacred Heart!

A Family of Poets.

 BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE.

TOWARD midnight, on the feast of the sweet virgin and martyr, St. Agnes, January 21, the pure soul of Mr. Aubrey de Vere took its flight from this to a purer world. It is many years since I first met him. Learning that he was on a visit near Limerick, I was one of a deputation of two or three that went to call on him to obtain a promise that he would deliver a lecture for us at the Catholic Literary Institute,* of which I happened to be president at the time.

We did not succeed. Now, with a more intimate knowledge of the man, I should wonder if we did. I will tell you presently the reason why, as it gives an insight into the mind of the poet. But for the moment, as he courteously saw us to the door, there was a something that made failure almost a delight. The soft spring sun was declining in the west. By the door where we stood ivy was growing on a portion of the residence, called Oldchurch, and forming part of the wall. And there, on the uppermost of the half dozen steps or so which led to the hall-door, erect, six feet one or two, finely-proportioned, with an ease and composure that was grace itself personified, stood one of the leading poets, if not indeed the first poet; of the English tongue in our day. His whole figure was instinct with courtesy. There was no more indication of patronage or hauteur or self-esteem than in a child.

He wore slight side whiskers, gray as the corona of hair on his venerable head; for he was then approaching the

Scriptural limit of threescore and ten. The face was strong. It had a beauty; but it was no weak, feminine beauty. There was in it a charm,—such a charm as would lead you to think that our “good people,” in one of their midnight glees, had found him by moonlight sleeping in a rath, and in gayety of heart had poured on him, as a blessing and a glory, a “draught” of their own entrancing beauty from the Land of Youth.

We failed. But he explained and excused himself in such gentle, courteous terms, with such choice, measured language, and in such soft accents, that, with the soft west wind, and the lapping of the neighboring river, and the cerie restlessness of the Oldchurch ivy, and the occasional burst of a solitary thrush, seemed all to make a harmonious unity. I would now marvel if our deputation had been successful; for the man was a man of ideals. He looked on his work not alone as art but as something bordering on the religious. It is not that he regarded an infringement of the canons of literature as a sacrilege; but so far was his mind removed from such an infringement that he could not imagine it. It was not to be thought of. Another might “rattle off” a lecture indeed at a moment's notice; but it was not Mr. de Vere. Oh, no! It was a matter that he looked upon if not in a sacred, most certainly in a high artistic light. That was the man.

That sweet graciousness of manner was the thing beyond all things that won friends to him through all his beautiful life. Talk to twenty of them severally, and with them all it was not the talents or fame of the poet: it was, first and beyond all, the graciousness of the man. When his memory comes back now to those who knew and loved him, it is this beautiful graciousness of manner, and not a laurel wreath, that envelops and glorifies him. It was love

* The Limerick Catholic Institute was founded by a young, energetic and scholarly priest of the diocese. That priest is now the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick.

and not worship that bound his friends to him. I have never heard—and I believe such a thing was impossible—that he made an enemy. It is not in my recollection that I ever came into the presence of a man that was so utterly self-forgetting. This will become more apparent when, by and by, we look at him among his friends and in the delightful seclusion of home.

Aubrey de Vere was born in 1814 at Curragh Chase, near Adare, in the County Limerick. "My earliest recollections," he lovingly says, "are of our Irish home, Curragh Chase; and I always see it bathed as in summer sunshine. It was not once, however, as it is now.... I can still see the deer park, and the deer bounding from brake to brake of low-spreading oak and birch; the gathering of the poor on Sunday evenings at the gates of the long ash avenue for their rural dance; and the gay though half-bashful confidence with which some rosy peasant girl would advance and drop a curtsy before one of our party or some visitor at the 'big house'; that curtsy being an invitation to dance."

He tells a story of his grandfather, who "always gave the sagest advice to a friend, but generally acted himself from whim. Once, when walking in a London street, he passed a room in which an auction was going on, and, attracted by the noise, entered it. The property set up for auction was the Island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel. He knew nothing whatsoever about it; but when the auctioneer proclaimed that it had never paid either tax or tithe, that it acknowledged neither King nor Parliament, nor law civil or ecclesiastical, and that its proprietor was pope and emperor at once in his own scanty domain, he made a bid, and the island was knocked down to him. It turned out a good speculation. It paid its cost by the sale of 'rabbits.'"

The greater part of Mr. de Vere's

young life was spent at Curragh Chase. "My recollections in connection with my early years are chiefly rural and sylvan." When he was about eighteen he began to write poetry. It is singular that a man so observant as he should have taken academic subjects for his theme rather than select one from those things that immediately surrounded him. The peasantry and the gentry formed at the time the bulk of the nation. The peasantry were ignorant but innocent; barbarous (as witness their faction fights), yet intensely devout; while the gentry were in the main hard drinkers, spendthrifts, and notably immoral,—“a lax and unscrupulous kind of society.” The higher classes had a superficial education, but gave their lives to amusements for the most part feminine or puerile. The popular songs that were written by them (the only educated portion of the community). or written in their praise, are, without exception, such as give us a low idea of their morals and their aspirations.

A soul like Aubrey de Vere's could find nothing congenial in these surroundings. And when he did afterward make a choice from among them, he told of the old heroic glories of the chieftains and of the fervent faith of the people. Sad to say, among the peasantry faction fights and "Whiteboyism" were quite common. Reckless swearing at the Assizes, judges wearing "the black cap" as a sign of mourning for having to condemn capitally the accused, usually followed. And such a black, ominous, fateful fear had these Assizes excited among the people that when a fierce storm of wind was raging, it drew forth the saying from them: "One would think the black books were open." In the people's minds "black books" had, I think, some undefined connection with hell; as if all reckless swearing and false convictions, instead of being written in the Book of Life, were registered in the books of hell. On the other hand,

horsewhippings and duels and all-night debauches were quite common among the gentry. Indeed, a social and religious history of those days—that is, of the beginning of the nineteenth century—would, I believe, be a revelation. What I have here stated I have had from the lips of those whose life began about that time.

Emancipation or Repeal—the one occurring in 1829, the other culminating in 1844,—had no attraction for him. Neither had the “Young Ireland” movement that cast, and still casts, its enchantment over so many Irish minds, and which came technically to an end on the death sentence (afterward converted into transportation) of its leader, William Smith O’Brien, the kinsman and fellow-countyman of Mr. de Vere.

It was well for Ireland, well for his own name, and well for literature, that Mr. de Vere was not smitten by these. In any case, his mind was of too judicial a cast to take sides. But that his family and himself favored literature, and especially when found at home, is testified to in the case of Gerald Griffin. The author of “The Collegians” was born in Limerick; before the production of his famous work, he lived at Pallas-Kenry, a pretty village on the brink of the Shannon. It was near this that the terrible tragedy took place which forms the subject of our first Irish novel.

“After the publication of ‘The Collegians,’ Gerald Griffin took up his abode once more in the small dispensary house of his brother at Pallas. My father thought he would find there little room for his books and many interruptions of his studious hours. He invited him to pass the winter at Curragh Chase, placing two rooms at his disposal, and telling him that he would find quiet in the woods and a large command of books in the library; but Gerald declined the invitation...”

“The ‘Colleen Bawn,’ which had an extraordinary success at one of the

London theatres, was a dramatic condensation of ‘The Collegians.’ I went to see it, but could not remain for more than ten minutes. All the refinement which, not less than strength, marks the original, and especially the scenes that describe the Irish peasantry, had vanished, and a vulgar sensationalism had taken its place.”*

Mr. de Vere moved among the choicest society, literary, social, and religious; and it is not too much to say, though the saying be trite, that he was an ornament to each. Among the poets, his especial friends were those of the Lake School, but particularly Wordsworth. He looked upon the latter as the first poet of the English language. Tennyson also was his friend; but much more, I think, in later than in earlier years; and while he admired the Laureate’s writings, as was just, I never heard him speak of them as I heard him speak of Wordsworth’s.

Mr. de Vere was a man of fine physique, and in his young days was a great walker. He travelled on foot through the Continent. I do not know if it were that had affected him, but later on in life, with the old love of walking still strong within him, he was confined by doctor’s orders to short spells of a mile or two at the time. And these walks, when he was at Curragh Chase, were always taken through the lovely woods surrounding his home; for he was a devoted lover of nature.

In 1851 he became a Catholic. The famous Gorham decision on the efficacy of the sacrament of baptism had already sent Cardinal Manning and many of the clergy of the Establishment into the Catholic Church; and of the laity, men like Hope-Scott, Lord Emly, and the Earl of Dunraven. The last two were of the County Limerick and neighbors and personal friends of Mr. de Vere. It took him months, however, of still

* “Recollections.”

further thought and deliberation before he finally parted with that church in which he had been born and brought up, and around which, gazing with human eyes, he saw many a thing that was scholarly, pacific and venerable. The parting took place in November, 1851.

It was not in his disposition, and still less in his view of God's grace, to allude unnecessarily to an event of this nature. It is admitted by all Christians that the Spirit of God breathes where it will; that "Jacob was chosen from the womb and Esau rejected"; that God gives the call—"Get thee forth from thy father's house,"—and that it rests with man to respond or to refuse. The ways of God in dealing with souls are mysterious and adorable. Mr. de Vere knew it well, and looked on any disclosure of God's internal dealings almost as a sacrilege.

He had many, one might almost say all, of his friends in the religion he had left; and his heart, prompted by affection and still more by the thought of eternity, looked back to these. Once only did I see him greatly moved. He and I were alone in his library. He rarely spoke of religion: his reverence for it was too sacred to broach it as an ordinary topic. Evidently he had been comparing in his own mind the position of souls without the Church and of those within it; and, pursuing the thought, he went beyond the grave and made inquiry of their relative position there in the eternal years. The agitation of his mind brought agitation to mine; the tears standing in his eyes—in those calm, beautiful eyes of his—brought tears to mine. When I left him that evening, and even for days after, I did not draw an easy breath until there was sent to THE AVE MARIA the manuscript of "Are Protestants Catholics?"

I love to think of him in that sanctum of his, the library. The room was a parallelogram rather than a square.

Two lofty windows looking to the south let the sun look in, day by day, on that venerable figure, seated at the long centre table and ever at work. The white hair was now and again covered with a black skullcap. He generally wore a dark velvet coat and velvet vest. He sat perfectly upright; and all around him, instead of the *disjecta membra* of the poet—flying leaves or manuscripts flung here and there, manifesting to even uninitiated eyes the impulse of the divine afflatus,—all was neatness. In tidy bundles wrapped round with red tape were letters that had been read, journals, magazines.

Books were on the table—the table would be somewhat the shape of a billiard table,—but the books were resting orderly one on the other, or standing regularly side by side. The three sides of the parallelogram were filled with books from floor to ceiling. The solitary figure in the midst of these reverential surroundings, wearing on its face a calmness and brightness that seemed a part of the whole, would, even if you were an enemy, attract and attach you to it.

He was a constant and conscientious worker. It has passed into a proverb that poets are as a rule an irritable race. Literary men are almost under a necessity to be so. When Charles Dickens desired that there should be a spell of peace, it is told in his "Life" that he gave up writing for the time. They have so to concentrate their attention on their work that their nervous system becomes unduly taxed and the whole organism overwrought. But the religious calm, as of some sun-lighted, glass-stained cathedral, solemn but not depressing, never left Mr. de Vere.

And few, if any, could claim an equal right to indulgence, if, besides his daily correspondence, the list of his published works be taken into account. He began in 1842 with "The Waldenses," "The Search after Proserpine," 1843; "Poems,

Miscellaneous and Sacred," 1853; "May Carols," 1857; "The Sisters," 1861; "The Infant Bridal," 1864; "Irish Odes," 1869; "The Legends of St. Patrick," 1872; "Alexander the Great," 1874; "St. Thomas of Canterbury," 1876; "Legends of the Saxon Saints," 1879; "The Foray of Queen Meave, and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age," 1882; "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire," 1887; "St. Peter's Chains," 1888.

The following are his prose works: "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," 1848; "Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey," 1850; "Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It," 1867; and several other works on the Church of Ireland; "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action," 1881; two volumes of essays on literary and ethical subjects; "Proteus and Amadeus," a selection of his own poems, 1890; "Religious Poems of the Nineteenth Century," 1893; "Mediæval Records and Sonnets"; and "Recollections."

Mr. de Vere is best known as a poet, but I doubt if his prose writings have not been as great a benefit to literature. Among the great prose writers it would be difficult to find one who is at all times so choice, careful and simple. One reads as plainly, and with as little hesitancy as to the author's meaning, as one reads Newman. There is an elegance combined with accuracy, and withal a transparency of meaning, in his prose writings that one acquainted with the man would just expect from him. I have before my mind particularly his Introduction to the "May Carols" and to the "Legends of the Saxon Saints," as also his numerous essays, especially those dealing with the poetry of others.

In his criticism of the poetry of others who, without being uncomplimentary, one might indeed call minor poets, and certainly "minor" when compared to him, he is always large-minded and

indulgent. His "Recollections" are full of quaint stories. I remember to hear him relate some of these; and there was something about the lips telling of a suppressed humor within, and a something in the gentle graciousness which like an atmosphere of sunshine never left him, that made the oral ones far surpass the written ones. He had an amazing memory. He could recite of an evening, half reclining on the sofa, page after page of his favorite Wordsworth. It was a particular favor, and a pleasure not soon forgotten, when he read for a party of friends one of his own works published or to be published.

The aged, calm figure among children was as poetic as any of his own poetic themes. If the children were somewhat of an age, he would speak to them on a subject suitable to their years, generally leading to a high moral end; if of tender years, he would take them in his arms and whisper, Simeon-like, "God bless you!"

Mr. de Vere was never married. But for all that his interest in the domestic and family side of life was warm and mostly pathetic. He could not consciously give pain to any creature under heaven. The abiding instinct of his heart was to wish happiness, and to desire that that happiness should come from God; and that it should not be impeded by the demerits of man, but rather that man should rise in moral worth and draw-near to the Creator. His presence seemed a blessing. There was such an atmosphere of peace and graciousness surrounding him, and this peace was so evidently the outbreathed odor of a virtuous mind, that it did one good even to come into his company. "Virtue went out from him." There was in him such a calm carelessness of transitory things, such high and fixed spiritual ideals, that, while he himself was all unconscious of their presence, everyone else felt affected by them as by an atmosphere of summer air.

Reading his "Legends of St. Patrick," or his "May Carols," or his "Legends of the Saxon Saints," one can see how constantly this atmosphere of peace and holiness surrounded Mr. de Vere. His communion was with the saints; and no wonder that his thoughts and acts were tinged with their similitude, as those handling flour become white. His meditations on the lives of holy men necessarily led him into the sanctum of their hearts; and, like the bee sucking among the flowers, he drew near at evening to the *patria* of the saints, laden with honey.

Death had its terrors for him, as it has for all that fear the sanctity of the Lord. On one occasion the present writer said to him: "I'm under many obligations to you, Mr. de Vere. I shall say Mass for your intention, to thank you."—"Oh, yes!" he said, "do"—his hand was on the knob of the door,— "do, that I may die a good death." I saw him but once, and only for a little while, after that.

His custom for many years past, on Sundays, was to drive in his carriage to twelve o'clock Mass at Adare. He usually arrived some time before Mass, and had a talk at the presbytery with his personal and lifelong friend, the Very Rev. Dean Flanagan, of the diocese of Limerick. When Mass was over he came again to the presbytery, remained for some time, and then drove home. He was able to do so till January 12, the Sunday almost before his death; though the weather was severe, the drive long, and he of such an advanced age—eighty-eight years. On the following Wednesday night (January 15) he was anointed and "prepared"; on Tuesday the 21st, 1902, Mr. de Vere gave up his beautiful soul to God. His remains were laid to rest on Friday, the 24th, at Askeaton,—not, however, in the family vault, but, by his express desire, in the plain mother-earth beside it. Peace to his soul!

Old Home Week.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

ENOCH NORTON looked up from the local columns of the *New England Trumpet*, and said to his wife:

"Mother, they're going to have great times Old Home Week."

There was no need to ask to whom the "they" referred. To this old couple, self-exiled for thirty years, there was but one home. California had never been anything to them but a foreign land. Its beauty had aggravated their nostalgia; its freedom from convention had shocked their staid standards of right and wrong; and the monotony of its never-ceasing sunshine—they lived in the southern part of the State—had driven them sometimes almost to the border-land of madness. This will seem a strong statement except to him who has been homesick in California. He will understand.

When Enoch's father died and left the old home and its contents to his daughter, there was nothing left for the son to do—or so he thought—but to seek his fortune where the golden fingers of the setting sun seemed to beckon; so, taking his wife and children, he joined the restless caravan which crossed the continent in a never-ending line. And he had prospered,—not at first, but in due time. "Norton's luck" was proverbial. The scale had never attacked his orange-trees, the wells he dug were never brackish, and the gophers and rabbits avoided his ranch and nibbled at the vegetation of his neighbors. Even the boom which wrecked so many fortunes left him unharmed. He sold out his surplus land at a propitious moment, and then had the discretion to avoid immediate reinvestment. At the time he heard of Old Home Week "back East" he was a wealthy man, even for the happy-go-lucky Land of Sunshine.

He and Mary had not seen New England since they left it. At first poverty had prevented; then the children had needed them; then—Eliza had not invited them,—Eliza, the fortunate sister who lived in the old home, and was now moving to a fine new house of which her last letter had given a description.

"Its name is The Anchorage," so had the letter run; "and there is an avenue of big trees leading to the front door and a flower-garden back of the house. I don't dare to tell you how many rooms there are, or how much help it takes to keep them in order, or about the electric lights and the polished floors."

"Gracious!" Enoch had said when he read this. "Eliza is getting terrible grand. We'd hardly dare visit her, mother." And "mother" had answered: "Maybe her heart is just the same."

So matters stood when they read of the Old Home Week.

"I think," said Enoch, "that the time has come to go home."

Mary could not speak. She had waited for this moment for thirty years. Enoch understood her, and bought two tickets for the overland journey.

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Two plain old people got off the train at Hilltop one bright August morning. They were somewhat travel-stained and weary, but they were happy, and their journey had been one of unmixed delight. Even the desert they had crossed was beautiful, for they were going home. Mary cried a little when she first saw the green grass and the trees that grew without irrigation; while Enoch only pretended to be vexed with the window that would not open,—the New England man is ashamed of his emotions. They had taken a luncheon with them, and ate it conscientiously even after they found out that the traveller of to-day has his elaborate meals served en route. The sandwiches got very stale and the bottled tea very tasteless; but they did not know it. They would not have

minded a diet of lentils and water. They wore spectacles of amber, through which the whole world looked golden.

When the New England accent greeted their ears it was like music, and they began to talk to each other after the same fashion: ignoring their *r*'s and supplying them at the end of words where they were not needed,—an alternate paucity and prodigality.

Would Hilltop be changed, they wondered. No: it was much the same, even though its streets were swarming with people returned for the Old Home Week. The tavern, the town-hall, the white meeting-house did not look a day older; and the roomy mansions, with the exception of one which boasted a new porch, looked as if they had stood for a century without alteration, as indeed they had.

It was only when Enoch and Mary began inquiring for the inmates of those ancient houses that they realized the changes. The children were men and women, and had flitted far away; and the friends of their youth—their names were on the stones in the burying-ground. Except Eliza, the prosperous and haughty sister who had never asked them to come home again, they had no living kindred on the Atlantic coast.

"Mother," said Enoch, "we must look up Eliza. She can't any more than be kind of high and mighty with us; but you know living in such style and keeping so much help makes folks that way."

"Well, let us wait till our trunk comes," answered Mary. "I want to put on my new silk dress; and I'm so glad that Amos made you buy that stovepipe hat. I guess Eliza won't be ashamed of *you*, at any rate; and we can tell her right away that we've got a room at the tavern, so she won't think we expect to stop with her. Suppose we go around this morning and look at the old house? It'll be terrible trying I know, father, to see it in stranger's hands—and for my part

I can't understand why Eliza moved out,—but we'll have to get used to it sooner or later."

The old house, like its neighbors, was unaltered, except for an undefinable air of smartness and fashion; and various golfers in scarlet coats were lounging about the lawn.

"Good land, mother!" said Enoch. "I wonder if we've struck an army of redcoats? Well, grandfather wasn't afraid of them at Bunker Hill, and I'm going to make a call. It isn't the first time I've lifted this old knocker," he added, rapping with such force that the servant in livery who opened the door lost his accustomed calmness.

"Good-morning!" said Enoch, thinking that he addressed some official of great dignity. "My wife and I are making a visit back East, and would like to look through this house a little if you've no objection. It has belonged to our—"

"Card, sir!" interrupted the man at the door, holding out a silver tray.

"I—I don't understand!" said poor Enoch, in dismay.

"He wants your card," whispered Mary quickly.

"Oh, yes! Excuse me!" said Enoch, producing a piece of pasteboard with "Enoch Norton, Proprietor Ramona Vineyards," printed upon it.

The servant looked at it and then handed it back.

"No admittance, sir," he said, "except to gentlemen and ladies bringing card of member, sir."

"Member?"

"Member of Country Club, sir. This is the Country Club House, sir."

Enoch had but one oath, if it could be called that. He used it now.

"By the Great Horn Spoon!" he said, as they turned from the closed door.

"Don't get excited, father!" said his wife, straightening his hat, which showed an alarming tendency to rest on one ear. "I suppose Eliza rented them the house. She couldn't live in both houses,

and boys always break the windows of empty ones. They're better rented. I'm sure Eliza'll explain everything. And now we'll go and get our dinner, and then go to see her. The man said the trunk would be here by noon, you know; and I do hope my dress isn't much mussed."

"Can you tell us the way to The Anchorage?" Enoch asked of the landlord after their noon dinner.

"The Anchorage? Oh, yes! Turn by the burying-ground and go south a quarter of a mile. You can't miss it. It's a big new red brick house with a long lane leading to it."

"I was going to tell him my sister owned it; but I thought I'd wait and see how she took our surprising her," Enoch said.

"She may be frustrated," answered Mary. "Maybe we'd better have written her and risked her not wanting to see us. I suppose she's changed some."

"Maybe we have too," said Enoch; and they both laughed. They were so happy that not even the thought of the lack of a welcome could disturb them. They had each other, and the sea was near; and, in spite of everything, they were at home again,—yes, at home; although their warmest welcome was at an inn and every face was that of a stranger.

"That must be it!" exclaimed Mary.

"My! to think one of our relations owns such a house as that!"

"She must take boarders, I imagine," replied Enoch. "See the folks strolling around."

"Boarders! Why, they're Old Home Week folks, like us; though, of course, they ain't relations."

There was a natural, if unconscious, feeling of proprietorship in the minds of the worthy couple as they walked up the shaded avenue and rang the very modern electric bell. A stout woman responded, bidding them come in and ushering them into a reception room.

"We'd like to see Miss Norton," began Enoch.

"Take seats," said the stout woman, in a business-like way. "I'll tell her."

"There isn't as much style as I expected," said Enoch, beginning to feel an unaccountable strangeness in the surroundings.

"I guess maybe it's the fashion to have things sort of plain," answered Mary. "Anyway, I ain't afraid of Eliza any more. I wonder how she will look? She was an awful nice-looking girl. I always wished I had her complexion. And, then, her hair—kind of curly, you know; and she was so straight, though she was a little too fleshy for some folks' taste."

"This way!" said the stout woman, reappearing.

She led them through a long hall and up a flight of stairs, and threw open the door of a room.

"There she is!" she said, pointing to a sunny corner near a window where a canary was singing.

Enoch Norton was a brave man, and usually a self-contained one; but he never performed a greater feat than when he put the picture of his pretty young sister quite out of his mind and greeted the poor little paralytic who lay upon the bed.

"Well, Eliza dear?" he said. "Do you know us?"

She put out one thin hand.

"I'd know you anywhere from your likeness to father," she answered.

After long separations, people often—nay, usually—talk of the most trivial matters. They spoke of the hour for the tide to go out, of the uncommonly fine weather, and of the gathering of absent sons and daughters during the Old Home Week. At last Enoch said:

"You've a fine house here, Eliza."

Eliza's eyes flashed.

"I hate it—I hate every brick of it. It's killing me!"

"My goodness!" observed her brother.

"Then why don't you sell it and go back home?"

She looked at him a moment, and then answered quietly and steadily:

"Enoch! Can it be—is it possible you don't know?"

"Don't know what?"

"That this place is the almshouse? This is no more my house than it is yours or the poorest beggar's. I've been paralyzed for twenty years and had to be nursed. I kept the house till the mortgages ate it up. I was ashamed to let you know, and was afraid you'd think I wanted you to help me."

Enoch was speechless, but Mary managed to say:

"But the letters?"

"The woman next house wrote them. Now I feel better. I never encouraged you to come, for I didn't want you to find out. I knew you'd never know without coming; and now you're here, and I suppose you despise me."

"Despise you!" And Mary's arms were about her, while Enoch winked hard and tried to make the acquaintance of the canary. Meanwhile he arranged a plan of campaign.

"Mother," he said, "you just stay here with Eliza till I come back."

In less than an hour he returned.

"Eliza," said he, "if you're able, you'll have to move again the 1st of the month. The old house—father's furniture and all—is on the market, and I've got the refusal of it. What's more, I'm going to buy it; and what's more, we three are going to live in it; and what's more," he fairly shouted, "not one of those redcoats over there can get in it without the proper card!"

"Enoch," Mary remonstrated, "some one'll hear you!"

"Let 'em hear!" he said. "I want 'em to know that the county's going to get paid for all it's done for Eliza, and that she's going back where she belongs. This is Old Home Week, and we're all going home."

Harvesters who Need Help.

ONE impressive fact is worth any amount of argument and exhortation; and we can not help thinking that if those who are commissioned to collect funds for foreign missions would only set concretely before the laity what our missionaries are suffering and accomplishing, the rest of the work would be easy. For instance, here is a paragraph from a letter which a special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* lately sent from China:

An impressive index of the extent of infanticide I encountered two years ago at Shiwantse, the centre of the Catholic missions at Mongolia, the former residence of the celebrated Abbé Huc. Here, in this out-of-the-way place in the country, far away from any city, were 400 Chinese girls in the Catholic mission school, and they were as interesting and attractive a body as could be found anywhere in any country; but we were told, by the self-denying Belgian missionaries who had consecrated their lives to the work, that all these girls had as infants been exposed by their parents to death, from which they had been rescued and brought to the interesting state of development in which we saw them.

A missionary in India, whose parish is larger than many dioceses even in our own country, thus explains the need of schools and chapels in Ullal, and the difficulties he has to contend with in ministering to a widely-scattered flock who as yet number only a very small portion of the population of the district:

The faithful often have to walk more than twenty miles in order to see the priest, to hear Mass, to make their Easter duties. I remember that on the day of the consecration of India to the Sacred Heart, after the parochial Mass which was sung after 11.45 a. m., and followed by the consecration and Benediction, several souls flocked around my confessional. It was then past two o'clock and some of them had come from a distance of eighteen miles, and after Communion were obliged to walk home *fasting*. But their poor pastor, in order to visit them, must make similar journeys on foot over hills, valleys and streams. He can neither ride nor drive nor cycle, on account of the peculiar state of the country.... Some of my predecessors as well as myself narrowly, and miraculously even, escaped death

during these visits. The congregation here is composed of the caste called *Gowdies*, and they are despised not only by their rich pagan and Mussulman landlords, but even by their fellow-Christians who belong to a higher caste.

Being without schools in such an extensive parish, we find it very hard to instruct our people. The German Lutherans have been alluring our children by their splendidly built schools. We intend to build school-houses a few miles apart, but lack of funds and support is a great barrier. Strange as it may seem, the pagans prefer to send their children to us, as they look with distrust upon Protestant ministers who have wives, and their new religion. They are accustomed to Catholic churches and institutions, which have existed among them for centuries.

Now, we can not imagine any Catholic reading these extracts without instantly feeling interest and sympathy, with the desire to express those emotions in the most practical way. Small-souled people, of course, will protest that we have much the same work to do in this country, and that charity should begin at home. So it ought, but there is no reason why it should stay at home. No individual or parish or diocese ever became poorer on account of its generosity to foreign missions. "Let us confess it," said a French bishop in a recent address,— "it is a cause of deep humiliation for all Christians to see that nineteen centuries after Christ died on Calvary and sent His messengers to announce that heaven is open, there are still millions of men who never heard of it. Can there be a more sorrowful spectacle for a true Christian? There can be one, and that is to see Christians indifferent to that state of things."

The daily life of our missionaries in pagan lands furnishes no end of heroic effort and incredibly great achievement, which need only be known to insure enthusiastic support for the foreign missions. And what harvests many of them promise! There is the Vicariate of Nankin in China, for instance, with a population of 50,000,000, only 110,000 being Catholics—all the rest pagans, to be brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ!

Notes and Remarks.

At a recent meeting of the Immacolata Circle in Rome, Mgr. Teleschi delivered an address on "The First Jubilee of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception." The jubilee year is 1904, and already the initiative has been taken in the matter of organizing the celebration on a scale of fitting grandeur and solemnity. The exercises of this coming festival will serve to remind the world of the providential reasons for the proclamation of the dogma in 1854. In an epoch dominated by materialism, the Immaculate Conception restored to humanity the idea of the supernatural; and the declaration, four years later, of the Blessed Virgin herself at Lourdes—"I am the Immaculate Conception!"—was the forerunner of myriads of spiritual favors renewed and continued from year to year.

Public conscience is not easily roused, it must be admitted; however, once a people begin to consider the right and wrong of any question, it is pretty sure to be settled according to justice. The American people are now asking themselves why war was waged against the Filipinos in the first place, and what good reason there is why it should not be ended. Dr. Schurman, of Cornell University, who in virtue of intimate knowledge is entitled to a hearing on the subject, has this to say in the *Independent*:

What, I ask, do you want in the Philippines? More particularly, why in any part of Luzon and the Visayan islands are you making a howling wilderness and killing children over ten years of age? It will be said that these are the unhappy incidents of war, which is always a stern affair, very different from the holiday-making into which civilians would turn it. Be it so. Why, then, are we making war? Here are 6,500,000 fellow-Christians of ours—the only Christian nation in Asia—as highly civilized as most of the people of Central and South America. What do we want of them? We have never told them.... Thank God,

there is a more excellent way. Drop coercion and try conciliation. Give the Filipinos what they want, not what you think is good for them. Regard them not as Sioux or Apache Indians, but as Christianized and civilized brown men, ranking with the Japanese.

We begin to cherish hopes that the work of exterminating the Filipinos will soon cease. It surely represents a great revulsion of public sentiment in this country that the civilized natives of Luzon and the Visayan islands are now referred to as "fellow-Christians" instead of savages.

The unveiling of a statue to Count Rochambeau last month in Washington recalls the important part taken by our French allies in the struggle for independence, especially in the surrender of Yorktown. There can not be too many reminders of the fact that, after Washington and the Continental Army, we owe our national existence to the disinterested friendship of France. Prominent among those who cast their lot with the struggling colonists was the noble Rochambeau, whose career was no less honorable than romantic. His services were greater than can now be fully realized, and this is one reason why the memory of them should be perpetuated. It is pleasant for American Catholics to remember that one to whom our country owes so much was a loyal and devoted son of the Church.

The joy occasioned by Cardinal Martinelli's return to Rome, though naturally more demonstrative, was not less sincere than the regret expressed on all sides when he took leave of the United States. It was doubtless with some misgivings that he became the successor of Cardinal Satolli in this country. The position was one of great responsibility, and circumstances had rendered the situation peculiarly difficult. There was much to be done that required the utmost prudence for its successful accomplishment. But the charity, zeal, and disin-

terestedness of Cardinal Martinelli won all hearts; and the conviction soon became general that his sole desire was to advance the interests of religion and to promote among us the cause of union and peace. If at times he seemed slow to act, it was because he sought to be thoroughly informed on every question with which he had to deal, and feared to do any one the slightest injustice. It can not be gainsaid that Cardinal Martinelli accomplished much good during his sojourn in this country, where he will long be remembered for the Christian and sacerdotal virtues of which he gave so bright an example, and as a representative of the highest type of the ecclesiastical ruler.

One result of the tremendous seismic disturbances in Martinique and the adjacent islands seems likely to be a revision of our country's contemplated action concerning the Nicaragua Canal. Attention is being called to the fact that Nicaragua is one of the most volcanic regions of the world, and that any great public works erected there are liable to be partially or wholly destroyed by earthquake disturbances. The recent appalling catastrophe may, of course, be accountable for some exaggeration in the statement of the perils that await a canal constructed in Nicaragua; but, all due allowance being made for this natural exaggeration, the scientific report on the region in question seems sufficiently explicit to condemn the proposed route as unsafe and ill-advised.

It is said in lame defence of the war of extermination waged in the Philippines, and of the inhumanity of which one American general now stands convicted before the country and the world, that "war is war." "Of course it is," remarks the Indianapolis *State Sentinel*; "not a Sunday-school picnic nor yet a football game. Men are killed

in battle or hanged as spies or executed as deserters or held as prisoners. All these things are duly provided for and are expected. But other things are also expected,—at least they are expected by the American people. Among them is a decent humanity and a regard for the honor of the flag. The conscience revolts at the slaughter of children merely because they may be capable of 'bearing arms.' If a boy, even of the tender age of ten, becomes a combatant, and is slain in battle in the ordinary course of warfare, no blame, according to military ethics, attaches to his slayers. But to shoot him down as a wild beast for no other reason than that he is 'capable' of carrying a gun presents an entirely different question."

We are not accustomed to think of Holland as a Catholic country, but a correspondent of the London *Tablet* who lately visited the little kingdom states that over one-third of the population is Catholic. Furthermore, out of 58 deputies in the Second Chamber, as many as 25 are sons of the Church; whilst in the Cabinet itself there are 3 Catholic ministers, including those of War and Finance. The progress of the Church, we are assured, is visible everywhere throughout the land. Evidently the little kingdom of her well-beloved Majesty Queen Wilhelmina is not to be regarded as a Protestant country.

Among the prelates gathered from all parts of Australia to attend the celebration of the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the venerable Bishop of Maitland was the patriarch of the hierarchy of the Southern Continent, the Most Rev. Archbishop Murphy of Hobart, who, next to the Pope, is said to be the oldest prelate in Christendom. Though it is now six years since he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, he is "no valetudinarian in an armchair," but says Mass every

day and travels long distances like a young missionary. The career of this venerable prelate has been a remarkable one. Before going to Australia he had been a bishop in India, where he witnessed stirring events of the Indian mutiny. He was on a visit to Rome when O'Connell died on his way thither, and had the privilege, by appointment of the Pope, of officiating at the solemn obsequies. The Bishop of Maitland and the Archbishop of Hobart—*par nobile fratrum*—were fellow-students in Rome, and they have been friends for half a century. On occasion of the happy meeting in Maitland there was mutual rejoicing over the wondrous progress of the Church in Australia since their arrival in 1866, and fervent thanksgiving for the abundant blessings showered upon themselves and their dioceses.

The infinite difference between God's ways and man's methods incisively shows itself if we place reverently in juxtaposition the words of our Divine Lord with the project of that powerful nation-maker, Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes said: "The only thing feasible to carry out this idea is a secret society gradually absorbing the wealth of the world, to be devoted to such an object." Our Lord sent His disciples, open as the day, to establish the kingdom of heaven, and He said: "Do not possess gold nor silver, nor money in your purses."

The best tribute to the late Dr. Lieber, leader of the Centrum, that has come to our notice is the assurance that when severely tested in later years he remained true to the resolution of his idealistic college days, 'that he would not accept knighthood from a prince, and would refuse other honors, since he desired to be as free as air in his service of God and the people.' It is said by German newspapers that of late years Dr. Lieber was offered the honorable and lucrative post of governor of the province of Hesse-

Nassau; but he declined the position, and only repeated his thanks when the Kaiser personally solicited him to accept the place. His Majesty then informed the incorruptible leader that he was about to confer a decoration upon him; Dr. Lieber expressed gratitude, but assured the Emperor that he was resolved to remain a plain man of the people until the end. "Well, then, Doctor," said William II., "you will at least accept a portrait of your sovereign." There was no reason to decline this mark of esteem, so the Catholic leader bore away from the interview the portrait and autograph of the admiring Emperor.

When Judge Taft went as chief Commissioner to the Philippines, one of the few restrictions placed upon him was the injunction to secularize the schools and bring them, so far as possible, into conformity with our public schools. The Philippine bishops, and even some of the friar-eating "liberal" laymen, assured Judge Taft that secularized schools would not suit the people; the invariable answer of the Commission was that the American Constitution—which follows the flag only so far as the politicians approve—frowns on a religious school system even when all the taxpayers demand it. The Mohammedans of the Jolo islands may retain their slaves and concubines, and the Koran may be taught in their schools; but the religion of Christ must be banished from the classes attended by the Catholic Filipinos. There are some excellent reflections on this subject in an article in the *Congregationalist* by Mr. Emerson Christie, who, as will be seen, writes with first-hand knowledge:

The second great difficulty we are meeting here is, fortunately, capable of being more easily remedied. I refer to the insistence of a whole Christianized population of Mindanao that their own native teachers, whom they pay out of their own pockets, shall teach their children religion in the public schools. The Filipino people in the South are a unit on this point; and since the

natives pay the *maestros* or *maestras* out of their own municipal treasuries, it is an act of justice to let them have their wish. I voice the judgment of my colleagues of the teaching force in the southern islands when I say that the Civil Commission went somewhat too fast when it passed the school law forbidding, under pain of removal, any teacher in the public schools from teaching any religious practice whatever.

We Americans have arrived at the secular school idea after hundreds of years of experience under circumstances—such as that of religious disunity—which do not exist among the Filipinos proper, who pride themselves on their Catholic unity. The bulk of the Christianized Filipinos of Mindanao, unless compelled to do so, simply will not send their children to a school where they can not learn the catechism. The state of the public schools in and around Zamboanga to-day, after an attempt to apply the secularizing law has been made, fully bears out the acuracy of this statement. The eight American teachers in and around Zamboanga, the metropolis of Mindanao, have an average of only about thirteen pupils apiece in actual attendance, to whom they teach only English. Under the leadership of the Spanish Jesuit priests, the natives have united to found parochial schools, where the children can obtain the religious knowledge the parents consider essential to salvation. Thus a splendid opportunity for bringing permanent peace to this distracted country, by instilling loyalty and respect for America into the children's minds, is thrown away for the sake of carrying out a *doctrinaire* policy for which the islands are utterly unprepared.

We congratulate our esteemed contemporary on the breadth it shows in publishing Mr. Christie's article.

The tendency to substitute religious sentimentality for definite and positive doctrinal belief is daily growing more marked among the notable preachers of the different Protestant sects. With the higher criticism's reduction of the Bible to a merely human document, inspired only in the literary sense in which all the masterpieces of genius are spoken of as the results of inspiration, there is developing a decided disinclination to specify with precision just what rôle Christ is to play in religious belief and action under these modified conditions. It is eminently the day of glittering generalities in the non-Catholic pulpits of the land. In a drastic criticism of a

sermon recently delivered in one such pulpit, the clever *Sun* says of this class of preachers: "They cry out: 'Preach Christ!' But so the infidel himself may cry. Is it to 'preach Christ' as the divine pillar of a definite system of theology, or to preach Him as merely a human teacher of gentle humanity, of the relief of the suffering, and of the brotherhood of man?"

Significant indeed is the reported passing over to Episcopalianism of an entire parish of Congregationalists in New Jersey. The Episcopal liturgy, which retains so much of what is ancient, and therefore beautiful and satisfying to the soul, has a mysterious attraction for other sectarians. The Episcopalians have some conception of the Kingdom of God on earth, and most other denominations have none at all. Catholics can not but rejoice at the growth of the Episcopal body, for it is the only Protestant sect in which there is a pronounced movement toward the Church. Formerly, anti-Catholic books were most widely read among Episcopalians; now the writings of authors like À Kempis, St. Francis de Sales and Lacordaire are becoming very popular with the laity as well as the clergy. This is only one of many signs indicating a return to Christian unity.

In the opinion of competent observers who are on the ground, the Republic of Cuba will deal fairly with the Church. The Spanish Concordat is now, of course, null so far as Cuba is concerned; but the separation of Church and State is clearly the modern tendency; and we are not sure that there is much to be regretted, all things considered. Apart from this, the new President and Congress show no desire to encroach on the rights of the Church; and, indeed, five members of the first Congress are priests. Time alone will tell whether this is matter for rejoicing or not.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Prayer of a Child.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

O GENTLE Heart, so pure and mild,
Open for me, a little child!
Touch with Thy peace this heart of mine,
That it may grow akin to Thine.

O generous Heart, in kindly shower
Pour on my soul the gracious dower
Of all good things Thou canst bestow—
Thy love to seek, Thy truth to know!

O holiest Heart that ever beat,
Grant that from Thee my childish feet
May never turn to sinful ways,
But let me love Thee all my days!

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIII.—WINIFRED TELLS HER NAME.



UNHAPPILY, the time went by without bringing any news of Niall, and the suspense became almost intolerable. I met Roderick O'Byrne once or twice; but he merely gave me a distant bow: I had no conversation

with him whatever. Every morning I eagerly questioned the hotel clerk. The answer was always the same: "No, there are no letters."

Then Christmas came. Winifred spent the holidays with me, though I was in constant fear that she should meet with Roderick. One evening at a concert I chanced to look toward a side of the hall where a few men were walking to and fro in the pauses of the music. One who stood near the wall attracted my attention. It was Roderick O'Byrne, and he had evidently caught sight of us,

and stood now with his eyes intently fixed upon Winifred's face. The remaining numbers on the programme fell on deaf ears, so far as I was concerned. I did not know what any one played or sang; I could not tell a rondo from a caprice, or if the violinist was accompanied by a flute or a violoncello. I had but one desire—to get out of the hall and away. I kept my eyes upon the programme, avoiding another look.

Presently Winifred touched my arm and whispered:

"Oh, see! he is right over there—the gentleman we met at the hotel."

She watched him as if fascinated; and I saw that their eyes met, exchanging a long, long look. Before the concert was over I arose hurriedly, and, complaining of the heat, told Winifred we must go at once. To my relief, Roderick made no movement to follow us. His fine courtesy prevented him from a course of action so obviously distressing to me. Next day, however, I got a note from him, in which he said:

"The chance meeting of yesterday evening has confirmed me more than ever in the belief that the child whom you choose to surround with so much mystery is in some way connected with my life. The sight of her renewed once more those memories of the past, and filled me with a hope—so strong, if delusive—that I was misinformed regarding the supposed death of my daughter. If this child be not my own Winifred, she must be in some way related to my late wife. I implore you, by our years of friendship, to end my suspense by telling me whatever you may know of the girl. You will be doing the greatest possible service to

"Your devoted friend,

"RODERICK O'BYRNE."

I answered him at once as follows:

"I beg of you in turn, by our friendship, to wait. Give me a month or two, and I promise to relieve your suspense, or at least to give you such excellent reasons for my silence that you will no longer doubt the sincerity of my desire to serve you."

The note posted, I persecuted the clerk more than ever by my inquiries for letters, and I grumbled and growled at Niall and at Father Owen.

"Why on earth couldn't they answer, if it were only a line? What could they be thinking of? Didn't they know I must be intolerably anxious?"

This was the sum of my growling, and I continued it during all the Christmas holidays, when Winifred was with me; though, of course, I could say nothing to her. One afternoon, when I had been particularly anxious, I went out with the child, spent a half hour at the cathedral, which was a daily haunt of mine, and then tried to control my feverish agitation by getting into a restless crowd of shoppers who thronged the departmental stores.

Winifred was delighted. It was a new experience. She never could get over her wonder, though, at the number of people in New York city.

"Where do they all come from?" she cried; "and where do they live? Are there houses enough for them all?"

I assured her that most of them were housed, though there was a sad proportion of them homeless. I brought tears to her eyes with the account I gave her, as we passed on to the quieter Fifth Avenue, of the sufferings of the poor in all big cities.

She talked on this subject most of the way home; and when I would have bought her some choice candies she begged me to give the money instead to the poor. This we did. I handed her the amount, with a little added thereto, and advised her to divide it amongst more than one. We met a blind man,

and she gave him an alms; next was a miserable child, and after that a very old woman.

"There we have the Holy Family complete," I remarked; and her face lighted up at the suggestion.

"There are so many poor people here!" she said. "There were plenty of poor people in Ireland too; but I don't think they were quite as poor as these, and the neighbors always helped them."

"The poverty of a great city is worse, I think," I assented, "than it ever is in country places."

"Except in the famine times," said Winifred. "Oh, if you heard Niall tell about the famine in Ireland, and how some bad men and women went round trying to get the people who were starving to give up their religion, and they wouldn't!"

The child's eyes shone and her whole face was aglow as she cried:

"Rather than give up their religion they died by the road eating grass. That was just splendid of them."

"Always keep that fine enthusiasm and that tender heart, dear child," said a voice.

We both turned quickly. I had little need to do so, for I knew the voice. It was Roderick O'Byrne's. Winifred looked into his face for a moment, then she held out her hand.

"I don't often speak to strangers," she declared, with her princess-like air, "but I like you."

Roderick O'Byrne's handsome face flushed, his lips parted eagerly as if to speak; but he restrained himself by a visible effort, and said after a pause:

"I hope some day you will like me better." Then he turned to me, still holding Winifred's hand in his own strong brown one. "Do not be afraid: I am not going to steal the little one away, and I am going to be patient and wait. But I was walking behind you and I heard the sweet voice—the voice so like one I loved very dearly in other

days,—and it was too hard to resist: I had to speak."

His voice took on that tone, half boyish, half pleading; and I felt compelled to say:

"If you are not patient, I will have to spirit my little one away from New York."

"Oh, don't do that!" he cried. "Let me see her sometimes,—let me hear her voice, and I won't ask a question. See, I haven't even asked her name."

He had come round to my side, dropping his voice to an earnest whisper. But the child caught the last words.

"My name is Winifred," she said in answer to them.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Roderick, turning deadly pale; while I, seizing the child firmly by the hand, turned a corner abruptly and hastened into Broadway, where, as before on a similar occasion, I took a cable car.

"And yet I have tried to be true to my trust," I repeated over and over to myself. "At the risk of losing Roderick's friendship, I have refused to answer any questions."

"Oh, why did you go and leave the gentleman like that?" asked Winifred, imperiously, as soon as we entered our rooms at the hotel. "It's a shame,—I tell you it's a shame!" And she stamped her little foot on the carpet.

"Winifred!" I said severely. "You must be careful!"

"I don't care!" she cried. "I won't be good any more. It was very impolite to run away from that gentleman; and I wanted to talk to him, because I think I knew him once, or perhaps only dreamed about him."

I saw now that the *dénouement* was coming nearer and nearer. The matter was indeed being taken out of my hands. I determined, however, that I would be true to Niall; and that if some news did not soon come from Ireland, I should remove the child from New York and go with her, perhaps, to

Canada. I rejoiced that the holidays were over and that to-morrow Winifred must return to school.

"It may not be for long," I warned her; "and then you may regret the advantages you have had here. You see, Niall may get too lonesome and send for you any time."

"I would love to see him and Granny and Father Owen and the others!" she exclaimed. "But if we went away to Ireland, I would like the dark gentleman to come too. Perhaps he would if you asked him."

"Everything will come right, I hope," I answered, evasively. "And I am very glad you like the dark gentleman, because you may see him very often when you are older."

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, I shall like that! But are you perfectly sure of it?"

"I am almost sure of it," I replied; and then, telling her that the bell was about to ring for the departure of visitors, I hurried away, for fear she might begin to question me too closely.

After that I had many lonely days of anxious waiting as the winter sped drearily away. February and then March drew their slow lengths along, and my letters were still unanswered. April was ushered in, more changeable than ever; mornings of sunshine being followed by afternoons of rain, and days of almost midsummer heat giving place to the chilliest of evenings.

One day I was sitting in my room at the hotel, embroidering a little, and disconsolately watching the throng on Broadway, when there came a knock at my door. A bell-boy entered with two letters upon a salver. My heart gave a great throb as I seized them, recognizing on both the Irish postmark. Broadway, with its throng of people, faded from before me; and I held the two letters in my hand,—reading the address, now on one, now on the other, and putting off the moment of opening them; for I felt

a curious dread. Suppose Niall should hold me to my promise or sternly command me to bring Winifred forthwith back to Ireland without even revealing her identity to Roderick? At last I broke the seal of one of the letters with a hand that trembled. I had to control a nervous agitation, which almost prevented me from seeing the characters before me, as, with a pale face, I began to read.

(To be continued.)

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

VI.—“AS A DOVE IN THE TEMPLE.”

It was at the hour when “wicked spirits are silent and prayers are most favorably heard”—in a word, at the pure and solemn hour of the dawn of a new day—that Mary rose from her couch upon her first morning in the Temple. Unseen angels had watched over the little one all the night through; and when the blessed morning came Naomi it was who bent above her and wakened her with a kiss. The adoring love which filled Naomi’s heart drew her to her knees beside the little couch; and thus it was, upon her knees, she arrayed her beautiful charge for the morning service in the Temple.

The dress was very simple and took but little time to don. A robe of celestial blue, a white tunic confined at the waist with a cincture with flowing ends, a long veil gracefully arranged so as completely to cover the face when necessary,—these, together with slippers of blue, made up the ordinary costume of Mary.

Upon the completion of her toilet, the little virgin, in company with the other young maidens and their pious older companions and guardians, went down into that part of the Temple which contained a gallery set apart for the

women. Here the *almas*—they who “follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth”—were assigned to the places of honor, high among the marble arches.

As the sun rose behind the Arabian mountains, the morning trumpets of the Temple burst forth in a glorious greeting to the Lord God of Hosts; the sacrifice smoked and burned upon the altar; the *almas*, with heads bowed beneath their veils, repeated with the priests the sublime morning invocations, praying ardently that Christ, so long coming, might now quickly appear.

Then priests and people rose up in unison and sang the beautiful Psalm of Aggeus and Zacharias, concluding with the verse: “The Lord shall reign forever and ever. Thy God, O Sion! shall rule the nations.” The reading of portions of the Scriptures, and finally the blessing of the priest, completed the ceremony.

Ah! who may say what were the thoughts and emotions stirring the soul of that tender little Lily of Purity as, kneeling in the midst of her companions, she bowed her fair head beneath her flowing veil and offered her childish homage to the Most High? Only the angels of heaven, constantly hovering over that Immaculate One, might dream of the love and fervor consuming her pure young heart.

Mary’s companions saw but a little child, passing sweet and fair to look upon, it is true; yet in dress or manner or conduct in no way shadowing forth a hint of the great destiny awaiting her. The youngest among them all, they had already begun to treat her with the protecting tenderness which her years and her engaging manners evoked. For who among them might dream that one day all would kneel before her as their Queen,—the Queen of heaven and earth?

After the morning prayer and the simple breakfast of milk and fruits, the *almas* began their daily tasks. Some rapidly twirled spindles of cedar; others embroidered the veil of the Temple or

the rich garments of the priests, in purple, in blue, and in gold. Still others bent in groups above a Sidonian loom and applied themselves to the weaving of magnificent carpets.

Little Mary, her delicate fingers at first guided by Naomi's loving care, soon learned all these gentle feminine arts, excelling particularly in embroidery and in the art of working in wool, in byssus, and in gold. Seated before a distaff of purple wool, which "moved under her taper fingers like the trembling leaf of the poplar," she skilfully, and faithfully performed the humble task before her.

And, inflamed by the ardor of her love for the service of the Temple and everything relating thereto, soon no maiden among all that goodly company could equal Mary's skill in spinning the fine flax of Pelusia, whereof were woven the garments worn by the chief priests at the morning service.

In memory of the holy maiden's skill in fashioning this snowy flax, a pretty tradition among the early Christians of the West gave to that network of dazzling whiteness and of almost vaporous texture which lingers over deep valleys in the damp mornings of autumn the name of the Virgin's Thread. A beautiful thought to call to mind even to-day when those of us who rise betimes look upon the pearly mists of the early summer mornings.

In commemoration of these domestic avocations of the future Queen of Angels, the chaste and modest brides among the early Christians consecrated to Mary, chief among their household effects, a distaff adorned with fillets of purple and charged with spotless wool.

Yielding thus a meek and sweet obedience to the rules of the Holy House, little Mary trod to all outward appearance the common way of those about her. Yet not the dullest of her companions but felt that an angel in earthly guise was hovering among them. Often one or another of the young girls

would steal a glance at the sweet child as she bent above her distaff.

Careless maidens, too, there were even among those consecrated to the service of the Temple; for girlhood has ever been much the same the world over and in all ranks of life. There were *almas* even long ago in Israel whose tasks were either never finished or but indifferently so when the time for their doing had expired.

After Mary's advent no maiden ever fell into disgrace upon this account. Mary's snowy fingers finished those unfinished tasks; her soft voice pleaded with those erring ones till very shame of their delinquencies, and more particularly overwhelming love for the blessed child, spurred them on to finish the work assigned them. And all the chroniclers agree in saying that "Mary was in the Temple as if she were a dove that lived there, and she received food from the hand of an angel."*

Not Ancient but Honorable.

There is a society in Paris, composed of children, to which it is difficult to obtain admittance. It is called the "Fellowship of Child Life-Savers," and any child who has saved a life can belong to it if he wishes. Every year the society holds its annual festival in one of the suburbs of Paris; and the President of the French Republic and other dignitaries think it an honor to attend and wait on the little lads, some of whom have saved not only one life but two or three.

The society was formed by some good people who thought that children did not get credit enough for their brave deeds, and its avowed object is to make sure that the world does not forget the heroic boys of France.

* From the life of the Virgin in the Temple we have several beautiful pictures, notably those by Agnolo Gaddi, Luini and Guido.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, well known for his discriminating essays on French life, character and government, has been commissioned by King Edward to publish a volume to serve as a permanent historical record of the Coronation.

—It is said that Padre Bertelli, the learned director of the Florence observatory, is about to issue a volume to prove, on the strength of newly discovered documents, that Flavio Gioia, who is credited with the discovery of the compass, never existed. As Italian machinery is already in motion to celebrate the seventh centenary of Gioia's birth, Padre Bertelli's book will appear at the psychological moment.

—There is a department of *Out West*, the magazine so ably edited by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, that ought not to be overlooked by students of history. It is entitled "Early Western History,—from documents never before published in English." The diary of Father Junipero Serra is the document now running serially in *Out West*. It will be found as edifying to the desultory reader as it is interesting and valuable to the special student.

—A certain amount of information, most of it in quotation marks, is contained in "The Catholic Church and Secret Societies," by the Rev. Peter Rosen, of Hollendale, Wis. Father Rosen is an industrious worker rather than a bookmaker, and his studies would doubtless have proved more conclusive if they had been more carefully set forth. But the purpose of this volume is obviously to let the rituals of forbidden societies speak their own condemnation. It ought to be clear to the most careless reader of those rituals that there is a quantity of nauseating tomfoolery in such societies, that they amount to religious sects, and are therefore to be shunned by any Catholic who would avoid apostasy. Published by the author.

—Taxpayers as well as educators ought to be interested in "Facts and Figures," a booklet in which the Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D. D., endeavors to show that State universities are needlessly expensive, radically non-American, and unavoidably non-religious. According to Dr. Goodwin, many of our present State institutions began as sectarian colleges, and, coming subsequently under the patronage of the legislature, lost their denominational character. His purpose is to create a public opinion favoring the growth of sectarian colleges, and restricting the amount of appropriations to the State schools. "To send a boy away from home to a college from which the Bible is excluded, and in which no religious influences are brought to bear upon the formation of character," the Doctor wisely observes, "is what no religious

parent can contemplate without a shudder." But does Dr. Goodwin not shudder at the thought of primary and secondary education away from religious influences, as our public schools and high schools impart it?

—The *Bookman* for June publishes a good portrait of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, with an appreciative notice of his work. We quote a sentence: "Of late, in spite of the glare and riot of modern self-advertisement, a new work by this writer has been winning its way among readers of discrimination." The work referred to is "In the Footprints of the Padres," reviewed in these columns some months ago.

—The Cambridge Philological Society has just published (with a collotype fac-simile) an old Danish fragment of a version of the "Legend of St. Christina," followed by the beginning of a legend connected with the Blessed Virgin. We learn from the *Athenæum* that this fragment consists of four pages, in a fairly good state of preservation. It does not appear that any older specimen of Danish is known to exist. The fac-simile is accompanied by a translation, and a much later parallel text of the fifteenth century, followed by a complete glossarial index.

—The three novels which Mr. John Lane continues to advertise as "demonstrating, in enlightened and just discussion, the influence of Roman Catholicism on social life to-day," would be less objectionable if "The Catholic" were sure to have as many readers as the two books by Mr. Bagot, which the *Baltimore Sun* characterizes as "intensely and unwarrantedly hostile and bitter against all things Roman; and he does not scruple under the protection given to the novelist to make statements that are false in spirit or in words." Another thing: "The Catholic" is by an anonymous author; and somehow the impression is conveyed that it was written as much to promote the sale of the other books as to refute them.

—In 1879, ten years before his still lamented death, Dr. Corcoran of Overbrook wrote some newspaper letters in reply to a Lutheran clergyman of Lancaster, Pa., who had assailed the Church in a series of published sermons. The matters that occupied the earnest but under-educated preacher were the usual dull, stale, flat and unprofitable topics of his tribe; and to engage a man of Monsig. Corcoran's vast erudition and superb argumentative power to put down the Lancaster preacher seems very much like employing a giant trip-hammer to demolish a mosquito. But precisely because the Lancaster man stuck to the beaten track and repeated the stock objections,

these letters have more than a local or ephemeral value, and the *Catholic Universe* press has issued them anew in a pamphlet happily entitled "Stock Misrepresentations of Catholic Doctrines." In a brief introduction Bishop Horstmann pays enthusiastic but well-deserved praise to the learned author, who was among the giants of his day.

—A recent number of the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, for which we are indebted to a friend in that city, contains a history of the leper home in Louisiana by Dr. Isadore Dyer, which ought to be of great interest to the inhabitants of the State. It will no doubt surprise many to learn that leprosy in all its types is of frequent occurrence in Louisiana. In the report of the committee appointed by the legislature to inquire into the condition of the lepers in the State and to take steps to guard against the spread of the disease, generous praise is given to the Sisters of Charity in charge of the lazaretto in Jefferson parish. "The chief credit of what is being done there is due to the Sisters. . . . What we may all do for the Leper Home is nothing compared to their unostentatious work."

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Universal History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey. *Rev. Eric William Leslie, S. J.* 70 cts., net.
 What is Shakespeare? *L. A. Sherman.* \$1.50.
 A Manual of Ascetical Theology. *Rev. A. Devine, C. P.* \$2.50, net.
 Lucius Flavius. *Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.* \$1.50.
 St. Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches. *Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.* \$2.
 The Sacristan's Manual. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts., net.
 Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.
 The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.
 The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.
 The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

- The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychological Research.* 75 cts., net.
 Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.
 The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.
 Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.
 The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.
 Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.
 Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.
 St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.
 Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.
 The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.
 Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.
 Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.
 The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.
 Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.
 Gems from George H. Miles. \$1.50.
 Chats within the Fold. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 75 cts., net.
 In the Footprints of the Padres. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50, net.
-
- ### Obituary.
- Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.
- The Rev. John Rogers, of the diocese of Hartford; and the Rev. Casimir Elsesser, O. S. B.
 Madame Bouvier, R. S. H.; Sister M. Theodora, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Stanislaus Thayer, Order of the Visitation; and Sister Agapit, Sisters of Charity.
 Mr. M. F. X. Wynne and Miss Mary Werneke, of New York city; Mr. Stephen Schultis and Mr. W. L. Mook, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Tully, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Miss Catherine Loftus, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Francis Forner, Sylvan, Mich.; Mr. John Hughes, Dexter, Mich.; Miss Maud Moclair, Cashel, Ireland; Mr. Juan Pizzini, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Sylvester Richardson, Morrison, Colo.; Miss Katharine Kernan, Passaic, N. J.; Mr. Dennis Roe, Trenton, N. J.; Miss Frances Quinn, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Thomas Julian, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McGoldrick, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. P. Brophy, Butte, Mont.; Madame Armand Marie, M. Paul Marie, Madame Julie Mounier and Camille Mounier, St. Pierre, Martinique.
Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 24.

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St. Anthony.

I LOVE to think of thee, dear Saint,
In holy ecstasy,
Thy burning heart
Athrill with love's constraint,
While from thine arms
The gentle Christ-Child smiled on thee,
And made this earth of heaven a part.
And with thy soul still rapt, dear Saint,
In holy charity,
Thy burning heart
Would fain, with love's constraint,
Win souls to God,
That they, too, might the Christ-Child see
And in thy ecstasy have part.

Charity and Justice.*

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

THE love of self is the radical passion of human nature. It is the love of life and of that which constitutes the good of life; and it is strongest in those who are most alive, in whom the vital current is deepest and mightiest. It is the inner source of strength in high and heroic souls, whether they seek and utter themselves in word or in deed, whether they strive for fame or for power, or for union with God through faith and devotion to truth and righteousness. Whatever the aim and the means, the end all men propose and follow is their own happiness, a more intense and enduring sense of their own life. Personality is enrooted

in the love of self; and the higher the person, the more completely does he identify himself with all that is other than himself. Savages, in their feeble attempts to think, consider things to be self-existent—each standing apart and independent; and hence the love of self is in them a selfish love. As they are incapable of perceiving that their relations to nature and to society are essential elements of their being, they imagine that the good of life for each one is separable from the general welfare. Hence they easily become false, cruel, treacherous and revengeful. They lack humanity; they are the victims of instinct and impulse. They have the kind of social sense which is found in gregarious animals, but they are unable to ascend to the conception of the universal law which binds the whole race into a brotherhood.

The degree in which individuals and societies rise above this separateness of childish and savage thought is a measure of the degree of their progress in religion and civilization. All advance is an ascent from the primitive and superficial self toward the true self which is born of the union of the soul with truth, justice and love. It is a process of self-estrangement, of self-denial, of self-abandonment. They alone enter the land of promise who quit the low and narrow house of their early thoughts and desires, and struggle with ceaseless

* An address before the National Conference of Charities and Correction, held in Detroit, Mich., June 1, *et seq.*

effort and patience to reach the kingdom which is founded on the eternal principles of righteousness. They believe and know that peace, joy and blessedness, which are the end to which the love of self points, can be attained only by those who seek and find the good of life in the service of the Father who is in heaven, and of His children who are on earth. Self-seeking is transformed into self-devotion; a little world of petty cares and sordid interests is abandoned; and the enduring world, wherein alone souls are at home, opens wide its portals to receive us. In isolation, the individual is never great or impressive. To be so he must identify himself with truth and justice, with beauty and love. He must feel that he lives and battles in the company of God and in that of the noble and good,—in some cause which is not merely his own, but that of mankind.

He could never become man at all were it not for the society and help of his fellows. The human child would perish at once were it not received, at birth, into the arms of intelligence and love; and its prolonged infancy would issue in nothing higher than savagery, were it not fostered by beings in whom instinct has been superseded by reflection and the sense of responsibility. In Christendom the individual enters the world as the heir of all time. For him the race has suffered and groped and toiled through ages that have sunk into oblivion. For him countless generations have fashioned language—the social organ—into an instrument fitted to express all that he can feel or know. The clothes he wears, the home that shelters and makes him self-respecting, every implement he uses, every contrivance that ministers to his comfort and security, have been fashioned in the process of unnumbered centuries, by the pains and privations, by the sufferings and death, of tribes and peoples to whose labors he gives no heed.

If he is born into a world where religion, science and morality, law, order and liberty, make it possible that he should lead a life of reverence, wisdom and purity; should have rights and possessions which are defended by public opinion and the power of the combined strength of all; where his home is sacred, where his conscience is respected, where opportunity for the exercise of every talent is given,—he owes all this not in any way at all to himself, but to others. And if in the midst of this world he himself is to have worth and significance, joy and peace, he must turn from himself and seek a better self through devotion to his fellowmen, whether they be in his home or in his church or in his nation, or anywhere on God's round earth. He can have no real importance unless he ally himself with truth and justice and love; the knowledge and practice of which are within his reach because he is a member of a social organism. He is not self-made: he is a product of all the forces which have been at work in the universe from the beginning. He partakes of what nature provides, and he gathers the fruits of the seeds that saints and sages and heroes have sown up and down the world from immemorial ages. He is made strong and enduring by the struggles and labors of the race to which he belongs.

For him the martyrs have died; for him the poets have sung; for him the patient, tireless investigators have revealed the secrets which have given to the mind control of the forces that lie in the heavens and in the earth. Mankind has lived for him; it is his duty to live for whomsoever he can help. His proper home is above nature, in the domain of reason, in the realm of freedom, in the kingdom of righteousness; in the spiritual world where that which we communicate becomes doubly our own, where knowledge begets knowledge, where love kindles love; where charity burns the more, the more it

becomes self-diffusive. A man can not be wise or good or strong for himself alone. He is formed and confirmed by the virtues he imparts even more than by those he receives. If his heart is set on material things, he may gather them for himself: may grow hard and exclusive, ignoble and base; but if his supreme desire is for the things of the soul, he must communicate the blessings he gains or they will vanish. In the home, in the church, in the nation, the important thing for each one is the help he gives, the benefits he bestows. He who is not a source of faith, of courage, of joy for those about him, has no well-spring of divine life within himself. He must educate, if he would be educated; he must ennoble, if he would be made noble; he must diffuse religious thought and love, if he would become religious.

Every worthy form of individual activity is altruistic. The money paid is never the equivalent of the work done; and whether the laborer be farmer or builder, physician or teacher, he must look beyond the price he gets to the good he does,—must interfuse good-will and the desire to be of help with all he does, and with all he receives for what he does, or he will shrivel into something that appears to be alive but is dead. It must be his object to realize himself, not chiefly in his primitive physical self with its material needs and sordid interests, but he must bend all his energies to rise, from the low bed whereon nature has laid him, to the sphere where God manifests Himself as Truth and Love, as Beauty and Righteousness, as Life Everlasting. Then he shall find himself in accord with the things that are permanent, with the good that is absolute; then shall he learn sympathy with all who live and are hard pressed and beset with doubts and temptations; who are overburdened, whose feet are caught in the meshes of sin, whose hands hang helpless because joy in work is denied them.

Then shall he forget altruism and awaken to love—to the love that poised the heavens and holds the stars in place; that speaks to us when we look on flowers and ripening harvests and the faces of the fair and innocent; when we think of home and country and the graves of the dear ones who have fallen asleep,—to the love which drew the eternal Father from the infinite unseen to clothe Himself with flesh, to walk with His children, to die for them; that henceforth every soul might understand that love is the absolute fact behind, above and beyond all that appears; that it is the charity of God,—yea, God Himself. What is a way of believing and thinking may be made also a way of feeling and acting. A passionate devotion to the salvation and welfare of men is aroused in innumerable souls, who, smitten with a sacred enthusiasm, leave father and mother and home and country that they may become the servants of the outcast, the abandoned, the fallen,—of all whom inevitable circumstances and pitiless law overwhelm and crush.

To this new mood and temper no condition, no state in which a human being may be placed, appears to be hopeless. The saving power of infinite love is infinite. When reason despairs, the heart still believes and hopes; and the best and the noblest are not they who calculate, but they who with divine confidence yield to the impulses which descend from worlds to which the understanding can not rise. This is the power which moves and consecrates the lives of mothers and of all true lovers, of patriots and saints, of virgins and martyrs. Life is not a balance sheet: it is a breathing of God, awakening souls to service and to love. When a man is prepared to live and to die for some good cause, which is all the world's, and not alone his own, he has become a dweller in realms which lie beyond the reach of the mere intellect. To these heights the life and teaching

of Christ have lifted innumerable souls, enabling them to love and serve not merely the beautiful, the brave and the generous, but to love and serve those who have nothing amiable in themselves; who are stricken with poverty, vice and disease; who distrust and hate us; who are our enemies and their own. His coming is like the coming of spring. The snows melt, the icy bands break, the waters leap and sing; the earth awakens from its deathlike lethargy and clothes itself in many-tinted vesture; the young are joyful and the old grow young again. So in the human world of faith and hope, of thought and conduct, of love and service, Christ unseals the fountains of sympathy, helpfulness and mercy which lie in the heart of man, but which cruelty, greed, and tyranny had congealed.

In the ancient world, patriotism, which was its special virtue, consecrated the instinct of hatred for the foreigner. The earth was divided among savages, barbarians and civilized men, whose moral code was founded on a philosophy of selfishness. Man's divine origin and destiny were forgotten, the sacred meaning and worth of life were ignored. The gods were not believed to take interest in human morality or welfare; and for the best of men there was no refuge from the ruin wrought by greed, lust and tyranny, save in a kind of stoic indifference and despair. The virtues of mildness, mercy, serviceableness, chastity and lowly-mindedness were considered weaknesses and defects. When Christ embodied in His deeds and words the vital truth that God is a father who verily loves His children, that He is all-holy, that righteousness is life, that only the pure in heart can know Him, that they who hunger and thirst to do His will may enter His kingdom, which is open to the meanest and most abandoned, if they but repent and have faith and charity, there was a revelation from heaven, the opening of a fountain

of immortal life in time and in eternity.

Enthusiasm, devotion and love have no real object, no meaning, no worth, if man's life be but an apparition, an exhalation from a charnel house, a pathological growth, a mere dream of life in a universe essentially and eternally dead. One who believes not in God must cherish a thousand lies to save himself from despair. How can he who, beneath the universal appearance that lures him, sees but the deception, the trickery, the vileness; the vanity, which it veils, have a great mind or a loving heart? But this is what he must see if in all and above all he sees not God. Now, in Christ the Eternal Father is made visible; and henceforth all may know that He is, and that He is love. The more we love one another, the more plainly is this truth revealed to us. Love is the vital element of holiness, the spring and secret of righteousness; and there is no blessedness except in living and serving in the spirit of Christ.

Whatever change time may have wrought in opinions and in social conditions, whatever progress may have been made in scientific knowledge, whatever new machinery, whatever hitherto unutilized forces may have been placed at the disposition of man, it is still and must forever be true that nothing but the spirit of Christian love can give us the power rightly to cheer, console, strengthen, guide, uplift, illumine and purify one another. The money man spends on his lusts and vices might abolish poverty and fill the world with beauty, but not unless it were administered by hands of intelligence and love. None of the many schemes to overcome the misery and degradation which spring from vice, crime and pauperism, can attain the end without the ceaseless aid of right-loving men and women. Love not only bears all things, hopes all things; but it rejoices with the truth, and is quick to discover how help may be given.

Let the lovers of God and of man stand forth; and let the first word we speak to them affirm that without knowledge and science and wisdom and skill they can do little,—are more apt, with all their zeal and fervor, to do harm than good. They do not love truly who neglect any means whatever whereby they may make themselves more able to be of service. It is easy to give money, but love can not be bought; and the giving of money is not sufficient proof of love. Men spend lavishly to gratify the animal passions, which are the destroyers of love.

They alone love who take a personal interest in those whom they would benefit; who reinforce their failing lives not with bread alone, but with sympathy and affection, with faith and courage, with joy and gladness. We feed domestic animals, but we are useless servants if we do nothing more than feed God's poor, who are our brethren. We must put ourselves in their place. Like students, we must acquaint ourselves with their origins and environments; like friends, we must enter into their failures and sorrows; like true men and women, we must consider that whatever afflicts them concerns us also. Love overcomes all, subdues all things to its own divine purposes. It makes use of the sciences and the arts, of institutions and mechanical contrivances, to prevent or cure disease, to mitigate suffering, to make the air and the earth wholesome, to construct and build, to irrigate and drain, to improve in all possible ways the conditions and environments of human life. We may not be able, like the Apostles and early disciples, to work miracles; but centuries of Christian thought and endeavor have, as the Saviour foretold, given us the power to perform even greater wonders. Knowledge has increased the efficacy of faith; science has widened the boundaries of the empire of love. The change which has taken place in our attitude

toward the criminal is but an instance of a general transformation of opinion with regard to all who are bound by the chains of ignorance, vice and poverty.

We do not, like the savage and the barbarian, deal with the violators of law in the spirit of retaliation and vindictiveness; nor do we think it enough to immure and render them harmless; but we hold it to be our duty to reform them; and above all, so far as this may be possible, we consider it a sacred obligation to do away with the causes which breed crime and misery. To do good to enemies is now recognized to be the duty of society not less than that of individuals. We have come to understand that the real criminal is often the social body itself rather than the man or woman it corrupts and then punishes. Here is an ascent into the world of reason, mercy and righteousness; an unfolding of the divine purpose as made known by the Saviour, who revealed the sovereign nature of truth and love. His influence, more than all other causes, has lifted the multitude to a higher plane where the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness breathes unhindered.

We hold at least in theory, however we may fail in practice, that mankind are a family; that both the Church and the State are a home, where all should be cherished; that the greater the weakness and misfortune, the greater should be the care. We have abolished legalized slavery, and the better among us are urged as by a divine voice to think no sacrifice too great whereby the condition of multitudes of toilers may be made more tolerable, more hopeful. We recognize that the rights of man are the rights of woman also, and slowly we are gaining insight into the truth that whatever is wrong for her is wrong for him. As it is our duty to protect children because they are weak and helpless, it is our duty to protect all who are weak and helpless.

The young are by nature incapable of caring for themselves, and therefore the home, the Church and the State accept the responsibility of providing them with nourishment and nurture. The adult man and woman should not be weak or ignorant or vicious; and we feel that it is not their own fault chiefly, but the fault of the home, the Church and the State, if they are so. We would therefore make helplessness, ignorance and vice impossible.

Religion inspires love, confidence and courage; and science lights up the way of life with the torch of knowledge. As disease is largely preventable, we believe that vice, pauperism and crime are also preventable. The law of causation is universal; and the cause being known, the finding of a remedy ought to lie within the reach of intelligence and love. Our progress consists largely in the discovery of remedies for ignorance and impotence. Quinine, drainage and sanitation have made vast regions habitable where hitherto healthful life had been impossible. The discovery of the causes of many of the worst diseases has shown us how they may readily be prevented or cured. The knowledge of the causes of evil, whether physical or moral, necessarily leads to the inquiry how they may be suppressed or controlled. The cosmical and geographical conditions which interfere with the normal development of human endowments we can hardly hope greatly to modify. In the tropics the race is, and probably will always be, indolent, ignorant, weak and sensual.

Heredity, too, plays a great part in the destiny of each one. We are in mind as in body largely what we have assimilated, or what heredity, which is the outcome of endless assimilations, makes us. They who are born with a taint in the blood, with perverted instincts and enfeebled wills, not only fall into vice more easily than others, but they are also more difficult to

reclaim. If man shall ever learn to do for his own kind what breeding and training enable him to do for various strains of domestic animals, he will have discovered an effective means for preventing crime and misery. But what he calls his rights—which often are but his prejudices and passions—will probably continue to keep him from treating his own species with the wisdom with which he manages inferior creatures. Reckless and senseless marriages are an inexhaustible source of evil. Many of our people enter into wedlock as thoughtlessly as they take a stroll or fall asleep; and the result is quarrels, contentions, divorces, and children reared in an atmosphere which blights their tender lives. Hence crime among the young is increasing far more rapidly than the population grows. So long as this poison fountain remains open, so long will vice and pauperism continue to breed degradation and wretchedness. Homes which are hells thwart the wisest efforts to reform abuses. They hinder the school, weaken the church, and undermine the social fabric. Our chaotic and lax marriage laws encourage and facilitate imprudent marriages; but the origin of the evil lies deeper.

Institutions, it has been said, are in the control of men, public opinion in that of women. Women decide how we shall build and furnish our houses, what we shall eat and wear, what we shall find beautiful and entertaining, where we shall live, what we shall read, whom we shall consider friend or foe, what beliefs or prejudices we shall hold, what religion we shall have. From them we learn our mother-tongue; from them our notions of right and wrong, of propriety and justice. If they were more large-minded, more intelligent, more unselfish, more serious, more loving, three-fourths of the depravity and sin which make life a curse would disappear. The fountain-head of social good or

evil, of vice and crime or of honor and virtue, is in the home; and the wife and the mother make or unmake the home. Whatever view we may take as to whether man or woman was the more guilty primal offender, woman bears the greater responsibility for the wrongs and miseries which afflict and oppress the modern world; since the force of public opinion, which is in her keeping, is mightier than riches and armies and laws. More than any age since the beginning of time we have given opportunity to woman, have placed her in the seat of influence and power; and shall she prove false or frail or ungrateful,—traitorous to the vast confidence which all that is noblest and most chivalrous in man has led him to repose in her?

Doubtless her increasing dominion has helped to arouse in our public life greater sympathy and tenderness,—a more complete revulsion from cruelty, whether to man or beast. But more than pity we need justice, which is the first and greatest charity. The most grievous injustice which oppresses us, of which the weak and the poor, the laborers and their wives and children, are the chief victims, has its source in the political corruption which taints our whole public life, and more especially the conduct of our municipal affairs. It not only stamps upon our name a brand of infamy in the eyes of foreign nations: it disheartens the best among us, and makes reform seem impossible. It not only impoverishes but it disheartens and dechristianizes the laboring populations of our cities. It is the foe of civilization, of religion, of morality, of God and of man. It thrives in the mephitic air of saloons and brothels and gambling hells. It makes the rich its accomplices, and compels the respectable to connive at its iniquities and infamies. It perverts the public conscience, it destroys the sense of responsibility, it renders efforts at reform abortive. In the presence of this moral plague even

the wisest and the bravest are bewildered and discouraged. No subject is more worthy of the attention of those who are interested in the improvement of social life and conditions. Legislation can accomplish little unless it is supported by a more humane, a more enlightened, a more Christian public opinion. Here again, therefore, we need the assistance of noble-minded and educated women. If in the home, in the school and in the church—where woman's influence is potent, if not paramount—the sentiment that corrupt politicians are more criminal than convicts, be awakened and fostered, good will have been done.

Were it possible that the daily press should take a sincere and serious interest in whatever concerns the public's morals, what a beneficent power it might exert! But this can not be hoped for while a newspaper continues to be chiefly a commercial enterprise; for when the primary consideration is pecuniary profit, it will be deemed proper to publish whatever may excite curiosity, even though it pander to morbid cravings and prurient propensities. In the actual conditions, the machinery and institutions created to deal with the violators of the laws are, in a large measure, the agencies whereby vice and crime are produced and diffused. The delinquents who are incarcerated are chiefly the poor, who had they money to pay the fines would escape imprisonment. The heaviest punishment is inflicted on the most helpless and frequently on the least guilty; and thus the morally weak, the victims of unfortunate environments, are degraded, hardened and made habitual offenders. Nearly one half of the several millions annually arrested become chronic criminals. In the face of the theory that punishment should be reformatory and preventive, the fact remains that, in our hands, it is still largely a cause of corruption and of the spread of vice. Our city prisons

and station-houses are often nurseries of crime; and this may be affirmed also of many of our county jails and poor-houses. A recognized authority on this subject has said that if there is an iniquity in the land to-day it is the county jail system; that there is no greater iniquity in the world than the jail system of the United States.

But the discussion of this and analogous questions would carry us beyond the limits assigned to an address like the present. It is enough to have called attention to the fact that it is the part of wisdom to refuse to yield unreservedly to our American spirit of optimism. All past ages, when compared with our own, were in a sense ages of ignorance; and there may be reasons for thinking that the man of the future will place our century in the same category. A dark age certainly it shall be called when considered from the point of view of conduct, when character is held to be the only sufficient test of enlightenment. The immature and the degenerate prefer pleasure to virtue and power; and they who prefer money to truth and love are also immature or degenerate. Greed not less than sensuality marks epochs in which all things are verging toward ruin. We are at present under the tyrannous sway of the spirit of commercialism and expansion, and our very thought is subservient to the ideal of vulgar success; but they who have best insight have a fine scorn of current opinion. They are able to do without its approval, and end by receiving it.

Emerson says that America is God's great charity to the race; but true religion, working with the added power which science gives, is greater than America, and will purify, ennoble and transform our life into some likeness to the divine ideals which as yet we but simply discern. We have already learned that a man's chief value does not lie in his ability to conquer with sword and shell; and we are coming

to understand that it lies just as little in his ability to manipulate machinery or to get money.

Comte thinks that Christianity is the consecration of egoism; and it is a fact that it regards primarily the individual and asserts the supreme worth of personality. But it also insists that the individual can rightly develop and find himself only in devoting his thought and life to the love and service of God and his fellowman. It would found on earth a kingdom of heaven, in which obedience to the will of the Eternal Father, which is good-will to man, shall be an all-controlling constitutional principle and law, and beneficence the universal means of personal and social advancement. We must be benefactors that we may become able to love our fellows; for if we incline to hate those whom we wrong, more surely are we drawn to love those to whom we do good. They who live with whatsoever things are true, just, gracious, pure and amiable, continue to grow in mental and moral power; and the good of life lies in the mental and moral dispositions which a spiritual faith and disinterested conduct create and foster within us. As matter is but life's setting, not its substance, so if we would go to the succor of those who fail in right living we must give them our interest, sympathy, confidence and affection more than our money. The special vice of the thriftless and delinquent is heedlessness and recklessness. We must train them to forethought, attention and consideration; and personal influence, not alms-giving, is the proper means whereby this may be accomplished. If we would save them, we must save them from themselves.

The purest charity consists in doing the spiritual rather than in doing the corporal works of mercy, since the essential good is the good of the soul. Let us have confidence in whatever increases the power of the soul; con-

fidence, therefore, in the virtues of religion, which are faith, hope and love; confidence in knowledge, science, freedom and labor; persuaded that riches are good only when they are the possessions of the wise and virtuous. It is easier to be generous than to be just. The generous win approval, while the just are often misunderstood—suspected of lack of heart. The poor love the poor, because they give their thought and time to one another. They do not love the rich, because the rich give them only money. Mere advice has little efficacy; for what we all need in nearly all situations is not so much a clearer view of right, as a more fervent desire, a more determined will to do right; and this advice can not supply. No system of dogma or morals, however much it be preached, can regenerate the world. If men are to be converted and transformed, they must be brought close to Christ Himself; must learn to know and love Him as St. John and St. Luke, St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul knew and loved Him; they must be brought to believe and feel that as He is one with the Father, so are we all verily God's children. If reason alone controlled us, the world would be a waste. If the universe of metaphysics and of science were not an abstraction, it would be a hell, where faith, hope and love would become impossible; for they are nourished and kept alive, not by speculation and research, but by unselfish service, generous deeds and heroic endeavor.

Among the ancients the unfortunate were held to be accursed, hateful to the divinities and consequently without title to the pity of men. In nothing has Christ wrought a more radical change than in the world's attitude toward the weak and heavy-laden. He withstood the superstition and mercilessness to which centuries had given a kind of religious sanction; and taught by word and deed that the more sinful, the more ignorant, the more abandoned our

fellows are, the greater their claim on our attention and service. His life and doctrines have produced a mighty and beneficent revolution in their behalf; and yet much of the old hardness and injustice still survives both in society and in innumerable individuals who call themselves followers of the all-loving and all-helpful Saviour. What multitudes are there not who pass by and ignore the misery and suffering they can not but see; who despise the poverty-stricken; who are hard and bitter toward the erring! How many who imagine they serve God by hating and maligning one another; who are hindrances to the spread of the kingdom for whose coming they pray! As when we look in a mirror we try to see ourselves in a favorable light, so when by introspection we attempt to get a glimpse of our inner being, we instinctively take the points of view which best reveal our qualities and hide our defects. If we should strive honestly to see ourselves as we are, self-complacency would quickly die within us.

If we were true Christians we should be able to labor for our fellows with such confidence and enthusiasm that nor baseness nor ingratitude nor faithlessness, nor apostasy from light and love of however many of those we seek to help, would have power to cool our ardor or diminish our zeal. Though the world about us should appear to crave for nothing but money and sensation, we would none the less dedicate whatever of ability God has given us to redeem our brothers from themselves; and if in the end we should have accomplished nothing, we should at least have escaped an ignoble life.

The purest pleasure is to give pleasure; and the highest glory belongs to those who labor earnestly, both by thinking and by doing, to make truth, justice and love prevail. The universe was made for each one of us, and for each one the world will be fair and pleasant in the

degree in which he strives to make it so for others. It is not possible to respect one's self and to make no sacrifice for one's fellowmen. In coming closer to one another to help those who need help, we shall make ourselves more capable of seeing and confessing the truth which the life and work and words of Christ reveal.

What is true of us as individual men and women applies with equal force to our national life. The ends to which as a people we are called to devote ourselves are religion, education, justice and charity. If we fail in this, wealth and numbers and the conquest of distant lands will have no power to save us from ruin and shame. Nothing but a civilization resting on a basis of righteousness and morality can make popular government permanent. If we are to look, not to the triumphs of the moment, but to lasting results for which the whole world shall be grateful, we must trust to the largest thought and the purest love; for so surely as God is, so surely are they destined to prevail. Tyranny is the foe of liberty; greed, of justice; brute force, of mercy and goodness; and wars which spring from the barbarous passion for conquest, from covetousness, from the savage's delight in victory won by cunning and physical strength, pervert judgment, destroy right feeling, and foster the vices which weaken, harden and blind the people and lead the way to destruction. Unless we remain sensitive to moral distinctions, unless we prefer justice and mercy to dominion over the kingdoms of the earth, we shall enter the open ways along which the republics and empires of the past have rushed to shame and destruction. If, then, we love America, if we believe in the brotherhood of mankind, in equal opportunity and freedom for all of God's children, let us turn from dehumanizing greed, from vainglory and pride, to follow after truth and justice and love.

A Daughter of the Sierra.

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BY CHRISTIAN REID.
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XXIV.

THE moon had gone down, but there was not as yet even a flush of color in the east when Lloyd mounted his horse and rode away from the Rivers' camp. Starlight in abundance there was,—the wonderful starlight of this high region; but the forest-shaded way was, nevertheless, dark as he rode alone over the trail where a few hours before he and Isabel had ridden together so fleetly and so gaily. But he had the true woodsman's eye and instinct; so, despite the deep shadows which lurked under the great trees, he had not wandered from his way when suddenly there was a stirring, sighing movement in the wide sea of verdure overhead, as a light breeze swept through it, and simultaneously a lightening through all the mysterious forest spaces, showing that day was at hand.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than morning in the Sierra. Toward daylight the air grows quite cold; and when the sun rises, his brilliant rays flash over a myriad diamonds of hoar-frost, gemming every blade of grass; and there is a thin rim of ice on any water which has been standing over night. The atmosphere has a sharp edge; but its divine, ozone-laden quality gives to mind and body a sense of almost incredible buoyancy and energy. Nor does the chill last long. The sun has hardly appeared above the pine-crested heights when the lovely frost has vanished, and grass, ferns, vines, leaves—the whole green, wonderful world is simply drenched in crystalline freshness. And then what exquisite mists rise in delicate, filmy wreaths and sprays out of the deep gorges, trailing their gossamer whiteness

over the great, forest-clad shoulders of the hills, or lying as a crown upon the brows of the tall peaks! There is a stir of life in all the dewy forest coverts, where the gentle creatures in fur and feathers dwell. They are all rousing—the deer from their fragrant beds of fern; those gay wood-sprites, the squirrels, from their chambers in the giant arms of great trees; the birds in their leafy perches. For day has come—another long, beautiful, golden day in the fair, wild greenwood.

All this radiance was about Lloyd as he rode down into the Quebrada Onda, reaching the river in time to see the camp on the farther side just stirring. The stream had by this time fallen, so that it was easily forded; and he experienced no difficulty in riding across, with a glance toward a rock in mid-current where yesterday—was it only yesterday or some long age ago?—a figure light and graceful as that of nymph or dryad had stood.

The men who were saddling their mules around the camp-fire on the knoll looked with some surprise at the solitary man—a señor, a gringo, and yet entirely unattended in these Sierra wilds—who rode up to them.

"*Buenos días, hombres!*" he said.

"*Buenos días, Señor!*" they answered.

And then one, turning quickly around, uttered an exclamation.

"Don Felipe!" he cried. "*Como está Vd., Señor?*"

"Ah, Luis!" said Lloyd, recognizing a man who had more than once been in his employ. "How are you, and what are you doing now?"

"Very little, Señor," the man replied. "At present I am with the señor Americano yonder"—he waved his hand toward the fire where a man sat taking his breakfast,—"who is prospecting for mines in the Sierra."

"Prospecting, eh?" said Lloyd. He smiled. "I will go and speak to the señor Americano," he said.

Dismounting, he walked over to the fire and paused before the American, who, with an expression of surprise, looked up at him.

"How do you do, Randolph?" he said coolly. "This is rather unexpected, meeting you here."

"Lloyd!" Randolph exclaimed. Involuntarily he rose to his feet, but neither man offered to shake hands with the other. They stood for an instant silently, with the dying embers of the fire between them; each noting the changes wrought by time, the ravages wrought by life in the face of the other. Then Randolph went on, a little hoarsely: "I heard that you were out in the Sierra somewhere."

"From Armistead, I suppose?" Lloyd answered, still coolly. "I have heard that you are doing his work." He sat down on a log near by. "May I ask for a cup of coffee?" he added. "I've been riding for several hours."

Randolph nodded to one of the Mexicans, who brought coffee and also some broiled meat and bread.

"You needn't hesitate on the score of bread and salt," he said, as he resumed his own seat. "These are Armistead's provisions, not mine."

"So I supposed; and, as you perceive, I am not hesitating," Lloyd returned.

But he ate absently and with little appetite, only drinking eagerly the strong black coffee, the stimulating effect of which he felt immediately. It was after he had drained his cup that he looked again at Randolph, who had meanwhile continued his own breakfast.

"Are you going to the Santa Cruz by Armistead's orders?" he asked abruptly.

"Why should you think that I am going to the Santa Cruz at all?" Randolph asked in turn.

"That question hardly calls for an answer," Lloyd rejoined. "I know Armistead's plans and intentions very thoroughly—you've probably heard that I came out from California with him,

and we only parted company when I refused the job you have undertaken,—so there's no good in trying to maintain a mystery with me. Prospecting will do with the men, but I know perfectly well where you are bound. What puzzles me is that Armistead should be making this move just now."

"Why is not now as good a time as any—granting that you are right?" Randolph asked.

"Well, for one reason, because Miss Rivers has gone to Las Joyas," Lloyd answered; "and I happen to know that Armistead gave her a promise that no attempt against the Santa Cruz should be made while she was there."

"How do you happen to know that he made such a promise?"

"That is an unimportant detail. The promise was undoubtedly given; and, unless I am much mistaken in Armistead, he would not wish to break it."

"Then he should have changed his orders. I have a letter from him in my pocket telling me to—er—carry out our plans about the prospects in the Sierra as soon as I was ready. So I am on my way to carry them out, and I have nothing whatever to do with any promise he may or may not have made to Miss Rivers."

Lloyd's glance swept comprehensively over the group of men near by before he answered. There were about a dozen,—well-picked men for the purpose in view: sinewy, vigorous sons of the Sierra; belonging to the class which drifts from mining camp to mining camp, possessing few ties and fewer scruples, and from which what may be called the desperate class of the country is recruited. Well mounted and well armed, they formed a very effective corps for such work as Randolph had in hand; and, recognizing this, Lloyd nodded with a certain air of approval.

"You have done exceedingly well in getting up your party," he said. "You have secured exactly the right material

for such an enterprise. But to take the Santa Cruz you would need to multiply them by five, if not by ten."

Randolph stared.

"You seem to know a wonderful deal about it," he said.

"I was at the Santa Cruz not many days ago," Lloyd answered; "and I am able to assure you that they are not only expecting some step of this kind on the part of Mr. Trafford's agents, but are prepared to resist it. They have five—ten—well-armed men where you have one; and anybody who knows the mine will tell that if defended, it is impregnable."

Randolph, looking a little startled, now dropped all pretence of mystery.

"Armistead has been expecting to surprise the mine," he said. "He hasn't counted on resistance."

"If you are wise, *you* will count on it," returned Lloyd, grimly. "If ever men were in earnest and determined to defend their property, those men at the Santa Cruz are. Of course"—he rose to his feet—"you can give just what weight you please to this information. It is not intended as a friendly warning at all; for, frankly, I don't care in the least whether you and your men—precious scoundrels the most of them—are shot down like dogs or not. I have simply told you the state of affairs; and if you think you would please Armistead by making a tragical fiasco of his plan to surprise the mine, you have only to go on. Good-day!"

He strode away to his horse, which Luis was holding at a little distance; but before he was in his saddle Randolph was at his side.

"See here, Lloyd," he said, in a voice a little shaken with anxiety, "you may not have meant your information for a friendly warning; but all the same it is friendly, you know,—if things are as you have stated."

"You can believe my statement or not, as you like," Lloyd answered with

curt impatience. "It hasn't been for your sake that I have warned you—"

"Oh, I know that well enough!" the other interposed.

"And you may remember sufficient about me to judge whether or not I am likely to make statements which are untrue."

"I remember," Randolph said. "There isn't any room to doubt your truthfulness. So it comes to this: if I go on, I'll be leading a forlorn hope, without the least chance of success."

"Just that," said Lloyd, tightening his girths a little.

"And I'll be hanged if I care to lead forlorn hopes for the benefit of Trafford, who is sitting at ease in San Francisco with more money already than he can count. I shall go back to Canelas and communicate with Armistead. If he chooses to increase his force and to lead it himself, I've no objection to accompanying him; but I won't take the responsibility alone."

"A sensible as well as a prudent resolution," commented Lloyd, springing into his saddle. "You may be quite sure that you could not take the Santa Cruz with five hundred men; though if Armistead has a mind to try, that is his affair. But, as you've observed, there is no apparent reason why you should risk your life in his and Trafford's interest."

"Not the least," Randolph agreed; "although it is a life pretty well without value," he added, a little bitterly.

Lloyd gave him a quick, keen glance.

"You don't look as if you had been making it very valuable of late," he observed dryly.

"I've been going to the dogs as fast as a man could go," Randolph said. "And I don't mean to put the blame of my transgressions altogether on other shoulders, but—"

"Best keep it on your own," Lloyd interrupted sternly. "After all, nothing—nobody—can drag a man down without the consent of his own will."

Randolph laid his hand on the neck of the horse and looked up into the sternly-set face above him, with its resolute mouth and jaw. There was something wistful in the gaze, which kept Lloyd from abruptly riding on. He could not disregard the mute appeal in those eyes, which contained also a confession of weakness and pain.

"That's easy for you, perhaps," said Randolph. "Nothing—nobody—could drag you down into the depths where I've been. But, unless I'm mistaken, you have been into some depths of your own; and if you've learned there anything that will help a man in a fight with misery and loneliness and self-disgust, and—and all the forces of hell, I'd like to know it."

There was a moment's pause. It was a strange appeal, considering the past relations of these men, considering all that stood between them and made friendship in the ordinary conventional sense impossible. But conventional things—codes, injuries, feeling—all seemed far away in this world where they had met; this virgin world of God, where only elemental things have a place,—the great elemental passions and hopes of man, which can raise him so high or cast him so low; and the great verities of life and death, of time and of eternity. These things abide in the Sierra; and here, as it were unconsciously, Lloyd had meditated upon them until they sank into his heart; taught him something, at least, of their divine wisdom; prepared him somewhat to answer this strange appeal of one human soul to another,—this cry for help uttered out of the dark depths to one who was at least a brother in suffering, but who while suffering had wrested from pain its noble secret of strength.

These thoughts passed through his mind swiftly, together with a revelation—dim but convincing—of a purpose which had led him here quite different

from any purpose which he had conceived. "*Kismet!*" he had said the day before when he met Isabel Rivers in the quebrada, and again when the storm had imprisoned them in the cave within the cliff; but now, as by a flash of apprehension, he seemed to see what that fate had been preparing for him. Only this—only an appeal to which he felt that he dared not close his ears; only a cry for help from a man who in a certain sense had injured him, and whose claim, therefore, upon him, according to that divine code which all men recognize to be divine because so difficult, was not to be disregarded.

"If you have decided to turn back," he said, after a pause which seemed to him long but was in reality very short, "you might as well come along with me. Our way is probably the same."

(To be continued.)

The Changed Heart.

"DEAR Lord," one cried, "Thy servant hear,
Nor turn aside Thy face!
Oh, take this heart of stone away,
And give me in its place
A heart of living flesh, to beat
Responsive to Thy grace!"

"My son," the answer came from heaven,
"Draw near and humbly take,
In loving faith and contrite hope,
The heavenly Bread I break,
And drink the saving wine poured out
For thy redemption's sake."

Next morning shriven, with quickened zeal
The Holy Mass he said,
And trembling saw his risen Lord,
With wounds all rosy-red,
Vestured in samite, and a crown
Of gold upon His head.

And as he wondered at the sight,
He felt his flesh divide,
While Jesus drew, with piercèd hand,
His heart from out his side;
And smitten with that sundering pain,
"Mercy, dear Lord!" he cried.

"Yet treat me as Thou wilt, my Love,
Since Thou my Saviour art."
The lips divine no answer gave
To soothe his aching smart;
But in the grievous void He placed
His own, His Sacred Heart.

Straightway his wound was healed: no more
His spirit felt that woe,
And all his words and deeds henceforth
Burned with a fiery glow,
Enkindled by the Sacred Heart
Of Him that loved him so."

M. J. R.

A Family of Poets.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

(Aug. 28, 1788—July 28, 1846.)

SIR AUBREY was the father of Mr. Aubrey de Vere. Like his more eminent son, he, too, was a poet; and if he had devoted himself exclusively to poetry, no doubt he would have been better known in literature than he is.

There is a something in the pastoral solitude of Curragh Chase—near enough to civilization and yet so isolated, in the world and yet not of it—that, as we are not startled to find eagles on mountain tops, song-birds in thickets, or violets in hidden nooks, so are we unsurprised to find a family of poets in this enchanting spot: Sir Aubrey de Vere, the father; Sir Stephen and Mr. Aubrey de Vere, sons,—all poets.

Sir Aubrey de Vere, one of the sweetest names and one of the sweetest memories in the County Limerick, was a large landed proprietor, who lived the bulk of his fifty-eight years on his estate among his tenantry; kindly protecting the peasants of his own property and those of others, while by the amiable disposition of his mind he leavened for good the haughty and aristocratic ideas of the landed gentry of his time.

Seeing that he was married at the early age of eighteen, it may be con-

jectured that he did not spend much of his young life in study. His education in childhood was carried on at home under a private tutor; afterward at Ambleside in England, with a clergyman; and finally at Harrow, where he met two class-fellows, later on famous men—Lord Byron the poet, and Sir Robert Peel the politician.

The lady to whom the young squire of eighteen was married was, I believe, but seventeen. She was the sister of the first Lord Monteagle. That nobleman was grandfather of the present Lord Monteagle. She, too, was of a winning character, and was most happy when living in the midst of her tenantry at the beautiful residence of Curragh Chase. What a world of sweet country life is told us in this one passage of the "Recollections"—"When I was a youth the hall door of our house was left open every night, and property ran no danger." As Longfellow has it:

Neither locks had they to their door nor bars to
their windows.

Sir Aubrey de Vere produced little poetry till he was past thirty, and then it was the drama which attracted him. "Julian the Apostate" was produced in 1822; and in 1823 his sacred drama, "The Duke of Mercia," appeared. Neither of these became popular with scholars; though "Julian the Apostate" was, and is yet, thought highly of. He was still known as a sonnet-writer. And no higher praise can be given than what his son, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, states: "The great modern master of the sonnet, Wordsworth, pronounced those of Sir Aubrey de Vere to be the most perfect of our age."

I am hastening to that for which he is best known and for which he most deserves credit—"Mary Tudor." This was written, one might say, on his deathbed, and published after he was laid to rest. It was begun on the 10th of April and finished on the 14th of September, 1844. He died on the 28th

of July, 1846; and it "was published in 1847, without the benefit of the author's final revision." As an instance of Sir Aubrey's faculty of concentration of mind, it is told in the "Recollections" that the room in which he wrote was often full of children at play.

There is a coincidence that gives an additional interest to this drama. It is that Lord Tennyson should have written "Queen Mary." Both are on the same subject. If the writers instead of being intimate friends had been strangers to each other, or if instead of being well-nigh contemporaries they had been separated by a long interval of time, one might understand that it could happen. To me it was always a puzzle, until I met with the following statement in Mr. de Vere's "Recollections":

"After lying neglected for twenty-eight years, it was called out of obscurity. Lord Tennyson had written his 'Queen Mary' without knowing that the subject had been treated before; though, of course, that need have been no reason for his rejecting it. In some critique on 'Queen Mary' there happened to be a reference to 'Mary Tudor.' All the copies except about a hundred had been lost long before by the printers. These copies were then speedily sold off. It has since been republished by George Bell & Sons."

I produce one witness as to the high value of the work; it is the evidence of Cardinal Manning (before he had become a Catholic). "Gladstone and I," he says, "agreed in placing 'Mary Tudor' next to Shakespeare." ("Recollections.")

It is strange how closely these two men, who knew nothing of each other's writings, keep together in their treatment of the subject in their several dramas. It was indeed an attractive subject. Both seized on the event of the succession to Edward VI. as their first act. Immediately two women, holding first rank in England, came upon the scene. The tragic history of her mother casts a pathetic shadow on the one,

while the gentle and almost angelic person of the other appeals no less strongly to the imagination. One pushes crown and sceptre with both hands from her; and has crown and sceptre forced upon her by an ambitious father-in-law, who is as unscrupulous as he is cowardly. The other woman, with the strong Tudor grasp of character, seizes on crown and sceptre and holds it with a man's determination.

Historians of opposite sides have given to each a high eulogium as to personal character. Of Lady Jane Grey, Lingard writes: "She has been described as a young woman of gentle manners and of superior talents, addicted to the reading of the Scriptures and the study of the classics. Of the designs of the Duke of Northumberland (her father-in-law) in her favor, and of the arts by which he deceived the simplicity of the King (Edward VI.), she knew nothing." But when it was told her that "the King was dead, and that he had ordered the council to proclaim her, the Lady Jane, his lawful heir, she trembled, uttered a shriek and sank to the ground."

From Froude, on the other hand, we learn of Mary; and we take her character from her acts rather than from description. "The Princess was at Copt Hall in Essex. On the 14th of August three of the officers of her household were sent for by the Privy Council.... They were instructed to inform the chaplains that the Mass must cease, and to take care, for their own part, that the order was obeyed. At the end of a week they returned to say that the Lady Mary 'was marvellously offended.' She had forbidden them to speak to her chaplains; if they persisted, she said she would discharge them from her service, and she herself would immediately leave the country."

She wrote to the King by them, and wound up by stating: "Rather than offend God and my conscience, I offer my body at your will." The officers

were "reprimanded for the neglect of their orders, and were commanded to go back and execute them. They refused. They were commanded again on their allegiance to go, and again refused, and were committed to the fleet for contumacy." Then "the Lord Chancellor Rich, Sir William Petre, and Sir Anthony Wingfield took the ungracious office on themselves." They said that "if she had a conscience so had the King, and the King must avoid giving offence to God by tolerating error; that she should no longer use the private Mass, nor any other than is set forth by the laws of the realm. Her answer was that she was and ever would be the King's most humble and most obedient subject and poor sister; but rather than agree to use any other service [than the Mass] she would lay her head on a block and suffer death. 'But,' said she, 'I am not worthy to suffer in so good a quarrel.'"

Here was at once the subject of a great and interesting drama. The two religions were popularly represented by the two women, so that religion came to intensify the interest of the scene. With "Popery" came in Spain: Mary's mother was a Spaniard; the Emperor Charles the Great, her close relation; and the Emperor's son, Philip, hinted at as her future husband. The proud Spanish nobility were a subject of hatred to the common-sense Englishman; and the morals of the foreigners, which were not of the best at that period, are thrown in to embitter the hate. These are Mary's difficulties and antagonisms in the play.

On the other hand, the Lady Jane's party is weak. The designing Duke of Northumberland is detested by his own following. He is cowardly and cruel; and his tiger-like love of blood is the one thing that gives him a superiority over his effeminate son, the husband of poor Jane. It makes one almost weep to find an innocent, noble, high-minded woman obliged to be the puppet of

such worthless men as the two Dudleys, father and son.

The intrigues of ambassadors, the faith or infidelity of friends and partisans, the unsettled state of society, the position and power of foreign countries, the retaliation of parties, the terror, the headsman's axe, but above all the recent sessions of the Council of Trent which inflamed the Reformers without encouraging the Catholics,—all these naturally brought on such a fermentation as can scarcely be equalled at any other date in English history.

To give the dramas written on this subject a still further interest for the person who reads attentively, they happen to be produced—both "Mary Tudor" and "Queen Mary"—by persons who were not Catholics, and who might on that account be supposed to be biassed against "bloody Mary." We can follow only "Mary Tudor," by Sir Aubrey de Vere:

EDWARD VI (*dying*).

I am too young—too young
For sorrow and remorse; yet both are here.
I yearn for freedom.... Hark some noise!
Who thus disturbs the last rest of a king?

CRANMER.

We pray you judge, should harm befall your Grace,
The dangers of the Church....
How ill the Lady Mary stands affected
Unto the Church is known. Elizabeth
Gives peradventure better hope; but here
Their claims make up a tissue so perplexed
The undoing of the woof destroys the web.

Northumberland and Cranmer craftily
induce the King to nominate as his heir

The Lady

Eldest of that illustrious house, Jane Grey.

JANE.

O no, not me! This remediless wrong
I have no part in. Edward—you have sisters:
Great Harry's daughters, England's manifest heirs.
Leave Right its way, and God will guard His own.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The manifest heirs of England! Tush! You see not
The very point at issue. Councillors
Learned in the laws, hold the King's heirs to be
Whom the King's testament shall nominate.
Besides, the child of the incestuous Katherine
May not be queen: nor wanton Boleyn's daughter.

It is a fine and striking passage where
the author brings Northumberland on a
crafty, selfish mission into the tower, to
tempt the young imprisoned Courtneye:

(*The headsman sharpening his axe.*)

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Those branching passages and tortuous stairs
And dark low chambers (ghostly dens) confound
me.

(*He sits and muses.*)

With Courtneye, then, make I alliance.
The man is fair, nor overwise; and rumor
Whispers that Mary Tudor likes him well—
What light is that?

(*Pushes a door open and finds a headsman
sharpening his axe.*)

We know that soon Northumberland
will himself be beheaded. That makes
the scene so telling.

HEADSMAN.

Plague on you—you disturb my trade!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why look you on my throat so fixedly?

HEADSMAN.

Pardon, my Lord! It is a trick grew on me
Long years ago: it came when I cut off—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What came?—what came?

HEADSMAN.

Ah, sir, you'll not believe me!
'Twas but a double-dealing of the eye,
Feigning a red line round a shapely throat.
I saw Anne Boleyn thus when she was crowned:
And she was done to death—was it not strange?
So Katherine Howard seemed at her last feast:
And she was done to death—and by this hand!
So seemed, when standing by his nephew's throne,
The great Protector Somerset; and he—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No more of this! I seek Lord Devon's cell.

HEADSMAN.

This way, my Lord!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Portents and warnings mock us.

Mary and Elizabeth meet.

MARY.

To my arms! Pardie, sweet Bess!
You daily grow more stately. Your great brows,
Like our cathedral porches, double-arched,
Seem made for passage of high thought.

ELIZABETH.

Regard me

Only as a sister: yet, if you need or seek
My counsel, it is thine.

MARY (*dismissing her attendants*).

Go, friends! I would be lonely in my sorrow—
O sister! canst thou love me? Thou her child—
Beautiful Boleyn's daughter! who destroyed
My mother—hapless queen—dishonored wife!
Thou, too—my brother—spurned me from thy
throne, thy deathbed.

O no! I shall go down into my earth
Desolate—unbeloved—I wound thee, sister!
Pardon! I rave—I rave—

ELIZABETH.

Abate this passion!

In very truth I love you—fondly pity—

MARY.

Pity! not pity—give me love or nothing!
I hope not happiness: I kneel for peace.

But no: this crown traitors would rive from me—
Which our great father Harry hath bequeathed
Undimmed to us—a righteous heritage,—
This crown which we, my sister, must maintain
Or die; this crown true safeguard of our people,
Their charter's seal—crushes our peace forever.
All crowns, since Christ wore His, are lined with
thorns.

Northumberland, "the most powerful and, by his avarice, the richest nobleman in the kingdom," was taken prisoner. Froude describes his return through London to the Tower. "Detachments of troops were posted all along the streets from Bishopsgate, where the Duke would enter, to the Tower, to prevent the mob from tearing him to pieces. It was but twelve days since he had ridden out from that gate in the splendor of his power: he was now assailed from all sides with yells and execrations. Bare-headed, with cap in hand, he bowed to the crowd as he rode on, as if to win some compassion from them. But so recent a humility could find no favor. His scarlet cloak was plucked from his back; the only sounds which greeted his ears were: 'Traitor! traitor! Death to the traitor!'"

NORTHUMBERLAND (*condemned to death*).

The terrible "To be" is come! Time's past!
Yet all's to do—an age crammed to a span!
Time, never garnered till thy last sands ebb,—
How shall my sharp need eke thy wasted glass,
Or wit reverse it? My brain spins—my tongue
Is palsied. I must have time—I must have time!
Hurl me not like a dog into the pit!

He was given time to prepare, and died repentant. It was in spite of her own wishes that Mary had to sentence him and some others to death. As Froude observes: "Charmed by the enthusiastic reception she had received in the city, Mary could find no room for hard thoughts of any one. Against Northumberland himself she had no feeling of vindictiveness, and was chiefly anxious that he should be attended by a confessor. Northampton was certainly to be pardoned; Suffolk was already free; Northumberland should be spared if possible; and, as to Lady Jane, justice forbade, she said, that an innocent girl should suffer for the crimes of others."

The pity of the work gathers around the Lady Jane. This pity is heightened when her husband, the Lord Guilford Dudley, is found to be such a worthless specimen of humanity. While Jane is a poor queen for nine days, he pouts and sulks because she will not make him king; and leaves her presence and sends in his mother, who in high dudgeon scolds the girl-queen of seventeen. Jane's fate is the saddest of all, except Mary's.

A second revolt takes place; Sir Thomas Wyatt is the nominal head. In this, Lady Jane's father, the Earl of Suffolk, who has been already pardoned, takes part. Then the hand of Mary is forced. The insurrection is mainly the work of Noailles, the French ambassador; the vengeance, that of Renard, the representative of Charles V.

Mary signs the condemnation of Jane.

JANE.

I never more shall turn that glass. For me
Time is fulfilled; and ere those sands run down,
My trembling fingers must complete their task—
Their final task—or not in work of mine
Shall his dear limbs, composed in death, be wrapt.*
With what a speed they haste! By mine own heart
I count the flying seconds of his life.
O what a task for wedded hands! 'Tis done,
And now I fold and lay thee to my bosom,
Which his espoused head so loved to press.

* She was making a shroud for the dead body of her husband, the Lord Guilford Dudley, about to be beheaded.

Sir Aubrey introduces the Queen, making a comparison between Jane and herself,—which, though it be imaginative, is probably only too true.

MARY (*alone*).

I have no thirst for blood; nor yet would shrink
From shortening earthly life; for what is life
That we should court its stay? A pearl of price
In festal days—but mockery to mourners.
What's life to thee—thy loved one dead,—poor
Jane?

What's life to me, by him I loved betrayed?
I take from thee what is no loss to thee,
And much infects the realm. Gladly would I
My life on such conditions sacrifice.

She raves, falls into a swoon; and,
recovering, still thinks of poor Jane and
wishes to see her.

Alas poor widowed one!
Can it not still be done? No, no: too late!

(*A death-bell begins to toll.*)

It is the hour: there is no time for thought—
She will be widowed while I speak.

(*She speaks hurriedly and, with much agitation.*)

See! see!—

The dark procession issues from the gate.
And now they tread the courts; now Guilford
mounts

The scaffold; now the headsman kneels for pardon;
Now bares the comely throat,—and now clasped
hands

Rise from the block, while holy lips pronounce
Slow absolution; now he stoops his head—
And now—and now—

(*After a short pause the signal gun is heard.*)

He is no more! Great God
Have mercy upon both!

GARDINER.

Her thoughts are changed;
Her brain relieved.

FAKENHAM.

Now plead for Jane.

GARDINER.

Too late?

Hear yonder bell.

MARY.

What's that? Again the death-hell!
Hark you! I would have speech with Jane. Fly,
Fakenham!

My foot is weak and slow—Gardiner, attend me.
Fly, Fakenham,—fly!

FAKENHAM.

Too late! too late! too late!

Possibly no one in England regretted
Jane's death, on the signing of the fatal

warrant, more than Mary herself. Mr. Aubrey de Vere in his introduction to this drama of his father says: "It was an age when few had compassion for enemy, friend, or self; and when kings sent their kinsfolk to the block.... To Mary, misery had made life more than a burthen: she despised it. She sought the good; yet her good was changed—partly by her own fault, it is true—into evil. She forgave traitors their treason. Few needed counsel more. There was but one whom she could profitably consult—Pole; and, much as she revered him, she did not walk by his counsels. The guilty whom she had spared turned against her; in her anger she punished the comparatively innocent, and Jane Grey died. Mary might have vindicated that sentence as a political necessity; but Mary and Fakenham alike recognized the guilt. The temptation had triumphed."

History, as it is more closely read, and most of all the early annals, help to vindicate the character of Mary, a female sovereign at a time and in the midst of events when men might readily fall into crime or be known in after days for cruelty.

Bishop Godwin (Protestant) says: "She was, without doubt, pious, merciful by nature, of unblemished manners, and, excepting her religion, every way worthy of praise."

Fuller (Protestant): "However, take Queen Mary in herself, ... she had been a worthy princess, had as little cruelty been done under her as by her."

Camden (Protestant, during the reign of Elizabeth): "Howbeit her [Mary's] reign is ill-spoken of by reason of the barbarous cruelty of the bishops, ... yet was she a princess never sufficiently to be commended."

And this drama of "Mary Tudor," by Sir Aubrey de Vere (a Protestant), is a work that fixes that more estimable character of the unfortunate Queen on the mind of the reader:

I say not
 That she was innocent of grave offence,
 Nor aught done in her name extenuate;
 But I insist upon her maiden mercies,
 In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
 She abrogated the tyrannic laws
 Made by her father; she restored her subjects
 To personal liberty; to judge and jury
 Inculcating impartiality.
 Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness
 Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor,
 And fed the destitute; and they loved her.
 A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
 Of cruelty had been done under her
 As by her.

“Pious Puerilities.”

FRANCE has suffered more than most countries from the sentimental and the exaggerated in devotions; it is therefore fitting that one of the strongest denunciations of this abuse should be given by a French prelate. The Bishop of Le Puy takes occasion to warn his flock against a pamphlet (edited, we regret to say, by a priest) containing an account of “pretended revelations likely to falsify the piety of the faithful and to bring religion into ridicule”; and he adds:

On this subject we wish once more to warn people against the ever-increasing number of publications which, under the pretence of new devotions, frequently have no other aim than that of exploiting the innocence of their too credulous readers. Many of these annals or reviews are simply the organs of financial agencies, for whom objects of piety are merely a bait to disguise cunning appeals for money; church-building funds, charitable appeals, and what not, are invented to rake in subscriptions; and the constant development of this dishonest trade proves only too well how many victims it makes. Other publications are directed by persons wholly devoid of theological knowledge or enlightened piety. Trivialities are frequent, miraculous events abound; and the readers, stuffed with nonsense, lose their taste for real solid spirituality. Things have come to such a pass that this pseudo-pious literature is a peril to souls and a weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church.

Simultaneous with this comes an unequivocal warning from the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines:

Directors of pious magazines which, under the heading of “Recommendations,” publish requests for prayers for favors desired; or who, under the heading of “Thanksgivings,” report the special favors obtained, must for the future merely record the same in a general way. They must restrict themselves to giving only the initials of the persons concerned, with the name of the town in which they live, without entering into any particulars concerning the favors received, offerings made, etc. The *imprimatur* of the diocese will be refused to any pious magazines disobeying the above instruction.

It would be comfortable to think that the abuses complained of were confined to France and Belgium; but the truth is that bishops and priests are often heard to complain of like things in this country. It is unquestionable that nothing is more calculated to undermine solid piety and to foster superstition than the impostures and puerilities which have, alas! become so common among us. Even devotions which have a foundation in dogmatic truth are sometimes propagated in a sense in which they are not approved, and with adjuncts that are plainly deceptive or superstitious,—to the scandal of the weak, the shame of the intelligent, and the derision of unbelievers. After bad example, there is, perhaps, no way in which the Church is so much misrepresented as by the foolish beliefs and ridiculous practices of persons who consider themselves truly pious, and of writers who imagine they are serving the cause of religion by their ridiculous productions.

A priest of exemplary piety and long experience in the sacred ministry often declares that people nowadays have too many devotions to be devout, which is another way of saying that novelty and variety have taken the place of regularity and fervor. It is no exaggeration to assert that the unwarranted multiplication of new devotions and the unwise propagation and practice of them constitute a great and growing evil, the denunciation of which can not be too frequent or too forceful.

Notes and Remarks.

In a paper read at the last International Catholic Congress held in Munich, and since published by the Art and Book Co., of London, Mr. Dudley Baxter makes an earnest plea for the restoration of the Holy Rood to its ancient place of honor in our churches. It is to be hoped that this plea will have a wide hearing; for it is a fact as sad as indisputable that the Cross of Christ has, to a great extent, been neglected in modern ecclesiastical architecture. Strange to say, the least prominent object in many Catholic churches nowadays is what ought to be, according to St. Charles Borromeo, the most conspicuous of all—a great crucifix so placed as to be visible to the whole congregation and to dominate the church. Nothing else can so vividly recall the Redemption purchased on Mount Calvary; and not to give the Holy Rood prominence in our churches is to neglect the most impressive preaching and to misrepresent our religion to non-Catholics. To many, perhaps most, of these the statues are meaningless or worse, the stained-glass windows and pictures a distraction, the sanctuary lamp always a mystery. But a crucifix would explain itself, appeal to every beholder, and teach many a lesson which other pious objects do not impart. As Faber says: "The crucifix reveals man to himself and God to man." *Crux est medicina mundi*, and the world is in sore need of it.

In his great speech against the Philippine policy on May 22, Senator Hoar said: "If a strong people try to govern a weak one against its will, the home government will get despotic too. You can not maintain despotism in Asia and a republic in America. If you try to deprive even a savage or barbarian of his just rights, you can never do it without becoming a savage or

a barbarian yourself." The oration of this venerable statesman, we venture to think, is destined to rank among the most eloquent utterances in our history; it was undoubtedly the sternest and most unanswerable indictment yet provoked by the unfortunate policy of imperialism. We rejoice that it is being very widely read.

We hope that the Senator's trust in the right-mindedness of our countrymen is well founded, and that the hour is not far off when American soldiers will be recalled from the Philippines. We will also try to hope that the lessons taught by the army may pass away with them. But, unfortunately, the genius of the Filipino is mimetic, and Americans have already inspired him with emulation. A Protestant missionary, Mr. William Edgar Geil, writes to *Christian Work*: "I saw several persons reeling along the Luneta one night, shouting in imitation of drunken Americans."

The Boer war is ended; but it does not follow that all hope of independence has been abandoned by the vanquished, or that British supremacy will immediately be established in South Africa. It is significant that there seems to be greater rejoicing over the cessation of hostilities on the part of Englishmen than by the Boers themselves, who naturally suffered most during the last two years and a half. It is also significant that by the terms of surrender the Boers are allowed to retain their arms; and it is altogether within the bounds of probability that at some future time they may renew their struggle. The memory will always remain that a fight for freedom was long kept up against the whole power of the British Empire,—a power more likely to wane than to wax. It need not be said that if the Boers had received from this country the aid which at one time every true American would have been willing to give, the war in South Africa would have

ended much sooner and very differently. But if the Boers remember this patent fact with some bitterness, they have the consolation of knowing that their valor commanded the admiration of the whole world, even of their enemies, and that their heroic struggle is almost without parallel in the records of patriotism.

We have often said that the public is gradually coming to view the school question as Catholics do. There are many indications of this. Half admissions of our stand are heard on all sides, and many persons who formerly denounced the Church for its opposition to education without religion are now loud in their praise of its solicitude for the moral well-being of the youth of the land. Such an article as "By the State—or Without It," which appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle* on the 1st inst., would have excited general discussion a few years ago—that is, if the *Eagle*, or any other paper, were independent enough to publish it. Our "great dailies," as they are called, do not influence public opinion: they simply reflect it; and the article to which we refer is of interest as showing how the school question is now viewed by intelligent non-Catholics. We quote the more salient sentences:

The truth is we are taking for granted a moral intelligence which does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there. . . . We have multitudes of youths and grown men and women who have no more intelligent sense of what is right and what is wrong than had so many Greeks of the time of Alcibiades. . . . The great Roman Catholic Church. . . is unquestionably right in the contention that the whole system [of State education] as it now exists is morally a negation. . . .

Sinister symptoms of moral obtuseness show themselves on every hand. We are foolishly surprised when we find a gang of toughs assaulting harmless passengers on a trolley line or stoning a passing carriage; when we see a whole populace unmoved at any extremity of corruption in civic administration; when we see young men of respectable families running about the streets, and their sisters affecting the manners

of the Tenderloin. Why should we be surprised? It is the literal truth that they know no better. This is the depressing part of it all. . . . They have never learned, because there is no provision made for teaching them.

The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be sternly warned that if morality can not be specifically taught in the public schools without admitting religious dogma, then religious dogma may have to be taught in them. For righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. . . . We are within measurable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms and teach therewith whatsoever it lists.

In other words, the time is coming when no objection will be raised to the teaching of religion in public schools, and a division of the school fund will be regarded as altogether reasonable and wholly just. The school question is evidently settling itself.

We have complied with the request of the board of managers of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice to read carefully their annual report. It is painful reading. But if one is terrorized at the many new methods of attacking virtue, it is consoling, on the other hand, to learn of what is being done to suppress vice. The Society deserves the generous support of the public. Vast as its work has been during the past year, it is evident that much more could have been accomplished if co-operation had been more general. One item from the report will illustrate the importance of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is not only for the amount of crime it suppresses, but on account of the untold evil it prevents, that this organization deserves support:

A complaint came to our office in the summer that a woman, lecturing against Roman Catholic institutions in a public hall in Brooklyn, was selling to young girls, young men and women, a most obscene book. A copy was procured. It was found to be a book that had been legally suppressed by the courts both in England and this country. The lecturer fled the State after

warrants had been issued for her arrest. She subsequently sent to our office 1115 books and 49 electro plates, with orders to have the same destroyed, which was done later.

The name of this "lecturer" is not given, but it is to be hoped that she has forever retired from the field.

One of the best works of Perugino, in a marvellous state of preservation, has been discovered in the Church of Santa Maria Assunta, in the village of Castelnuovo di Porto, situated a few miles from Rome. It was concealed behind an indifferent canvas of the seventeenth century. The picture is in the shape of a triptych, the principal figure being that of our Saviour, with the right hand raised in the act of blessing, and holding with the left the Book of the Gospels, upon which are written the words, "*Ego sum lux mundi, via, veritas, et vita.*" This figure of extraordinary beauty is by the hand of Perugino himself; while those of the Blessed Virgin, St. Sebastian, St. John the Baptist, and a fourth unknown saint, painted on the shutters, are the work of one of his pupils. The Roman correspondent of the *Athenæum* states that the tradition about the existence of a work by Perugino in the church of Castelnuovo di Porto had never died out. Mention of it occurs in Moroni's dictionary and in Nibby's "Description of the Campagna."

The revival of the Irish language is by no means so hopeless an enterprise as many persons seem to think. It is less than a hundred years since a very large percentage of Irishmen spoke their mother-tongue, and in the western portion of the island it is still the popular language. As showing its vitality and its tendency to persist, we may quote these very interesting words from *Collier's Weekly*: "Not in Ireland alone has the Irish tongue survived. Most persons will be surprised to hear that in the Bahamas the Irish language is still

spoken among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indies. It seems that in the East End of London one can occasionally meet mulatto sailors from the Bahamas who can not speak a word of English but who talk Irish to the old Irish applewomen who gather around the docks."

The contribution of the United States to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith this year amounts to \$77,000. This is a satisfactory increase over the collections of former years; but it is still far below what it ought to be, considering our numbers and our material condition. The Society was founded in France to aid a needy diocese in this country (though it assumed almost immediately an international character), and it will be a long time before the Church in the United States will have repaid its immense indebtedness to that most deserving institution. France still remains the banner country in the matter of contributing to the mission funds, its alms this year being more than ten times as large as those of the United States.

The Rt. Rev. William J. Kenny, D. D., has been consecrated Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest see in the United States. The fact that he has labored as a priest for a quarter of a century in the diocese which he is now called to govern is assurance that the late Bishop Moore has found a worthy successor. Equally happy is the selection of the Rt. Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, vice-rector of the Catholic University, to be first Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa. "I have known him well," said Archbishop Keane in the consecration sermon. "It has been my privilege to go with him through trials and difficulties such as try men's souls and show what men are made of." The clergy and laity of the new Western diocese have reason to rejoice and be grateful.



FOR YOUNG FOLK

Wayward Winifred.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIV.—LETTERS AT LAST.

THE letter I had opened was, I knew, from Niall. I remembered the strange, crabbed characters, almost resembling Arabic, in which he had written my letter of instruction.

“The hills of Wicklow,” he began, “are streaming with sunlight. Their spurs are all golden and the streams are rushing in great gladness, for they are full of joy. They have been freed from the bondage of Winter. There is joy in the hills. It is sounding in my ears and in my heart. Words I dare not speak, daughter of the stranger! I can not put on paper the thoughts that are burning in my brain. You have found him, the beloved wanderer; and you have discovered that his heart has never wandered from us. I knew before now that he was not to blame; and of that I shall tell you some day, but not now.

“Had I wings, I would fly to Roderick and to my beautiful little lady. I love him, I love her. My heart has been seared by her absence. Until your letter came, the hills spoke a strange new language, and I have heard no human speech. When your letter reached the village, I was up at my cabin in the hills, unconscious of good or evil, burning with fever. The good Samaritan found me out; who he is you can guess. It was long, long before my senses came back; and he would not read me your letter until I had grown strong. When I heard its contents, I feared even then that my brain would turn. For two days I roamed the mountains. I fled to my cavern of the Phoul-a-Phooka for

greater solitude. I could not speak of my great joy,—I dared not think of it.

“And now, O daughter of the stranger, heaven-sent from that land afar! bring her back to my heart, lest it break with the joy of this knowledge, and with sorrow that the sea still divides me from her and that other equally beloved. Oh, what matters education now! Let the beautiful child grow as the flowers grow, as the trees shoot up, clothed in beauty. Come back in all haste; and tell Roderick that on my knees I implore him to come too, that I may reveal all. Bid him hasten to Niall the forlorn.”

He broke off abruptly, with some words in Irish, which, of course, I did not understand. My own head was swimming; a great joy surged up in my heart, and I could almost have echoed Niall’s wild rhapsody. When should I see poor Roderick and tell him—what? I had not yet made up my mind as to how I should fulfil that delightful task. However, I would write to him that very day and bid him come to hear the glad news.

I took up the other letter, which was, I doubted not, from Father Owen. Of course he could add nothing to my great happiness; still, it would be of the deepest interest to hear every detail relating to this matter of paramount importance. The letter was just as characteristic as Niall’s had been; and I seemed to see the priest’s genial face lighted up with genuine pleasure as he wrote, and to hear his kindly voice.

“*Laus Deo!*” began the letter. “What words of joy or praise can I find to express my own sentiments and those of the faithful hearts whose long years of waiting have been at last rewarded! I took your letter to Mrs. Meehan, and I had to use diplomacy—though I

thought that was a lost art with me, so simple are my people and my duties,—for fear the shock might be too great. But I don't think joy ever kills. I wish you could have seen her face—so tranquil, trusting and resigned—become gradually illumined with the light of happiness. You can imagine the outburst of her praise rising up to the Creator, clear and strong as a lark's at morning. Barney and Moira were only restrained by my presence from cutting capers; and at last I said to them: 'Go out there now, Barney my man; and you too, Moira *ma colleen*, and dance a jig in the courtyard; for I am pretty sure your legs won't keep still much longer.'

"And now of poor Niall! When your letter came I went in search of him. No one had seen him for a good while, and it was supposed he had gone off on some of his wanderings. None of the people would venture near his cabin, so I took my stick in my hand and went there with the letter. I found the poor fellow in a sad plight—alone, burning with fever, delirious, and going over all kinds of queer scenes in his raving: now crying for 'gold, gold, gold!' or giving heart-piercing cries for Winifred. Again he would be back in the past, with Roderick a boy at his side.

"Well, there was no one to take care of the creature; and, as it fitted in with my day's work, I took care of him myself. His gratitude, when he came back to consciousness, was touching; and yet I had only followed the plainest bidding of humanity. When I thought my patient was strong enough, I read the letter to him. Bless my soul! it was like a whirlwind. He nearly took the breath out of me, rushing from the cabin in a kind of madness, and leaving me sitting there staring at the door by which he had gone. I did not see him again for almost a week, and I assure you I was anxious. I was afraid he had lost his mind through excess of joy.

"To make a long story short, when he did come back again I got hold of him entirely. Joy seems to have changed his nature as sunshine will purify a noisome spot. He is as gentle and tractable as a lamb; and, better than all, his old faith and piety have come back to him. He goes to Mass and the sacraments. The light of heaven seemed to come in on him with your letter. His sorrow for the past was like that of a child. I told him not to be disturbed about it, but just to go on asking for mercy, mercy,—only that and nothing more. 'For,' said I to him, 'my poor fellow, there's the eye of God looking down; and as it sees the noxious weed and the fairest flower, so it sees our sins and our waywardness as well as our virtues. If these weeds of sin are plucked up, the flowers of our virtues are just as fair in His sight.'

"But, O dear lady, how the old man sits and longs for the hour of reunion! He is out on the hills when their spurs are burnished gold at the sunset hour; and he is there at the dawn, waiting for the first beam to light up the glen of the Dargle; he is out in the moonshine watching it make strange shapes out of the trees; and all the time with that one thought in his mind. He looks for gold no more, because he says his love of it was sinful; and the only treasures he seeks now are the faces of his loved ones. Do not keep him long waiting, I entreat.

"Tell my pet Winifred the robin is out there now, busy as ever, and just bursting his red breast with the joy of the coming Spring. I am proud and glad to hear of her success at the convent and sorry she has to leave it so soon. Say a prayer sometimes for the old priest in far-off Ireland, who soon will be slipping away to his rest,—but not, he hopes, till he lays eyes on you again, and thanks you for the happiness you have brought to him and to the little ones of his flock."

I sat still for some time, going over these letters alternately, and delighting in the pictures which their eloquent language called up. To one thing I made up my mind: I should go back to Ireland and be present at the joyful meeting. Indeed, my eye brightened, my cheek glowed at the thought of seeing again those lovely scenes, and of the pleasant reunion of hearts at which I was to be present. But it was my turn to write a letter, or at least a very brief note, asking Roderick to come to see me as soon as possible. That being Saturday, I thought I should have to wait till Monday for his visit.

Sunday passed in a feverish state of agitation. I was going out to supper in the evening at the very same house where I had last met Roderick, but it was unlikely he would be there again. What were my surprise and gratification to see his tall figure standing near the fire talking to our hostess! He saluted me gravely. I thought he looked thin and worn; but at first he did not come near me, and I feared he had decided to avoid me. As we were all making a move for supper, I managed to whisper:

"I wrote you a note to-day. Please promise to comply with the request I make you in it."

He turned sharply.

"You wrote to me?"

"Yes," I answered.

"May I ask about what?"

Though the words were curt, his tone was genial and his face smiling.

"Merely asking you to come to see me to-morrow evening—but your partner is waiting: you must go."

He turned to the young girl beside him, with an apology for his momentary inattention. If his mind was inclined to wander from her to the subject of my approaching communication, he was too courteous and too accomplished a man of the world to let her perceive it. I was almost sorry I had spoken, lest it should spoil his supper. Several times

I saw him looking at me; but I only smiled and went on talking to my partner, a brilliant lawyer who had a great reputation for wit.

Very soon after supper Roderick left his partner and came over to me, with his usual almost boyish eagerness.

"What do you want to say to me?" he demanded, smiling yet imperious.

"How do you know I want to say anything?" I retorted, smiling back.

"Of course I know, and I am going to hear it too!" he cried, seating himself beside me.

"Now, Roderick," I said, "if I were a charming young lady such as that one you have just left, I never could resist that face and that voice. But, as matters are, you'll just have to wait till I make up my mind to tell you; for spectacled eyes see without glamour and gray hairs give us wisdom."

He laughed and his face took on a brighter look. I fancy he knew from my tone that I had good news to tell.

"I won't go to see you on Monday night," he declared, "unless you give me a hint."

"Well, I will give you a hint, and then you needn't come to see me."

"That is unkind."

"No: it would be only giving you trouble for nothing. The substance of what I have to say to you is this: that you must take a trip to Ireland very soon."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"And when I get there?"

"You'll be glad you went."

He pondered deeply for some moments.

"Isn't this very like a fool's errand?" he inquired.

"Which is the fool, he who goes or she who sends?" I replied mischievously.

"Can you ask?" he laughed. "A man is nearly always a fool when he does a woman's errand."

"But, seriously, you will go?"

He thought a little longer.

"I will," he said, "if you will only promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"That there will be an end of all this mystification."

"I promise you that most solemnly," I answered. "Once on Irish soil, you shall know everything."

"Tell me now," he said, with sudden eagerness, "how is Winifred *asthore*?"

There was a world of feeling in his voice, though he came out with the epithet laughingly.

"Well and happy," I assured him.

"Will you give her this from me?"

"I'm not so sure," I said jestingly; "for you've quite won her heart already. She talks of nothing but the 'dark gentleman.'"

A glow of pleasure lit up his face.

"And now what is it you want me to give?"

He took a small box from his waistcoat pocket. It was the prettiest little ring, with a green stone in the centre.

"The color of hope—the color of Ireland," Roderick observed.

"A good omen," I said, looking at the gem where it lay sparkling in the wadding.

"You will give that to Winifred from her unknown friend," Roderick said.

"She will be delighted; though you know, of course, she will not be allowed to wear it at the convent."

"I suppose not," he said resignedly; "but in any case let her keep it as a reminder of me."

I thought as I watched him that if Winifred so closely resembled her dead mother, she was also like her father. His face was as mobile and expressive as hers, allowing always for the mask which the years are sure to put on every human countenance.

"You fancy there is a resemblance in this girl to your dead wife?"

He looked at me reproachfully.

"I *know* there is a resemblance to Winifred's dead mother."

I was silent, though I had little reason for concealment henceforth.

"How cruel you have been all this time!" he exclaimed as he watched. "I think it comes natural to your sex."

"Don't revile our sex for the faults of your own," I answered. "But tell me more about your dead wife."

His face changed and softened. Then a look came over it,—a look of tender remembrance, which did him credit.

"She was very beautiful," he said,— "at least I thought so. I met her when she was only fifteen. She was the image of what Winifred is now, only her beauty was more pronounced and she had a haughtier air. I never forgot her from that moment. When she was eighteen we were married. She was only twenty-four when she died, but I remember her still as vividly—"

He stopped as though the subject were too painful; and then resumed, half dreamily: "I am going to tell you now what will give an added value to that little trinket I have given you for Winifred." He paused again and drew a deep breath, looking at me hard. "It belonged to—to my wife when she was a child of Winifred's age. She will prize it because it was her—mother's."

I stood up; and Roderick, rising also, confronted me.

"Can you deny it?" he asked defiantly.

I was silent.

"Pray, what is the object of further secrecy?" he pleaded. "Tell me, is not Winifred my child, the child of my dead wife?"

I bowed my head in assent. Concealment was neither useful nor desirable any longer. The look of triumph, of exultation, of joy, which swept over his face was good to see.

"But you will wait?" I pleaded in my turn. "You will go to Ireland as agreed, and your child shall be all your own entirely and forever?"

"I will wait," he answered quietly; "though it is hard."

And then we shook hands and parted. I felt that I must hurry away: for I could not go on talking of commonplace subjects either to Roderick or any other. As I took leave of our hostess, she said laughingly:

"You and Mr. O'Byrne were quite melodramatic standing over there a few moments ago."

I laughed, but I did not give her any information. When I got home I wrote to Niall, telling him that in a month or two at furthest I would bring Winifred back, but that I wanted to show her a little of the American continent before taking her home. On my next visit to the convent, I did not say a word to the child,—I was afraid it would unsettle her for her school work; but I informed her teachers that I would have to withdraw her before the expiration of the term. After the trip which I intended to take with her to Niagara and a few other points of interest, I determined to cross the ocean once more and bring Winifred safely back to Niall. I should let Roderick sail by the Cunard, while we would take passage by the White Star line, so that our arrival would be almost simultaneous.

I presented Winifred with her ring, though at the time I did not tell her it had been her mother's. She was more than delighted, as I had foreseen, and put it at once upon her finger. She was vexed and indulged in one of her childish outbursts of petulance when told that wearing it was against the rule. She had to be content with keeping it where she could look at it very often. She sent a very pretty message to Roderick.

"Tell him," she said, "I remember him when the birds sing, when the organ plays, when the sun shines—whenever there is happiness in my heart."

(To be continued.)

Legends of Our Lady.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

VII.—THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The talents of the little Mary did not by any means end with the skilful performance of her domestic avocations. On the contrary, when the hours allotted to the work of her fingers were accomplished, only the necessary time set apart for meals and recreation was spared from that which thus early had begun to be the passion of her life—namely, the study of the Sacred Scriptures.

The Bible stories were, in a sense, the fairy tales whereon the Jewish children were nourished from their tenderest years. While the little children of Egypt listened, open-mouthed and open-eyed, to accounts of witches and goblins, enchanted animals, gods and goddesses of wood and stone; and the children of the more western countries drew inspiration from the thrilling adventures of the mythical heroes of ancient Greece, the Jewish child, even at his mother's bosom, learned in its every detail a still more wondrous story, and one which drew his thoughts up, up to the Godhead whence it had its origin. Beginning with the story of the Garden of Eden, the Jewish mothers traced down through the ages since the world began the wonderful designs of Jehovah in the history of their race.

They were the chosen people,—each child heard the tremendous fact for the first time with a thrill at his young heart. God had set them apart from all other peoples to keep alive His name upon the earth, to keep pure His worship. To one of their great men He had given the Tables of the Law, written with His own finger amid thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai. To him also, this Moses—a man among men,—had Jehovah spoken from out the

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs. — *Richter.*

burning bush, promising succor for his people, help in all their trials. And for those same favored people, by the rod of Moses had the Lord made a path through the waters of the Red Sea.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; beautiful Rachel; Joseph and his brethren; the great Deluge; Noe and his sons; the poet-king, the founder of the royal line of David, he who had been but a simple shepherd lad; Solomon, his son, the wisest among men, the builder of their great Temple; the wonderful prophets, Elias, Isaias, Jeremias, Daniel, who with many others had arisen and rebuked the people when they fell into wickedness,—all these and many more were surely themes inexhaustible and thrilling enough to fire the heart of the most callous child. And running through every tale like a silken thread, or like the sweet, triumphant melody which underlies all creation, there ran the prophecy of the coming Saviour, the Deliverer promised by Jehovah to our first parents.

Hardly a story among all those old Scripture tales but was a figure complete in itself of that Blessed One, the Prince of Peace, the Expectation of the Nations, the very Son of God, the Star that was to arise over Israel, the Child who was to be born of a Virgin of Juda. And beautiful lullabies they were which the Jewish mother sang to her little child,—echoes of the songs which David sang to his harp in the long ago of that Virgin Daughter of Sion, the Mother of the promised Messiah, whose birth, “unsullied by sin, shall be pure as the morning dew.”

And not by David only were shadowed forth the praises of that peerless Virgin. No: Solomon himself becomes a very poet of poets when tuning his lyre to her praises; while even the thunders of the prophets mellow into notes of unutterable sweetness when they essay to prophesy of this fair young Jewish maiden through whom the redemption of their people shall come.

Mary—our little Mary, daughter of Joachim and Anne—had imbibed the maryellous narrative as never creature, Jew or Christian, before or since. And wonderful indeed were the hours which, after her advent in the Temple, that blessed child spent drinking in the beauty, the holiness, the sublime poetry of those books of the Old Testament.

All those who thus deeply studied the Scriptures knew that it was now close upon the dawn of a wonderful era in Jewish history; for the expiration of the seventy weeks of years foretold by the Angel Gabriel to the prophet Daniel, as the period of time that must elapse before the coming of the Messias, was close at hand. Any day now, any hour, the Christ might come. The Jewish rabbis had pointed out to the young virgins of the Temple how all the signs promised a speedy fulfilment of the prophecies. Far away in Rome the Temple of Janus was closed; all the world was at last at peace; now might all creation look for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

And as the *almas* listened to and pondered over the words falling from the rabbis' lips, not one among them but cherished the sacred, hidden hope that she herself might be found worthy of being chosen as the mother of the Promised One. Not one we said? Ah! yes, there was one—just one, the fairest, the purest of all; the Lily among the daughters of Israel, who in the depths of her humility bowed her lovely head beneath her snowy veil and prayed thus: “O Lord, to be but *handmaiden* to Thy Mother!”

For Mary, as she listened to the rabbis, and then in the silence of her chamber read and dreamed and wept over (for, alas! how ungrateful had been her people!) the tremendous and yet tenderly pathetic prophecies whose fulfilment was now so near at hand, already dwelt close to the Heart of her future Son. Already her beautiful eyes

looked through their tears upon 'Him whom they had pierced.'

No: Mary did not, dared not, pray for the honor sighed for by every other Jewish maid; her vision of what that mother's perfections should be was too clear, too piercing. Instead, in awe and in ineffable humility, she looked about among her fair young companions, the flower of Jewish maidenhood, and from out her loving heart prayed God that one of them might be found not unworthy of this mighty destiny.

And thus, making but little of her own surpassing gifts and graces, sweet Mary, in the quaint words of the old chronicler, "passed along the way of life like some fair star gliding through the clouds; her pure and innocent acts multiplying like the wreath of snow which silently falls upon the mountain top, adding purity to purity and whiteness to whiteness."

The Bluecoat Boys.

Every reader of history is aware that Edward VI. of England was the puppet of his ministers; but it is not equally well known that it was this same boy-king who confiscated a religious house and founded the famous Bluecoat School in the heart of London three hundred and fifty years ago. The boys of this institution are about forsaking their old quarters for more spacious buildings in the suburbs; and visitors to London this summer will miss the picturesque little fellows, with their long blue tunics, yellow stockings, and bare heads.

The removal was forced by a quarrel of the commissioners of charity, one pretext being the greater healthfulness of the country site. This was, however, refuted by the fact that Christ's Hospital (the official name of the school) is the freest from disease of any school in all England.

April 1, when the little fellows paid their annual visit to the Lord Mayor,

only three out of the entire six hundred were absent from the Mansion House, where each boy received a coin fresh from the mint, a pair of dogskin gloves if he was a "Grecian" or a monitor, and in any case two buns and a glass of claret.

There are twelve hundred acres of land in the new domain; and the buildings, with a frontage of half a mile, are practically complete. There is need of much room, for the preparatory and the girls' school swell the number of scholars to over twelve hundred. Most of the old customs are still kept up, and the breakfast of bread and beer and the wooden trenchers have only lately disappeared. Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb 'are among the many famous Bluecoat boys; and Thackeray has written their praises in some of his most delightful essays.

If all the property stolen by England from the Church had been put to as good use as Christ's Hospital, the authors of the Reformation would have less to answer for.

Treacle.

The history of the word *treacle* is peculiar. It came from the Greek term meaning "pertaining to a wild beast." Then it began to be used for "the remedy for the bite of a wild beast." In due time it meant just "a remedy"; and as ancient remedies were usually so bitter or nauseous that they were disguised in syrup, the word at last came to mean simply a syrup. But this was not the end of its development, for it was easy enough to think that anything so sweet and pleasant might be a consolation; and we find Chaucer speaking of Christ as "the treacle of every harm." One famous edition of the Bible was known as the Treacle Bible because it said in the rendering of a well-known passage, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?"

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death of Bret Harte has touched English-speaking people very deeply, and it is pleasant to notice that the tributes paid to him are cordially kind. He was kindly himself, always disposed to bestow generous praise where he believed it to be due. Bret Harte will be remembered for some of the most exquisite short stories to be found in any language. Like many other writers of fiction, he has often been compared to Dickens; though he himself would be the first to acknowledge his inferiority to that great master.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has reprinted in good form the masterful character-study of Pope Leo XIII., contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by Vicomte E. M. de Vogue, of the French Academy. The current number of the *Catholic Penny Booklet*, which also hails from Chicago, is filled with interesting and valuable selections from a great variety of sources. Readers of the better class of Catholic newspapers may not admit the *raison d'être* of such a publication as the *Penny Booklet*, but it is well to remember that a great many people never see a Catholic paper.

—The late Edward Lawrence Godkin, who was the first editor of the *Nation*, and for many years edited the *Evening Post*, both of New York city, died in England last month. "The son of a dissenting clergyman who had formerly been a Roman Catholic," is the account which the *New York Sun* gives of Mr. Dana's lifelong antagonist. Godkin was Irish by birth, but his sympathy with his native land was never ardent. He was a great editor, he was the father of Mugwumpery, and he held to the political ideals of the Fathers of the Republic. We are sorry that a man of so much power had for his father "a dissenting clergyman who had formerly been a Roman Catholic."

—Slovenly and ignorant writing is almost as universal as weather; but when people consult a reference-work they have a right to expect accuracy, completeness and freedom from bias. The editor of the *Messenger* has looked somewhat closely into the revised edition of Appleton's "Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas," and finds anti-Catholic bias clearly discernible in many of the articles, and ignorance hardly less than criminal in others. Catholic authorities and personages are ignored to a surprising extent, despite the publishers' announcement that the work is edited by Dr. Adams, president of the University of Wisconsin, "assisted by a corps of associate editors composed of the ablest and most distinguished scholars of the United States

and Canada, and of eminent specialists in both Europe and America." It is regrettable that the world should be ransacked for eight hundred specialists to fill a reference-work with plain, everyday ignorance and prejudice such as any backwoods preacher could supply.

—The publishers of "Tarry Thou till I Come" have received so many inquiries as to the present post-office address of the author, Dr. George Croly, that they have adopted this answer: "We have no doubt as to the present abode of Dr. Croly, as he was a good man; however, the U. S. postal authorities have no facilities for sending letters thither." This ought to be plain enough, but no doubt communications are still received with the request to "hold till called for."

—"The Nation's Rare Books" is the misleading title given by the editor of the *Book-Lover* to a batch of clippings from newspapers all over the United States, describing old books in the possession of residents of the localities from which the papers emanate. The greater number of these books are not much more than a century old, and most of them are neither rare nor valuable. Among those of particular interest on account of their age we may mention a Latin commentary on the Gospels printed in 1482. It is the property of Dr. C. A. Graeber, of Meriden, Conn. This old tome of itself would be sufficient refutation of a calumny likely to be repeated until the last anti-Catholic writer has been called to his account. Mr. George Heckert, of Luckey, Ohio, is the lucky possessor of a German Bible printed some years before the death of the Rev. Martin Luther. It has been in the Heckert family for the past 400 years and is highly prized.

—The *Sunday Times* affords an interesting account of a curious "printery" existing in New York city—a Catholic publishing house whose object is to supply religious books to the blind. We learn that eleven different works, of one hundred volumes to an edition, have already been produced. They have been placed in various large libraries throughout the United States, and are eagerly sought by the blind.

There has been established at 27-29 West Sixteenth Street a printery of religious books for the blind. It was founded and is controlled by Father Joseph Stadelman, a member of the St. Francis Xavier Jesuit foundation in West Sixteenth Street. While there are many books printed for the blind, Father Stadelman says that scarcely any of them are of a religious character. Since the blind, of all others, turn to religion, he has devoted himself to the development of the religious nature of those people, whom misfortune has placed in a world apart, with different ways of thinking from that of others. He is now placing within

the reach of the 75,000 blind people of the United States, through the medium of the public libraries,—books which will give them the solace of religion. The society also publishes a ten-page magazine called the *Catholic Transcript for the Blind*.

A new system of printing in tangible characters was introduced with the stenographic shorthand of Lucas and the phonetic of Frere. In Frere's system the lines run alternately from left to right and from right to left, so that the fingers run on from line to line without interruption. The system used by Father Stadelman is one invented by Braille, a Frenchman, and modified by William B. Waite of the New York Institute for the Blind. The machine invented by Mr. Waite is known as the "stereograph," and works like a typewriter, with but six keys. By a variation of the keys sixty-two different signs are obtained. As the keys are operated, "points," or indents, are cut into a sheet of brass or zinc about twelve by fourteen inches in size. The "points" look like a series of dot impressions made in horizontal lines on the sheet. At a casual glance the lines look like music bars. This indented sheet is placed in a hand-press, a piece of starched paper of the same size is placed on it, and thus the impressions are transferred. But one side of the paper is printed on, and when dried it preserves the dot impressions remarkably well. The passing of the finger over the sheet does not wear the marks off. It requires about ten days to print in this manner a book of 150 pages, and the cost is perhaps \$2 a volume. The books are bound by hand, and when finished look as large as a small bound newspaper. The books can be illustrated where surfaces only are necessary to convey the idea.

The largest printing house in the United States for publishing books for the blind is located at Louisville, Ky. In 1879 Congress appropriated \$250,000 to endow it. From these books are supplied to all educational establishments for the blind.

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 to make room for new titles. 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 on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.

A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey. *Rev. Eric William Leslie, S. J.* 70 cts., net.

What is Shakespeare? *L. A. Sherman.* \$1.50.

A Manual of Ascetical Theology. *Rev. A. Devine, C. P.* \$2.50, net.

Lucius Flavius. *Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.* \$1.50.

St. Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches. *Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.* \$2.

The Sacristan's Manual. *Rev. J. D. H. Dale.* 60 cts., net.

Philippine Affairs: A Retrospect and an Outlook. *Jacob Gould Schurman.* 66 cts., net.

The Life of Christ. *Rev. Walter Elliott.* \$1.

The Lady Poverty. *Montgomery Carmichael.* \$1.75, net.

The Lady Paramount. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

The Dangers of Spiritualism. *A Member of the Society of Psychological Research.* 75 cts., net.

Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. *John Codman.* \$1.75.

The Ladder of Perfection. *Walter Hilton.* \$1.75, net.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. *E. L. Taunton.* \$6, net.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. *Rev. L. A. Dutto.* \$1.50, net.

Jesus Living in the Priest. *Rev. P. Millet, S. J.* \$2, net.

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. *Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.* \$2.50.

St. Nazarius. *A. C. Farquarson.* \$1.50.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. *Basil King.* \$1.50.

The Message of the Masters. *F. Hugh O'Donnell.* \$1.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. *Rev. Michael Maher, S. J.* \$1.75.

Father Etienne Pernet. \$1.25.

The Place of Dreams. *Rev. William Barry, D. D.* \$1, net.

Novena of Sermons on the Holy Ghost. *A Diocesan Priest.* \$1.

Obituary.

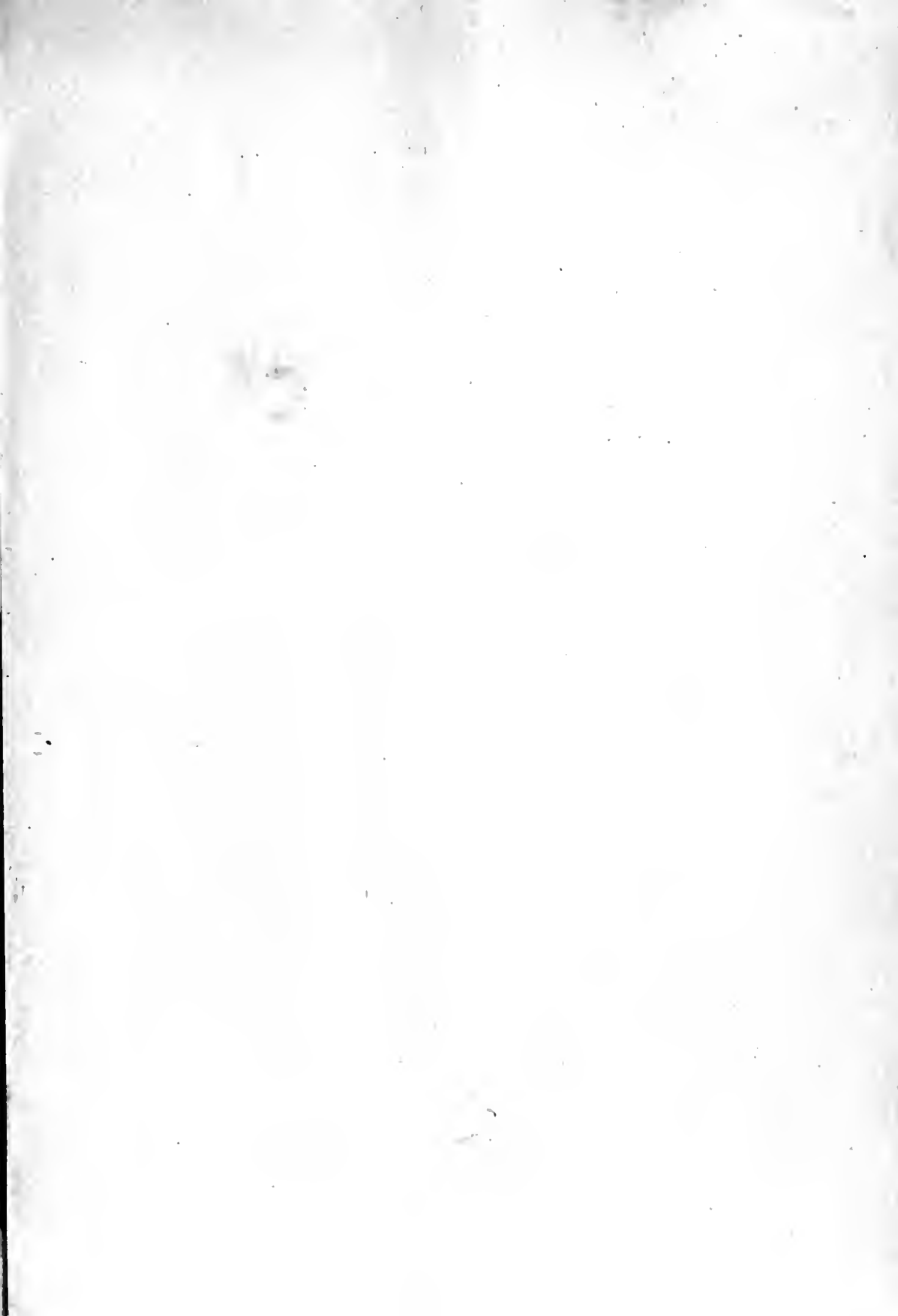
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. John M. Jones, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; and the Rev. M. B. Roddan, diocese of Hartford.

Madame Dyson, R. S. H.; and Sister Bernadette, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Rudolph Toller, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Neal and Hugh O'Donnell, New York; Mr. Robert McSherry, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Stephens, Washington, D. C.; Miss Teresa O'Brien, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Robert Paul, Quebec, Canada; Mr. John Flynn, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Bridget Gleason, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Dixon, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John McNiel, Pine Creek, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Brand and Mr. Stephen Reinhart, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Richard Lanigan, Mr. Edward O'Brien, and Mrs. Martin Flanigan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Repp, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. F. M. Harkin, Stayner, Canada; Mr. Peter Hoy, Lorne, Canada; Mr. Frank Petre, Waterloo, Ill.; Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, Reading, Pa.; and Mrs. Frances Lannert, Evansville, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!





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Ave Maria.

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